

these things are not forgotten. "It is for France" was then a sufficient quittance for the last gift the manhood of a nation can offer: its life-blood; a demand which no man or woman in France would question.

"Greater love hath no man than this"—We all know the sacred passage. In a spirit of glad and proud sacrifice France offered her all in 1914. But in the stark procession of bloody months through which we have lived since then it has fallen to the criminals of Europe, to the Boche, to the Kaiser and his Generals and Ministers, to perform the miracle of enlarging beyond all recognition the practical and spiritual meaning for every man and woman, aye, and for every boy and girl, in France, of the words: "It is for France." From out the infernal, flame-torn murk of a great crime—judged either by its motives or its results, or by both, there can have been no more dreadful crime in history than Germany's murderous advance through Luxembourg and Belgium to France—has arisen the beacon light of a great glory. To herself and to the world France has discovered her own soul, as neither the Revolution nor 1870 discovered it for her. She has risen to heights unapproached in those days. And this miracle by which a