

“VERS LA GLOIRE”

martial glory, let him turn away from the Thin Red Line, or from the Old Guard's white and blue; let him regard the vaster spectacle of modern war, traced against the widest reaches of the night, over earth and sky and sea. Let him watch the battle-fleets go dropping down along the foreland, with blinking lights that talk through leagues of gloom; or watch above the battle-fields where a thousand stars look down, and where another thousand stars leap up to meet them in the night.

If the poet Byron waxed so eloquent when he sings of battle's magnificently stern array, what would he say could he but catch one sweeping glimpse of the star-shells rising on that half-thousand miles of battle-line from the Vosges Mountains to the sea?

In spite of all its tragedy and all its sorrow, this war represents the finest flower of glory, alike in splendor of spectacle, and in its deeper splendors that are hidden in the hearts of men.

In the days of chivalry about which we boast so much, glory was a monopoly reserved for knights and kings. In those brave days the shining splendor rode alone with the élite in pageantry of scarlet and gold. In this war glory walks on foot, not with kings and princes, but