

that I had sent you to be killed, and that I ought to be killed for doing it, but I knew that you had other motives, too. I knew, of course, that you thought of the country more than you did of me, or of any mad thing I could say—but I thought that what I said might have been the prompting thing, the word that threw you into it so hastily and before you were ready, perhaps. I dreaded to bear that terrible responsibility. I hope you understand.

My great mistake has been—I thought I was so “logical”—it’s been in my starting everything with a thought I’d never proven: that war is the worst thing, and all other evils were lesser. I was wrong. I was wrong, because war isn’t the worst evil. Slavery is a worse evil, and now I want to tell you I have come to see that you are making war on those that make slavery. Yes, you are fighting those that make both war and slavery, and you are right, and I humbly reverence and honour all of you who are in this right war. I have come home to work in the Red Cross here; I work there all day, and all day I keep saying to myself—but I really mean to *you*—it’s what I pray, and oh, how I pray it: “God be with you and grant you the victory!” For you must win and you will win.

Forgive me, oh, please—and if you will, could you write to me? I know you have things to do more important than “girls”—but oh, couldn’t you, please?

This letter, which she had taken care not to dampen, as she wrote, went in slow course to the “~~Amer-~~ican Expeditionary Forces in France,” and finally found him whom it patiently sought. He delayed