

sacres of Louvain and Dinant, of Aerschot and Termonde, may some day deserve our pity. To-day it has to be met and conquered by a will stronger than its own, in the interests of civilisation itself.

This last week, at the close of which I am despatching this final letter, has been a sombre week for England. It has seen the squalid Irish rising, with its seven days' orgy of fire and bloodshed in Dublin; it has seen the surrender at Kut of General Townshend and his beleaguered men; it has seen also a strong demonstration in Parliament of discontent with certain phases of the conduct of the war. And yet, how shall I convey to you the paradox that we in England—our soldiers at the front, and instructed opinion at home—have never been so certain of ultimate victory as we now are? It is the big facts that matter: the steady growth of British resources, in men and munitions, toward a maximum which we—and Russia—are only approaching, while that of the Central Empires is past; the deepening unity of an Empire which is being forged anew by danger and trial, and by the spirit of its sons all over the world—a unity against which the Irish outrage, paid for by German money, disavowed by all that is truly Ireland,