

sacrifices on a greater scale than any recorded in history, one should not be, one need not be, suspected of exaggeration or extravagance. One may even, perhaps, be permitted the suggestion that experience of the task of commanding men in the firing line in France, whilst well calculated to give humility and regard for his fellows to any man who thinks at all, most certainly makes for sobriety of thought and outlook. At least, the writer well knows that he has no thought in his mind of any such light thing as compliment or partisanship, when he makes the deliberate statement that France, the nation, and (as the very type and incarnation of her spirit) those hundreds of thousands of her soldiers who have fought at Verdun, have earned the reverence and the everlasting gratitude of all the men and women and children of the civilised world.

This is gladly admitted and well understood by every man who has learned for himself what it means to face the war machine of the twentieth-century Hun; who has seen with his own eyes the foul and dastardly work of Boche militarism and aggression in France and Belgium. It ought to be known and understood by every man and woman, and by every child at school; not alone in the countries of the Allies, but in the remotest townships of America, and in every