

versed with the doctors and nurses and wounded from all parts of the British Empire. I saw the wounded lying in their beds or arriving in thousands; I saw the mutilations, the torn and bleeding heads, limbs and flesh, the look of intense suffering caused by the hardships and the cruel wounds. I witnessed the death of one man upon whom the operation of the tracheotomy had been performed and of another from tetanus, whose moans and cries of anguish are even now re-echoed in my ears. I heard the poor fellows' longing desire for home—"Old Blighty" or Canada or Australia—for relatives and friends. And may I confess it, I broke down and could not restrain the tears—, my heart bled at the sight of such suffering and anguish and I uttered the most earnest prayer of my life that this horrible butchery, this devilish slaughter and carnage might then end. My pacifist instincts, my abhorrence for this ceaseless torrent of horrors, got the better of my judgment and I cried for peace, for immediate peace. I felt irresistibly that this gigantic and monstrous holocaust in which the casualties have now probably reached the appalling figures of 18,000,000 men, must stop. And it was only days afterwards that I could realize that peace was not then possible, that only by the complete crushing of the German military machine, can peace be achieved and the world freed from the repetition of such a calamity, by far the greatest that has ever visited mankind.

The Kaiser and his peoples can never even begin to properly atone for the incalculable loss of so many precious lives, for the misery, starvation and despair with which they have covered Europe, for the known and unknown indescribable horrors, anguish and agony which their mad obsession, their wild ambition, their insane cupidity, their devilish lust for power and domination have caused to humanity. Their foul deeds have left a stain on the face of the earth which neither time nor repentance can ever efface, and which mankind will ever remember.

It is utterly far and away beyond my comprehension how anyone, anywhere in the civilized world, can contemplate such an unwarranted, such an unprovoked, such an unprecedented, such an outrageous, such a fiendish violation of all the elementary laws of right, justice and humanity, and not feel all the faculties of his mind and heart rise up in an all compelling, supreme and uncontrollable revolt. I wholly fail to understand for one moment how anyone, with anything like an adequate conception of the rights of man, of human justice, of the solidarity of men and nations to another one, can fail to grasp the supreme duty of the hour, can hesitate to proffer whatever aid or assistance may be in his power, to help avenge outraged humanity and destroy the colossal scourge of Prussian piracy and bloodshed, so long and so elaborately designed and prepared, so wickedly and brutally inflicted on innocent Belgium, Serbia and France.

Neutrality in certain parts of the world may be explainable, but I feel quite sure that there is a certain democratic nation which will ultimately be driven to the inevitable, if tardy conviction, that mere money making is after all but a very poor, indeed a very miserable compensation or the loss of national prestige, national honour, caused by neglecting or ignoring international modern solidarity, the solidarity of civilized mankind.

"Never again the repetition of the horrible outrage of which humanity is now the victim"—that is the battle cry of the Allies, the battle cry which has rallied their sons from the corners of the earth and the volunteer armies from the Overseas Dominions, which causes them all to