

wasn't only the endless stacks of shells and stuff piled right there on the back doorstep of the battle, and the swarms of guns we came back through. It was something that just spoke plain and clear in my ear, 'He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,' an' I've had no shadow of doubt since but that Germany will go undeh, that theh is nothing left for her but defeat, that she is to be made to pay to the last bitter squeezing of the grapes of wrath for the blood and misery she plunged Europe into. Theh will be no mercy fo' heh. That was told me plain too—"I have read the fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel, "As ye deal with My contemnners so with you My soul shall deal." ' . . . Bernhardi an' all his lot writ a fiery enough gospel, but it's cold print beside that other one, that strips the last hope of mercy from His contemnners with their gospel of blood and iron and terror and frightfulness." He paused and was silent a little, and then glanced half-shamefacedly from the flickering fire-shadows at Larry.

"Any one else might think I was talkin' like a rantin', crazy, fanatic preacher," he said. "But you an' I, boy, an' most that's been oveh theh, will undehstand, because we've learned a lot mo' than