

limbs amputated, and both absolutely unseathed in heart and mind and spirit. And as they told of the storming of Poivre Hill, the recapture of the ground the Boche had bought so dearly, they made you feel that they felt, simply and without any exaggeration at all, that the loss of their limbs was nothing, that the loss of their lives would have been nothing; nothing at all, in the light of success achieved in the effort made for France.

I have seen greater, truer strength and bravery displayed by broken soldiers on hospital beds in France than I believe the finest regiment in Germany can to-day put forth upon the field of battle. It had nothing to do with mechanism; but it was part and parcel of a certain spirit, in their possession of which the Allies are rich beyond the dreams of German Generals; the same spirit which has made Verdun impregnable, a name that conjures willing tribute of honour and reverence from every thinking man in the civilised world—I say “civilised” advisedly—the same spirit which in the end will quite certainly exact complete reparation for every violation of the soil of France and Belgium.

In the grim presence of Death; in the face of tragedy vaster than was dreamed of by the classic writers of old; fresh from the contemplation of