

religion which has never hardened into a creed; it is the religion of humanity.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is the spirit of the gunners and drivers in the retreat from Mons who got off their horses and limbers and walked in the heat and dust, in order that the weary infantry might ride; the spirit of the thousands of nameless and unremembered men who have crawled out into the open under fire to rescue the wounded and been sniped for their pains; the spirit of the gunner captured at an observation post who, though scourged, buffeted, and despitefully used by a German officer, broke his instruments before his face and refused to betray the position of his battery; the spirit of those lonely exiles who held their heads up and never flinched when spat upon and kicked through the streets of German towns in the long *via dolorosa* that leads to the hell of a *Defangenenlager* and often to the grave.

It is on those exiles, and their proud, indomitable spirit, that my mind most often dwells when I think of the faith of the soldier. They were not happy in an opportune death on the field of battle; they were wounded not only in body but in spirit; they were scourged and mocked and starved in an alien land in which the very spirit of humanity seemed dead and hope deferred enfeebled the heart. But they refused to be cast down. The Germans robbed them