

of the Cathedral? Less than a year ago it was thronged with worshippers, for it served as a tabernacle for miles around. Thoughts crowd themselves upon you, and the absolute silence haunts you—the silence that is almost a voice. But the destruction is even more complete and more horrible in the surrounding cemetery. The very thing that nations, civilized and uncivilized, hold dear—the sacred dead—are held in brutal disregard by the Huns. It is without parallel. Smashed to atoms, these monuments to the dead seem to cry aloud for vengeance, and long after the war has been brought to its inevitable end, they will stand—a most terrible indictment. The enemy has violated the most elementary instincts which distinguish civilized men from the savages—one is almost tempted to say, from the brute beast. Oh! if one could only take these “peace at any price” cranks and show them some of the revolting sights I have witnessed, they might realise something of the saying, “I came not to bring peace but a sword.” At the judgment seat of humanity Germany is condemned as a state outside the pale. It seems impossible to understand that brutal type of mind, and it seems more impossible to try to follow the sophistries by which it salves its conscience.

But this will not take me back to the Transport. The day's work is over—the horses are unyoked, and the men go to rest, satisfied in the fact that if the morrow brings fighting, the men will not fight on empty bellies.