

suffered ; they have a standard, a measure of comparison. Shelling—no.

The explosion of a howitzer shell near you is a definite, actual fact—which is unlike any other fact in the world, except the explosion of another howitzer shell still nearer. Many have attempted to describe the noise it makes as the most explainable part about it. And then you're no wiser.

Listen. Stand with me at the Menin Gate of Ypres and listen. Through a cutting a train is roaring on its way. Rapidly it rises in a great swelling crescendo as it dashes into the open, and then its journey stops on some giant battlement—stops in a peal of deafening thunder just overhead. The shell has burst, and the echoes in that town of death die slowly away—reverberating like a sullen sea that lashes against a rock-bound coast.

And yet what does it convey to anyone who patronises inebriated bath-chair men ? . . .

Similarly—shrapnel ! “The Germans were searching the road with ‘whizz-bangs.’” A common remark, an ordinary utterance in a letter, taken by fond parents as an unpleasing affair such as the cook giving notice.

Come with me to a spot near Ypres ; come, and we will take our evening walk together.

“They're a bit lively farther up the road, sir.”

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