

thousands of the happy homes of a prosperous and contented people. An American correspondent relates one incident which occurred shortly after the first onrush of the Huns had expended its force. He had obtained a permit to cross over from Holland and follow in the wake of the German army, and, consequently, had to show his passport whenever any detachment of soldiers was met with. On one of these occasions, when passing through a partially destroyed and entirely deserted village, a large dog came out from a nearby shed and scanned curiously the men in uniform, and apparently not satisfied with the stranger at the gate he started back for his old quarters. Before reaching them, however, he turned again and seeming to realize the forlornness of the situation he squatted on his haunches and raising his head to the sky uttered a series of dismal howls. As the correspondent drove along the road the dog retained his position, still howling his protests, and, no doubt, as he looked around at the scenes of desolation he in his own dumb way, wondered why.

The other incident is given in a letter written by a Scotch soldier to a friend in London, which runs as follows:

"I saw the Queen of the Belgians to-day. I had gone up to the ruined cathedral with one of my officers for the afternoon service. While we were there the Queen arrived.

"She came unexpectedly. She was dressed with what I can only describe as religious simplicity—a severely plain costume and a tourist cap. Her companions were a Belgian officer and her physician.

"Her Majesty fascinated me. She was as one who is weighed down with grief; her eyes were the eyes of one who has cried long, and could cry no more. She stood looking at the burnt and battered walls of the sacred building, awe-inspired, broken, crushed. She acknowledged our salute with a melancholy smile."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; and this beautiful and brave-hearted Queen with her melancholy smile—the same as the poor howling dog—wonders why, wonders why. Together they form an appalling background for a picture of "Woe Unutterable."

"Oh the pity of it!" It proves to the hilt the sad and bitter truth that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

But the action of Belgium from the beginning of the controversy that led up to this frightful war has been beyond reproach. Fully cognizant of the sufferings to which she was rendering herself liable, she chose the path of honour and duty, and kept the faith, and this action on her part, the bravery and self-sacrifice displayed by her people, and the heroism of her noble King, have added a page of splendor to the history of a nation descended from a tribe that two thousand years ago was described by Julius Caesar as the bravest among the Gauls.