

Soissons. The fortnight seemed an autumn: and it seemed as if we were to be always there: but quite suddenly we were for the road again. And there came the third period of daily marchings—only they were nightly. Every night we marched; through tall and eerie forests, through mist, through thick moonless darkness, through exquisite moonlit midnights, through nights of clear cold and frost and stars. By day we rested and kept cover: and cross-ways the French were moving to take our place upon the Aisne; we were hastening with

“ . . . unperturbed chase,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ”

north; to stand in the way of the Gates of Calais.

No fear of confusing the memories of those marches with the first: all was different. The first hang always in a harvest-glow of cloudless heat, dust, brazen light. The last in a strange night-silence, mist-wrapped, or in a cold splendour of frost and moon: thus; Mont de Soissons to Droizy, a short march, through fields of frozen fog. Droizy to Longpoint—arriving with a sort of stage moon silvering an enormous pile of stage ruins, too splendid to seem true. Longpoint to Lieu Restauré, and another abby, not at all *restauré*. To Béthisy St. Martin. To Le