

BELGIUM

one must visit the cemetery. There, at the entrance of the cemetery, where in the blazing sun lay closely huddled graves, decorated with artificial flowers, crosses of wood or of iron ornamented with photographs and other mementoes of the deceased, was a monument that had been erected to the citizens of Lens that had fallen in the war of 1870, and already there were the new graves of those other heroes who had fallen in this latest war.

But they took us there not to see so much the French as the German cemetery. The Germans had acquired a plot of ground adjoining the French cemetery and therein were buried, with German regularity, the officers in the centre, in a sacred enclosure by themselves—the German soldiers killed in that vicinity. Already eighteen hundred Germans had been buried there, men who had fallen in the battles of May and June, and there was a significant repetition of the same date on the rough wooden crosses over the graves, and the inscription "*Hier ruht in Gott . . .*"

Ivy had been planted in the yellow ground, and there was a colossal angel in stone, heavy, stalwart, muscular, Teutonic—with a sword in his hands larger than the sword of Gideon. . . . And immediately adjoining this space the French were buried, and over the graves the same little wooden crosses, the same dates, and "*Ici repose en paix . . .*"

From the brow of a lofty hill, crowned by a colliery, its great iron building lifting its gaunt sides high above the surrounding country, its cupola shattered by a shell, we looked down into the broad valley. The thunder of the guns below us was loud; once more we heard the shriek of the hurtling shells and the sharper rattle of the artillery over at Notre-Dame de Lorette. Off to our