

nothing on the cross but the tin rosettes bearing the tricolour for France, faded now by the wind and rain, loosened too and rattling as the wind passed over them, making a weird singing in this quiet street of the dead.

I had not known that there were acres and acres and acres of these white crosses and as I looked at them my heart was swept with a feeling of desolation and horror at the enormity of war. Surely it was not for this that these brave young fellows were born. I tried to think of them as lying at peace in the land they fought to save; I tried to pray that it might lie lightly to their bones and that God's richest treasures in heaven might be their inheritance, but I knew it was all wrong and my heart was hot with rebellion.

We climbed Vimy Ridge one day and there were many like us who had come to see this tragic place. Great rolls of rusting barbed wire, wheels, shafts and other bits of wreckage of what once had been machines of death littered the grass. Below us, and not far away, men in blue smocks ploughed their fields, one man leading the horse and another man guiding the plow. Farther away we could see cattle grazing. Below our feet small yellow and pink flowers bloomed in calm assurance that Nature still has a way of hiding her scars.

There was something about all this placidity and composure which seemed wrong. I don't know what I expected to find, but certainly it seemed that we had forgotten too soon the wanton destruction of human life. How cheaply blood had flowed into this unheeding soil!

Once I stooped and dug into the soil with my hand, wondering what I might find. A button met my touch; a button attached to a piece of grey cloth. I put it back hastily for I was not hunting for souvenirs.

When we reached the top of Vimy Ridge a beautiful