

caught his prey! At the sea they breathed more freely — they could look across the water and there, far, far beyond, lay the lands where for centuries the weaker had not been sorely oppressed.

Then the wraith of an army began to hope; and on the island the soldiers were recuperating, and the little boys — a quarter of those who had poured into the great procession from all the roads, from every little village, from every town — the dead, would not swell the triumph of the victors. Those by the sea rested and grew stronger; and after a while the world began to hear that Serbia, deprived of her country, a Nation living in exile, was getting ready to elaim her own. She was now one of the Allies. Her army could give an account of itself. "Poor Serbia!" they had said. "Plucky Serbia!" they were now saying, and it was even possible to imagine the world crying, "Lucky Serbia!" The soldiers recuperating at Corfu; the women working at Corsica making the