

see it is all a nodding of caps, a bristling of spade-handles, a swinging of coat-skirts. And forever the waggons roll on, the aeroplanes snarl—that snarling of the aeroplanes, patrols of the sky—that trampling of the drove of men.

And everywhere again these dead trees, these disembowelled houses, these cemeteries where these other regiments of crosses stand packed together.

"*Manon, voici le soleil,*" chants the voice once more.

Each man goes to meet his destiny.