

personal experience the life of the front trenches. And that so fine a spirit should survive, and indeed thrive and develop, as it certainly does among French soldiers, in the savage surroundings of the firing line, is to my thinking a marvellous tribute to the height, quality, and sincerity of France's civilisation.

There is nothing new in all this, though its bearing upon France's part in the war, and its triumphal emergence from the bloody and terrible tests imposed by this war are new, and of vital significance. But the spirit these things illustrate has been long enough inherent in the French people. It has always been recognised and honoured by the real seers, the men truly gifted with vision, in other lands. Robert Browning, writing half a century ago, voiced this finely in his "Incident of the French Camp." The lines are worth quoting, and re-reading, for the spirit to which they pay tribute was never more alive in France than it is to-day.

"You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;

* * * *

"Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,'—