

accuracy of the German gunners' aim or the closeness of Monsieur M——'s connection with the enemy.

After the Armistice I was quartered for a time at Cysoing, in a quiet old-world monastery, where the preaching lay-brothers lived contentedly together. They were an extremely interesting lot of men and many a chat I had with them in the old monastery kitchen or in the garden with its great stone walls, on which the peaches and plums grew every year in profusion. Brother Anselm, the devoted genius of the monastery garden, a man whose appearance reminded me of one of the monks in that fine picture "A good Joke", asked me one day whether we could let him have a cart-load of straw from the stables for his garden. If we could, he said, they still had a few bottles of a "bon petit vin" hidden in the garden, which the Boche had not laid his hands on, and they would be pleased to let us have some. So Brother Anselm got his straw and we drank the health of the brothers in the "bon petit vin". It was by no means an uncommon experience after the Armistice to see the inhabitants of a village digging in their gardens for things, which they had buried there four long years before. I remember seeing an old woman digging in a church-yard for the sacred vessels, which had been hidden there. It was very touching to see the tender and reverent way in which she took up those vessels, hidden away so long from the brutal eyes, which could see in them nothing more than so much metal to be melted down.

The curtain, which fell between Germany and the Allies on the outbreak of the war, hid the German nation very effectively from our sight. The German newspapers, which came through neutral countries, revealed but little either of the temper and mind of the civilian population in Germany or of the widespread Bolshevism in the German army, which, beginning in 1917 after Vimy, ulti-

mately forced Hindenburg and Ludendorff to throw in their hand. The continual declarations in English newspapers, such as *The Daily Mail*, that Germany was at her last gasp, were merely propaganda, based on very slender and insufficient indications in letters from German soldiers in the field to their friends at home. There were similar articles in the German newspapers of 1917 as to the awful condition of things in England as the result of German submarine activity. Consequently, those of us, to whose lot it fell to enter Germany in December, 1918, were entering on a "terra nova et incognita". The journey by car through France and Belgium to Spa, near the German frontier, was particularly interesting. We were following up the trail of a great retreating army and the enormous amount of material, guns, ammunition, ambulance cars, automobiles, that lay scattered along the main roads, bore evidence to the hastiness of their flight. In all the villages and towns there were plenty of flags of the Allied nations. It was extraordinary to see how numerous they were. We were told that many of these flags had been bought in the months preceding the Armistice and hidden until the Germans had gone. From the telegraph wires along the roads were dangling effigies, dressed in German uniforms, with remarks attached more conspicuous for their point than their elegance. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants was tremendous. They seemed to do nothing all day but watch for a British car to go through and they would cheer like mad when one did pass. On the way to Spa we stayed for one night in a French chateau, which had been the Headquarters of a wing of the German Flying Corps. It was a beautiful building, and had evidently been before the war the home of people of money and taste. The grand salon was an exquisitely proportioned room, but had been left by the Ger-