

this pillaged country, have respected the last sleep of their enemies. It could not be otherwise. But come along; come."

We pass through Champien on foot. Champien—that is to say, a maze of ruins. Over roads inconceivably muddy through heavy rain, we come to the old French cemetery, laid out around the burned church. All that remains of this church is some blackened walls and a few columns which now support nothing. We thought that we had seen the worst. But we were wrong: the worst is here. It is not only ugly, stupid, useless, mad—but here we leave behind the realm of those sentiments which human beings can experience. We recoil before so hideous a bestiality, and we look one another in the eyes to see if the others have seen what we have seen; and when there we discover a sort of terrified embarrassment we become convinced of the reality of what is before us.

Yes—it must be said, however monstrous it be: all these graves have been violated. The stones of family tombs—huge stones weighing hundreds of pounds—have been torn up and smashed. The Germans have gone down into the vaults. They have taken up the slabs on which the coffins lay. These coffins and their bones, the poor relics of the bodies, have been carried off and thrown down no one knows where. These yawning vaults are empty, and now upon these wrecked monuments there is nothing but the names of those who once slept here. Yet here in this vault, while they have carried off the coffins which lay upon the upper slabs, they have left this one which was at the very