

night in history. Around you men are hurrying to the scenes of death, hurrying in trains and in motor-cars, afoot and on horseback. All the engines of man's making have been pressed into the service of destruction; they pant and storm towards their goal, shrilling through the quiet woods as though death were a carnival, not an hour of which might be lost.

In the trains are men who have never known war and have not yet learned to fear it. Home-loving men whose military duties have consisted in guarding a palace or a Senate house, and who have not so much as dreamed that this day awaited them. Very young men for the most part, but a few of them the husbands of wives and the fathers of children. They do not wish this thing; their hearts are sick with loathing of it.

The trains rumble away; at last the cafés are closed and the streets emptied. The empty streets resound to your footfalls, and you can hear the dull flapping of the flags overhead which do honour to the glory of Liège. Before you is the vast bulk of the Palace of Justice, and stretching away below the ancient city with its exquisite town hall and its splendid *place*. Scarcely a sound disturbs the peace of the scene. Brussels has grown tired even in her triumph; to-morrow will be the greatest day in all her years, and she must prepare herself against it and against the terror which will follow when the embers of victory are cold.