

them have already gone to their doom, and all we know of them are the horrors they have witnessed and the atrocities they have committed. Many are still alive and prisoners of war. Others have died in our ambulances side by side with their former foes, now their comrades in suffering and as often as not almost their friends. I have had some dealings with several of these men. I have read their note-books, I have heard from their own lips their gruesome tales of recorded and unrecorded horror. Those dying men told no lies. Man speaks the truth when he is aware that Death is listening to what he says.

Suffering has no nationality and Death wears no uniform. There are neither friends nor foes on "no-man's-land," on all men's land, on the borderland between life and death, dreaded by all. Men die as best they can. Most men fear death, all men fear dying. All men are more or less alike when they are about to die. What they did with their life whilst it belonged to them may concern the priest if he is at hand, but Death does not care, he welcomes them all in his own rough way, good men and bad men are all the same to him. So they are to the doctor. Now and then I tried to say to myself that I disliked these dying Boches, but I cannot honestly say I did; in fact, I