

of the city towards the east. The moon looking down upon this road discovers the march of armed men and touches a thousand bayonets with her silver. Men, and still more men, white-faced and stern in the dim light, move with the swift hours towards the place where death has put in his scythe for the great reaping, drawn by some strange chemiotaxis, as it seems. The windows of the suburban houses gleam out garishly against the moon. In the houses are well-dressed men and women who have sat up late to watch the road and to rejoice over the news. They are less gay than the throng in the cafés, those people, and less simple than the soldiers in the tavern, but their joy and their pride are not less. The first news from Liège has caught them also as it caught the world like an inspiration. They cannot rest in this hour of their country's glory.

So windows are thrown open even in the darkness and flowers that have no colour and no perfume under the moon are cast out upon the marching men. You may hear now and again the far strains of the Brabançonne, and sometimes the chant rises very near to you and is taken up from open windows by hidden figures that have gazed out during hours upon the road. The soldiers come and go no man knows whence or whither. Along the railway lines strange lights may be seen moving and great trains roll continually eastward. The troops which a day or two ago held the frontiers—the French frontier and the frontier of the sea, as well as that between Belgium and Germany—are being pressed into a single army; an army of barely two hundred thousand men, to face the greatest army which ever moved across the face of the world.

It is a night of heroes this—perhaps the most wonderful