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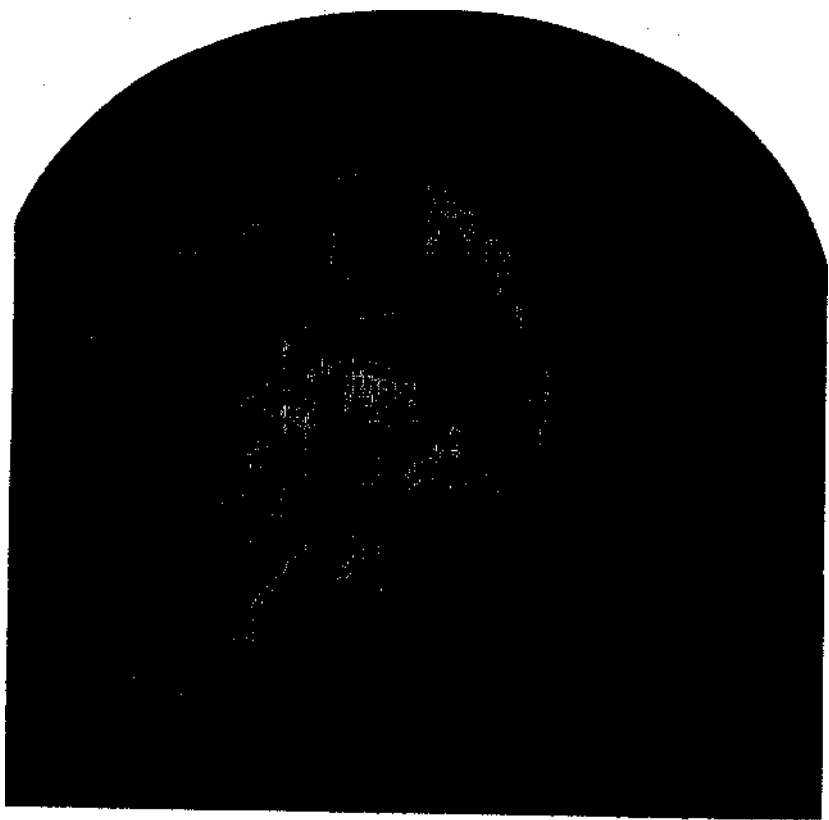
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A BOOK OF
BELGIUM'S GRATITUDE



LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE ACCUEILLANT LES REFUGIÉS BELGES
ANDRÉ CLUYSENAR

A BOOK OF
BELGIUM'S GRATITUDE
COMPRISING LITERARY ARTICLES BY
REPRESENTATIVE BELGIANS, TOGETHER
WITH THEIR TRANSLATIONS BY VARIOUS
HANDS, AND ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT
IN COLOUR AND BLACK AND WHITE
BY BELGIAN ARTISTS

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY-HEAD
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AU LECTEUR!

CE livre a'est ni un repertoire ni un procea-verbal. La generosite britannique, la charite ameicaine ne sont pas faites pour etre inventorizes. L'heure n'est pas venue, la chose fut-elle possible, d'enumerer les reconforts recus par la Belgique dans son martyre.

Nous avons pense simplement qu'il ne fallait pas laisser passer la Noel 1915, la seconde Nod de l'exil, sans offrir un hommage de gratitude a nos bienfaiteurs. Cet hommage on le trouvera ici, sans pretention de solennitS ni d'exactitude, avec le seul souci de la sincerite et du bon vouloir.

Que les plus hautes figures de notre patrie aient spontanement daigne s'associer a notre desir, que des personnalites officielles nous aient apporte leur concours, que les artistes et les ecrivains, sollicites par nous, nous aient donne une image vive et emue des choses et des gens d' Angleterre, c'est ce qui nous emplit de joie et de confusion. **Car**, voyant les imperfections et les lacunes du livre, nous savons bien que Phommage est incomplet; mais, sentant palpiter dans chacune de ses pages le cœur de la Belgique exilee, nous renoncons a nous en excuser.

Nous tenons, cependant, a souligner quelques-unes des pensees qui nous ont guides dans notre travail. Nous n'avons pas cherche a etablir une hierarchie dans l'hommage rendu. Nul ne figure dans le livre a raison des fonctions qu'il occupe, et il n'y a pas d'ordre de presence. Tous sont des temoins, et la portee de leur temoignage est dans le sentiment, non dans le detail du texte.

Il en est de meme pour les artistes et les ecrivains. Quels que soient leur talent et leur reputation, leur principal titre a nos yeux est quails ont vu nos bienfaiteurs a Poeuvre. On ne trouvera pas les noms de ceux-ci. Il y a, hors texte, d'admirables portraits. C'est, peut-on dire, la seule facon dont nous avons voulu signaler ce que les Beiges

AU LECTEUR!

refugies doivent a quelques personnalites dont le devouement et la sollicitude sont coanus de tous. Mais le livre est dedie aux bienfaiteurs innombrables et anonymes, a cette grande masse de bonte, d'intelligence et d'activite ou la misere et la douleur de la Belgique plongent comme dans un abime de reconfort et d'esperance.

Le lecteur mettra lui-meme des noms. Nous faisons appel a sa collaboration, comme nous avons demande celle des hautes personnalites anglaises qui ont bien voulu accepter d'etre nos traducteurs. Grace a ces derniers, notre hommage, tout incomplet et imparfait qu'il soit, s'elargit, se hausse et atteint le vaste monde ou se meut le libre parler anglais. Leurs noms, leurs talents servent l'effort reconnaissant de la Belgique et on ne peut trouver plus delicat temoignage de l'amitie britannique.

A leur exemple tous ceux qui liront ce livre, dont la composition et la valeur intrinseque peuvent se ressentir et des incertitudes de Pexil et du trouble de Pheure, recueilleront dans leur cœur Pelan fervent ou le pinceau et la plume ont cherche leur inspiration. Iis y ajouteront, a leur tour, toutes leurs raisons personnelles d'admiration et de gratitude et contribueront ainsi a montrer que la reconnaissance de la Belgique n'est pas inferieure au bienfait recu.

C'est tout ce que nous avons tente d'exprimer en attendant Pheure de l'histoire.

LES EDETEURS.

TO THE READER-

THIS book is neither a schedule nor an official report. British generosity and American charity cannot be catalogued. Even were such a thing possible, the time has not yet come for a detailed statement of the relief which Belgium has received in her martyrdom.

We have simply thought that we ought not to let the Christmas of 1915 pass by—the second Christmas of exile—without offering a tribute of gratitude to our benefactors. This tribute you will find in the following pages. It does not pretend to be formal or precise. All we have aimed at is to show our sincerity and goodwill.

That the very highest in our land should spontaneously and graciously have associated themselves with our project, that official personages should have lent their aid, that the artists and writers whom we approached should have given us vivid and touching pictures of English folk and English things—all this, of course, has filled us with gladness, but yet has left us in some embarrassment. For, conscious of the imperfections and the gaps in the book, we know that the tribute is incomplete; but after all, feeling the heart of exiled Belgium beat in these pages, we make no apology.

Yet we should like to draw attention to a few of the motives which have guided us in our work. We have not tried to establish a hierarchy in the tribute rendered. No one figures in the book merely on account of the functions he fulfils, and there is no order of precedence. All are witnesses, and the value of their testimony lies in the feelings they express and not in the detailed exactness of the facts to which they refer.

The same applies to the artists and writers. Whatever may be their talent and reputation, their chief claim to be heard, according to our view, is that they have actually seen our benefactors at work. The names of the latter you will not find. Apart from the letterpress there
vii

TO THE READER

are some fine portraits. That is the only way in which we **have** considered it advisable to mark the debt of our Belgian refugees to certain individuals whose devotion and solicitude are known to us all. But the book is dedicated to the innumerable and anonymous benefactors, to that vast bosom of love, thought, and action to which the misery and sorrow of Belgium fled as to a haven of comfort and hope.

The reader himself must supply the names. In this respect we ask for his collaboration, just as we have asked for that of the distinguished English men and women who have been so kind as to be our translators. Thanks to the latter, our tribute, however incomplete and imperfect, can find wider scope and can reach the vast expanses of the earth where the English language is spoken. Their names and what their names stand for aid our expression of Belgian gratitude ; and what more delicate proof than this of English friendship could we find ?

So all those who read this book, in whose composition and intrinsic value are reflected both the uncertainties of exile and the anxiety of the present hour, will feel in their hearts the warm impulse from which pencil and pen have drawn their inspiration. They, in their turn, will add to it all their personal reasons for admiration and thankfulness, and thus aid us in demonstrating that the gratitude of Belgium is not inadequate to the benefits received.

That is all we have tried to express. For more we must await the Hour of History.

THE EDITORS.

A BOOK OF BELGIUM'S GRATITUDE

IS PUBLISHED IN RECOGNITION OF THE HELP AND HOSPITALITY
GIVEN BY THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND OF THE RELIEF BESTOWED
BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DURING THE GREAT WAR

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OF THIS BOOK WILL BE PLACED AT THE
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CONTENTS

AUTHOR	SUBJECT	PAGE
LES EDEUXES ,	Avant propos	
PART I.		
S.M. LE ROI DES BELGES .	Lettre	3
S.M. LA REINE DES BELCH	Lettre	7
S.A.R. LA DUCHESSE DE VENDOME	Lettre	10
S.A.I. ET R. LA PRINCESSE NAPOLEON	Lettre	12
S.E.C.E. LE CARDINAL MERCIER .	La Chariti providentielle des Nations	
LE BARON DE BROQUEVILLE	Tribut a la Grande Bretagne	15
M . BERRYER	A la Grande Bretagne	17
M . HYMANS	Le Caractere britannique .	25
M. VANDERVELDE	Notre Conflance	27
LE COMTE DE LALAINC	Le Belgian Relief Fund	28
LE COMTE GOBLET D'ALVIELLA .	Nos Rerugies en Angleterre	40
LE BARON GOFFINET	Au Nom des Blesses .	59
MONSEICNEUR DEWACHTER	The Work of Charity	61
M. E. DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE	Impossible to Record	64
M . M A Y	Les " King Albert's Hospitals " .	65
M . POLLET	Les Orphelins de la Guerre	67
COMMANDANT MATON	Nos Blesses en Grande Bretagne .	75
M . C H . BAUSS	" Omnia Fraterne!" .	79
M . BURTON	The Flower of Eternal Gratitude	83
M. ROBYNS DE SCHNEIDAUER	L'CEuvre du War Refugees Committee	86
M. EMILE ROYER	Aux Femmes d'Angleterre .	99
LE BARON MONCHEUR	Hommage a l'Amerique	105
LE CHEVALIER E. CARTON DE WIART	L a "C.R.B."	109
PROFESSEUR VAN DER ESSEN	L'Opinion publique Americaine et les Souffrances de la Belgique	121
LE R.P. RUTTEN	Au Canada	131
M. SECAERT	L'Australie et la Nouvelle Zelande au Secours du Peuple Beige.	142
M. STANDAERT	South Africa	156
MADAME HYMANS	Ce qui ne doit pas mourir .	168
MADAME VANDERVELDE	The Mother Country	169
MADAME MATON	Comment j'ai pu rhabiller nos Soldats	170
MADAME DESTREE	Les Artistes Beiges et nos Soldats	173
MADemoiselle ROSSIONON	Generosite prevoyante	177

CONTENTS

TRANSLATOR	SUBJECT	PAGE
THE TRANSLATION EDITOR	Preface	
	PART I.	
EARL CURZON	Letter.	5
MAJOR A. A. GORDON, M.V.O. .	Letter.	9
EARL CROMER	Letter.	11
VISCOUNT DILLON .	Letter	13
H.E. CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP BOURNE	The Providential Charity of the Nations	14
VISCOUNT ST. CYRES	A Tribute to Great Britain	16
CHARLES THOMAS-STANFORD, M.P.	To Great Britain.	21
SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BT. .	The English Character	26
MAY SINCLAIR	Our Trust.	27
COMTE DE LALAING .	The Belgian Relief Fund	34
LADY MORETON	Our Refugees i n England	50
LADY PAGET	In the Name of the Wounded	60
(In English)		
(In English)		
MARCARET LAVINOTON	The King Albert's Hospitals	66
BIRENCERE DRILLIEN	The War Orphans	71
LADY COLVIN .	Our Wounded in Great Britain .	77
MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P.	" Omnia Fraterne! " .	81
(In English)		
PROFESSOR MOORMAN	The Work of the War Refugees Committee .	92
MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT	To the Women of England	102
G. G. GREENWOOD. M.P.	Homage to America.	107
WILLIAM CAINE	The "C.R.B.".	115
HON. MRS. JOHN WARD	Public Opinion in America and the Sufferings	
	of Belgium.	126
SIR LEES KNOWLES, BT.	To Canada.	136
PAUL TAYLOR .	How Australia and New Zealand have Helped	
	Belgium.	149
RT. HON. W. P. SCHREINER	South Africa	162
VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN .	That which cannot die	168
(In English)		
MRS. JOHN LANE	How I Reclothed our Soldiers	172
LAURENCE BINYON .	The Belgian Artists and our Soldiers	175
MRS. WILFRID JACKSON	Generous Foresight	179

CONTENTS

AUTHOR	SUBJECT	PAGE
PART II.		
MAURICE MAETERLINCK	Pour l'Honneur	183
EMILE VERHAEREN	Les Ciel d'Angleterre	187
FERNAND SEVERIN	A rAngleterre .	191
JULES DESTRIER	NOB Artistes en Angleterre	193
PAUL LAMBOTTK	L'Accueil fait aux Artistes	199
EUGENE YSAIE	L'Art et la Guerre	211
ARTHUR DE GREEF	Le Temperament musical britaunique .	217
ERNEST VAN DYCK	La Grande Bretagne protectrice des Arts	223
EMILE CAMMAERTS	Le Temoinage des Ecrivains anglais	229
HENRI DAVIGNON	Les Fruits d e l'Exil	249
PROFESSEUR MOELLER	Oxford: Les Impressions d'un Historien beige	271
PROFESSEUR DEJACE	L'Universite beige de Cambridge.	287
ANTOINE BORBOUX	En Ecosse.	300
LA COMTESSE VAN DEN STEEN DE JEHAY	Comment ils meurent	305
MARIA BIERME	Comment elles les soignent	313
LOUISE CARTON DE WIART	Impressions de Guerre	327
L. DUMONT-WILDEN	Images anglaises	333
JEAN FRANCOIS FONSON	Lettre d e l'Yser	341
LEON SOUGUENET	Ce que je dois a l'Angleterre	349
RICHARD DUPIERREUX	Dans la Galles du Sud	354
CHARLES DELCHEVALERIE	Aspects et Lecons de Londrcs	360
JEAN DE BOSSCHERE .	La Tamise a Londres	368
LE COMTE RENAUD DE BRIEY	La Jonction des Troupes britanniques et beiges sous la Mitraille	375
PART III.		
ANONYMOUS	Anecdotes	381

CONTENTS

TRANSLATOR	SUBJECT	PAGE
	PAR. 11.	
ALFRED SUTRO	For Honour.	185
LORD LATYMER	The British Skies	189
A. P. GRAVES .	To England.	192
CAMPBELL DODGSON	Our Artists in England	196
SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS	The Welcome to Our Artists	205
SIR A. C. MACKENZIE	Art and the War.	214
SIR ERNEST CLARKE	The British Musical Temperament	220
ELIZABETH ASQUITH	Great Britain : Protectress of the Arts	226
WILLIAM J. LOCKE .	The Testimony of English Writers	239
E. B. OSBORN	The Fruits of Exile.	259
RT. HON. HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P.	Oxford : Impressions of a Belgian Historian .	279
EDWARD MARSH	The Belgian University at Cambridge .	294
PROFESSOR GRIERSON	In Scotland.	302
LADY MERIEL BATHURST	How They Die	309
LADY BYRON .	How They Tended Us	320
JOHN BUCHAN	War Impressions	330
LADY CHARNWOOD	English Impressions	337
J. LEWIS MAY	Letter from the Yser.	345
SIR HERCULES READ	What I Owe to England	351
HENRY D. ROBERTS	In South Wales	357
HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL	London Object Lessons	364
RT. HON. SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P.	London and Its Thames	371
SIR HOME GORDON, BT.	The Union of the British and Belgian Troops under Fire.	377
	PART III.	
F. ANSTEY	Anecdotes	382

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ARTIST	SUBJECT	PAGE
ANDRE CLUYSENAAR	La Grande Bretagne accueille les Refugies Beiges	<i>Frontis,</i>
EMILE CLAUS, Membre de l'Academie Royale de Belgique	Rhododendrons, Kew Gardens .	
ALBERT DELSTANCHE	Kensington Gardens.	16
J, G. ROSIER, Directeur de l'Academie de Beaux-Arts de Malines	The Right Hon. Viscount Gladstone, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., P.C., etc., President of the War Refugees Committee	24
VICTOR ROUSSEAU, Membre de l'Academie Royale de Belgique	Buste portrait de Lady D. M.	32
MICHEL STERCKMANS	L e Strand a Londres	48
ANDRE CLUYSENAAR.	Lady Lugard	64
JEAN DELVILLE, Professeur a l'Academie Royale des Beaux-Arts de Bruxelles	The Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, P.C., M.P., etc.	72
MARTEN VAN DER LOO	Hampton Court	80
ALBERT BAERTSOEN, Membre de l'Academie Royale de Belgique	L a Tamise, l'hiver	96
ADOLPHE HAMESSE, ...	Herbert Hoover, Esq., President of the Committee for Relief in Belgium .	112
VALERIUS D E SAEDELEER	Le Pays de Galles	128
JULIEN CELOS	St. Paul's Cathedral	144
PIERRE PAULUS, ...	Hungerford Bridge	160
CHARLES MERTENS, Professeur a l'Academie Royale des Beaux-Arts d'Anvers	The Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., etc., Promoter of the <i>Daily Telegraph</i> Subscription in honour of King Albert	176
LOUIS D E SMETH	Sir Horace Monro, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary of the Local Government Board .	184
ALEXANDRE MARCETTE	L e Pont d e Maidenhead	192
		xiv

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ARTIST	SUBJECT	PAGE
PAUL WISSAERT	Lady Emmott, President of the Clothing Department of the War Refugees Committee. . . .	208
MAURICE WAGEMANS	La Tamise	224
A. JONNIAUX	Hall Caine, Esq. . . .	232
<u>CHARLES</u> MERTENS, Professeur à l'Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts d'Anvers	Sir Ernest Hatch, Bt. . . .	240
MARCEL JEFFERYS	Impression de Theatre	256
JULES DE BRUYCKER	Magdalen College, Oxford	272
JULES DE BRUYCKER	Merton College, Oxford	280
ALBERT CLAES	King's College Chapel, Cambridge	288
ALBERT CLASS	Court of King's College, Cambridge	296
DOLF VAN ROY	The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, President of the Club for Belgian Soldiers	304
MAURICE BLIECK	London Bridge. . . .	320
MARC-HENRY MEUNIER	Route en Sussex. . . .	336
MADemoiselle JENNY MONTICNY	Rotten Row. . . .	344
Louis RECKELBUS	St. Ives, Cornwall. . . .	352
ALFRED BASTIEN	Clair de lune sur la Tamise	368
JEAN DE BOSSCHERE	La Neige à Timberden Bottom, Kent	384



EDOUARD ANDRONS, KIW GARDENS
EMILE CLAUS, MEMBRE DE L'ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE BELGIQUE

PART I



Je m'associe de tout cœur aux
émoignages de sympathique reconnaissance
que ce livre adresse à la Nation
britannique qui a accueilli nos
réfugiés avec une générosité et une
sollicitude dont le souvenir demeurera
dans la mémoire de tous les Belges

Albert

La Haye, le 4 août 1915.

TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER OF H.M. THE **KING OF**
THE BELGIANS BY THE RIGHT HON. THE
EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

I JOIN with all my heart in **the**
expression of gratitude conveyed
in this book to the British Nation,
which has welcomed our refugees
with a generosity and anxious
care that will dwell in the memory of
every Belgian*

La générosité de la Grande Bretagne,
de ses Colonies et des Etats Unis
d'Amérique est un magnifique
exemple de charité.

Emue devant cet élan unanime
de touchante sollicitude pour
la Belgique je me joins à tous
ceux qui ont écrit leur nom
dans ce livre, afin de dire ma
gratitude à ces deux

Nations pour l'aide
qu'elles ont apportée à nos
compatriotes durant ce temps
de telles épreuves

Elisabeth

TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER OF H.M. THE QUEEN
OF THE BELGIANS BY MAJOR A. A. GORDON, M.V.O-

THE generosity of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of the United States of America, is a magnificent example of charity.

Moved by this unanimous spirit of touching solicitude for Belgium, I join with all those who have written their names in this book, in order to express my profound gratitude to these two great nations for the help which they have rendered to our countrymen during this time of sore trial.



Belmont House,
Park Side
Wimbledon, S.W.
Aché & Telegraph
Wimbledon
Téléphone 127128.

L'hospitalité anglaise a toujours été prover-
biale et depuis un an elle a donné le plus ma-
gnifique des exemples en accueillant des milliers
de réfugiés belges, victimes innocentes de la plus
tragique et de la plus sanglante trahison qu'ait
vue l'histoire. Il faudra un jour des volu-
mes pour raconter les bienfaits, le réconfort, l'aide
et le soutien offerts par le noble royaume de
Grande Bretagne à la Belgique durant les longs
mois de son glorieux martyre, mais dès à présent
chaque Belge a inscrit dans son cœur un éter-
nel: "Merci!" Je suis heureuse de pouvoir me
joindre à eux tous, en rendant à l'Angleterre
le bien modeste hommage de ma profonde ad-
miration et de ma reconnaissance émue

Henriette
Duchesse de Vendôme
Princesse de Belgique

le 25 Août 1915

TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS
OF VENDOME BY THE RIGHT HON. THE
EARL OF CROMER.

DURING the past year there has been forthcoming the most splendid example of that English hospitality which has always been proverbial. Thousands of Belgian refugees, the innocent victims of the most tragic and the most sanguinary act of treachery known to history, have been received on English soil. At some future time it will be necessary to devote a volume to the recital of the benefits, the consolation, the help and support afforded by the noble Kingdom of Great Britain to Belgium during the long months of its glorious martyrdom. But even now every Belgian may inscribe in the depth of his heart an everlasting expression of thanks. I am happy to associate myself with all these, in expressing to England the modest homage of my profound admiration and my heartfelt gratitude.

des Belges, dont une
main dévouée détreint les foyers, leurs
femmes, leurs enfants, sans autre, but trouver
dans la noble Angleterre une seconde et
généreuse Patrie.

D'un bout à l'autre du Royaume Uni, une
splendide Charité fit sienne la douleur de la
Belgique, ouvrant son cœur à toutes les
infortunes.

Dans une sublime élan, les châteaux, les
maisons de ville, de campagne se transformèrent
en boulevards d'hospices où en refuge, pour
accueillir nos vaillants soldats ont été nos
malheureux réfugiés. Là, comme dans
les hôpitaux, on vit d'admirables femmes de
toute condition, de tout âge, se pencher, sans
relâche, sur le chevet de nos Blessés, se
consacrant à atténuer leurs souffrances, et
laissant dans leurs cœurs une reconnaissance
éternelle envers celles qui ils nomment :
"Our English Mothers" -

Clementine

P^{re} Napoléon

P^{re} de Belgique. 7th 1915

TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER OF H.L AND R.H. THE
PRINCESS NAPOLEON BY VISCOUNT DILLON.

OUR countrymen and women whose homes have been so brutally destroyed and they and their children left without shelter have, however, found in England a new and a generous fatherland. From end to end of the United Kingdom a magnificent spirit of generosity has made the sufferings of Belgium its own, and has met our misfortunes with open arms. With a splendid enthusiasm, its mansions, its town and country houses have become places of rest or convalescent homes to which were welcomed our unhappy refugees.

There, as also in the hospitals, may be found admirable women of all ages and every station in life, unceasingly tending the bedsides of our wounded, devoting themselves to the alleviation of their sufferings and creating in their hearts a deep sense of gratitude to those whom I have often heard them style " Our English mothers."*

LA CHARITE PROVIDENTIELLE DES NATIONS.

PAR LE CARDINAL MERCIER, *Atcheveque it Malines.*

NOS malheurs ont emu les autres nations. L'Angleterre, l'Irlande et l'Ecosse ; la France, la Hollande, les Etats-Unis, le Canada rivalisent de generosite pour soulager notre detresse. Ce spectacle est a la fois lugubre et grandiose. Ici encore se revele la Sagesse Providentielle qui tire le bien du mal. En votre nom et au mien, mes freres, j'offre aux Gouvernements et aux nations qui se tournent si noblement vers nos malheurs le temoignage emu de notre admiration et de notre reconnaissance.

THE PROVIDENTIAL CHARITY OF THE NATIONS.

TRANSLATION BY CARDINAL BOURNE, *Archbishop of Westminster.*

OUR misfortunes have aroused the compassion of other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland; France, Holland, the United States, and Canada have entered into generous rivalry in order to relieve our distress. It is a sight full both of sadness and of glory. In this, too, does the Wisdom of Providence shine forth, bringing good out of evil. In your name and my own, my brethren, I offer to the Governments and nations that have looked so nobly upon our misfortunes the heart-felt expression of our admiration and of our thanks.

J. Card . Brune

TRIBUT A LA GRANDE BRETAGNE.

PAR LE BARON DE BROQUEVILLE,

Président du Conseil des Ministres, Ministry de la Guerre.

COMBIEN il serait souhaitable que, au lendemain de la guerre, la gratitude beige narrât, dans toute la mesure possible, les prodiges accomplis par la générosité britannique en faveur des beiges amends en Angleterre par un destin sévère !

Ce serait tout à la fois œuvre de justice et enseignement de beauté morale.

Il faut avoir vécu ces heures d'épreuve pour connaître l'étendue des trésors matériels et moraux, des attentions affectueuses et délicates que la charité britannique nous dispensa sans compter.

Militaires et civils, tous nous en gardons au cœur le souvenir ému et reconnaissant.

Grâce à la Grande Bretagne, les hôtes exilés sur la terre hospitalière se demandent bien souvent si leur sort n'est point supérieur à celui des Beiges demeurés dans la Belgique envahie.

La bas, face à face avec le conquérant du sol sacré, l'âme, éprise de la patrie, subit sans relâche la plus cruelle des douleurs, c'est-à-dire l'odieuse vue et la domination de l'étranger.

Le reconfort des prouesses accomplies par les glorieux soldats, du droit et de l'indépendance y est généralement ignoré. Seule la voix trompeuse de l'envahisseur tinte aux oreilles de la nation.

N'est-ce pas la plus qu'il n'en faut pour atteindre la foi la plus robuste, pour déchirer les cœurs les mieux trempés ?

Mais là aussi la confiance règne absolue et la force morale est telle qu'elle s'affirme partout, même jusque dans le silence du mépris.

Ceux qui ignorent le caractère beige pouvaient douter qu'un tel spectacle leur fut jamais offert. Pour moi il m'est apparu tout naturel quand le 4 août 1914 je traduisais la pensée nationale en disant à la tribune du Parlement : "la Belgique peut être vaincue; elle ne sera jamais domptée."

A TRIBUTE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

TRANSLATION BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

W

ELL it were if a grateful Belgium hailed the morrow of the war by telling the whole tale of the marvellous generosity showered on those of her children whom a cruel fate drove to British shores.

This would be an act of justice ; this would be a moral lesson of rare worth.

Only those who have lived through the hours of trial know in what rich abundance British charity lavished gifts upon us, meeting our needs of body and mind with equal delicacy and understanding.

Tender memories of gratitude live in the hearts of us all, soldiers and civilians alike.

Such is Great Britain's gracious hospitality that our exiles often wonder whether they are not faring better than their countrymen who remained in their devastated land.

From morn to night these last endure the most terrible of trials. They see the invader on the sacred soil of home; they feel his iron hand.

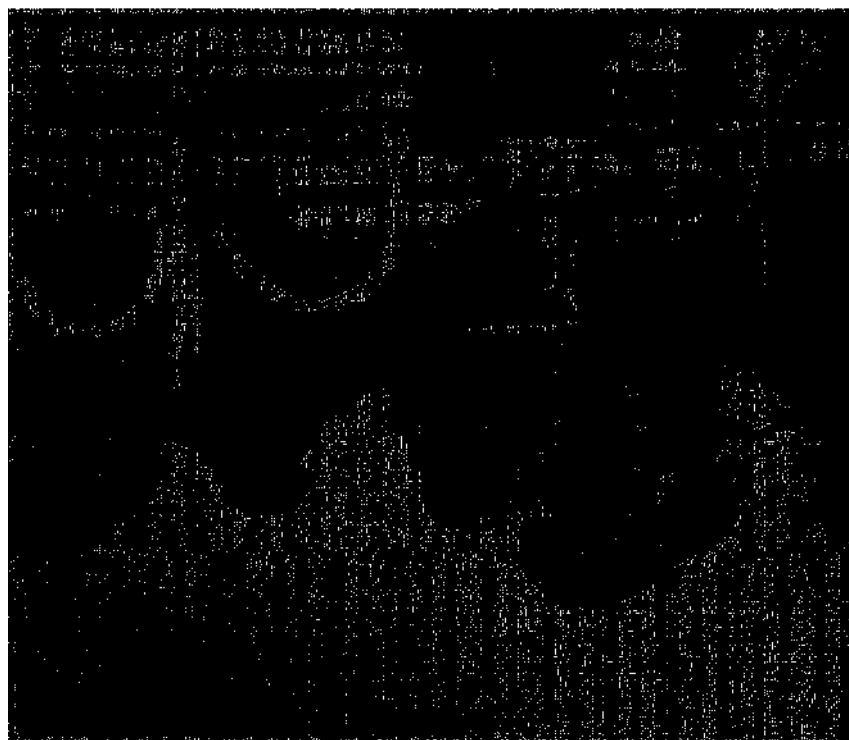
His strident voice alone besets their ear. They know nothing of the glorious feats of arms wrought by the champions of freedom and of right.

Is not this enough to shake the stoutest faith, to shatter hearts of oak ?

No. It is not so. Their confidence is still unbroken ; their soul still cries aloud, even if it be only through the silence of disdain.

No one who knows the Belgian character can doubt this for a moment. I, for one, was well assured that I was only translating the nation's feeling into words when I exclaimed, in my place in Parliament, on August 4th, 1914: " Belgium may be conquered—beaten she can never be."

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A LA GRANDE BRETAGNE.

PAR PAUL BERRYER, *Ministre de l'Intérieur.*

MES Collègues du Gouvernement et moi, nous nous souviendrons d'un jour du début de Septembre, 1914, à Anvers! Un steamer avait jete l'ancre au port. Quelques gentlemen—parmi lesquels M. Gordon, que nous devions revoir souvent—se presentent au siege du Gouvernement et expliquerent simplement: " De riches anglais nous ont delegue vers vous pour vous prier d'accepter le contenu du bateau qui nous a amenes. Prenez les vivres, les vetements, les medicaments dont il est charge. Et dites nous quels sont les besoins les plus urgents qui vous assaillent. Dans huit jours nous vous rapporterons tout ce que vous aurez demande. Mais, de grace, soyez gourmands. L'Angleterre ne vous donnera jamais assez."

Quand ces paroles furent prononcees, quelle clarte soudain pour nous ! Dans cet Anvers convoque par une armee de 200,000 Allemands masses devant ses forts, envahi de longues theories de refugies, frappe par ces homicides rdeurs de nuit, les Zeppelins, dans Anvers, ou d'angoissants bruits de massacres, d'incendies, de pillages, auraient pu nous terrifier, nous eumes la nette conscience que nous n'etions pas seuls. Derriere nous la sympathie du monde pour notre patrie, Padmiration pour notre Roi, pour la loyauté et sa defense s'affirmait, la commiseration pour ses malheurs grandissait. Et devant nous, l'ame de nos allies, l'ame de la Grande Bretagne. Quel reconfort!

Oui, des Highlands severes, au doux rivages de l'English Channel, de Pile d'Emeraude a Penorme architecture grise de Londres, une commotion de sympathie pour les Beiges avait passe, dont les ondes gagnaient toutes les parties du monde ou claquer le drapeau du Roi Georges.

De ce jour, Paide britannique ne cessa de grandir et de se manifester en tous les domaines.

Je voudrais, quant a moi, mettre en valeur le noble role que remplit le Gouvernement britannique a l'egard de nos refugies.

A l'arrivee de ces pauvres victimes de la guerre qui d'Ostende, comme un betail s'enfuyant sous Porage, s'etaient hatees vers les cotes

A LA GRANDE BRETAGNE

hospitalieres, un homme vint a elles delegue par ses collegues du Gouveraement, mais aussi delegue par son grand cceur. Il etait simple et bienveillant, il avait une vue precise des necessites de l'instant et . . il "comprenait." Il comprenait la misere, il comprenait ce qui etait dft et ce qu'il fallait refuser, il comprenait la psychologie amere du refugie. Herbert Samuel, son nom est dans le cceur de tous nos refugies, et c'est aux qualites de l'homme que va autant leur hommage qu'aux decisions du President du Local Government Board ou du Postmaster-General.

Chez les ames genereuses de grands malheurs creent de grandes inspirations. M. Herbert Samuel et ses collegues pergurent tout de suite la nature speciale de la charge inattendue qui leur incombait.

L'hospitalisation de nos refugies pouvait se concevoir de plusieurs facons toutes differentes. Il y avait la formule etatiste et la formuk particulariste. Sans s'attarder a la solution neerlandaise, a la creation par les pouvoirs publics d'asiles et de camps pour refugies ou au systeme francais de l'allocation aux refugies dans le besoin, payable en nature ou en argent par les mairies et sur la caisse de l'Etat, PAngleterre qui est un pays a formation particulariste—et qui lui doit la robustesse de sa personnalite—fit appel a Pinitiative privee qui ne demandait qu'a s'exercer.

En laissant a des concours privs la question du logement, de l'alimentation, de l'habillement du refugie, le Gouvernement britannique ne savait-il pas qu'il pouvait avoir confiance dans la sympathie et dans la generosite de ses nationaux; ne comprenait-il pas qu'il rendait plus national le mouvement d'entraide ? Ne savait-il pas qu'il pouvait aussi se fier aux qualites de jugement, de volonte et de sens pratique dont son peuple est si bien pourvu et sans lesquelles le coeur ne tarde pas a etre impuissant ? Le resultat: ce fut l'hospitalite assuree a plus de 150,000 refugies. Ce fut le Belgian Relief Fund. Ce fut le libre cours donne a une charite dont on ne saurait assez celebrer l'efficacite et la beaute, Ingenieuse et persistante cette generosite fut multiple; elle alia de nos refugies a nos populations en passant par nos soldats. Elle fut pratique, elle fut active, elle fut discrete, elle eut des deuvements maternels et

A LA GRANDE BRETAGNE

des calineries d'enfant et surtout elle dicupla ce qu'elle donna par la facon de donner.

Mais des directions gouvernementales etaient necessaires, un controlc et une coordination Etaient utiles, il y avait d'inevitables lacunes a combler. Herbert Samuel sut donner les unes, assurer les autres, cr6er toutes choses a point en s'inspirant dans une sage mesure de ce que desiraicnt ses compatriotes et de ce que voulaient les necessites ou les traditions de la vie anglaise et de ce que sollicitaient les refugies. A la Commission pour donner du travail aux refugies que presida avec tant d'autorite Sir Ernest Hatch, au Registrar-general, aux ateliers pour refugies, aux usines de munitions et de produits de guerre, l'ceuvre du Gouvemement britannique fut completee et tenue en correlation avec les instructions de ^experience, avec la prolongation du sejour des refugies et avec les exigences de la guerre.

Fallut-il que le Gouvemement beige fit acte de souverainete en Angleterre; fallut-il que les refugies s'assemblassent, discutassent, imprimassent, le Gouvemement anglais recula pour nous sa bienveillance a toutes les limites. C'est ainsi que le Comite Officiel beige pour l'Angleterre jouit aupres des autorites d'outre Manche du prestige qui lui revient, que le Ministere des Colonies fonctionne a Londres dans les meilleures conditions, que Penrolement des jeunes gens de 18 a 25 ans put se poursuivre avec la collaboration des services de la police.

Partout et toujours le Gouvemement et les Autorites du Royaume furent secourables et bienveillants aux Beiges. Il y a dans leur accueil quelque chose de chevaleresque qui leur fait honneur et reconforte mieux que tout, ceux qu'ils honorent. lis ne manquent pas de montrer leur respect pour le nom beige et de porter dans ce respect un hommage a notre loyaute et un salut a notre martyr.

Honneur a vous, Herbert Samuel ! Vous avez su, en ces periodes realistes faire de la bonte un principe de gouvemement. Si Ton a pu dire des Beiges qu'ils ont releve le nom d'etre humain dans le meme temps que deux empires le rabaissaient, vos collegues et vous-meme avez montre que la Grande Bretagne a erige par dessus tout la loyaute et l'humanite foulees aux pieds.

A LA GRANDE BRETAGNE

Hommage a vous, amis anglais ! Vous avez ete les sublimes ouvriers d'une oeuvre de charite inconnue jusqu'ici dans les annales des guerres et dont ni la duree ni certaines difficultes individuelles ne vous ont dftourne. Vous avez ete les bons samaritains de nos miseres ; vous avez agrandi les mots de charite et de solidarite. Vous avez cree la collaboration des civils dans ce temps ou nos jeunes hommes et les vfitres, sur le sol de Belgique, forment de leur sainte poitrine la chaine qui aujourd'hui presse et qui demain etreindra Tennemi.

Paul Fort chante dans ses " Poemes de France " tous vos St. Georges, vos beaux guerriers valeureux dont le sang se mele aux cendres d'Ypres. Laissez-moi vous dire, a vous les parents de ces soldats, a vous Anglais, Ecossais, Irlandais, aussi prodigues de votre coeur qu'eux de leur sang, que tous les Beiges, Gouvernement et citoyens, vouent a votre patrie et a vos personnes une immense reconnaissance. Celle-ci, soyez-en surs, traversera les temps. Celle-ci, croyez-le, vous sera comptee dans Phistoire.

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

TRANSLATION BY CHARLES THOMAS-STANFORD, M.P.

NEITHER I nor my colleagues in the Government will forget a certain day at Antwerp in the early part of September, 1914. A steamer had dropped anchor in the port. Several gentlemen, among them Mr. Gordon, whom we were to see often again, presented themselves at the Seat of Government, and gave this simple explanation of their purpose :

" As delegates of certain wealthy people in England we beg you to accept the cargo of the boat which has brought us hither. Take the live-stock, the clothing and the medicines with which it is laden. Tell us what are the most pressing of your necessities, and we will return in a week, bringing with us all you ask for. But, we beg you, don't be afraid of being greedy ; England can never give you enough.⁵¹

What a sudden clearing of the sky these words brought to us ! In this city of Antwerp, the coveted object of an army of 200,000 Germans massed before its forts, invaded by long processions of refugees in homeless misery, stricken by those murderous prowlers of the night, the Zeppelins ; in Antwerp, where agonising rumours of massacre, burning, and pillage might have filled us with despair, we had manifest proof that we were not alone ; that behind us the sympathy of the world with our country was unfolding itself ; that admiration for its King, its loyalty and its stubborn defence was finding utterance ; that pity for its woes was beginning to grow. And behind us, too, the soul of our allies, the soul of Great Britain. How great a consolation was there !

Yes, from the stern Highlands to the sweet shores of the English Channel, from the Emerald Isle to the vast grey mass of London, a tremor of sympathy with the Belgians had passed, and its undulations spread to all those outlying portions of the world over which the flag of King George flutters in the breeze.

From this day onwards there was no pause in the growth of British assistance and its manifestations in every sphere.

I should like for myself to estimate aright the noble part played by the British Government in regard to our refugees.

TO GREAT BRITAIN

On the arrival of these poor victims of the war, who, like a herd of cattle taking refuge from the storm, had hastened from Ostend towards the hospitable shores, a man came to them, acting not only as the representative of his colleagues in the Government, but acting also from his own greatness of heart*. He was natural and kindly disposed, he took a precise view of the necessities of the moment and—he "understood." He understood their distress; he understood what must be done, and what had to be refused; he understood the bitterness of the refugee's soul. Herbert Samuel—his name is enshrined in the heart of all our refugees, and their homage goes out as much to the qualities of the man as to the decisions of the President of the Local Government Board, or the Postmaster-General.

With generous souls great calamities give birth to great inspirations. Mr. Herbert Samuel and his colleagues grasped at once the special character of the unexpected charge which had devolved on them.

It was possible to conceive many quite different methods of hospitably entreating our refugees. There was the system of State aid; there was also the individualist system. Without pausing to consider the Dutch solution, the creation by public authorities of asylums or camps, or the French plan of a grant to the needy payable either in money or in kind by the municipalities and at the charge of the State, England, a country based on individualism, to which she owes the robustness of her character, appealed to private initiative. And this asked for nothing more than to be made use of.

In leaving it to public bodies to administer the housing, the provisioning, and the clothing of the refugees, may we not conclude that the British Government knew that it could rely on the sentiment of affection for Belgium and the generosity of its citizens? That it understood that it was placing on a more thoroughly national basis the movement of mutual assistance? That it knew that it could also trust the judgment, the goodwill, and the common sense with which its people are so richly endowed, and without which the kindest intentions soon cease to be effective? What was the result? It was the assurance of hospitality to more than 150,000 Belgians, the Belgian Relief Fund, and the setting free

TO GREAT BRITAIN

of a stream of charity the efficacy and beauty of which cannot be adequately praised. As imaginative as it was persistent, this generosity was not content with a single field; it did not confine itself to our refugees, it passed on to our soldiers, and from them to our civil population. It was practical, active, and discreet; it combined the devotion of a mother with the coaxing ways of a child; above all it increased tenfold the value of its gift by the manner of its giving.

But there was need of guidance by the Government; the utility of control and co-ordination was plain; inevitable gaps had to be filled. Mr. Herbert Samuel knew how to provide the first, to secure the second and to put everything exactly on the right footing. He drew his inspiration in sagacious proportion from the aspirations of his fellow-countrymen and the exigencies or traditions of English life on the one hand, and the appeals of the refugees on the other.

At the commission for providing work for refugees, over which Sir Ernest Hatch presided with so much authority, at the office of the Registrar General, at the workshops for refugees, and at the factories of munitions and war material, the labours of the British Government were completed and kept in touch with the lessons of experience, with the prolongation of the sojourn of the refugees, and with the requirements of the war.

If it were necessary for the Belgian Government to perform an act of sovereignty in England; if it were necessary for the refugees to meet, to debate, or to issue publications, the English Government stretched its goodwill for us to the utmost limits. And so *Le Comité Officiel Beige pour l'Angleterre* enjoys with the authorities across the Channel the prestige which results from this action of the Government; *le Ministère des Colonies* works in London under the best possible conditions; and the enlistment of young men from 18 to 25 years of age is carried on with the assistance of the police authorities.

Everywhere, and at all times, the authorities of the Kingdom were full of help and goodwill for the Belgians. Their welcome has a touch of chivalry which not only does honour to themselves, but cheers, better than all else, those whom they honour. Never do they fail to show their respect for the Belgian name, and by this respect to

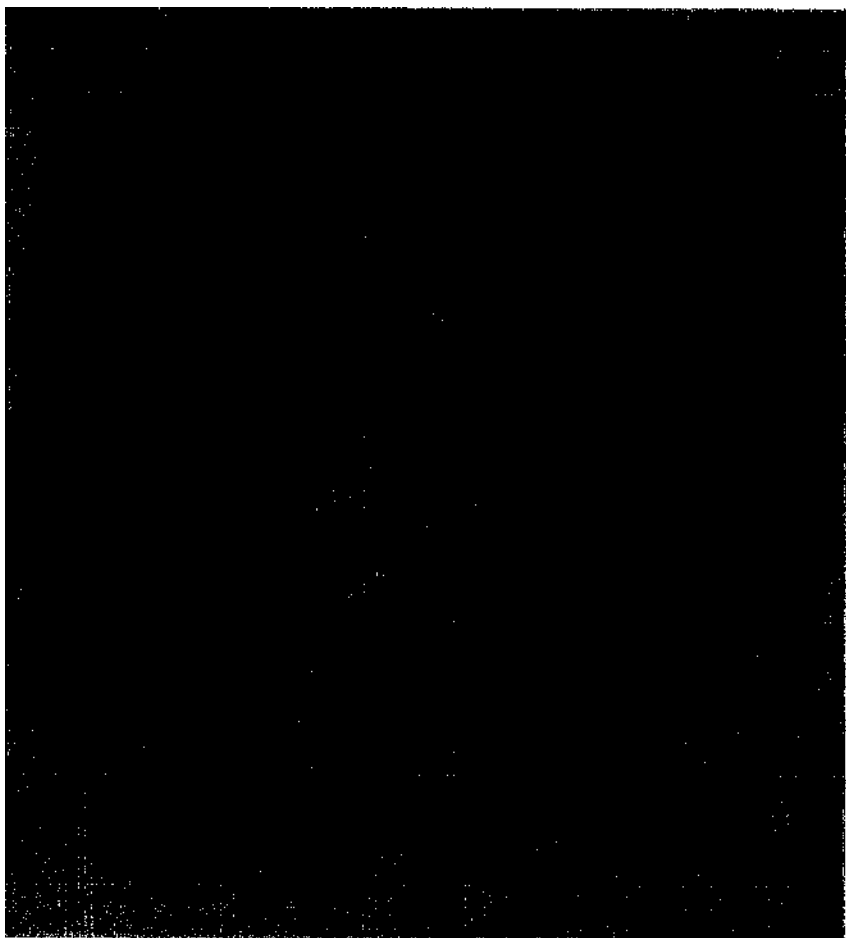
TO GREAT BRITAIN

convey their homage to our loyalty, and their recognition of our martyrdom.

Honour to you, Herbert Samuel! In this age of materialism you have succeeded in making kindness a principle of Government. If it has been possible to say of the Belgians that they have raised the credit of mankind while two empires were debasing it, your colleagues and yourself have shown that Great Britain has exalted loyalty and humanity above everything at the very time when they were being trampled under foot.

Homage to you, dear English people! Your work in a cause of charity which is without precedent in the annals of warfare has been sublime* You have been deterred neither by its duration nor by such individual difficulties as have attended it. You have been good Samaritans to us in our calamities ; you have given a new significance to the words charity and fellowship. You have founded the co-operation of our civilians while our young men and yours, on the soil of Belgium, stand shoulder to shoulder and form a chain which to-day galls and to-morrow shall bind fast the foe.

Paul Fort, in his " *Poemes de France*," sings of your noble and valiant warriors, every one a St. George, whose blood is mingled with the ashes of Ypres. Let me say to you, the kinsfolk of these soldiers, to you English and Scots and Irish, prodigal of your sympathy as they of their blood, that all Belgians, Government and citizens alike, vow to your country and yourselves gratitude without bounds. This, be assured, will resound through the ages; this, throughout history, will be accounted unto you for righteousness.



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT GLADSTONE, O.C.B., ETC.
J. G. ROSIER

LE CARACTERE BRITANNIQUE.

PAR PAUL HYMANS,

Ministre d'Etat, Ministre de Belgique a Londres.

DEUX traits essentiels marquent le caractere britannique : la loyauté et la bonté.

L'Anglais a le culte du devoir. Il Paccomplit avec stolcisme et simplicity. Il agit selon sa conscience et son cceur, spontanément et sans ostentation. Sa reserve, son apparence froideur recouvrent des sources profondes de sensibilite et de tendresse. Il s'est en tout temps passionné pour la cause des opprimes.

Loyauté et bonté ! La Grande Bretagne a merveilleusement deploye ces deux vertus dans la tourmente terrible qui s'est dechainée sur le monde. Loyauté vis-a-vis de la Nation beige, brutalement attaquée au mepris des engagements les plus sacres, a laquelle elle avait donne sa parole et pour laquelle elle verse son sang et son or. Bonté infinie et multiple vis-a-vis des proscrits de l'affreuse guerre, des exiles venus dans son ile hospitaliere pour chercher un abri et des consolations, pour eehapper aux exactions et aux insolences de Fenvahisseur.

La Belgique s'est offerte en sacrifice. Elle a supporte le premier choc des formidables legions germaniques. Les perils affrontes, les souffrances subies lui ont permis de recevoir sans dechoir. L'amitie et la generosite britannique l'ont honoree et grandie.

Au moment ou j'ecris, la Grande Bretagne, maitresse des mers, ne s'est pas encore assure la victoire definitive sur terre. Mais elle a des a present acheve une radieuse recolte morale, Elle a moissonné a plein bras la gratitude des cceurs beiges.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

TRANSLATION BY SIR WILLIAM OSLER, B^T., F.R.S., ETC.

TWO essential features distinguish the English character : loyalty and kindness.

The Englishman makes a cult of duty. He fulfils it with stoicism and simplicity. He acts according to his conscience and his heart, spontaneously and without ostentation. His reserve and his apparent coldness conceal depths of feeling and tenderness. He becomes at all times roused to passion in the cause of the oppressed.

Loyalty and kindness ! How wonderfully Great Britain has displayed these two virtues in the awful turmoil which has been let loose upon the world. Loyalty to the Belgian Nation, brutally attacked in spite of the most sacred pledges, to whom she had given her word and for whom she pours out her blood and her gold. Kindness, infinite and manifold, towards the victims of this frightful war, the exiles who have sought in her hospitable island shelter and comfort, and an escape from the extortion and insolence of the invader.

Belgium has offered herself up as a sacrifice. She has borne the first shock of the formidable German legions. The perils she has braved, the sufferings she has undergone, permit her to accept without humiliation. She has been honoured and raised by British friendship and generosity.

As I write, Great Britain, the mistress of the seas, is not yet assured of decisive victory on land. But she has already achieved a glorious moral harvest. She has reaped to the full the gratitude of Belgian hearts.

NOTRE CONFIANCE.

PAR EMILE VANDERVELDE, *Ministre d'Etat*

DANS cette guerre, dont Tissue parait si lointaine encore, nous n'avons eu qu'un seul jour de doute quant au resultat final. C'etait le 4 Aoflt 1914. La Belgique venait d'etre envahie. Elle avait fait appel a ses garants. Le Conseil des Ministres, au Palais en Bruxelles, attendait leur reponse. On savait ce que ferait la France. Mais que ferait l'Angleterre ? Sa reponse ne se fit pas attendre. Elle intervenait. Elle afRrmait l'identite de ses int6rets avec ceux de la liberte en Europe. Elle engageait toutes les forces de son Empire pour la defense d'un petit peuple traitreusement attaque. Des ce moment, nous respirames.

La lutte sera longue, le succes sera difficile, Mais il est assure. La Belgique a eu Phonneur de porter les premiers coups au Cesarisme allemand. L'Angleterre vaincra Guillaume H comme elle a vaincu Napoleon: elle lui donnera le coup de grace.

OUR TRUST.

TRANSLATION BY MAY SINCLAIR.

IN this war, whose issue still seems so far off, we had only one day of doubt as to the end. That day was the Fourth of August, 1914. Belgium had just been invaded. She had appealed to those who stood surety for her. The Ministerial Council, in the Palace in Brussels, was waiting for their response. We knew what France would do. But what about England ? She did not keep us waiting for her answer long. She stepped in. She proclaimed her interests one with those of European liberty. She pledged all the forces of her Empire to the defence of the little country so treacherously attacked. From that moment we breathed freely.

The struggle will be long. Victory will be hard. But it is sure. The honour of striking the first blow at German Cacsarism fell to Belgium. It remains for England to beat William the Second as she beat Napoleon —by giving him the *coup de grace*.

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND.

PAR LE COMTE DE LALAING,

Envoye extraordinaire et ministre plenipotentiaire.

LORSQUE la Belgique fut envahie, lorsque notre Roi et son Gouvernement repoussèrent fierement le marche propose par l'Allemagne, lorsque nos troupes s'opposèrent au passage de l'ennemi et que la resistance de nos forteresses retarda la marche des forces germaniques, ce ne fut qu'un cri en Angleterre : " Ah ! les braves gens."

A ce cri du cœur succeda un desir, aussi vif que spontane, de venir en aide aux familles eprouvees de nos soldats et a nos blesses. Le public britannique voulait nous aider a tout prix et ne savait comment proceder. Je fus inonde de lettres me demandant comment un faible hommage aux Beiges pouvait leur etre envoye. " Nous n'avons pas pu vous defendre, m'ecrivait-on. Laissez nous au moins venir en aide a vos compatriotes qui souffrent."

J'eus l'idee de faciliter la mise a execution de ces intentions genereuses et, des les premiers jours de la guerre je fondai le Belgian Relief Fund, dont le siege etait a la Legation du Roi et auquel Son Altesse Royale Madame la Duchesse de Vendôme voulut bien donner son auguste patronage. On ignore trop combien precieux fut le concours que Son Altesse Royale daigna preter a cette entreprise. Son activite inlassable, ses demarches personnelles nous furent du plus grand secours. On peut dire que la Duchesse de Vendôme fut la marraine du Belgian Relief Fund et le tint sur les fonts baptismaux. Aussi l'enfant prospera. La presse britannique seconda genereusement nos efforts et l'appel suivant fut publie dans tous les journaux: " Belgian Relief Fund, sous le patronage de S.A.R. la Duchesse de Vendôme, soeur de S.M. le Roi des Beiges. Le Ministre de Belgique a Londres a inaugure un ' Fund' pour assister les familles des soldats beiges qui defendent vaillamment leur pays, injustement attaque, et pour venir en aide aux malades et aux blesses. En faisant cet appel, le Ministre de Belgique est certain de pouvoir compter sur la sympathie du public britannique a cette heure critique. Les souscriptions peuvent etre envoyees a la Legation, 15 West Halkin Street, S.W., sous la rubrique Belgian Relief Fund."

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Depuis lors, le Gouvernement du Roi a decide que non seulement les familles des soldats, mais toutes les familles beiges seraient prises en consideration dans la distribution des secours recueillis par le Fund, la guerre actuelle ayant confondu dans la me me infortune les victimes civiles et militaires, et que des subsides considerables seraient alloues a la Croix Rouge Beige et aux hopitaux.

Je priai tous nos consuls de collaborer a cette oeuvre en centralisant les souscriptions dans leurs juridictions et bientdt je recus d'eux les nouvelles les plus encourageantes. Londres, Edimbourg, Dublin, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Bradford, Sheffield, York, Belfast, et toutes les grandes villes rivalisaient de generosite. Le zele patriotique et les perscverants efforts du Consul-General et du corps consulaire Beige ont ete couronnees du plus grand succes.

Ce fut bien autre chose lorsque notre pays eut subi la grande invasion, marquee par ses horreurs inoubliables, ses cruantes et ses devastations. On s'ecria alors: " Ah, les pauvres gens ! " L'injustice du sort qui nous etait reserve, alors que nous n'avions fait que defendre notre patrie, attaquee au mepris des traites, la tragcdie de notre situation, car nous luttons encore seuls contre des armees entieres toucherent tous les coeurs. Bient6t Liege et Namur tombaient. Bruxelles, au pouvoir des Allemands, n'avait plus qu'un defenseur moral, son grand premier magistrat. Anvers, qu'on ne put pas secourir, fut assiege, puis pris. Avec quelle admiration attendrie on prononcait ici les noms du Roi Albert, du General Leman, du Bourgmestre Max, comme plus tard celui du Cardinal Mercier ? Les preuves pratiques de la sympathie anglaise ne cessaient d'affluer. Les offrandes du Roi Georges, de la Reine Marie, de la Reine Alexandra, du Prince de Gallcs, du Lord Maire de Londres, paraissaient sur les listes de souscripteurs. A cote des plus grands noms d'Angleterre, figuraient ceux des donateurs les plus modestes, Un millionnaire, que je remerciais d'un don princier, me repondait tres simplement: " Je suis riche; je ne donne pas plus que le pauvre qui envoie son obole " Que de dons touchants me sont parvenus! Quatre pence en timbres-poste d'une pauvre veuve; de petites sommes economisees par des enfants sur leurs plaisirs. Que d'ecoles m'ont envoye l'argent destine a l'excursion annuelle au bord

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

de la mer! Les directrices m'ecrivaient: " On a mis au vote la decision a prendre—L'excursion ou les Beiges. Les enfants ont vote, Belgium, Il n'y aura pas d'excursion cette annee." Des femmes, des jeunes filles m'envoyaient leurs pauvres bijoux, avec priere de les vendre au profit des Beiges. Des employes de la poste et des chemins de fer, et des grandes maisons de commerce ont transmis, des le debut, des cotisations hebdomadaires ou mensuelles " for the Belgians." Les firmes puissantes, les banques, les principaux financiers, les corporations, et les glides signaient des cheques importants, le clerge faisait des quetes dans les paroisses. Les particuliers prescient leurs salons, les theatres leurs salles, les artistes EC les amateurs mettaient leurs talents a la disposition de la cause beige. Les passants memes s'arretaient pour remettre a de jeunes Anglaises, portant la Concorde tricolore, leur offhand a notre pays.

La generosite merveilleuse de la Grande-Bretagne a trouve un echo dans les Colonies. Un poete anglais a decrit le Lion Britannique tenant tete a ses ennemis, en rugissant, " et des regions lointaines ses lionceaux lui repondaient " (and younger lions answered him from regions far away). L'exemple de la mere patrie a ete suivi sans retard. Toute l'Australie, la Nouvelle Zelande, le Canada, l'Inde, les Colonies de la Couronne ont lutte de generosite, publique et privee. Les Gouvernements Coloniaux et leurs villes principales m'ont fait parvenir des cotisations superbes. Les Belgian Flag Days, a Pinstar de ceux de Londres et des provinces anglaises, ont ete celebres aux Antipodes. Qui ne donnait en argent donnait en nature, en vivres ou en vetements. Des navires sillonnaient les mers australes et des transatlantiques mettaient le cap sur Londres a l'intention des Beiges. A la Noel, un vapeur, *le Jason*, monte par des Argonautes modernes, apportait aux enfants beiges une cargaison de jouets.

Mais les vetements manquaient et Phiver etait Id. Le Relief Fund avait pour les habillements un bureau special, bientot trop exigü, ou un compatriote devoue, M. J. Navaux, aide d'un vaillant personnel de volontaires, deballait, classait, emballait et expedait les vetements aux destinataires, qui etaient au debut, les malheureux eparpilles sur le littoral beige, puis les refugies en Hollande et enfin en Grande-

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Bretagne. On peut dire que l'Angleterre et ses colonies ont vidé leurs armoires pour vêtir les Belges dans le besoin et leurs dépôts pour leur envoyer des vivres. Déjà, avant la chute d'Anvers, plusieurs navires chargés de provisions et d'habillements offerts au Belgian Relief Fund, furent expédiés à notre Métropole commerciale et leur contenu put être distribué à la population de la ville et des environs, avant l'arrivée de l'ennemi, grâce aux bons soins du secrétaire infatigable du Fund, le Major Gordon, qui dès le début m'a aidé à organiser le Fund et qui a personnellement accompagné à Anvers les vapeurs précitées. Son assistance dévouée et désintéressée, ses relations étendues et sa grande expérience m'ont été du plus grand secours. Le Belgian Fund, avant que les communications ne fussent coupées, a pu ravitailler Ostende et Gand en farine, en habillements, sans parler du numéraire expédié pour les premiers besoins des réfugiés, lamentablement échoués sur la côte belge en fuyant leurs foyers.

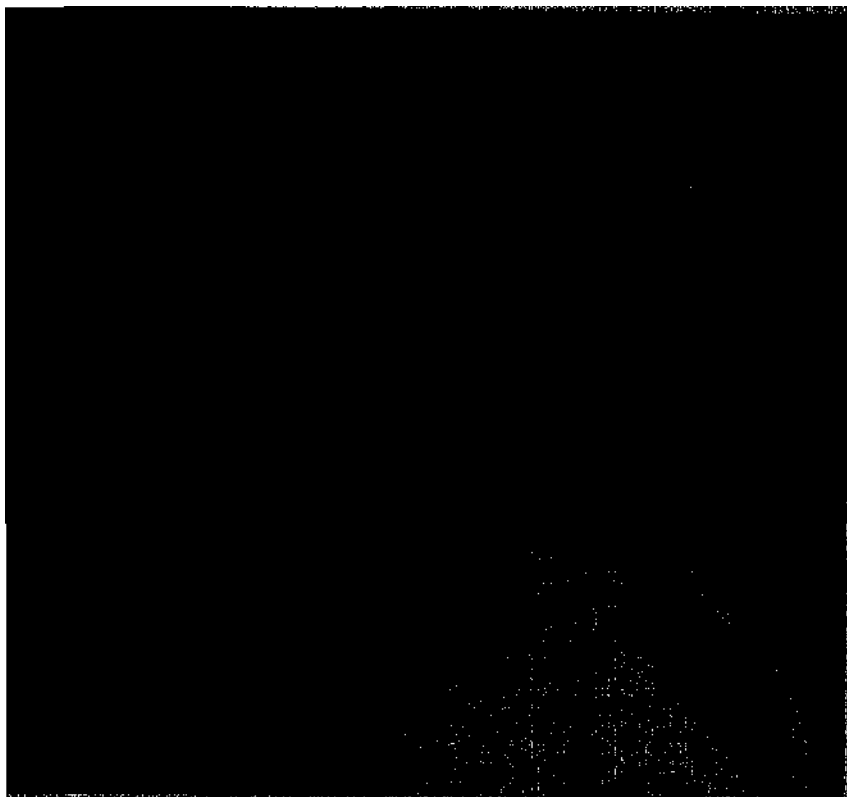
Le Relief Fund avait son siège principal à West Halkin Street, où la correspondance était triée une première fois, mais dès les premiers jours il a fallu ouvrir des bureaux spéciaux, d'abord à Apsley House, gracieusement prêtée par le Duc de Wellington, puis dans des locaux de l'Hotel Alexandra, généreusement offerts par la Direction. Là, tout un personnel dépouillait les envois et remerciait les donateurs. Les sommes recueillies chaque jour étaient déposées dans une banque et tenues à la disposition du Ministre Belge de l'Intérieur, qui en dirigeait la distribution. Pendant les premiers mois de la guerre la Légation du Roi fut assaillie de bienfaiteurs et de bienfaitrices, avec mille plans pour adoucir nos infortunes, alors que les salons et les antichambres se remplissaient de compatriotes demandant aide ou conseil. L'offre et la demande se trouvaient juxtaposées souvent. Des comités belges d'assistance de diverses natures furent créés peu à peu; on organisa des bureaux nouveaux. Le concours de bonnes volontés que j'ai trouvé dans la colonie belge est au-dessus de tout éloge et l'assistance désintéressée de nos compatriotes dans ces premiers temps difficiles fut des plus précieuses. C'est que de nouveaux problèmes se posaient qui dépassaient le cadre du Relief Fund. Entre autres celui des réfugiés, C'est par milliers qu'ils arrivaient, d'Ostende d'abord, de la Hollande

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

ensuite. Les difficultes ont etc resolues cependant, grace a l'assistance immediate et puissante du Gouvernement Britannique qui accueillait nos refugies comme h6tes de la nation et au devouement des comites anglais et beiges. L'administration anglaise envoyait des vapeurs chercher nos refugies a Ostende ou a Flessingue, les installait dans des depots provisoires a Aldwych, Alexandra Palace, Edmonton, etc. Les comites repartissaient les familles chez l'habitant, qui s'offrait a prendre, que dis-je, qui reclamait des Beiges. Mes amis personnels et une foule d'anglais, proprietaires fonciers, mettaient leurs chateaux, leurs villas, leurs cottages a la disposition de nos compatriotes et les hebergeaient pendant des mois. Mais il en venait toujours. Finalement les particuliers et les municipalites de province les accueillirent en Ecosse, au pays de Galles, en Irlande. On sait qu'ils arrivaient, ou sans argent, ou avec de la monnaie beige. A Folkestone et a Londres grace aux avances faites par le Relief Fund, les refugies ont pu changer leurs billets a un taux favorable en attendant que des mesures adequates eussent etc prises pour solutionner cette question, si vitale pour les nouveaux arrives.

On ne peut parler de la generosite dont nos compatriotes ont etc Fobjet, sans mentionner l'assistance prodigee aux Beiges restes au pays, soit environ 7 millions, dont 2 millions sans ressources aucunes. Les autorites allemandes se bornaient a prelever des contributions et a imposer des amendes. La " Commission for Relief in Belgium " fut fondee, sous les auspices des Ambassadeurs d'Amerique et d'Espagne a Londres et des Ministres respectifs a Bruxelles. M. Hoover, le president du Comite, qui a rendu des services inappreciables, apres avoir obtenu des autorites allemandes l'assurance que ses envois en Belgique pour nourrir la population seraient respectes, a pu expedier chez nous, par la Hollande, les vivres achetes par les souscriptions de nos amis du Royaume-Uni et des Etats-Unis, auxquelles le Belgian Relief Fund a aussi contribue largement* Le Gouvernement Britannique lui-meme a fait don a ce comite d'un subsidie imposant,

Le fait d'avoir inaugure le Relief Fund m'a permis d'assister a l'eclosion de magnifiques projets, qui ont etc couronnees de succes. Le meme esprit animait les autorites et les particuliers. Si le President



BUSTE PORTEAU DE L'ADY D. W.
VICTOR ROUSSEAU, MEMBRE DE L'ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE BRUXELLES

LE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

du Local Government Board, alors le Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, ainsi que M. U. Wintour et Sir Ernest Hatch etendaient leur puissante protection sur nos compatriotes, Lady Lugard fondait ses hostels, PHon. Harry Lawson developpait son idee genereuse et geniale du *Daily Telegraph* Fund, assiste par M. Morgan; M. Brett inaugurerait le *Pall Mall Gazette* Fund; et M. Hall Caine editait le Livre du Roi Albert. La generosite du peuple anglais s'est vraiment manifestee d'une fagon eclatante. On peut evaluer en livres sterling les sommes qui nous ont ete consacrees, mais on ne se rendra jamais compte de ce que cet effort represents de bonte individuelle, de sacrifices personnels, de sympathie cordiale.

Profondes et diverses ont ete les causes de ce mouvement. L'admiration et la pitie etaient du nombre. Peut-etre il y avait-il aussi une nuance de remords, car le public sentait vaguement que si la Belgique avait ete ecrasee, c'est qu'on avait un peu tarde a lui porter secours. Il y avait enfin le culte voue a notre Souverain, "orgueil de la patrie, champion de l'humanite," comme le nomme Cammaerts. Pour les anglais, comme pour nous, notre Roi a ete le heros de cette guerre. Paladin apparaissant dans un siecle prosaïque et utilitaire, auquel va toute la veneration tout l'enthousiasme de son peuple, il a frappe* l'imagination de la nation anglaise, eprise d'ideal.

En esquisant les origines du Belgian Relief Fund, en citant le concours de sympathies qu'il a provoque, j'ai ete entraine malgre moi a rappeler la generosite de la nation anglaise dans plusieurs autres de ses manifestations, qui meriteraient des aperçus speciaux. Quoiqu'il en soit, je sais que mes compatriotes n'oublieront pas ce que l'Angleterre, ce que le Royaume-Uni, ce que l'Empire Britannique a fait pour eux dans les moments d'epreuve et de detresse. Et lorsqu'aura sonne, sur l'horloge tardive de la justice, l'heure de la delivrance, lorsque nos populations fouleront le sol d'une patrie liberee, dans nos villes comme dans nos usines, dans les plaines de Flandre, comme dans les fagnes des Ardennes on parlera longtemps des amis d'Angleterre ; on dira: Ils ont ete bons pour nous.

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND,

TRANSLATION BY THE AUTHOR.

WHEN Belgium was first invaded, when our King and his Government proudly rejected the deal proposed by Germany, when our troops opposed the passage of the enemy, and when the resistance of our fortresses delayed the march of the German armies, with one voice England praised our brave people.

Hence a strong and spontaneous desire to help the distressed families of our soldiers and our wounded. The British public wished to assist and did not know how best to do so. I was overwhelmed with letters asking how help could be sent to the Belgians. The writers said: "We have not been able to defend you. Let us at least afford some aid to your suffering compatriots."

With a view to facilitating these generous intentions, at the beginning of the War I founded the Belgian Relief Fund. Its headquarters were at the Legation and H.R.H. the Duchess of Vendôme graciously gave it her patronage. Her Royal Highness's assistance cannot be sufficiently appreciated. Her untiring activity and personal efforts were most useful. She was the fairy godmother of the Belgian Relief Fund, and the infant prospered. The British Press most generously assisted our efforts, and the following notice appeared in all the papers: "Belgian Relief Fund.—Under the patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Vendôme, sister of His Majesty the King of the Belgians. The Belgian Minister in London has opened a fund to relieve the distressed families of the Belgian soldiers, now in the field, who are gallantly defending their country against an unprovoked attack, and to afford help to the sick and wounded. In making this appeal to the British public, the Belgian Minister feels sure he can count upon their sympathy in Belgium's hour of need. Contributions may be sent to the Belgian Legation, 15 West Halkin Street, S.W., marked 'Belgian Relief Fund.'"

When later on the misfortunes of the War overtook the dependants of civilians and soldiers alike, the Belgian Government considered that it would be equitable to extend the benefits of the Fund to all the

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

by the same people, for charities which saw to the care of our wounded, the well-being of our soldiers, and, above all to the provisioning of the population remaining in Belgium, whom only the assistance of the allies and neutrals has, up to now, preserved from famine. At the end of one of the meetings which I attended, as I was thanking the Committee for the devotion they had shown in helping their detachment of refugees, the secretary came to me and placed in my hand a cheque for £200, with no other explanation than this, which spoke volumes : " For the Belgians who remain in Belgium ; our own refugees we will look after ourselves."

In Street, a small industrial town, near Wells, after an open-air meeting, improvised by some British workmen to whom I had to explain in their own language the situation of Belgium, they brought in spontaneously an abundant collection of pence for the Belgian Relief Fund, showing how deeply their hearts had been touched.

All this, outside the subscriptions which have flowed from all parts to the fund organised amongst the inhabitants of the United Kingdom for the wants of their own soldiers, wounded and fit for service. In truth, this awful war has brought out at once—although not from the same quarters—the best and the worst sides of human nature.

For how much longer will these manifestations of an unprecedented generosity continue—a generosity which reveals not only the depth of British sympathy, but also testifies to the progress of solidarity among the human race ? So far it has not slackened, and there is no reason to fear that it will do so before the end of the war. At any rate, what will remain is the newly-forged link between the two nations, already united by the knowledge that they are shedding their blood for the same cause—the cause of right, of the liberty of Europe and of the future of civilisation.

1st September, 1915.

AU NOM DES BLESSES,

PAR LE BARON C. GOFFINET,

President de la Croix Rouge de Belgique.

PARMI les oeuvres beiges qui ont pus'epanouir sur ce sol d'hospitalite legendaire, c'est a la Croix Rouge de Belgique qu'incombe peut-etre la plus grande dette de gratitude envers l'Angleterre.

Quand Poeuvre de devastation fut consommee et que la Belgique dut lancer un appel de detresse pour ses enfants blesses, tombes en defendant pied a pied un territoire sacre couvert de tombes, c'est dans l'Empire tout entier qu'on l'entendit. Et des villes de l'Inde comme des villages de l'Ecosse on vit affluer a cote des sous-criptions genereuses et des humbles oboles anonymes, les dons de toute nature destines au soulagement de la souffrance.

La bas, dans nos hopitaux du front, des femmes anglaises, pretes a tous les sacrifices, prodiguent a nos soldats les tresors de leur devouement.

Dans ce livre, ou tache de s'exprimer la reconnaissance de l'ame beige envers le pays qui a donne au monde l'exemple d'un confraternite sans precedent dans l'histoire, la Croix Rouge devait avoir sa page. Ce sont nos blesses qui la signeront.

IN THE NAME OF THE WOUNDED.

TRANSLATION BY LADY PAGET,

President of the American Red Cross in England.

OF all the Belgian Societies that have found refuge in this land of proverbial hospitality, none owes a greater debt of gratitude to Britain than the Belgian Red Cross.

In Belgium, the work of devastation accomplished, the stricken country sent out a cry of distress for her wounded sons—wounded while passionately contesting every inch of that sacred soil, strewn with the graves of those already fallen. Her call resounded throughout the British Empire—and from the towns of India, as from the villages of Scotland, generous gifts in money and kind poured in for the succour and alleviation of the suffering.

In the hospitals at the Front, Englishwomen, prepared for any sacrifice, devote themselves wholeheartedly to nursing our sick and wounded. To the country which has given to the world an example of brotherhood without precedent in history, Belgium, in this book, endeavours to express the gratitude enshrined in her heart. The Red Cross claims its page, signed by our wounded.

THE WORK OF CHARITY.

BY A. A. DEWACHTER,

Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar-General to H.E. Cardinal Mercier.

ILOOK upon it as a great honour to have an opportunity of expressing to the British people, in this monument of Belgium's gratitude, the feelings which I have had occasion to voice so many times at local meetings—feelings of the deepest and heartiest gratitude. I will keep, of course, to my own department—the spiritual care of my countrymen, entrusted to me by His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, and by the Bishops of Belgium.

More than 160 of our priests, both regular and secular, have been sent out to look after the spiritual and moral interests of the Belgian Refugees. As a whole their reports are more than satisfactory. Instances of the most touching character are brought forward, which show how even Protestant Clergymen and Protestant members of different committees have done their best to bring from the most distant places our Belgians to their own Catholic churches. I am very happy to pay a tribute of gratitude to those ladies and gentlemen on account of their generous and tolerant dispositions; and our people will also keep a grateful remembrance of them.

A special homage of most sincere and respectful thanks is to be paid to the higher ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, in America, Australia, and New Zealand. It would be a long list if we had to give the names of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who, on account of their eagerness to assist us in the most generous way and their numerous proofs of heartiest sympathy, deserve Belgium's gratitude for ages to come.

If we have met with such paternal affection among the higher Catholic Clergy, not less generous and cordial have we found so many Rev. Rectors who have received into their presbyteries our Belgian priests, treated them as their brothers and given them every facility to fulfil their duties towards the refugees. Some of these kind-hearted Fathers, in spite of their narrow means, divided with us what they so much wanted for themselves.

May I venture to say that our Religious Orders of Nuns, whose

THE WORK OF CHARITY

convents, schools, orphanages and hospitals were destroyed or burnt down, and who had to flee for their lives, have found also a most charitable hospitality in the United Kingdom. They have at once tried to make themselves useful by taking care of different Refugees' Centres, by teaching the little children, and by assisting the various convents here in works of mercy and charity. Many testimonies expressing the highest satisfaction with the Belgian Sisters have reached me from the different committees for the relief of Belgian Refugees.

Allow me to dwell upon another point which is so touching and shows how well the little children of this country have been taught the true meaning of charity towards their poor and destitute neighbour—of charity, the virtue by excellence of Christian doctrine, the first virtue proclaimed by our Divine Saviour. Instances of this great virtue have come from every quarter; from Lancashire, Ireland, India and Australia, where the little ones, and sometimes the poorest, collected their farthings and halfpennies to be sent for the help of the poor children in Belgium.

A most striking proof of British and American sympathy are also those hundreds of letters coming from every part of the British Empire and America, from the highest and most influential classes down to the very poor, in which lies an expression of unbounded admiration for our country, and a kind of worship for our great King as well as for our great Cardinal. I hope these testimonies will come to light one day, as an imperishable monument in honour of Belgium, as well as in honour of those who bestowed them upon us.

Of course, another monument in bronze or marble will be erected one day in Brussels or in one of the destroyed towns which went through all the horrors of this awful war, in commemoration for generations and ages to come of the generous hospitality we enjoyed here and of the valuable assistance we received from different friendly countries. It will be an utter impossibility to have engraved in golden letters on this monument the names of all the cities, institutions, committees which so largely contributed to the relief of the Belgian Refugees as well as of those who remained in Belgium. We know our generous benefactors do not require such a testimony of Belgium's gratitude. Higher lies their

THE WORK OF CHARITY

view, and greater also and everlasting will be their reward promised by Him, Who said that a glass of cold water given in His Name will have its reward—by Him, Who proclaims as an essential condition of eternal happiness the works of mercy and charity!

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

sufferers, **and** to afford help to the Belgian Hospitals and Red Cross.

I had recourse to all our consuls' assistance in centralising the contributions of their respective jurisdictions, and the news I received from them was most encouraging. London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Bradford, Sheffield, York, Belfast—all the great towns were vieing with each other in generosity. The patriotic and persevering efforts of our Consul-General and the Belgian consular body met with the greatest success.

This movement spread with the news of the greater invasion of Belgium, marked by unforgettable horrors and cruel devastation. The cry went up: "Ah! poor people!" The injustice of our fate, for we had but defended our country, attacked notwithstanding all treaties, the tragedy of our situation, fighting alone, as we still were, against whole armies, touched every heart. Soon Liege and Namur fell. Brussels, in the hands of the Germans, had but the moral support of her great Burgomaster. Antwerp, which could not be relieved, was besieged and taken. The names of King Albert, General Leman, Burgomaster Max, and, later on, of Cardinal Mercier, were on every tongue, and the practical proofs of British sympathy flowed in. The contributions of Their Majesties King George, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Lord Mayor of London headed the lists. Side by side with the greatest names of Britain were those of the most humble subscriber. A millionaire I had occasion to thank for a princely gift answered quite simply: "I am well off; I have sent no more than the poor that give their pennies." How touching were some of the contributions sent! Fourpence in stamps from a poor widow; small sums economised by children out of their pocket money. Several schools sent the money reserved for the annual seaside excursion, and the schoolmistresses wrote: "We have put to the vote—the excursion or the Belgians? The children voted Belgium, so there will be no seaside trip this year." Women and young girls sent their poor trinkets to be sold for the cause. Post Office and railway employees and clerks from the great stores forwarded weekly or monthly sums. Leading business houses, banks, financiers, City companies, and corporations sent cheques

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

and clergymen forwarded collections from their parishes. Private persons lent their drawing-rooms and theatres their halls; artists and amateurs devoted their talents to the Belgian cause; while English ladies wearing the tricolour ribbon appealed to the passers-by.

Great Britain's wonderful generosity found a ready echo in the Dominions and Colonies. An English poet says, describing the British lion at bay, "and younger lions answered him from regions far away." The Mother Country's example was followed by Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, and all the Crown Colonies. Governments and municipalities and private individuals sent splendid gifts. There were Belgian flag days at the Antipodes, as in London and the provinces. Contributions were sent in money, provisions, or clothes. Ships crossed the southern seas and liners headed for London to help the Belgians, and at Christmas the good ship *Jason*, with its crew of modern Argonauts, brought over a load of toys for our poor children.

Clothing was badly wanted and winter was at hand. The Relief Fund had a special department for clothing, which soon became too small and where our devoted compatriot Mr. Navaux, with a staff of active volunteers, packed and forwarded the articles, first to the unfortunate people stranded on the Belgian coast, then to our refugees in Holland and Great Britain. England and the Colonies emptied their cupboards to clothe the Belgians, and their stores to send them food. Before Antwerp fell several steamers laden with provisions and clothes given to the Belgian Relief Fund were sent to that town and the contents were distributed to the population of Antwerp and its suburbs, before the arrival of the enemy, thanks to the untiring efforts of the Fund's honorary secretary, Major Gordon, who from the first assisted me in organising the Fund, and accompanied those vessels to Belgium. Major Gordon's devoted and disinterested help, his large circle of friends, and his great experience were invaluable. Before communications were cut off the Belgian Relief Fund was able to forward flour and warm clothing to Ostend and Ghent, as well as money, urgently required for the first needs of the poor refugees who had fled from their homes to the coast.

The Relief Fund's headquarters were at West Halkin Street, where

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

all letters were opened, but it soon became necessary to have special offices, first at Apsley House, by kind permission of the Duke of Wellington, then at the Alexandra Hotel, where rooms were generously provided by the management. There the correspondence was gone through and all gifts acknowledged. The sums received were transferred to a bank and held at the disposal of Mr. Berryer, Home Secretary of the Belgian Government, who took all decisions as to the distribution of the funds. During the first months of the War the Legation was crowded with well-wishers of both sexes, submitting plans for the alleviation of our distress, while the rooms were full of our compatriots seeking help and advice. Supply and demand met very often under that roof. The Belgian Assistance Committees of various sorts were formed. Other offices were opened. I cannot speak too highly of the support I met with in our Belgian Colony in London, nor of the disinterested assistance given me by these compatriots in days of stress. New problems arose daily, many of which were outside the scope of our Relief Fund—among others, that of the refugees. They arrived in thousands, first from Ostend, then from Holland. All difficulties were met, however, thanks to the immediate and powerful intervention of the British Government, who received the refugees as guests of the English nation, and to the assistance afforded by English and Belgian Committees. The British authorities sent steamers to bring over those refugees from Ostend or Flushing, and sent them temporarily to Aldwych, Alexandra Palace, Edmonton, etc. Committees allotted families to persons who offered to give, nay, who insisted on giving, hospitality to Belgians. My personal friends and many landowners placed their country houses, villas, cottages at the disposal of my compatriots, and attended for months to their wants. But still more came. At last distant municipalities and private persons in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales took them in. They arrived on these shores, often without means or with Belgian money only. Both at Folkestone and in London advances made by the Relief Fund enabled the refugees to exchange their notes at a reasonable exchange, until measures could be taken to solve this vital problem for the new arrivals.

It is impossible to speak of the generous treatment extended to our

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

compatriots without mentioning the help given to the Belgians who remained in their own country—roughly speaking, about seven million people, of whom two million were without means. The German authorities contented themselves with levying taxes and imposing fines. The "Commission for Relief in Belgium" was founded under the auspices of the American and Spanish Ambassadors in London and their respective colleagues in Brussels. Mr. Hoover, the chairman, who rendered inestimable service, obtained an assurance from the German authorities that the food he sent to sustain the population in Belgium should not be seized, and was thus able to forward, through Holland, the food-stuffs bought with money provided by our British and American friends. The Belgian Relief Fund was able to contribute to this good work, and the British Government gave a splendid donation.

As founder of the Belgian Relief Fund, it has been my privilege to witness the maturing of many magnificent undertakings which were entirely successful. The same humane and kindly spirit animated public bodies and private individuals. The President of the Local Government Board, then the Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, with Mr. Wintour and Sir Ernest Hatch, gave their powerful help to our compatriots; Lady Lugard founded her hostels; the Hon. Harry Lawson developed his generous idea of the *Daily Telegraph* Fund, assisted by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Brett inaugurated the *Pall Mall Gazette* Fund, and Mr. Hall Caine edited *King Albert's Book*. British generosity surpassed itself. The amounts subscribed are easily reckoned up, but it is impossible to imagine what they represent in the way of kindheartedness, personal sacrifice, and deep sympathy.

Various and deep-seated were the motives that influenced public opinion. Admiration and pity were among them. Perhaps a tinge of regret, too, for the public vaguely felt that Belgium might perhaps not have been so crushed had timely help been forthcoming. Then there was respect for our sovereign, "the pride of his country and the champion of humanity," as our poet Cammaerts has called him. He is considered as the hero of this War. King Albert burst upon a prosaic century as a knight of old, and this appealed to the imagination of the British nation, ever ready to appreciate high motives and lofty ideals.

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

While trying to follow the Belgian Relief Fund from its cradle and to acknowledge the wonderful response given to its appeal, I have alluded to many other proofs of British generosity, each one worthy of more special notice. I know, at any rate, that my countrymen will never forget what England, what the United Kingdom, what the British Empire did for them in their distress. And when the hour of deliverance shall have struck at last, when our people tread once more the soil of their free land, in our towns and in our factories, on the plains of Flanders and the rugged hillsides of the Ardennes, they will remember their English friends and will say: " They were good to us! "

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE.

PAR LE COMTE GOBLET D'ALVIELLA, *Ministre d'Etat*,

LA premiere fois que je cornpris jusqu'ou peuvent s'etendre les repercussions de la guerre, en dehors des charniers qui marquent Pemplacement des batailles, ce fut sous les murs d'Anvers, quand j'assistai au lamentable defile des premieres caravanes qui fuyaient devant Pinvasion.

Campagnards et citadins, hommes valides portant des instruments aratoires, des valises, des paniers ; voire, noues dans un sac ou un drap de lit, les debris de l'a voir familial; jeunes femmes tenant un enfant dans les bras, tandis qu'une marmaille fatiguee s'accrochait aux jupons; vieillards se trainant appuyes sur un baton ou soutenus par un bras complaisant, tous marchant d'un pas lourd, saccade, dans un silence sinistre, les chaussures souillees, le regard fixe et perdu. C'etait comme une page oubliee de l'histoire des invasions barbares aux premiers siecles de notre ere. Dans l'intervalle des groupes passaient ajoutant encore au desordre, des vaches, des pores, conduits ou traines par leurs proprietaires, ensuite toutes especes de vehicules, tombereaux, chariots de ferme, brouettes, charrettes a chiens ou a bras. Li, sur de la paille, gisaient, a cote des choses les plus heteroclitcs, les impotents de Pexode: des vieux, casses par Page; des malades grelottants de fievre; des femmes recemment accouchees; des bambins dont l'inconsciente exuberance detonnait par instants dans Puniversel effarement. " Ou allez-vous ainsi? " demandai-je a une femme vetue en bourgeoise aisee qui cheminait entre deux fillettes? " Dieu le sait, " me repondit-elle; " nous allons la ou ne sont pas les Prussiens. "—L'autorite militaire leur fournit, ce soir la, un abri et une pitance; puis le lendemain, ils reprirent leur migration vers le nord, aussitôt remplaces par d'autres theories de malheureux plus minables et plus eperdus encore.

Je revis une foule analogue, quelques jours plus tard, lorsque les fugitifs des Flandres, entasses sur les quais d'Ostende, se lancerent a Passaut des steamers et des autres embarcations qui pouvaient mettre la mer entre eux et les hordes de plus en plus proches. Ici les classes moyennes etaient plus largement representees; mais la bousculade avait pris de telles proportions que la plupart des bagages furent perdus, que des familles furent irremediablement scparees et que plus d'un fugitif,

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

precipite des passerelles, trouva dans l'eau une mort clemente. Aux survivants, il ne restait, hélas, suivant le voeu de Bismarck, que les yeux pour pleurer.

La troisieme fois que je les retrouvai, ce fut, peu apres, dans les locaux d'Earl's Court et d'Alexandra Palace, amenes a leur intention par le Gouvernement anglais avec une celerite qui attestait a la fois son esprit d'organisation et la generosite de ses previsions. Quel contraste cependant entre les gaies facades d'une architecture fantaisiste, ou tout evocait le souvenir des jouissances populaires, et l'aspect poignant de cette foule entassee dans de vastes salles ou tantot l'alignement des couchettes faisait songer a des dortoirs d'hdpital et, tant6t, la frigidite des longues tables de bois blanc, a des refectoirs de caserne ou de couvent. Sans doute, c'etait pour ces infortunes le vivre et le coucher, l'abri, la securite, le port apres l'orage. Mais aussi c'etait a la fois Pisolement et la promiscuity avec l'incertitude de l'avenir en plus. Sortis de leurs premiere stupeur, ils commensaient a realiser ce qu'ils avaient subi et perdu; nombre d'entre eux semblaient porter encore dans les yeux la tragique vision de leurs foyers detruits et de leurs proches massacres.

Cependant ces grands caravanserais, ou devaient se succeder, pendant des mois, des nouvelles vagues de refugies, n'etaient pas destines a rester des centres *d'hospitalisation*; ils devaient etre exclusivement des centres de *distribution*, d'ou les familles devaient etre dirigees vers des destinations mieux appropriees, dans les localites les plus diverses du Royaume-Uni.

Charge par notre Ministre de l'Interieur, l'honorable M. Berryer, d'installer a Londres le *Comite official Beige des Refugies*, je commencai, & la fin de novembre, une serie de visites qui devaient me mettre en contact avec nos compatriotes dans le sud de l'Ecosse ainsi que dans Pouest de l'Angleterre. Des le debut je fus frappe du changement dans la physionomie et Pattitude de ces malheureux que j'avais vus en proie tout d'abord a un affolement bien justifie, puis a une atonie non moins comprehensible. Il etait visible qu'ils etaient en train de se ressaisir, qu'ils se reprenaient a vivre et a esperer; que si, chez eux, le souvenir des recentes souffrances conservait toute son acuite, ils s'affranchissaient graduellement de la depression produite par les privations, les fatigues

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

et les menaces du lendemain.—C'est l'hospitalité anglaise qui avait accompli cette œuvre de cicatrisation et de relèvement.

Du jour où les premières colonnes de réfugiés beiges débarquèrent dans le Royaume-Uni, un grand élan de pitié et de reconnaissance avait secoué la nation anglaise jusqu'en ses profondeurs. Même parmi les plus petites localités, des comités s'étaient formés spontanément pour venir en aide aux fugitifs, dont les journaux décrivait en termes poignants les misères et les souffrances. Ces organismes se proposaient non seulement de réunir sur place les fonds nécessaires, mais encore de pourvoir au logement, à la nourriture, à l'habillement des familles auxquelles ils comptaient fournir un asile. Immédiatement les dons affluèrent dans des proportions inattendues. Les riches envoyèrent leurs chèques; les pauvres leur obol; tous, des dons en nature, vêtements, chaussures, literies, provisions. Partout des propriétaires offrirent gratuitement des maisons et des villas; d'autres ouvrirent leurs propres foyers à des familles entières.

Aussitôt constitués, ces Comités firent savoir au *War Refugees Committee*—qui, également formé par l'initiative privée, s'appliquait de Londres à régulariser tout le mouvement,—combien chacun d'entre eux pouvait caser et entretenir d'individus et de familles. Quelques-uns envoyèrent à Londres et à Folkestone des délégués chargés directement de choisir et d'amener le contingent désiré. Des localités importantes ont même établi chez elles des centres de distribution secondaires où les réfugiés étaient hébergés pendant plusieurs jours; ce qui permettait de mieux répartir les familles dans des conditions plus ou moins adaptées à leur milieu social ou professionnel. J'ai rencontré des secrétaires qui se vantaient d'avoir acquis, pour mener à bonne fin ce triage toujours délicat, un flair exceptionnel.

Les autorités locales d'ailleurs, rivalisaient de sollicitude. C'était en général les maires qui exerçaient les fonctions de président et assuraient le concours de tous les services municipaux.

Le nombre total des Comités ainsi formés a dépassé 4,000; ce qui donne en moyenne un comité pour environ 40 réfugiés, s'il est exact que le chiffre de ces derniers ait oscillé constamment autour de 200,000. Ces Comités comptaient un nombre variable de membres, de 10 à 40,

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

ce qui donnerait pour toute l'Angleterre peut-etre 50,000 personnes vouees a cette pieuse mission. On peut affirmer que toutes y apportaient cette tenacite et cet esprit pratique qui caracterisent les Anglais dans leurs entreprises. Ce n'a pas ete, pour moi, le moindre sujet d'etonnement que la simplicité avec laquelle, partout, ces hommes et ces femmes, les dernieres surtout, prenaient sur leurs interets, sur leurs affaires, sur leurs distractions, sur l'exercice de leur profession ou la conduite de leur menage, le temps considerable exige par leur oeuvre de solidarite et de misericorde.

Frequemment plusieurs families etaient installees dans un immeuble cede gratuitement ou moyennant un loyer nominal. Tantot on y placait une " matrone," femme de charge qui achetait les provisions et veillait a la tenue de la maison. Tantot on allouait hebdomadairement aux chefs de famille une somme calculee d'apres le nombre des bouches a nourrir, C'est, me semble-t-il, ce dernier systeme qui a donne les meilleurs resultats; les femmes, se chargeant a tour de role de preparer les repas et d'entretenir la maison, double fonction ou elles apportaient cette science de l'economie culinaire et ce souci de la propreté domestique qui caracterisent les menageres de nos classes laborieuses.

J'eus presque partout l'occasion de visiter quelques-uns de ces *homes* et de ces *hostels*. J'en ai rapporte la meilleure impression. Peut-etre, en certains endroits, y avait-il quelque exageration, qui rendra un jour plus ou moins dure aux occupants leur reintegration, dans les conditions plus modestes, de leur ancien habitat. Ainsi dans une petite ville du Somersetshire, ou le Comite local a deja reuni assez de fonds pour entretenir pendant un an son lot de refugies, je trouvai deux families d'ouvriers flamands installes au fond d'un cirque verdoyant sur les bords d'une claire riviere, dans un elegant chalet avec lumiere electrique, chambre de bains, escalier de service, le reste a Pavenant! Les hommes heureusement avaient trouve du travail.

Mais il ne s'agissait pas seulement d'assurer a nos refugies les necessites materielles de la vie. Il fallait encore les visiter, les consoler, leur fournir des distractions: concerts, cinemas, excursions, conferences, livres pour les adultes et jouets pour les enfants; preter une oreille complaisante au recit prolixe de leurs malheurs ou a l'expose emphatique

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

de leurs doléances; enfin apaiser les petites querelles engendries entre occupants, ne fut-ce qu'a propos de l'alternance dans la possession de la cuisine commune. La tache etait rendue plus difficile encore par la difference de langues qui necessitait souvent l'emploi d'un et merae, quand il s'agissait de flamands, de deux interpretes volontaires. Cependant on finissait toujours par s'entendre. Sans doute il y eut, ici et la, des froissements, des heurts, des disillusions. Mais les Anglais ont parfaitement compris que de pareils mecomptes sont inevitables dans une masse humaine ou se rencontre fatalement toute la variéte des caracteres et des educations, aggravee par le sentiment de malheurs immerit6s. Lorsque, en depit d'une patience a laquelle il faut rendre hommage, un comite devait reconnaitre l'impossibilité d'un amendement ou lorsque certains individus devenaient un facteur persistant de scandale pour le reste de la communauté, ces indesirables etaient renvoyés a Londres, ou, sans perdre leurs droits a l'assistance, ils etaient concentres dans des depots speciaux, soumis a une discipline assez severe. J'ai visité a deux reprises un de ces établissements, a Edmonton, et comme je félicitais le Directeur sur l'ordre qui y renaît, il me répondit modestement: " C'est par la douceur que je suis arrivé a ce résultat."

L'instruction des enfants n'a pas été oubliée, soit qu'on ait organisée a leur intention des cours primaires, données par des instituteurs belges, religieux ou laïcs, en français ou en flamand, soit, qu'on les ait répartis—et ce fut le cas le plus fréquent—dans les écoles anglaises, en ménageant la transition par des leçons pratiques de langue anglaise, confiées a des instituteurs bi-lingues. On a pu constater, a cet égard, la rapidité avec laquelle ces enfants, les petits flamands surtout, apprenaient l'anglais et il leur en restera certainement beaucoup après leur rentrée au pays. Enfants de Belgique et d'Angleterre s'éduquaient réciproquement a chanter la " Brabançonne" et le " God Save the King." Je me souviens d'avoir visité a Bristol une école primaire où Wallons, Flamands et Anglais me saluèrent en entonnant avec beaucoup d'unisson une chanson patriotique en . . . flamand.

Un autre problème qui se rattache aux préoccupations d'assistance morale, c'est la lutte contre une oisiveté forcée qui finirait par démoraliser

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

notre population de travailleurs. On rapport qu'une haute autorite devant laquelle on exposait les merveilles de l'hospitalite anglaise, se serait ecriee: " Qu'on prenne garde de pauperiser nos Beiges," c'est-i-dire de les habituer a vivre sur la generosite privee ou publique. Les Comites locaux; les particuliers; les Bureaux du *Labour Exchange*, organisation analogue a nos bourses du Travail; le Comite Officiel beige de Londres ; *the British Government Committee for providing occupation* et son President, Sir Ernest Hatch, qui s'est multiplie avec autant d'energie que de perspicacity pour resoudre cette irritante question— se sont longuement appliques a trouver pour nos compatriotes des occupations en rapport avec Page, la condition et la profession de chacun, L'entreprise etait ardue, en dehors meme de l'obstacle provenant de l'ignorance de l'anglais. Il fallait respecter deux principes parfaitement legitimes (et c'est a cette condition seulement qu'on pouvait faire admettre par la classe ouvriere du Royaume-Uni l'intrusion de concurrents etrangers): l'un, c'est qu'on ne pouvait s'exposer a avilir le taux general des salaires, en amenant les Beiges a accepter une remuneration inferieure a celle des ouvriers indigenes; l'autre, que les Beiges devaient uniquement accepter du travail dans les professions ou la main d'oeuvre britannique etait insuffisante. Ensuite comment utiliser les intellectuels (avocats, notaires, professeurs, employes de toute categoric), trop lies a certaines branches de notre organisme national pour trouver a l'etranger, surtout en Angleterre, des situations equivalentes ? Malgre ces obstacles et bien que le probleme n'ait pas ete completement resolu, je dois dire qu'i chacun de mes voyages en Angleterre j'ai pu constater une decroissance sensible des oisivetes forcees. L'appel du gouvernement anglais au concours d'un nombre, pour ainsi dire, illimite de bras, en vue d'intensifier la production des munitions ne peut manquer de reduire encore, sinon de faire disparaitre, parmi nos refugies valides, les derniers contingents d'inoccupes.

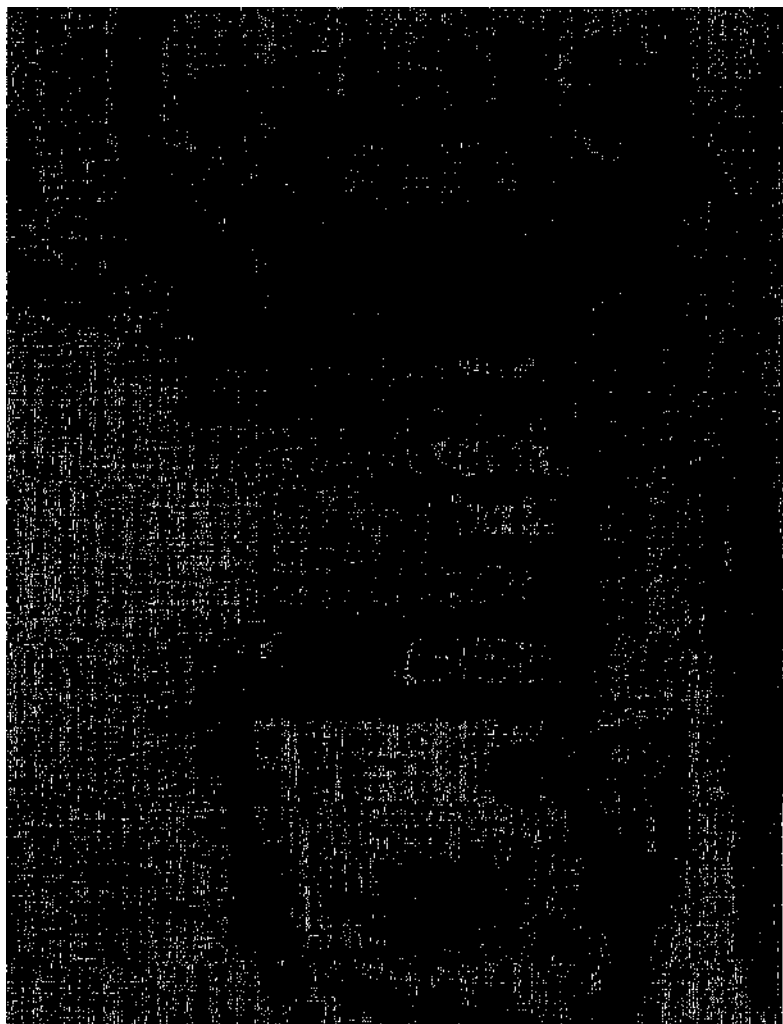
S'il ne convient pas qu'on mette les ouvriers beiges dans une situation inferieure a celle des salaries anglais, il faut aussi qu'ils ne soient point places dans des conditions plus avantageuses. Or c'est ce qui devait inevitablement se produire, si a cote de leur salaire, ils conservaient

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

que la furie allemande se fut suffisamment calmee pour leur kisser une securite relative. Mais ceux qui etaient restes en arriere voyaient avec terreur l'approche de la mauvaise saison aggraver encore leur situation miserable. C'est alors que l'Angleterre intervint et a la suite d'une enquete privee, organisee par quelques membres du Parlement, le trop-plein de l'emigration en Hollande fut graduellement dirige sur le Royaume-Uni ou on leur accorda la meme hospitalite qu'a leurs predecesseurs. Ainsi s'explique, que malgre les rentrees au pays, le chiffre total de nos refugies en Angleterre soit reste si longtemps le meme.

Il faut remarquer que cet elan en faveur des refugies beiges n'a ni aucunement aux souscriptions paralleles, souvent organisees par les memes personnes, en faveur des ceuvres qui visent le soin de nos blesses, le bien-etre de nos soldats, surtout le ravitaillement des populations demorees en Belgique, que seules l'assistance des allies et des neutres a jusqu'ici preservees de la famine. Comme, a la fin d'un meeting tenu a Llandudno, cette perle des plages galloises, je remerciais le Comite pour le devouement qu'il avait apporte a secourir son lot de refugies, le secretaire s'approcha de moi et me remit un cheque de 200 livres sterling avec cette seule explication, qui en disait long: " Voici pour les Beiges restes en Belgique; nous nous chargeons de *nos* refugies." Dans la petite ville manufacturiere de Street, pres de Wells, a la suite d'un meeting en plein air, improvise par des ouvriers anglais, auxquels j'avais du exposer dans leur langue la situation de la Belgique, une quete spontanee de gros sous rapporta une somme surprenante pour le *Belgian Relief Fund*. Et tout ceci sans prejudice des souscriptions volontaires qui vont avec la meme abondance aux nombreuses ceuvres organisees par les Anglais en faveur de leurs propres soldats blesses, reformes et valides. On peut dire que cette horrible guerre a mis en evidence les cotes les meilleures, comme les pires, de la nature humaine.

Combien de temps encore se prolongeront ces manifestations sans precedents d'une generosite qui revele non seulement la profondeur des sympathies anglaises, mais qui atteste encore les progres de la solidarite humaine ? Jusqu'ici elles ne se sont guere ralenties et il n'y a pas de motif pour craindre qu'elles ne s'epuisent avant la fin des



NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

pour eux et leur famille tous les avantages que leur assurait l'hospitalite britannique. Il fut donc convenu, d'accord avec l'autorite beige, que, les cas echeant, ils devraient abandonner aux Comites ou plutot au fond commun de l'assistance locale, une certaine proportion de leur salaire. Cet arrangement rationnel, tout legitime qu'il fut, n'a pas ete sans rencontrer quelque resistance. Toutefois, grace a la fermete des Comites et au bon sens des refugies, il a fini par prevaloir generalement, d'autant mieux qu'un grand nombre de Comites ont decide de consacrer une partie de ce remboursement a la constitution d'un fond de rapatriement, pour etre restitue aux deposants des la fin de leur exil.

C'est grace au concours obligeant de ces Comites que j'ai pu visiter successivement, au cours de plusieurs voyages, une soixantaine de localites, en Ecosse, dans les Cornouailles et le Pays de Galles, le Devonshire, le Somersetshire, le Cheshire, et le Surrey, en outre de quelques grandes villes. J'avais commence ces visites sans autre intention que de jeter quelques coups de sonde dans la situation de nos compatriotes en Angleterre. A la facon dont ils m'accueillirent, je m'aperçus vite du bien que produisait chez ces exiles la presence, meme passagere, d'un Beige investi de quelque autorite pour leur dire que leur Gouvernement legitime, lui-meme refugie au Havre dans la large hospitalite de la Republique francaise, n'oubliait pas ses milliers de concitoyens confies a la generosite du peuple anglais; qu'il sympathisait avec leurs douleurs et avec leurs espoirs, qu'il leur envoyait l'assurance de sa protection dans le present et de sa sollicitude pour l'avenir, quand aurait sonne l'heure de la liberation. Paisiblement reunis dans la grande salle des mairies ou de quelque autre batiment officiel, etaient-ce bien les memes gens que j'avais contemples, peniblement affecte et comme honteux de mon impuissance, dans les debacles d'Anvers et d'Ostende, puis dans la cohue d'Earl's Court et des depots similaires? Chez eux, desormais, s'affirmait, en meme temps qu'une profonde gratitude pour les soins dont ils etaient combles par leurs notes, la persistance d'un patriotisme qui s'etait avive dans les epreuves. " On ne nous laisse rien a desirer pour le moment," me fut-il repondu maintes fois, " mais nous serons bien autrement heureux quand nous pourrons rentrer chez nous." La foi au retour dans la patrie delivree est aussi ancree

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

chez eux qu'elle l'etait chez les Israelites de Babylone et s'ils n'avaient pas de harpes suspendues aux saules des fleuves qui baignent leur terre d'exil, ils ne perdaient pas une occasion de me saluer par des Brabanconnes qui plus d'une fois m'ont fait monter les larmes aux yeux.

Avides de nouvelles, surtout de celles qui se rapportaient aux operations de nos armees, ils laissaient deborder leur enthousiasme, chaque fois qu'ils entendaient une allusion aux exploits de nos soldats sur l'Yser, *h* la vaillance du Roi, au devouement de la Reine, au drapeau tricolore qui flottait toujours sur un coin de la Belgique. Une autre note, qui rencontrait la meme faveur, c'etait l'affirmation que nos divergences politiques, religieuses, sociales, linguistiques, devaient s'effacer devant les devoirs envers la patrie. Si les esthetes qui, il y a quelques annees, demandaient ironiquement a Edmond Picard ou il avait decouvert "l'ame Beige," avaient pu assister & ces entretiens, ils auraient bien du reconnaitre que, parmi nos refugies comme parmi nos soldats, comme parmi les sept millions de Beiges actuellement sous le joug allemand, l'ame Beige repond a chaque appel, palpite dans le cœeur des Flamands comme dans celui des Wallons, et ne demande qu'& s'epanouir dans la Belgique delivree de l'etranger.

Sans doute, s'il y avait lieu d'encourager ces braves gens dans leur foi au succes final, il etait bon aussi de les mettre en garde contre des espoirs prematurees et de les exhorter a la patience, sinon a la resignation. Mais pas une voix discordante ne s'elevait quand je leur disais que mieux valait attendre et meme souffrir encore, pourvu que la fin fut une oeuvre integree de reparation et de justice.

L'Angleterre ne s'est pas contentee d'accueillir a bras ouverts les refugies qui lui demandaient asile, elle estallee les chercher, la ou les secours restaient insuffisants. Apres la chute d'Anvers et l'invasion des Flandres, un million de Beiges s'echappa du pays par les frontieres hollandaises. Malgre la generosite dont fit preuve a l'egard de ces fugitifs la nation hoUandaise, celle-ci n'etait pas a meme de nourrir et d'entretenir un pareil afflux d'emigrants, generalement denues de ressources. Entasses dans des baraquements, sous des tentes, ou sur des pontons, ces malheureux ne tarderent pas a souffrir cruellement de la faim et du froid. La majeure partie rentra bientot en Belgique, des

NOS REFUGIES EN ANGLETERRE

hostilites. En tout cas, ce qui eil restera, c'est, des maintenant, le nouveau lien qu'elles ont itabli entre deux nations deja unies par la conscience de verser leur sang pour une meme cause, qui est la cause du droit, de la liberte de l'Europe et de l'avenir de la civilisation.

1^{er} Septembre 1915.

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND.

TRANSLATION BY LADY MORETON.

A PART from the charnel-houses marking the sites of battles, it was beneath the walls of Antwerp, when I witnessed the mournful procession of the earliest caravans flying before the invasion, that I realised for the first time how far the war could spread its nefarious influence.

Peasants and townsfolk, strong men carrying agricultural tools, boxes, baskets, even the remains of their household goods tied up in sheets or bags; young women with children in their arms and other tired little ones tugging at their skirts; old people dragging themselves along by the help of a staff or a friendly arm; all walking with heavy and uneven steps, silently, their shoes covered with dust, gazing with vacant stare. It was all like some forgotten page from the story of the invasion of barbarians in the first ages of our era. To add to the disorder, between these groups came cows and pigs driven or pulled along by their owners; then, all sorts of vehicles, manure carts, farm waggons, wheelbarrows, hand-carts and carts drawn by dogs. In these, side by side with the most heterogeneous collection of objects, the helpless members of the exodus lay on straw; the old, broken by age; the sick, shivering with fever; women but recently confined; little children whose careless mirth burst forth at times amid the universal terror. "Where are you going?" I asked a woman who was tramping along between two little girls. "God knows," she answered. "We are going where there are no Prussians." That night the military authorities furnished them with shelter and a pittance; but the next day they continued their northward migration, to be replaced by others even more hopeless and pitiful.

I saw another similar crowd, a few days later, on the quays of Ostend, fugitives from Flanders, who tried to take by storm the steamers and other craft which could put the sea between them and the horde which was coming nearer and nearer. Here the middle class was more largely represented; but the struggle was so great that most of the luggage was lost, families were hopelessly divided and more than one fugitive, thrown off the gangway, found a merciful death in the water. To the

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

survivors, alas, nothing remained, according to the vow of Bismarck, but eyes to weep with.

I met them soon afterwards for the third time, in the quarters arranged for them by the British Government, with a celerity which testified both to its power of organisation and to the extent of its forethought, at Earl's Court and at the Alexandra Palace. What a contrast there was, however, between the gay facades of fantastic architecture, where everything called up memories of popular merrymaking, and the moving sight of this multitude crowded together in the vast halls, where the rows of beds evoked recollections of hospital wards, and the long, cold, deal tables suggested barrack mess-rooms or convent refectories. It certainly was bed and board, shelter, safety and the haven after the storm for these unhappy people ; but it also meant, however, at once isolation and promiscuity, added to the uncertainty of the future. As they became less panic-stricken they began to realise what they had gone through and what they had lost, but many of them still seemed to see before their eyes the tragic visions of ruined hearths and dear ones murdered.

These great caravansaries, where for months wave upon wave of fresh refugees was to succeed one another, were not meant, however, to remain as permanent quarters ; they were intended exclusively to be centres of distribution, from which families could be despatched to more suitable destinations throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

As I had been entrusted by our Minister of the Interior, the Honourable M. Berryer, with the task of inaugurating in London the " Official Belgian Committee for Refugees," I began, towards the end of November, a series of visits to put myself in personal touch with our compatriots in the South of Scotland and in the West of England. From the first I was struck by the change in the appearance and bearing of those whom I had first seen in the throes of well-justified terror, and then in a no less comprehensible state of collapse. It was evident that they were coming to themselves, and that, if the recollection of recent sufferings retained all its acuteness, they were, nevertheless, gradually overcoming the depression caused by privations, fatigues, and fears for the future.

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

British hospitality had wrought this work of healing and restoration.

From the day when the first contingent of Belgian refugees landed in the United Kingdom, a wave of gratitude and pity stirred the British nation to its depths. Committees were formed spontaneously, even in little places, to help the fugitives, whose sufferings and sorrows were described in vivid terms by the newspapers. These organisations proposed not only to collect the necessary funds locally; but also to provide lodgings, food and clothes for the families to whom they intended to offer shelter. At once, in unexpected measure, the offerings poured in. The rich sent their cheques, the poor their mites, and everyone gifts in kind, garments, shoes, bedding and provisions. Everywhere owners offered houses and cottages, while others opened their homes to take in whole families.

As soon as these committees were constituted they informed the " War Refugees' Committee " (also a private enterprise which controlled the movement from London) how many individuals or families could be accommodated. Some sent delegates to London or Folkestone to select and bring home the number wanted. Secondary centres of distribution were even formed in some of the more important localities, where the refugees were taken in for several days, and this facilitated the establishment of families under conditions more or less adapted to their social or professional standing. I have met secretaries who boasted of having acquired an unusual dexterity in making a happy selection—always a question of the greatest delicacy.

Moreover the local authorities out rivalled each other in solicitude. The Mayor usually exercised the duties of president and assured the co-operation of the Municipality.

The Committees thus formed exceeded 4,000, which gives to each of these bodies about forty refugees, if the figure is correct that the number of the latter fluctuated always around 200,000. The number of members of these Committees varied from ten to forty, which would show that perhaps 50,000 people throughout England devoted themselves to this pious mission. It can be affirmed that all brought to bear that tenacity and that practical common sense which characterise the English in all their undertakings.

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

To my mind, not the least astonishing part was the way in which, everywhere, these men and women, particularly the latter, spared from their interests, their businesses, their pleasures, the exercise of their professions or the care of their households, the considerable time which their work of joint responsibility and mercy demanded.

Often several families were installed in empty houses offered gratuitously or at a nominal rent. Sometimes a matron was placed in charge, who bought the provisions and looked after the house. Sometimes, the heads of the families were allowed a daily sum according to the number of mouths to be fed. This last plan, it seems to me, answered best; the women took it in turns to prepare the meals and keep the house in order, functions to which they brought to bear the science of culinary economy and the careful domestic cleanliness which characterise the housewives of our working classes.

I had the opportunity nearly everywhere of visiting some of these homes and hostels, of which I brought away the very best impression. In certain places, maybe, there were mistakes which will make the return to the more humble conditions of their former habitations more or less hard for the occupants. At one place, for instance, where the local Committee had collected enough funds to support its share of refugees for a year, I found two Flemish workmen's families installed in a luxurious residence, ensconced in a sheltered and charming situation on the banks of a clear stream, and fitted with electric light, a bathroom, and a back staircase and the rest to match. The men fortunately had found work.

It was not, however, only a case of providing for the material wants of our refugees. They had, besides, to be visited, comforted, and provided with amusements, concerts, visits to picture palaces, excursions, lectures, with books for the adults and toys for the children; a willing ear had to be lent to the lengthy recital of their troubles or to the emphatic explanations of their grievances; peace had to be made between the occupants in small quarrels which arose even about such trifles as using the common kitchen in turns. The task was rendered the harder by the difference of language, which often necessitated the help of a voluntary interpreter, and in the case of Flemings even two. They always

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

ended, however, in understanding one another. Here and there, no doubt there were jars, and some took offence or were dissatisfied. The English, however, completely understood that such things were unavoidable among a human mass in which there met and clashed every kind of temperament and education, and of which every unit was sore with a consciousness of undeserved misfortune. When, in spite of the exercise of most laudable patience, the Committees found amendment hopeless, or when individuals became a continual source of reproach to the rest of the community, the undesirables were sent back to London, where, without forfeiting their claim to be aided, they were concentrated in special depôts, and subjected to a sufficiently severe discipline. I went twice over one of these establishments at Edmonton, and when I congratulated the manager on the order which reigned there, he modestly replied, " I have arrived at this result by kindness."

The instruction of the children has not been overlooked; either elementary courses given in French or Flemish by Belgian clerical or lay teachers have been arranged for them, or—and this has been the usual plan—they have been sent to English schools; the change being made easier to them by practical lessons in English given by bi-lingual teachers. It has been found that these children, particularly the little Flemings, acquired the language rapidly and will certainly remember much of it when they return to their native land. Belgian and English children have learnt from each other to sing the " Brabançonne " and " God Save the King." I remember visiting a school at Bristol where Walloons, Flemings, and English greeted me by striking up very harmoniously a patriotic song—in Flemish.

Another problem which concerns the moral aspect of the work is the struggle against the enforced idleness which would end in demoralising our population of toilers. It is told that a high authority, when the marvels of British hospitality were being explained to him, exclaimed " Let them be careful not to pauperise our Belgians," not to accustom them, that is, to live on the generosity of others. Local Committees, private persons, Labour Exchanges (organisations similar to our *Bourses du Travail*), the British Government Commission for providing occupation for the refugees and its Chairman, Sir Ernest Hatch, who,

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

with as great discretion as energy, has been untiring in settling this troublesome question, all devoted themselves to finding occupations for our compatriots, suitable to the age, standing, and profession of each. The task was no easy one, apart from the impediments caused by an ignorance of the English language. Two perfectly legitimate principles had to be respected: one, that the usual rate of wages should not be lowered by allowing the Belgians to accept a smaller remuneration than the native workmen (and it was on this condition alone that the working classes of the United Kingdom would tolerate the intrusion of foreign competitors); the other, that the Belgians were only to accept work in trades where labour was scarce. Then, how were those engaged in intellectual pursuits to be employed? The barristers, lawyers, professors, officials of all sorts, who were too closely bound up in certain branches of our national organism to find equivalent positions abroad, particularly in the United Kingdom? In spite of these obstacles, and though the problem is not yet completely solved, even by the new opening which the extension of munition works has made for hands lacking employment, on each of my journeys through the country I must say that I have been able to note a marked decrease among the enforced idlers. The call of the British Government for a practically unlimited number of hands in view of increasing the output of munitions cannot fail to reduce the unemployment still further, if not to cause its total disappearance from among our able-bodied refugees.

If the Belgian workmen ought not to be put in a situation inferior to that of the British wage-earner, neither should they be placed in a superior one. This must inevitably have occurred had they kept for themselves and their families all they earned in addition to the advantages afforded them by hospitality. It was therefore determined, in agreement with the Belgian authorities, that in this case they should make over a certain portion of their wages to the Committees, or rather to the local general fund. This arrangement, fair and reasonable as it was, met with some resistance. Thanks, however, to the firmness of the Committees and the good sense of the refugees, it ended in becoming general, particularly as a great number of the Committees decided to

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

earmark a fixed portion of these payments to the foundation of a fund to be returned to the depositors at the end of their exile.

It was owing to the kindness of these Committees that in the course of several journeys I was able to visit successively sixty different places, in Scotland, Cornwall, Wales, Devonshire, Cheshire, and Surrey, besides many of the big towns. I began these visits merely to form some idea of the situation of my compatriots in Great Britain ; but by the way I was received I speedily became aware of the benefit these exiles experienced even from the casual presence of a Belgian who was invested with some authority to tell them that their lawful Government itself sheltering under the spacious hospitality of the French Republic at Havre, did not forget the thousands of its fellow citizens who were confided to the generosity of the British people ; that it sympathised in their sorrows and their hopes, and that it sent them the assurance of its protection in the present and of its solicitude for the future, when the hour of deliverance should arrive. Peaceably gathered together, as I saw them, either in the town hall or other similar building, could they be, indeed, the same people whom I, deeply affected and almost ashamed at my inability to help them, had watched in the catastrophes of Antwerp and Ostend and later in the throng at Earl's Court and similar depots? Henceforward, together with a deep gratitude for all the care they had experienced from their hosts, they cherished a firm patriotism which had become stronger through trial. " They leave us nothing to desire for the present," I was told many times, " but we shall be infinitely happier when we go home." Faith in the return to a delivered country is as strongly rooted in them as it was in the Israelites in Babylon, and if they have not hung up their harps on the willows by the rivers of their land of exile, they never missed an opportunity of greeting me with " Braban^onnes " that more than once brought the tears to my eyes.

Eager for news, especially about the operations of our Army, they give vent to their enthusiasm every time they hear an allusion to the exploits of our soldiers on the Yser, the valour of the King, the devotion of the Queen, or to the tricolour flag still waving over a corner of Belgium. Another incident, which met with the same approval, was the

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

declaration that our political, religious, social, and linguistic differences ought to be lost in our duties towards our country. If the *Esthktes* who, a few years ago, scornfully asked Edmond Picard where he had discovered the "Soul of Belgium" could have been present at these meetings, they would have had to recognise the fact that among our refugees, as among our soldiers and among the seven million Belgians at present under the German yoke, the soul of Belgium responds to every call, throbs in the hearts of Flemings and Walloons alike, and only seeks to expand freely in a Belgium delivered from the alien*

No doubt there was need to encourage these good people in their faith as to ultimate success; it was also well to warn them against premature hopes and to exhort them to patience, if not to resignation. Not a discordant voice, however, was heard when I told them it was better to wait and even to suffer further, provided the end was a complete work of reparation and justice.

The United Kingdom was not content with merely receiving with open arms those refugees who sought her shelter; she also went to seek them where help was insufficient. After the fall of Antwerp and the invasion of Flanders, a million Belgians escaped across the frontier of Holland. In spite of the generosity which the Dutch nation showed towards these fugitives, mostly penniless, it was not in its power to feed and maintain such an influx of immigrants. Huddled together in huts, tents, or barges, they soon suffered cruelly from hunger and cold. The majority of them returned to Belgium as soon as the fury of the Germans had calmed sufficiently to afford them relative security; but those who remained behind viewed with terror the approach of the bad weather which would aggravate their miserable position. It was then that the British nation stepped in and, after a private enquiry organised by some members of Parliament, the overflow of the emigration to Holland was gradually directed towards the United Kingdom, where they found the same hospitality as their predecessors. This explains why, in spite of some returning to their native land, the number of our refugees in England remains about the same.

It ought to be remarked that this outpouring in favour of the Belgian refugees has not diminished analogous subscriptions, often organised

OUR REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

by the same people, for charities which saw to the care of our wounded, the well-being of our soldiers, and, above all to the provisioning of the population remaining in Belgium, whom only the assistance of the allies and neutrals has, up to now, preserved from famine. At the end of one of the meetings which I attended, as I was thanking the Committee for the devotion they had shown in helping their detachment of refugees, the secretary came to me and placed in my hand a cheque for £200, with no other explanation than this, which spoke volumes : " For the Belgians who remain in Belgium ; our own refugees we will look after ourselves."

In Street, a small industrial town, near Wells, after an open-air meeting, improvised by some British workmen to whom I had to explain in their own language the situation of Belgium, they brought in spontaneously an abundant collection of pence for the Belgian Relief Fund, showing how deeply their hearts had been touched.

All this, outside the subscriptions which have flowed from all parts to the fund organised amongst the inhabitants of the United Kingdom for the wants of their own soldiers, wounded and fit for service. In truth, this awful war has brought out at once—although not from the same quarters—the best and the worst sides of human nature.

For how much longer will these manifestations of an unprecedented generosity continue—a generosity which reveals not only the depth of British sympathy, but also testifies to the progress of solidarity among the human race ? So far it has not slackened, and there is no reason to fear that it will do so before the end of the war. At any rate, what will remain is the newly-forged link between the two nations, already united by the knowledge that they are shedding their blood for the same cause—the cause of right, of the liberty of Europe and of the future of civilisation.

1st September, 1915.

AU NOM DES BLESSES.

PAR LE BARON C. GOFFINET,

President de la Croix Rouge de Belgique.

PARMI les œuvres beiges qui ont pu s'épanouir sur ce sol d'hospitalité légendaire, c'est à la Croix Rouge de Belgique qu'incombe peut-être la plus grande dette de gratitude envers l'Angleterre.

Quand l'œuvre de dévastation fut consommée et que la Belgique dut lancer un appel de détresse pour ses enfants blessés, tombés en défendant pied à pied un territoire sacré couvert de tombes, c'est dans l'Empire tout entier qu'on l'entendit. Et des villes de l'Inde comme des villages de l'Ecosse on vit affluer à côté des souscriptions généreuses et des humbles oboles anonymes, les dons de toute nature destinés au soulagement de la souffrance.

La bas, dans nos hôpitaux du front, des femmes anglaises, prêtes à tous les sacrifices, prodiguent à nos soldats les trésors de leur dévouement.

Dans ce livre, où tâche de s'exprimer la reconnaissance de l'âme beige envers le pays qui a donné au monde l'exemple d'un confraternité sans précédent dans l'histoire, la Croix Rouge devait avoir sa page. Ce sont nos blessés qui la signeront.

IN THE NAME OF THE WOUNDED.

TRANSLATION BY LADY PAGET,

President of the American Red Cross in England.

OF all the Belgian Societies that have found refuge in this land of proverbial hospitality, none owes a greater debt of gratitude to Britain than the Belgian Red Cross.

In Belgium, the work of devastation accomplished, the stricken country sent out a cry of distress for her wounded sons—wounded while passionately contesting every inch of that sacred soil, strewn with the graves of those already fallen. Her call resounded throughout the British Empire—and from the towns of India, as from the villages of Scotland, generous gifts in money and kind poured in for the succour and alleviation of the suffering.

In the hospitals at the Front, Englishwomen, prepared for any sacrifice, devote themselves wholeheartedly to nursing our sick and wounded. To the country which has given to the world an example of brotherhood without precedent in history, Belgium, in this book, endeavours to express the gratitude enshrined in her heart. The Red Cross claims its page, signed by our wounded.

THE WORK OF CHARITY.

BY A. A. DEWACHTER,

Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar-General to H.E. Cardinal Mercier.

LOOK upon it as a great honour to have an opportunity of expressing to the British people, in this monument of Belgium's gratitude, the feelings which I have had occasion to voice so many times at local meetings—feelings of the deepest and heartiest gratitude. I will keep, of course, to my own department—the spiritual care of my countrymen, entrusted to me by His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, and by the Bishops of Belgium.

More than 160 of our priests, both regular and secular, have been sent out to look after the spiritual and moral interests of the Belgian Refugees. As a whole their reports are more than satisfactory. Instances of the most touching character are brought forward, which show how even Protestant Clergymen and Protestant members of different committees have done their best to bring from the most distant places our Belgians to their own Catholic churches. I am very happy to pay a tribute of gratitude to those ladies and gentlemen on account of their generous and tolerant dispositions; and our people will also keep a grateful remembrance of them.

A special homage of most sincere and respectful thanks is to be paid to the higher ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, in America, Australia, and New Zealand. It would be a long list if we had to give the names of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who, on account of their eagerness to assist us in the most generous way and their numerous proofs of heartiest sympathy, deserve Belgium's gratitude for ages to come.

If we have met with such paternal affection among the higher Catholic Clergy, not less generous and cordial have we found so many Rev. Rectors who have received into their presbyteries our Belgian priests, treated them as their brothers and given them every facility to fulfil their duties towards the refugees. Some of these kind-hearted Fathers, in spite of their narrow means, divided with us what they so much wanted for themselves.

May I venture to say that our Religious Orders of Nuns, whose

THE WORK OF CHARITY

convents, schools, orphanages and hospitals were destroyed or burnt down, and who had to flee for their lives, have found also a most charitable hospitality in the United Kingdom. They have at once tried to make themselves useful by taking care of different Refugees' Centres, by teaching the little children, and by assisting the various convents here in works of mercy and charity. Many testimonies expressing the highest satisfaction with the Belgian Sisters have reached me from the different committees for the relief of Belgian Refugees.

Allow me to dwell upon another point which is so touching and shows how well the little children of this country have been taught the true meaning of charity towards their poor and destitute neighbour—of charity, the virtue by excellence of Christian doctrine, the first virtue proclaimed by our Divine Saviour. Instances of this great virtue have come from every quarter; from Lancashire, Ireland, India and Australia, where the little ones, and sometimes the poorest, collected their farthings and halfpennies to be sent for the help of the poor children in Belgium.

A most striking proof of British and American sympathy are also those hundreds of letters coming from every part of the British Empire and America, from the highest and most influential classes down to the very poor, in which lies an expression of unbounded admiration for our country, and a kind of worship for our great King as well as for our great Cardinal. I hope these testimonies will come to light one day, as an imperishable monument in honour of Belgium, as well as in honour of those who bestowed them upon us.

Of course, another monument in bronze or marble will be erected one day in Brussels or in one of the destroyed towns which went through all the horrors of this awful war, in commemoration for generations and ages to come of the generous hospitality we enjoyed here and of the valuable assistance we received from different friendly countries. It will be an utter impossibility to have engraved in golden letters on this monument the names of all the cities, institutions, committees which so largely contributed to the relief of the Belgian Refugees as well as of those who remained in Belgium. We know our generous benefactors do not require such a testimony of Belgium's gratitude. Higher lies their

THE WORK OF CHARITY

view, and greater also and everlasting will be their reward promised by Him, Who said that a glass of cold water given in His Name will have its reward—by Him, Who proclaims as an essential condition of eternal happiness the works of mercy and charity!

IMPOSSIBLE TO RECORD.

By E. DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE,

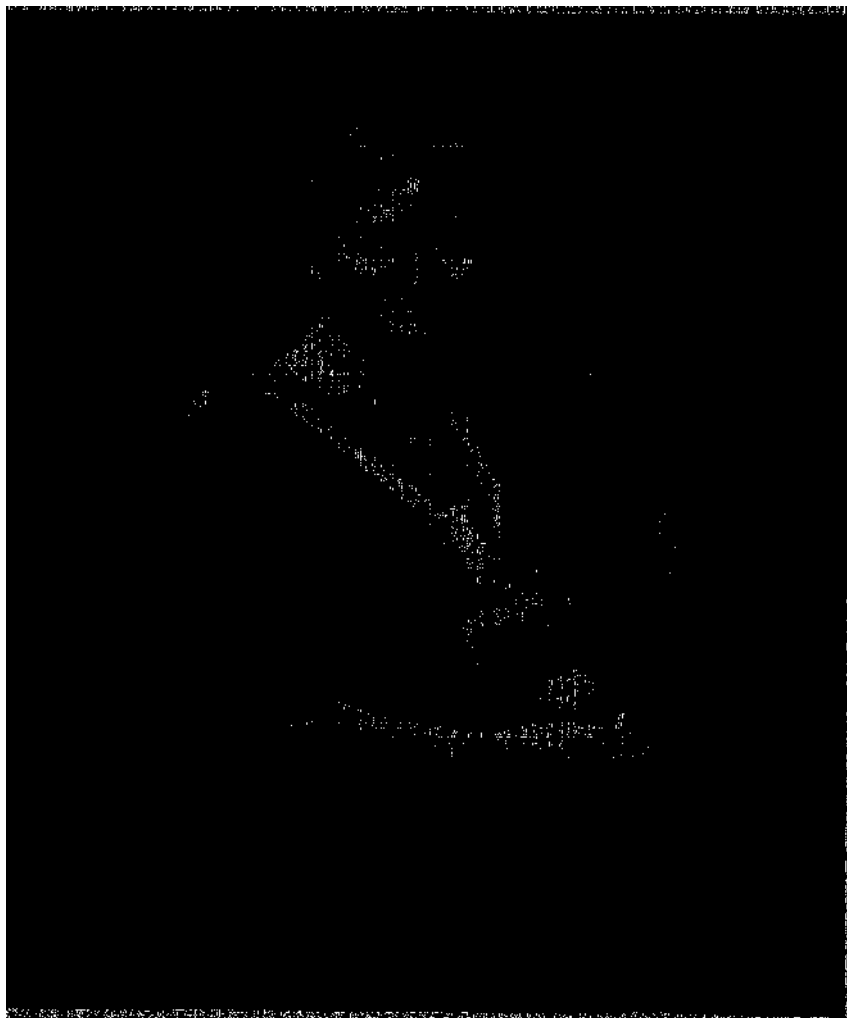
Envoye extraordinaire et Ministre plenipotentiaire, President du Belgian Relief Committee.

IT is quite impossible for me to try and squeeze in a few lines the deep and true feelings of gratitude with which my heart is filled for the kindness, generosity and loving care bestowed on our Belgian refugees by the Government and people of the British Empire.

I know full well that brevity is the soul of wit, but somehow I don't feel like being witty at this time, as brevity might smack of forgetfulness or ingratitude.

Well, we Belgians are not a forgetful or ungrateful race, as time has—and will—prove, and in confirmation of this assertion, I hope and trust that our Belgian Relief Committee of Finsbury Square may soon publish a record of some of the many instances of loving kindness and fraternal feelings shown to our refugees by high and low in England, as in Scotland, Ireland and Wales—and Canada and South Africa, and the generosity of Australia and New Zealand.

The kindness of heart and endless generosity shown to our suffering compatriots by the many races and creeds of this great Empire are truly wonderful, and no one admires them more than I do.



LADY EUGARD
ANDRE CLEVENAAR

LES " KING ALBERTS HOSPITALS."

PAR PAUL MAY,

Envoye extraordinaire et Ministre plenipotentiaire.

L'HONNEUR d'avoir facilite la creation de nos Hopitaux beiges en Angleterre, revient a M. Herbert Samuel, alors President du Local Government Board, puissamment aide par des collaborateurs devoues.

A la profonde gratitude que le Comite des " King Albert's Hospitals " doit au Gouvernement anglais vient se joindre un sentiment de reconnaissance eraue a l'initiative anglaise, et notamment a MM. Bourne et Hollingsworth. Ces messieurs, dans un elan de solidarite genereuse, ont mis a notre disposition le splendide etablissement de Staffordshire House, le premier " King Albert's Hospital" cree en Angleterre, et autour duquel les autres se sont groupes.

Le souvenir de l'hospitalite recue est grave dans le coeur de **nos** heros. Il restera a jamais uni dans l'esprit des generations a venir a celui de leurs exploits.

THE KING ALBERTS HOSPITALS.

TRANSLATION BY MARGARET LAVINGTON.

THE honour of having facilitated the establishment of our Belgian hospitals in England belongs to Mr. Herbert Samuel, then President of the Local Government Board, with the powerful assistance of his devoted fellow-workers.

Not only do the Committee of the King Albert's Hospitals owe a debt of profound gratitude to the British Government, but they are also moved to a grateful recognition of English initiative, and notably that of Messrs. Bourne and Hollingsworth. These gentlemen, with a manifestation of generous and brotherly sympathy, put Staffordshire House at our disposal, a magnificent institution, the first King Albert's Hospital to be founded in England, and the one with which the others are affiliated.

The memory of hospitality received is written on the hearts of our heroes. Of that and of their deeds the generations that are to come will be forever mindful.

LES ORPHELINS DE LA GUERRE.

PAR EMILE POLLET,

Consul-Giniral de Belgique a Londres.

DE toutes les manifestations de la generosite britannique dont j'ai ete le temoin et l'intermediaire aucune ne m'a plus touche que l'elan charitable qui a accueilli mon appel en faveur des orphelins de la guerre en Belgique.

Les enquetes qui ont ete menees, notamment dans les parties les plus atteintes du pays, telles que le Luxembourg, la region de Dinant, celles de Tamines, de Vise, d'Aerschot, de Termonde, d'Ypres, ont fait connaitre des cas affreux de misere et d'abandon. Un certain nombre d'enfants erraient seuls par les routes des campagnes ou les rues des villes, prives de nourriture et de vetements. D'autres sont arrives dans des villages eloignes de leur foyer, ignorants a la fois ce qu'etaient devenus leurs pere et mere et, dans certains cas, ne pouvant meme pas donner leur nom. D'autres enfin ont dti etre transportes en masse soit en Hollande, soit dans le Grand Duché de Luxembourg et en France, soit meme en Angleterre et en Suisse, parce que leur village etait devaste et que plus personne ne pouvait leur venir en aide.

L'enfant que Ton enleve de son milieu est non seulement prive des nombreux moyens qu'il peut y trouver de faire sa carriere et de vivre une vie appropriee a son etat, mais encore il souffre moralement et profondement de ne plus revoir son village ou le quartier de sa ville, les visages qui l'ont connu, les compatriotes qui l'ont aime ou qui etaient attaches a ses parents ; souvent meme le langage maternel ne frappera plus son oreille.

Aux institutions qui s'occuperont des orphelins de la guerre a empecher ces deracinements en s'efforcant de faire rentrer dans sa commune Porphelin afin qu'il y soit soutenu et eleve.

Le " Belgian Orphan Fund " ou fondation pour secourir les orphelins, dont j'ai le grand honneur d'etre le president, cherche a preparer les voies a cette oeuvre de l'avenir. L'idee premiere en est nee dans le cœeur d'une mere. Madame E. Pollet choisit la date de Tanniversaire de la fete du Roi des Beiges, 15 novembre 1914, pour Pinauguration du Belgian Orphan Fund, en organisant un Flag Day, pendant lequel

LES ORPHELINS DE LA GUERRE

furent vendus a Londres et dans certaines autres villes anglaises des petits drapeaux aux couleurs beiges. Le succes fut tres grand. A Londres seul les recettes s'eleverent a plus de 6,000 livres sterling. Pouvait-il en etre autrement quand on sait le sentiment naturel de generosite du peuple anglais, sa sympathie ancienne pour la Belgique, qu'il a aidee a naitre et quand on a suivi l'ardente admiration qu'il a vouee au sacrifice de notre patrie et au courage indomptable de son Roi f

Depuis sa fondation, le Belgian Orphan Fund a continue a jouir de la sympathie generale et a la fin du mois de septembre 1915 les recettes s'eleverent i environ 65,000 livres sterling. Cette somme a ete convertie presque integralement en Bons du Tresor anglais a 4½ % d'interet, ce qui contribuera a accroitre le capital et compensera largement les frais qui sont insignifiants.

A peu pres a la meme epoque ou fut cree le Belgian Orphan Fund, on fonda egalement a Londres, une institution quasi analogue sous le titre de " Friends of Belgium Society." Les deux fondations se sont fusionnees tout recemment et l'oeuvre est actuellement connue sous le nom de " Belgian Orphan Fund with which is incorporated the Friends of Belgium Society." (Fondation des orphelins beiges dans laquelle est incorporee la Societe des Amis de la Belgique).

Cornme les necessites de l'institution seront considerables et qu'il faudra beaucoup de ressources pour y subvenir, des comites ont ete organises dans divers pays, notamment dans les colonies et possessions britanniques et tous ont promis de nous preter leur bienveillant concours.

De bonne augure pour le resultat final sont les manifestations de generosite qui se sont produites en faveur de l'oeuvre dans la plupart des contrees de l'Empire et qui emanent surtout des enfants des ecolcs.

N'est-ce pas touchant de voir ces petits eleves etrangers songer a leurs camarades infortunes de Belgique ? Ceux de la Nouvelle-Galles du Sud (Australie) ont envoye au Belgian Orphan Fund, au mois d'aout dernier, par l'intermediaire de l'Agent-general du Gouvernement a Londres, la somme enorme de 29,500 livres sterling. Les enfants des ecoles canadiennes donnent de leur tirelire, depuis le commencement de Pannce, chacun 1 shelling par semaine, ce qui rapporte environ mille livres sterling par mois. Les habitants d'Auck-

LES ORPHELINS DE LA GUERRE

land et de Dunedin (Nouvelle-Zelande) ont contribue respectivement pour 5,000 et 1,000 et ceux de Melbourne (Australie) pour 1,000 livres sterling, Il y a lieu de citer aussi les ouvriers du Midland Railway, les Beiges employes a la Poste et aux Telegraphes de Londres qui envoient regulierement leur obole.

Le Belgian Orphan Fund se trouve sous le haut patronage de Leurs Majestes le Roi et la Reine des Beiges, de S.A.R. la Duchesse de Vendome, et de S.A.I. la Princesse Clementine. Une lettre a ete recue de Sa Majeste la Reine Alexandra souhaitant a l'oeuvre tout le succes possible. S.A.R. la Princesse Henri de Battenberg a daigne en accepter la Presidence d'honneur.

Le Coraite Executif s'occupe des maintenant des cas urgents qui viennent a sa connaissance, tant en Belgique, en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande, ou il peut y avoir des orphelins dans le besoin, mais un des buts de l'institution consiste a creer des orphelinats en Belgique ou les enfants qui auront perdu leurs parents a cause de la guerre et n'ayant pas de moyens d'existence, recevront une instruction pratique. Il y en a qui seront confies aux soins de familles privees, d'autres seront places dans des ecoles et des colleges. Pour l'education des orphelins, on tiendra compte de leurs dispositions naturelles, de leurs relations de famille, de leur force physique et comme il est dit plus haut, on s'effortera a laisser autant que possible les orphelins dans les endroits ou ils vivaient auparavant.

Plus tard, d'ici quelques annees, quand les orphelins ne seront plus sous le controle du Belgian Orphan Fund et pourront contribuer a edifier une Belgique plus forte et plus heureuse, les fonds et les etablis-sements disponibles seront destines aux vieux soldats et a leurs femmes.

Les pauvres enfants ont tout perdu: leurs parents et leur foyer. Il nous faut assumer la tache de les elever et de les instruire, comme un tribut solennel a Tegard de ceux qui sont morts si glorieusement pour leur patrie. Le monde entier est solidaire et doit soutenir ceux qui combattent pour les idees de liberte et d'indépendance.

A combien s'eleve le nombre de ces enfants ou plutot combien y en aura-t-il, car les Allemands occupent toujours le sol beige et la guerre est loin d'etre terminee ? Il est bien difficile de repondre a cette ques-

LES ORPHELINS DE LA GUERRE

tion, d'autant plus que les communications avec la Belgique sont quasi impossibles, mais ils doivent se compter par milliers. Dans la petite ville d'Andenne qui ne possède que 8,000 habitants, il y avait, a la fin de septembre 1914, environ 190 orphelins dont les parents avaient ete tues par les Allemands ou etaient tombes au champ d'honneur.

Tous ceux qui auront contribue a un titre quelconque au Belgian Orphan Fund, oeuvre humanitaire par excellence, auront a coeur, lorsqu'ils se rendront en Belgique pour voir les champs ou se seront livrees les batailles sanglantes, de visiter les institutions que le Belgian Orphan Fund aura eu soin de creer dans les endroits les mieux choisis du pays. Ils y recueilleront le temoignage emu de la gratitude de la bouche meme de ces petits etres destines a devenir des hommes utiles pour la patrie et pour l'humanite et qui, sans leur aide genereuse, se trouveraient peut-etre abandonnes et dans la misere.

THE WAR ORPHANS.

TRANSLATION BY BERENGERE DRILLIEN.

AMONG the many revelations of British generosity of which I have been the witness and medium, none has touched me more than the outburst of charity in response to our appeal on behalf of the war orphans of Belgium.

Inquiries made in Belgium, especially in the most devastated districts, such as Luxembourg, Dinant, Tamines, Vise, Aerschot, Termonde and Ypres, have revealed ghastly cases of destitution and desertion. Many children wandered alone along the country lanes or city streets without food or clothing; others came to villages far removed from their homes, in total ignorance of the fate of their parents, and in certain cases even incapable of giving their names; while others whose villages lay in ruins and whom there was none to succour, were carried off wholesale to Holland, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, France and England.

Now a child removed from the familiar scenes of his daily life is thereby not only deprived of many available ways of earning his livelihood and living in a manner suitable to his condition, but his mind also is keenly affected by the change from his native town or village and the absence of the familiar faces of his own people who loved him or were attached to his parents. Often, too, his mother-tongue will not greet his ears again.

The Institutions for the relief of the war orphans which have in view the prevention of such eradication will do their utmost to send the children back to their own parishes, to be cared for and educated there, and the Belgian Orphan Fund or *Fondation pour secourir les Orphelins*, of which I have the great honour to be President, seeks to prepare the way for this work of the future.

The scheme first sprang into existence in a mother's heart; Mme. E. Pollet selected the birthday of the King of the Belgians, November 15th, 1914, for the inauguration of the Belgian Orphan Fund and organised a Flag Day, upon which little Belgian Flags were sold in London and other English cities. This was a great success. In London alone over £6,000 were taken. This was only to be expected if one remembers the natural

THE WAR ORPHANS

generosity of the English people, their delightful sympathy for Belgium, which they helped to create, and when one has been a witness of their warm admiration for the sacrifice made by our country and the unconquerable courage of our King.

Since its foundation, the Belgian Orphan Fund has not ceased to benefit by the sympathy of the public, and at the end of September, 1915, the receipts amounted to nearly £65,000. This sum has been almost entirely converted into English Treasury Bonds at 4J per cent., which will both increase the capital and go a long way towards covering the few expenses entailed.

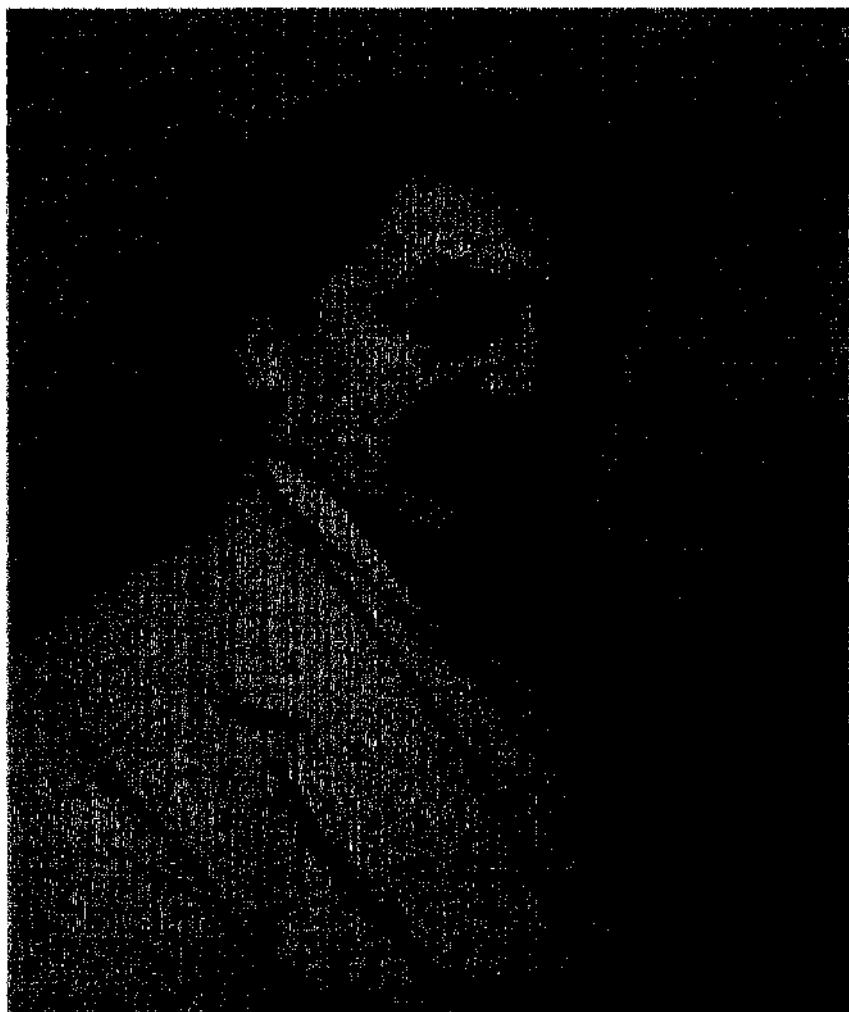
At about the same time as the creation of the Belgian Orphan Fund another quasi-analogous institution was established in London under the name of Friends of Belgium Society. The two institutions were recently incorporated and are known to-day as The Belgian Orphan Fund with which is incorporated the Friends of Belgium Society.

As the needs of such an institution will be great and much money will be required to meet them, committees have been formed in different countries, especially in the British Dominions and Colonies, which have all promised us their kindly aid.

Of good omen for the final result of the scheme are the generous sums given in all parts of the Empire, especially by the school children.

Is it not a touching thing that these little stranger children should think of their unfortunate Belgian comrades ? Those of New South Wales sent through the Agent-General of the New South Wales Government in London the enormous sum of £29,000* Since the beginning of the war the children of the Canadian schools have each given a shilling a week out of their pocket money, which brings in about £1,000 a month. The people of Auckland and Dunedin (New Zealand) have contributed £5,000 and £1,000 respectively and those of Melbourne (Australia) £1,000. Mention must also be made of the men of the Midland Railway and the Belgians employed at the Post and Telegraph Offices in London, who send their contributions regularly.

The Belgian Orphan Fund is under the distinguished patronage of Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, H.R.H. the Duchesse de Vendome, and H.I.H. Princess Clementine. A letter



THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT SAMUEL, ESQ., M.P.
JEAN DELVILLE

THE WAR ORPHANS

us been received from H.M. Queen Alexandra wishing all possible success to the scheme, and H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg has graciously condescended to become the Honorary President.

The Executive Committee has already started the relief of urgent cases that have come to their notice in Belgium, France, England, and Holland—everywhere, in fact, where there may be destitute orphans; but one of the aims of the Institution consists in founding Orphanages in Belgium, where the children who have lost their parents through the war and have no means of existence may receive a practical education. Some will be entrusted to the care of private families, while others will be sent to schools and colleges. As regards their education, the natural tastes of the children, their social standing and their constitutions will be taken into consideration, and, as I remarked before, they will be sent, as far as possible, into the districts where they lived before the war.

Later on, in the course of a few years, when they cease to be under the control of the Belgian Orphan Fund and are able to help in the building of a stronger and happier Belgium, the money and establishments of the Fund will be devoted to the relief of old soldiers and their wives.

The poor children have lost their all, home and parents. We must make it our duty to educate and bring them up as a solemn tribute to those who have so gloriously died for their country. The whole world is responsible and must come to the aid of those who have battled for liberty and independence.

How many such orphans exist ? or rather how many will there be, for the Germans are still on Belgian soil and the war is far from ended.

It is very difficult to reply to that question, all the more so because communication with Belgium is practically impossible, but there must be thousands. At the end of September there were about 190 orphans in the small town of Andenne, which numbers 8,000 inhabitants only, whose parents had been murdered by the Germans or had fallen on the field of honour.

Everyone who has in any way helped the Belgian Orphan Fund, a humanitarian work *par excellence*, will be anxious, when they go to

THE WAR ORPHANS

Belgium and see the fields where bloody battles were waged, to visit the institutions which the Belgian Orphan Fund will have founded in the most suitable districts. There they will hear words of touching gratitude from the very lips of the forlorn little creatures growing into men and women ready to serve their country and the cause of humanity, who without their generous aid would perhaps have been left to misery and destitution.

NOS BLESSES EN GRANDE BRETAGNE.

PAR LE COMMANDANT R. MATON,

Attache militaire de Belgique a Londres.

L'INVASION et ses horreurs se repandirent en Belgique pendant les trois premiers mois de la guerre. Nos blessés, nos malades, fuyant les bombardements, les incendies ou l'internement, furent traqués de ville en ville, d'hôpital en hôpital, et, après de douloureux transbordements, ils s'arrêtèrent le long de notre littoral.

La ils considérèrent avec inquiétude le fossé énorme qui les séparait de l'inconnu et de l'exil. Une nouvelle Évacuation plus pénible encore s'imposait de toute urgence.

Cependant les difficultés de transport furent vaincues et la dernière étape fut bientôt franchie. L'émouvant cortège de blessés, d'amputés et même de mourants, qui comptait à environ 20,000 hommes, était attendu sur l'autre rive.

Nous vîmes aux ports de débarquement, aux gares d'arrivée, les représentants officiels du grand peuple britannique, les comités privés, les particuliers improvisant toutes les œuvres de dévouement, se partageant ou mieux se disputant nos blessés.

Il en partit pour toutes les directions, tant pour l'Angleterre que pour l'Écosse et pour l'Irlande.

Les grands hôpitaux militaires et navals, les hôpitaux civils et les ambulances ouvrirent largement leurs portes et les héros de Mons, de la Marne et d'Ypres appelèrent fraternellement auprès d'eux les rudes combattants de Liège, de Haalen, et de l'Yser.

Dans les maisons particulières, en ville comme à la campagne, partout on demanda des blessés. Pour eux les demeures furent bouleversées, les habitudes, les intérêts furent oubliés, chacun sentit comme un besoin impérieux de travailler à la grande œuvre commune de contribuer à réparer l'injustice, d'accueillir et de protéger ceux qui symbolisaient le droit opprimé par la force.

On n'imagine pas la profonde satisfaction qu'éprouvèrent tous ces malheureux en arrivant au bout de leur calvaire, de connaître enfin le sentiment de la sécurité et de la stabilité.

Alors commença cette œuvre de dévouement patient, régulier et

NOS BLESSES EN GRANDE BRETAGNE

tenace; oeuvre dans laquelle le caractere anglais se manifeste tout entier, decide, comme en toutes choses, a aller jusqu'au bout de la tache malgre la duree, malgre des difficultes non entrevues.

Les organisations hatives n'avaient pas permis de choisir les hotes. lis etaient venus au hasard, appartenant aux milieux les plus divers. C'etaient avant tout des blesses beiges et les plus desires furent ceux qui reclamaient les soins les plus longs et les plus delicats—et Ton vit la volonte de tous se plier et s'adapter aux gouts et aux besoins de leurs hfites.

Il n'est pas d'indulgence qu'on n'ait eue pour ces malades, parfois difficiles. On comprit cette situation exceptionnellement douloureuse de l'homme, peut-etre irremediablement frappe, se trouvant au loin, souvent sans communication avec sa famille; le cerveau encore hante d'effroyables visions, le caeur plein d'inquietude pour les siens.

Et ainsi, pendant des semaines et des mois, les blesses beiges connurent des soins assidus et attentifs. On imagina pour eux distractions et encouragements. Pour beaucoup arriva bientdt l'heure heureuse de la convalescence et de la guerison.

Les malades sont des enfants, ils sentent la confiance et Penergie renaitre en eux avec les forces physiques ; ils redevicnnent hommes et, en ces heures graves, ou Paction seule importe, ils ont hate de reprendre place dans la melee.

En quittant le sol ami ils emportent le souvenir emu de cette hospitalite large et bien organisee, ils ont etc temoins de cette vie probe, de cette prodigieuse activite qui ancrent au fond de nous meme une entiere confiance dans l'avenir.

OUR WOUNDED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TRANSLATION BY LADY COLVIN.

INVASION and its horrors spread over Belgium during the first three months of the war. Our sick and wounded, in their flight from bombardment, conflagration or internment, were driven from town to town, from hospital to hospital, till, after agonising transferences, they came to a halt at last along our coast. There they gazed anxiously on the great stretch of water which separated them from the unknown and from exile. Here they were faced by a new ordeal still more painful and urgent.

However, the difficulties of transport were overcome, and the last stage was soon accomplished. That touching procession of the wounded, the maimed, and even the dying, amounting to some 20,000 men, was awaited on the opposite coast.

At the ports and the railway stations we found officials representing the great British people, and also members of various committees and private individuals, improvising all manner of works of mercy and dividing among themselves, almost in competition, the care of our wounded.

These were distributed in every direction, in Scotland and Ireland no less than in England.

The great military and naval hospitals, the civil hospitals and nursing homes, all threw open wide their doors, and the heroes of Mons, the Marne and Ypres fraternised in brotherly fashion with the stubborn fighters of Liege, Haelen, and the Yser.

The wounded were asked for everywhere, in private houses in town and in the country. Homes were turned upside down, habits and interests were forgotten. Everyone was conscious of an imperious desire to share in the great common work of trying to repair injustice, and of welcoming and protecting those who were the symbols of right oppressed by brute force.

The profound relief experienced by those unhappy men, driven from spot to spot, at having arrived at the end of their calvary, at knowing once more the feeling of security and rest, cannot easily be imagined.

Then began the work of patient, steady, tenacious devotion ; a work in which the whole national character showed itself determined,

OUR WOUNDED IN GREAT BRITAIN

as in all things, to go unfalteringly to the end, no matter how long the task might last or how unexpected the difficulties might prove.

The hurried organisations did not admit of time for making choice among the guests—they came at haphazard and from the most diverse social surroundings. What mattered was that they were wounded Belgians, and the worse the wounds, and the longer and more delicate the care they were likely to require, the more they were welcomed. The wishes of all hosts were bent and adapted to the tastes and needs of their guests.

There was no limit to the indulgence extended to these sufferers, who were sometimes perhaps hard to please. But the exceptionally painful position of a man badly, perhaps mortally wounded, finding himself far away from and often unable to communicate with his family, his brain still haunted by terrifying visions, his heart full of anxiety for his dear ones, was well understood.

And so for long weeks and months the wounded Belgians experienced the most untiring care and attention. Amusements were invented to encourage them, and for many the happy hour of convalescence and health soon came.

Invalids are like children ; they feel confidence and energy revive with physical strength ; they become men once more, and, in these momentous hours when action alone counts, they are impatient to take their places again in the fight.

On leaving that friendly soil they carry away with them the moving memory of its generous and well-organised hospitality ; they have seen for themselves the well-ordered life, the prodigious activity which gives us all sure and entire confidence in the future.

" OMNIA FRATERNE!

PAR CH. BAUSS.

Ancien Prsident de la Fidiration des Avocats Beiges,

DANS ce pays de peu de lois, mais de tant de justice, de peu de juges mais d'une magistrature d'elite, de peu de paroles mais de tant d'actes, le Barreau Beige a reçu l'accueil le plus touchant: les quatre Inns auxquels se joignit la Law Society se sont ouverts pour lui sans qu'il eut fallu le demander ; tout ce qui pouvait etre fait pour consoler, aider et secourir a ete fait largement et simplement.

Nous nous souviendrons toujours et plus specialement des bonnes heures passees a Gray's Inn, avec nos confreres anglais, dans la salle historique aux merveilleuses boiseries qui avait vu danser la Reine Elisabeth et qui avait attendu pres de quatre siecles pour devenir le lieu d'asile et de reunion des avocats de Belgique echappes a la domination etrangere. C'est la que nous avons retrouve le coude a coude de la confraternite et ou, nous revoyant periodiquement, nous avons pu nous reconforter en parlant ensemble de la Patrie absente.

C'etait notre excellent ami Cox-Sinclair qui nous y avait introduits. Se rappelant l'accueil que la Federation des Avocats Beiges avait fait naguere aux delegues du Barreau Anglais, il eut, des les premiers jours de la guerre, la pensee touchante de nous faire offrir par l'Inn auquel il appartenait l'hospitalite genereuse et complete qui devait nous aider a supporter les douleurs et les privations de l'exil.

D'autres confreres devinerent bientot que beaucoup d'entre nous pourraient avoir besoin d'une aide plus efficace encore et fonderent le Belgian Lawyers' Aid Committee. Leur sympathie se demonstra par des actes et, grace a eux, beaucoup d'entre nous parvinrent a passer les " temps difficiles."

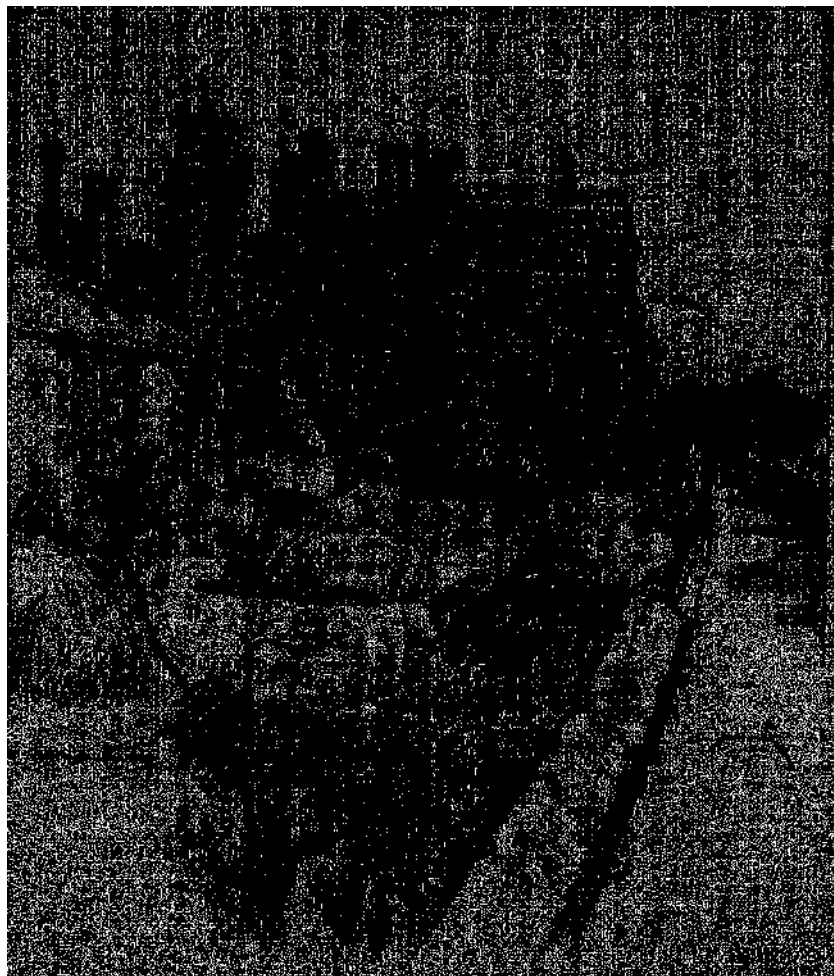
Enfin un des plus illustres representants de la grande magistrature anglaise, Lord Justice Phillimore, s'entendit avec un de nos confreres du Inner Temple, Arthur J. Barratt, pour administrer, entre autres au profit des plus malheureux d'entre nous le fonds que le Barreau Americain avait constitue pour secourir les jurisconsultes de tous pays, victimes de la guerre.

C'est ainsi que, de toutes parts et sous toutes les formes, au sein

" OMNIA FRATERNE!

de la grande famille juridique, l'Angleterre nous a donne les preuves efficaces de sa grandeur et de sa bonte.

Notre reconnaissance ne pourra jamais atteindre les limites d'une confrateraité s'affirmant avec une pareille generosity



HAMPDEN COURT
MARTIN VAN DER LIND

"OMNIA FRATERNE!"

TRANSLATION BY E. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P.

IN this country of few laws but much justice, of few judges but high-class judicial authority, of few words but so many great deeds, the Bar of Belgium has received a most touching welcome. The Four Inns of Court (with which the Law Society has identified itself) have spontaneously opened their doors for their reception, and all that could be done to console, help, and bid them be of good cheer has been done large-heartedly and without ostentation.

We shall always remember the happy hours passed in the company of our English confreres, and more especially those we enjoyed in the historic Hall of Gray's Inn, with its marvellous wood panelling, where Queen Elizabeth danced and which, almost 400 years later, has now become the refuge and meeting-place of those Belgian barristers who had escaped from the tyranny of foreign domination. It was in this Hall that we have found ourselves shoulder to shoulder with our English friends and brothers, and have met one another from time to time, finding comfort and consolation in discussing the affairs of our beloved country across the sea. We owe our thanks to our excellent friend Mr. Cox-Sinclair for having introduced us there* Remembering as he did the hearty welcome that the Federation des Avocats Beiges had, only a short while since, extended to the delegates of the English Bar, there came into his mind at the earliest days of the war the gracious and kindly thought to offer us, by means of the Inn of which he is a member, its generous and unstinted hospitality, which will go far to mitigate and make less unendurable the sorrows and privations of our exile.

To some others of our English confreres it soon occurred that many of us might be in need of help of a more solid kind, and so they initiated the "Belgian Lawyers' Aid Committee," thus demonstrating their sympathy by their actions, and it is thanks to them that many of us were enabled to pass successfully through some troublous times.

One of the most illustrious representatives of the English High Court Bench, Lord Justice Phillimore, made arrangements with one of our confreres of the Inner Temple, Mr Arthur J. Barratt, to distribute amongst those of us who were most in need not only these gifts, but

"OMNIA FRATERNE!"

also some portion of the fund that the Bar of the United States of America had subscribed for the benefit of all lawyers, of any nationality, who had suffered through the war.

Thus it was that from all quarters, and in all manner of ways, in the very heart of the great family of jurists, England has given to us the most sterling proof of her greatness and her kindness.

Our sense of gratitude can never come up to the level of such generosity as has been shown to us by our brother-members of a great profession.

THE FLOWER OF ETERNAL GRATITUDE.

BY FLOR.'BURTON,

*Editor-Manager of "De Nieuwe Gazet" Antwerp ; Chairman of the Belgian Press Association *(English Section).*

DURING these unspeakable trials which our poor little country has had to put up with for the last year, your people of England have remained our hope and our trust.

If we have not despaired, during this hurricane of fire and blood, it is because we have never forgotten that you are watching over us.

It was owing to confidence in the British Nation that free and independent Belgium was indebted for its existence and for eighty years of peaceful progress.

But who on our side could have surmised at the beginning of this war, that the work of the British statesmen would have taken root so deeply in the hearts of the British Nation, that your Government, dear friends, acting towards Belgium as they did, was in unison with the sentiments of your people.

We, men of the Press, representing so many different philosophical and political opinions and ideals, moulded actually together in the same glowing patriotism, have assembled and fraternised on different occasions, but always in full daylight of peace, with the best and foremost of your Press, with your admirable Institute of Journalists.

According to custom, assurances were given on both sides of the warmest devotion of staunch and true friendship.

Who at the time of those fetes, of those brilliant convivial gatherings—who could have imagined that you, our blessed British friends, would so soon after have been called upon to change into deeds the promises of support and protection tendered by the authorised voices of public opinion?

And even if somebody had had the gift of second sight, of raving seen the clouds gather in the East which would sow death and destruction over the whole of Western Europe—even he, could he have represented to himself an atom of the treasures which your soul and afterwards your generous hands would strew, to do honour to the word of your statesmen and of our beloved brethren of your Press, in

THE FLOWER OF ETERNAL GRATITUDE

order to alleviate the unspeakable, uncalled-for and unmerited need which has befallen our poor people ?

Now we see, we experience, **we feel, in body and soul that which** had been beyond our imagination—**namely, how it is possible that a nation can** receive, lodge, cajole, and even **spoil an entire other nation.**

The greatest need has conceived **the mightiest**, the **widest altruism** the world has ever had the privilege to witness.

The entire Belgian people feels riveted **to** your **nation through eternal** ties of blood.

All ours who came to you have found a brother and a sister there, **and** how many of you have taken upon themselves with a light mind and **a** warm heart the duties of parents for poor orphans who have lost father or mother—nay, both—in this terrible war.

To how many have you not restored the belief in righteousness and generosity during these black nights of despair? And have you not sent thousands and thousands of your best to us : your soldiers chivalrous and undaunted in battle, spilling their blood of their own free will by our side and along with our French Allies for the holy cause of free civilisation? Have you not sent your doctors, your women doctors and nurses, coming mostly from the highest classes of society, as ministering angels amongst the horrors of war ?

Your soldiers and your benefactors of all sorts, how **can** we crystallize them better than in the respected persons of your King, always an example of soldierly and statesmanly honour, your Queens, mother and consort of your doubly-crowned sovereign who condescended to visit the humblest of our refugees, tendering consolation and hope.

Meantime—we do not forget it—your powerful fleet watches night and day ; rules, sure of her force, the oceans, and bars them, the source of all life, relentlessly to the ruthless invader of our unfortunate little country, the despicable breaker of the laws of nations.

Your navy, friends of Great Britain, is **a** sure guarantee that the world will be set free from the nightmare it now suffers under.

No trial, however awful it may be, shall shake our trust in your power, in your nobility, and in your sense of justice. We put with fullest confidence the fate of our Motherland in your hands.

THE FLOWER OF ETERNAL GRATITUDE

You will—no matter what happens—maintain the independence which you once gave us. And so there will be no tiny spot left as big as a heart where, in blood and in tears, there will not blossom the flower of eternal gratitude for the noble British Nation.

L'OEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE.

PAR E. ROBYNS DE SCHNEIDAUER, *Consul-genfaaL*

L'EXPLOSION de generosity que provoqua en Angleterre l'arrivee des refugies beiges revelait les plus nobles sentiments de la nation britannique. Faite non seulement de pitié pour le malheur mais d'estime pour l'attitude de notre pays, cette generosite sut revetir une forme de deference ; aussi eut-elle un effet rare : elle laissa les beneficiaires aussi flattees que reconnaissants. Dans toute l'etendue de Royaume-Uni, la meme emotion avait profondement remue toutes les couches sociales : depuis le lord qui proposait la somptueuse hospitalite de son manoir jusqu'au pauvre berger dont j'ai conserve la lettre et qui offrait un petit troupeau au berger beige qui aurait perdu le sien ; depuis le magistrat vieillissant dans l'honneur qui exaltait la resistance beige comme le triomphe des principes de sa vie, jusqu'aux ecoliers qui nous exprimaient leur enthousiasme dans de naivees calligraphies et nous envoyaient l'argent de leurs prix pour acheter du dessert aux petits refugies.

Mais pour que tant d'elans spontanea, pour que tant de jolis gestes pussent avoir un effet utile, il fallait les concentrer et les repartir judicieusement. Ce fut le " War Refugees Committee " qui se proposa de gagner la confiance publique pour realiser cette tache, specialement en ce qui concerne l'organisation de l'hospitalite,

Lorsqu'on lit les rapports qui ont ete publies sur l'oeuvre colossale de ce comite, on se demande avec etonnement comment cette institution, improvisee avec le concours de simples volontaires, a pu poursuivre son objet sans encombre : a peine avait-on jete les bases de son organisation, que deja elle se voyait obligees d'entrer en plein fonctionnement ; a peine ses rouages etaient-ils indiques, que deja ils se trouvaient soumis a la plus haute tension ; les arrivages de refugies atteignirent bientot une importance decuple de celle qui avait pu etre prevue, et le developpement de l'oeuvre devait suivre pour ainsi dire au galop ce mouvement progressif. Et cependant elle a reussi a se maintenir a la hauteur de la tache. L'explication est simple : c'est que ceux qui, des le debut, lui avaient offert leur concours etaient fermement decides a s'y consacrer corps et ame et prets a accomplir toutes les besognes. Ah ! si dans les premiers jours surtout, les membres du comite avaient

L'CEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

cru devoir se cantonner administrativement dans les services qui leur avaient été assignés, ils n'auraient pu complètement réussir, mais chacun d'eux savait, à l'occasion, former à lui seul un comité et se chargeait personnellement de tous les détails d'un cas qui, en temps normal, aurait réclamé les services de divers départements. Cela les entraînait parfois fort loin, témoin ce secrétaire que je vis, une nuit, à l'arrivée d'un train de réfugiés, s'embarrasser d'un charmant bébé pour décharger une mère de cinq enfants et l'emmener dans un asile provisoire: là-bas on le prit lui-même pour un réfugié et on voulut l'hospitaliser avec toute la famille !

Ce que fut le travail de l'œuvre, on peut en donner une idée générale en disant que le War Refugees Committee a procuré un logement permanent à plus de 150,000 réfugiés, qu'il a assuré leur réception, leur transport, leur enregistrement, sans parler de ses services accessoires. Toutefois pour se rendre compte de l'infinie complication de la tâche et pour comprendre jusqu'où le dévouement a dû être porté, il faut avoir vécu dans le mouvement, dans la précipitation, dirais-je, de la vaste organisation.

Aussi s'il m'est échappé l'honneur d'écrire cette note de gratitude, c'est que, depuis plus d'une année déjà, la direction du Bureau Auxiliaire que M. Pollet, Consul-général de Belgique, a établi au siège même du War Refugees Committee, m'a été confiée. Dès le début en effet, le comité avec une immédiate compréhension des nécessités de l'avenir et en même temps par une délicate attention envers les réfugiés, avait accueilli avec empressement l'idée de mon collègue, de créer un bureau de renseignements consulaires dans ses locaux. Comme on le pense bien, ce ne fut pas seulement un office d'informations, mais il devint naturellement l'intermédiaire constant entre nos compatriotes et tous les rouages de la vaste institution créée pour les secourir. Nous fûmes donc les témoins journaliers de tous les labeurs et de tous les dévouements.

Les premiers mois qui suivirent la constitution du War Refugees Committee ont été ce qu'on peut appeler la période héroïque de son histoire. Au dehors, une foule énorme se pressait devant le siège du comité, aux " General Buildings " à Aldwych ; en ce temps là, le nombre

L'OEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

des visiteurs se chiffrait par plusieurs milliers par jour ; l'intervention de la police avait du etre reclamee pour assurer le service d'ordre, mais il y avait un reflet des sentiments de la nation dans la maniere dont les " Bobbies " en usaient avec la foule des Beiges qu'ils contenaient paternes et un peu attendris, comme de bons geants. L'interieur du vaste batiment ressemblait a une ruche : sur les escaliers encombres d'hommes, de femmes, d'enfants, de bagages, c'etait un va-et-vient incessant de scouts qui, tout fiers dans leur petit uniforme khaki releve d'un foulard de couleur vive, se faufilaient prestement dans la foule pour s'acquitter de leurs messages. Devant les differents bureaux, dont plusieurs s'abritaient derriere de simples paravents, s'allongeaient des files impatientes de refugies de toutes les conditions. Aucune distinction n'etait admise, mais au milieu de la presse generate, chacun s'effacait lorsqu'apparaissait l'uniforme glorieux des blesses de l'Yser !

Dans le bourdonnement de la cohue, on entendait sans cesse retentir la sonnerie des 40 telephones du batiment tandis que le tapotement de trente machines a ecrire clichait febrilement la correspondance qui se chiffrait par des milliers de lettres.

En plein travail d'organisation, l'oeuvre devait fonctionner et rendre quand meme pour satisfaire a toutes les demandes.

C'etait Pepoque ou toutes les initiatives pouvaient se manifester. On remarquait, par exemple, que les demandes de renseignements concernant l'education devenaient de plus en plus nombreuses ; vite on inscrivait sur une pancarte le mot " ecoles," la pancarte etait accrochee a un pupitre et voila un departement fonde. Cela rappelle le temps de ces grandes crises politiques ou il surrisait qu'un homme parvint a se faufiler a la table ou siegeait le gouvernement provisoire pour devenir, par ce seul fait, ministry ! Mais, au comite, on n'acceptait que des ministres competents.

Pour eviter le desordre de la cohue, on dut introduire les refugies par fournées successives. Quoique rassures deja par la bonne reception qui leur avait ete faite dans les gares, ils penetraient dans les bureaux encore inquiets et d'ailleurs enerves par une longue attente. Songez que beaucoup d'entre eux avaient tout perdu et qu'ils avaient passe leur voyage dans les plus cruelles angoisses se demandant ce qui allait

L'CEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

bien advenir de leur famille ! Comment donc se seraient-ils imagines le petit paysan flamand et l'humble ouvrier wallon que des personnages, comptant parmi les plus considerables de l'aristocratie et de la politique anglaise, auraient tout abandonne pour venir s'installer dans les bureaux des " General Buildings " et s'occuper de leur trouver un logis ? Comment se seraient-ils doutes, par exemple, que la-haut travaillait pour eux un eminent homme d'Etat qui, de ses fenetres, pouvait contempler la statue de son illustre pere sur la place. Sans doute en accourant en foule au comite, les refugies de toutes les classes sociales savaient bien qu'ils seraient secourus, mais ils ignoraient dans quelle mesure et de quelle maniere. Et la maniere avait pour beaucoup d'entr'eux une importance egale, sinon superieure, a la mesure. Elles le savaient bien ces grandes dames qui, entourees d'auxiliaires d'elite, se devouaient du matin au soir a ecouter les confidences des exiles et a leur chercher une hospitalite appropriee a leur situation. Et rien n'etait plus charmant que de les voir s'ingenier a leur laisser l'impression qu'ils etaient non pas des " hospitalises " mais bien des " invites." Cette reception pleine de delicatesse et de deference, produisit meme au debut sur certains d'entr'eux—heureusement fort rares—un effet capiteux : ils en vinrent a se croire des heros uniquement parce qu'ils etaient refugies et, suivant le mot spirituel d'un orateur beige, ils croyaient un peu qu'ils avaient sauve l'Europe parce qu'ils s'etaient sauves eux-memes. On en souriait parfois avec indulgence au War Refugees Committee, mais on ne s'en moquait jamais, car on estimait que tous les refugies avaient droit a la consideration publique. N'avaient-ils pas tous applaudi au noble geste de leur Roi repoussant l'indigne proposition de l'Allemagne et n'avaient-ils pas consenti ainsi a l'avance a tous les sacrifices pour sauvegarder l'honneur de leur pays ! Ah ! je puis le dire avec une legitime fierte, parmi les milliers et les milliers de refugies qui ont passe par nos bureaux, parmi tant de pauvres gens endeuilles, ruines, perdus ou deracines, nous n'en avons pas entendu un seul regretter le refus historique de son souverain.

On se tromperait singulierement si l'on s'imaginait que l'activite du War Refugees Committee s'est bornee a l'hospitalite proprement dite.

Outre les questions de transport, de logements provisoires, etc., qui

L'GEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

etaient les corollaires naturels du grand probleme, le comite avait encore a faire face a de multiples necessites; il suffit de parcourir la liste de ses nombreuses divisions pour s'en convaincre : departements de l'education, des emplois, des vetements, de la sante, des renseignements sur parents perdus, de l'enregistrement, des appartements, des subventions privees, des prestations de nourriture, de la poste, des bagages, le dispensaire, la nursery, etc., etc. C'est donc un veritable ministere des refugies qui a fini par se creer a Aldwych ! Les bureaux des " General Buildings " ne pouvant suffire a tous ces services, le comite s'etait vu, des le second mois de sa fondation, dans la necessite d'amenager tant bien que mal les vastes locaux d'un ancien skating rink situe heureusement dans le voisinage immediat. Cette grande annexe fut surtout frequentee par les classes populaires des refugies. La section du departement de l'hospitalite, qui fonctionna dans ces installations improvisees, a eu une tache particulierement penible et je me demande vraiment comment les vaillantes dames qui s'y sont devouees pendant plus d'une annee, depuis le matin jusqu' des heures avancees de la nuit, ont pu y resister. Et cependant elles sont encore li, toujours attelees a une tache toujours aussi rude, accueillant les refugies avec le bon sourire qui console et qui reconforte ! Certes ce n'est pas au War Refugees Committee qu'ont manque les exemples dignes de reconcilier les classes sociales ! La reconnaissance populaire s'exprimait meme souvent dans des termes pleins de naivete : j'entendis plus d'une fois de bonnes femmes flamandes, tout emues de gratitude, tutoyer de grandes dames de l'aristocratie anglaise en leur disant : " Madame, tu es bonne ; Madame, je ne peux rien te dire que merci, mais c'est avec mon cceur, tu sais ! " Je crois bien meme me rappeler qu'elles pronongaient : " tu seies."

Et ce qu'il y a de merveilleux c'est que certains des membres les plus occupes du comite trouvent encore le temps de fonder des ceuvres speciales en dehors de leur besogne reguliere ; une des principales fondatrices du War Refugees Committee amene toute une serie d'hotels pour y loger des refugies et en assume l'administration ; une autre fonde un club pour que nos militaires sans famille, puissent se retrouver entre camarades pendant leur conge en Angleterre, etc., etc.

L'CEUVRE DU WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

Nous n'en finirions pas si nous voulions citer tous les traits de devouement personnel dont nous fumes temoins. Une nuit, ou l'affluence des refugies avait ete particulierement considerable, on constate que tous les hotels sont combles. Que faire ? C'est bien simple, repond une de ces dames et elle emmene tout simplement les inconnus dans son domicile prive. Une autre fois on nous amcne, en desespero de cause, au Consulat, un orphelin, un petit bonhomme intraitable qui avait lasse toutes les patiences. " Me permettez-vous d'essayer," me dit une grande dame, et elle adopte illico le gamin. J'appris quelques jours apres, qu'il avait mis toute la maison sens dessus dessous.

A cote de ces cas dont on pourrait multiplier les exemples, il y a le devouement banal mais admirable de tous les jours ; celui par exemple des " dames d'escorte " qui, depuis une annee, vont toutes les nuits chercher les refugies aux gares, se chargent de regler les mille details de leur voyage et leur rendent une foule de petits services ; celui des directrices des refuges qui se consacrent specialement aux enfants du peuple et s'ingenient a leur procurer du reconfort et des distractions.

Et tous ces devouements se sont repetes en province dans les milliers de sous comites locaux qui sesont rattachesau comite central pour couvrir l'Angleterre d'un vaste reseau de charite. Nous ne pouvons en ecrire l'histoire particuliere dans un cadre aussi limite mais ils ont chacun leur part dans le tribut de reconnaissance que la Consulat-general de Belgique et son bureau auxiliaire tiennent a payer au War Refugees Committee. Nous fumes, au siege de celui-ci, les constants inter-mediates entre le malheur et le devouement, entre le besoin et la generosite et bien souvent nous dumes nous raidir non seulement contre l'emotion que suscitaient chez nous les miseres de nos compatriotes, mais encore contre celle que nous causait la charite et la bonte de leurs bienfaiteurs.

Et c'est pourquoi je me trouve maintenant un peu dans la situation de la bonne femme flamande a laquelle je faisais allusion ci-dessus, et qui pour exprimer un monde de remerciements ne trouvait pas autre chose qu'un simple " merci." C'est une formule facile que l'on emploie lorsqu'on ne trouve pas les termes qu'il faudrait, mais c'est celle dont on use aussi quand on est trop emu pour en dire davantage.

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE.

TRANSLATION BY PROFESSOR F. W. MOORMAN.

THE outburst of generosity which the arrival of the Belgian refugees aroused in England was very characteristic of the noble feelings of the British nation. This generosity, which sprang not only from pity for misfortune but also from esteem for the attitude of our country, knew how to assume a form of respect; and it had the rare effect of awakening in the recipients a sense of flattery as well as of gratitude. Throughout the whole extent of the United Kingdom the same emotion had profoundly stirred every class of society, from the lord who placed at our disposal the sumptuous hospitality of his country seat to the poor shepherd who, in a letter which I have kept, offered a little flock of sheep to the Belgian shepherd who had lost his own; from the high official weighed down with years and honours who extolled the Belgian resistance as the triumph of the principles that ruled his life to the school children who expressed their enthusiasm in quaintly spelt letters and sent us their pocket money in order to buy fruit for the little refugees.

But in order that so much spontaneous enthusiasm and so many kindly actions should produce a useful effect a judicious concentration and distribution were necessary. It was the War Refugees Committee which offered itself to the public confidence for the realisation of this task, more especially in all that pertained to the organisation of hospitality.

When one reads the reports which have been published on the colossal work of this Committee, one asks with amazement how this improvised body of voluntary helpers has been able to pursue its object unimpeded. It had scarcely laid the foundations of its organisation when it saw itself compelled to enter at once into full activity; no sooner was its machinery appointed than it was called upon to bear the greatest possible strain. The refugees soon arrived in numbers ten times as great as those which had been foreseen, and the development of the work was compelled to follow at break-neck speed this progressive movement. Nevertheless it has succeeded in performing its task at the highest level of efficiency. The explanation is simple : the fact is that those

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

who, from the commencement, had offered their services were resolutely determined to devote themselves, body and soul, to the task and were ready to accomplish whatever was necessary. If the members of the Committee, especially in those first days, had thought that they must confine their administrative labours to the special duties which were assigned to them, they would not have been able to ensure a complete success ; but, when occasion arose, every member knew how to form a committee single-handed, and personally undertook all the details of a case which at normal times would have claimed the services of various departments. A single instance will show that this was sometimes carried very far : one night, on the arrival of a refugee train, I saw a secretary take charge of a charming baby, in order to relieve a mother of five children, and carry it away with him to a provisional shelter. There he was himself mistaken for a refugee and hospitality was offered to him and all his family !

One can give a general idea of the arduous nature of the task by saying that the War Refugees Committee has provided permanent homes for more than 150,000 refugees, that it has seen to their reception, their transport, their registration, not to mention accessory services. But to form an idea of the infinite complexity of the task, and to understand how far the devotion to it must have gone, it is necessary to have lived in the movement, in the whirr, shall I say, of the vast organisation.

If, therefore, the honour of writing this note of gratitude has fallen to me, the reason is that for more than a year the direction of the *Bureau Auxiliaire* which M, Pollet, the Belgian Consul-General, established at the Headquarters of the War Refugees Committee, has been entrusted to me. Indeed, from the start, the Committee, realising future needs and at the same time imbued with a courteous regard for the refugees, had eagerly welcomed my colleague's idea that a consular Information Bureau should be created on its premises. As will be readily believed, this was something more than a mere Inquiry Office ; it became quite naturally the constant intermediary between our compatriots and all the wheels of the vast organisation created for their help. We were therefore the daily witnesses of all its labours and acts of devotion.

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

The first months which followed the constitution of the War Refugees Committee formed what one may call the heroic period of its history. Outside, an enormous crowd gathered before the Headquarters of the Committee, at the "General Buildings," in Aldwych; at that time the number of visitors amounted to several thousands a day. The help of the police had to be sought in order to preserve order, but the fatherly and sympathetic way in which the "Bobbies," like good giants, handled the crowd of Belgians was in itself an indication of the feelings of the whole nation. The interior of the vast building resembled a hive; on the staircases, crowded with men, women, children and luggage, there was an incessant coming and going of scouts, who, in the pride of their khaki uniform, set off with a brightly coloured scarf, deftly threaded their way through the crowd in order to carry out their messages. In the various offices, several of which were divided from each other only by screens, impatient files of refugees of all sorts ranged themselves in lines. No distinctions were drawn, but in the midst of the general throng everyone stepped into the background when there appeared the noble uniform of the soldiers wounded at Yser.

Amid the hum of the crowd one heard incessantly the bells of the forty telephones of the building, while the thirty typewriting machines feverishly tapped out the correspondence, which amounted to thousands of letters. Working at full speed, the organisation was compelled to pursue its activities in spite of every obstacle in order to satisfy all the demands.

That was the time to show the power of initiative. One noticed, for instance, that the requests for information with regard to education became more and more numerous; soon the word "Schools" was written on a placard, and the placard was hung on a desk, and, behold! a department was founded. All this recalls the time of those great political crises when it was sufficient for a man to thread his way to the table where the provisional government had its seat in order thereby to become a minister. But on the Committee only competent ministers were accepted.

In order to avoid the disorder of the crowd, the refugees had to be brought up in successive batches. Although reassured by the kindly

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

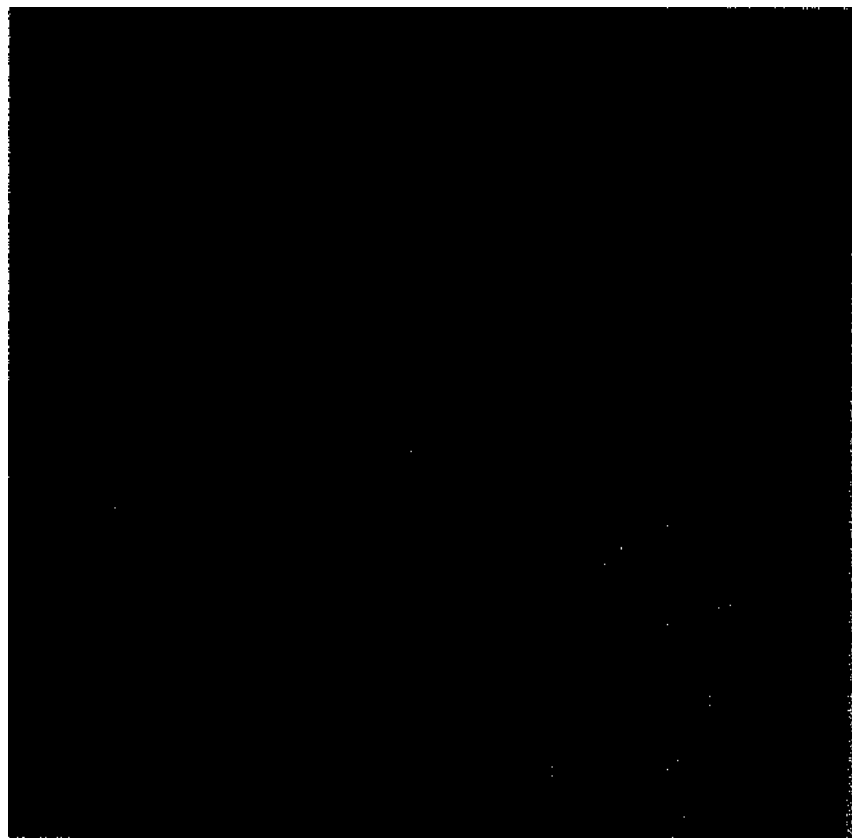
reception already given them at the railway stations, they were still disturbed in mind and also fatigued with the long wait when they made their way into the offices. Remember that many of them had lost everything, and that they had passed the time of their journey in cruel anguish, asking themselves what was going to happen to their families. How could the simple Flemish peasant and the humble Walloon artisan imagine that some of the most influential members of the English aristocracy and the political world had given up everything in order to take their places in the offices of the General Buildings and devote their powers to finding a home for them? How could they believe, for instance, that an eminent statesman was working on their behalf in an upper room from the windows of which he could look upon the statue of his illustrious father in the square? Of course, when flocking in crowds to the Committee, the refugees of all social grades knew quite well that they would be helped, but they did not know to what degree and in what manner. And for many of them the manner was of equal, if not of more, importance than the degree. The high-born ladies knew this quite well, as, surrounded by helpers of aristocratic birth, they devoted themselves from morning to night to listening to the confidences of the exiles and seeking for them a hospitality suited to their needs. Nor was anything more delightful than to see them taking pains to convey the impression that the refugees were in no sense recipients of charity, but rather guests. This reception, so full of respect and delicacy, produced even at the start an intoxicating effect in certain cases—fortunately only a very few; these came to believe themselves heroes merely because they were refugees, and as the witty saying of a Belgian public speaker expresses it, they rather fancied that they had saved Europe because they had saved themselves. Sometimes this caused an indulgent smile at the War Refugees Committee, but we never made fun of it, for we recognised that all the refugees had a right to public consideration. Had they not all approved of the noble action of their King, when he rejected Germany's ignoble proposal, and had they not thus accepted beforehand every sacrifice in order to safeguard the honour of their country? Yes, I can say with legitimate pride that among the thousands and thousands of refugees who have

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

passed through our offices, among so many poor people, bereaved, ruined, lost or uprooted, we have never heard a single one who regretted the historic refusal of his Sovereign.

One would be strangely in error if one believed that the activities of the War Refugees Committee was limited to hospitality in the strict sense of the word. Besides questions of transport, temporary lodgings, etc., which were the natural corollaries of the great problem, the Committee had still to face a great variety of needs. To be convinced of this it is sufficient to glance through the list of its various sections; these include departments of education, employment, clothing, health, information as to lost relatives, registration, apartments, private assistance, distribution of food, postal arrangements, luggage, the dispensary, the nursery, etc. Thus it is a true refugees' ministry which has come into being at Aldwych. The offices of the "General Buildings" not being sufficient for all these services, the Committee, in the second month of its existence, saw itself compelled to fit up, as well as it could, the vast premises of a former skating-rink which was fortunately situated in the immediate neighbourhood. This huge annex was chiefly frequented by the popular classes of refugees. The section of the hospitality department which carried out its work in these improvised buildings has had a particularly difficult task, and one may well ask how the brave ladies, who for more than a year have devoted themselves to it from early morning to a late hour in the evening, have been able to hold out. And yet they are still there, face to face with a most difficult task, welcoming the refugees with a kindly smile, which brings comfort and consolation. In truth there has been for the War Refugees Committee no lack of examples which might serve to break down the barriers of social distinctions. The gratitude of the common people often expressed itself in the most naive terms. I heard more than once Flemish women, moved by gratitude, addressing gentlewomen of the English aristocracy with the familiar "thou," and saying, "Madame, thou art good," "Madame, I can only say 'Thank you.' but, thou knowest, I say it with all my heart." I think I can even remember that they pronounced *tu sais* as *tu seies*.

The wonder is that some of the busiest members of the Committee



LA FAMILLE EMERSON
ALBERT EMERSON. MEMBRE DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE DE LITTÉRATURE

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

still find time to institute special undertakings outside of their regular duties* One of the chief foundresses of the War Refugees Committee fits up a whole block of hostels to house refugees and undertakes their management; another founds a club in order that those of our soldiers who have no family life may find themselves among their comrades during their stay in England, etc.

We should never come to an end if we attempted to mention all the marks of personal devotion which we have witnessed. One night, when the rush of refugees had been particularly great, the news arrives that all the hostels are full. What is to be done ? " That is quite simple," replies one of these ladies, and she quietly takes away the strangers to her private home. Another time, they bring to the consulate, as a last resort, an orphan, an intractable little fellow who had tired the patience of everybody. " Let me have a try," says a high-born lady, and she adopts the youngster on the spot. Some days later I learnt that he had turned the whole house upside down.

Side by side with these cases, of which one could furnish many more examples, there has been the simple but admirable everyday devotion : for instance, that of the escort ladies, who, for a whole year, go every night to the stations to look for the refugees, undertake to arrange the thousand details of their journey, and render them a host of little services ; or that of the directresses of the homes of refuge who devote themselves specially to the children of the people, and do their utmost to procure for them comforts and distractions.

And all these acts of devotion are repeated in the provinces, in the thousands of local committees which are attached to the central committee and cover England with a network of charitable work. We cannot write their special history in so limited an outline as this, but they have one and all their share in the tribute of gratitude which the General Consulate of Belgium and its Bureau Auxiliaire desire to render to the War Refugees Committee. At the headquarters of the Committee we were the constant intermediaries between misfortune and devotion, between need and generosity, and very often we had to stiffen our backs not only against the feeling that the misery of our compatriots aroused, but also against that aroused by the kindness and generosity of their benefactors.

THE WORK OF THE WAR REFUGEES COMMITTEE

And that is why I now find myself somewhat in the position of the good Flemish woman—to whom I have referred above—who, in order to express a world of thanks, could only find the simple words "Thank you." It is an easy formula which one uses when one cannot find the words which one needs, but it is also that to which one has recourse when one is too deeply moved to say more.

AUX FEMMES D'ANGLETERRE.

PAR EMILE ROYER, *Depute.*

[Paroles extraits de Vallocution prononcée avant le concert du 23 Avril 1915, organisé à Londres par les musiciens belges en l'honneur des Dames anglaises.]

PEUT-ETRE avez-vous lu l'exquise nouvelle d'Anatole France intitulée *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame*, l'histoire de ce pauvre jongleur que les circonstances avaient amené à se faire moine, et qui pour honorer la Sainte Vierge, ne trouva rien de mieux que d'exécuter devant son autel les tours qui jadis lui avaient valu le plus de louanges. Mais un jour le prieur et deux anciens du couvent qu'avaient intrigués les longs séjours que Barnabe—c'était le nom du pauvre homme—faisait dans la chapelle, Pépérient, et "le virent devant l'autel de la Sainte Vierge, la tête en bas, les pieds en l'air, jonglant avec six boules de cuivre et douze couteaux." Ils crièrent au sacrilège. Et "ils s'appretaient tous trois à le tirer vivement de la chapelle, quand ils virent la Sainte Vierge descendre les degrés de l'autel pour venir essuyer d'un pan de son manteau bleu la sueur qui dégouttait du front de son jongleur."

C'est, mais par un sentiment analogue à celui de Barnabe, qu'un groupe d'artistes belges, pour vous exprimer, Mesdames, au nom de leurs compatriotes réfugiés en Angleterre, leur reconnaissance et leur vénération, ont conçu le projet de déclamer, de chanter, et de jouer pour vous. . . . Si j'avais à vous indiquer les motifs de cette gratitude, je risquerais de vous tenir ici beaucoup trop longtemps. Laissez-moi seulement vous rappeler cet épisode.

. . . . C'était dans la seconde moitié d'Octobre. L'armée belge s'était retirée d'Anvers. péniblement, sous la menace d'être coupée de l'armée franco-anglaise, elle avait franchi par l'étroit couloir resté libre encore au Nord des Flandres, les 140 kilomètres qui séparent Anvers de Nieuport. Les hommes étaient harassés. Sans doute espéraient-ils pouvoir prendre, une fois arrivés en France, quelque repos. Mais voici que le Roi Albert, dans une proclamation éloquente, les avertit tout à coup que dans les positions où il les placera, leurs regards doivent désormais se porter uniquement en avant, et que le moment est venu

AUX FEMMES D'ANGLETERRE

de chasser du sol de la patrie, Pennemi qui l'a envahie au mepris de ses engagements et des droits sacres **d'un** peuple libre.

L'armee beige fait face a Pennemi. Le haut commandement francais lui a demande de resister pendant 48 heures. Reduite a 48,000 fusils, elle va tenir deux semaines avec Pappui d'une brigade francaise renforcee ensuite par une division, contre une armee de **150,000** hommes abondamment nourrie, elle, de vivres, de canons et de munitions.

Mais a quel prix !

En douze jours, la petite armee beige perdit alors **14,000** hommes, dont 4,000 tues. Pour les blesses la situation fut affreuse. La plupart furent transportes a Calais. Mais personne n'avait prevu la bataille de FYser. A Calais, il n'y avait pour recevoir les blesses, ni hopitaux, ni medecins en nombre suffisant, ni infirmiers et infirmieres. Les batiments publics, les ecoles surtout, furent hativement transformes en ambulance. On y deposait les blesses sur un peu de paille pous-siereuse ou certains furent meme operes, et des passants, des ouvriers et des ouvrieres qui revenaient de leur travail, faisaient a nos soldats la charite de les soigner quelques instants.

Alors L'Angleterre vint a leur secours. De neuf a dix mille d'entre eux furent transportes dans le Royaume-Uni, et Ds y furent soignes, je ne dirai pas avec devouement, laissez moi dire avec tendresse.

Et vous avez, Mesdames, continue depuis lors cette œuvre de frater-nelle sollicitude. Vos cœurs de femme ont " realise " qu'a toutes les souffrances qu'endurent les soldats en campagne, s'en ajoute une pour les Beiges : ils sont sans communication avec leurs parents et leurs amis ; ils en sont separees par les lignes allemandes ; ils ne recoivent meme pas, pour la plupart, ces lettres de chez eux qui montrent aux soldats qu'au pays on ne les oublie pas, et qui, glissees sur leur caeur, les font, si leur hcure sonne, mieux mourir.

Vous avez voulu, Mesdames, en procurant a nos soldats qui sont au front, ou dans les camps de Parriere, du linge, des vetements de laine, du tabac, et des douceurs, suppleer les epouses et les mamans qui attendent anxieusement la-bas. Vous avez meme voulu leur donner Timpression que leurs petits freres et leurs petites sceurs, a la maison

AUX FEMMES D'ANGLETERRE

songeaient a eux, J'ai vu de ces cartes touchantes, que nos soldats retiraient de la pochette des chemises que vous leur envoyiez, et ou se trouvait le nom d'un enfant, avec Vindication de son age—trois ans, sept ans, quatre ans—et le porte-bonheur de ses voeux innocents de bonne chance et de bonne sante.

Votre bonte s'etend aux soldats internes en Hollande, a ceux qui sont prisonniers en Allemagne.

Et nos refugies civils ont ete par vous sauves de la misere et de la desesperance. Lady Lugard m'a dit avec quelle emotion vous avez vu arriver en Angleterre ces pauvres femmes de nos provinces flarnandes, dont les plus heureuses avaient aupres d'elles leurs enfants, dont d'autres avaient au milieu de la tourmente ete separees de leur famille, et qui, incapables de s'exprimer dans votre langue, et ne sachant que quelques mots de francais, ne pouvaient que repeter : " Tout brule, tout brule ! " Avec quelle delicatesse vous les avez secourues! Vous disiez aux refugies beiges que vous ne faisiez que vous acquitter d'une partie de la dette de votre pays envers les Beiges qui avaient sauve la cause de la liberte dans le monde. Vous le leur avez dit, Mesdames, et ils l'ont cru, et quand maintenant certains d'entre eux le repetent, sous souriez, Mesdames . . . et c'est charmant.

C'est de tout cela que j'aurais voulu vous remercier. Mais le moyen, pour moi, de le faire et de vous etre agreable ? Je ne puis essayer qu'en cedant la place aux artistes qui doivent se faire entendre ce soir.

Ecoutez-les bien. Leurs instruments et leurs voix vous diront toute la detresse de ceux dont la patrie est sous le joug d'un ennemi deteste. Ecoutez-les bien. Leurs instruments et leurs voix vous diront aussi toute la douceur de votre amitie pour ceux qui etaient sans foyer. Ecoutez-les bien. Leurs instruments et leurs voix ne sauraient assez vous dire : Merci!

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

TRANSLATION BY MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT.

[Extract from a Speech delivered on April 23rd, 1915,4.' the **Concert** organised in London by Belgian Artists in honour of the ladies of Great Britain.]

LADIES,—Doubtless some of you have read *The Juggler of Notre Dame*, that exquisite short story by Anatole France : the tale of the poor juggler, who, driven by circumstances, became a monk and who, to do honour to the Blessed Virgin, could think of nothing better than to offer a performance before her altar of those tricks which had formerly earned him the highest praise. But one day the Prior and two of the senior monks—who had been puzzled by the long time that Barnabas (this was the name of the poor man) spent in the chapel—spied upon him and "discovered him before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, standing on his head with his feet in the air and juggling with six copper balls and twelve knives." They cried out at the sacrilege and all three were trying hard to drag him from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin "descend the steps of the altar and wipe the perspiration from the forehead of her juggler with the corner of her blue mantle."

Moved by a sentiment similar to that which actuated Barnabas, a group of Belgian artists, in order to express to you, ladies, in the name of their compatriots who have sought refuge in England, their gratitude and respect, conceived the idea of reciting, singing, and playing to you. If I were to tell you the reasons for this gratitude I should run the risk of detaining you too long. But let me just tell you this episode.

It was during the latter part of October. The Belgian Army had retreated from Antwerp painfully, and, in peril of being cut off from the Franco-British Army, it had succeeded in crossing by means of the narrow passage which still remained open to the North of Flanders, the 140 kilometres which separated Antwerp from Nieuport. The men were worn out. No doubt, once arrived in France, they hoped to be able to get some rest. But King Albert, in an eloquent proclamation, suddenly warned them that in the positions in which he intended to place them, they should only look forward to the future and that the moment had come to drive the enemy from the soil of their land, which

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

had been invaded in **violation** of solemn treaties and the sacred rights of a free people.

The Belgian Army faced the enemy. The head of the French Army asked them to hold on for forty-eight hours. Reduced to 48,000 rifles they had to confront for a fortnight an army of 150,000 men, well fed and well armed, with only the assistance of a French Brigade, which was afterwards reinforced by a Division. But at what cost! In twelve days the small Belgian Army lost 14,000 men, of which 4,000 were killed. The state of the wounded was frightful. The greater part were taken to Calais, but nobody had foreseen the battle of the Yser. At Calais the hospitals, the doctors and nurses were altogether insufficient to cope with the wounded. Public buildings, especially the schools, were hastily transformed into Ambulance Stations. Here they placed the wounded on sparse and dusty straw, where some were even operated upon, and the passers-by—working men and working women—returning from their labours gave their kindly ministrations to our soldiers.

It was then England came to our help. Between nine and ten thousand Belgians were moved to the United Kingdom, to be treated not only with devotion, but with tenderness.

And you, ladies, have since then continued this work of womanly love. Your women's hearts realised that in addition to all the hardships suffered by soldiers at the Front must be added the fact that our people are unable to communicate with their relations and friends ; they are separated from them by the German lines. They very often cannot even receive those letters from home showing that they are not forgotten by their loved ones, the knowledge of which would enable them at the last to die more happily.

By procuring supplies of linen, woollen garments, tobacco and comforts for our soldiers at the Front or in the rest camps, you have, ladies, acted for the wives and mothers who are anxiously waiting over there. You have even endeavoured to give them the impression that their little brothers and sisters at home thought of them. I have seen some of those touching cards, which our soldiers would draw from the pockets of the shirts which you sent them, and on which they found

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

the name of a child, with his age—three years—seven years—four years—with their innocent wishes for good luck and good health.

Your kindness includes even the soldiers interned in Holland and those who are prisoners in Germany.

Our civilian refugees have been saved by you from misery and despair. Lady Lugard has told me with what emotion you saw the poor women from our Flemish provinces arriving in England—the happiest among them being those who had their children with them, whilst others in the midst of the horror had been separated from their families, and, incapable of expressing themselves in your language, and knowing but few words of French, could only repeat " Tout brule ! Tout brule ! " (All burnt! All burnt!) With what delicacy have you not helped them ! You told the Belgian refugees that you were only paying part of the debt which your country owed to the Belgian nation, which had saved the cause of liberty for the world. You told them so, ladies, and they believed it, and now, when some of them repeat it, you smile, ladies—it is charming.

It is for all this that I wish to thank you. But how am I to do it in such a manner as will be agreeable to you ? I can only do it by making way for the artists who are to perform this evening.

Listen to them ! Their instruments and their voices will make you understand the sorrow of those whose country is under the yoke of a hated enemy. Listen to them ! Their instruments and their voices will also show you all the sweetness of your friendship for those who are homeless. Listen to them ! Their instruments and their voices can never sufficiently express their thanks.

HOMMAGE A L'AMERIQUE.

PAR LE BARON MONCHEUR,

Envoye Extraordinaire et Ministre Plenipotentiaire.

MON sejour de dix annees aux Etats-Unis m'a permis d'apprécier les qualites de ce noble et genereux peuple qui ne reste indifferant a aucune des souffrances de l'humanite.

Que la guerre exercat ses ravages dans les regions les plus lointaines de l'Afrique ou de l'Extreme Orient ; que la fureur d'un despote multipliat ses victimes en Asie Mineure, ou que les forces de la nature produisissent ces catastrophes subites devant lesquelles rhomme reste impuissant et aneanti, toujours, de New York a San Francisco je voyais le secours s'organiser irnmediatement. La charite americaine, a Pombre du Pavilion etoile, arrivait la premiere aussi bien a Messine qu'en Coree ou sur les plateaux de PArmenie. Mais, jamais cet elan n'a ete plus spontane, plus magnifique que lorsqu'il a ete inspire par les douleurs infinies de la Belgique martyre.

J'avais pu constater toujours la profonde sympathie qui unit les citoyens de la Grande Republique, dont l'activite prodigieuse ne connait pas d'obstacle, a la petite mais laborieuse nation qui a pu s'elever au premier rang dans l'ordre economique. Cette sympathie recut sa consecration a l'Exposition Universelle de St. Louis. Je fus temoin des marques toutes speciales d'estime et de consideration dont furent l'objet nos nombrcux compatriotes qui participerent a ces assises mondiales du genie industriel.

Quand, dix annees plus tard, notre malheureuse patric se couvrait de ruines et de sang e'est de l'autre c6te del'Atlantique que partait l'initiativc admirable de l'cjeuvre americaine " Commission for Relief in Belgium," qui a sauve la vie a des millions de Beiges condamnes par les desastres de la guerre et l'oppression d'un cnvahisscur impitoyable a la mort par la famine.

Mais Pinepuisable charite americaine ne s'est pas arretee la ; elle s'exerce aussi de millec manicrcs a l'egard de ccux de nos nationaux qui furent obliges de chercher un refuge a l'etranger. Cettc action bien-faisante est souvent si delicate et si discrete que l'on ne saura que plus tard toute l'etendue de la dette de reconnaissance que nous avons contractee.

HOMMAGE A L'AMERIQUE

Je reponds au desir de millions de cœurs beiges en me faisant des a present Pinterprete de cette gratitude sans borne qui cimentera pour toujours les liens d'etroite amitie entre les deux pays.

La nation americaine avait ete temoin pendant pres d'un siecle des lutttes pacifiques mais victorieuses des Beiges sur le terrain commercial et industriel; elle admire maintenant leur courage indomptable pour la defense de la patrie. Quand sonnera l'heure de la resurrection elle tendra la main a la Belgique sortant du sepulcre et sa generosite l'aidera, j'en suis sur, a s'epanouir de nouveau sous le soleil de la Liberte.

HOMAGE TO AMERICA.

TRANSLATION BY G. G. GREENWOOD, M.P.

MY ten years' sojourn in the United States has enabled me to appreciate the character of this noble and generous people, to whom no form of human suffering appeals in vain.

Was war ravaging the remotest regions of Africa, or of the farthest East ; was a furious despot slaying his victims by the thousand in Asia Minor ; were the forces of Nature causing one of those sudden catastrophes before which man stands impotent and overwhelmed—always from New York to San Francisco I beheld the immediate organisation of relief for the sufferers. American charity, under the star-spangled banner, ever arrived first, whether at Messina, in Korea, or on the plains of Armenia. But never was there such a spontaneous, such a magnificent outburst of that charity as when it was inspired by the infinite miseries of martyred Belgium.

I have constantly had occasion to observe the profound sympathy which unites the citizens of the Great Republic, whose prodigious energy brooks of no obstacle to its path, and the small but laborious nation that has succeeded in raising itself to the front rank in the industrial world. This sympathy received its consecration at the International Exhibition of St. Louis, where I was myself witness of the special marks of esteem and regard accorded to our compatriots, so many of whom took part in that Convention of the Nations over which the very genius of Industry presided.

When, ten years later, our unhappy country lay in ruins and blood, it was from the other side of the Atlantic that sprang the initiative of that admirable American work, " The Commission for the Relief of Belgium," which has saved the lives of millions of Belgians that had otherwise been condemned by the misfortunes of war and the oppression of a merciless invader to suffer death by famine.

But the inexhaustible American charity did not stop there. It still works in a thousand different ways to succour those of our people who were constrained to seek refuge in foreign countries. This beneficent action is often so delicate and so tactful that only at a later date will the full extent of the debt of gratitude which we have contracted be truly known.

HOMAGE TO AMERICA

It is in response to the desire of millions of Belgian hearts that in their name I now express that boundless gratitude which will for ever cement the bonds of a close friendship between these two countries.

The American nation had been witness for nearly a century of the pacific but victorious struggles of the Belgians in the field of commerce and industry. It now admires their indomitable courage in the defence of their Fatherland. When the hour of resurrection shall sound that nation will hold out its hand to Belgium rising from the tomb, and its generosity, I know full well, will aid our desolated country once more to blossom like the rose under the sun of Liberty.

LA " C.R.B. "

PAR LE CHEVALIER E. CARTON DE WIART,

Secrétaire honoraire du Roi.

DANS ce volume, spécialement consacré à l'expression de la gratitude des Belges envers leurs amis anglais, il serait cependant impossible de ne pas mentionner une œuvre grandiose et admirable créée par leurs amis d'Amérique et qui possède à Londres son centre et son siège principal: je veux parler de la " C.R.B. " comme on appelle communément la "*Commission for Relief in Belgium.*"

Tandis que nos amis anglais et français se prodiguaient avec une générosité attentive et inlassable pour aider les Belges réfugiés chez eux, un problème redoutable se présentait: comment nourrir les sept millions de Belges demeures prisonniers dans leur propre pays transformé en une sorte d'immense place assiégée, et en faveur desquels une action directe du Gouvernement belge ou des Gouvernements alliés était désormais impuissante ? Des le mois d'octobre 1914, les approvisionnements de blé, de farine et d'autres denrées alimentaires de première nécessité commençaient à s'épuiser et l'on n'ignorait pas que l'occupant, en dépit de toutes les obligations pouvant résulter de la Convention de La Haye, ne nourrirait la population que dans la mesure où l'y engageraient ses propres convenances. Seule une organisation neutre pouvait efficacement s'interposer. Mais il ne suffisait pas qu'elle fut neutre. Elle devait être dirigée par des hommes assez entendus et assez laborieux pour assumer l'organisation matérielle de cette entreprise gigantesque, assez connus et assez considérés pour s'imposer à la confiance de tous les belligérants, assez désintéressés pour accepter de consacrer généreusement leur temps et leurs peines à la direction écrasante de cette œuvre purement charitable. L'Ambassadeur d'Amérique à Londres, Mr. W. H. Page, consulté à ce sujet, n'hésita pas et signala le nom d'Herbert Hoover comme celui du " right man " désiré ; celui-ci accepta l'ingrate mission qui lui était offerte et constitua aussitôt la C.R.B., dans laquelle se groupèrent sous sa présidence plusieurs Américains et Espagnols distingués. Les représentants diplomatiques des États-Unis, de l'Espagne et des Pays-Bas voulurent bien accepter la présidence d'honneur de la Commission, et il convient

LA " C.R.B.

de rendre un particulier hommage au Marquis de Villalobar et a Mr. Brand Whitlock, respectivement Ministres d'Espagne et d'Amerique a Bruxelles, qui preterent constamment a la Commission le concours le plus efficace et le plus devoue.

Il y a aujourd'hui exactement un an que la C.R.B. a commence son oeuvre et chaque semaine l'a vue se developper et se fortifier sous l'impulsion magnetique de l'homme qui la dirige. Il serait trop long de raconter ici toutes les peripeties de sa constitution, les difficultes sans nombre et de toutes sortes qu'elle a rencontrees, et son histoire peut le mieux se resumer en mettant en regard son programme et les resultats acquis.

La C.R.B. poursuivait cinq objets principaux :

- i. Rassembler des vivres destines a la population beige.
2. Transporter ces vivres de leur point d'origine jusqu'en Belgique.
3. Distribuer ces vivres a la population en s'assurant qu'ils ne seraient ni directement ni indirectement requisitionnes par l'occupant.
4. Assurer les moyens financiers indispensables pour pouvoir effectuer ces enormes importations de vivres dont une large part devait etre payee a l'etranger.
5. Mobiliser la charite du monde en faveur de cette partie de la population beige qui n'etait plus en mesure d'acheter sa nourriture.

Quant au premier point, l'on saisira vite l'importance de l'oeuvre entreprise en considerant ce seul chiffre : environ 80,000,000 de kilogs de vivres doivent etre importes chaque mois en Belgique, et cette quantite formidable de marchandises, mise en nature a la disposition de la C.R.B. ou achetees par ses soins suppose une manutention, une surveillance des marches, une connaissance des disponibilites dont le profane peut difficilement se faire une idee.

Une fois ces marchandises rassemblees en Amerique, au Canada, en Argentine, en Australie, dans les ports d'embarquement ou elles ont ete apportees economiquement grace aux tarifs de faveur obtenus des compagnies de chemins de fer, il s'agit de resoudre le probleme plus complique de les transporter jusqu'en Europe. La guerre a completement bouleverse le marche des frets et des assurances maritimes. Il s'agit

LA " C.R.B. "

done de veiller a ce que *tigulihrement*—car un retard peut provoquer la famine en Belgique—des navires affretes et assures aux milleures conditions possibles, pour lesquels la C.R.B. a obtenu des autorites allemandes la promesse de libre-passage, viennent decharger dans les entrepôts de Rotterdam leurs precieuses cargaisons. Depuis le 22 octobre 1914, date de la premiere reunion de la C.R.B., jusqu'au 22 octobre 1915, 251 navires exclusivement charges de vivres, sauf quelques caisses de vetements a destination de la Belgique, ont ete affretes et ont decharge a Rotterdam 710,000,000 kilogs. de vivres. La moyenne du fret et de ses accessoires a ete, *grace a* rhabilete des dirigeants et a la generosite de nombreux concours, de 10 a 15 pour cent en dessous ce ce qu'eut representee le transport par les voies ordinaires.

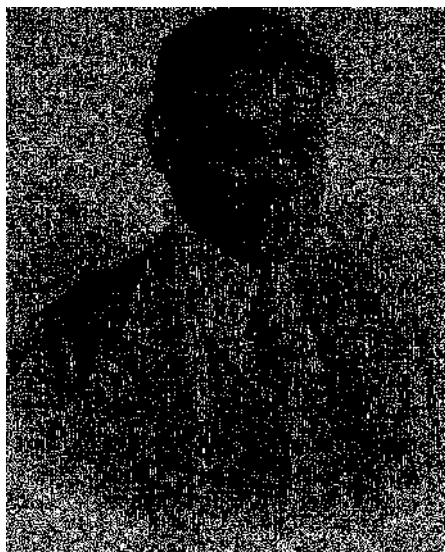
Les vivres rassembles a Rotterdam, il faut les faire parvenir au consommateur en Belgique et ce n'est pas la tache la plus aisee. Tout d'abord les voies de communications utilisables a cet effet ont presque disparu en Belgique : les lignes de chemins de fer non detruites sont reservees presque exclusivement pour les transports militaires allemands ; les moyens de transport automobiles ont disparu ; les canaux seuls a peu pres sont utilisables, encore faudra-t-il en refectionner un grand nombre. La C.R.B., ayant obtenu des autorites allemandes l'assurance que les vivres importes par ses soins ne seront pas requisitionnes, doit veiller par Pentremise des delegues qu'elle installe dans chaque province a ce que ces engagements soient respectes, a ce que les magasins couverts par son pavilion soient a l'abri de toute saisie ou requisition. C'est un travail d'organisation et de surveillance important et delicat qui n'a pu etre mene a bien que grace a un personnel volontaire a la fois habile et energique, actif et devoue, recrute parmi des citoyens americains qui acceptaient de venir a tour de role passer quelques mois en Belgique pour remplir ces ingrates fonctions. Plus de 100 volontaires americains ont ainsi travaille pour la C.R.B. en Belgique au cours de cette annee et une cinquantaine y resident en permanence.

Il faut mentionner ici le Comite National de Secours et d'Alimentation, Ce Comite National, exclusivement beige, possedant des ramifications dans toutes les Communes, assure dans tout le pays occupe, au moyen de ses quelque 4,000 comites locaux et de ses 30,000

collaborateurs volontaires, la repartition des vivres introduit⁶ par la C.R.B. Son rôle est immense, mais il ne nous appartient de l'étudier ici, non plus que celui des autorités belges, dans cette note spécialement consacrée à l'œuvre directe de la *Commission for Relief*; il nous suffira de signaler en passant l'action bienfaisante exercée par le Comité National sous l'impulsion énergique de son admirable cheville ouvrière : M. Emile Francqui, Président du Comité Exécutif. Le Comité National agit en complète harmonie avec la C.R.B., les deux organisations se complétant l'une l'autre et étant du reste étroitement unies, l'une étant, si l'on peut ainsi dire, l'agent extérieur et l'autre l'agent intérieur de l'œuvre commune de charité.

Nous avons dit que la C.R.B. devait aussi assurer les moyens financiers indispensables pour effectuer ces énormes importations de vivres. En effet, en outre des donations destinées aux indigents et dont la C.R.B. a entrepris le transport en Belgique, elle assure l'importation des vivres destinés aux personnes en mesure de les acheter. Son rôle bienfaisant est donc double, "secours" et "alimentation." Sans elle, ni riches ni pauvres n'auraient de pain, sauf les miettes tombées de la table des Allemands. Les Belges se sont admirablement organisés pour s'aider eux-mêmes; tous ceux qui pouvaient le faire ont tenu à payer le pain qu'ils recevaient, et de plus les souscriptions locales en Belgique même et parmi les Belges à l'étranger en faveur des pauvres ont produit des résultats magnifiques. Mais les sommes produites par ces souscriptions locales et par les ventes aux non-indigents étaient représentées par des billets de banque belges, inutilisables pour les achats sur les marchés étrangers. Et c'est seulement au prix de négociations fort difficiles, grâce surtout au puissant appui du Gouvernement Belge, et particulièrement de M. Van de Vyvere, Ministre des Finances, que ce redoutable problème du change a pu être résolu d'une manière entièrement satisfaisante. En même temps la solution intervenue a permis de sauvegarder d'importants intérêts généraux. C'est un côté de la question qu'il ne sera permis d'étudier complètement que plus tard.

Enfin le rôle de la C.R.B., et non le moindre, fut d'organiser ce qu'on très heureusement appelle : "A Mobilisation of Benevolence" pour secourir la détresse de la population belge indigente. Comme le faisait



HERBERT HOOVER, ESQ.
ADOLPH HAMESSKE

justement remarquer l'auteur de l'Histoire de la Guerre public par le *Times*, cette expression peint parfaitement le travail entrepris, car le mot "benevolence" eveille bien l'idée de ces sentiments immenses et indefinissables de sympathie suscites par les grandes detresses, et le terme technique "mobilization" rappelle les methodes pratiques et scientifiques par lesquelles ces sentiments sont intensifies et utilises, Cet immense travail a necessite l'organisation d'un systeme de publicity dans le monde entier et particulierement en Amerique. Des brochures, des conferences, des articles de journaux ont fait connaitre partout la misere de la population beige et son infortune heroique causees par sa fidelite aux lois de l'honneur, Des comites locaux crees de toutes parts ont multiplie l'action des grands centres. Autant que possible les dons recueillis en especes ont ete consacres a des achats de vivres dant l'Etat ou la Province ou ils avaient ete recueillis. Les moindres dons ont reçu un accuse de reception et tous les comptes ont ete constamment controles par des experts-comptables. Au total, les dons recus par la C.R.B., et dont la plus large part lui ont ete envoyes directement ou bien ont ete recueillis a la suite de la propagande intense organisee par ses soins, representent a ce jour une valeur de plus de 75 millions de francs recueillis dans tous les pays du monde, sans tenir compte evidemment des sommes recueillies en Belgique meme ou parmi les Beiges a Petranger. Mais le soutien le plus effectif de la C.R.B. a ete le subside mensuel de 25 millions de francs qui lui a ete procure par le Gouvernement Beige.

Ce qui n'est pas moins remarquable, grace i Phabilete et au des-interessement des membres de la C.R.B., qui ont gracieusement prcte leur temps et leur travail au fonctionnement de cette enormc machine, la part des frais generaux represente moins de 0.75 pour cent des sommes depensees.

Telle est, retracee en quelques lignes et resumee en quelques chiffres, Phistoire de la C.R.B. pendant la premiere annee de son existence. Generalcment, lorsqu'on celebre un anniversaire d'une existence bien remplie, on conclut en disant "Ad multos annos!" Plaise au Ciel que Pexistence si bienfaisante de la C.R.B. ne doive plus se continuer longtemps encore et que, notre Patrie delivree, on ne parle plus d'elle

que pour benir sa memoire. Au souvenir fidele qui s'attachera a ces lettres fatidiques " C.R.B." sera indissolublement lie celui des hommes devoues qui ont consacre sans compter leur temps et leurs peines a sauver un pays de la detresse et de la famine. Un nom brillera d'un eclat particulier parmi les leurs, c'est celui de Herbert Hoover, qui par sa volonte de fer, son activite prodigieuse, son genie d'organisation, et avec son cceur profondement charitable a su mener a bien cette entreprise gigantesque au travers de difficultes diplomatiques, financieres, materielles, personnelles, qui eussent suffi a rebuter tout autre. Il a ete admirablement aide par ses collaborateurs que je ne puis ici citer tous, et il est le premier a leur rendre le tribut d'eloges qu'ils meritent, mais c'est sa personnalite puissante qui a, des le premier jour, galvanise cette creation improvisee, et qui a conquis la confiance generale, Une tres haute personnalite americaine a laquelle j'exprimais un jour ma gratitude pour l'assistance que son pays et lui-meme avaient donne au ndtre, me repondit, " You have not me to thank; I am only wise enough to obey Mr. Hoover! " C'etait a la fois charmant de modestie et le plus beau des eloges.

Nos amis anglais et nos amis americains, voulant marquer leur parente de race et les mille liens qui les unissent, en depit de l'immensite des mers qui les separent, ont coutume de dire, " Blood is thicker than water." Les Beiges qui se sont unis aux Anglais et aux Americains par une parente nouvelle fondee sur le plus noble des sentiments sauront bien leur prouver, j'en reponds pour eux, que " Gratitude is thicker than blood,"

22 Octohre, 1915.

THE "C.R.B.

TRANSLATION BY WILLIAM CAINE.

IN this book, peculiarly devoted though it is to the expression of Belgium's gratitude to her English friends, it would be impossible to forget a splendid and wonderful work, conceived and set on foot by friends in America, and having its headquarters in London, I mean the "C.R.B.," as the Commission for Relief in Belgium is generally called.

While our English and French friends were exhausting themselves, with unwearying generosity, to succour the Belgian refugees in their countries, the formidable problem arose of feeding the seven million Belgians who remained prisoners in their own land (now transformed into a kind of vast besieged fortress), and to help whom neither the Belgian nor the Allied Governments could any longer do anything.

After the month of October, 1914, the stocks of corn, flour, and other foods of the first importance began to be exhausted, and it was clearly seen that the army of occupation, against all its obligations under the Hague Convention, would consult no convenience but its own where the feeding of the population was concerned. In this emergency only a neutral organisation could usefully act. But it was not enough that this organisation should be neutral. It had to be controlled by men of sufficient brains and energy to assume the direction of so tremendous an undertaking, widely enough known and respected to command the confidence of all the belligerents, and so far independent that they could devote the whole of their time and strength to the task of managing a work purely charitable yet crushing in its demands upon them.

Dr. Page, the American Ambassador in London, was consulted, and without hesitation declared the name of the "right man"—Herbert Hoover. This gentleman accepted the thankless mission offered to him and at once formed the C.R.B., of which, under his presidency, several leading Americans and Spaniards became members. The Ambassadors of the United States, Spain and Holland became Vice-Presidents of the Commission, and Mr. Brand Whitlock and the Marquis of Villalobar, the representatives at Brussels of America and Spain respectively, must be particularly thanked for their invaluable, enthusiastic, and unremitting assistance.

THE "C.R.B."

It is now just a year since the C.R.B. began its work, and every week we seem to grow in scope and power under the magnetic impulse of the admirable man who directs it. It would take too long to speak here of all the incidents which marked its beginnings, the innumerable difficulties of all kinds which it has had to meet. Its history is best told by stating its programme and achievements.

The C.R.B. has pursued five principal objects :—

1. To collect the foodstuffs intended for the Belgian population.
2. To bring these foodstuffs into Belgium from their points of departure.
3. To guarantee that they should be distributed among the people in such a way that they should, neither directly nor indirectly, be requisitioned by the army of occupation.
4. To organise the financial arrangements necessary to the importation of these enormous quantities of foodstuffs, for which a great part must be paid for abroad.
5. To mobilise the charity of the whole world for the benefit of that section of the Belgian people which was no longer able to pay for its own food.

With regard to the first of these objects the character of the undertaking will be readily grasped if we consider one single figure : about 80,000,000 kilograms of foodstuffs must be imported each month into Belgium. This enormous quantity of merchandise, offered to or bought by the C.R.B., requires a power of management, a skill in the observation of the markets, and a knowledge of the sources of supply of which no one can form any idea who is not familiar with such matters.

No sooner have all these goods been collected, in America, Canada, Argentina, and Australia, at the various depots to which, thanks to the favourable tariffs obtained from the railway companies, they have been economically brought, than the still more complicated problem presents itself of carrying them to Europe. The war has completely upset all freights and marine insurances. It is necessary, therefore, to secure that the ships, chartered and insured at the best possible rates and guaranteed at the instance of the C.R.B. free passage by the German authorities, shall arrive *regularly* at Rotterdam—for a month's

THE "C.R.B.,"

delay might cause a famine in Belgium—there to discharge their precious cargoes.

Since October 22nd, 1914, when the C.R.B. came into existence, to October 22nd, 1915, ships laden entirely with foodstuffs (with the exception of a few cases of clothing) for Belgium have been chartered and have unloaded at Rotterdam 710,000,000 kilos, of food. The freightage and its incidents, thanks to the capacity of the management and to much generous co-operation on the part of the companies concerned, has been 10 to 15 per cent, lower than would have been the case had the transport been effected in the ordinary way.

The food, collected at Rotterdam, must now be brought to the consumer in Belgium, and this is by no means the easiest task. To begin with, the channels of communication which could serve the purpose have almost ceased to exist in Belgium. The railways which have not been destroyed are reserved almost exclusively for the military movements of the Germans ; all transport by automobile has vanished ; only the canals are fairly serviceable, though it is still necessary to rebuild a great number of them. The C.R.B., having obtained the German authorities' assurance that the foodstuffs imported by it shall not be requisitioned, must make sure, through agents whom it maintains in each province, that this promise is fulfilled, and that the depôts which are protected by its flag shall remain secure from all seizures or requisitions. This important and delicate task of organisation and supervision has only been carried out successfully through the agency of voluntary workers, at once able, energetic and devoted, and recruited from American citizens who have consented to come, in turn, and spend a few months in Belgium in performing this thankless task. During this year more than a hundred American voluntary workers have acted in Belgium for the C.R.B.

The *Comiti National de Secours et d'Alimentation* must be mentioned in this place. This National Committee, which is exclusively Belgian, provides, throughout the occupied territory, by means of its 4,000 local committees and its 30,000 voluntary assistants, for the distribution of the food brought into the country by the C.R.B. Its activities are immense, but, in this paper, which is specially concerned with the

THE "CR.B."

labours of the Commission for Relief, further examination of them would not be proper. It will be enough if we note, in passing, the valuable assistance rendered by the National Committee, under the vigorous guidance of its admirable director, M. Emile Francqui, the President of the Executive Committee. The National Committee works in perfect harmony with the CR.B., each of the two organisations being the other's complement, and being in all ways strongly united, the one, if the expression be allowed, forming the Exterior, the other the Interior Agency of the common work.

We have said that upon the CR.B. devolves also the duty of providing the finances necessary to these prodigious importations of foodstuffs. Apart from the gifts which are intended for the destitute inhabitants, the conveyance of which the CR.B. undertakes, the Commission provides for the introduction of food which is to be bought by those who have the means. Its kindly rôle is, therefore, the double one of free aid and selling provisions. Without it neither rich nor poor would have bread to eat, save for the crumbs which fall from the German table, and these would be sold very dear. The Belgians have organised themselves excellently for the purposes of mutual help. All those who can do so have bound themselves to pay for such food as they obtain, and over and above this the local subscriptions in Belgium for the benefit of the poor have had magnificent results. But the sums realised by these local subscriptions and by sales to people of means were represented by Belgian bank-notes, useless for purchases in the foreign markets. It is only at the cost of the most laborious negotiations, thanks also to the powerful support of the Belgian Government, and particularly of M. Van de Vyver, Minister of Finance, that this difficult problem of exchange has been satisfactorily solved. At the same time it has been possible to safeguard many important national interests in the country. This is an aspect of the question which only at a future date it will be permissible fully to examine.

Lastly, it was the duty of the CR.B. (and not the lightest) to organise that which has been most happily called "A mobilisation of benevolence," for the purpose of relieving the distress of the destitute Belgian population. As the author of the History of the War published

THE "C.R.B."

by *The Times* very justly observes, this expression describes perfectly the work that has been undertaken, for the word Benevolence at once suggests the idea of those large and indefinable feelings of sympathy which are only to be aroused by great misfortunes, and the technical word, "Mobilisation," recalls the practical and scientific methods by which these sentiments are developed and utilised. This vast work has made necessary the organisation of a system of publicity throughout the world and particularly in America. Pamphlets, public meetings, newspaper articles, have everywhere made known the misery of the Belgian people, the heroic misfortunes of their country, brought about by her faithful obedience to the Laws of Honour. Local Committees, everywhere springing up, have intensified the action of the chief centres. As far as possible gifts of money have been spent on food-stuffs within the country or province where they have been collected. The smallest gifts have been acknowledged and all accounts have been constantly and competently examined. The total value of the gifts received by the C.R.B., the greater part of which has been sent to it direct or else has been collected in all countries of the world, thanks to the vigorous agitation organised by its efforts, is represented to-day by a sum of more than 75,000,000 francs, without reckoning sums collected in Belgium itself or among the Belgians in exile. The mainstay, however, of the C.R.B. has been the monthly subsidy of 25,000,000 francs found by the Belgian Government. And, what is not the least remarkable feature, owing to the capacity and disinterestedness of the members of the C.R.B., who have so kindly brought their time and their strength to the assistance of this enormous machine, the expenses of the work are represented by less than 1 per cent, of the disbursements.

Such, told in a few lines and summed up in a few figures, is the history of the C.R.B. during the first year of its existence. Generally, when we celebrate an anniversary of any well-employed life, we conclude by saying, "*Ad multos annos!*" Please God, the existence of the C.R.B., beneficent though it be, is not fated to continue very much longer, and our liberated country may soon speak of it no more except to bless its memory! Faithfully we shall treasure the thoughts which will attach to those fateful letters, "C.R.B.," and with them shall be

THE "CR.B.

indissolubly bound up the names of those devoted men who have sacrificed, without hesitation, their time and their toil to the salvation of a country from misery and starvation. One name among them must shine with a peculiar lustre, that of Herbert Hoover, who by his will of iron, his prodigious energy and his genius for organisation, and with his deeply charitable heart has successfully conducted this vast enterprise through difficulties—diplomatic, financial, material, personal—by which any other man must have been defeated. He has been admirably helped by his colleagues, and he is the first to give them all the praise which they deserve; but it is his powerful personality which has, from the first day, galvanised this creation of a moment and gripped the confidence of a world. A very high-placed American, to whom I was one day expressing my gratitude for the help which his country and he himself had given to ours, said to me, " You have not to thank me, I am only wise enough to obey Mr. Hoover." It was at once a charming piece of modesty and a compliment of the most graceful kind.

Our English and American friends, to mark their kinship and the thousand ties which unite them, in spite of the vastness of the seas which separate them, are accustomed to say, " Blood is thicker than water."

The Belgians, who are united to the English and to the Americans by a new brotherhood founded upon the noblest of sentiments, will know how to prove to them—and answer for it—that " Gratitude is thicker than Blood."

October 22nd, 1915.

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE AMERICAINE ET LES SOUFFRANCES DE LA BELGIQUE.

PAR LEON VAN DER ESSEN,

Professeur a l'Universite Catholique de Louvain.

LE 20 juin dernier l'express de New York a Washington m'emportait a travers les regions fertiles et verdoyantes de la Pennsylvania J'avais achete le *New York Times*. En parcourant le journal, mes regards furent soudainement attirés par un mot: *Belgium*, imprime en tete d'une colonne consacree a des comptes rendus de livres recemment parus. Ce n'est point sans profonde emotion et fierte patriotique que je lus le passage suivant: "Pourquoi la Belgique occupe si peu de place dans les publications consacrees a la guerre est une question difficile a resoudre. Il est cependant certain qu'aucune contrée n'a excite la sympathie populaire et l'enthousiasme du monde au meme degre que ce petit royaume, dont l'étendue géographique atteint a peu pres le quart de l'Etat de Pennsylvanie, mais qui a pose des actes d'héroïsme et souffert de tout martyre si extraordinaires que sa grandeur depasse les limites de toute comparaison. Si la guerre compte un héros, c'est bien la Belgique. . . ."

Cette declaration du grand journal de New York refleete fidelement l'opinion qui existe parmi le peuple americain au sujet de la Belgique martyre. C'est la la constatation singulierement consolante qu'il m'avait ete permis de faire au cours d'un sejour d'environ sept mois dans la grande Republique et la joie que j'eprouvai a lire et a relire ce passage du *New York Times* me rappela tout naturellement a l'esprit mes premieres impressions en débarquant sur le sol americain

Lorsque le *Minneapolis* s'engagea, par une froide matinee de decembre, dans la baie de New York et que les silhouettes des gigantesques "sky-scrapers" se decouperent sur l'horizon, un serrement involontaire de cœur s'empara de moi. Sans doute, Pune des plus grandes universites des Etats-Unis, celle de Chicago, avait demontre la sympathie que ses dirigeants eprouvaient pour la Belgique en invitant un professeur de la malheureuse Universite de Louvain a accepter temporairement l'hospitalite chez elle, mais ce geste, si touchant de spontaneite, n'etait-il pas isole ? Cette manifestation de solidarite universitaire n'etait-elle pas un simple acte philanthropique, denue de

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE AMERICAINE

toute signification plus profonde ? Ma perplexity ne dura pas longtemps. Non seulement j'appris que certains de mes collegues avaient ete invites successivement par d'autres universites americaines, a Harvard, a Columbia, a l'Universite de Pennsylvanie, a l'Universite catholique de Washington—d'oii j'avais recu moi-meme une proposition extremement genereuse quelques semaines a peine apres les horreurs de Louvain— a Princeton, a Yale, mais j'experimentai moi-meme a l'Universite de Chicago tout ce que cachait la formule officielle transmettant en style administratif l'offre du comite de surveillance,

Graduellement je decouvris non seulement les qualites generatees du peuple americain, son grand coeur, sa generosite, sa franchise, son temperament juvenile et enthousiaste, mais aussi le profond esprit de justice, le respect du droit, le goftt de l'honnetete simple qu'abritent l'intelligence et le coeur des intellectuels de ce grand pays. Combien de fois n'ai-je pas vu des professeurs d'universite etudier avec passion les recits d'horreur qui leur venaient des plaines devastees des Flandres et, apres avoir satisfait leurs scrupules quant a l'authenticite de ces temoignages, donner libre cours a leur indignation ou exprimer, les larmes aux yeux, leur immense commiseration. En toute sincerite, ils ont dft faire echo a ce que disait Beatrice Barry, dans une piece en vers adressee " To a German Apologist." et imprimee a Chicago :

" You have used both speech and the printed word
To have your side of the story heard,
We have listened long, we have listened well,
To everything that you had to tell.
We would fain to be fair, but it seems as tho'
You can't explain what we wish to know,
And when lesser points have cleared away,
You are sure to fail us when we say :
Belgium ! "

Le sort de la Belgique envahie, brutalisee, soumise aux pires tourments, voila ce qui apparait toujours a l'avant-plan des preoccupations de l'elite americaine. Nous nous rendons compte qu'il ne s'agit point de philanthropie sans plus, mais d'une manifestation de la conscience

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE AMERICAINE

droite et honnête, qui se sent elle-même outragée par le martyre d'une petite nation, loyale et fidèle à la parole donnée.

Un soir, j'assistai, à Chicago, à une conférence donnée par un millionnaire, un "self-made man." qui, à force d'énergie et d'esprit d'initiative, s'était créé une position enviable dans la société. Suivant l'exemple de tant de ses compatriotes, il avait consacré une large part de ses revenus à collectionner des manuscrits et des livres concernant l'histoire primitive du Mexique et avait généreusement légué ces trésors à l'une des plus belles bibliothèques de la ville. Après la conférence, l'on me présenta à lui.

Lorsqu'il apprit que j'étais Belge, sa belle figure de vieux pionnier s'illumina, ses yeux se mouillèrent et, me prenant les mains, il me dit d'une voix que l'émotion faisait trembler : " Ah ! les Belges, quels braves et honnêtes gens. Ils n'ont plus qu'un devoir à remplir, c'est de se prosterner tous les soirs devant Dieu et d'appeler Ses bénédictions et Sa protection sur la tête de votre roi, ce gentilhomme sans peur et sans reproche ! "

C'est la même pensée qui animait cette élite qui suivait à Chicago les conférences sur l'histoire de Belgique et qui écoutait, dans un silence ou l'on sentait battre la sympathie des cœurs, le récit des héros et des résurrections successives. C'est cette même admiration qui produisait l'émotion profonde que l'on pouvait épier sur les figures mâles et énergiques des ingénieurs des chemins de fer du Middle West lorsque, au local de leur club, on leur fit le récit simple et sans artifice de l'attentat commis contre le droit des gens le 4 août 1914, et lorsqu'on leur montra la Belgique restant honnête et loyale depuis plus de quatre-vingts ans. Quels sentiments animent donc ces directeurs d'écoles publiques et privées qui permirent à un conférencier d'expliquer aux élèves des classes supérieures pourquoi la Belgique se défendait jusqu'à la mort dans cette guerre des nations ? Et peut-elle être taxée de simple philanthropie, l'action des membres de la Young Men's Christian Association de Chicago, qui, lors d'une conférence sur l'histoire de Belgique, décorèrent leur salle de réunion du drapeau belge et accueillirent l'orateur par une vibrante " Brabançonne."

Mais pourquoi analyser, en faisant défiler les scènes que j'ai vues

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE AMERICAINE

moi-meme, les motifs d'une sympathie si generate, alors que des Americains de marque ont eux-memes devoile les raisons profondes de l'attitude vis-i-vis de la Belgique ? Qu'on Use les pages magnifiques ou Imminent president de l'Institut Carnegie a Pittsburg, M. S. Harden Church, a exprime son indignation de voir le bourreau insulter sa victime apres Pavoir outragee et que l'on compare avec cet American Verdict on the War l'opinion de personnalites comme l'ancien ambassadeur, J. H. Choate, ou l'ancien procureur-general, J. M. Beck. Le premier est d'accord avec le second pour dire que " l'invasion de la Belgique par l'Allemagne ne fut pas seulement un grosse violation de traites existants, mais qu'elle outrageait aussi le droit international, quelle fut un crime contre l'humanite dont le souvenir ne s'effacera jamais, un crime qui changea cette contree paisible et prospere en un abattoir humain, ou coule le sang de quatre grandes nations." Qu'on lise aussi le requisitoire de M. Beck, appuye sur une analyse penetrante et impartiale des temoins de la tragedie, et son verdict prononce au nom du " tribunal supreme de la civilisation," verdict qui sonne ainsi: " Le cruel mepris des droits de la Belgique est un des spectacles d'iniquite politique les plus repugnants dans l'histoire du monde."

Ces paroles severes ne doivent point nous etonner de la part de citoyens d'un pays qui venere parmi ses grands hommes le president-martyr Lincoln. Lorsque, a un moment des plus sombres de la guerre civile, Pon demanda a Lincoln s'il etait sfr que Dieu etait " de son cote," il se contenta de repondre : " Je ne sais, je n'ai point songe a cela. Mais je suis tres anxieux de savoir si nous sommes du cote de Dieu." Les droits imprescriptibles de la justice et la moralite Internationale sont encore en honneur parmi les Americains d'aujourd'hui. C'est pour ce motif que, si l'elite americaine s'est empressée d'allager les peines de tous ceux qui souffrent en quelque mesure de cette horrible guerre, son cceur est alle par-dessus tout a la Belgique, martyre du devoir. Elle nous a donne son appui moral dans cette lutte pour la Uberte, elle a mis en ceuvre tomes les ressources de son genie organisateur pour arracher a la misere et a la mort ceux qui expient si durement le crime d'etre restes fideles a la parole donnee.

Cet appui, ce secours, nous en aurons encore besoin le jour ou il

L'OPINION PUBLIQUE AMERICAINE

s'agira de restaurer la Belgique. Ce jour-la, d'immenses multitudes de pauvres gens auront besoin des necessites premieres de l'existence. Non seulement il leur faudra rebatir leur foyer detruit; ils devront aussi se remettre a arracher au sol natal les fruits qui les font vivre; ils devront trouver le capital necessaire pour se procurer les outils de leur labour, Des groupes innombrables d'industriels auront a reedifier leurs etablissements ruines ou veufs de leur machinerie et a trouver le credit necessaire pour construire sur les restes du passe les bases de l'avenir. L'energie, certes, ne leur manquera point: l'histoire du peuple belge est la pour apprendre a l'univers que ni les desastres, ni les guerres n'ont jamais reussi a ruiner la prosperite de ce pays indomptable. De nombreux intellectuels, disperses par la tourmente, reviendront pleurer sur les ruines de Louvain, mais dans la vue de ces ruines memes ils puiseront la volonte tenace de rendre a leurs institutions la vitalite qui etait leur gloire. Des artistes se promeneront, saisis d'horreur, a travers les debris des monuments que leur leguerent leurs ancetres, et, devant ces pauvres pierres mortes et outragees, tacheront de trouver le plan des edifices de l'avenir. Mais surtout, il y aura les veuves et les orphelins, ecroules en larmes aupres des tombes innombrables. Tous, agriculteurs, industriels, intellectuels, artistes, pauvres loques humaines, tous auront besoin de l'appui d'une main amie. Mais tous jureront de rendre a la patrie meurtrie sa beaute d'autrefois.

Enfin, il y aura la conscience de l'univers qui exigera que justice soit faite et que le sacrifice de la Belgique trouve sa recompense dans le retablissement du droit.

En ce jour de renaissance et de restauration, tous les Belges, ceux qui souffrent, ceux qui prient, ceux qui se seront battus pour la liberte, tourneront leurs regards vers la grande Republique; ils attendront, confiants dans la conscience et la pensee americaines.

PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA AND THE SUFFERINGS OF BELGIUM.

TRANSLATION BY THE HON. MRS. JOHN WARD.

THE 20th of June last, the train between New York and Washington was taking me across the green and fertile fields of Pennsylvania. I was reading the *New York Times*, when my eye was suddenly caught by one word, "Belgium," printed at the top of a column of recent book reviews. It was not without profound emotion and patriotic pride that I read the following passage :—

"Why Belgium finds so scant a space in the war bibliographies is a question difficult to answer. Certainly, no country has aroused the popular sympathy and enthusiasm of the world to a like degree with this little kingdom, occupying a geographical area of about one-fourth the State of Pennsylvania, yet performing deeds of valour and enduring martyrdom that places it beyond all comparison in greatness. If the war has a hero, it is Belgium,"

This statement by a great New York paper reflects accurately the feeling which exists amongst intellectual Americans on the subject of the martyrdom of Belgium. I had reached this singularly consoling conclusion after spending seven months in the great Republic—and the pleasure which I derived from reading and re-reading this passage in the *New York Times* reminded me of my first impressions after landing upon American soil.

When the *Minneapolis* came into the bay of New York on a cold December morning, and when the gigantic skyscrapers appeared on the horizon, I was conscious of an involuntary heaviness of heart. Without doubt, one of the largest universities in the United States, the University of Chicago, had shown the sympathy which its directors felt for Belgium, by offering hospitality to a professor of the unhappy University of Louvain. But this, although a touching and spontaneous offer, was perhaps only to prove an isolated case. Was this not, perhaps, a simple philanthropic act, devoid of all deeper significance ?

My perplexity did not last long. Not only did I learn that certain of my colleagues had been invited to stay by the following Universities—Harvard, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, the Roman Catholic

PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA

University at Washington (from which I had myself received a very generous proposition only a few weeks after the horrors of Louvain), Princeton and Yale—but I experienced myself, at the University of Chicago, all the kindness which was hidden behind the official formulas used in the offer of the Committee.

Gradually I discovered not only the general qualities of the American people—their great heart, their generosity, their freedom, their youthful and enthusiastic temperament, but also the deep sense of justice, the respect of law and the simple honesty which animate the minds and hearts of the intellectual people of this great country.

How many times have I not seen professors of universities, after studying with passion the tales of horrors brought from the devastated plains of Flanders, and after having satisfied themselves as to the authenticity of the evidence, give free rein to their indignation and express with tears in their eyes their great sympathy. They were forced to echo a piece of verse by Beatrice Barry addressed "To a German Apologist," and printed in Chicago :—

" You have used both speech and the printed word
To have your side of the story heard,
We have listened long, we have listened well,
To everything that you had to tell.
We would fain be fair, but it seems as tho*
You can't explain what we wish to know,
And when lesser points have cleared away,
You are sure to fail us, when we say :
Belgium ! "

The fate of a Belgium invaded, brutalised, and condemned to awful torments, is the predominant thought in the minds of thinking Americans. We realize that to them, it is not only a mere question of philanthropy, but also a matter of their honest conscience, outraged by the martyrdom of a small and loyal nation which remained faithful to its promise.

I was present one evening in Chicago at a lecture given by a millionaire, a self-made man, who, by his energy and initiative, had made for himself

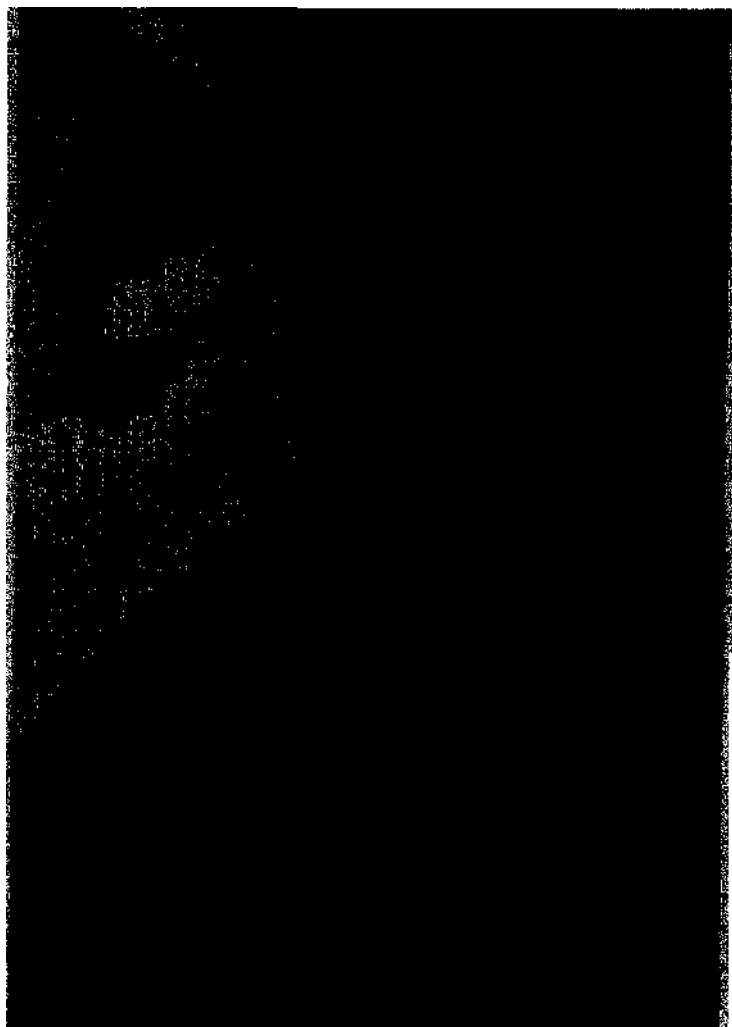
PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA

an honoured position in society. Following the example of many of his compatriots, he had spent a great part of his income in collecting manuscripts and books concerning the early history of Mexico—these he had generously bequeathed to one of the finest libraries in Chicago. After the lecture I was introduced to him. When he heard that I was a Belgian, the fine face of the old pioneer lit up. His eyes softened, and, seizing my hands, he said, in a voice trembling with emotion : " Ah, the Belgians—what a brave and honest people ! They have but one duty left and that is to prostrate themselves every night before God, and to implore His benediction and His protection for their King, that gentleman ' sans peur et sans reproche.' "

It was this same thought which animated those in Chicago who listened to the lectures on the history of Belgium, and heard in a silence tense with sympathy of past heroism and of successive resurrections. This admiration was visible on the faces of some engineers from the Middle West, who were told in their club the plain and unvarnished story of an attempt made against the rights of a nation on the 4th of August, 1914, and of a Belgian that had remained honest and loyal for upwards of eighty years.

What sentiments, then, must have animated the head authorities of both public and private schools, when they allowed a lecturer to explain to the scholars in the higher classes why Belgium was defending herself to the death in this war of nations ? And can it be called simple philanthropy when on the occasion of a lecture on the History of Belgium, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago not only decorated their halls with the Belgian flag, but also greeted the lecturer with a rousing " Brabanconne."

But, in reviewing scenes through which I myself have passed, why analyse a sympathy so general, when Americans of note have themselves explained the profound reasons for the existing feeling about Belgium. Read the fine pages in which Mr. Harden Church, the eminent President of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, has expressed his indignation at the thought of the executioner insulting his victim while torturing him. Compare with this verdict on the war the opinion of such well-known Americans as the former Ambassador, J. H. Choate, and



PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA

a late Deputy Attorney-General, J. M. Beck. The latter agrees with Mr. Choate when he says that " The invasion of Belgium by Germany was not only a gross breach of existing treaties, but was in violation of settled international law, and a crime against humanity never to be forgotten, a crime that converted that peaceful and prosperous country into a human slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of four great nations." Read also the charge made by Mr. Beck, based on his penetrating and impartial analysis of the evidence given by witnesses of the tragedy, and his verdict pronounced in the name of " the supreme tribunal of civilisation," a verdict which reads as follows : " The callous disregard of Germany of the rights of Belgium is one of the most shocking exhibitions of political iniquity in the history of the world."

These stern words ought not to astonish us, coming as they do from a citizen of a country who reveres amongst its great men the martyr President Lincoln. When in the darkest hour of the Civil War they asked Lincoln if he were sure " that God was on his side," he simply replied, " I do not know, I have not thought about it, but I am extremely anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

The unalterable principles of justice and of international morality are still honoured amongst Americans of to-day. It is for this reason that, though the thinking people of America have hastened to lighten the burdens of all those who suffer, in whatever degree, from this horrible war, yet their hearts have gone out above all to Belgium, martyred for the sake of her honour. America has given us her moral support in this struggle for liberty. She has organised all her resources to rescue from misery and death all those who are expiating so terribly the crime of having remained faithful to a given promise.

This support, this help, we shall continue to need on the day when it becomes necessary to restore Belgium. On that day immense numbers of poor people will want for the very necessities of life. Not only will they have to rebuild their ruined homes, but they will have to extract from their native soil the harvests by which alone they can live. They will have to find the capital with which to procure the implements of labour. Industrial groups will have to rebuild their factories, and replace their ruined machinery. They will have to find the necessary

PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA

credit to rebuild the foundations of the future on the ashes of the past.

Energy will not be wanting. The history of the people of Belgium will prove to the world that neither disaster nor war has the power to crush the prosperity of this indomitable country. Many scholars, in tragic mood, will return to mourn over the ruins of Louvain, but from these self-same ruins they will draw strength to revitalize these buildings which were once their glory. Artists, overcome with horror, will walk through the ruins of monuments which have existed for generations, but in presence of these poor scattered stones they will try to form plans for the future.

But above all, there will be the widows and orphans—weeping over innumerable tombs.

All these remnants of humanity, farmers, manufacturers, artists, and literary men—all will need the help of a friend, and all will be united in trying to revive the former beauties of their beloved country.

Finally, the whole world will see that justice is done and that the sacrifice of Belgium, rewarded by the restoration of her rights, will not have been in vain.

All Belgians, on that day of her renaissance, all those who suffer, those who pray, those who have fought for liberty, all will turn their thoughts to the Great Republic—they will await with confidence the verdict of the American people.

AU CANADA.

PAR LE R.P. RUTTEN, *Dominicain.*

L n'y a pas de pays ou la sympathie pour la Belgique soit plus unanime, plus ardente et plus genereuse qu'au Canada.

Partout, des rives de l'Atlantique a celles du Pacifique, la Belgique y apparait toute aureolee du respect et de l'admiration que lui valent son sacrifice glorieux et sa resistance indomptable.

Je viens de parcourir une tres grande partie de son immense territoire, vaste comme toute l'Europe.

Comment dire les hommages enthousiastes prodigues partout a la Belgique et a ses Souverains bien-aimés !

Des le debut de la guerre, le Premier Ministre du Dominion, Sir Robert Borden, et Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Chef de l'Opposition et ancien Premier Ministre, prononcerent a la Chambre federate et au Senat, des discours emouvants, glorifiant l'attitude loyale de la Belgique et l'herolsme de sa resistance a Liege. Toutes les autorites du pays, toutes les societes importantes et d'innombrables particuliers prodiguerent a notre Consul-general, M. Goor, par des visites affectueuses, par des adresses touchantes ou par des attentions d'une delicatesse exquise, les temoignages de leur admiration et de leur attachement.

Il suffit, dans une reunion publique, de prononcer le nom de la Belgique ou de son Roi pour soulever des salves d'applaudissements, et l'organisateur d'une grande reunion disait recemment: " Aujourd'hui, pour etre assure du succes, il faut parler de la Belgique."

Les membres de la Mission Beige aux Etats-Unis n'oublieront jamais la manifestation grandiose dont il furent l'objet a Poccasion de leur visite a Montreal le 24 septembre, 1914.

Les autorites de St. Jean d'Iberville, premiere ville canadienne par ou devait passer le train amenant la delegation beige, avaient obtenu un arret de quelques minutes.

Toute la ville etait a la gare, acclamant ceux que le depute du canton M. Demers, appelait dans son discours de bienvenue: " Messieurs les delegues de Pheroique et noble Belgique."

A Montreal, ce fut une entree triomphale. Malgre l'heure tardive, le train n'entre en gare qu'i onze heures du soir—une foule immense etait li, fremissante d'enthousiasme. Les etudiants eurent vite fait

AU CANADA

de deteler les chevaux et de trainer la voiture des ministres beiges jusqu'a leur hotel. Le lendemain, ce fut une serie de receptions ininterrompue, a l'Hotel de ville, au " Canadian Club." au " Board of Trade," a la Commission du Port de Montreal, puis au Monument National, ou la grande reunion du soir se termina en apotheose. " Regardez," s'ecria l'un des orateurs, M. l'avocat Montpetit, en montrant la salle ou resplendissaient partout nos couleurs nationales, " regardez : tous les portent avec orgueil; on dirait vraiment qu'il y a sur toutes nos poitrines des parcelles de votre gloire." Les trois delegues beiges etaient M M . Henry Carton de Wiart, Paul Hymans et Emile Vandervelde. C'est assez dire que Peloquence beige fut ce soir la irresistiblement prenante.

J'assistais, le 21 juillet dernier, a Montreal, a la fete de l'anniversaire de notre independance. Quoique assombrie par notre deuil et par l'obsession de la longue duree de notre epreuve, la fete fut profondement impressionnante. Al'issue du service solennel que je celebrai a la cathedrale pour nos soldats defunts, l'archeveque, Monseigneur Bruchesi, proclama, d'une voix emue, que la cause de la Belgique merite qu'aucun sacrifice ne soit epargne pour assurer son triomphe, car " cette cause est celle de l'honneur, de la liberte et de la justice,"

M. de Sadeleer, Ministre d'Etat, residant temporairement a New York, etait venu presider la fete et prit plusieurs fois la parole. Lui aussi n'oubliera jamais l'accueil si affectueux que lui reserverent les autorites et la population canadiennes. Tous les Beiges qui eurent le bonheur de paraitre devant le public canadien en garderont une impression ineffacable.

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Mais j'ai hate d'attester que la sympathie des Canadiens ne s'exteriorisa pas seulement par des paroles et par des manifestations.

Au debut du mois de septembre 1914, notre compatriote M. H. Prud'homme recevait de Belgique une lettre exposant la detresse navrante des victimes de l'invasion allemande. M. Prud'homme en refera aussitot a notre Consul-general et tous deux resolurent immediatement d'organiser l' " CEuvre de Secours pour les Victimes de la Guerre en Belgique." Le Consul-general sollicita et obtint aussitot le

AU CANADA

patronage et l'appui empressé de Son Altesse Royale le Due de Connaught, Gouverneur-general du Canada ; du Premier Ministre, Sir Robert Borden; du Chef de l'Opposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier; de Messieurs Rod. Lemieux, H. B. Ames, membres du Parlement federal; et du Premier Ministre de la Province de Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin. Ce dernier, ainsi que le Premier Ministre de la Nouvelle Ecosse, M. G. H. Murray, adresserent aux autorites et a la population de leurs provinces des appels touchants, qui valurent a l'CEuvre de Secours des contributions import antes. Le Gouvernement federal fit voter un subside de 50,000 dollars, celui de la Province de Quebec 25,000 dollars, et toutes les autres Provinces tinrent a intervenir dans la mesure de leurs ressources disponibles. Plusieurs etablissements financiers et certaines chambres de commerce verserent des sommes importantes, tel le " Board of Trade " de Toronto, qui recueillit a lui seul 75,000 dollars.

Il resulte des chiffres detaillés publiés par l'infatigable tresorier de PCEuvre de Secours, M. Prud'homme, qu'a la date du 18 mai dernier, la valeur, en francs, des secours provenant du Canada dépassait sensiblement le chiffre considerable de dix millions. Les dons en especes recueillis par notre Consul-general s'elevent a pres d'un million, et a la date du 6 octobre dernier le Comite Central de PCEuvre de Secours disposait de nouveau d'environ 500,000 francs.

Les liberalités du peuple canadien sont d'autant plus meritoires qu'il est durement atteint par la crise economique mondiale et qu'une multitude d'oeuvres nationales destinees a l'entretien de l'armee canadienne, des femmes et des enfants de soldats, exigent des sommes considerables. Le Fonds Patriotique canadien a deja recueilli pres de six millions de dollars. Les femmes et les enfants des beiges ayant quitte le Canada pour prendre du service dans les armees allies en beneficent au meme titre que les Canadiens de naissance. Il en est de meme des autres oeuvres qui sont venues se greffer en quelque sorte sur l'oeuvre principale du Fonds Patriotique : " Canadian Red Cross," "Soldiers' Comforts," " Tobacco Fund," "Prisoners of War Fund," etc.

Les grandes compagnies de chemin de fer se sont empressées d'accorder la gratuite des transports de vivres destines a la Belgique.

AU CANADA

Quelle oeuvre admirable et touchante que celle de la " Layette beige." dont j'eus le bonheur de saluer les initiatrices a Ottawa et a Montreal! Les dames de la societe canadienne s'y rencontrent avec les femmes des residents beiges et l'on vit maintes fois de tres pauvres filles prendre sur leur sommeil et reunir leurs petites economies pour offrir une layette aux petits enfants de la lointaine Belgique.

Le Comite pour la restauration de l'Universite de Louvain se reunit regulierement dans les locaux de l'Universite Laval a Montreal et s'est deja assure des appuis inappreciablement precieux,

J'oublie fatalement des oeuvres et des noms qui ne devraient pas l'etre. Je devrais citer tous les membres du Comite d'honneur et du Comite executif de l'CEuvre de Secours pour les victimes de la guerre en Belgique—tous nos consuls et a leur tete le Consul-general, dont le devouement fut inlassable, et nombre de personnalites diverses appartenant a tous les cultes et a toutes les opinions. Et quand bien meme la place restreinte dont je dispose me le permettrait, j'aurais le sentiment de manquer a la justice en n'y ajoutant pas l'immense masse des bienfaiteurs anonymes qui, comme les initiateurs et les organisateurs, ont acquis des droits imprescriptibles a la reconnaissance de la Belgique.

Dans son rapport detaille de la visite des membres de la Mission beige a Montreal, M. A. Lcmont a intitule son chapitre final: " Les devoirs du Canada vis-a-vis de la Belgique." Il y exprime Pavis que la sympathie du Canada devra s'affirmer de plus en plus et d'une fagon permanente et methodique en favorisant plus encore que par le passe les emigrants beiges, dont les debuts sont parfois difficiles. Il faudra surtout, ajoute-t-il, multiplier nos relations commerciales avec la Belgique et adapter nos tarifs a ses besoins.

Aucun Beige n'oserait dire que le Canada a des devoirs vis-a-vis de nous, Mais j'interprcte certainement la pensee de mes compatriotes en affirmant que nous avons contracte envers le Canada un devoir d'imperissable gratitude.

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Quand ces lignes paraîtront, j'aurai quitte, peut-etre pour n'y plus revenir, cette terre immense du Canada qui va de l'Atlantique au Pacifique. Que ne suis-je artiste pour faire apprecier ici a mes

AU CANADA

compatriotes ne fut-ce qu'un coin des beautes du pays que je viens de traverser ! Que ne suis-je poete, capable de chanter un hyrane de reconnaissance a tous les deuouements que j'y ai rencontres !

Je te salue, Canada, pays des lacs petits et grands, parsemes d'iles et d'ilots, aux rives capricieusement dentelees et ourlees d'une vegetation touffue revetant, a l'automne, une parure multicolore et resplendissante.

J'aime tes forets profondes et silencieuses, qui montent en pente douce aux flancs de tes collines ou tapissent les parois de tes montagnes escarpees.

J'aime tes horizons immenses, ta Prairie, vaste comme l'ocean, tes champs de ble, dont les tiges ondulent a perte de vue, comme les vagues de la mer au souffle du large.

J'aime ton Saint Laurent, fleuve majestueux, qui semble ne vouloir jamais se retrecir, ou se refletent merueilleusement toutes les teintes du ciel, et dont j'ai vu, par une belle journee d'ete, l'immense nappe d'eau etinceler comme une grande lame d'acier irradiee par les rayons du soleil.

J'aime l'incomparable et sauvage beaute de tes Montagnes Rocheuses avec ses sommets lumineux, ses rochers formidables, ses pics elances, ses ravins profonds, ses lacs reveurs et ses torrents roulant leurs eaux d'un vert transparent sur les cailloux blanchis.

C'est en vain que les sapins essaient, dans leur effort seculaire, de grimper jusqu'au sommet de tes pyramides altieres. Leurs lignes sont si belles et leur silhouette si noble que le soleil et la neige en peuvent seuls souligner les beautes. Mon compatriote et concitoyen le Pere de Smet, de Termonde, fut l'apotre de cette terre bosseele, ravinee, herissee, qui parut longtemps inaccessible. Dans sa pauvre ville natale, incendiee par les hommes de la " Kultur," qui eussent effraye ses sauvages, la statue de l'Apotre des Montagnes Rocheuses est restee debout et intacte, comme les belles cimes auxquelles il apporta un jour la bonne nouvelle.

Tu es belle, meme en hiver, terre du Canada, quand la neige te couvre toute entiere d'une parure immaculee, qui n'est pas un linceul mais une fourrure, protegeant ton sommeil afin qu'a leur reveil, tes champs, tes forets et ta Prairie donnent de nouveau aux millions d'hommes qui en vivent le betail, le bois, et le ble.

TO CANADA.

TRANSLATION BY SIR LEES KNOWLES, BT C.V.O.

THERE is no country where the sympathy for Belgium is more unanimous, keen and generous than Canada. Everywhere, from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, Belgium seems to wear a halo of respect and admiration which she has won by her noble sacrifice and her indomitable resistance.

I have recently traversed a very great part of her vast territory, as enormous as the whole of Europe.

How can I describe the enthusiastic homage paid everywhere to Belgium and her dearly beloved Sovereign !

From the very commencement of the war the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the Opposition and formerly the Prime Minister, delivered in the Senate and in the House of Commons moving speeches, in which they glorified the loyal attitude of Belgium and the heroism of her stand at Liege.

All the authorities of the country, all the leading societies, and an immense number of private individuals afforded lavish testimony to our Consul-General, M. Goor, by cordial visits, by touching addresses, or by attentions of exquisite delicacy, of their admiration and devotion.

It is sufficient at a public meeting merely to mention the word " Belgium," or the name of her King, to raise rounds of applause ; and the organiser of a great meeting said recently, " To-day, to be sure of success, one must speak of Belgium."

The members of the Belgian Mission to the United States will never forget the magnificent demonstration, of which they were the object, on the occasion of their visit to Montreal, on September 24th, 1914.

The authorities of St. Jean d'Iberville, the first town in Canada through which the train carrying the Belgian delegates passed, had obtained permission for a stoppage of a few minutes.

All the population were at the station, cheering those whom Mr. Deniers, the local member of Parliament, described in his address of welcome as " Delegates of heroic and noble Belgium."

At Montreal there was a triumphal entry. In spite of the late hour,

TO CANADA

the train not arriving until eleven o'clock at night, there was an immense crowd full of enthusiastic excitement. The students at once unharnessed the horses and drew the carriage of the Belgian ministers to their hotel.

The next day there was an uninterrupted course of receptions at the Town Hall, at the Canadian Club, at the Board of Trade, at the Commission of the Port of Montreal, and finally at the National Monument, where the great meeting of the evening came to a triumphant termination.

"Look," cried one of the speakers, a lawyer, Mr. Monpetit by name, pointing to the hall in which our national colours were displayed everywhere, "look, everyone wears them with pride, and one might say with truth that every one of us bears a share of your glory on his breast."

The three Belgian delegates were M M. Henry Carton de Wiart, Paul Hymans, and Emile Vandervelde. It is enough to say that the Belgian eloquence that evening was of irresistible force.

I was present at Montreal, on the 21st of last July, at the celebration of the anniversary of our independence, and, although overshadowed by our mourning and by the obsession of our long drawn-out ordeal, it was deeply impressive. At the conclusion of the solemn service at the Cathedral, which I conducted for our fallen soldiers, the Archbishop, Monseigneur Bruchesi, announced, in a voice full of emotion, that the cause of Belgium deserved that no sacrifice should be spared in order to assure her victory ; for "her cause is the cause of honour, of liberty, and of justice."

M. de Sadeleer, Minister of State, residing temporarily in New York, who had come to act as president, made several speeches. He, too, will never forget his affectionate reception by the authorities and the people of Canada. All those Belgians who had the good fortune to appear before the Canadian public will preserve also an indelible impression.

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But I make haste to testify that the sympathy of Canada is not merely on the surface, not merely verbal and demonstrative. At the beginning of the month of September, 1914, our fellow-countryman,

TO CANADA

M. H. Prud'homme, received from Belgium a letter, detailing the heartrending distress of the victims of the German invasion. M. Prud'homme referred this letter at once to our Consul-General, and they two decided immediately to raise the Relief Fund for the Belgian victims of the war. The Consul-General requested immediately, and obtained, the patronage and cordial support of His Royal Highness **the** Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Borden), the Leader of the Opposition (Sir Wilfrid Laurier), Messieurs Rod, Lemieux and H. B. Ames (Members of the Federal Parliament), and the Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec (Sir Lomer Gouin).

The last-named, as well as the Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, Mr. G. H. Murray, addressed to the authorities and to the population of their provinces moving appeals, which brought in many large contributions to the Relief Fund. The Federal Government voted a grant of 50,000 dollars, that of Quebec 25,000 dollars, and all the other provinces strove to assist to the utmost extent of their available resources. Many financial houses and several Chambers of Commerce made large contributions : for instance, the Board of Trade of Toronto, which collected alone 75,000 dollars.

It appears from the details of the figures published by M. Prud'homme, the indefatigable treasurer of the Relief Fund, that on the 18th of last May the total amount in francs of the help coming from Canada was well over the considerable sum of ten millions.

The gifts in kind, collected by our Consul-General, amounted almost to a million francs, and on the 6th of last October the Central Committee had at its disposal an additional sum of 500,000 francs.

The liberality of the Canadian people is all the more praiseworthy because they are hard hit by the world's economic crisis, and because a large number of national funds, intended for the assistance of the Canadian troops and their wives and children, have absorbed considerable sums of money. The Canadian patriotic funds have already raised nearly six million dollars.

The wives and children of Belgians who have left Canada to take

TO CANADA

service in the Allied armies benefit in the same manner as those who are Canadians by birth.

It is the same with other funds which are modelled in some degree on the main scheme of the Patriotic Fund, the Canadian Red Cross, Soldiers' Comforts, Tobacco Fund, Prisoners of War Fund, &c.

The great railway companies at once granted free transport for supplies destined for Belgium.

What an admirable and touching institution is that of the Belgian Layette, the foundresses of which I had the honour of greeting at Ottawa and Montreal!

The ladies of the Canadian Society meet the wives of Belgian residents, and one often hears of the poorest girls giving up their hours of sleep and collecting by means of little economies in order to provide a store of baby-linen for the little children of far-off Belgium.

The Committee for the restoration of Louvain University meet regularly in the precincts of Laval University at Montreal, and already support of inestimable value has been assured.

Unfortunately, I am certain to forget names and deeds which ought not to be forgotten. I must mention, however, the members, honorary and executive, of the Relief Fund for the war-victims in Belgium, all our Consuls, and in the forefront the Consul-General, whose devotion was untiring, and many other persons of all sects and opinions. And even if the limited space at my disposal did not permit it, I should feel guilty of injustice were I not to mention the immense number of anonymous charitable people who, as initiators and organisers, have gained undoubtedly the right to the gratitude of Belgium.

Mr. A. Lemont, in his detailed account of the visit of the members of the Belgian Mission to Montreal, has headed his last chapter "The Duty of Canada towards Belgium." He expresses the opinion that Canadian sympathy should take a much fuller, more permanent and systematic form, in the still more generous encouragement of Belgian immigrants, whose start in life is sometimes difficult. It will be necessary especially, he adds, to extend our commercial relations with Belgium, and to adapt our tariff to her needs.

No Belgian would dare to say that Canada had duties towards

TO CANADA

Belgium. But I am voicing for certain the thoughts of my compatriots when I declare that we owe to Canada a debt of imperishable gratitude.

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When these lines are published I shall have quitted, perhaps never to visit again, this vast territory of Canada, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Oh, that I were an artist, so that, on the spot, I might make my fellow-countrymen appreciate a fraction of the beauties of the country through which I have just passed ! Why am I not a poet, capable of singing a hymn of thanks for all the kindness which has been shown to me here ?

Canada, I salute thee, country of lakes, big and little, dotted with islands small and great, with fancifully indented shores, fringed with luxuriant vegetation : in the autumn, a many-coloured and brilliant attire.

I love thy forests, dense and silent, which rise in gentle slopes up the sides of thy hills, and carpet the steeps of thy precipitous chains,

I love thy vast spaces, thy prairies, broad as the ocean ; thy fields of corn, waving as far as the eye can reach, like the rolling billows of a mighty sea.

I love thy St. Lawrence, majestic stream, chafing, as it were, in confinement, wherein is marvellously reflected every tint of heaven ; which I have seen on a fine summer's day, a vast sheet of water shining like an immense blade of steel, glittering in the rays of the sun.

I love the incomparable and wild beauty of thy Rocky Mountains, their summit in a blaze of light, their mighty rocks, their pointed peaks, their deep ravines, their dreamy lakes and roaring torrents, pouring their waters of transparent green upon a stony bed of white bleached purity. In vain do the pine trees try unceasingly to reach the summit of thy proud pinnacles. Their lines are so fine and their outline so noble that the sun and the snow alone can enhance their beauty.

My compatriot and fellow-countryman, Father de Smet, of Termonde, was the apostle of this rough, ravined and rugged country, which for a long time appeared to be quite inaccessible.

TO CANADA

In his poor native town, burnt by the men of "Kultur," who would have amazed his savages, the statue of the Apostle of the Rocky Mountains remains standing and intact, like the beautiful mountain-tops to which once upon a time he was the bringer of glad tidings.

Thou art glorious, even in winter, land of Canada, when the snow hides thee completely beneath a cloak of white, not as a shroud but as a garment, guarding thy slumber, that at their awakening thy fields, thy forests, and thy prairies may yield once more to the millions who depend upon them, their cattle, their timber, and their corn.

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE AU SECOURS DU PEUPLE BELGE.

PAR HENRY SEGAERT.

LE 14 Octobre, 1914, M. Fisher, Premier Ministre du Commonwealth Australien, proposait a la Chambre des Representants de Melbourne d'offrir a la Belgique une somme de 100,000 liv. st. " en temoignage de reconnaissance pour les services heroiques rendus par les citoyens de cette nation au genre humain, en defendant leur droit national de vivre en paix dans leur patrie," et, dans le discours qu'il prononcait pour appuyer cette motion, M. Fisher ajoutait : " C'est un grand privilege pour un jeune Dominion qui n'est pas un etat souverain, mais qui jouit d'un gouvernement autonome sous l'autorite de la Couronne britannique, de pouvoir ainsi payer a la Belgique un tribut d'admiration pour la valeur de son peuple et les sacrifices qu'il s'est impose. Nous prions les Beiges d'accepter cet hommage. Il n'est evidemment pas suffisant pour reparer les destructions et les ruines causees par un ennemi arrogant. Nous esperons cependant qu'il aidera a panser les blessures immeritees de ce peuple vaillant! "

Presentee dans ces termes, la proposition d'un don national de l'Australie a la Belgique fut adoptee a une majorite quasi absolue.

A ce moment, cependant, on ne connaissait d'une facon exacte, dans les grands centres du Commonwealth, que les details de l'attentat perpetre contre notre neutralite et de la resistance du Roi, du Gouvernement et de la nation beige a l'envahisseur sans scrupules : les blessures que l'Australie venait nous aider a panser e'taient celles d'une guerre injuste mais que l'on supposait encore, la bas, devoir etre loyale.

C'est plus tard seulement, avec les premiers recits de l'epopee magnifique de l'Yser, que se repandirent en Australie et en Nouvelle Zelande les premieres precisions concernant les destructions systematiques, les massacres de civils, les horreurs et les atrocites commises par les hordes barbares : Nous avons dans nos dossiers des lettres de Sydney datees de Decembre 1914, ou se manifeste encore l'incredulite vis a vis des nouvelles de ce genre qui commencent a passionner l'opinion publique. Mais bientot le doute devient impossible : Les rapports des Commissions d'enquete beige et britannique sont publics in extenso, les

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE

preuves de toute nature s'accumulent sous les yeux du monde horrifie. Et, lorsque derriere ce faisceau d'horreurs, dans la Belgique ecrasee, broyee par la botte du conquerant, se dresse le spectre de la famine menacante, une vague irresistible de pitie et de solidarite souleve la conscience des etats oceanien : De Melbourne et de Sydney, jusqu'aux confins de la Nouvelle Zelande, les cœurs s'emeuvent et s'attendrissent, partout des groupements, des comites s'instituent pour recueillir les secours indispensables a la nation martyre et ceux qui sont trop loin des centres, perdus dans l'imraensite de ces pays nouveaux, trouvent dans l' agent-general de leur Etat a Londres le mandataire naturel de leur charite isolee.

A mesure que le temps vient augmenter et compliquer les necessites du ravitaillement des Beiges opprimes et des Beiges exiles, le mouvement s'etend, s'accentue, s'amplifie. Il semble que les sentiments de solidarite du peuple australien s'exaltent dans leur exercice meme : Des rives lointaines du Sud aux commissions de secours de Londres, c'est un fleuve d'or qui s'ecoule dont le courant se fait plus large, plus majestueux chaque mois. Si bien qu'aujourd'hui,* apres un an de guerre et de souffrances, la Belgique a reçu de l'Australie et de la Nouvelle Zelande, avec des chargements entiers de dons en nature, plus de 1,775,284 livres sterling, au delà de 47 millions de francs !

Et il ne faut pas perdre de vue, pour estimer a sa juste valeur la veritable grandeur de cet effort de confraternite internationale, qu'il a etc fourni par des etats nouveaux, dont la population totale ne depasse guere six millions d'habitants et qui se sont imposes en meme temps la charge d'une intime collaboration financiere militaire et navale a. la lutte contre les barbares.

J'ai eu moi-meme l'honneur et la joie de signaler dans la presse beige les details qui me sont parvenus de temps a autre sur les secours apportés par tels etats d'oceanie a ma patrie souffrante. Il n'a pas encore ete public jusqu'ici cependant un apercu general et detaille de ce que l'Australie et la Nouvelle Zelande ont fait pour la Belgique. Qu'il me soit done permis d'exposer dans leurs grandes lignes l'oeuvre realisee et les resultats obtenus dans chacune des deux grandes possessions de la

***31 Aout 1915.**

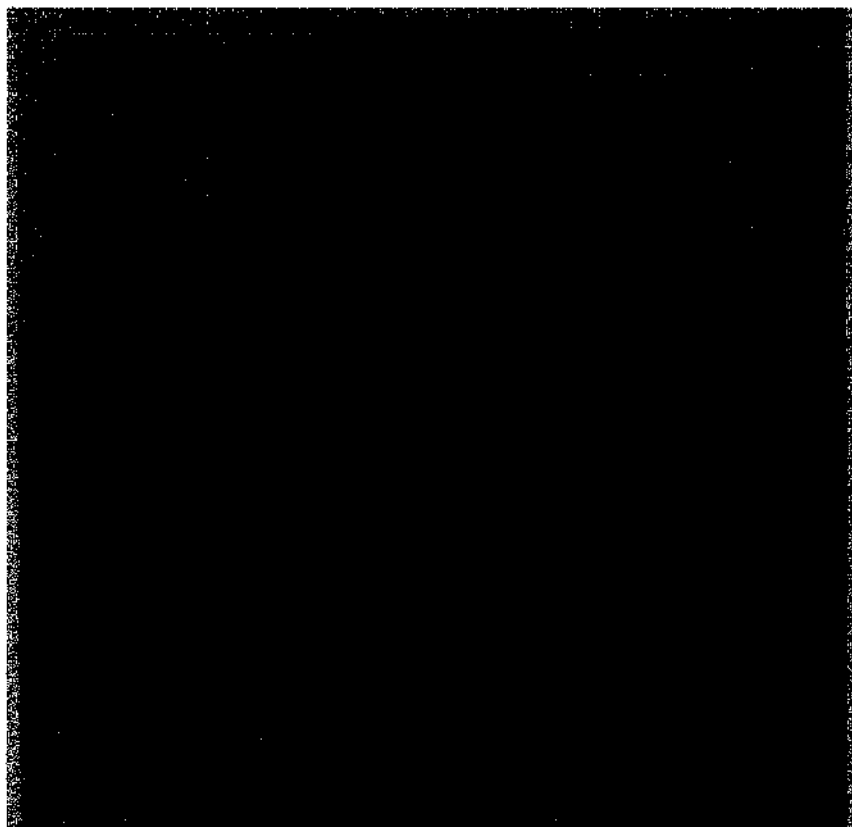
L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE

Couronne imperiale britannique : Quelle que soit l'aridite des chiffres, ils ont en pareille matiere plus d'eloquence que les mots !

La Nouvelle Zelande ne constitue un Dominion autonome que depuis l'annee 1907. Elle est composee de deux grandes et de plusieurs petites iles situees a pres de 1,200 milles a l'est de l'Australie, et sa population europeenne est de moins de 1,100,000 habitants. Eh bien, dans ce pays l'un des plus jeunes de la societe des nations, qui en est aux premiers pas de sa vie autonome, des que l'echo fut parvenu des malheurs de notre patrie, toutes les institutions, toutes les organisations sociales mobiliserent aussitot leurs ressources et leurs influences pour apporter un baume a nos blessures: En quelques mois, d'Octobre 1914 a Fevrier 1915, les fonds recueillis par S.E. le Gouverneur-general, Lord Liverpool, atteignirent plus de 50,000 liv. st. Plus de 95,000 liv. st. furent envoyees a Londres de Decembre a Juillet par la Tresorerie du Dominion; 60,000 liv. st. furent recoltees dans la seule ville de Canterbury (N.Z.) ; le mayor de Dunedin, les residents d'Otago, la ligue des enfants de Southland, le " fund " du Consul de Belgique accumulerent des sommes variant de 2,000 a 8,000 liv ; les journaux locaux, les unions agricoles, les comites regionaux, les societes scolaires, les associations charitables unirent leurs efforts pour reunir des cargaisons entieres de cereales, de moutons congeles, de beurre, de fromage, des centaines de balles de couvertures, des milliers de caisses d'habits, qui furent dirigees vers l'interieur de la Belgique occupee et vers les centres de refugies.

J'ai pu feuilleter, dans les bureaux du Haut Commissionnaire de la Nouvelle Zelande a Londres le registre ou s'inscrivent encore jour par jour les cheques et les mandats telegraphiques, parnni lesquels alternent les sommes de deux ou trois livres et les envois depassant le million. Rien ne demontre mieux que toutes les classes sociales de la Nouvelle Zelande se sont intimement unies pour adresser a l'Hon. Th. Mackenzie, son representant a Londres, ces dons, dont le montant atteignait a fin Aout le total de 270,576 liv, st.

N'est-ce pas a bon droit que la Belgique peut meler la fierte d'avoir su provoquer dans la nation la plus meridionale du monde un tel elan d'enthousiasme a la reconnaissance qu'elle est heureuse de manifester publiquement au peuple Neo-Zelandais !



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
JULIEN GELIS

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE

C'est avec le meme cceur, avec la meme abnegation, que les habitants des six itats reunis sous la banniere etoilee du Commonwealth Australien be sont associes, des que fut pousse le premier cri d'alarme, au mouvement d'universelle sympathie qui secoua le monde devant Patten-tat perpetre contre les citoyens de la nation la plus pacifique de la terre.

Presqu'isoles au milieu des regions inconnues encore du continent oceanien, les quatre cent mille habitants disperses dans l'immense territoire de l'Australie du Sud ont envoye pendant la premiere annee de la guerre a leur Agent-general a Londres de nombreux colis de vetements et plus de 207,000 livres sterling recueillis par le South Australian Belgian Relief Committee.

La population de l'Australie Occidentale est plus reduite encore, atteignant a peine 300,000 habitants. La aussi, cependant, le mouvement pro-beige a pris des l'origine une belle extension: Au 31 Aout 1915, une souscription ouverte par le journal *West Australian* avait rapporte deja 20,400 liv. st. Des personnalites devouees y ont fonde un Belgian Relief Fund, un Belgian Children's Fund, et y ont reuni en quelques mots plus de 32,083 liv. st. sans compter des chargements importants de farine, de fruits, et d'effets d'habillement.

Dans le meme laps de temps, l'Etat du Queensland a adresse au Belgian Relief Fund la somme de 112,049 liv. st. Nous relevons parmi les principales sources de ce total: Le Brisbane Belgian Consulate Relief Fund avec 74,683 liv.; le Queensland Patriotic Committee avec 16,286 liv. et le Gouvernement local avec 10,000 liv. st. En complement de ces dons en numeraire, le peuple de l'Etat a rassemble des chargements considerables de comestibles pour les refugies beiges dans le Royaume-Uni. Ces denrees ont etc distribues dans les hopitaux traitant des blesses beiges et dans les institutions et homes supportant des refugies.

La Tasmanie nous a offert 21,400 liv. st. recoltees dans les divers centres de l'Etat ou des comites ont etc formes dans ce but, habituellement sous la presidence du maire de la cite ou des dirigeants du district. " Je puis vous assurer hardiment," ecrit l'Agent-general de Tasmanie a Londres, en nous communiquant ce chiffre, "que partout le peuple

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE

de l'Etat a temoigne d'une chaleureuse sympathie envers le peuple beige. Le resultat de notre campagne charitable n'est peut-etre pas tres considerable en lui-meme. Il faut y trouver l'expression du desir unanime de notre petite communaute d'a peine 200,000 ames de venir en aide a notre soeur heroique d'Europe ! "

L'Etat de Victoria au contraire, est, au point de vue de la population, le second du Commonwealth et sa capitale, Melbourne, le siege actuel du Gouvernement federal. Sous l'impulsion du Lord Maire de Melbourne les oeuvres beiges ont surgi des la premiere heure dans la metropole : Le Belgian Relief Fund, sous sa presidence, a reuni a lui seul plus de 200,000 liv. st. Le Belgian Flag Day organise par la Lady Mayoress a rapporte au dela de 9,000 liv. tandis que l'activite de ces hautes autorites s'interessait encore a d'autres oeuvres multiples en faveur des soldats, des religieuses beiges. Entraînés par cet exemple, le peuple et les grandes institutions de l'Etat ont rivalisé de generosité : Les journaux en vue, les banques importantes, les services publics, et les directions des principaux theatres ont contribue, par leur oeuvre commune, a faire monter le total des fonds souscrits dans le Victoria a 246,172 liv. st. M. Mac Bride, Agent-general a Londres, avait d'autre part obtenu de pouvoir disposer au profit des Comites de Refugies des stocks de comestibles en reserve dans la capitale du Royaume-Uni, et, detail qui a sa saveur, la plupart des chaussures distribues a nos concitoyens en Angleterre furent fournies par le Victoria, a la suite d'un appel lance la bas par Mme. MacBride qui put obtenir egalement des quantites de vetements et de douceurs pour les soldats beiges du front. Enfin, une ambulance automobile complete, equipee aux frais des membres des services publics de l'Etat, fut offerte au Gouvernement beige par M. Leslie Stuart de Melbourne.

J'ai volontairement omis jusqu'a ce moment, malgre l'ordre alphabetique dans lequel j'ai cru devoir presenter l'expose de l'oeuvre realisee par les Etats Australiens, l'Etat de Nouvelle Galles du Sud. Je Fai fait, parce que j'ai ete personnellement a meme de suivre de plus pres le mouvement de solidarite magnifique qui fut celui de toute l'Australie, dans cet Etat, dans cette belle ville de Sydney dont l'inepuisable charite envers nos malheurs m'a rempli d'admiration et de reconnaissance.

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE

Dans les lettres que j'ai recues de *Ia* bas d'un des miens, en l'ame **duquel** s'unissent l'amour de la Belgique, son pays natal, et del'Australie, sa patrie d'adoption, j'ai trouve des le premier mois de la guerre **i** cote de la sollicitude inquiete pour le sol de ses peres, les premices de la splendide moisson dont je denombre aujourd'hui la recolte.

Des le debut des hostilites les souscriptions des citoyens de Sydney avaient afflue spontanement chez notre representant officiel dans cette ville et le " Consul's Fund " atteignait deja. d'imposantes proportions, quand un groupe d'admirateurs de la Belgique entreprit la creation du Belgian National Fund et l'organisation, dans tout l'Etat, d'une veritable croisade de charite en faveur de notre pays, Dans toutes les villes, dans tous les villages, des comites et des sous comites furent institues, partout des initiatives devouees se consacrerent aux collectes, aux ventes de charite, a l'etablissement de listes de souscriptions mensuelles ou hebdomadaires. Il fallait atteindre tous les citoyens frapper a toutes les bourses, drainer les pennys, aussi bien que les livres d'or et les Jarges banknotes, et savoir au besoin, de ceux a qui manquait de numeraire, accepter le don en nature transformable de mille ingenieuses facons en ecus trebuchants !

Et, du haut en bas de l'echelle sociale, l'emulation charitable s'est si bien emparee de ce pays que le total des souscriptions, arrete pour l'Etat de Nouvelle Galles du Sud au debut de Septembre 1915, atteint le chiffre enorme de 786,000 liv. st. soit plus de 21 millions de francs. Bien plus, a l'heure actuelle des souscriptions permanentes sont assurees pour la duree de l'occupation de notre territoire, a concurrence de 30 mille livres par mois !

Outre ces dons en argent, c'est par centaines de caisses, par millier de balles, que des effets d'habillement furent expadies pour nos soldats et pour nos refugies et la valeur des moutons congeles, des lapins conserves, des fruits, des comestibles varies embarques a Sydney a destination de Londres et de la Belgique est evaluee au bas mot a 55,000 liv. st.

Voulez-vous savoir maintenant dans quel esprit s'exerce cette philanthropie quasi incomparable *i* Laissez-moi vous exposer ce que fut a Sydney le " Belgian Day " le 14 Mai 1915 :

L'AUSTRALIE ET LA NOUVELLE ZELANDE,

Vers la fin du dernier hiver, la " Commission for Relief in Belgium " avait lance" un appel au monde civilise, exposant les necessite's urgentes du ravitaillement de la population civile beige. Des reception de la nouvelle, le Comite executif du National Belgian Relief Fund, confia a M. Hugh Ward le soin d'organiser une journee au cours de laquelle Pherolsme beige soit commemoire dans tout PEtat, toutes les ressources possibles etant mises en ceuvre pour galvaniser davantage encore l'elan de la generosite nationale.

A Sydney meme la fete du 14 Mai restera memorable. La ville fut ce jour-la une masse de rouge, jaune et noir ; le Roi Albert fut litteralement immortalise : sa photographie etait partout, aux fenetres, sur les murs, aux boutonnieres des habits, couronnee de feuilles de laurier et enlcee des couleurs nationales. Toutes les autres villes, tous les villages de l'Etat furent de meme decorees aux couleurs beiges ; dans toutes les families, a la meme heure, un toast fut porte a notre vaillant peuple et a son Roi, et le rapport des collectes, des representations theatrales, des corteges de cette seule journee, fit monter le total du Belgian Fund de 127,000 livres sterling !

" Ce n'est pas seulement," ecrivait le lendemain matin le *Sydney Morning Herald*, " l'esprit de charite qui animait hier le peuple entier de Nouvelle Galles du Sud, c'etait le desir de payer une partie de la dette incalculable contractee en vers une nation dont le Roi et les sujets ont refuse de se soumettre, a un moment ou leur soumission eut porte un coup mortel a l'Empire britannique! " La Belgique martyre pourrait-elle desirer meilleur reconfort dans sa douleur que de telles paroles commentant de tels actes ?

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED BELGIUM.

TRANSLATION BY PAUL TAYLOR.

ON October 14th, 1914, Mr. Fisher, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, proposed in the Chamber of Representatives at Melbourne a grant of £100,000 to Belgium "in grateful acknowledgment of the heroic services the citizens of that country have rendered mankind in defence of their national rights to live in peace in their own country," and in the speech he delivered in support of the motion Mr. Fisher added : " It is a great privilege indeed for our young Dominion—not a sovereign State, but a Dominion which is free to govern itself under the British Crown—to have this opportunity of paying to Belgium a tribute of praise for the valour of its people and the great sacrifices they have made ; and of asking the Belgians to accept from us a small gift ; not that it may repair the damage that has been done, or the destruction that has been brought about by an arrogant foe ; but that, in some way, it may heal the wounds that the people of that country have suffered through no fault of their own."

Submitted in these terms the proposal of a national gift from Australia to Belgium was adopted with almost absolute unanimity. At that moment, however, the great centres of the Commonwealth had precise information only as to the details of the outrage perpetrated against our neutrality, and of the resistance of the King, the Government, and the Belgian nation to their unscrupulous invader. The wounds which Australia was helping to heal were wounds inflicted in an unjust war, but one, as was still supposed there, conducted on principles of honourable warfare. It was only later that, together with the first accounts of the magnificent Epopœia on the Yser, particulars of the systematic destruction, the massacres of civilians, the horrors and atrocities committed by the barbarian hordes reached Australia and New Zealand. We have among our papers letters from Sydney dated in December, 1914, still displaying incredulity as to news of this character, then beginning to excite public opinion. But in a short time doubt became impossible : the reports of the Commissions of Enquiry—Belgian and British—were published *in extenso* and proofs

149

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

of every kind accumulated under the eyes of the horrified world. **And** when, following upon this collection of horrors, there arose in Belgium, crushed and ground under the heel of the conqueror, the spectre of threatening famine, an irresistible wave of pity and solidarity swept over the conscience of the Oceanian States. From Melbourne and Sydney to the confines of New Zealand hearts were touched and stirred, everywhere meetings and committees were organised to collect the help indispensable to the martyred nation, while those too far removed from the centres of population, and lost in the immensity of these new countries, found in the Agent-General of their State in London the natural channel for their isolated charity. And, as in the course of time, the necessity of providing for the wants both of the downtrodden and of the exiled Belgians has become greater and more complicated, so has the movement spread, accentuating itself and enlarging its sphere. It seems that the sentiment of solidarity displayed by the Australians acquires increasing strength by its very exercise. From the distant southern shores to organisations of relief in London there flows a river of gold broader and more majestic every month ! So that at the present time,* after a year of war and suffering, Belgium has received from Australia and New Zealand, besides whole shiploads of gifts in kind, more than £1,775,284—more that is, than forty-four millions of francs. And in appraising at its true value the real grandeur of this effort of international confraternity we must not lose sight of the fact that it has been carried out by new States whose total population hardly exceeds six millions, and who have taken upon themselves at the same time the burden of a close collaboration, financial, military, and naval, in the struggle against the barbarians.

I myself have had the honour and pleasure of calling attention in the Belgian Press to the details which from time to time have become known to me of the assistance afforded by the Oceanian States to my suffering country. Till now, however, no general and detailed survey of such assistance has been published. Let me, therefore, be permitted to trace in their broad outlines the work done and the results

*August 31, 1915.

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

realised in each of the two great possessions of the Imperial British Crown. However dry figures may be, they are in matters of this kind more eloquent than words. New Zealand has only been constituted as a self-governing Dominion since 1907. It is composed of two large and several small islands situated about 1,200 miles east of Australia, and its European population is less than 1,100,000. Yet in this country, one of the youngest in the society of nations, as yet only in the infancy of its autonomous existence, no sooner had the echo of our country's misfortunes reached there than every institution, every social organisation, mobilised their resources for the purpose of alleviating our distress. In a few months, from October, 1914, to February, 1915, the funds collected by His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Liverpool, amounted to £50,000. More than £95,000 were sent to London from December to July by the Dominion Treasury; £60,000 were collected in the town of Canterbury (N.Z.) alone; the Mayor of Dunedin, the residents of Otago, the Children's League of Southland, the "fund" of the Belgian Consul accumulated sums varying from £2,000 to £8,000; the local newspapers, the agricultural societies, the district committees, the school societies, the charitable associations united their efforts to gather together whole shiploads of meal, frozen meat, butter and cheese, hundreds of bales of blankets and thousands of cases of clothes, which were forwarded to the interior of occupied Belgium and the various refugee centres. I have had the opportunity at the offices of the High Commissioner of New Zealand in London of looking through the register containing the entries day by day of the cheques and telegraphic money orders received, among which alternate sums varying from a few shillings to many thousands of pounds. Nothing more clearly shows that all classes of society in New Zealand have closely associated themselves in forwarding to their representative in London, the Honourable Th. Mackenzie, these gifts, of which the amount at the end of August had reached a total of £270,576. Is it not with good reason that Belgium can mingle with the gratitude it is her happiness publicly to acknowledge to the people of New Zealand a feeling of pride in the outburst of enthusiasm she has succeeded in evoking in the most southern nation of the world?

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

It was in the same spirit and with the same self-sacrifice, that the people of the six States united beneath the starred banner of the Australian Commonwealth associated, themselves, at the first cry of alarm, with the movements of universal sympathy which shook the world in face of the outrage committed against the citizens of the most peaceful nation on earth.

Almost cut off in the midst of still unexplored regions of the Oceanian Continent, the four hundred thousand inhabitants dispersed amid the immense territory of South Australia forwarded during the first year of the war to their Agent-General in London numerous packages of clothes and more than £207,000 collected by the South Australian Belgian Relief Committee.

The population of Western Australia is still smaller, hardly amounting to 300,000 inhabitants. There, also, however, the pro-Belgian movement from the first has attained considerable proportions. Up to August 31st, 1915, a subscription opened by the *Western Australian* newspaper had already produced a sum of £20,400. Devoted leaders of the community have founded a Belgian relief fund, a Belgian children's fund, and have got together in a few months more than £32,083, apart from important consignments of flour, fruit, and articles of clothing.

During the same period the State of Queensland has forwarded to the Belgian Relief Fund the sum of £112,049. Among the principal sources of this total we may draw attention to the Brisbane Belgian Consulate Relief Fund with £74,683, the Queensland Patriotic Committee with £16,286, and the Local Government with £10,000. Supplementary to these gifts in cash, the people of this State collected large consignments of provisions for the Belgian refugees in the United Kingdom. These have been distributed among the hospitals where the Belgian wounded are receiving treatment and the institutions and homes maintaining the refugees.

Tasmania has contributed £21,400 to our funds, collected in the various centres where committees have been formed for this object, presided over, in the regular course, by the Mayor of the city or the chief officials of the district. "I can assure you with confidence," writes the Agent-General of Tasmania in London, in forwarding

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

to us this sum, " that the people of the State have everywhere displayed a warm sympathy with the people of Belgium. The result of our charitable campaign is not perhaps in itself very considerable, but you must regard it as expressing the unanimous desire of our small community of barely 200,000 souls to come to the assistance of our heroic European sister ! "

The State of Victoria, on the contrary, is, from the point of view of population, the second in the Commonwealth, and its capital, Melbourne, is the actual seat of the Federal Government. Under the initiative of the Lord Mayor of Melbourne the interests of Belgium have from the first received attention. The Belgian Relief Fund under his presidency has collected a sum of over £200,000. The Belgian Flag Day organised by the Lady Mayoress brought in more than £9,000, while the activities of these high authorities have interested themselves in many other matters in favour of the Belgian soldiers and the Belgian nuns. Carried away by this example, the people and the great institutions of the State have vied with each other in a spirit of generous emulation. The principal organs of the Press, the leading banks, the public services, the managers of the principal theatres, have contributed, by their efforts in a common cause, to raise the total funds subscribed in Victoria to a sum of £246,172. Mr. MacBride, the Agent-General in London, was also entrusted with power to dispose of large stocks of provisions stored in the capital of the United Kingdom for the benefit of the Refugee Committees, and—a detail of some interest—the greater part of the boots and shoes distributed to our fellow-citizens in England were furnished by Victoria as the result of an appeal by Mrs. MacBride, who was also equally successful in obtaining quantities of clothing and comforts for the Belgian troops at the front. Finally, a complete automobile ambulance, equipped at the expense of members of the public service, was offered to the Belgian Government by Mr. Leslie Stuart, of Melbourne.

I have voluntarily omitted up to this moment, in spite of the alphabetical order in which I have thought it desirable to give a *resume* of the work carried out by the Australian States, the State of New South Wales. I have done so because I have been personally in a position to follow more closely the movement of magnificent solidarity which

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

characterised the whole of Australia, as it was exemplified in that particular State, in that beautiful town of Sydney, whose inexhaustible charity towards our misfortunes has filled me with admiration and gratitude. In letters which I have received from there from a relative—• in whose soul are united the love of Belgium, the country of his birth, and of Australia, the land of his adoption—I have found from the first month of the war, side by side with an anxious solicitude for the soil of his fathers, the first fruits of the splendid harvest whose results I am now enumerating.

From the commencement of hostilities the subscriptions from the citizens of Sydney have poured in spontaneously to our official representative there, and the " Consul's Fund " had already reached imposing proportions when a group of admirers of Belgium undertook the creation of the Belgian National Fund and the organisation throughout the State of a regular crusade of charity in behalf of our country. In every town, in every village, committees and sub-committees were established, everywhere, under the stimulus of devoted voluntary effort, collections, charity sales, and the formation of monthly and weekly subscription lists were to be met with. Their aim was to reach each individual citizen, to open every purse, to cause the inflow of the pence as well as golden sovereigns and big bank notes, and when the need arose to transform into solid cash in countless ingenious ways the offerings in kind of those who were not in a position to contribute their money.

And from top to bottom of the social scale this charitable emulation has so possessed the country that the total subscriptions reached by the State of New South Wales at the beginning of September, 1915, amounted to the enormous sum of £786,000, or more than twenty-one millions of francs. And, more than this, at the present time permanent subscriptions are assured, for so long as our territory is occupied, at the rate of £30,000 a month.

In addition to these gifts in cash hundreds of cases and thousands of bales of clothing were forwarded for our soldiers and refugees, and the value of the frozen mutton, preserved rabbits, fruit, and eatables of various kinds consigned from Sydney to London and Belgium amounts at the lowest estimate to £55,000.

HOW AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE HELPED

And now would you wish to know in what spirit this well-nigh incomparable philanthropy is displayed ? Let me describe to you " Belgian Day " at Sydney on May 14th, 1915.

Towards the close of last winter the " Commission for Relief in Belgium " had issued an appeal to the civilised world, setting forth the urgent necessity for the revictualling of the civilian population in Belgium. On the reception of the news the Executive Committee of the National Belgian Relief Fund entrusted to Mr. H. Ward the task of organising a " day " in the course of which the heroism of Belgium should be commemorated throughout the whole of the State, every possible resource being put into operation for the purpose of still further stimulating the outbursts of national generosity.

In Sydney itself the fete of May 14th will remain memorable. On that day the town was a mass of red, yellow, and black. King Albert was literally immortalised: his likeness was everywhere—in the windows, on the walls, in everyone's buttonhole, crowned with laurel leaves and surrounded by the national colours. All the other towns and villages of the State were decorated in the same way with the Belgian colours ; in every family at the same hour the toast was proposed of our gallant people and their King, and the amount resulting from street collections, theatrical representations, and processions on this day alone increased the total of the Belgian Fund by £127,000 !

" It was not only," said the *Sydney Morning Herald* of the following day, " the spirit of charity which yesterday animated the entire population of New South Wales, it was the desire to discharge a portion of the debt contracted towards a nation whose king and subjects refused to submit at a moment when their submission would have struck a deadly blow to the British Empire ! "

And could our martyred Belgium wish for greater comfort in her sorrow than such words, commenting upon such acts ?

SOUTH AFRICA.

PAR EUGENE STANDAERT, *Depute.*

NOUS escomptions une triomphante rebellion en Afrique du Sud, quelle deception aujourd'hui! Et quelle responsabilite pour ceux qui nous ont menes la!"

Ainsi s'exprimait le journal teuton *Der Tag* le lendemain du jour ou les Commandos du General Botha abattirent le drapeau allemand qui flottait sur le forum de Windhoek.

C'est, en effet, du pays des Boers que nous sont venus la premiere victoire definitive et la perte, pour l'Allemagne, d'un vaste empire colonial, le Sud-ouest Africain. Du pays des Boers—qui l'eut cru ?

Vers la fin de notre mission en Afrique, apres une inoubliable campagne de meetings, poursuivie, pendant deux mois, a travers les vastes pays du Transvaal et de l'Orange, nous débarquons a Ladysmith.

Sous un ciel abaisse, un ciel d'orage, livide, filtrant par ses echan-crures des flambees de soleil, faisceau d'or pale sur un decor de deuil, on nous mena en pelerinagc vers les cimetieres historiques.

Aux portes de Ladysmith—dont la tour eventree et trouee par les boulets boers a garde intactes ses blessures de guerre—se trouve, au cceur d'un vallon pittoresque, Wagon Hill: un cimetiere, six cents tombes, un horizon de petites croix blanches, pieusement encadrées de fleurs, champ de bataille et champ de repos du vaillant regiment de Devonshire. Plus loin, dans le silence lourd d'une campagne vide, aux tons indefinis de bruyeres empourprees, aux horizons fauves sans arbres et sans moissons, nous c6toyons des croix, des tombes encore. De ci de la, etranges, des kopjes, isoles, poses a plat sur la plaine, en leur forme amusante de cones impeccables, faits au tour, se profilent sur Thorizon, dans la tonalite gris-clair de leur roche depolie, festonnee de lichen.

Soudain, en face de nous, une cone plus haut, plus massif que les autres, au sommet nu, aplati; des croix blanches, beaucoup de croix, une stele hexagone, noir et blanc avec des noms, beaucoup de noms, tout une floraison anglaise de jeunesse aristocratique et plebeenne tombee la : e'est Spioenkop !

Spioenkop—Windhoek. 1902—1914. Antithese troublant, phenomene, a la fois prodigieux et dramatique.

SOUTH AFRICA

O h ! Cela ne se fit pas sans hesitations, sans secousses ni dechirements douloureux.

Que de fois nous fflmes temoins des angoisses de l'ame boer, oscillant entre les idees de rebellion et de loyalisme ; apres nos meetings, souvent, les Boers nous faisaient la naive confession de leurs cceurs confiants et simples : " Nous vous sommes reconnaissants d'avoir ouvert nos yeux a la verite ; c'est bien fini, desormais, entre nous et le barbare traitre a sa parole, bourreau de votre cher petit peuple si pacifique et si bon. Mais, tout de meme, la tentation fut forte; songez done, il n'y a que douze ans ! Nous n'avons pas eu le temps d'oublier ! Toutes les fibres de notre chair fremissent encore au souvenir de la guerre terrible que nous fut faite. . . ."

Quand le recul du temps permettra de donner aux choses leurs justes proportions, dans la claire vision de la lutte geante que nous aurons vecue, emergera comme un episode au dessus de toutes les previsions humaines, la participation des Boers de l'Union Sud-Africaine a la guerre mondiale.

Malgre tout le phenomene resterait inexplique, s'il ne fallait y voir un des plus beaux triomphes du genie colonial des Anglais ; la oft tous les autres eussent echoue, la Grande-Bretagne, flegmatiquement, a double le Cap des tempetes. C'est que l'imperialisme britannique s'entend, a merveille, a respecter les aspirations nationales de ses dominions, laissant chaque peuple autonome, libre, independant, disposer de son gouvernement interieur, de ses intercts economiques, meme de sa force armee. Cela est si vrai, qu'on a pu faire, au debut de la guerre actuelle, cette constatation frappante : l'Angleterre voit son drapeau Hotter sur la cinquieme partie du monde entier et elle dispose d'une armee, grande comme celle de la Suisse !

Il eut suffi au Canada, aux Indes, a l'Australie, a la Nouvelle Zelande, a l'Union Sud-Africaine de dire : " Nous restons chez nous en nous desinteressant de la guerre," pour que l'Angleterre eut a faire face, par ses seules ressources, au conflit formidable ou elle se trouve engagee. Mais toutes les Colonies, spontanement, se sont solidarisees avec la Mere-patrie, donnant ainsi le dementi aux sarcasmes teutons, se riant de l'imperialisme britannique. " Un imperialisme de parade, sans

SOUTH AFRICA

consistance et sans force, destine a s'effondrer au premier choc un peu rude."

Quel succes pour la cause des allies, quel mecompte pour Pimperialisme allemand, qui, au rebours de l'autre, a pour base le militarisme et pour but l'absorption des nationalites par la culture germanique—cette horreur!

" Un Colosse aux pieds d'argile," disaient les Teutons en parlant de l'Angleterre; s'il y a quelque part, en Europe, un Colosse aux pieds d'argile, il ne se trouve pas sur une ile.

Le reve germanique d'un Empire Colonial Africain " aussi beau que les Indes," s'est evanoui a jamais. L'Allemagne comptait sur la cooperation des Afrikaanders et on sait qu'au debut de la guerre, le Kaiser, en personne, s'est abaisse jusqu'a envoyer un telegramme disant: " Je consens a reconnaitre l'independance du Transvaal et de l'Orange, meme a la garantir, a condition que la rebellion eclate sans delai." Mais les Boers sont defiants de nature et si d'aucune, tout d'abord, se laisserent seduire, pour la grande majorite, le telegramme de l'Empereur qui avait garanti l'independance de la Belgique, apparut n'avoir que la valeur de quelque chose comme un " scrap of paper."

Si cependant les Boers avaient ecoute l'agent provocateur couronne, s'ils s'etaient revoltes en masse, k la suite des generaux de Wet, Beyers, et Maritz, on se demande, non sans effroi, quelle eut ete la consequence de ce fait, sur le cours des evenements, l'Angleterre se trouvant obligee de depecher, en Afrique, ses meilleurs regiments. Mais c'est le gros bon sens boer, qui, a l'heure decisive, l'emporta ; voyant, en Belgique, le Teuton a l'oeuvre, sa duplicité, sa malhonnête, ses atrocites, le Boer a eu, soudain, la clairvoyance du peril, auquel Pexposait le triomphe de la Germanic Faisant taire tous autres sentiments, comprimant, au fond de son etre, les blessures toujours saignantes, conscient, apres tout, des larges libertes que l'Angleterre a su lui garder, le Boer, resolutement, a suivi le loyal Botha pour aller, cote a cote avec les Anglais, combattre et vaincre l'Allemand,

Que dire des temoignages de sympathie et de generosite qui, de l'Afrique du Sud, sont venus vers la Belgique ?

SOUTH AFRICA

Au cours de notre raid a travers PUnion, de la pointe du Cap **aux rives** du Limpopo, des que la glace fut rompue entre les Afrikaanders et nous, des que nous pumes demasquer la perfidie allemandes et mettre a neant les calomnies infames, partout repandues par les agents teutons il y eut un revirement magnifique de l'opinion publique. La meme ou nous etions, tout d'abord, accueillis avec froideur, l'elan fut d'autant plus cordial et plus genereux.

Que de souvenirs emouvants se pressent, en foule, dans ma memoire !

Il me souvient d'un jeune Boer de seize ans—c'etait en plein centre rebelle—m'abordant a l'issue d'un meeting; dans son regard clair, brillait encore l'emotion ressentie, au regit des atrocites commises en Belgique. " Monsieur," me dit-il, " je ne suis pas riche, mais voici dix shellings, je vous en supplie acceptez les, pour nos pauvres freres flamands." Comme je me recriais, emu, disant que les delegues beiges n'avaient pas pour mission la collecte et que d'ailleurs ses parents pourraient ne pas approuver tant de largesses. " O! " repliqua-t-il, " ma mere est la bas, elle ne sait rien, mais demande lui." Nous nous approchons, j'explique, en deux mots, a la mere, ce qui vient de sc passer et la brave femme, embrassant vivement son fils, s'ecrie : "*Paultje wat is dat toch schoon !*" (Mon petit Paul, comme cela est beau !) et se retournant vers moi, elle ajoute : "Acceptez, monsieur, je vous en prie, ce sont toutes ses economies."

Un autre jour, c'etait a Capetown, des jeunes gens nous expliquent, qu'ayant depuis plusieurs mois fait des epargnes en vue d'une grande excursion de vacances, ils se sont reunis, apres notre meeting, et ont decide, d'un commun accord, de renoncer au voyage projeté et de nous remettre, pour les Beiges martyrs, toute leur cagnotte, soit sept mille et cinq cents francs.

A Bloemfonteyn, capitale de POrange, au diner que nous fut oflert par le gouverneur de la province, celui ci, dans un toast d'une cordialite debordante, nous annon^a que tous les employes et ouvriers des chemins de fer de la region venaient de decider, spontanement, l'abandon de deux et demi pour cent sur leurs appointements et salaires, au profit des Beiges.

SOUTH AFRICA

A Vryheid, locality qui compte deux mille ouvriers charbonniers, le maire, entoure de son conseil communal, nous recoit a la gare, disant simplement ceci: " Vous ne trouverez, dans cette commune, que de modestes houilleurs, mais leurs cœurs battent tellement a l'unisson du vdtre, que, tous, spontanement, ont decide de verser, jusqu'i la fin de la guerre, trois pour cent sur leur salaire au relief-fund beige," Je dois confesser que ce discours, digne de l'antique, me toucha a ce point qu'au moment merae je ne sus rien dire, des larmes demotion m'avaient jailli aux yeux ; je pris, de mes deux mains, la main calleuse du maire, la serrant dans une forte et cordiale etreinte. La foule fit echo a la sincerite de cette reponse muette par de vibrants bravos.

Partout les autorites de l'Union se multiplierent en faveur des Beiges ; son Excellence Lord Buxton, le sympathique et si distingue Gouverneur-general, montra l'exemple ; non seulement il nous prodigua, en gentleman de haute allure, les attentions les plus cordiales et les plus significatives, mais au meeting de Johanisburg, qu'il presidait, devant quatre mille auditeurs, apres un eloge vibrant du Roi et du peuple beige, il fit un appel pathetique a la solidarite africaine. Et dans leur home princier, au pare fastueux, surprenante evocation de la residence d'Este a Tivoli, au milieu des jardins en terrasses, encadrees de lointaines montagnes bleues et floues, parmi la profusion aveuglante des plus belles fleurs qui soient, a l'ombre des palmiers, des bananiers, des bambous geants, le Gouverneur-general et la toute gracieuse Lady Buxton organiserent, au profit des Beiges, des fetes, qui furent comme une pluie d'or dans les plateaux tendus.

Quelques jours apres notre retour en Europe, le Consul de Belgique £ Port Elisabeth—ville comptant a peine sept mille habitants de race blanche—m'ecrivait : " Depuis votre venue chez nous, le succes du relief-fund beige depasse toutes les previsions, j'aurai, dans peu de jours, recueilli, ici, cent mille francs,"

Je n'en finirais pas de citer, par le menu, les nobles exemples de la gcnerosite Sud-Africaine; surtout dans les centres ou dominant les Coloniaux Anglais, e'etaient chaque jour, des manifestations empoignantes, de tels clans de sympathie et d'enthousiasme, que, sous peine



SOUTH AFRICA

d'être vaincu par l'émotion, il fallait tendre ses nerfs avec vigueur, pour garder la maîtrise de soi.

Au moment de quitter l'Afrique, à bord du *Balmoral* embossé aux rives merveilleuses de Table Bay, nous recumes, sur le pont du navire, la visite d'un groupe de jeunes soldats, grands, dégagés, à la fois solides et minces, l'œil bleu, caressant, spécimens types de cette fière race boer, si découpée et si fine; dans leur langue hollandaise à la fois musicale et simple ils disaient: " Nous venons vous dire ' Au revoir ' et solliciter le bonheur de vous serrer la main. Nous assistions au grand meeting de Pretoria et avons entendu vos discours ; le même soir nous décidions de nous engager comme volontaires, pour aller nous battre contre les barbares qui ont martyrisé nos pauvres frères flamands. Dans quelques jours nous partons pour le South-west, et quand ce sera fini là-bas, s'il plaît à Dieu, nous viendrons en Flandre. . . ."

O chère et noble Belgique, comme ta cause doit être belle pour engendrer ainsi, jusqu'aux confins du monde, la générosité, l'abnégation l'ardente bravoure de tant d'âmes d'élite, entraînées par l'exemple, que tu donnes, des plus hautes vertus qui honorent l'humanité!

SOUTH AFRICA.

TRANSLATION BY THE HON. W. P. SCHREINER,
High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa.

“**W**E expected a victorious rebellion in South Africa ! We now see how we were deceived, A heavy responsibility rests on those who there misled us ! ”

Thus *Der Tag*, the German journal, on the day after General Botha's Commandoes lowered the German flag which waved over the Court House at Windhuk !

The fact is that the land of the Boers has brought to us our first clear victory, and to Germany the loss of a vast Colonial Empire in South-west Africa. The land of the Boers ! Who would have believed it ?

Towards the end of our mission in Africa, after a memorable campaign of meetings prosecuted for two months throughout the great countries of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, we left the train at Ladysmith.

Under a lowering, stormy, leaden sky, fissured with slanting rays of sunlight, pale-gold touches on a gloomy scene, we neared historic burial grounds.

The tower of Ladysmith, ripped and gapped by Boer artillery, keeps unrepaired the wounds of war. Near its gates, in the heart of a picturesque glen, is Wagon Hill, a grave for six hundred of the brave Devonshire Regiment, their field of battle and of rest, one gleam of small white crosses, framed in flowers of affection. Farther on, we again passed white crosses marking graves, set in the close silence of an empty plain, unbounded, without tree or crop, yet with purple patches of heather within fawn-coloured far horizons, while here and there above these horizons projected the profile of a strange solitary kopje, plumped upon the plain, in quaint form of perfect cone shaped by the lathe. These added a colour tone of clear grey from their polished rock surfaces and draperies of lichen. Suddenly there rose before us a cone higher and more massive than others, flat at the top and bare, with white crosses—many a cross—set in a hexagon, all black and white with names—many a name—marking where of the flower of England's youth of high and low degree many had fallen.

It was Spioenkop !

SOUTH AFRICA

Spioenkop to Windhuk! 1902 to 1914! Bewildering antithesis—phenomenon wonderful and dramatic!

Ah! That could not be without some falterings, or without sad shocks and the rending of old ties.

How often did we witness the anguished Boer spirit, wavering between ideas of rebellion and loyalty! Often after our meetings one or other of them would, from a trusting and simple heart, confess to us, "We are indebted to you for having opened our eyes to the truth: all is indeed over for the future between us and the barbarous traitor to his word, the butcher of your small people, so peaceful and good. But, all the same, the temptation was strong; just remember, only twelve years have passed! We have not had time to forget! Every fibre of our flesh still thrills to any reminder of the terrible war which was waged against us, . . ."

When lapse of time shall permit events to be given their just proportions in a clear retrospect of the giant struggle through which we shall have passed, standing out, as one episode which was beyond all human prevision, will be the part played in the World War by the Boers of the Union of South Africa.

Such a phenomenon, otherwise inexplicable, is understood only if we therein discern one of the finest triumphs of the colonising genius of the British. In a tempest where any other would have stranded, the ship "Great Britain" has calmly doubled the Cape of Storms. This is due to the fact that British Imperialism understands admirably how to respect national aspirations throughout its "Dominions," leaving to each people the autonomy, freedom, and measure of independence necessary to arrange its own internal government, its own economic interests, and even its armed forces. This is so much the case that one could, at the outset of the present war, have made with truth the striking statement, "England sees her flag wave over one-fifth of the whole world, and she arranges for an army as great as that of Switzerland!"

At the outset of war it only needed Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa to say, "We remain at home and take no part in the war," for England to have to face with her resources alone the formidable conflict wherein she found herself engaged. But

SOUTH AFRICA

quite spontaneously every Colony ranged itself as one with the Mother Country, thus giving the lie to the Teutonic taunt which derided British Imperialism as "an Imperialism for show, without consistency or force, and destined to fall in pieces at the first slightly rough shock."

What a success for the cause of the Allies, what a miscalculation for German Imperialism, which, in contrast to British Imperialism, has militarism as its base, and as its object the absorption of nationalities by the frightful German Culture.

Germans used to call England "a Colossus with feet of clay" : if anywhere in Europe a clay-footed Colossus exists, he is not found in an island.

The German dream of an African Colonial Empire "as fine as the Indies" has vanished for all time. Germany reckoned on the co-operation of the Afrikanders, and it is known that at the outset of the war the Kaiser personally lowered himself so far as to send a telegram saying, "I consent to recognise the independence of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, even to guarantee it, on condition that the rebellion breaks out without delay"; but the Boers are by nature shrewdly distrustful, and though some of them at the beginning allowed themselves to be seduced, to the great majority the telegram of the Emperor who had guaranteed the independence of Belgium appeared to have only the value of such a thing as a "scrap of paper." If, however, the Boers had listened to the crowned *agent provocateur*, if they had revolted *en masse* and followed Generals de Wet, Beyers, and Maritz, one asks oneself, not without fear, what might have been the consequence on the course of events of England's finding herself obliged to send her best troops into Africa. But the plain good sense of the Boer carried him with it at the decisive moment: seeing in Belgium the Teuton at his work, seeing his duplicity, roughness and atrocities, the Boer had a sudden clear vision of the peril to which German triumph would expose him. Silencing other feelings, compressing in the depths of his being wounds ever bleeding, admitting, after all, the great liberties which England had taken steps to secure to him, the Boer has resolutely followed loyal Botha in marching, side by side with the English, to fight and conquer the German.

SOUTH AFRICA

What can I say of the proofs of sympathy and generosity towards Belgium which have come from South Africa ?

In the course of our journey across the Union, from Cape Point to the banks of the Limpopo, as soon as the ice was broken between the Afrikanders and ourselves, as soon as we were able to unmask German perfidy and to nullify the infamous calumnies which were widely spread by Teutonic agents, there was a magnificent and sudden revulsion of public opinion. Even at a place where at first we were received with coolness the outburst of opinion became so much the more cordial and generous.

What moving recollections press crowding on my memory !

I remember a young Boer sixteen years of age at a plainly rebellious centre coming up to me at the close of a meeting; in his clear glance there still shone the emotion which he felt at our story of atrocities committed in Belgium.

" Sir," said he to me, " I am not rich, but here are ten shillings ; I pray you to accept them for our poor Flemish brethren." I exclaimed, with feeling, that it was not part of the mission of the Belgian delegates to collect money and that, apart from that, his relations might not approve so great a gift on his part; but he replied, " Oh ! my mother is down there, she knows nothing about it, but ask her." I approached the mother and in a few words explained to her what had taken place, and the excellent woman, warmly embracing her son, cried "*Paulje, wat is dat toch schoon !*"—" My little Paul, how fine of you ! " and turning towards me added, " I pray you, sir, to accept ; these shillings are the whole of his savings ! "

On another day, at Cape Town, some young people explained to us that, having for several months been saving money with a view to a great holiday excursion, they had, after our meeting, come together among themselves and had decided with one accord to give up their contemplated journey and to remit to us, for the Belgian martyrs, their entire holiday fund, some 7,500 francs.

At Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, at a dinner given to us by the Administrator of the Province, he, in a speech abounding in cordiality, announced to us that all the railway employees and workers

SOUTH AFRICA

of that part had just decided, of their own motion, to give up 2½ per cent, of their salaries and wages for the benefit of the Belgians.

At Vryheid, where some 2,000 coal miners are employed, the Mayor, surrounded by his Town Councillors, met us at the railway station, and said simply this : " In this locality you will only find unassuming colliers, but their hearts so throb in unison with yours that they all, of their own free will, have resolved to pay in, until the end of the war, 3 per cent, of their wages to the Belgian Relief Fund."

I must confess that this speech, worthy of ancient days, so touched me that at the moment I could say nothing, my tears flowed, I took with both mine the toil-hardened hand of the Mayor, clasping it in a strong and cordial grasp. With resounding cheers the crowd around echoed the sincerity of my mute response.

Everywhere the persons in authority in the Union surpassed themselves in kindness for the Belgians. His Excellency, Lord Buxton, the sympathetic and distinguished Governor-General, set the example; not only did he, a gentleman of lofty bearing, lavish upon us the most cordial and significant attentions, but, before four thousand hearers, at the meeting at Johannesburg over which he presided, after pronouncing stirring praise of the Belgian King and people, he made pathetic appeal for oneness in South Africa.

The Governor-General's residence in a stately park, recalling in a wonderful way the spirit of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, is situated in the midst of terraced gardens and in a framework of mountains, blue and soft in the distance. There, amid a bewildering profusion of the loveliest possible flowers, in the shade of palms, plantains and giant bamboos, the Governor-General and the all-gracious Lady Buxton, organised for the benefit of the Belgians a splendid fete which brought a golden shower.

Some days after our return to Europe, the Belgian Consul at Port Elizabeth (a town of scarcely seven thousand white inhabitants) wrote to me as follows : " Since your visit to us the success of the Belgian Relief Fund surpasses all forecasts. I have within a few days collected here a hundred thousand francs."

I should never end, were I to cite in detail all the noble examples of

SOUTH AFRICA

South African generosity; especially in the centres where the Colonial English predominate, there were daily striking manifestations—such outbursts of sympathy and enthusiasm, that, in the danger of being overcome by emotion, one had to brace one's nerves firmly to remain master of oneself.

At the moment of quitting Africa, on board the *Balmoral* lying broadside on in the wonderful docks of Table Bay, we received when on the ship's bridge a visit from a group of young soldiers, tall, at ease, sturdy and slight alike, with smiling blue eyes, typical specimens of that proud Boer race so strong limbed and so fine. They spoke in their own Dutch language, at once musical and simple : " We come to bid you good-bye, to wish your return, and to ask the honour of clasping your hand. We took part in a great meeting at Pretoria, and heard your speech; that evening we decided to enlist as volunteers to fight against the savages who have made martyrs of our poor Flemish brethren. In a few days we are setting out for the South-west, and when the business is finished down there, if God pleases, we shall come to Flanders."

O dear and noble Belgium ! How glorious must be thy cause thus to kindle, in the very ends of the earth, the generosity, the self-sacrifice, the ardent valour of every choice spirit, led by the example which thou hast given of the highest virtues which dignify humanity !

*Translated freely from the original French of M. Eugene Standaert by
W. P. Scbreiner. A token of friendship and regard. October, 1915.*

CE QUI NE DOIT PAS MOURIR.

PAR MADAME HYMANS.

DANS dix ans, dans cent ans et plus encore, lorsque les feuillets de ce livre auront jauni, rien de ce qu'il exprime ne sera oublié,

L'enfant sur les genoux du grand-père, de génération en génération écouter les histoires de la Grande Guerre et invariablement, après toutes les horreurs évoquées, une émotion bienfaisante étreindra les cœurs au récit de ce que fit pour les pauvres exilés, la compatissante et fraternelle Angleterre.

L'immortalité de la belle campagne d'humanité britannique est assurée par la reconnaissance du peuple belge tout entier.

THAT WHICH CANNOT DIE.

TRANSLATION BY VISCOUNTESS HAMLEDEN.

IN ten years, in a hundred years and yet longer, when the leaves of this book have turned yellow with age, nothing that it expresses will be forgotten.

From generation to generation the child sitting on his grandsire's knee will listen to the stories of the Great War and all its horrors. The tale of what England did for the poor exiles in her compassion and fraternal affection will ever move all hearts with a true emotion, and the story of the British campaign waged on behalf of suffering humanity will be rendered immortal by Belgian gratitude.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

BY MADAME VANDERVELDE.

" There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great Allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind."

SURELY these splendid words of Wordsworth's seem to have been written for the Belgians, who in the midst of their distress and their misery have found " great Allies " indeed. And how can we ever express our thanks to England—to the mother country, who has taken to her heart thousands of refugees, who has housed and clothed and fed them, and to her colonies, who have contributed with such unparalleled generosity towards keeping the seven millions of inhabitants in Belgium alive.

COMMENT J'AI PU RHABILLER NOS SOLDATS.

PAR MADAME R. MATON.

A LA fin du mois d'octobre, 1914, un grand nombre de militaires beiges blesses etaient arrives dans les lies Britanniques.
Accueillis avec une grande bonte et soignes avec une touchante sollicitude ils trouverent loin de leur patrie des foyers et de nouvelles familles.

Tous les soins medicaux, leur entretien et tout ce qui devait les conduire a la guerison leur fut assure. Mais le depart de Belgique avait ete si precipite que beaucoup d'entre eux, transportes sur des matelas ou dans des couvertures, n'avaient pas d'uniforme, d'autres etaient arrives en tenue d'ete, un grand nombre avaient leur linge incomplet, lacere ou souille de sang.

Repondant a une necessite et a un desir generalement exprime, j'ai cherche a reconstituer les trousseaux que les familles de ces braves n'avaient ni le pouvoir ni la joie de leur procurer. C'est alors qu'avec l'aide de quelques amies, j'ouvris un magasin-depot que j'eus le bonheur de voir se remplir rapidement de sous-vetements, de conforats de tous genres, et de milliers d'objets destines aux soldats beiges. Il m'avait suffi d'exposer mon projet pour sentir qu'une vive sympathie allait secourir mes efforts. De toutes les parties du Royaume, ainsi que des Dominions et des Colonies, m'arriverent des dons magnifiques et touchants : des petits enfants, des ouvriers, des ouvrieres, collaborerent a mon oeuvre.

Il me semble que chaque famille britannique, voulut manifester sa solidarite par un envoi, qui toujours etait accompagne d'un mot plein de cceur et souvent de tout encouragement pour nos soldats.

La richesse de mon magasin fut telle que non seulement des milliers et des milliers d'hommes passant par 23 City Road, au moment de leur convalescence ou avant leur retour au front, purent recevoir une abondante distribution de linge, mais que, depuis lors, je suis assez heureuse de pouvoir expedier periodiquement a S.M. la Reine d'innombrables caisses de conforats et de cadeaux.

Je puis en outre fournir de la laine a tricoter a plus de 2,000 femmes beiges, leur procurant ainsi la joie de travailler pour nos soldats.

COMMENT J'AI PU RHABILLER NOS SOLDATS

Et tout cela est realise, grace a la generosite de cette belle nation qui nous a si largement accueillis et a voulu nous creer des foyers oii **tous** trouvent Papaisement de leurs si cruelles souffrances.

HOW I RECLOTHED OUR SOLDIERS.

TRANSLATION BY MRS. JOHN LANE.

AT the end of October, 1914, a large number of wounded Belgian soldiers arrived in the British Isles. Welcomed with the greatest kindness and cared for with the most touching solicitude, they, although far from their own country, found homes and new friends. They were given the best of medical care and hospitality, and indeed everything was done that could contribute to their recovery. But so hurried had been their flight from Belgium that many of them, carried on mattresses or wrapped in blankets, were without uniforms ; others were in summer things, and most of them had insufficient underclothing, and that torn and bloodstained.

Because of this need and a wish generally expressed, I determined to procure new outfits for these brave men whose families had neither the means nor the happiness of providing them. I therefore, with the help of some friends, opened a shop-warehouse, which I had the joy of seeing rapidly filled with underclothing, comforts of every description, and innumerable other things for our Belgian soldiers. It was quite sufficient to say what I needed for me to feel the eager sympathy ready to aid. From every part of the Kingdom, as well as the Dominions and Colonies, there came splendid and touching gifts : little children, labourers and working women were among my helpers.

It seems to me as if every English family longed to show their kinship by a gift, always accompanied by some touching word of encouragement for our soldiers. The overflowing wealth of my shop was such that thousands and thousands of men calling at 23 City Road, during convalescence or before returning to the Front, received an abundant supply of underclothing. And, further, since then I am happy to be able to send periodically to Her Majesty the Queen innumerable cases of comforts and gifts. Among other things I supply knitting wool to 2,000 Belgian women, thus giving them the joy of working for our soldiers. And all this is made possible thanks to the generosity of that noble nation which has accorded us so great-hearted a welcome and has endeavoured to give us homes where all should find comfort after their cruel sufferings.

LES ARTISTES BELGES ET NOS SOLDATS.

PAR MARIE-JULES DESTREE.

IL serait assez inutile de parler de nos artistes en Angleterre et de Paccueil qu'ils y ont trouve, puisque d'autres collaborateurs se sont *deja* charges de cette tache. Mais il peut etre interessant encore de montrer de quelle facon constante ils ont aide les ceuvres consacrees al'amelioration de la condition de nos soldats, et combien ils ont aide a faire appel, dans les formes elegantes de l'art, a la generosite anglaise.

C'est cette generosite qu'il convient de reconnaitre aujourd'hui, nous le savons bien, mais en verite, il est impossible d'en faire le denombrement detaille" ; nous aurions trop de remerciements a adresser aux personnalites anglaises et specialement aux dames qui ont ete les protectrices et les collaboratrices constantes de l'oeuvre du vetement du soldat beige. Si nous avons pu, a Sackville Gallery, repondre presque toujours aux demandes qui nous etaicnt adressees par les soldats, si nous avons pu leur envoyer des chaussettes, des mitaines, des echarpes, des vetements de toutes sortes et ces petits " comforts " si precieux pour ceux qui sont eloignes de tous leurs parents et amis, e'est a ces dames anglaises, surtout, que nous le devons. Et e'est a elles que doit aller, qu'ira la reconnaissance de nos soldats. *Voila* un aspect, entre bien d'autres, des raisons de sympathie qui uniront desormais la Belgique a l'Angleterre.

Mais peut-etre ces dames qui nous furent secourables, qui frequenterent avec assidue nos fetes et nos concerts, trouveront-elles quelque plaisir a voir rappelle les noms des artistes beiges qu'elles eurent l'occasion d'applaudir. Les meilleurs ont tenu a soutenir patriotiquement l'oeuvre du vetement du soldat beige.

Notre grand ecrivain, M. Maurice Maeterlinck est venu avec Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, le 7 Juillet, 1915, nous apporter ses impressions sur la guerre et le programme de cette seance est illustre d'un dessin de notre grand sculpteur, M. Victor Rousseau.

M M. les Ministres Hymans et Vandervelde, M M. les Deputes Destree, Feron, Royer et Standaert, ont ete les orateurs applaudis de nos conferences.

Les peintres nous ont donne, d'une part, des series de cartes postales,

LES ARTISTES BELGES ET NOS SOLDATS

d'autre part, leur participation a cette Exposition de Poupees, double manifestation de leurs talents varies : M M, A. Baertsoen, Ch. Bastien, Claus, Cluysenaar, Delstanche, J. Delville, De Smet, Horta, Ch. Houben, Jeffries, Jonniaux, J. Opsomer, H. Ottevaere, P. Paulus, Stergmans, Tytgat, Van Offel, Verhaegen et Wagemans, ont conquis les suffrages des amateurs anglais.

Plus important encore, naturellement, fut le concours des artistes de la musique et du chant. Les compositeurs Louis Delune, Depauw et Joseph Jongen ; les pianistes, A. Degreef, Laoureux, Miles. Folville, Laenen; les violonistes, Deru, Stielman; les violoncellistes, Delune, Doehard, Jeanne Fromont, Mme. Boin Kufferath; les cantatrices, Marie Weber Delacre, Jeanne Houben, Lefevre; les chanteurs, Bouiliez, Dua—ont formé le personnel infatigable de nos concerts. Rappelons encore les noms de M M. Jules Delacre et de ses amis du Theatre du Soldat, et de Carlo Liten, et notons qu'i diverses reprises des artistes anglais ont tenu a seconder l'effort de leurs confreres beiges.

Ainsi, pour cette oeuvre d'assistance a nos soldats, toute une vie artistique jadis si remarquable chez nous, s'est continuee en Angleterre et a rencontre toujours, dans la Societe anglaise, le plus genereux et le plus enthousiaste encouragement.

Je me suis limitee aux manifestations dont je fus le temoin, mais il en a ete de meme, d'ailleurs, pour toutes les oeuvres d'assistance sociales de la guerre.

Nous garderons le souvenir de tous ces deuouernents pour les jours heureux ou nous rentrerons dans notre Belgique retrouvee et nous dirons alors a nos artistes, notre reconnaissance. Mais il faut la dire des aujourd'hui a l'Angleterre, au nom des dames du Comite de l'Œuvre de Sackville Gallery.

THE BELGIAN ARTISTS AND OUR SOLDIERS.

TRANSLATION BY LAURENCE BINYON.

OF our artists in England and of the welcome they have found there it is superfluous to speak, since others who are contributing to this book have undertaken that task. But it may be of interest, none the less, to point out how constant have been their efforts to aid in the work of improving our soldiers' lot, and how great has been the help they have given by appealing to English generosity through the gracious forms of art.

It is this generosity which it behoves us to acknowledge to-day, as we well know ; but, in truth, to present a detailed record would not be possible, we should have too many thanks to offer to English people individually, and in especial to the ladies who have been so staunch in supporting and in working with the organisation for clothing the Belgian soldiers. That we have been able, at the Sackville Gallery, to meet in almost every case the wants that the soldiers expressed to us ; that we have been able to send them socks, mittens, scarves, clothes of all sorts, and those little " comforts " so precious to those who are separated from their families and their friends, is chiefly owing to these English ladies. And it is to them that should come, that will come, our soldiers' thanks. Here is one strand, among many others, of the ties of sympathy that henceforth will unite Belgium to England.

But perhaps those ladies who rallied round us, who came so assiduously to our gatherings and concerts, will take some pleasure in seeing recorded the names of the Belgian artists whom they had the opportunity of applauding. The best have made a point of patriotically supporting the work of the Committee for the Clothing of the Belgian Soldiers.

Our great writer, M. Maurice Maeterlinck, came with Madame Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck on the 7th of July, 1915, to bring us his impressions of the war, and the programme for the occasion was illustrated by a drawing from the hand of our great sculptor, M. Victor Rousseau.

The Ministers of State, M M . Hymans and Vandervelde, the Deputies M M . Destree, Feron, Royer and Standaert, have been applauded speakers at our meetings.

THE BELGIAN ARTISTS AND OUR SOLDIERS

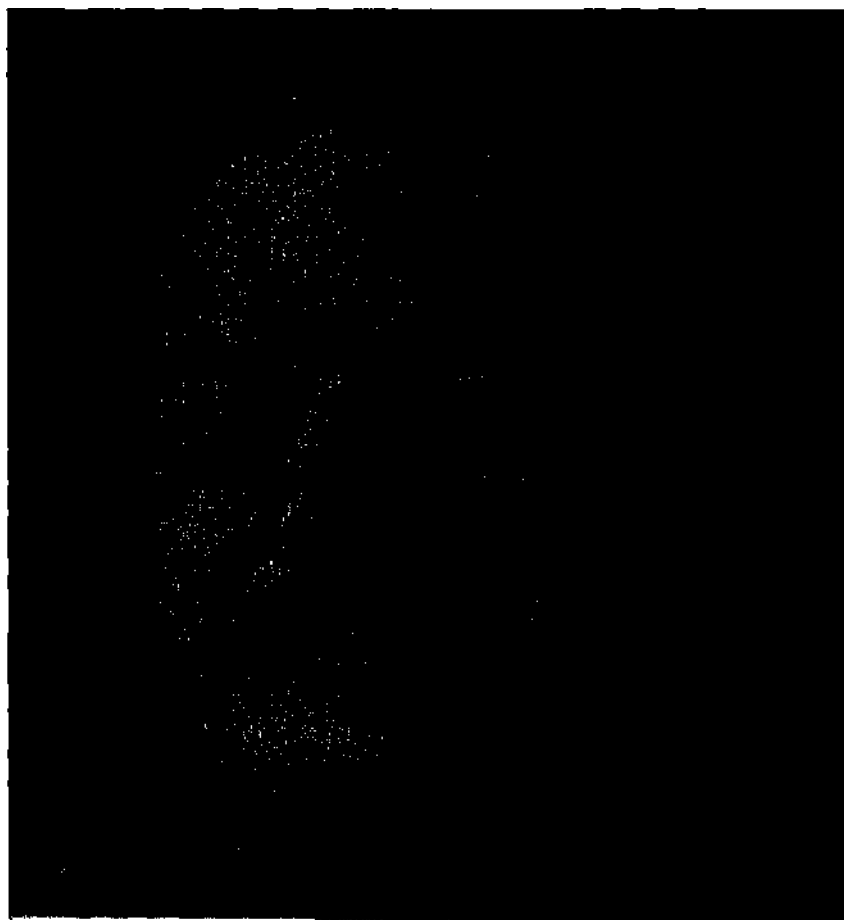
The painters have given us, in the first place, sets of pictorial post-cards, in the second, their contributions to the Exhibition of Dolls: a two-fold expression of their varied gifts. M M. A. Baertsoen, Ch. Bastien, Claus, Cluysenaar, Delstanche, J. Delville, De Smet, Horta, Ch. Houben, Jeffryes, Jonniaux, J. Opsomer, H. Ottevaere, P. Paulus, Stergtnans, Tytgat, Van Offel, Verhaegen, Wagemans; all these have won the admiration of English amateurs.

Still more important, of course, was the co-operation of the musicians and singers. The composers, M M. Louis Delune, Depauw, and Joseph Jongen; the pianists, M M. A. Degreef and Laoureux, Miles. Folville and Laenen; the violinists, M M. Deru and Stielman; the violoncellists, M M. Delune and Doehard, Mile. Jeanne Fromont, Madame Boin Kufferath; the singers, Miles. Marie Weber Delacre, Jeanne Houben, Lefevre, M M. Bouillez and Dua—these have been the indefatigable performers at our concerts. Let us also record the names of M. Jules Delacre, and of his friends of the Theatre du Soldat, and of Carlo Liten; and let us note that on many occasions English artists have been at pains to second the efforts of their Belgian comrades.

In this work, then, of assisting our soldiers in the field, that artistic activity which so signally distinguished our country in the old days **has** resumed a full life in England and has invariably met with the most generous and warm encouragement from English society.

I have confined myself to experiences of which I have myself been a witness, but the experience of all the groups of workers for the relief of the distress caused by the war has been the same.

We shall treasure the remembrance of all these devoted hearts against the good day when we shall go home, when our own Belgium shall be restored to us. Then we shall give thanks to our artists. But to-day it is England we thank, in the name of the ladies of the Sackville Gallery Committee.



THE HON. HARRY LAWSON, M.P.
CHARLES MERTENS

GENEROSITE PREVOYANTE.

PAR MADEMOISELLE ROSSIGNON.

L'AUTRE jour, comme mes yeux s'etaient arretes sur l'admirable " Angelus " et que mon ame se penetrait, peu a peu, du sentiment, tout a la fois calme et religieux, qui s'exhale du chef d'oeuvre de Millet, mon coeur s'etreignit soudain d'une emotion profonde, a laquelle se melait je ne sais quelle nostalgie etrange des lieux evoques par le maitre francais.

C'est que, dans cette nature simple et pourtant riche et grandiose, il me semblait retrouver notre campagne des Flandres, avant la guerre. Cette campagne aux moissons d'or s'etendant jusqu'aux horizons sans fin, ces vergers a l'herbe opulente et aux fruits vermeils, ces vaches paissant dans des pres savoureux, tandis que les bercait doucement la quietude ensoleillee de nos plaines. Ma pensee ayant pris son vol, embrassa bientot plus encore : c'etaient nos rivieres a l'eau claire et joyeuse, nos canaux silencieux gardes par les peupliers et les saules, et les nids qui chantaient dans les hetres, dans les chenes, et je sentais une jouissance attendrie a laisser mon esprit se perdre dans cette vision heureuse du Passe. . . .

Tout a coup je me ressouvins de Peffroyable chose, de celle qui avait tout detruit, tout ensablant, tout broye dans sa fureur sauvage et le regard de mon ame ne vit plus que les champs sans moissons, sillonnees de tranches profondes, servant d'abri aux vivants et de tombeaux aux morts. Je vis l'eau pure de nos rivieres embourbee et sanglante, nos arbres seculaires coupes au ras du sol, nos fleurs pietinees et nos campagnes riantes d'avant la bataille n'offrant plus que l'image de la desolation, de l'aridite effrayante du desert. Je me demandais combien de temps cela pouvait durer encore. Si la delivrance etait proche, comment nous arriverions a nourrir le peuple et a ravitailler l'armee ? Comment ? La generosite des seigneurs, des societes d'agriculteurs, des fermiers de cette contree hospitaliere a l'exile y a songe.

Au cours de cette annee terrible nos amis de Grande-Bretagne ont pourvu a nos besoins futurs comme a nos necessites presentes. Telle des fourmis prevoyantes, ils ont amoncelé, pour nous, dans les greniers de leur economat, les graines, les racines, les instruments aratoires. Ils ont songe a preserver nos especes.

GENEROSITE PREVOYANTE

Si la Grande-Bretagne florissante a pu continuer son evolution agricole, elle ne Pa point continuee pour elle seule, mais, dans une pensee genereuse, elle nous a associes a ses succes. L'heure de la liberation sera celle d'une crise economique formidable; elle a resolu de nous aider a la vaincre.

La preoccupation de ses proprietaires ne se borne plus a leur seule prosperite; ils y ajoutent le souci des necessites qui accableront le peuple beige lorsqu'il rentrera dans ses foyers, et tandis que s'accomplit en Belgique l'oeuvre de mort, la Grande-Bretagne agricole applique dans un gigantesque effort, toutes les energies de son intelligence et de ses bras a preparer pour notre vaillant mais infortune pays l'oeuvre de reconstitution et de vie.

"* La terre meurt," dit le laboureur des Flandres. Cest pour ressusciter plus feconde, grace au noble geste du Royaume-Uni, qui etouffera dans notre sol l'ivraie de la desolation sterile, pour y faire fructifier a nouveau le bon grain du Seigneur.

GENEROUS FORESIGHT.

TRANSLATION BY MRS. WILFRID JACKSON.

THE other day, while my eyes lingered on the wondrous "Angelus" and the spirit of peace and devotion with which Millet's masterpiece is imbued gradually overspread my soul, my heart was suddenly smitten with a deep emotion wherein mingled a strange, inexplicable homesickness evoked by the great French painter.

It was as if this nature study, so simple yet so rich and sublime, made visible to me once again our Flemish country as it was before the war.

This land with its golden harvest-fields stretching to limitless horizons, these orchards with their lush grass and rosy fruits, the very cows grazing in rich meadows, in the sunshiny peace of the countryside—such was Flapders.

My thoughts thus taking wing, spread still farther. There were our rivers with their clear gay ripples, our silent canals with their guardian poplars and willows, and the nests of birds singing in oaks and elms. And I took a pitiful pleasure in allowing my soul thus to wander in the joyous vision of the past.

All at once I remembered the appalling Thing—the Thing that had destroyed all, spattered all with blood, mangled all, in its savage fury; and the eyes of my soul saw nothing but fields without harvest, furrowed with deep trenches serving as shelters for the living and as graves for the dead.

I saw the clear streams muddied and reddened with blood, our time-honoured trees felled to the ground, our flowers trampled underfoot, and the pleasant fields, that lay smiling before the dawn of battle, offering nothing but a picture of desolation and the arid terror of the desert.

I asked myself how much longer could it last. If deliverance were near, how should we succeed in feeding the people and supplying the army?

How indeed!

The generosity of great landowners, agricultural societies, and the farmers of this land, so hospitable to the exile, had borne all this in mind.

During the course of this terrible year our friends in Great Britain

GENEROUS FORESIGHT

have provided for our future needs as well as for our present necessities. **Like the** wise, foreseeing ants, they have made provision for us in their storehouses of grain, roots, and agricultural implements. They have taken thought for the preservation of our race.

If Great Britain, flourishing as she is, has been enabled to keep up her agricultural development, she has not kept it for herself alone, but, with thoughtful generosity, she has associated us with her success.

The hour of liberation will be also that of a formidable economic crisis. She has resolved to help us to survive it. The interest of her landowners is not merely limited to their own prosperity; they have extended it to a consideration of the necessities which will overwhelm the Belgian people on their return to their homes.

And while the sword of Death is busy in Belgium, yeoman England is devoting all the powers of its mind and arm to prepare our valiant but unfortunate country for the task of the reconstitution of its life.

"The fields are dying," say the peasants of Flanders. But they shall rise again all the more fruitful, thanks to the noble action of Great Britain, which shall uproot from our soil the tares of sterility, so that the good grain of the Lord may bear fresh fruit.

PART II

POUR L'HONNEUR.

PAR MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

LE peuple anglais, comme le peuple beige, est entre dans l'effroyable lutte, non point par interet, par haine hereditaire, mais uniquement pour une question d'honneur. Si les autres combattants sont les soldats de la necessite, nous sommes les volontaires de Phonneur; et sans rien enlever aux merites des premiers, ce tit re ajoute aux notres tout ce qu'une idee pure et deinteressee ajoute aux plus beaux actes de courage. Et c'est pourquoi, nulle part en ce monde, notre sacrifice n'a ete compris, admire et aime comme il Test ici. Vous vous etes reconnus en nous. Il est indubitable, et nous le sentons aussi profondement que vous le sentez, il est indubitable, qu'a notre place, vous auriez fait exactement ce que nous avons fait. Vous l'auriez fait avec la meme siraplicite, la meme ardeur tranquille et sure, la meme bonne foL Vous vous seriez devours aussi totalement, avec le meme mepris des phrases inutiles, la meme conscience, la meme tenacite. Et si je ne crains pas de recommencer devant vous l'eloge de ce que nous avons fait, c'est que tout cet eloge retombe sur vous-memes qui n'auriez pas hesite a faire les memes choses.

En effet nous avons Tun et Pautre la meme conception de l'honneur; et cette meme pensee doit porter les memes fruits. A vos yeux comme aux nôtres, une promesse formelle, une parole donnee est la chose la plus sacree qui se puisse echanger entre deux hommes. Or, bien plus que la valeur d'un homme, parce qu'elle s'eleve beaucoup plus haut et s'etend beaucoup plus loin, la valeur d'un peuple se mesure a Videe qu'il se fait de son honneur et surtout a ce qu'il est capable de lui sacrifier. Sur toutes les autres idees qui menent l'humanite, notamment sur l'idee religieuse, on peut ne pas etre d'accord; mais qui ne s'entend pas sur celle-ci, n'a plus droit au nom d'homme. Elle est le foyer le plus pur, le centre de plus en plus ardent de toute vertu, de toute dignite humaine.

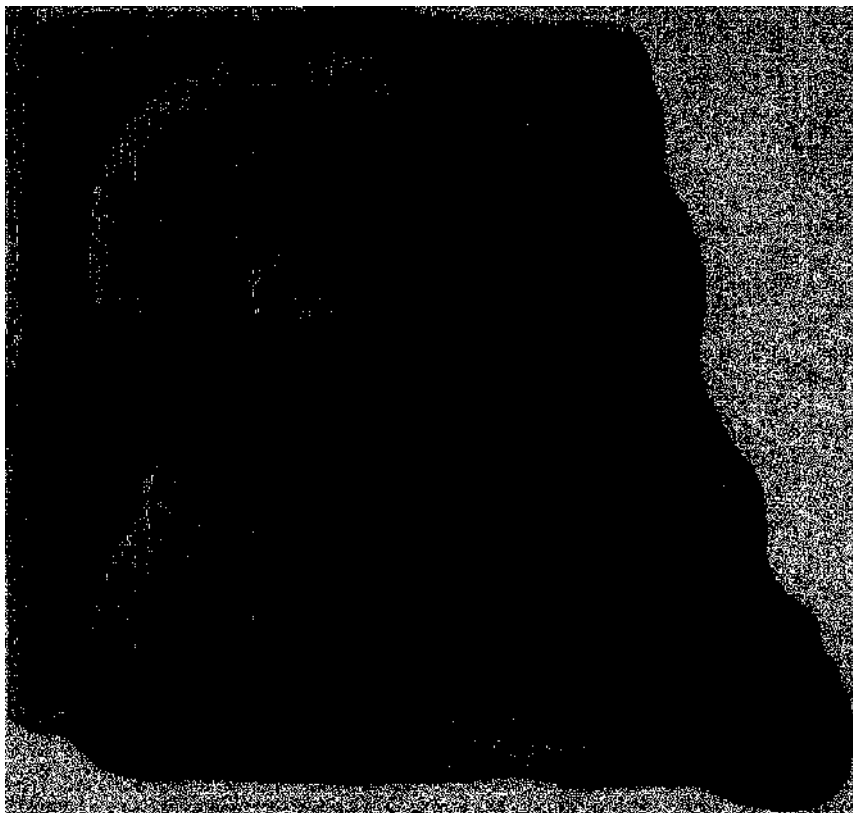
Vous vous etes entierement sacrifies a cette idee; et au nom de cette meme idee, aussi vivante, aussi puissante dans vos ames que dans les nfitres, vous etes venus a notre secours, comme nous savions que vous y viendriez, car nous comptions sur vous avec la meme certitude que vous comptiez sur nous. Vous etes prêts aux memes sacrifices et vous en

POUR L'HONNEUR

portez déjà fierement les plus lourds. Aussi, dans cette enorme lutte, sommes nous unis par des liens plus fraternels encore que ceux des autres Allies. Notre union est plus haute et plus genereuse, puisqu'elle est fondee tout entiere sur les pense'es et les sentiments les plus nobles qui puissent animer un cceur, Et cette union dans une confiance et une affection reciproques qui grandissent et s'elevent d'heure en heure, nous aide l'un et l'autre a depasser notre devoir.

Car nous l'avons depasse et le depassons chaque jour davantage. Nous avons fait et faisons bien plus que nous n'etions tenus de faire. Pour nous Beiges, il nous fallait resister loyalement, energiquement, jusqu'au bout de nos forces, comme nous Pavions promis. Mais il efit ete permis a l'honneur le plus ombrageux de deposer les armes apres l'immense et heroique effort des premiers jours, et d'esperer la clemence du vainqueur en nous reconnaissant vaincus. Rien ne nous obligeait a nous immoler tout entiers, a offrir successivement en holocauste a notre pensee, tout ce que nous possedions sur cette terre, a continuer la lutte apres Pecrasement, jusque dans les dernieres tortures de la faim qui etreignent aujourd'hui trois millions d'entre nous. Rien ne nous y obligeait que l'idee de plus en plus haute que se font du devoir ceux qui ont commence de le pratiquer et qui meurent en Paccomplissant.

Quant a vous, Anglais, vous deviez nous venir en aide, c'est-a-dire nous envoyer les troupes que vous aviez sur pied; mais rien non plus ne vous obligeait, apres les premiers combats inutiles, a vous devouer avec une ardeur, une abnegation sans egales, a jeter dans l'immense et mortelle bataille toute votre jeunesse, la plus belle de ce monde, toutes vos richesses, les plus prodigieuses de cette terre; et a faire surgir de votre sol, par un miracle qu'on jugeait impossible, en moins de mois qu'il ne fallait d'annees, les plus belles, les plus solides, les plus tenaces armees qu'on ait vues s'aligner dans cette guerre. Rien non plus ne vous y obligeait que cette meme emulation, cette meme ivresse du devoir, cette meme passion de la justice, cette meme idolatrie de la parole donnee qui pour etre sure de tenir tout ce qu'on a promis depasse meme ce qu'on n'eflt pas ose promettre.



SIR HORACE MUNRO, K.C.B.
LOUIS DE SMETH

FOR HONOUR.

TRANSLATION BY ALFRED SUTRO.

THE British people, like the Belgian people, did not enter this appalling conflict from motives of self-interest, or because of an ancient hatred, but for the single reason that their honour compelled them. If the other combatants are the soldiers of necessity, we are honour's volunteers; and this title, without in any way detracting from the merits of our Allies, at least adds to our own all that a pure and disinterested idea can add to the most splendid acts of courage. And therefore has this sacrifice of ours been understood, admired and loved in Great Britain more than anywhere else in the world. In us you recognised yourselves. It is beyond all doubt, and we feel it as profoundly as you feel it, that in our place you would have done precisely what we did. You would have done it as simply, as calmly, with the same devotion and the same good faith. You would have offered yourselves as entirely, with the same contempt for useless phrases, with the same conscientiousness and the same resolve. And if I am not afraid once again to praise before you what we have done, it is because that praise falls equally on yourselves, who would unhesitatingly have done the same.

The truth is that we have both of us the same conception of honour; and the same idea must bear the same fruits. To you, as to us, the formal promise, the given word, is the most sacred thing that can pass between two men. Thereby we judge a man's worth; but the worth of a people means more, it goes farther and deeper, and must be judged by the idea it has formed of its honour, and above all by the sacrifice it is capable of making for that idea. There are others that sway humankind, notably the religious one, on which it is permitted to differ; but who does not agree on this one forfeits his right to the name of man. It is the serene abiding-place, the glowing centre, of all virtue and human dignity.

You have sacrificed yourselves entirely to this idea, which lives as mightily in your soul as it does in our own. It was because of this idea that you came to our help, as we knew that you would, for we counted on you as surely as you counted on us. You are ready for the same sacrifices; you are making them now, and the greatest of all. And therefore are we united, in this vast struggle, by bonds still more

FOR HONOUR

fraternal than those which connect us with our other Allies. Our **union** is deeper and more unselfish, for it rests on the noblest thoughts and emotions of which the heart is capable. And it is this union, in an affection and confidence that increase and extend from hour to hour, that helps us both to exceed the mere limits of our duty.

For we have exceeded those limits; we exceed them more and more every day. We have done far more than we were obliged to do. It was expected of us Belgians that we should offer a loyal and strenuous resistance until such time as our strength was exhausted; this we had promised. But, after the immense and heroic efforts of the first few days, could the most delicate sense of honour have been offended if we laid down our arms, and earned the clemency of the conquerors by acknowledging ourselves as conquered? Nothing compelled us to immolate ourselves entirely, to offer up, as a holocaust to this idea of ours, all that we possessed in the world; to continue the struggle long after we had been crushed and were menaced by the absolute famine that holds in its grip to-day three millions of our people. Nothing compelled us, save only the lofty and ever loftier idea of duty that those conceive of it who have begun to practise it, and die in its fulfilment.

As for you, Britons, you had to help us, to send us the troops you had ready; but you too were not compelled, after the first vain battles, to display such a burning devotion, such matchless abnegation; to hurl all your splendid young men, the finest in the world, into the overwhelming and deadly conflict; to pour forth your prodigious, unequalled wealth, and to produce from your soil, by a miracle none had deemed possible, and in fewer weeks than it would have seemed to need years, the grandest, staunchest, most unflinching armies that have fallen into line in this war. Nothing compelled you, save only the same spirit of emulation, the same passion for duty and craving for justice, the same devotion to the given word, which, in its anxiety that all that has been promised shall be done, goes far beyond even what one would not have dared to promise.

LES CIELS D'ANGLETERRE.

PAR EMILE VERHAEREN.

JE crois que les plus beaux nuages qui se forment au monde decorent les ciels anglais. J'en ai vu de merveilleux en Ecosse, dans le Yorkshire et en pays de Galles. J'ai vecu avec eux pendant les jours tristes de l'hiver et les heures belles du printemps, en songeant a mon pays devaste ou seuls les obus eclatants et les incendies dechaines se changeaient en nuages de fumee et d'epouvante. Mes reves de deuil et mes espoirs de resistance et de victoire ont ainsi rencontre leurs symboles dans les horizons toujours mouvant de la Grande-Bretagne. J'etais heureux ou en tous cas console de parler longueraent avec ses passagers lumineux et mobiles, U-haut; je leur pretais mes pensees, mes craintes, mes volontes, mes esperances.

J'ai compris alors pourquoi les peintres d'Angleterre ont toujours ete attire dans leurs tableaux champetres bien plus par le ciel que par la terre. Constable a fait quelques toiles ou le sol n'apparaît que comme une simple ligne, comme une sorte de frise, pour soutenir l'immense construction aerienne. Une assemblee de nuages y remplace une reunion de personnages et le tableau tout entier n'est qu'un grandiose portrait de l'immensite. L'air, le vent, la clarte y brillent et y bougent; ils y sont des agents de beaute. Ils y repandent on ne sait quoi de prodigieux et de troublant.

Turner est le poete epique de l'infini. Quand son pinceau entre en bataille, les nuees lui obeissent et semblent tour a tour se ramasser pour la lutte ou se disperser pour la charge. Je connais certaines de ses aquarelles faites au pays de Galles ou l'on cherche dans les " profondeurs remuees " les personnages d'Ossian. Toute la poesie des clartes et des ombres est traduite avec une sorte de passion formidable et la realite deji puissante et belle en apparait plus merveilleuse encore.

Nous pouvons donc remercier les Anglais de toute l'attentive et magnifique bienveillance qu'ils nous ont temoignee sans oublier que leur pays lui-meme nous fut egalement genereux. U s'est montre a nous avec toute sa beaute speciale, avec tout son eclat personnel pour nous charmer et nous consoler. Il a fait plus. Il nous a inspire les pensees hautes et larges. Qui regardait l'horizon garde par ses nuages lumineux

LES CIELS D'ANGLETERRE

et guerriers sentait son cœur et son esprit se raffermir et s'exalter. Une force morale reside dans les choses belles. Elles sont actives quoique silencieuses. Elle conseillent et persuadent. Qui les ecoute et surtout les comprend eprouve en leur presence on ne sait quoi de ferme et de grand que peu d'hommes inspirent et imposent. On peut vivre avec des nuages comme avec une compagnie de hauts esprits et de grands cœurs.

THE BRITISH SKIES.

TRANSLATION BY LORD LATYMER.

I THINK that nowhere in the world are the clouds so beautiful as those that adorn the British sky. I have seen them in Scotland, in Yorkshire, and in Wales, and they were wonderful. I have lived with them during the melancholy days of winter and the happy hours of spring, while thinking of my devastated country, where the clouds are clouds of horror, the smoke of bursting shells and the breaking out of conflagrations. My mournful dreams and my hopes of resistance and victory found their symbols in the ever-changing heavens of Great Britain ; and my long talks with the luminous travellers moving through them, in which I attributed to them my thoughts, my fears, my wishes, and my hopes, made me happy, or at least brought me consolation.

So I can understand why English landscape painters have always been more attracted by the sky than by the earth. On some of Constable's canvases the ground is only indicated by a simple line, as a kind of support to the enormous aerial structure. An assemblage of clouds takes the place of a gathering of rustics and the whole scene is nothing less than a grand portrait of immensity, in which the agents of beauty are the air, the wind, and the brightness, brilliant and moving. These diffuse an influence both tremendous and delicate.

Turner is the epic poet of infinity. With his compelling brush he conquers cloud-land, where the vapours seem to mass themselves rank on rank for the contest and to disperse at his attack. I know some of his water-colour paintings of Welsh scenery in which one expects to see the personages of Ossian emerge from the ever-shifting depths. All the poetry of light and shade is expressed with a kind of formidable passion and seems even more marvellous than the reality, however striking and beautiful.

We can thank the English, then, for all the careful and splendid beneficence that they have shown us, without forgetting that the very land itself has been equally generous to us. It has revealed itself to us in all its peculiar beauty, in all its individual radiance, to charm and console us. It has done more. It has inspired us with lofty and large thoughts. Whoever looks on its horizon, guarded by its clouds, luminous and

189

THE BRITISH SKIES

warriorlike, feels his heart and spirit strengthened and exalted. A moral force resides in beautiful things. Though silent, they are potent. They counsel and persuade. He who listens to them, and, above all, understands them, experiences in their presence a certain great and strong influence that few men inspire or impose. To live with the clouds is to live with a high-minded and great-hearted friend.

A L'ANGLETERRE.

PAR FERNAND SEVERIN.

NOUS etions sans appui: tu nous as secourus,
Nous etions las, meurtris, saignants, bien qu'invaincus :
Tes soins ont adouci notre fiere detresse.
Tu nous as fait benir, *h* force de tendresse,
Ce que l'heure presente avait pour nous d'amer.

Nous t'aimons, tu le sais, mais ce n'est pas d'hier
Que nos cœurs sont a toi. Lorsque mil huit cent trente
Arma contre ses rois l'Europe fremissante,
Les Beiges, qu'enchainait un odieux traite,
Jeterent, eux aussi, leur cri de liberte.
N'est-ce pas ton accueil, puissance tutelaire,
Qui, revoquant enfin un arret seculaire,
Confirma dans ses droits la jeune nation ?
N'avons-nous pas grandi dans l'ombre d'Albion ?

Aujourd'hui que la guerre a detruit ton ouvrage,
Et que la loyaute, le bon droit, le courage,
Force du faible, reconfort de l'innocent,
Ne nous ont point gardes du fleau menagant,
Tu surgis dans ta force, ardente et resolute !
Quelque lourde que soit la tache devolue,
Tu l'acceptes ! l'on arae est celle d'un heros.
l'on glaive ne doit pas rentrer dans le fourreau
Qu'il ne nous ait rendu la liberte ravie.

Ainsi tu nous auras deux fois donne la vie,
Mere auguste. Deja l'horizon triste et noir
S'illumine pour nous du radieux espoir
Qu'eveille dans les cœurs ta parole loyale ;
Et notre gratitude est toute filiale.

TO ENGLAND.

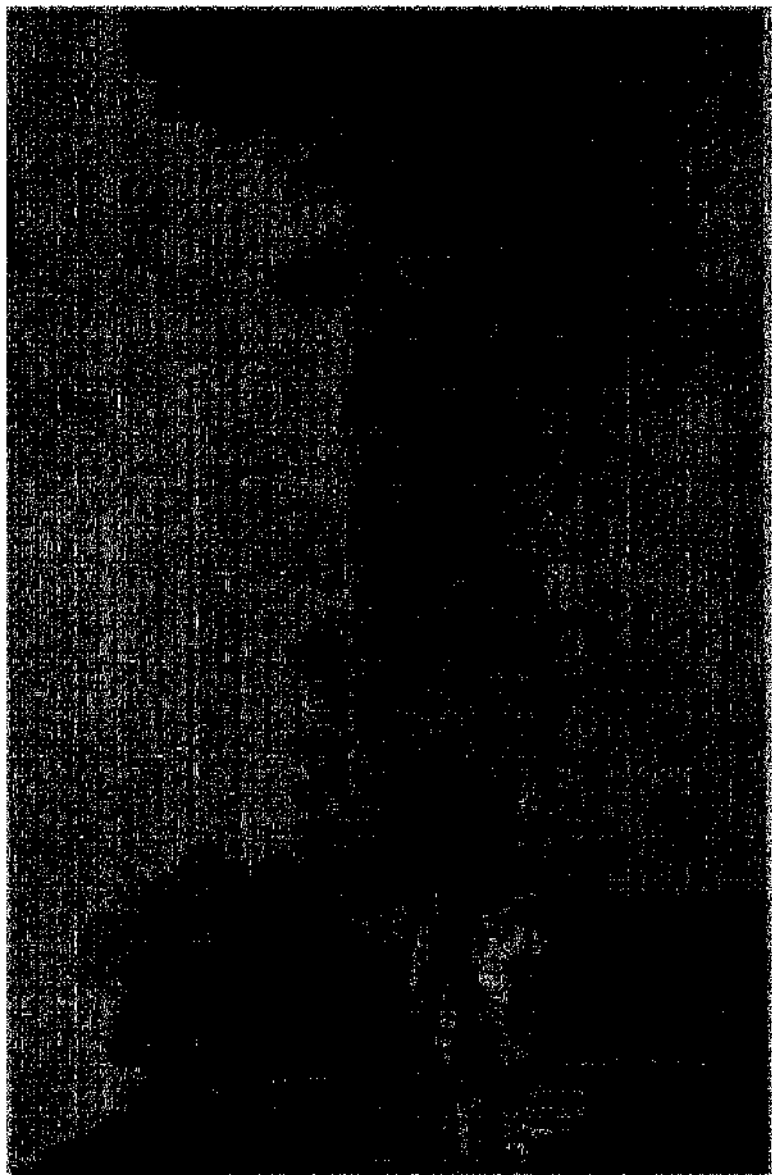
TRANSLATION BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

NO one was nigh to help us—your arm was stretched to aid.
We were worn and torn and bleeding—but unconquered
and undismayed :
Your comradeship and care have calmed our proud
distress,
And the cup of our despair, through your fine tenderness,
Is filled with blessed balm and consolation dear.

We have loved you well—you know it. But not only since yester year
Have our hearts yearned to yours—eighty-five winters ago,
When shuddering Europe arose and laid her tyrants low,
And our Belgians who lay bound, beneath a hateful yoke,
With one exultant cry to Liberty awoke—
Was it not your right arm, O Tutelary Power,
That struck off our secular chains in one bright, glorious hour
Confirming our just rights by that transcendent stroke ?
And have we not since grown up in the shadow of England's oak ?

To-day when a coward laid your fair young nursling low,
And the loyal and just and brave, as they reeled from his felon blow,
Could not save a greybeard and virgin, the mother and babe from the
surge
Of rape and murder and torture let loose by the Devil's Scourge,
You arose in the flaming might and right of your resolute wrath,
And the fell, blood-reeking monster who scornfully challenged your path
You met, resolved in soul, like your Champion Knight, Saint George,
Till your pure, proud sword had pierced through his cruel dragon gorge
And set Maid Belgium free—its fury never to sheathe.

Thus shall her freedom of you be born anew from death,
England, our mother august ! and lo ! yon gloomy cope
Breaks on our gaze into glowing raptures of heavenly hope,
And our hearts leap up to hear your pledge to our land renewed,
And the tears are flooding our eyes in filial gratitude.



LE PONT DE MALDENHEAD
ALEXANDRE MARCETTE

NOS ARTISTES EN ANGLETERRE.

PAR JULES DESTREE, *Deputie*

C'ETAIT en Septembre de Pan dernier, au bord de la mer. L'Allemagne tenait Bruxelles deja, mais elle n'avait pas encore Anvers, ou continuait \ vivre notre Gouvernement. La cdte beige, d'abord abandonnee par tous ses habituels villegiateurs, avait ete peu a peu envahie par de nombreux re"fugies. Les uns etaient de pauvres gens dont les villages avaient e"te devastes et qui arrivaient, denues de tout, en cohues lamentables ; les autres appartenaient a la classe aisee et se resignaient sans trop de peine a passer dans les confortables villas du littoral des vacances qu'ils n'avaient pas prevues ; d'autres enfin etaient les soldats blesses de nos premiers combats, soignes dans les grands hotels transformed en ambulances.

Pendant toute la journee, tous ces deracines se promenaient sur la digue, friands de nouvelles, commentant les journaux. Nous n'avions plus de journaux beiges qu'i Anvers, a Gand et a Ostende, et les journaux anglais etaient particulierement recherches.

Des troupes allemandes barraient la route vers Bruxelles, mais pourtant on parvenait encore a avoir avec la capitale et le reste du pays des communications assez regulieres. On apprenait ainsi peu a peu, avec un etonnement mele d'horreur, la facon atroce dont l'armee allemande menait la guerre, les massacres d'Andenne, de Tamines et d'Aerschot, la destruction de Dinant et de Louvain. Les recits les plus veridiques rencontraient beaucoup d'incredules, car on se refusait a croire PALlemagne capable de pareilles barbaries. On suivait avcc effroi la rapide avance des troupes germaniques a travers la France et l'on tremblait pour Paris dont elles s'approchaient chaque jour. . . .

Et tandis que les ames etaient inquietes et soucieuses, le ciel etait pur et doux, le soleil clair, la grande mer paisible et souriante, la dune blonde et delicieuse a voir ; les clochers et les tours, parmi les arbres, ornaient les lignes charmantes et pittoresques de la feconde plaine flamande.

Oh ! les belles journees de cet ete finissant, si touchantes par tout le tragique qu'on pressentait obscurément. , . .

Ce fut par une de ces journees que je vis arriver deux professeurs

NOS ARTISTES EN ANGLETERRE

d'universites anglaises, accompagnees par un de mes amis et avec lesquels j'eus un entretien qui me laissa a la fois surpris et charme. Ils avaient pense aux artistes et intellectuels de Belgique et venaient leur offrir l'hospitalite en Angleterre. lis s'etonnaient de ne pas les avoir vus arriver encore ; jusque li, des pay sans du Limbourg, du Brabant septentrional et de la province d'Anvers avaient compose principalement Pexode. Et avant que les peintres, les sculpteurs, les artistes de nos theatres et de nos concerts, les professeurs d'universite eussent songe, a chercher un abri pendant la tourmente, eux les Anglais, y avaient pense et venaient me prier d'etre leur interprete. Delicate pensee qui honore ceux qui la realiserent avec tant de cordialite simple. . . . Ce fat ce jour-li la premiere poignee de main des artistes d'Angleterre a leurs freres de Belgique.

Un mois plus tard j'etais a Anvers, dans Anvers a l'agonie. J'avais ete, en cette heure supreme, supplier le Gouvemement et le Roi de m'employer a quclque besogne utile a la Patrie. J'eus avec le Roi Albert un long entretien, au cours duquel il me dit : " Allez a Londres, Monsieur Destree, et occupez-vous la-bas de nos artistes qui y sont deji nombreux; il ne faut pas que l'elite de notre peuple perisse dans la tempete." . . . Preoccupation admirable et touchante, n'est-il pas vrai, chez notre Souverain, que cette sollicitudc en cet instant redoutable dont l'insolite gravite eut affole des natures moins bien trempees !

Et je me souviens qu'il me park de Victor Rousseau, de Donnay et de Rassenfosse, en s'informant d'eux avec bienveillance. J'eus l'honneur de lui signaler que ces artistes exposaient a Venise et de suggercr le projet de transporter a Londres cette exposition. Detail furtif d'une conversation, en lequel le destin decidait des lors, a mon insu, mes sejours ulterieurs en Italie. . . .

J'arrivai a Londres, un soir. Soir de brouillard et d'humidite penetrante. Soir lugubre ou il me semblait marcher dans des larmes. Sur les trottoirs luisants, les placards annongaient les nouvelles, et chacune d'elles etait comme un coup au coeur : Anvers bombarde ! Anvers en flammes ! Chute d'Anvers. . . .

Et nous etions perdus dans la ville formidable, egares, etourdis

NOS ARTISTES EN ANGLETERRE

par le mouvement prodigieux qui nous entourait, en proie a cette detresse morale: ne savoir oil aller, toutes nos habitudes cassees, ces habitudes qui sont comme le squelette qui soutient normalement notre vie quotidienne.

Des le lendemain, quelques visites, quelques presentations, et l'on cut aussitot la sensation de la famille retrouvee. Pour tous les artistes beiges, des portes fraternelles s'ouvrirent, des havres furent trouves, des assistances delicates rendirent la vie plus supportable et plus facile,

Et ce fut, ce jour-li, la seconde poignee de main des artistes d'Angleterre aux artistes de Belgique.

Quelques mois plus tard, dans les salons graves et froids de la Royal Academy, a Londres, une assemblee d'elite ecoutait les discours qui celebraient la remise solennelle a la nation britannique d'un marbre d'Egide Rombaux, oeuvre beige offerte a leur pays par les artistes anglais, en perpetuel temoignage de la fraternite qui les avait unis a nos artistes pendant l'annee terrible. Le marbre magnifique, une de ces oeuvres qui avaient figure avec eclat a Venise, resplendissait, dans l'harmonie de sa forme elegante, au milieu de la salle, et les paroles qui furent echangees ce jour-la laisserent dans tous les coeurs une impression delicate et douce.

Cetait la troisieme fois que je voyais la main des artistes d'Angleterre dans la main des artistes de Belgique.

Mais nul ne pourrait dire quand ce sera la derniere. Car desormais des liens sont crees qui sont indestructibles ; des relations d'estime, d'admiration et de fraternite sont etablies qui seront utiles aux uns et aux autres, et lorsque les choses reprendront, dans la paix, leur cours normal, chacun se sera enrichi de souvenirs precieux, attestant, dans les deux pays, l'union des serviteurs de la Beaute.

OUR ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

TRANSLATION BY CAMPBELL DODGSON,

Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum.

IT was in September last year, by the seaside. Germany already held Brussels, but she had not yet gained Antwerp, which continued to be the seat of our Government. The Belgian coast, at first deserted by all its habitual summer visitors, had gradually been invaded by numerous refugees. Some were poor people whose villages had been devastated and who arrived, stripped of everything, in lamentable crowds ; others belonged to the well-to-do class, and had no great difficulty in resigning themselves to passing an unforeseen holiday in comfortable villas by the sea ; others again were the soldiers wounded in our first battles, who were cared for in the big hotels transformed into hospitals.

These uprooted people walked along the sea-front the whole day long, eager for news, discussing the papers. We had no more Belgian papers except at Antwerp, Ghent, and Ostend, and the English papers were particularly sought after.

German troops barred the road to Brussels, but nevertheless people contrived to keep up fairly regular communications with the capital and the rest of the country. Thus they learned by degrees, in astonishment, mingled with horror, the atrocious way in which the German Army was conducting the war—the massacres of Andenne, Tamines, and Aerschot, the destruction of Dinant and Louvain. The most truthful narratives were often received with incredulity, for people refused to believe Germany capable of such barbarity. They followed with alarm the rapid advance of the German troops across France, and trembled for Paris, to which they were drawing nearer every day.

And while the souls of men were weary and full of care, the sky was pure and sweet, the sun bright, the wide sea peaceful and smiling, the sand-dunes pale and delightful to behold ; the belfries and towers, among the trees, adorned the charming, picturesque contours of the fertile Flemish plain.

Oh ! the beautiful days of that end of summer, so touching through all the tragedy that was dimly apprehended.

OUR ARTISTS IN ENGLAND

It was on one of these days that I saw two professors of English universities arrive, accompanied by one of my friends, and had an interview with them which left me both surprised and charmed. They had thought of the artists and scholars of Belgium, and came to offer them hospitality in England. They were surprised that they had not already seen them there, the exodus having up till then been principally composed of the peasants of Limbourg, Northern Brabant, and the province of Antwerp. And before the painters, sculptors, theatrical artists, musicians, and university professors had thought of seeking refuge during the whirlwind, the English had thought of it, and came to beg me to be their agent. A tactful thought which honours those who carried it out with such simple cordiality. That day was the first time that the artists of England shook hands with their brothers of Belgium.

A month later I was at Antwerp, Antwerp in its agony. I had gone, at this supreme hour, to entreat the Government and the King to employ me in some occupation useful to the country. I had a long conversation with King Albert, in the course of which he said to me : " Go to London, Monsieur Destree, and look after our artists who are already over there in considerable numbers ; the pick of our people must not perish in the storm." It was admirable and touching—was it not ?—to see our sovereign anxious about such matters at an awful moment, the unaccustomed gravity of which would have unhinged a temperament less finely wrought.

And I remember that he spoke to me of Victor Rousseau, of Donnay, and Rassenfosse, asking kindly for information about them. I had the honour of bringing to his notice that these artists were exhibiting at Venice and of suggesting that this exhibition should be transferred to London. That was a minor detail in a conversation, but in it destiny was already deciding, unknown to me, my further sojourn in Italy.

I arrived in London one evening. An evening of fog and penetrating damp. A melancholy evening, on which I seemed to be walking through tears. On the shining pavements posters announced the

197

OUR ARTISTS IN ENGLAND

news, and every announcement was like a stab in the heart: Antwerp bombarded! Antwerp in flames! Fall of Antwerp!

And we were lost in the formidable town, astray, stunned by the prodigious movement that surrounded us, a prey to the moral distress of not knowing where to go, with all our habits broken off, those habits which are like the framework that normally sustains our daily life.

The next day some visits were paid, some introductions effected, and immediately we had the sensation of having found our family again. For all the Belgian artists brotherly doors were opened, havens were found, aid was tactfully offered that rendered life easier and more endurable.

And that day was the second time that the artists of England shook hands with the artists of Belgium.

Some months later, in the cold, dignified rooms of the Royal Academy, a chosen assembly listened to the speeches which celebrated the formal presentation to the British nation of a marble by Egide Rombaux, a Belgian work offered to their country by English artists in perpetual testimony to the brotherly bonds that had united them to our artists during the year of terror. The magnificent marble, one of those works which had figured successfully at Venice, shone, in the harmony of its elegant form, in the midst of the gallery, and the words that were exchanged that day left a delicate and kindly impression in every heart.

It was the third time that I saw the hands of the artists of England clasped in those of the artists of Belgium.

But none can say when it will be the last time. For bonds are henceforth created that are indestructible; relations of esteem, admiration and fraternity are established which will be useful to both countries, and when in time of peace things resume their normal course, each will be enriched with precious memories, attesting the union of the servants of Beauty.

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES.

PAR PAUL LAMBOTTE,

Directeur des Beaux-Arts au Ministère des Sciences et des Arts de Belgique

L'ENVAHISSEMENT brutal de la Belgique par les hordes teutoniques, les atrocités sans nom commises au début de la campagne contre des populations inoffensives par les soldats de Guillaume II., provoquèrent l'exode immédiat d'un grand nombre d'artistes,

Ces êtres nerveux, sensitifs, imaginatifs, impressionnables à l'excès, devaient plus que tout autres, s'effarer de l'attentat invraisemblable commis contre la civilisation à laquelle ils croyaient! Ils ne pouvaient se résigner à subir le joug de fer de l'occupant, ses vexations intolérables, ses interdictions arrogantes, aux sanctions calculées en vue de répandre la terreur dans tout le pays.

Peintres, sculpteurs, musiciens, hommes de lettres franchirent à la hâte la frontière hollandaise. Pour la plupart la ne s'arrêta pas le voyage. Attirés par l'espoir d'y trouver du travail et des ressources ils passèrent bientôt en Angleterre.

La plupart étaient accompagnés des groupes lamentables des épouses, des enfants, des vieux parents habitués à compter sur les moyens d'existence que le chef de la famille leur procurait.

Immédiatement les artistes britanniques manifestèrent la plus touchante et la plus délicate sollicitude à l'endroit de ces confrères en exil.

Sans s'inquiéter de la crise, si angoissante pour eux-mêmes, provoquée par la guerre, ils ne ménagèrent ni leur argent ni leurs efforts pour assister ceux que le sort leur confiait,

Le Chelsea Arts Club, l'Arts Club, le Ridley Art Club furent parmi les premières associations qui offrirent aux artistes émigrés des subsides, des éléments de travail, l'usage de locaux où ils pussent se réunir, rencontrer leurs nouveaux amis anglais, disposer à leur gré des bibliothèques et des cabinets de lecture.

Comme de coutume en matière de bienfaisance l'initiative privée prit les devants, indiqua les voies à suivre. Des peintres, des sculpteurs, préférèrent des ateliers meublés, de partout des offres d'hospitalité, des invitations gracieuses affluèrent.

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES

Le Royal Institute of British Architects s'ouvrit largement aux architectes beiges. En Janvier 1915 la Royal Academy of Arts, adoptant les propositions genereuses de Sir Edward Poynter, procura aux artistes l'occasion de mettre leurs oeuvres sous les yeux du grand public, de prendre contact avec lui, de se creer des ressources par des ventes opportunes.

Aucune pensee egoïste de concurrence ne vint paralyser ce mouvement altruiste. Les salles beiges annexees a la War Relief Exhibition de Burlington House obtinrent un succes de bon aloi. La presse se montra tres bienveillante, les transactions furent nombreuses.

Anterieurement—en Novembre 1914—une exposition-tombola d'oeuvres que j'avais en grande partie apportees de Belgique a cette fin, et dont le complement me fut donne ici par les artistes beiges refugies, eut lieu a la Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, grace a l'obligeance toute disinteressée de M M. W. Marchant & Co.

Cette entreprise rapporta plus de sept cents livres qui furent, en presque totalite, envoyees a Bruxelles et distributes, entre les plus desherites des artistes qui n'avaient pas pu ou pas voulu quitter le sol natal. Un comite local fut specialement constitue dans ce but. Le surplus fut affecte a des secours urgents ici.

L'apparition d'un grand nombre d'oeuvres d'art beiges jusqu'ici present rarement aperçues dans les expositions britanniques avait provoque et entretenu a Londres et dans tout le Royaume-Uni un mouvement de curiosite sympathique en faveur de notre ecole.

L'initiative avisee de Sir Henry Trueman Wood saisit l'occasion de faire donner, sous les auspices de la Royal Society of Arts, des conferences qui familiariserent les auditeurs avec les noms et les ouvrages caracteristiques de nos maitres. Des projections nombreuses les illustrerent. The Society of Women Artists organisa aussi deux Conferences consacrees a l'Art Beige. M. G. Rosier, Directeur de l'Academie des Beaux-Arts de Malines en fit une, en anglais, avec un grand succes. Des collectes, a l'issue de ces causeries, produisirent de quoi assister des femmes artistes malheureuses.

Le Women's International Art Club fit, de son cote, large place dans son salon annuel, aux oeuvres de nos femmes peintres et de nos dentel-

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES

lières. Le compartiment d'art appliqué attira beaucoup de visiteurs, des ventes et des donations permirent d'envoyer des secours pratiques aux ouvrières du lin tenu qui, dans leurs tristes demeures beiges, continuent à manier les fuseaux et à créer leurs entrelacs exquis de fil.

On vit apparaître un peu partout des œuvres de nos artistes. Le Gouvernement me donna mission de concentrer à Londres les envois importants et nombreux qui en 1914 avaient figuré hors du pays à des expositions internationales.

Un contingent considérable revint de Venise, en même temps que des dessins et des eaux-fortes réexpédiés par les organisateurs de l'exposition de blanc et noir de Florence.

La majeure partie des œuvres qui avaient été exhibées aux Salons de Paris et à l'exposition municipale de Lyon furent dirigées sur San Francisco mais cependant une quantité appréciable en arriva en Grande Bretagne. D'autre part une collection excellente et très représentative de sculptures beiges avait été montrée à Edimbourg, à Glasgow, à Aberdeen, avec un succès éclatant. Ces trésors étaient encore inédits pour Londres. Leur apparition y provoqua en faveur de l'école de sculpture beige un mouvement d'enthousiasme qui allait bientôt avoir sa consécration.

Enfin les artistes s'étaient remis au travail. De nombreuses interprétations de figures ou de paysages britanniques vus par des yeux beiges ne cessèrent d'apparaître depuis lors, on vit de tout cela aux salons de la Society of Portrait Painters, au Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, à la Société Internationale des Sculpteurs et Peintres, à la War Exhibition de Guildhall, à la Goupil Gallery, chez M M. Boussod-Valadon, et dans vingt autres endroits encore.

Ce fut bientôt le tour des grandes villes du Royaume-Uni. Chacune à son tour voulut avoir son Exhibition Beige ou tout au moins une section beige annexée à son salon de printemps ou d'automne. Des expositions s'ouvrirent à Cardiff, à Brighton, à Oxford, à Sevenoaks, à Taunton, à Cheltenham, à Liverpool, à Derby ; dans bien d'autres cités quelques œuvres des nôtres furent incorporées dans des ensembles internationaux.

Aucune de ces entreprises ne fut infructueuse. Partout des transac-

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES

tions furent conclues et quelques musies locaux s'enricherent heureusement d'œuvres beiges.

Entretemps les artistes britanniques continuaient a reunir des fonds destines au soulagement de leurs confreres beiges, **specialement de ceux** restes en Belgique, dont la detresse chaque jour devenait plus navrante.

La Royal Scottish Academy prit l'initiative d'une entreprise a laquelle tous les artistes ecossais preterent leur concours et qui produisit **la plus magnifique** moisson.

Sir James Guthrie, President de l'Academie, a bien voulu me confier cette recolte et s'en remettre a moi, sous certaines conditions speciales faciles a observer, pour la repartir. Elle n'etait pas inférieure a quatorze cent quarante livres sterling!

De son côté le Comité de la War Exhibition de la Royal Academy fit genereusement la part des Beiges. Son tresorier me fit parvenir plus de 230 livres auxquelles M M. J. Lavery, J. Pennell et quelques autres ajouterent des dons individuels, abandonnant au "fund" beige le produit integral de la vente de leurs œuvres qui avaient paru la.

Je dois mentionner encore les dons qui me vinrent du Sketching Club de Dublin, du Ridley Art Club, de la Swansea Art Society, affirmant de partout cet elan de solidarity profondement touchant dont on ne saurait assez louer et reconnaitre la genereuse spontaneite.

Le Salon d'ete de la Royal Academy de Londres a resume et couronne d'une fagon en quelque sorte symbolique l'accueil collectif reserve par les artistes britanniques aux artistes beiges.

A ce Salon parut une statue en marbre, oeuvre du sculpteur bruxellois Egide Rombaux, intitulee "Premier Matin." Elle avait ete vue a Bruxelles, quelques mois avant la guerre, au Salon de Printemps 1913 et de la transportee a Venise d'ou elle fut amenee a Londres. Partout elle avait ete extremement admiree, chacun la considerait comme un chef-d'oeuvre.

Des avant l'ouverture de l'exposition Sir Edward Poynter, le venerable et charmant President de la Royal Academy, Sir William Goscombe John, Teminent statuaire, les peintres D. Y. Cameron et H. Hughes Stanton avaient decide d'ouvrir une souscription afin d'acquérir l'œuvre et l'offrir a la nation.

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES

Les artistes britanniques, confraternels et genereux une fois de plus, s'associerent avec enthousiasme a cette pensee. Des amateurs d'art, dees critiques s'urrirrent a eux. En trois semaines la somme necessaire (£800) fut reunie, bientot meme elle fut depasee et les dons continuerent d'affluer. Un tel resultat en ce temps de guerre est extremement eloquent. Les souscripteurs de la derniere heure tinrent a honneur de voir leurs noms inscrits sur les listes et voulurent que leurs contributions non utilisees pour Pacquisition du marbre fussent devolues au fond de secours en faveur des artistes beiges.

Le sculpteur Rombaux, retenu a Bruxelles, fut mis au courant de la manifestation exaltante dont son oeuvre fournissait l'occasion. Il parvint a faire connaitreici toute sa joie et toute sa fierte. Il eut ete heureux de consentir un sacrifice important afin de faciliter les choses mais cela ne fut pas accepte, les promoteurs du don eurent la coquetterie de ne rien vouloir deduire du chiffre indique par l'auteur quand son envoi partit pour Venise.

La remise du marbre a la nation se fit avec quelque solennite, au cours d'une ceremonie toute de dignite simple et de reconfortante solidarite.

Elle revetit l'ailure d'un hommage collectif rendu par l'Ecole Britannique a l'Ecole Beige.

Il n'y eut que quatre discours assez brefs mais les auditeurs ressentirent avec emotion l'elevation, la noblesse, la rarete du geste dont ils furent les temoins. Les plus purs sentiments dont se puisse enorgueillir la pensee humaine, depouilles de toute arriere pensee egoiste, furent seuls exaltes.

Sir Edward Poynter exprima excellemment le sens symbolique et desinteresse de la manifestation en faisant, au nom des souscripteurs, remise de l'oeuvre aux musees nationaux.

Lord Plymouth voulut bien, en termes flaneurs, l'accepter au nom des Trustees de la National Gallery.

Les orateurs beiges preciserent le caractere general de l'initiative prise par les promoteurs et marquerent la gratitude profonde de leurs compatriotes.

Il fut clairement entendu que la blanche et harmonieuse statue de

L'ACCUEIL FAIT AUX ARTISTES

marbre due au ciseau de Rombaux, oeuvre marquante de l'un des sculpteurs qui ont porte si haut le juste renom de notre art, demeurerait deormais dans les galeries publiques de Londres comme un souvenir permanent de la touchante et digne hospitalite exercee par les artistes de la Grande-Bretagne en faveur des artistes de la Belgique heroique et martyre; comme un symbole eternel des liens nouveaux et durables recemment noues entre les deux Ecoles!

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS.

TRANSLATION BY SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

THE brutal invasion of Belgium by the Teutonic hordes, the unspeakable atrocities committed in the early days of the campaign against an inoffensive population by the soldiery of William H, brought about the immediate exodus of a great number of artists. Nervous and sensitive, imaginative and impressionable to excess, they were naturally among the very first to be alarmed by so monstrous and incredible an onslaught upon the civilisation in which they believed. They could not face the idea of submitting to the iron yoke of the enemy in occupation—to his intolerable oppression, his arrogant interdicts enforced by severities devised with the view of terrorising the whole country. Painters, sculptors, musicians, men of letters hastened to cross the Dutch frontier.

And for most of them flight did not stop at this point. Possessed by the hope of finding work and creating sources of income, they soon crossed over to England. Most of them were accompanied by pitiable groups of human creatures; by women and children, by elderly relations accustomed to rely on the head of the family for the means of subsistence. Forthwith the artists of Great Britain gave active proof of the most touching and delicate sympathy with these their exiled brothers-in-art. Undismayed by the crisis—so trying to them also—which had arisen as a consequence of the War, they spared neither money nor pains in their determination to come to the aid of those whom Fate had confided to their care.

The Chelsea Arts Club, the Arts Club, the Ridley Art Club were among the first associations to come forward with assistance in the shape of pecuniary advances, of opportunities for work, of permission to use buildings in which it might be possible for Belgian artists to confer, to meet their new English friends, and to make free use of libraries and reading-rooms.

As the rule is when good works are to be initiated, private enterprise took the lead, and indicated the road to be followed. Painters and sculptors lent furnished studios; from all sides there came gracious invitations, there flowed in offers of hospitality. The Royal Institute of

205

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS

British Architects opened its doors wide to the Belgian architects. In January, 1915, the Royal Academy of Arts, adopting the proposal generously put forward by Sir Edward Poynter, procured for our artists the opportunity of bringing their works before the general public—of coming into contact with it and creating pecuniary resources by opportune sales. There was no selfish dread of competition to impede this nobly altruistic movement. The works brought together in the galleries set aside for the display of Belgian art, constituting in themselves a supplementary section of the War Relief Exhibition at Burlington House, achieved a quite satisfactory success. The Press showed itself favourably disposed, and a considerable amount of business was done.

Previously—in November, 1914—an *exposition-tombola* of minor works, for the greater part brought over by me from Belgium, and supplemented by others presented over here by Belgian artists, was organised at the Goupil Gallery, in Regent Street, thanks to the entirely disinterested co-operation of Messrs. Marchant & Co., the proprietors of that gallery. This enterprise brought in more than seven hundred pounds, almost the whole of which sum was transmitted to Brussels, and distributed among the most unfortunate of those artists who had been unable, or unwilling, to leave their native country. A special committee was appointed with this object, and the surplus was applied to cases of urgency over here.

The appearance in British exhibitions of a great number of Belgian works of art such as had hitherto been unfamiliar in England was the cause of a movement of sympathetic curiosity in favour of our school—not in London alone, but in the whole of the United Kingdom. Sir Henry Trueman Wood, wisely turning to account the opportunity thus offered, arranged, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Arts, a series of lectures which familiarised audiences with the names and the most characteristic works of our masters. Of these works numerous lantern-slide illustrations were given.

The Society of Women Artists organised also two lectures on Belgian art, and M. G. Rosier, director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Malines, gave one of these, in English, with great success. Collections made at the

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS

close of these informal addresses produced sums which were devoted to the assistance of women artists in distress.

The Women's International Art Club accorded much space in its annual exhibition to the work of our women painters and our lace-makers. The section of Applied Art in this display attracted many visitors. Sales and donations rendered it possible to afford practical help to the workers of these subtle textures who, grief-stricken in their dwellings in Belgium, continued to ply their needles and weave exquisite arabesques in thread.

On all sides were to be seen the productions of our artists. I was instructed by the Government to concentrate in London the numerous and important examples which in 1914 had represented our national art in international exhibitions abroad. Many such objects were forwarded from Venice, and at the same time drawings and etchings were sent back by the organisers of the Black-and-White Exhibition which had been held in Florence.

The greater number of those works which had been exhibited at the Paris Salons and at the Municipal Exhibition of Lyons were transferred to San Francisco, but a certain number found their way to Great Britain.

An excellent and representative collection of Belgian sculpture had moreover been shown, with the most brilliant success, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. These treasures were as yet unknown in London; their appearance there aroused an enthusiasm for the Belgian School which was soon to take a practical form. At last our artists were in a position to resume work. Figure subjects, and also landscapes which as British scenes viewed through Belgian eyes possessed a special interest, continued to appear without intermission. Such pieces found a place in the exhibitions of the Society of Portrait Painters, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers respectively; in the War Exhibition of the Guildhall, at the Goupil Gallery, in that of Messrs. Boussod-Valodon & Co., and in many other shows. Then came the turn of the great cities of the United Kingdom. Everyone of these was eager to include a Belgian exhibition,

207

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS

or, at any rate, a Belgian section, in its spring or autumn display. Temporary collections were brought together at Cardiff, Brighton, Oxford, Sevenoaks, Taunton, Cheltenham, Liverpool and Derby; while in many other towns works by our artists took their place in international groups of painting and sculpture. None of these enterprises was unfruitful; on all sides advantageous arrangements were entered into, and in some cases local museums made desirable acquisitions of works of art by Belgians.

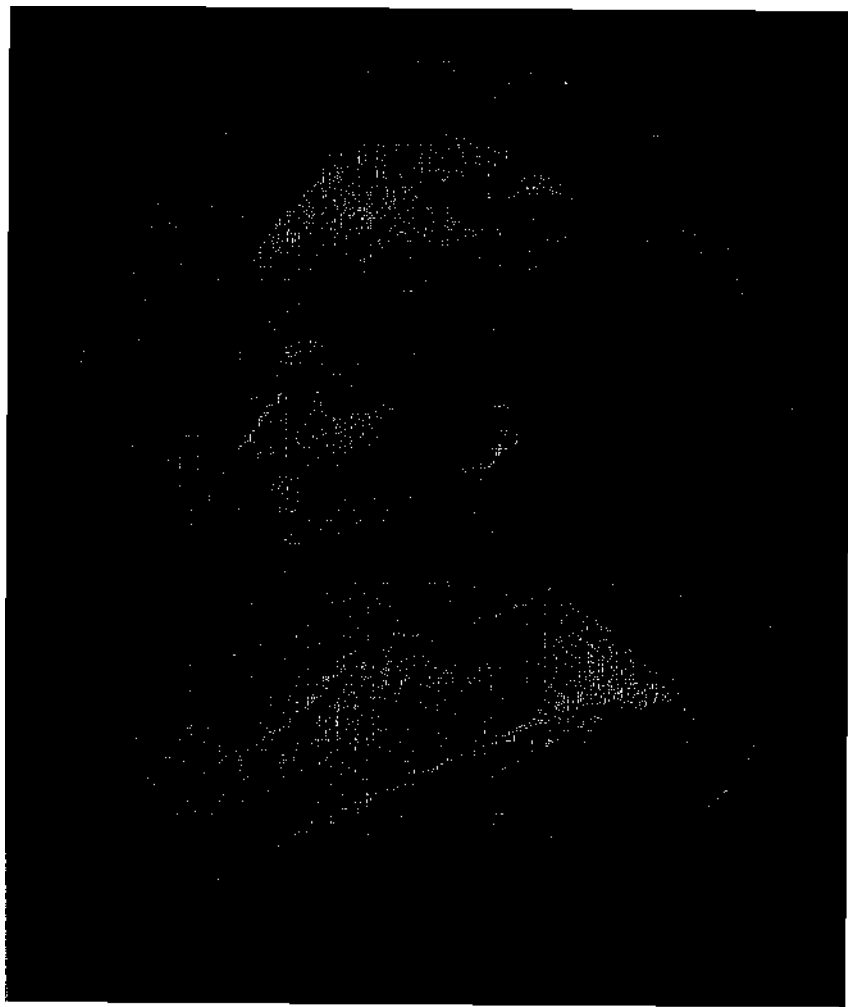
* * * *

Meanwhile the artists of the United Kingdom continued to collect sums for the relief of Belgian artists, especially those who had remained in Belgium ; for the condition of the latter was becoming from day to day more pitiable.

The Royal Scottish Academy took the initiative in an enterprise to which all the Scottish artists lent their aid, and this brought in a magnificent harvest. Sir James Guthrie, President of that institution, was good enough to place the sum realised in my hands, and, subject to certain conditions easily fulfilled, to allow me full liberty as regards the mode in which it was to be applied. The sums collected reached the high figure of fourteen hundred and forty pounds. Then the Committee of the War Exhibition at the Royal Academy made a generous allowance to the Belgian artists. Their treasurer handed me a sum exceeding two hundred and thirty pounds, to which Mr. Lavery, Mr. J. Pennell, and some others added private donations, making over to the Belgian Fund the entire price of such of their works as had been sold in that exhibition.

I must not omit to mention the gifts which reached me from the Dublin Sketching Club, the Ridley Art Club, and the Swansea Art Society, since these, coming from independent centres, afforded further evidence of a profoundly touching outburst of fraternal feeling, the generous spontaneity of which it would be impossible to overrate.

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy summed up and crowned in a fashion that might be termed symbolic the collective welcome accorded by the British to the Belgian artists. In this exhibition there appeared a marble statue entitled *Premier Matin*, the work of the Brussels sculptor Egide Rombaux. This had been seen in the Spring



LADY EMMELINE
PAUL WESSERT

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS

Salon of Brussels a few months before the war ; it had subsequently been transported to Venice, whence it was brought to London. Everywhere this work had excited admiration, everywhere it was greeted as a masterpiece. Even before the opening of the exhibition Sir Edward Poynter, the venerable and charming President of the Royal Academy, Sir William Goscombe John, the eminent sculptor, together with the well-known landscape painters D. Y. Cameron and H. Hughes-Stanton, had decided to open a subscription with a view to the acquisition of this statue and its presentation to the nation.

The artists of the United Kingdom, showing themselves once more fraternal and generous, gave enthusiastic support to this project. Amateurs and art critics co-operated with them, and in three weeks the sum required (£800) was brought together. Soon, indeed, it was exceeded—and still donations continued to pour in. Such a result as this in war-time has its own eloquence.

The subscribers who came in at the last moment claimed as an honour that their names should be entered upon the lists, and insisted that their contributions, seeing that they could not be utilized for the purchase of the statue, should be transferred to the fund for the assistance of Belgian artists.

The sculptor M. Rombaux, who was detained in Brussels, was informed of the stirring demonstration thus evoked by his work. He succeeded in making known over here his joy and his pride. Indeed he would have been pleased to make an important reduction in the price of his statue, in order to facilitate the arrangements in progress, but it was felt that this could not be allowed. Those who had conceived the idea of making the gift showed an almost fastidious delicacy in their refusal to allow any lowering of the price fixed by the artist when the statue was exhibited by him at Venice.

The presentation to the nation took place with some solemnity in the course of a ceremony marked by simple dignity and a consoling affirmation of fraternal union. It took the form of a collective tribute by British to Belgian art. Only four rather short speeches were delivered, but the audience was deeply moved by the elevation, the nobility, the moderation of tone and gesture in all that was said and done. The loftiest

209 P

THE WELCOME TO OUR ARTISTS

sentiments of which human thought is capable, free from all taint of egotism or mental reservation, were expressed.

Sir Edward Poynter, who represented the subscribers, and was charged with the duty of making the gift to the nation, succeeded admirably in expressing its symbolic intention and the disinterested character of the entire manifestation. Lord Plymouth in flattering terms announced the acceptance of the statue by the Trustees of the National Gallery. The Belgian speakers defined the nature of the initiative taken by the promoters and emphasized the deep gratitude of their compatriots. It was clearly understood that the white harmonious statue due to the chisel of Rombaux—a representative work by one of the sculptors who have raised to a still higher point the well-deserved renown of our art—would take its place definitively in one of the public galleries of London, as a permanent record of the touching and noble hospitality extended by the artists of Great Britain to the artists of Belgium, the heroic, the martyred land—as a lasting symbol of the new and durable bonds of union which in these days of trial have united the two schools.

L'ART ET LA GUERRE.

PAR E. YSAYE,

Mattre de Chapelle de S.M. le Rot des Beiges.

LES maux de la guerre sont multiples; chacun, au sens personnel, en determine la nature, d'ordre materiel ou moral. La patrie, la terre aimee, le " home " deserte sont les sentiments qui souffrent en nous. La bas, au front, des enfants cheries qu'une mort heroique ou obscure guette! . . . C'est la qu'est la grande souffrance, faite d'amour et d'egolsme! . . . Aux pauvres diables ces douleurs sont sans palliatif; s'ils se resignent, c'est que leur esprit *sans largeur* n'analyse point et que le mal est plut6t *dans la matiere* que dans *Vordre abstraiu*

L'artiste seul possede le baume infaillible qui, sans fermer les blessures, en eteint les souffrances: c'est l'Art! L'Art, le refuge, Poasis, la source ou, seuls, peuvent se desalterer, se reposer, les servants, les initios, les elus! . . .

Avec le secours de Part, la souffrance devient la " bonne souffrance " dont parle le poete. Beaucoup d'entre nous, secoues par les poignantes emotions des debuts de cette guerre si brusque et tant inattendue, quoique depuis longtemps on en parlat, ne purent rien tirer de leur cerveau: cela ne venait pas; on se raidissait, on essayait quand raeme, on se violentait, et d'informes ebauches naissaient, bientot delaissees, mortes inachevees. Les nerfs etaient trop tendus, et quoique l'on crut qu'en quelques mois—quelques semaines (!)—tout allait se terminer, rentrer dans l'ordre, les Allemands chasses du pays qu'ils souillaient, une sourde incertitude, une inquietude nerveuse se repandaient, nous tenaillaient douloureusement, Helas! les Allemands resterent dans nos murs, et c'est peu a peu que la certitude de vaincre vint nous rechauffer, nous regenerer, nous rendre Penergie au travail, dissiper l'ombre sterilisante. Dans ce pays, d'hospitalite si large et si delicate, au contact de ce mouvement perpetuel, de cette ruche laborieuse, le courage revint; on ne sentait plus la guerre et, apres une annee, malgre d'audacieuses barbaries dont sont victimes d'innocents et paisibles passants, on ne la sent pas davantage. Ici on apprend a bannir toute crainte puerile, et la certitude d'une victoire finale s'enracine en vous si profondement que la perspective d'une attente prolongee

L'ART ET LA GUERRE

ne vous cause plus aucun malaise. Ah! cette bonne Angleterre!... Qui sait si, rentres dans nos foyers, nous ne la regretterons pas? Plusieurs des nôtres y reviendront, peut-être pour s'y installer complètement, s'y créer un "home" et jouir de ces bonnes mœurs anglaises si pleines de morale à qui sait les comprendre.

La guerre—ce fleau—est aussi un "nettoyage"; elle fait oeuvre d'ipurement; elle fut parfois le germe d'heureux avatars; elle est puissante à développer la fibre nationale, l'amour des siens; dans le danger on se resserre, on se découvre les uns les autres; les sentiments se font plus généreux, plus larges pour les hommes et les œuvres. C'est ainsi que, sans ignorer le fond de notre art beige, je ne l'ai jamais tant admiré que pendant son exil. Groupes dans le malheur tous nos artistes fraternisèrent; il me sembla qu'ici on ne parlait plus de rivalité, la critique fut plus indulgente, elle se tut, et j'entendis des conférences sur l'art beige que jamais on n'aurait faites au pays. J'ajoute que les conférenciers étaient tout nouveaux et que chez les musiciens comme chez les peintres il y eut d'heureuses surprises.

L'Angleterre, par les mêmes causes, ressentit les mêmes effets. J'ai connu, dans ce pays, pour les musiciens nationaux, la même indifférence qui sevit en Belgique de temps immémoriaux. Eh bien, au cours de cette année, il m'a semblé que le public anglais prenait goût aux œuvres des siens, qu'un vif intérêt s'éveillait pour les compositeurs et les virtuoses britanniques. J'ai constaté, en suivant les programmes des concerts, que l'art anglais entraît dans une phase vitale du meilleur augure. Ce pays s'est enfin dégermanisé, et, en marchant dans le sillon tracé par le puissant musicien qu'est Elgar, l'originalité de son art ne peut manquer de se développer rapidement. En effet, dans la production nouvelle il y a un élan nouveau, on écoute des œuvres fort intéressantes de musique de chambre. Pour l'orchestre, à côté des vastes conceptions d'Elgar, le chef incontesté de l'école, on entend des poèmes modernistes d'un tour plutôt latin, mais d'où déjà s'échappe un parfum *sui generis*. Les orchestres, admirablement dirigés par des musiciens de premier ordre, parmi lesquels il faut citer Wood et Landon Ronald, les orchestres, ou naguère les éléments étrangers affluaient, sont aujourd'hui bien anglais, sauf quelques rares exceptions en faveur

L'ART ET LA GUERRE

d'instrumentalistes français et belges. Les éditeurs eux-mêmes, par miracle, paraissent disposés à aider le mouvement, et, comme les français, s'apprennent à se libérer du despotisme des éditions allemandes. Bientôt donc il ne restera de influence germanique, si manifeste avant la guerre, que le souvenir d'une époque au cours de laquelle l'art musical anglais s'enlisait dans l'ornière d'un classicisme vétuste et stérile.

J'ai souligné avec joie cette heureuse transformation dans la culture musicale du public anglais. En terminant, je salue avec respect et admiration les artistes, compositeurs et virtuoses, anciens ou nouveaux, qui sont sortis de limitation pour créer un art que Tabus des " pathétiques " attardait.

ART AND THE WAR.

TRANSLATION BY SIR A. C. MACKENZIE,
Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

MANIFOLD are the evils of War. Each of us determines their material or moral nature in his own personal way. The Motherland, its beloved soil, the deserted home are the sentiments which fill us with sorrow. Far away, at the Front, are our cherished children, for whom death, heroic or obscure, lies waiting! . . . There, indeed, is the great suffering born of love and pride! . . . To some unfortunate ones such pangs are beyond relief; if they are resigned, it is because their trammelled spirits do not analyse, and the evils appear to be more material than moral.

Only the artist possesses that infallible balm, which, though it may not heal the wounds, can be an anodyne. It is Art! Art! the haven, the oasis, the source at which its servants, the initiated, the elect, can quench their thirst and find rest.

With the succour of Art, pain becomes "*La bonne souffrance*" of which the poet speaks. Many among us, shaken by poignant emotions at the commencement of this war—so abrupt and unexpected, however long it may have been spoken of—could produce nothing from their brains: nothing would come. All the same, we rallied and forced ourselves, but only unformed outlines came forth, soon to be laid aside to die unfinished. Our nerves were too much strained, and although we believed that in a few months—a few weeks!—all would be over and in order again, the Germans driven from the country they were soiling, a dull uncertainty, a nervous inquietude grew and held us in its painful grip. Alas! the Germans remained within our walls, and only slowly came the certainty of victory to comfort, to regenerate, bring back the energy for work to us, and dissipate the blighting shadow. In this country, where hospitality is so great and so thoughtfully dispensed, in contact with the perpetually busy movement of this beehive of labour, our courage revived, we felt war no more; and now, after a year, despite the audacious barbarities of which the victims are innocent and peaceable passers-by, we feel it in no greater degree. Here, one learns how to banish puny fears, and the certainty of final victory

ART AND THE WAR

becomes so deeply rooted in oneself that the prospect of a prolonged wait hardly causes uneasiness. Ah! good England! . . . Who knows but that, when once again at our own firesides, we may not miss her? Many of us will come again, perhaps to settle down for good and all, to make a "home" and to enjoy the good English customs, so full of lessons to those who know how to apply them.

The war—this scourge—is also a "cleanser"; it acts as a purifier; it sometimes is the forerunner of happy manifestations; it has the power of strengthening the national fibre and love for our own folks. In danger we draw closer together and find each other. Our feelings towards men and their work become broader-minded and more generous. Thus, while far from being ignorant of the roots of Belgian Art, I have never admired it more than now, during its exile. Thrown together by misfortune, our artists fraternised. It struck me that here none spoke of rivalry: criticism was more indulgent, even silent; and I have heard speeches on Belgian Art which never would have been delivered in our country. Let me add that the speakers were quite unknown men and that musicians as well as painters provided happy surprises.

England, for like reasons, has experienced similar effects. I am aware that, as regards native musicians, the same indifference prevailed here which obtained in Belgium from time immemorial. Well, during the course of this year, it seems to me that the British public has appreciated the work of its compatriots; that a lively interest in British composers and executants has been awakened. Watching the Concert programmes, I find that English Art had entered upon a vital phase of happier auguries. This country is de-Germanised at last; and, following the lines traced by that powerful musician Elgar, the originality of its Art cannot fail to develop itself rapidly. In fact, in its recent output there is a new spirit, and one listens to most interesting works in the domain of Chamber-music. In the Orchestra, side by side with Elgar's vast conceptions—the incontestable chief of the school—we hear "*poemes modernistes*" of a somewhat Latin turn, but from which already emanates an odour *sui generis*. The Orchestras—conducted admirably by first-rate musicians, among whom to be named are Wood

LE TEMPERAMENT MUSICAL BRITANNIQUE

Et nous voici au plein epanouissement!

Au xvii^{eme} siecle se dresse la grande figure de Henri Purcell. Musicien puissant et fecond, son genie se prodigue dans les genres les plus divers: ceuvres chorales saisissantes de dignite et de noblesse, ouvertures pour le theatre, musique de scene et " stage-plays " (forme primitive de l'opera), sonates, pieces d'orgue, de clavecin, etc., etc. L'Angleterre a done eu une riche ecole de compositeurs et d'executants.

Et la chanson populaire!

Quel musicien n'en connait les precieuses reliques, les delicieux chants ecossais,* irlandais, cambriens ?

Le peuple qui a chanté et qui chante encore ces chantes-la est un peuple plein d'imagination et de poesie.

Actuellement dans toutes les grandes villes du Royaume-Uni il y a de magnifiques orchestres, de nombreux chœurs qui, tous les ans, donnent de grandioses executions de Bach, de Haendel (cet Anglais d'adoption), de Beethoven, de Mendelssohn, d'Elgar.

Le peuple anglais aime done la musique, la grande musique.

A-t-il perdu la faculte creatrice ?

Dans le dernier quart du xix^{eme} siecle, un musicien de genie vint frapper les imaginations, non seulement par sa grande originalite, mais encore par la puissance de ses effets orchestraux, amplification des procedes de Berlioz et de Liszt, et par Taudace victorieuse qu'il mit a renverser les limites trop etroites qui enserraient le langage harmonique et les regies despotiques qui comprimaient les idees musicales dans des moules preconçus et immuables. Son influence fut immense. Sa formule d'art—" Tart allemand," comme il l'appelait lui-meme—devint l'ideal d'innombrables musiciens de tous pays, et Bayreuth la Mecque vers laquelle allerent se steriliser toutes les personnalites.

Cet engouement fut desastreux.

L'action corrosive du Wagnerisme degenera en fanatisme, se manifesta chez certains compositeurs d'abord par la caducite graduelle de

*Certains d'entr'eux ont conserve jusqu'a nos jours dans les Highlands leur aspect primitif pentaphone et le dialecte gaelique.

† Il vecut 45 ans en Angleterre, y composa toutes ses grandes ceuvres et fut fait sujet britannique par acte du Parlement en 1726.

LE TEMPERAMENT MUSICAL BRITANNIQUE

leur originalite et l'accroissement effrayant des reminiscences Wagneriennes; ensuite chez le public par une sorte de fascination qui l'immobilisa pendant de longues annees dans une admiration globale et irraisonnee de toutes les ecoles, de tous les chefs d'orchestre, de tous les chanteurs, de tous les instrumentistes venus d'Allemagne.

Helas, l'Angleterre parait avoir souffert cruellement de ce mal, car en ce moment-la elle avait oublie son passe et ne voulait plus croire en la force, engourdie mais toujours vivante, qu'elle portait en elle.

Après une crise relativement courte, la musique francaise s'est ressaisie et actuellement elle est en pleine possession de ses caracteristiques.

Camille Saint-Saens et Cesar Franck (notre compatriote, au moins de naissance) sont les deux robustes piliers sur lesquels s'appuie le temple nouveau.

Les d'Indy, les Faure, les Dukas, les Pierne, les Debussy, les Ravel, et d'autres encore continuent Pedifice.

Quel sera le nom fulgurant qui rayonnera au fronton ?

Pourquoi l'Angleterre n'arriverait-elle pas a creer une ecole anglaise comme la France a deja etabli une ecole francaise ?

Procedant comme le firent les musiciens russes, pourquoi les musiciens anglais ne pourraient-ils puiser dans leurs ressources autochthones de quoi eriger un art autonome correspondant a leur genie propre original et fait de leurs personnalites individuelles ?

L'histoire des civilisations et des peuples montre les lentes oscillations des facultes collectives.

Un peuple qui a le passe artistique de l'Angleterre, qui a sa musique populaire de jadis, qui a les qualites actuelles de science et d'originalite que nous firent connaitre les oeuvres executees l'hiver passe au " British Festival " a Queen's Hall, est un peuple au temperament musical.

Je salue avec joie son re veil et je prevois dans un avenir rapproche sa gloire musicale nouvelle.

THE BRITISH MUSICAL TEMPERAMENT.

TRANSLATION BY SIR ERNEST CLARKE, M.A., F.S.A.,
Chairman of the Folk Song Society.

I DESIRE to analyse a very widespread idea in the United Kingdom which appears to me wrong. This idea could not have arisen had not a glorious past been forgotten. Simple and clear in appearance, it has for that very reason been too readily adopted. In reality, it raises a complex question which, as it concerns ethnography, history and art, is not easily answered, even partially, in a few lines, without emphasizing some important points and recalling certain facts of history.

Are the English people musical in temperament?

There may be peoples momentarily at rest after a period of too great productivity; and during such period their powers of resistance may be inadequate to defend themselves from the aggression of bad taste. There is no people insensible to music!

In the general history of Musical Art, England has played the part of a powerful individuality. Without going back to a period which the absence of documents leaves mysterious, we may say that from the beginning of the fifteenth century numerous compositions, chiefly religious, indicate a movement of great promise. A rapid diffusion of the new art brings about, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a marvellous efflorescence. Men like William Byrd, Morley, Gibbons create innumerable vocal works, both sacred and secular: motets, canzonets, madrigals, ballets, instrumental pieces, fantasias for viols, charming pieces for the virginals, and dances. The reputation of the executants crosses the sea, and soon the Courts of Europe (especially those of Germany) seek out and attach to themselves English artists, players on the viol, lute and keyboard instruments. The organ of Antwerp Cathedral was entrusted for the last nine years of his life to the celebrated composer John Bull (1562-1628). By the works of this period one can judge, not only the ingenuity of the composers, but the ekill of the performers.

And then we come to the period of full bloom.

In the seventeenth century the great figure of Henry Purcell appears. Powerful and prolific musician, his genius was lavishly bestowed in

THE BRITISH MUSICAL TEMPERAMENT

the most diverse styles—choral works, striking in their dignity and nobility, overtures for the theatre, incidental music, and "stage-plays" (primitive form of opera), sonatas, pieces for organ and harpsichord, etc., etc. England had then a rich school of composers and executants.

And the folk songs. . . .

What musician does not know those precious relics—the delicious songs of Scotland,* Ireland and Wales?

A people who have sung, and who sing still, songs such as those must be a people full of imagination and poetry.

To-day, in all the great towns of the United Kingdom, there are magnificent orchestras, numerous choirs, which every year give fine performances of Bach, Handel (that Englishman by adoption), Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Elgar.

English people, then, do love music and fine music. Have they lost their creative faculty?

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century a musician of genius appeared, striking the imagination not only by his great originality, but still more by the power of his orchestral effects, carrying farther the methods of Berlioz and Liszt, and by the triumphant audacity with which he destroyed the too narrow bounds which restricted harmonic language and the despotic rules which crushed musical ideas into preconceived and rigid forms. His influence was immense.

His formula of Art—"German Art," as he called it himself—became the ideal of innumerable musicians of all countries, and Bayreuth became the Mecca towards which every personality went to be sterilised. This infatuation was disastrous. The destroying influence of Wagnerism, which had degenerated into fanaticism, showed itself at first in certain composers by a gradual decay of originality and the alarming increase of Wagnerian reminiscence; then it was revealed in the public by a sort of fascination, which petrified it for years and years into a state of

* Some of them have preserved to our own days, in the Highlands, their primitive pentatonic character and the Gaelic dialect.

†He lived forty-five years in England, composed all his great works there and was made a British subject by Act of Parliament in 1726.

THE BRITISH MUSICAL TEMPERAMENT

universal stupid admiration for all the schools, all the conductors, all the singers, all the instrumentalists who happened to come from Germany.

Alas! England appears to have suffered cruelly from this evil, for at that moment she had forgotten her past and would no longer believe in the strength, numbed, yet still vital, that lay within her.

After a relatively short crisis, French music reasserted itself; and to-day is in full possession of all its characteristics. Camille Saint-Saens and Cesar Franck (our countryman at least by birth) are the two strong pillars on which rests the new temple. D'Indy, Faure, Dukas, Pierne, Debussy, Ravel, and others support the edifice. Whose will be the brilliant name which will beam on the pediment ?

Why should not England found an English School as France has already established the French School ? Following the example of Russian musicians, why cannot the English draw out, from their aboriginal resources, something on which to create an art of their own, corresponding to their own native genius and made up of their individual personalities ?

The history of civilisations and of peoples shows the slow oscillations of collective faculties.

A people which has the artistic past of England, with its folk-music of former days, possessing real qualities of science and originality such as the works performed at the " British Festival " at Queen's Hall last winter made known to us, is a people with musical temperament.

I greet with joy its awakening, and foresee in the near future its new musical glory.

LA GRANDE BRETAGNE PROTECTRICE DES ARTS.

PAR ERNEST VAN DYCK,

" *La reconnaissance est la vertu desforts*"—BONAPARTE.

L'HORRIBLE cauchemar n'est pas passe—mais les Beiges en exil ne veulent pas attendre plus longtemps Poccasion de remercier la noble Angleterre, et de lui dire leur gratitude infinie pour l'hospitalite qu'ils ont recue.

La Belgique n'est pas belligerante au sens propre du mot: c'est une victime ! Un colosse est venu pietiner notre pays paisible et laborieux, qui s'entendait avec toutes les puissances voisines sans meme jamais avoir marque a l'une ou a l'autre d'entr'elles une preference ou une sympathie speciale. Notre loyale protectrice l'Angleterre etait, peut-etre meme, la moins connue, sinon la moins aimee d'entre ces voisines, parce qu'il fallait traverser les mers pour apprendre a la connaitre.

Une elite seule avait pu apprecier son arae chevaleresque et sa grandeur morale. Mais lorsque les conquerants vinrent saccager nos villes et nos bourgs, nos tristes populations depossedees, allerent demander aux " Blanches rives," jusqu'en la " Verte Erin " et pres des montagnes
ou l'hospitalite se donne,
mais ne se vend jamais !

un refuge momentane.

Comment les exiles furent recus, soignes, choyes et consoles, des voix plus autorisees que la mienne ont su le dire ici meme.

Depuis le plus noble des dues jusqu'au plus humble des boutiquiers, tout le monde rivalisa de zeile pour guerir les douleurs physiques et morales.

Sous la froide et hautaine enveloppe de l'insulaire, un pcu distant, que la plupart d'entre nous ne connaissaient que de loin, nous avons send battre des cœurs compatissants qui cherchaient nos cœurs.

Et voici qu'un lien indissoluble s'est forme qui unit plus que jamais notre petit peuple au plus grand des peuples. L'Empire " qui commande aux mers " a etendu sur nous son manteau protecteur et nous a dit : reposez vous, ne craignez plus—*ma liberie repond de la votre !*

Alors dans ce livre, quelques-uns de Belgique ont pris la plume au nom de tous et ont ecrit leur gratitude qui ne peut pas perir

LA GRANDE BRETAGNE PROTECTRICE DES ARTS

Nos paroles se seraient envolées comme s'envolent tous les verbes, mais le sentiment collectif que nous exprimons ici, restera comme un " Charte " du remerciement, au grand, au noble Royaume-Uni.

* * * *

Ceux qui ont pu rester au pays dans leurs maisons intactes, nous ont parfois envie les soins dont on nous entourait et je connais un notable de chez nous, jaloux intransigeant, qui nous a comparé aux Emigrés de Coblenz.

A Coblenz, les émigrés étaient au milieu des ennemis de leur nation, tandis que nos pauvres victimes de l'invasion se sont trouvées au milieu d'alliés et d'amis.

Afin d'éviter de vivre côte à côte avec l'envahisseur plus d'un exilé a dû consentir à de pénibles sacrifices, et malgré le baume que des mains amies ont mis sur les blessures—la souffrance de ceux qui restèrent et de ceux qui partirent a dû être au moins égale.

Parmi ceux que cette terrible guerre des peuples a le plus atteint sont les travailleurs des *arts de la paix*, et les artistes musiciens surtout ont connu les limites de Pinfortune.

Mais l'Angleterre a tendu encore une fois sa main secourable. Nos musiciens d'orchestre et nos virtuoses les plus fameux, ont été accueillis à bras ouverts non seulement par le public, mais par les confrères anglais.

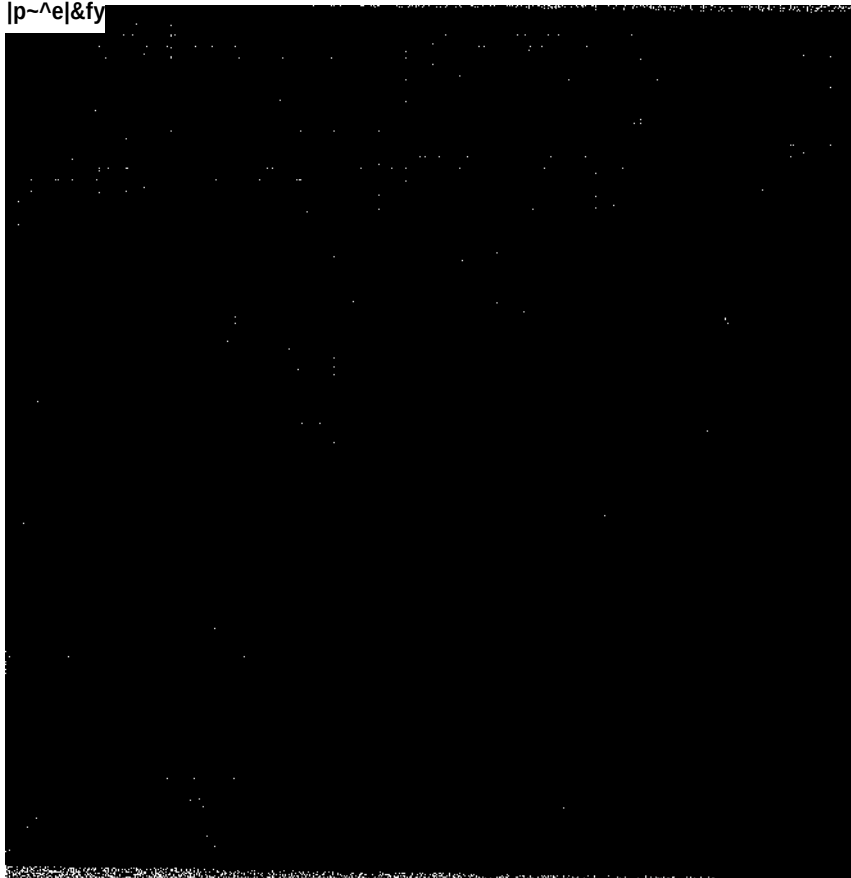
De toutes parts les manifestations musicales se sont organisées, un orchestre beige s'est formé et malgré la portion congrue à laquelle les artistes du Royaume-Uni étaient eux-mêmes réduits, ceux-ci ont trouvé le moyen de partager en frères avec les camarades renus de Belgique.

* * * *

J'ai dit : " Merci " au nom des veuves, au nom des petits enfants, au nom des orphelins, au nom de tous les déshérités—mais je tiens surtout à dire " Merci " au nom des artistes musiciens et dramatiques dont j'ai vu la souffrance soulagée.

L'un d'entre eux me disait : Devons nous tant souffrir par le pays de la musique ?—Ou sont donc Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart et Richard Wagner ? Les Divines mélodies et les harmonies sublimes

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LA TAMISE
MAURICE WAGEMANS

LA GRANDE BRETAGNE PROTECTRICE DES ARTS

cachaient-elles au monde epouvante un peuple redevenu ou reste barbare ? Et la reponse vint de l'Angleterre meme, dont l'eclectisme itautain ne voulut pas croire que les grands maitres de la musique avaient quelque chose de commun avec les prouesses de l'usine Krupp. Alors qu'une minorite, peut-etre interessee, voulait bannir l'execution de la musique allemande pendant la duree du sauvage conflit, les grands chefs d'orchestre anglais mettaient a leurs programmes Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, et la foule venaient les acclamer, prouvant ainsi qu'au pays des Stanford et des Elgar nul ne craint le rayonnement de genies lumineux, et jugeant qu'il n'y a rien de commun entre les maitres des temps, helas revolus—et les 93 intellectuels, signataires d'un honteux manifeste !

Terre de Shakespeare, de Milton, de Bacon, de Byron, de Carlyle, de Dickens et de cent autres esprits fameux—vous avez accueiUi les artistes beiges errants et miserables et pour cela vous serez benie a travers les siecles a venir !

Votre sol fecond enfantera pour la gloire du monde d'autres musiciens, d'autres poetes, d'autres peintres et d'autres philosophes !

Jadis, a une epoque plus heureuse, vous vint d'Anvers celui que vous avez appele Sir Anthony Van Dyck, qui aux jours fastueux des Stuart peignit toutes vos beautes et toutes vos elegances. Du fond du coeur je vous dis "Merci" pour avoir recueilli, aux jours de misere et de deuil, un chanteur, son tres humble homonyme.

GREAT BRITAIN: PROTECTRESS OF THE ARTS.

" *Gratitude is the virtue of the strong*"—BONAPARTE.

TRANSLATION BY ELIZABETH ASQUITH.

THE nightmare is not over—but the Belgians in exile **will** no longer wait for an opportunity of thanking England and telling her of their infinite gratitude for the hospitality they have received,

Belgium is not a belligerent in the true sense of the word—she is a victim. A Colossus has come trampling on our peaceful and industrious country which had ever been on friendly terms with all the neighbouring Powers, though without showing to one or other of them a special preference or a special sympathy. Our loyal protectress, England, was perhaps the least known, if not the least loved, of these neighbours, for in order to know her it was necessary to cross the seas.

Only a chosen few had been able to appreciate her chivalrous soul and her moral greatness. But when the conquerors came sacking our cities and our castles, the populations, sad and disinherited, went to ask of the white cliffs of England, of green Erin, and of the distant mountains where "hospitality is given but never sold," a momentary refuge.

How the exiles were received, tended, nursed and consoled, voices of more authority than mine have told you here. From the noblest of Dukes to the humblest of shopkeepers, everyone competed for the care of their sufferings—physical and moral.

Under the cold and haughty exterior of the islander—a little distant—which most of us only knew from afar off, we have felt the beating of compassionate hearts searching for our hearts.

And hence an imperishable bond has been formed which unites more than ever our little people with the greatest of peoples. The Empire which "rules the waves" has spread over us her protecting mantle, and said, "Rest and fear no more—my freedom answers for yours."

So in this book some of us from Belgium have taken our pens in our hands to write in the name of all of our undying gratitude.

GREAT BRITAIN: PROTECTRESS OF THE ARTS

Our words will fly away, as all words will, but the collective sentiment of gratitude that we here express will remain as a " Charter of Thanks " to the great, the noble United Kingdom.

Those who have been able to remain in our country with houses intact have sometimes envied the care that has been lavished on us, and I know one notability—a jealous extremist—who compared us to the emigrants at Coblenz.

But at Coblenz the refugees were among the enemies of their nation, whereas our poor victims of the invasion found themselves among allies and friends.

In order to avoid living side by side with the invader, more than one exile has had to consent to painful sacrifices, and, in spite of the balm which kindly hands have laid on their wounds, the sufferings of those who have stayed and of those who have left must have been at least equal.

Among those who have been most affected by this war of the peoples are the exponents of the arts of peace, and musicians especially have known the extremes of misfortune.

But England has once more held out a helping hand. Our orchestral musicians and our most famous executants have been received with open arms not only by the public but by their English fellow-artists. Everywhere musical entertainments have been organised, a Belgian orchestra has been formed, and in spite of the meagre portion to which the artists of the United Kingdom have themselves been reduced, they have loyally shared it with their comrades from Belgium.

I have said " Thank you " in the name of the widows, in the name of the children, in the name of the orphans, in the name of all the disinherited. But above all I want to say " thank you " in the name of the musical and dramatic artists whose sufferings I have seen relieved. One of them said to me : " Must we suffer so much from the country of Music ? Where are Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and Wagner ? Did their divine melodies, their sublime harmonies hide from a horrified world a people that has become or remained barbarous ? " And the answer has come from England herself, whose lofty eclecticism has refused to believe that the great masters of music have anything in

GREAT BRITAIN: PROTECTRESS OF THE ARTS

common with the exploits of the Krupp factory. When a minority—perhaps not entirely disinterested—wished to ban the performance of German music for the duration of the savage conflict, the great English conductors put Wagner, Beethoven and Mozart into their programmes, and the public by applauding proved that in the country of the Stanfords and the Elgars no one fears the brilliance of genius. There is nothing in common between the masters of the past and the ninety-three intellectual signatories of a shameful manifesto.

Land of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Bacon, of Byron, of Carlyle, of Dickens, and of a hundred other shining lights—you have received the Belgian artists—miserable wanderers—and you will be blessed for that through the centuries to come. For the glory of the world your fertile soil will give birth to other musicians, other poets, other painters and other philosophers. Once in a happier era there came from Antwerp the man you called Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and in the sumptuous days of the Stuarts he painted all your beauties and all your graces. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for having received in days of misery and mourning a singer, his humble namesake.

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS.

PAR EMILE CAMMAERTS.

JE ne pense pas qu'on puisse trouver dans l'histoire un elan de sympathie comparable a celui qui souleva l'Angleterre en faveur de la Belgique, au debut de la guerre. Cette sympathie s'est traduite en actions et en paroles. Je voudrais rappeler ici quelques-unes de ces paroles. Non pas les discours eloquents des hommes d'Etat de l'Angleterre, dont il a deja ete question dans ce livre, mais le temoignage plus discret mais non moins sincere de ses ecrivains. Je ne puis, bien entendu, dans les limites de cette courte etude, citer tous les poemes, tous les articles, tous les livres dont la Belgique a fait l'objet au cours de ces derniers mois. Je ne puis non plus, n'etant pas competent, me permettre d'evaluer les qualites litteraires de toutes ces oeuvres. Le temps n'est d'ailleurs propice ni a un travail de bibliographic ni a un travail de critique. Tout ce que je puis oser entreprendre c'est de donner un apercu forcement incomplet des circonstances a la faveur desquelles mon pays a recu ces temoignages de sympathie; c'est de penetrer, s'il se peut, les motifs qui ont inspire aux poetes et aux ecrivains anglais un si ardent enthousiasme. Au cours de la crise que nous traversons, les artistes deviennent les interpretes les plus sinceres de la nation. La lecture de leurs oeuvres nous rapproche du coeur du peuple.

Qu'on veuille donc bien me pardonner de ne citer que quelques oeuvres caracteristiques parmi toutes celles qui devraient trouver place ici et ne pas me faire un grief de toutes les negligences et de tous les oublis que je vais etre force de commettre. Je ne suis d'ailleurs que partiellement responsable de ces erreurs. Si la moisson etait moins abondante, je pourrais plus aisement en compter les gerbes. Si les ecrivains anglais avaient ete moins genereux a notre egard, il nous eut ete peut-etre plus facile de les remercier. L'enthousiasme provoque toujours une certaine gaucherie chez ceux qui en sont l'objet. J'en appelle aux premiers soldats beiges qui débarquerent a Folkestone, apres la chute d'Anvers, et que leurs ardentes admiratrices depouillerent de leurs boutons de tunique. Me trouvant, litterairement parlant, dans une situation analogue, je crois avoir droit a quelque indulgence.

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

Il y a, au Palais de Justice de Bruxelles, une statue representant le Droit entre la Pitie et la Justice. Elle est due, si je me souviens bien, a notre excellent sculpteur A. Dillens. Le symbole se passe de commentaires. La Pitie plaide le pour, la Justice plaide le contre et le Droit, dans sa souveraine sagesse, exprime l'equilibre entre les deux forces adverses, entre la vertu cardinale et la vertu theologale, entre le sentiment et la raison. Mais supposons que l'artiste, au lieu de disposer ses figures Tune a droite l'autre & gauche de la figure centrale, ait place la Pitie et la Justice *du meme cote* Que resterait-il du groupe? Que deviendrait le role du Droit? Telle est la question qui se posa a la conscience du peuple anglais au debut de la guerre. Nous savons avec quel enthousiasme, avec quelle ardente devotion elle y a repondu.

Il n'est certes pas indispensable d'etre anglais pour etre chevaleresque ou genereux, mais l'education anglaise developpe ces qualites et les affine a l'extreme. La pratique constante des sports, la necessite d'etre, des la plus tendre enfance, " beau joueur," de gagner sans gloriole et de perdre sans protestation, engendre, dans l'ordre moral, une extraordinaire susceptibilite, un mepris profond pour qui ne se conforme pas au rigoureux code d'honneur du " playground." C'est a ce point que, dans la majorite des cas, le desir legitime de gagner la partie est obliere par la joie que l'on eprouve a la bien perdre, apres un ardent combat. Peu importe le resultat pourvu que la lutte soit chaude, et les vaincus sortent souvent de l'arene plus joyeux que les vainqueurs.

L'oppression du faible par le fort, la lachete, dans les affaires privees comme dans les affaires publiques, est execree par toutes les nations chretiennes de l'Europe—par toutes celles du moins qui sont encore dignes de ce nom. Mais ce mepris se trouve encore renforce en Angleterre par le sentiment—je serais meme tente de dire par le prejugé—du " fair play." Le menteur et la brute ne sont pas seulement honnis, ils sont disqualifies—ce qui est bien pire.

L'opinion publique anglaise a parfois ete seduite, elle s'est parfois emue a tort, mais c'est toujours en faveur du faible contre le fort. Il n'est pas de nation ou la doctrine individualiste ait fait moins d'adeptes, il n'en est pas ou le culte de la force, ou le transcendentalisme nietzscheen

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

aient plus lamentablement echoue. Pour l'Anglais, et non sans raison, le surhomme ne sera jamais qu'un lache, qu'un "bully" pour me servir d'une expression intraduisible. (C'est une des raisons pour lesquelles il profease a Pegard du militarisme—meme sous son aspect le plus legitime—une si ombrageuse mefiance.) Le sens critique lui fait parfois defaut, le sens moral jamais. Il lui est aussi impossible de se mouvoir "par deli le Bien et le Mai" que de confondre les deux camps d'une partie de cricket ou de football. Son instinct, sa religion, ses prejuges meme devaient done le porter a defendre la Serbie contre l'Autriche, la Belgique contre l'Allemagne.

Mais il y a une difference, une difference profonde que la lecture des journaux de l'epoque suffit a mettre en evidence. Entre la puissante Autriche et la faible Serbie, il y avait conflit d'interet. L'une et l'autre voulaient s'agrandir. De meme, entre l'ancienne triplice et la triple entente, existait une certaine rivalite diplomatique. Nous avons aujourd'hui etabli les responsabilites et la premeditation austro-allemande ne fait plus de doute pour personne. Mais, a la veille de la guerre, il n'en etait pas tout a fait ainsi. Une fraction importante de l'opinion publique anglaise pouvait encore pretendre que le pays se trouvait entraine dans un conflit auquel il n'etait qu'indirectement interesse, et en rejeter la responsabilite sur "les obscures intrigues de la diplomatie." Toute fausse qu'elle etait, cette attitude n'en etait pas moins discutable, et ces doutes et ces incertitudes eussent pu paralyser jusqu'i un certain point Pmitiative du gouvernement. C'est pourquoi la violation de la neutralite beige nous apparait aujourd'hui comme un acte providentiel. L'ultimatum du deux aout etablit d'une maniere aveuglante la mauvaise foi de l'Allemagne, il dessilla brusquement les yeux de la democratic anglaise, il lui enleva tous ses doutes, toutes ses hesitations. Il placa la Justice a cote de la Pitie du meme cote du Droit. Le conflit d'interet devint un conflit d'idees, la doctrine politique devint un principe religieux, la guerre devint une croisade.

Il faut avoir ete en contact avec les ouvriers anglais pour comprendre Pinfluence enorme qu'exerga sur leur esprit l'envahissement de la Belgique. A la veille de cet evenement, ils restaient indifferents sinon hostiles. Des le lendemain, les bureaux de recrutement regorgeaient

231

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

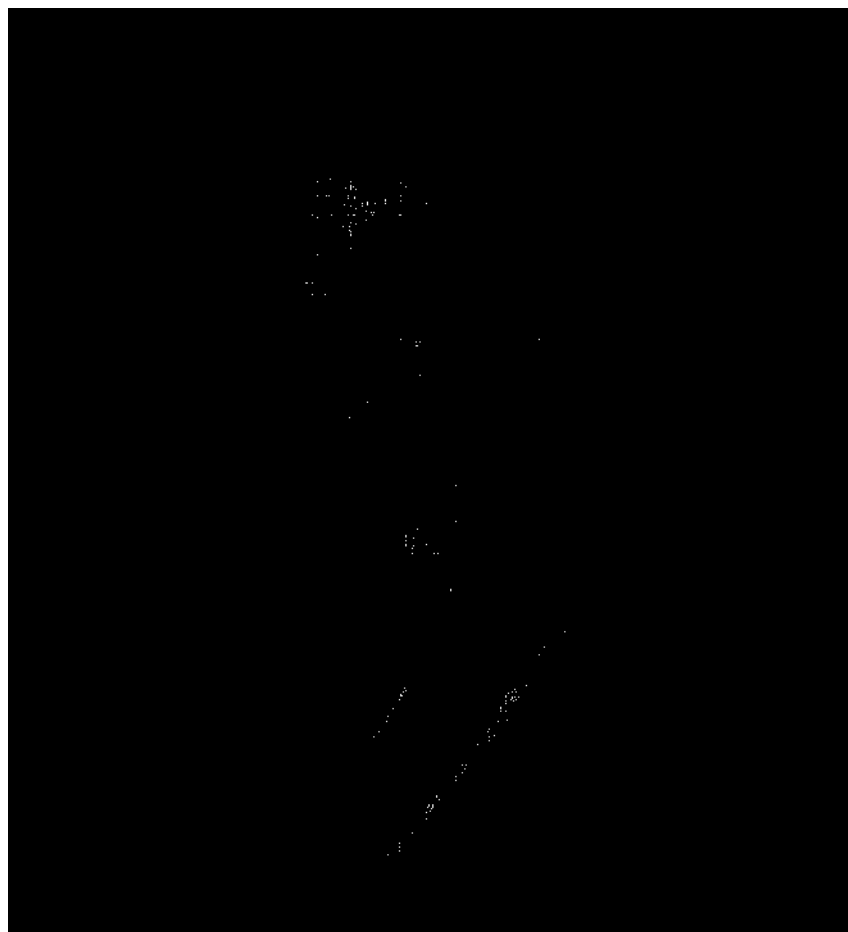
d'une foule enthousiaste. La Belgique etait non seulement **une** victime, mais une victime entierement irresponsable dont l'innocence etait reconnue par le chancelier de l'Empire lui-meme. Ses habitants ne demandaient qu'a " labourer, semer et recolter et a chanter leurs chansons dans les bles."* Plutot que de voir ecraser ce loyal " petit peuple dont le raonde chante la gloire, plutot que de faire defaut a la ' Grande Belgique ' dans sa detresse, plutot que cela, la guerre!" †

A la compassion, a l'indignation vient s'ajouter un troisieme sentiment, un sentiment de responsabilite. " Il y a une foule d'objets dignes d'emouvoir notre pitie dans cette guerre." ecrit G. K. Chesterton dans un appel adresse au *Daily Telegraph*, "Mais ce n'est pas ici une question de pitie. C'est une question d'honneur elementaire, comme celle qui nous ferait rembourser a un pauvre homme son dernier sou s'il nous l'avait prete pour affranchir une lettre. A ce point de vue, la Belgique occupe un place a part, et meme les revendications des autres Allies peuvent attendre jusqu'a ce que sa dette soit completement remboursee. Nous avons assiste partout a des exemples de sacrifice, mais ce furent des sacrifices d'individus se devouant, chacun, a leur pays. Des Serbes moururent pour la Serbie, des Italiens pour l'Italie. Mais les Belges ne moururent pas seulement pour la Belgique. La Belgique mourut pour l'Europe. Le soldat ne se sacrifia pas seulement pour la nation, la nation se sacrifia pour l'humanite."

L'opinion publique anglaise n'a jamais accepte la modeste interpretation donnee aux evenements par le gouvernement belge et par les proclamations royales. Suivant elle, la Belgique aurait parfaitement pu montrer, sans se deshonor, un esprit plus conciliant. Entre le sentier perilieux escaladant les falaises heroiques et la grande route descendant vers les marais stagnants de la mollesse et de la lachete, elle aurait pu choisir quelque voie mediane et eviter la ruine sans s'exposer au deshonneur. A l'impossible nul n'est tenu. La France et l'Angleterre ne pouvant intervenir en temps utile, rien n'obligeait le roi Albert a poursuivre les hostilites avec l'indomptable energie

* Cecil Roberts dans *The Glory of Belgium*.

† Coulson Kernahan dans *The Glory of Belgium*.



HALL, CAIRN, 1896.
A. JONSTAD.

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

dout il fit preuve et a sacrifier son armee et son pays pour permettre aux Allies de regagner le temps qu'une politique imprevoyante leur avait fait perdre:

" Si la Belgique avait cide, la France et l'Angleterre auraient-elles pu protester? Les Beiges n'etaient certainement pas tenus de constituer une premiere ligne de defense pour proteger ces deux Puissances qui avaient garanti sa neutralite, mais qui n'etaient pas a meme de la defendre contre l'empereur Guillaume."*

Dans tout ceci, les ecrivains anglais se montrent plus royalistes que ie roi, plus belgophiles que les Beiges eux-memes.

" Qu'importe que nous n'ayons pas rompu nos serments," s'ecrie F. W. Bourdillon,t " si ces villes doivent tomber en ruine! Qu'importe que l'Angleterre s'eVeille! Les Beiges morts au champ d'honneur se reveilleront-ils jamais? "

Ce sentiment de responsabilite est si profond, si unanime, que c'est peut-etre le seul point sur lequel M. Bernard Shaw soit d'accord aujourd'hui avec ses concitoyens, Ce n'est pas le moindre miracle qu'ait realise l'elan de sympathie que provoqua l'attitude de la Belgique au debut de la guerre. ‡

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La nation qui remplit scrupuleusement ses engagements est simplement honnete; si elle depasse les limites de son devoir, elle devient heroique; et si cet heroisme entraine sa ruine, au cours d'une lutte inegale, elle devient martyre.

Il est impossible de comprendre l'attitude de la pensee anglaise vis a vis de la Belgique si l'on fait abstraction de l'aspect religieux de la question. L'atmosphere est extremement favorable au mysticisme, en ce moment. Soit que nous nous illusionions plus aisement, soit que nos yeux deviennent plus perçants, nous voyons, nous sentons, nous exprimons une foule de choses qui nous auraient semble jadis appartenir a un autre monde. Les recits que les blesses rapportent du champ de bataille echauffent et exaltent l'imagination populaire. Des anges

* W. Barry dans *Everyman's Special Relief Number*.

† *The Glory of Belgium*.

‡ Voir *Everyman's Special Relief Number*.

LE TEMOIGNAGE PES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

apparaissent a Mons, Jeanne d'Arc couvre la retraite en Champagne et des fleches de feu trouent les nuages en Pologne. Le vent est au miracle. Le centre de gravite de notre existence se deplace. Le merveilleux semble naturel et le naturel semble merveilleux.

C'est dans cet etat d'esprit que le public anglais a suivi anxieusement la tragedie que vivait la nation beige. Tous les elements qui se trouvent dans la Legende Doree se retrouvaient ici. La reponse du gouvernement a l'empereur allemand devint la fiere repartie du martyr chretien a l'empereur romain, refusant d'adorer les faux dieux. Liege fut le premier supplice dont le saint sortit agrandi. Puis vint la deuxieme demande de l'Allemagne, le deuxieme refus du gouvernement, suivi de represailles terribles—Aerschot, Louvain, Malines, Termonde. La chute d'Anvers enfin et la retraite vers la France—la passion du martyr. Et sa resurrection, sur l'Yser, ou une armee fantome tint contre un ennemi quatre et cinq fois plus nombreux, comme si tous les morts qu'elle avait perdus luttaienent a cote des quelques survivants. Et le jeune roi Albert, digne symbole de la nation, incarnant son courage, sa patience, attendant avec calme les renforts promis, restant, durant des mois, isole en presence de son puissant ennemi, sans un geste d'humeur dans la defaite, sans un mouvement de vanite dans la victoire. Quelle belle legende quand on la contera, dans cinquante ans, au coin du feu, mais quel miracle, pour ceux qui suivirent, pas a pas, la marche des evenements, terrible, ineluctable comme un drame antique!

Cette signification mystique de la tragedie beige a ete admirablement comprise par les lettres anglais.

Il faut relire dans le *King Albert's Book*, ces pages impressionnantes dans lesquelles John Galsworthy compare l'invasion allemande a une inondation a laquelle le peuple beige oppose une digue vivante: " Mais les vagues les engloutirent. Dans le sombre tumulte des flots, je vis les hommes qui se tenaient encore par le bras, les femmes agenouillees, s'accrochant a la terre, et les petits enfants morts flottant ca et li, et les betes mortes, Et leurs yeux restaient ouverts, bravant encore la mort. Et au dessus d'eux les flots sauvages mugissaient. Mais, haute et claire, la voix criait: " Freres, tenez ferme, la mort n'est pas, nous vivons!" Et, affrontant la crete des eaux, je vis les ombres de ces

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

morts, se tenant par le bras, et je les entendis répondre: " Frere, nous vivons!"

Le Roi-Soldat n'avait-il pas dit: " Nos corps peuvent etre vaincus, notre esprit reste invincible " ?

De la, a l'idée de Pefficacite du sacrifice, il n'y a qu'un pas, Monsignor Benson le franchit. Selon lui, le martyr de la nation beige n'a pas seulement ete fertile parce qu'il a inspire aux Allies des efforts extraordinaires et parce qu'il a eu pour resultat de contenir, pendant trois semaines, l'invasion des barbares. Il a exerce une action plus mysterieuse et plus profonde: " Si, comme les mystiques le croient, il n'est pas une souffrance, soufferte par la plus humble creature, qui ne porte des fruits, pas un cri, fut-il pousse par une bete a l'abattoir, qui ne soit entendu et auquel il ne soit repondu—ne pouvons nous pas dire aussi que, lorsque les comptes seront finalement dresses, la ruine de Malines et le sac de Louvain auront contribue, pour une certaine part, a creer une beaute plus noble et un courage plus patient."

Pour les plus enthousiastes, la Belgique devint un nouvel Israel, " gardant Pautel de Dieu," * entretenant le foyer, alimentant les lampes, une nation elue, predestinee au martyre, dont le courage et la patience devaient sauver le monde des assauts de l'Antechrist, et devant laquelle les plus orgueilleux devaient ployer le genou: " Champion de l'honneur, nous lavons vos pieds, nous pansons vos plaies, a genoux devant vous. Quoique de laches mains vous aient crucifie, quoique votre sang coule et que votre tombe soit creusee, rejouissez-vous et vivez! "†

* * * *

Si je me suis permis d'insister sur l'interpretation donnee a la tragedie beige par le public et par les lettres anglais, c'est qu'elle explique la part de plus en plus importante prise par l'Empire britannique dans la guerre. Si celle-ci n'avait pas ete populaire, le gouvernement n'aurait pu ni lever les recrues indispensables, ni monopoliser l'industrie. Il ne faut pas oublier que la grande majorite des Anglais ne peuvent envisager l'eventualite d'une defaite navale ou d'un débarquement. Il ne s'agit donc pas pour eux de sauvegarder leur propre existence,

* F. W. Orde-Ward dans *The Glory of Belgium*.

† Eden Philpotts dans *King Alberfs Book*.

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

mais de combattre, **pour** la bonne cause, a cote **de leurs Allies**. **Le martyr de la Belgique a ete le grand levier moral qui a emu les masses et qui a permis au gouvernement de prendre les mesures necessaires sans froisser l'opinion publique**. Il etait donc particulierement interessant d'analyser son action.

Mais ce ne sont ni ces eloges, **ni** ces panegyriques **qui ont touche le plus** profondement le cceur des Beiges. **Ils** ont choisi la porte **etroite** parce que c'etait la seule que s'ouvrait devant eux. **Ils ne trouvent** aucune consolation a se poser en heros et en martyrs. **La palme qu'on** leur offre ne leur rendra ni leurs foyers, ni leurs villes, ni **leur inde-**pendance. C'est vers la patrie qu'ils se tournent sans cesse, c'est elle seule, avec sa verdure eclatante, ses vieux clochers, ses parfums et ses chansons, qui hante leurs reves et obsede leur souvenir, L'ode **la plus** pompeuse ne vaut pas, a leurs yeux, une touffe d'herbe des prairies de l'Yser.

Ce qui m'a surtout surpris et touche, a la lecture du *King Albert's Book*, ce sont ces croquis de vie beige qui se trouvent epars dans le livre; quelques traits, sans aucune pretention, mais qui temoignent, mieux que les plus beaux poemes, de la profonde sympathie des ecrivains anglais a notre egard. Elles nous prouvent qu'eux aussi savaient aimer Celle que nous avons momentanement perdue.

" Je revai que les gens de la patrie des carillons, etaient arrives, un matin d'automne, avec leurs cloches, pour les suspendre au haut des tours et des forteresses de mon pays," ecrit Thomas Hardy, L'auteur se reveille pour assister au morne defile des refugies de Bruges, d'Anvers et d'Ostende. Les cloches etaient restees la-bas. . . .

Il suffit d'entendre Edm. Gosse parler de nos poetes, W. J. Locke invoquer les souvenirs de la revolution des Pays-Bas contre l'Espagne, et Hilaire Belloc priser nos tresors artistiques pour sentir que la Belgique n'etait pas isolee en Europe, que son esprit et sa civilisation etaient apprecies au dela du detroit, qu'elle etait, pour me servir de l'image de G. K. Chesterton, comme l'une de ces etroites fenetres qui s'ouvrent au fond des portraits de Memling et a travers lesquelles la campagne se deroule a l'infini.

Quel plaisir de suivre Arnold Bennett, au cours de ce premier voyage

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

qu'il fit en Belgique il y a vingt ans: " Namur et la vue de la Meuse! Et Dinant avec ses rochers et sa tour et, plus loin, Anseremme 06 on pouvait avoir un lit et quatre repas et un bain dans la Meuse, le tout pour quatre francs par jour! " Je crois savoir de quelle auberge il s'agit. Les prix n'avaient guere **augmente** la derniere fois que j'y ai passe.

W. de Morgan nous **parle** de **Louvain**. C'est un souvenir **qui date de cinquante ans, lorsque le carillon** jouait toutes les **heures**:

Voici le sabre, le sabre, le sabre,

Voici le sabre, le sabre de mon pere.

" En prenant un a-compte chaque quart d'heure, a raison d'un sabre pour le premier quart, de deux pour la demi-heure, et de trois pour les trois quarts."

D'autres impressions sont plus recentes, tel le spectacle tragique de la retraite d'Anvers decrit par May Sinclair, qui fut ambulanciere au debut de la campagne: " lis sourient quand l'ambulance de la Croix Rouge les depasse. (Ceux qui n'ont pas vu ce sourire d'une armee en retraite ignorent la beaute du desespoir). " Tel encore ce croquis d'un groupe de soldats beiges blesses dessine par Mary Cholmondeley: " Polydore avec son visage hale, et ses yeux gris, ronds et impassibles s'improvisa immediatement l'interprete de ses camarades. Il sentit sans doute que cette position lui etait due parce qu'il etait le seul de la bande possedant un uniforme complet: tunique bleu fence, pantalon bleu clair et kepi. Nestor, Maria et Achille portaient des jerseys avec leurs pantalons bleus. Jan, naturellement, n'avait pas d'uniforme. Il ne portait qu'un etrange costume anglais trop etroit a la taille. Polydore seul possedait un kepi, mais tous les cinq avaient la tete enveloppee dans d'énormes echarpes de laine."

* * * *

Que de choses tragiques et touchantes nous avons vues ensemble, durant ces derniers mois! Combien de prejuges n'avons-nous pas perdus? Combien de decouvertes n'avons-nous pas faites? La vie beige et la vie anglaise se sont trouvees intimement associees; nous avons **partage** les memes doutes, les memes espoirs. Nous croyions nous **connaître a peine** et ne pas **nous comprendre, et voila que nous nous**

LE TEMOIGNAGE DES ECRIVAINS ANGLAIS

retrouvons, comme des amis apres un long voyage, et que nous nous etonnons d'avoir si peu change.

Pourquoi parler de notre gratitude lorsque nous ne sommes *k* raeme de la timoigner que par des mots? Attendons le jour ou, dans la Belgique liberee, nos amis anglais nous rendront spontan6ment la yisite forcee que nous leur avons faite ici, et ou, dans un branle-bas de cloches et de petards, parmi les fleurs et les drapeaux, sur la Grand Place de Bruxelles, nous porterons le toast de notre grande et eternelle Alliee: *Dear Old England !*

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS.

TRANSLATION BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

THERE cannot, I think, be found in history an outburst of sympathy comparable with that which was evoked in England towards Belgium on the outbreak of the war. That sympathy was expressed in actions and in words. A few of these words I should like to recall—not the eloquent speeches of English statesmen which have already been treated of in this book, but the more discreet, yet none the less sincere testimony of English writers. Within the scope of this short study I cannot, naturally, quote all the poems, articles, and books which have had Belgium for their theme during these last months. Not being competent, I cannot either appraise the literary qualities of all these works. Besides, this is not the time either for a bibliographical summary or a critical review. All I dare undertake is to give a necessarily incomplete survey of the circumstances in view of which my country has received these testimonies of sympathy, and to lay bare, if such a thing is possible, the motives which inspired English poets and writers with such burning enthusiasm. In the course of the crisis through which we are passing a nation's artists become its sincerest interpreters. By reading their works we get nearer the heart of the people.

So I must crave pardon for quoting only a few characteristic works among all those that should be mentioned here, and freedom from reproach for all such omissions as I shall be forced to make and such lapses of memory as I may exhibit. Besides, I am but partially responsible for such errors. If the harvest were less abundant, I could more easily count the sheaves. If English writers had been less generous towards us, it would be easier to thank them. The man who comes in for enthusiastic ovation must always feel a bit shy and awkward. Look at the first Belgian soldiers landing at Folkestone after the fall of Antwerp, who were stripped of their tunic buttons by their ardent admirers! Finding myself, in a literary sense, in the same predicament, I think I may claim some indulgence.

* * *

In the Palais de Justice in Brussels there is a piece of statuary repre-

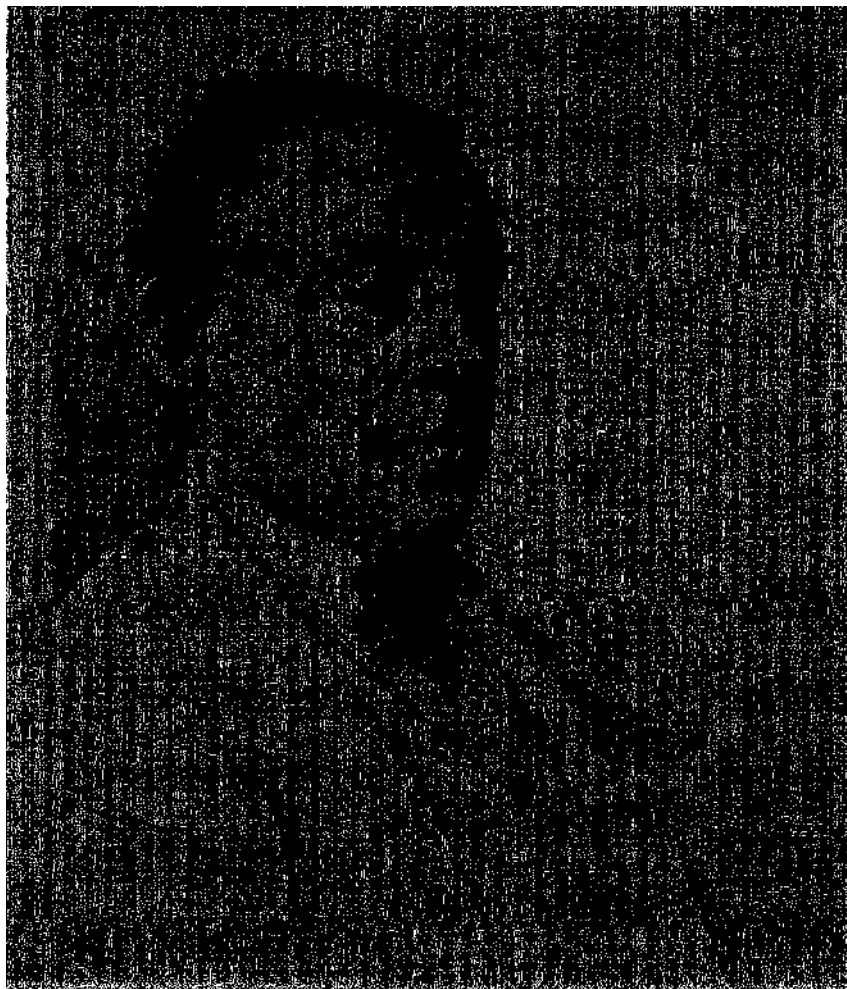
THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

sending Right standing between Pity and Justice. Unless my memory plays me false, it is the work of our fine sculptor, A. Dillens. The symbolism is obvious. Pity pleads *for*, Justice pleads *against*, and Right, in her sovereign wisdom, signifies the equilibrium between these two opposing forces—between the cardinal virtue and the theological virtue, between sentiment and reason. But suppose the artist, instead of arranging his figures one to the right and the other to the left of the central figure, had put Pity and Justice both on the same side—what would remain of the group ? What would be the part of Right ? Such was the question which was put to the conscience of the English people at the outbreak of the war. We know with what enthusiasm, with what ardent devotion, it replied.

Certainly it is not indispensable that a man should be English in order to be chivalrous or generous, but English education successfully produces these qualities and brings them to a fine finish. The constant practice of athletic pastimes, the necessity, from earliest childhood, of "playing the game," of winning without boasting, of losing without protest, develops a remarkable moral sensitiveness which expresses itself in a hearty contempt for anyone who does not conform to the rigorous code of honour of the playground. This feeling rises to such a pitch that, for the most part, the legitimate desire of winning the game is subordinate to the pleasure of losing it well after a fierce struggle. The result does not matter so long as the fight is hot, and the vanquished often leave the ground more elated than the victors.

Oppression of the weak by the strong, mean and cowardly dealing both in private and public affairs, are loathed by all the Christian nations of Europe—by all, at least, who are yet worthy of the name. But this hatred is enormously strengthened in England by the ruling passion—I am almost tempted to say by the prejudice—for "fair play." The liar and the brute are not only condemned to obloquy ; they are disqualified—which is far worse !

Public opinion in England has sometimes been led astray, sometimes been aroused in a wrong cause—but always it has been in favour of the weak against the strong. There is no nation in which the doctrine of Individualism has found fewer disciples, no nation on the shores



SIR ERNEST HATCH, RT.
CHARLES MERTENS

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

of which the Religion of Might or Nietzschean Transcendentalism has suffered more lamentable shipwreck. To the Englishman—and not unreasonably—the Superman will never be anything but a coward and a bully. (That is one of the reasons why the Englishman maintains a sullen distrust of militarism—even in its most legitimate aspect.) The critical sense he may sometimes lack; the moral sense never. It is as impossible for him to get philosophically beyond the primitive conception of "Good and Evil" as it would be to mix up the two sides in a game of cricket or football. For these reasons his instincts, his religion, his very prejudices, made him defend Serbia against Austria and Belgium against Germany.

But with regard to the attitude towards these two small countries, there is a difference, a profound difference, which is made clear by reading the newspapers of the early period of the war. Between powerful Austria and weak Serbia there was a clash of interests. Both sought aggrandisement. In the same way, between the old Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente there existed a certain diplomatic rivalry. To-day we have defined the responsibilities, and no one has any lingering doubt as to Austro-German premeditation. But on the eve of war this was not entirely the case. An important section of English public opinion still found it possible to maintain that the country was being drawn into a struggle in which it was only indirectly interested, and to throw the responsibility on "the secret intrigues of diplomacy." However false this attitude, it was none the less open to discussion, and these doubts and uncertainties might, to some extent, have paralysed the initiative of the Government. That is why the violation of Belgian neutrality strikes us to-day as an act of Providence. The ultimatum of August 3rd shed a lurid light on the bad faith of Germany, suddenly opened the eyes of English Democracy and swept away all its doubts and hesitations. It set Justice and Pity both on the same side of Right. The conflict of interests became a conflict of ideas; political doctrine became a religious principle; the war became a crusade.

One must have been in touch with the English working classes to understand the enormous influence which the invasion of Belgium had

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

upon their minds. On the eve of this event they remained indifferent, if not hostile. The very next day the recruiting offices surged with an enthusiastic crowd. Belgium was not only a victim but a wholly irresponsible victim, whose innocence was recognised by the Imperial Chancellor himself. Her inhabitants only asked "to plough and sow and gather and sing our songs in the corn."*

" Rather than fail . .

That ' little ' loyal race whom, near and far,
A world acclaims for glorious, deathless deed,
Rather than fail Great Belgium in her need,
Rather than this, in God's Own name, be war! "†

To compassion and indignation a third sentiment was added—the feeling of responsibility, " There are countless cases for compassion . . . in this war," writes G. K. Chesterton in an appeal addressed to the *Daily Telegraph*; " but this is not a case for compassion. This is a case for that mere working minimum of a sense of honour which makes us repay a poor man who has advanced his last penny to post a letter we have forgotten to stamp. In this respect Belgium stands alone, and the claims even of other Allies may well stand aside till she is paid to the uttermost farthing. There has been self-sacrifice everywhere else, but it was self-sacrifice of individuals, each for his own country; the Serbian dying for Serbia, or the Italian for Italy. But the Belgian did not merely die for Belgium. Belgium died for Europe. Not only was the soldier sacrificed for the nation, the nation was sacrificed for mankind."

English public opinion has never accepted the modest interpretation put on events by the Belgian Government and by royal proclamations. It has held that Belgium, without dishonour, might well have shown a more conciliatory spirit. Between the perilous pathway skirting heroic precipices and the broad highway leading down towards the stagnant marshes of sloth and cowardice she might have chosen some midway

* Cecil Roberts in *The Glory of Belgium*.

† Coulson Kernahan in *The Glory of Belgium*.

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

road and avoided ruin without incurring degradation. No one is bound to do the impossible. France and England not being able to intervene in time, King Albert was under no obligation to pursue hostilities with his indomitable energy and sacrifice his army and his country in order to allow the Allies to gain the time which a short-sighted policy had made them lose.

" Had the country yielded, I ask whether France or England would have had a word to say ? The Belgians were certainly not bound to form a first line of defence for these Great Powers which had guaranteed, but were far from being in a position to protect, the neutrality threatened by Kaiser Wilhelm." *

In all this English writers show themselves more royalist than the King, more Belgiophile than the Belgians themselves.

" What worth were oaths unbroken, when walls and cities brake ?

What profits England's waking ? Can Belgium's dead awake ? " †

This feeling of responsibility is so profound, so unanimous, that it is perhaps the only point on which Mr. Bernard Shaw is in agreement to-day with his fellow-citizens. This is not the least miracle which the outburst of sympathy caused by Belgium's attitude on the outbreak of the war has worked. ‡

The nation that scrupulously fulfils her engagements is merely honest; if she passes beyond the narrow confines of her duty, she becomes heroic; and if this heroism brings on her ruin, in the course of an unequal struggle, she becomes a martyr.

It is impossible to understand the attitude of English thought towards Belgium if one does not take into account the religious aspect of the question. At the present moment the atmosphere is peculiarly favourable to mysticism. Whether we are more subject to illusion, or whether our vision is more penetrating, we see, we feel, we express a multitude of things which once we should have regarded as belonging

* W. Barry in *Everyman's Special Relief Number*

† F. W. Bourdillon in *The Glory of Belgium*.

‡ See *Everyman's Special Relief Number*,

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

to another planet. The tales brought back by the wounded from the battlefield excite the popular imagination. Angels appear at Mons. Joan of Arc covers the retreat in Champagne, and fiery arrows cleave the storm-clouds of Poland. The wind is set in a miraculous quarter. The centre of gravity of our existence is displaced. The supernatural seems natural and the natural seems supernatural.

It was in this frame of mind that the English public anxiously followed the tragedy of Belgium. Here were all the essentials of The Golden Legend. The Government's reply to the German Kaiser became the haughty answer of the Christian martyr to the Roman Emperor, refusing to worship false gods. Liege was the first ordeal through which the martyr passed to greater veneration. Then came the second demand of Germany, the second refusal of the Government, followed by hideous reprisals—Aerschot, Louvain, Malines, Termonde. Then, at last, the fall of Antwerp and the retreat to France—the Supreme Martyrdom. And then the glorious resurrection on the Yser, where a phantom army held at bay an enemy fourfold, fivefold in number—for all the world as though the countless dead were fighting by the side of the few heroic souls that still drew the breath of life. Lastly, the young King Albert, the heroic symbol of his country, her fortitude and her patience, calmly awaiting the promised help, for months standing alone before his mighty enemy, facing defeat with undaunted brow and in serene modesty welcoming success. What a legend for the fireside fifty years hence! But what a miracle for us who follow, step by step, the march of events—terrible and irresistible as in a Greek drama!

This mystical significance of the Tragedy of Belgium has been admirably understood by English men of letters.

Read, for instance, the moving pages in *King Alberts Book*, in which John Galsworthy compares the German invasion to an inundation to which the Belgian people opposes a living dyke.

" But the black flood rolled over and on. Then, down in its dark tumult, beneath its cruel tumult, I saw men still with arms linked; women on their knees clinging to the earth; little children drifting—dead, all dead; and the beasts dead. And their eyes were still open, facing that death. And above them the savage water roared. But clear and high

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

I heard the Voice call: ' Brother! Hold! Death is not! We live!' **And** fronting the edge of the flooding waters, I saw the shades of those dead, with arms yet linked, and heard them crying: ' Brother! We hold!' "

Has not the Soldier-King said: " Our bodies may be vanquished, but our soul remains unconquerable " ?

From that to the idea of the efficacy of sacrifice is but a step. Monsignor Benson made it. According to him, the martyrdom of the Belgian nation was not only fruitful in that it inspired the Allies with extraordinary effort and resulted in their holding back the invasion of the barbarians for three weeks; it exercised a deeper and more mysterious influence.

" As the mystic believes that there is not one pang suffered by the smallest creature that is not worth while, not one inarticulate cry of pity, even from the beast in the shambles, that is not heard and answered, so he would have us believe that somehow and somewhere, when the sum is made up, even shot-shattered Malines and the wreck of Louvain will have their part in the production of even higher visions and a more gallant patience."

For the more enthusiastic, Belgium became a New Israel:

" From Israel down to Belgium
Have they kept God's holy altar," *

guarding the hearth, feeding the lamps, a nation elect, predestined to martyrdom, whose courage and patience were to save the world from the assaults of Anti-Christ, and before whom the proudest were to kneel.

" Champion of human honour, let us lave
Your feet and bind your wounds on bended knee,
Though coward hands have nailed you to the tree
And shed your innocent blood and dug your grave,
Rejoice and live! " †

* * * *

If I have ventured to dwell upon the interpretation given to the Tragedy of Belgium by the English public and men of letters, it is

* F. W. Orde Ward in *The Glory of Belgium*.

† Eden Phillpotts in *King Alberts Book*.

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

because it explains the part, ever becoming more and more important, played by the British Empire in the war. If the war had not been popular, the Government would not have been able to raise the necessary recruits or to monopolise industry. We must not forget that the great majority of Englishmen are incapable of contemplating the eventuality of a naval defeat or a hostile landing. So, for them it is not a question of safeguarding their own existence, but of fighting for the Good Cause by the side of their allies. The martyrdom of Belgium was the great moral lever which moved the masses and enabled the Government to take necessary measures without running counter to popular opinion. It is therefore peculiarly interesting to analyse its influence.

But it is not this praise, these panegyrics, which have most deeply touched the hearts of Belgians. They chose the strait gate because it was the only one open to them. They find no consolation in posing as heroes and martyrs. The palm that is offered them will not give them back their homes, their towns, their independence. It is towards their country that they ever turn their gaze; it is she alone, with her shimmering verdure, her old steeples, her sweet odours and her songs that haunts their dreams and crowds their memories; and in their eyes the most stately ode is not worth a blade of grass on the meadows of the Yser.

While reading *King Albert's Book* what particularly surprised and touched me was those sketches of Belgian life scattered through the volume; simple, unpretentious words, yet showing as finely as the most beautiful poems the deep sympathy of English writers; proving to us that they too can love Her whom for the moment we have lost.

" I dreamed that people from the Land of Chimes
Arrived one autumn morning with their bells,
To hoist them on the towers and citadels
Of my own country,"

writes Thomas Hardy. The author awakens to witness the dreary procession of refugees from Bruges, Antwerp, and Ostend. " No carillons in their train."

It is enough to hear Edmund Gosse speak of our poets, Hilaire Belloc appreciate our artistic treasures, another writer invoke the memories

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

of the uprising of the Netherlands against Spain, for us to feel that Belgium was not isolated in Europe, that our spirit and our civilisation were felt beyond the Straits of Dover, that—to use a simile of G. K. Chesterton—she was like one of those narrow open windows in the background of Memling's portraits through which the landscape is seen rolling infinitely on.

What a pleasure to follow Arnold Bennett on his first trip to Belgium twenty years ago! "Thence to Namur with the first glimpse of the Meuse! Thence to Dinant with its cliffs and its tower, and on to little Anseremme, where one could have a bed and four meals and a bathe in the Meuse for four francs a day." I think I know the very inn. The price had scarcely increased the last time I went there.

William de Morgan tells us of Louvain. It is a memory of half a century back, when the carillon played every hour:

*Void le sabre , le sabre', le sabre',
Void le sabre', le sabre de mon fire.*

"And, at each quarter, took an instalment; at the rate of a sabre for the first quarter, two for the half-hour, and the whole line for the three-quarters."

Other impressions are more recent, such as the tragic spectacle of the retreat from Antwerp described by May Sinclair, who was attached to an ambulance at the beginning of the campaign.

"They smile as the Red Cross ambulance rushes by. You know nothing of beauty and desolation who have not seen that smile of an army in retreat."

Such also as Mary Cholmondeley's sketch of a group of wounded Belgian soldiers: "Polydore, with his dusky complexion and round, grey, impassive, unwinking eyes, amazed at nothing, at once constituted himself as spokesman of the party. . . . Possibly he may have felt that this position was his due, as he was the only one of the contingent in full Belgian uniform. Dark blue coat, wide light blue trousers, and peaked cap. Nestor, Maria and Achille wore English sweaters with their blue trousers. Jan, of course, had no uniform, only a weird English cheap suit rather too tight in the waist. None of them, except Polydore, had a

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH WRITERS

peaked cap. But all five of them were wound up in enormous woollen comforters."

• * • •

What sights of laughter and tears we have seen together during these last months. How many prejudices have we not lost? How many discoveries have we not made? Belgian life and English life have been intimately associated; we have shared the same doubts, the same hopes. We thought we scarcely knew, and could not understand each other; and lo! we meet like friends after a long voyage and are astonished at having found each other so little changed.

Why speak of our gratitude when we are only able to show it by words? Let U3 await the day of Belgium's liberation, when our English friends of their own free will shall repay us our forced visit over here, when amid pealing of bells and soaring of rockets, with flowers and flags, on the Grande Place of Brussels, we shall drink to the toast of our great, eternal Ally: Dear Old England!

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL.

PAR HENRI DAVIGNON.

IL est dans Part de Burne-Jones, dont certains de nos peintres beiges et de nos écrivains ont subi plus que d'autres, peut-être, l'influence spirituelle, un symbole familier. C'est celui de Parbre mystique chargé de fruits dorés et plus parfaits que nature. Dans le jardin de rêve les belles créatures au profil de camee atteignent d'un geste harmonieux les branches accessibles, leurs doigts réguliers touchent sans les froisser les produits merveilleux, les détachent, se les tendent en souriant gravement et gardent dans les yeux le reflet d'une pensée lointaine,

Pourquoi songe-je obstinément à ces visions préraphaélites en cet été de guerre, sur la terre d'exil et tandis que le sort de nos refuges et l'avenir de notre peuple s'évoquent devant mon esprit reconnaissant ? C'est que ce long séjour sur le sol britannique, après un automne tumultueux, à travers un hiver résigné, suivi d'un printemps d'espérance, à l'issue d'un été de résolution féconde me semble aboutir déjà à une abondance de fruits murissants.

La Belgique remuée jusqu'aux entrailles par le soc aigu de la plus terrible guerre, comme une terre forte et riche et vieille et profonde qu'elle est, à féconder le germe sanglant déposé dans ses sillons ouverts. Malgré l'occupation sacrilège ou l'exil douloureux la sève a monté dans le peuple unanime. Moisson ou vendange ou cueillette, il y a à engranger, à mettre au pressoir, à remplir le cellier. Ne parlons pas d'appauvrissement de stérilité, ni de mort. La Belgique s'accroît, enfante et revit pour ses nouveaux destins.

Et déjà, dans les neuf provinces crucifiées, le sang des martyrs engendre des héros, une génération nouvelle entraîne les populations à plus de désintéressement, à une meilleure solidarité et au juste orgueil qui donne aux nations leur conscience. Loin de méconnaître cet élargissement de la vie patriale et cette force, forgée dans le sacrifice et la persévérance, la Belgique exilée s'unit modestement avec en vie, avec respect, avec admiration au labeur, sous le joug, de la Belgique occupée. Elle aussi, cependant, acquiert un sens nouveau de l'avenir. Je voudrais essayer de le dire ici pour la contribution inestimable qu'y apporte le Royaume-Uni et parce que dans la Belgique

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

de demain l'apport anglais est un facteur désormais lie a la grandeur nationaux

I.

Le Beige voyageait peu. En dehors des privileges de la fortune qui s'offraient en hiver de rapides sejours sur la Cote Meditteraneoenne, en 6te de banales excursions dans la Suisse bernoise, la Foret-Noire ou sur les bords du Rhin, bien rares etaient les gens soucieux de penetrer le secret des autres peuples. Un vceu lointain, formule aux origines de la race, liaient a leur horizon familier les gens de Flandre et de Wallonnie. Le Bruxellois lui-meme, produit moderne d'une vie centralisee, s'il aimait Paris, ne s'y sentait qu'imparfaitement a l'aise et pour rien au monde on n'eCit decide une famille de Gand ou de Liege a emigrer vers des cites de langues etrangeres. Bien plus, quitter une ville de Belgique pour une autre, transporter ses penates de Bruges a Arlon, de Louvain a Mons, c'etait un evenement qui ne se pouvait justifier que par des raisons graves, longuement meditees et susceptibles de commentaires publics.

Certaines carrieres recevaient de ces habitudes seculaires une depre-ciation evidente. La cafriere militaire, qui exige les deplacements de l'avancement a traver9 les garnisons de province, la carriere diplo-matique et consulaire qui separe longuement les familles et fait perdre le contact avec le decor coutumier.

L'une et Pautre, les voici tout d'un coup et depuis plus d'un an au premier plan des preoccupations et des voeux de tous. L'une et l'autre sont l'objet d'envie et d'exaltation. Il semble que l'avenir et l'existence de chacun soient suspendus a l'effort de l'armee et de la diplomatic et, du coup, une reverence nouvelle entoure ces institutions dans lesquelles on n'entrait pas, avant la guerre, sans raisons speciales.

Le sejour anglais contribue puissamment a renforcer cette impression chez le Beige exile. Nulle part, en effet, la vocation des armes et le gout des entreprises lointaines ne recoivent une consecration aussi unanime de la part de l'opinion. C'est une nouveaute pour le Beige, a qui le volontariat etait apparu trop longtemps comme une echappatoire commode aux charges guerrieres, de constater la

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

pression ardente et continue de l'opinion britannique sur l'élite de la nation. Ici c'est moralement que le service est obligatoire. Et si l'on peut trouver que, dans l'effroyable crise où le monde se débat, le temps fait de haut pour la pleine action d'un tel argument, il faut reconnaître qu'il a sa grandeur, qu'il situe le sacrifice suprême et la gloire du plus humble soldat dans une atmosphère d'estime civique et de conscience individuelle ou le sens national s'élargit.

Le Beige, réfugié dans l'île inconnue, y a découvert d'abord ceci : il est des fardeaux nécessaires et qu'il faut savoir charger volontairement sur les épaules. Après l'admirable et unanime adhésion du peuple à l'acceptation héroïque de la lutte impossible par son Roi et son Gouvernement, après l'effroyable et douloureux partage par les civils des souffrances et de l'endurance des soldats, l'asile, le refuge, ouverts par l'Angleterre aux victimes pantelantes prolongeaient en largeur et en profondeur le retentissement du plus noble sacrifice et du plus héroïque martyr. La Belgique épuisée et vaincue engendrait des légions sur la terre hospitalière. L'armée qu'elle vénérait, qu'elle plaçait désormais au centre de ses vœux, la petite armée beige, servait de stimulant à la naissance, au développement de l'immense armée de Kitchener. Volontairement, pour réparer l'injustice faite à la Belgique d'abord, pour sauver le monde ensuite, un vaste empire répandu à travers le globe, un empire réaliste et utilitaire plaçait au premier plan de son activité et de son intérêt : le soldat.

Voilà qui, au cours des longs mois de séjour dans les campagnes et dans les villes, a dignement achevé de restituer aux Beiges le sens des nécessités militaires permanentes. Des l'attaque de Liège, tout leur cœur fut avec nos lignards, nos artilleurs et nos cavaliers, sur les glaces de la Meuse. Après Anvers, pendant l'Yser, et chaque mois qui vit se reorganiser au bord de la mer les débris de notre armée, ce fut chez l'exilé une révélation, une compréhension, une acceptation croissantes des efforts militaires imposés à tout peuple digne de vivre, qu'il s'étende sur quatre-vingt kilomètres de littoral ou qu'il embrasse de son domaine trois océans.

Quand Ypres recut le premier obus incendiaire, dirige avec une satanique intention sur le cœur du beffroi des Halles, l'âme de la

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

Belgique tout entiere se sentit atteinte. Car ks gens d'Anvers, de Gand et de Bruges et ceux de Ltege, de Mons, d'Arlon, de Bruxelles et ceux des petites villes aussi de Stavelot et d'Audenarde, de Binche et de Poperinghe ont compris quel meurtre le Barbare tentait de perpetrer. Ne pouvant faire une entree triomphale dans la demiere cite d'ancienne franchise, il la voulait raser jusqu'au sol afin de persuader aux Beiges, qu'il tenait sous sa botte, la mort de leur independance. Mais au long fremissement irreductible des Beiges du dedans, repondit l'appel pathetique des Beiges du dehors ou passait la voix meme des pierres illustres, saignant leur sang de cinq siecles de gloire et de civilisation,

Et le monde s'est emu et, comme l'incendie criminel de la bibliotheque de l'Universite de Louvain, la ruine des Halles d'Ypres a plus fait pour Peffondrement de PAllemmand dans l'opinion civilisee que Peffort victorieux des Allies de la mer a l'Alsace.

Toute l'histoire de Belgique s'est dressee parmi les flammes d'Ypres et, dans les plus lointaines Ameriques, on a su que quelque chose d'ancien, de grandiose et d'immortel, sur un tout petit coin de la vieille Europe, provoquait l'acharnement colossal et ridicule du monstre teuton. Du coup les diplomates ont pu compter sur un allie nouveau, du coup l'ultimatum du 2 Aout et la violation du droit, rendue confuse par de vagues calomnies allemandes et par une insuffisante connaissance de la neutralite beige, ont acquis tout leur sens impie. La force d'un peuple ayant lutte depuis des siecles pour la liberte a qui il elevait ses perrons, ses beffrois, ses h6tels-de-ville, s'attestait une chose infiniment respectable entre les concurrences economiques et politiques des voisins.

A Pheure precise ou le Belgique perdait son territoire, ou son gouvernement recevait le benefice d'une fiction diplomatique, ou son Roi fixait sa tente sur le sable de la mer, ou son peuple etait somme de payer le tribut a l'envahisseur, la Belgique apparaissait plus imposante et plus vivante dans la societe des nations. Ses representants a l'etranger jouissaient d'un prestige et d'une autorite inusites. lis negociaient Pembrunt de millions sur un credit fictif, ils entamaient l'etude du programme des reparations et des renouvellements, sur un point de depart hypothetique.

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

Nulle part, le sentiment du grandissement de la patrie ne fut plus present au Beige qu'en Angleterre. Il entendait la voix des homines publics, il suivait les demarches autour de ce Foreign Office qui fut toujours un phare dans l'obscurite des destinees du monde. Tout lui parlait d'avenir, Lui qui, absorbe par le labeur quotidien et l'honnete ambition de faire produire a son sol, a ses eaux, le maximum de leur rendement, n'avait guere songe au privilege de vivre libre au milieu des convoitises, il s'emeuvait d'etre le centre du conflit, de voir lier a sa delivrance les sympathies du monde et d'entendre Conner la defense de son honneur aux representants du plus grand Empire.

Le Beige doit a l'Angleterre le sens de sa valeur internationale. Desormais il voudra a ses envoyes plenipotentiaire ce soutien d'universelle sympathie et d'autorite indispensable qui assure aux diplomates anglais, avec le reconfort ncessaire dans une mission difficile et ingrate, le stimulant de se sentir porte par le voeu unanime de la nation.

II.

Dans aucun pays au monde, je crois, le souci de la chose publique n'est aussi repandu et ne fait autant partie des preoccupations quotidiennes du citoyen que dans la Grande Bretagne. Sans doute, cela ne va pas sans certains inconvenients. Nous nous croyons le peuple le plus penetre de divisions politiques et certes, etant donne l'etroitesse du territoire et les infiniments petits a quoi aboutissaient les passions des partis, notre vie publique se ressentait d'un exces de politique interieure. Le Royaume-Uni est loin d'etre exempt de ces tares inherentes peut-etre au regime parlementaire dans une democratie. Il faut reconnaitre, cependant, qu'elles sont amplement compensees par le sentiment universel et profond de la responsabilite individuelle dans le progres collectif de la nation. Au moment ou le Beige abordait en Angleterre il se trouvait mele a la grande secousse qui, en ebranlant d'un choc necessaire l'edifice politique britannique, lui faisait rendre un son de solidite et de vigueur. Ainsi tout ce qu'il avait oui dire de la patrie de la democratie traditionnelle et organisee, sur le modele de laquelle les constituants de 1830 avaient voulu edifier l'armature politique du jeune royaume, s'accordait avec le spectacle qu'il avait

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

sous les yeux. Si le faux ideal d'un pacifisme et d'une fraternite internationale, dont tant de gens chez nous s'etaient laisses leurrer, croulait depuis le 2 Aout, la realite du jeu des institutions parlementaires resistait a la crise des hommes et des idees. Aussi eloigne de la dictature que de la demagogie, le regime anglais continuait a associer librement le respect de l'autorite permanente du Roi et la responsabilite d'un gouvernement issu du voeu national a travers la selection de deux chambres, ou la tradition et la democratic se font une utile concurrence.

Jusqu'au bout, malgre les discussions d'idees et les changements d'hommes, malgre les sautes et les pointes de l'opinion, malgre les erreurs, les appetits et les devoiements—a cause meme de tout cela—le regime apparait comme assez souple, assez equilibre et assez conforme au temps present pour justifier l'adhesion unanime de tous les citoyens. Et le Beige exile examine a ce contact ses convictions anciennes. Il se complait a seconder d'une emulation interieure, fertile en meditations et en resolutions, les principes sur lesquels la nation britannique base la force de sa vie publique : le respect indiscute de l'elan religieux necessaire a l'homme pour sauvegarder ses vertus interieures, la tolerance devant toutes les manifestations sinceres de l'opinion, l'acceptation dans les concurrences d'interets de la predominance de l'interet national.

A quel point l'Anglais se passionne pour la chose publique, les Beiges ont pu le constater dans les familles ou l'hospitalite le faisait penetrer. Les femmes, plus encore que les hommes, ont le gout des idees directrices et discutent les personnalites responsables. Elles ont aussi le sens de l'action. Et dans le domaine de la charite elles sont admirables. C'est a elles que nous devons cette ingenieuse, rapide et si diverse adaptation de l'hospitalite anglaise au peuple desempare et depouille jete sur les plages de la cote par le plus effroyable bouleversement, Elles ont eu l'air de faire cela si facilement, si simplement et sans se departir de la grace souriante et alerte qui est le propre de la femme britannique.

Ah ! l'Anglaise, celle que les gens du Continent appellent " la Miss " et qu'une litterature de convention depeint invariablement mince, rose, independante et sportive, quels tresors insoupconnes de sensibilite delicate et joyeuse y decouvrirent les Beiges adoptes par elle !

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

Elle leur a fait ce don d'elle-meme qui semblait impossible de la part de creatures que nos romans frangais representaient faites pour le flirt et non pour l'amour, vouees au sport et peu i la maternite, enragees de " suffragisme " et indifferentes a l'obscur devouement, pliees aux rites d'une elegance formaliste et inadaptables aux exigences de debraille et de minuties des petites gens du Continent,

J'ai vu des jeunes-filles aux mains fines laver la vaisselle dans un " home " prepare par elles pour trois families de Flandre ; j'ai connu de respectables ladies visitant regulierement de petits bourgeois de Wallonnie et essayant d'ajuster leur francais de pensionnat aux interminables bavardages de nos " commeres." J'ai su que, s'apercevant de l'insurmontable gene que leurs plus discrettes apparitions introduisaient dans certains menages une fois installes comme chez eux, les dames de Comites ont impose a leur zele de ne plus franchir des seuils de maisons meublees et alimentees par elles, mais ont continue a faire le tour des fournisseurs pour veiller a ce que les menageres n'aient pas de sujets de plaintes.

Le Beige ne peut pas se rendre compte de ce qui a etc fait, de ce qui continue a etre fait a chaque heure du jour pour lui. La profonde, l'invincible tristesse de Texil, Tangoisse du foyer delaisse, detruit peut-etre ou profane par la presence de l'envahisseur, le souvenir tenace, violent comme celui d'un cauchemar, des horreurs vecues sous le feu et la cruaute du barbare, l'apprehension le l'avenir tissent autour de lui la trame d'un voile impalpable et permanent analogue aux brumes de Novembre sur la riviere. Tamises par lui le bienfait et la gratitude ont de part et d'autre de la peine a apparaitre et a se traduire tels qu'ils sont cependant.

Mais enregistres par le sub-conscient de l'ame ils s'accumulent, meles aux visions dont le plus petit marmot refugie et peut-etre tous ces enfants qui n'ont fait que voir le jour sur le sol anglais se penetrent avec l'air qu'ils respirent.

Je me rappelle, au cours d'une excursion de dimanche dans le Surrey qui, avant de devaler vers la mer, dresse des cretes si semblables a celles des Ardennes, avoir rencontre trois petites filles se tenant par la main. Elles avaient des tresses blondes bien nouees, des visages rouges

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

comme des pommes, des robes k fleurs et marchaient sagement sur la route plane. Je leur demandai mon chemin, mais elles ne comprirent ni mon francais, ni mon anglais et par une inspiration soudaine je les interrogeai en flamand. Elles ne s'etonnerent point et dirent posement qu'elles ne connaissaient que le chemin vers le " Casteel" a l'ombre duquel elles etaient logees. Suivant leur regard, je decouvris alors le cottage fleuri et souriant, a demi dissimule sous les branches d'un de ces chenes comme on n'en trouve qu'en Angleterre. Je les laissai repartir toutes trois, se tenant par la main, sages et graves, enfants de l'exil, enfants de notre Flandre sans collines et sans arbres, enfants d'une race elevee dans des maisons sans etages, tassees contre le sol ingrat feconde par un labeur inconnu ici. Rentrees la-bas, reprises avec les leurs, par la rude vie, se souviendront-elles du pare aux arbres seculaires, de la colline surplombant la plaine, et des paysans gardeurs de moutons, eleveurs de betail en des pres faciles a fumer, et des confitures sur le pain quotidien, et des eglises froides et confortables, et des robes fralches mises meme en semaine, et du grand pays flegmatique et genereux ?

Qui sait ? C'est ici le grand mystere des influences de la terre et des cieux, des souvenirs du premier age plus tenaces que tout ce qui s'apprend dans les livres ou par l'experience des hommes. Mais je crois que jamais aucun Beige, quel que soit son age et ses origines, ne s'affranchira de l'apport inegal et certain de ces jours d'exil. Des visions anglaises sont dans le sang de nos enfants.

Des coeurs adolescents resoivent-ils ici la revelation troublante et decisive de l'amour ? Les Beiges ne connaissent guere d'alliance maritale hors de leurs frontieres, C'est un des phenomenes frappants de notre originalite racique. A part quelques unions francaises de souche aristocratique et quelques rares echanges sentimentaux hoi-landais, le Beige se marie chez lui. Jamais aucun Wallon de la frontiere qui va d'Aubel a Trois-l'onts, n'epousa, grace a Dieu, une Allemande. Il est plus singulier qu'un mariage anglo-belge ait ete jusqu'ici une chose exceptionnelle. J'en ai connu un, il fit scandale lorsqu'il fut conclu. Il faillit tourner mal au bout d'un an. Il vient de recevoir le plus tragique et le plus beau denouement.

Quand la guerre me permettra de me souvenir encore que je suis un

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

romancier, je me promets d'en ecrire l'histoire. Veut-on m'autoriser a en noter ici brievemeat la simple courbe ? Aussi bien il apporte une conclusion logique a des reflexions, je le crains, un peu hasardees et fort decousues.

Elle s'appelait Madge. Lui c'etait Jean Swalue, le fils de ce conservateur du Musee Gruuthuse, a Bruges, ou logent sans doute aujourd'hui Dieu sait quels soudards. lis se connurent dans les concours de tennis a Ostende, l'ete avant celui de la guerre. Elle fit attention a lui parce qu'il ressemblait a un Anglais, grand, bien decouple, le visage rase et taciturne. Le sport les introduisit l'un et l'autre dans le monde ferme des hobereaux de Flandre. Mais lui ne songeait qu'a elle et son cceur simple et tenace vivait dejk passionnement le reve de l'associer a sa vie. Madge se laissait aller au plaisir d'une intrigue que le decor de Bruges rendait plus romanesque et plus decisive qu'elle n'avait pense. Il park mariage et faillit rompre le charme. Celui-ci operait cependant avec la complicité secrete de cette terre de tradition et du vceu dominateur d'une race obstinee.

Madge se trouva fiancee presqu'a son insu. Elle se persuada qu'elle n'abdiquait point sa liberte et que ce serait un enchantement d'etre associee au reve de Bruges.

Mais ramenee dans la vieille cite, apres la noce en Angleterre ou le marie avait fait si bonne figure d'insulaire, elle comprit peu a peu combien celle-ci etait exigeante et accapareuse. Ce n'est point un decor de reve, c'est le cadre immobile d'une vie tres ancienne et tres reguliere ou le travail, les moeurs et les gens obeissent a. des prescriptions plus rigoureuses de n'etre commandees que par l'assentiment unanime.

Quand Madge se sentit a bout, en libre et franche femme de son pays, elle parla nettement a Jean Swalue : " Je ne puis pas rester, j'ai essaye, e'est impossible ; pour notre bonheur il faut que nous rentrions en Angleterre. Je pars ce soir."

Et elle est partie. Et apres un mouvement de revoke et de douleur Jean l'a suivie. Il est devenu un parfait Anglais. lis attendaient le bebe espere quand la nouvelle invraisemblable et cruelle de l'invasion allemande eclata.

Apres un long moment d'incertitude et de desarroi, l'homme a rejoint

LES FRUITS DE L'EXIL

l'armee Beige. Il n'a pu d'effendre que le dernier lambeau du sol national, derriere l'Yser et il l'a fait jusqu'i la mort. Son corps de grand gargon blond repose quelque part dans le cimetiere d'Adinkerke.

Madge a longtemps songe a ce qu'elle pourrait faire pour rendre a sa memoire le tribut necessaire. Elle n'a pas beaucoup pleure : le sort de Jean lui parait le plus beau du monde. Elle a renonce a fleurir son tombeau dans le sable maritime. Avec la meme silencieuse et nette resolution qui lui avait fait quitter Bruges, elle y est rentree. Ce ne fut pas sans peine. La ville est isolee et farouchement gardee par l'ennemi que le voisinage de l'Yser emplit d'une crainte supers titieuse. Mais rien n'est impossible a une femme d'Angleterre qui sait ce qu'elle veut. Elle a penetre seule et dejk bien lourde dans la cite dormante. Malgre l'outrage de la presence de l'Allemand, la vie y continue reguliere et profonde, emplie d'un reve ardent de resurrection et de represailles.

C'est *Ia* que naquit le fils de Jean Swalue, mort pour la patrie. C'est *Ia* que sa veuve se souvient avec orgueil d'etre nee Anglaise pour pouvoir donner a la Belgique heroique avec le fruit de son amour tous les tresors de sa jeune vie ardente et genereuse.

THE FRUITS OF EXILE.

TRANSLATION BY E. B. OSBORN.

IN the art of Burne-Jones, which has influenced the imaginations of some of our Belgian painters and writers more intimately perhaps than that of other great artists, you find a favourite symbol. It is the symbolical tree of mystery bearing golden fruit of a supernatural perfection. You enter the visionary garden where it grows, and there you see beautiful beings whose features have the clear outlines of a cameo. With a gracious gesture they take hold of the branches within reach, with still, calm fingers they touch the fruit without harming its bloom of wonderment, they pluck it and offer it with a grave, mystical smile—still withholding in their eyes the reflection of thoughts far away.

How comes it that my dreaming mind runs so persistently on these visions of the Pre-Raphaelites in a summer of warfare, at a time when the grateful spirit of one living in a land of refuge must needs be visited by haunting questions of the fate of fellow-exiles, the future of our nation? It is because this long sojourn on British soil—an autumn of storm and stress, a winter of resignation and a spring-tide of hopefulness, issuing at last in a summer of pregnant resolution—seems to me to have resulted already in the ripening of much mystical fruit.

Belgium has been cleft through all her vital parts by the sharp plough-share of this most terrible war. And yet, like the strong, rich, ancient and abysmal land that we know her to be, she has imparted a principle of life to the bleeding grain sown in the furrows of her still open wounds. Whether oppressed by a sacrilegious occupation or obsessed by the sorrows of exile, my compatriots are at one, and the sap rises in them all. For reaping, for wine-growing, and for the gathering of other fruits of the soil there is ample opportunity. Barn and wine-press and store-room shall be well filled. Let there be no talk of impoverishment, of sterility, of death. Belgium has increase, brings forth, and lives anew for her new destinies.

Already, in her nine crucified provinces, the blood of martyrs engenders a brotherhood of heroes, and this new generation bears our people onwards and upwards—to a loftier unselfishness, a larger solidarity, a more lavish access of that just pride which gives to nations

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

their sense of nationality. The Belgian in exile does not undervalue this expansion of the mother-life nor the new power, beaten out by strokes of doom, which comes of perseverance in self-sacrifice. Far from it—he envies, respects, and admires the heroism of his compatriots under the yoke of occupation and modestly asks to co-operate in their travail. Belgium in exile, be it remembered, is also acquiring a new sense of the future. It is my present task to explain this new sense—to appraise the inestimable contribution of the United Kingdom to this wider understanding and show how it must constitute hereafter a constant factor in our national greatness.

I.

In the past we Belgians were not great travellers. The favourites of fortune, it is true, might spend a small portion of the winter on the shores of the Mediterranean or take the usual kind of summer trips in Switzerland, the Black Forest, or the Rhine country. Apart from these, very few indeed of us cared about entering into the occluded life of other peoples. In the far distances of time, when our race came into being, Flemings and Walloons must have made a vow not to cross the horizons of their home life. The citizen of Brussels, product as he was of social centralisation, might have a liking for Paris, but even he was never quite at home there. And nothing in the world would have persuaded a family living at Ghent or Liege to settle in cities where unknown languages were spoken. Nay, more, removing from one Belgian town to another—the transference of household goods from Bruges to Arlon, from Louvain to Mons—was an event only to be justified by the weightiest reasons which would be pondered long beforehand and even become the theme of public comment.

Certain professions suffered an obvious loss of popularity as a result of the ancient habit of home-keeping. The profession of arms, in which promotion involves transference from one provincial command to another, was a case in point. So was the diplomatic and consular service, which necessitates the separation of families for long periods and causes those employed in it to lose touch with the average Belgian's

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

environment* Both of these professions are to-day lifted to the loftiest plane of national interest and the nation's grateful regard. More than a year has passed since the instantaneous change of outlook which has made them envied and exalted. To-day it seems that the future well-being, nay the very existence, of every member of the community depends on the efforts of our soldiers and our diplomatists and, as an immediate consequence, a new sanctity attaches to public vocations which, before the War, nobody undertook save for special reasons.

Their sojourn in England has greatly assisted in deepening this new impression among the Belgian exiles. Nowhere else in the world, as a matter of fact, does public opinion honour the soldier's vocation and the zest for distant adventure with the almost adoring unanimity observed in this country. Here the voluntary system, too long regarded by Belgians as a convenient means of evading the burdens of military service, is guaranteed by a lively and continuous action of public opinion on the best spirits of the nation. It is in the moral sense that such service is compulsory. And if, in the dreadful crisis in which the world is struggling, time is lacking for the full action of this spiritual compulsion, one must nevertheless admit that the English method has its moral grandeur, that it recognises in the humblest soldier a capacity for supreme self-sacrifice and a peculiar glory and surrounds him with that atmosphere of civic esteem and the individual's sense of right in which the sentiment of nationality is magnified.

The Belgian fugitive, safe in this unknown island, found out forthwith that necessity has its burdens and that they must be voluntarily shouldered. After the praiseworthy acceptance by the whole Belgian race of the impossible struggle so heroically undertaken by their King and Government, after the close and painful participation of civilians in the sufferings and enduring resistance of our soldiers, the asylum, the citadel of refuge provided by England for the gasping victims enabled us to widen and deepen the force of the example of dignified self-sacrifice and martyrdom undaunted. Belgium, though crushed and conquered, brought new legions to birth on the soil of a hospitable nation. The army which she revered, which is now and for ever the centre of her aspirations—this little Belgian army served as a stimulus

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

to the creation and development of Kitchener's huge force* Of its own free will, first of all to right the wrongs of Belgium and, in the next place, to save civilisation, a vast world-embracing Empire, which looks to realities and is utilitarian in policy, placed on the highest plane of its world-wide activities and interests—the soldier !

It is the soldier, as you see, who, as the long months of exile went by in town and countryside, revived in the Belgian mind a sense of the timeless and unalterable necessity of military power. Ever since the attack on Liege we have been heart and soul with our infantry, our artillery, our cavalry, watching them at work on the fortress-banks of the Meuse. After the fall of Antwerp, during the fighting on the Yser and through the months that saw the reorganisation of our shattered army on the sea-coast, it has been ever more clearly revealed to the exile, ever more distinctly understood and cheerfully accepted that no nation deserves to live which cannot fight for its life. Military service is a national necessity, whether a nation is confined to sixty miles of coast-line or has dominion over three oceans.

When Ypres received the first incendiary bomb, aimed with diabolical deliberation at the heart of the famous belfry, all Belgium was seared to the soul. Then, indeed, the people of Antwerp, of Ghent, and of Bruges, the inhabitants of Liege, Mons, Arlon, and Brussels, and those of little towns such as Stavelot and Audenarde, Binche and Poperinghe, fully understood that the barbarians were out for sheer murder. Unable to make a triumphal entry into Ypres, the last city in our land of ancient liberties, they wished to rase it to the ground in order to convince all who lay beneath the Prussian jack-boot that independence was dead in Belgium. The shuddering outcry, not to be repressed, of Belgians at home was echoed by the heart-rending appeal of Belgians abroad—or even outside Belgium the very voice of those time-ennobled stones was audible, as they were bleeding with blood of their antiquity, five centuries of glory and civilisation. As in the case of the criminal conflagration in which perished the library of the University of Louvain, the whole world shuddered at the destruction of the famous Hall which has done more to lower the prestige of Germany in the eyes of civilised nations than all the victorious efforts of the Allies from the sea-coast

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

to Alsace. The whole story of Belgium stood at the stake amidst the flames of Ypres, and, even in the most distant parts of the New World, men knew that great and undying fragment of the past, in a little corner of the Old World, had provoked the blind fury, colossal and colossally absurd, of the Teuton monster. There and then the diplomatists of the Allies gained a new ally on whom they could count. At last, at a single stroke, the ultimatum of the second of August and the violation of right it involved, for a time not clearly understood owing to vague German calumnies and an insufficient knowledge of the question of Belgian neutrality, had for the world their full and foul significance. The might of a nation which had fought for Freedom centuries before and built in her name those noble flights of stairs, those belfries and city halls, stood out with singular distinction among the economic and political rivalries of neighbouring peoples. Thus at the very moment that saw the loss of her territory, her Government receiving the benefit of a diplomatic fiction, her King pitching his tent on the sea sands, her people paying tribute to the invader, Belgium was a more imposing and vital member than she had ever been before of the fellowship of nations. Her representatives abroad enjoyed a prestige and an authority beyond all precedent. They were able to borrow millions on a non-existent credit and begin the working-out of a programme of rebuilding and renewals though no practical starting-point was yet apparent.

Nowhere was the feeling that Belgium's greatness was growing more keenly felt by Belgians than in England. There they heard the speeches of public men, there they followed the negotiations of which the British Foreign Office, now as at all times a lighthouse in the darkness of the world's destinies, was the chief focus. All they heard bade them look to the future. Hitherto the Belgian exile in England had been absorbed in his daily toil at home, in the honourable ambition of securing the greatest possible harvest from his fertile lands and teeming waters. He had never dreamed of enjoying a life released from the encircling pressure of the individual's aims and interests. So that he was amazed to find himself the centre of a world-wide conflict, to see the sympathies of all humanity assisting in his deliverance,

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

and to hear the defence of his honour spoken of as a task entrusted to the representatives of the world's greatest Empire.

It is to England that the Belgian owes this new sense of his international consequence. Now that he has acquired it, his envoys **will be** plenipotentiaries indeed, having the support of universal sympathy and the complete confidence which is indispensable in such cases. **Let** English diplomatists rest assured that this support will not only provide aU the consolation they may require in carrying out a difficult and obdurate mission, but also the stimulating certainty that they have the grateful good wishes of the whole Belgian nation.

II.

Nowhere else in the world, I am convinced, is an anxious interest in public affairs as widespread as it is in Great Britain, and so great a part of the ordinary citizen's daily preoccupations. No doubt this zeal has its inconveniences. We Belgians think ourselves more deeply divided by party controversies than any other nation, and there is no denying, when we consider the infinitesimal evils of our political strife and the narrowness of its territorial scope, that Belgian public life suffers from the effects of an excess of domestic politics. And the United Kingdom is not free (far from it!) from these imperfections, which are perhaps inherent in a democracy under the parliamentary system. Nevertheless it must be admitted that there is ample compensation for such defects in the universal and profound sense, which is evolved under such a system, of every individual's responsibility for the progress of the nation as a whole. As soon as the exiled Belgian landed in this country he found himself involved in the vast concussion which shook the British political *regime* to its very foundations, but at the same time caused him to hear the ringing sound which proved its soundness and solidity. So it came about that the spectacle before his eyes fitted in well with all he had heard said of the mother country of that traditional, democratic organization which the Belgian Constituent Assembly of 1830 wished to make the model of their own political installation. The false ideal of international pacifism,

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

cosmopolitan fraternity, which had deluded so many of our people, has crumbled into dust since the second of August, But the interplay of Parliamentary institutions has proved itself a reality and resisted the effects of a critical contest of men and ideas. As remote from dictatorship as from the rule of demagogues, the British system of governance remained what it had been—a freely-operating union of the King's permanent authority and of a responsible Government created according to the nation's will expressed in the selection of two Chambers, in which tradition and democratic ideas meet in useful rivalry.

In spite of discussions of principle and the illogical inconstancies of human nature, in spite of the chopping and changing of opinion and its bitter outbursts, in spite of blundering, self-seeking, and slackness—nay, actually because of these things—the national system proved itself so supple, so well-balanced, and so adaptable to the times that it was universally accepted by the whole nation. And, finding himself in touch with it, the Belgian exile overhauls his old, cherished convictions. He takes delight in assisting, with that heartfelt emulation so fertile in mental activity and the exercise of will-power, the operation of those principles which are the basal motives of the British nation's vigorous national life : the unquestioned regard for religious emotion as the best safeguard for private morality; an attitude of toleration in regard to all sincere manifestations of opinion ; and the universal conviction that the nation's welfare must take precedence of all other interests.

How zealously "the English people participate in public affairs is a matter to which those Belgians can bear witness who have been hospitably admitted to the intimacies of English family life. English-women, even more than Englishmen, are keenly interested in administrative principles and are fond of criticising responsible administrators. Moreover they are women of action ; in the sphere of charity they are admirable workers. Indeed, it is to them that we owe this ingenious, swiftly-improvised, and many-sided adaptation of English hospitality to the needs of a plundered people, turned out of house and home and cast away on the shores of a foreign country by so terrible a social cataclysm. They have received us, these hostesses of ours, as if the

265

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

reception were a simple, everyday affair—without losing that smiling and alert graciousness, which is a characteristic of British Womanhood.

Ah ! the English girl, she who is called " the Miss " by Continental folk, and is invariably depicted, in accordance with a popular literary convention, as slender, blooming, independent and given over to sport—what unsuspected treasures of delicate and joyous sympathy she has revealed to the Belgians whom she has adopted ! She has made them a present of her very self in a way which seemed impossible to those who knew her from our French novels—novels that represent her as created for flirtation rather than love, a votary of sport and caring little for motherhood, maddened with " suffragism " and indifferent to all undisplayed self-devotion, moulded to the rites of a formal elegance and unable to adapt herself to the untidiness and trifling troubles of humble Continental folks. But I have seen these English girls with their dainty hands washing up the crockery in a " home " they had got ready for three Flemish families, I have seen ladies of position regularly visiting poor Walloon townfolk and trying to adapt their schoolroom French to the endless outpourings of our gossips. And I have known instances in which zealous committee ladies have most tactfully restrained their zeal for beneficence as soon as they noticed that their most discreet visits set up insurmountable barriers of constraint in households which had at last been arranged according to the ideas of Belgians living at home. These ladies have then refrained from even crossing the thresholds of homes furnished and fed by themselves, but have continued to go the round of tradesmen's shops so as to make sure that the housewives had no cause for complaint.

The exiled Belgian cannot give an account of what has been done for him, of what is still being done for him every hour of the day. The deep and inexpugnable sadness of exile; anguished grieving over a hearth forsaken, destroyed perhaps, or desecrated by the invader's presence ; ineradicable remembrance, like a nightmare's obsession, of the horrors he had lived through, a fiery ordeal of barbarian cruelty ; a haunting dread of the future—these unhappy feelings weave about

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

him a veil of gloom as impalpable and abiding as fog on the river in November. Wondering over the beneficence of others and his own gratitude, he sees on every side obstacles to the clear recognition of the one and a frank expression of the other. None the less, both are registered in the soul's subconsciousness and so stored up abundantly, mingled with visions which the tiniest tot of a child-fugitive remembers, which even the infants who have only seen the day dawn on English soil breathe in with the English air.

I remember meeting three little children, holding one another by the hand, in the course of a Sunday expedition in Surrey which, before sloping in the direction of the sea, displays hill-tops very like those of the Ardennes. They had neatly bobbed-up flaxen tresses, cheeks rosy as apples and pretty print dresses, and they walked along the level road like little ladies. I inquired my way of them, but they could not understand either my French or my English. A sudden, happy thought caused me to ask my question in Flemish. They were not in the least surprised and gravely assured me that they only knew the way to the "casteel," in the shadow of which they lived. Following their gaze I then discovered their smiling, red-brick cottage, half hidden under the branches of an oak such as is only seen in England. I let them go home all three still holding hands, looking like grave little ladies—these poor children of exile, children of our Flanders which has neither hills nor trees, children of a race brought up in one-storey cabins crouched against the thankless soil that can only be fertilised by toil and moil unknown in England. When they return home and are recaptured, with their relations, by a life of hardships, will they remember the park full of venerable trees, the hill that overhangs the plain, and the shepherds and tenders of cattle in meadows so easily manured, and the jam on their daily bread, and the cold, but comfortable churches, and the clean clothes worn even on week-days, and the great country*so strangely reserved, yet so generous-hearted ?

Who knows ? Here we come to the mighty mysterious influences of earth and sky, of those earliest memories which have more tenacity than anything learnt from books or taught by experience of human nature. But I am sure that none of my compatriots, of whatsoever

267

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

age or origin, will **ever** shake **off** the various, **but** inevitable, gift **that** is given in these days of exile. There will be visions of England in the very veins of our children.

Will youthful hearts receive in this land the revelation of love Which is so perturbing and so fateful ? We Belgians know nothing of marriages that are made beyond our boundaries. This is one of the striking characteristics of our racial individuality* Except for the few French alliances of our aristocracy and a very occasional treaty of sentiment with the Dutch, it may be said that the Belgian finds a wife among his own people. No Walloon living on the frontier extending from Aubel to Trois-l'onts has ever married a German woman. Thank God for sparing us that! It is much more surprising that Anglo-Belgian marriages have been hitherto very rare indeed. I have known one such union; it shocked people when it came to pass. It was bound to prove a failure, so they said, at the end of a year. It has just come to an end, a conclusion as beautiful as it was tragical. When the course of the War allows me to remember that I am a novelist, I hope to tell the story of this marriage. May I give its outline here in a very brief narrative. It will form a logical *finis* to these reflections, which are, I fear, a little too bold and far too desultory.

Her name was Madge. He was Jean Swalue, the son of the keeper of the Gruuthuse Museum at Bruges, which is now a barracks for Heaven knows what species of soldiers. They met in the tennis tournament at Ostend in the summer preceding that which saw the outbreak of hostilities. She noticed him because he looked like an Englishman, being tall, well set up, clean shaven, and no talker. Sport brought them together in that closed social circle of Flemish country squires. But he could dream of nothing but her, and in his simple and tenacious heart the dream of making her a part of his life had already become a living and passionate reality. Madge permitted herself the pleasure of a flirtation which the aspect and atmosphere of Bruges changed into something more romantic and fateful than she had expected. He talked of marriage and the spell should have been broken. But it went on working, all the more potently because of the occluded complicity of that land of ancient tradition and a stubborn

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

people's conquering will-power. Madge found herself engaged almost before she thought of an engagement. She assured herself that she **had** lost nothing of her former liberty, and that this betrothal would be but a part of the enchanting episode of Bruges, the city of a dream. **But** when she was taken back there, after a wedding in England where her husband had looked so like an islander, by degrees she understood how exacting the city was and how all-engrossing. Bruges was not the trappings of a dream but the immovable and petrified expression of a mode of living, very old and set in its ways, which insisted that work, manners, and human beings should conform to rules of such rigour that only the consent of a whole society could overrule them.

When Madge felt that the position was impossible, like a frank and free Englishwoman she spoke plainly: "I cannot stay here; I have tried and find I cannot. If we are to be happy together, we must go back to England. I shall start to-night."

And she left that night. After a spell of revolt, an agonising interval, Jean followed her. He became a complete Englishman. They were awaiting the arrival of the son they hoped for when the cruel and incredible tidings of the German invasion burst on them.

After a long moment of uncertainty and confusion the man rejoined the Belgian Army. Only a last shred of territory beyond the Yser was left for him to defend; he died in its defence. His body, so like a big, fair-haired boy's, rests somewhere in the cemetery of Adinkerke.

For a long time Madge pondered the question: what should she do to pay the tribute due to his memory. She did not shed many tears; Jean's lot seemed to her beautiful beyond all others. She gave up the idea of placing flowers on his grave among the sand dunes of the coast. With the same swift and sudden resolution which marked her departure she went back to Bruges. It was no easy matter. The city is isolated and jealously guarded by the enemy, whose fierce hearts are full of superstitious fear owing to the nearness of the Yser. But nothing is impossible to an Englishwoman who knows what she wants. Alone and already heavy with child she contrived to enter the sleeping city. The presence of the Germans is felt as an outrage, yet life in Bruges proceeds with its old orderliness and profound flow, possessed with a fervid

THE FRUITS OF EXILE

dream of resurrection and reprisals. In Bruges was born the son of Jean Swalue, who died for his native land. And his widow lives in Bruges, proudly remembering that she was born in England that she might give to Belgium, a land of heroes, the fruit of her love-marriage and with it all the treasures of her glowing and generous youth.

OXFORD.

IMPRESSIONS D'UN HISTORIEN BELGE: 1914-1915.

PAR LE PROFESSEUR MOELLER,

De l'Universite Catholique de Louvain.

L'UNIVERSITE d'Oxford, en recueillant les epaves des universites beiges, a donne une manifestation nouvelle de la liberalite qui est un trait saillant de la nation britannique. Il est assez connu que cette genereuse nation n'hesite devant aucun sacrifice chaque fois qu'il s'agit de venir en aide a une souffrance ou de soutenir une entreprise scientifique ou de propager la religion.

L'Universite d'Oxford, avec ses riches fondations, est une demonstration eclatante de ce que cette liberalite a ete dans le passe. Dans cette magnifique floraison de dotations et d'instituts, l'Etat, le Gouvernement n'est presque pour rien. A cote des sept chaires dites royales—les seules dont le Gouvernement fasse les frais—il existe trente chaires dotces par des particuliers, et cette annee encore, une 31 chaire vient d'etre ouverte, par la fondation Bywater, a l'etude de la langue, des lettres et de la civilisation byzantines.

Les 21 colleges, dont l'ensemble forme, pour ainsi parler, la constellation universitaire, mais dont chacun vit, autonome, sur un patrimoine seculaire, doivent leur existence et leur prosperite a des fondations perpetuelles et aux dons volontaires qui continuent a y affluer.

L'Universite d'Oxford, a son tour, n'est etrangere a aucune des manifestations ou se deploie la generosite du pays. Emue par la detresse de sa soeur l'Universite de Louvain, enveloppee dans le sac de cette ville, elle a ete la premiere a offrir un abri hospitalier aux professeurs echappes au desastre. Elle a accueilli avec la meme bonne grace des professeurs d'autres universites beiges frappees egalement dans leur situation par la suspension de l'enseignement superieur durant l'occupation etrangere.

Pour faire face aux frais de cette hospitalite, un comite universitaire *for assisting Belgian Professors* s'est forme, ayant pour president Sir William Osier, une illustration medicale, et pour secretaire

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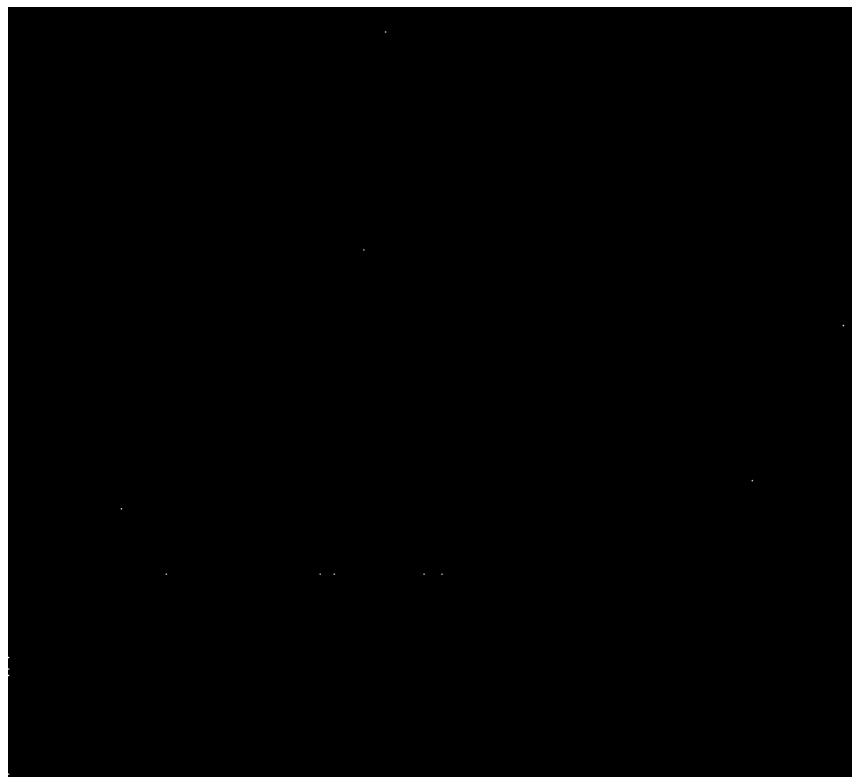
Mme. Wanda Max-Muller, la vaillante belle-fille du celebre orientaliste de ce nom.

Un deuxieme comite, constitue sous la direction de Sir Herbert Warren, President du Magdalen College, et avec la collaboration, en qualite de secretaire, de M. Urquhart, maitre-es-arts de Balliol, s'est occupe specialement des etudiants qui ont suivi leurs maitres a Oxford.

Il s'agissait de faire face *k* des situations diverges: il en est qui avaient tout perdu dans l'incendie de leur maison, dont ils n'avaient pas eu le temps de sauver le necessaire. D'autres ont ete heureux de trouver dans l'hospitalite d'Oxford le moyen de demeurer en contact avec leurs fils ou leurs freres combattant de l'autre cote de la mer pour disputer a l'ennemi le dernier lambeau de la patrie. Des peres de famille arrivaient avec le souci d'epargner a leurs femmes et a leurs enfants le spectacle des horreurs de la presente guerre. Il fut pourvu a tout. Les *Bachelors* et les etudiants sont recueillis soit dans les installations spacieuses des colleges, soit dans la charmante intimite des familles universitaires. Pour ceux qui amenaient une famille entiere, comptant de 4 a 8 personnes, sans les sujets, des cottages meubles et entierement montes ont ete mis a leur disposition dans la riante ceinture de jardins qui est une des beautes de la ville d'Oxford.

Nous renongons a detailler les attentions delicates dont ces refugies ont ete Pobjet de la part de leurs hfites. Pour n'en signaler qu'un trait, les Beiges ne peuvent pas se passer de la vie de societe ; ils ont besoin de se voir et de causer, et, a defaut d'un cercle, ils se retrouvent volontiers le soir dans les cafes ou les brasseries de leur pays. Ils n'avaient pourtant manifeste aucun desir ni aucun regret a cet egard lorsqu'un beau jour ils ont appris qu'on mettait gratuitement a leur disposition une salle particuliere ou ils pourraient lire les journaux du matin et tenir leurs reunions du soir : le *Club of Belgian Professors* etait fonde.

Non moins large a ete ce que j'appellerais l'hospitalite scientifique de l'Universite. L'acces des ressources en tout genre dont la science dispose a Oxford a ete ouvert gratuitement aux professeurs et aux etudiants beiges, plus favorises sous ce rapport que les etudiants anglais,



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD
JULIUS DE BRUCKER

OXFORD

qui doivent faire des frais pour jouir des memes avantages. Les richesses de la Bibliotheque dite " Bodleienne " sont assez connues dans le monde savant: 40,000 manuscrits et un million et demi de volumes relies et de brochures cataloguees, ou toutes les litteratures anciennes et modernes de l'Europe et du monde sont representees, fournissent aux etudes les plus diverses un aliment inepuisable. Le catalogue manuscrit comporte plus de 900 volumes in folio, repertoire alphabetique de la bibliographie non seulement des auteurs, mais de matieres; grace a cet admirable instrument de travail, nulle part les recherches ne sont plus aisees que dans cet immense depot.

Dans les laboratoires parfaitement outilles de l'Universite, les Beiges ont ete admis a travailler a cote des specialistes des sciences techniques.

Les colleges ont mis gracieusement a la disposition des professeurs leurs *halls* et leurs auditoriums en vue d'organiser des conferences propres a fournir un aliment intellectuel a la colonie beige d'Oxford.

L'Universite par elle-meme, dans son organisation comme dans son passe, offre un sujet interessant d'etudes a l'historien, au juriste et a l'economiste. Le passe et le present se rejoignent dans la continuite de sa vie corporative, comme dans l'aspect exterieur de ses colleges leurs murs noircis par le temps sont rajeunis par la vegetation toujours fraiche qui les tapisse.

Du passe, Oxford a retenu l'union etroite de la religion et de la science qui est aussi la raison d'etre de l'Universite catholique de Louvain. Des 21 colleges d'Oxford, 12 sont des fondations episcopales et l'un des archeveques ou eveques actuels y conserve un patronage honoraire sous le titre de " *Visitor*."

Chaque college, a son tour, exerce le patronat ecclesiastique sur certaines paroisses disseminees au nombre de plus de deux cents dans toute l'Angleterre. A cote de l'Eglise *St.-Mary-the-Virgin*, qui est la paroisse officielle de l'Universite, chaque college a sa chapelle ou le service Divin, selon le rite anglican, est celebre le matin et le soir avec autant de decence que de ponctualite. Dans un pareil milieu, les sciences sacrees sont cultivees avec le meme zele que les sciences profanes, et Oxford est un foyer intense d'etudes et de publications bibliques, patristiques, theologiques et liturgiques, auxquelles les

celebres presses universitaires de Clarendon pretent le concours de leur expansion mondiale.

On retrouve ici trait pour trait une image toujours vivante de ce qu'etaient, dans les anciens Pays-Bas, les Universites de Louvain et de Douai, avec leur faculte de theologie, leurs nombreux colleges, leurs fondations en bourses d'etudes, leurs chaires royales, leurs rentes foncieres et leurs cures patronnees. De cette similitude resultait, a l'epoque deja lointaine d'Erasme, les relations les plus cordiales entre Oxford et Louvain. La scission religieuse de xvi^e siecle y a mis fin. Les catholiques *recusants* d'Oxford et Cambridge, Thomas Allen, le futur cardinal a leur tete, ont demande alors un refuge hospitalier a l'Universite de Louvain, ou ils ont fait une station avant de trouver leur siege definitif a Douai. Ce fut la derniere manifestation de l'entente qui avait regne jusque la entre les Universites d'Angleterre et l'Universite de Louvain. Depuis, ces corps savants ont marche dans des voies divergentes. Il a fallu la catastrophe actuelle pour renouer leurs rapports, mais avec les roles intervertis. Aujourd'hui c'est Oxford qui recoit les *recusants* beiges contre la domination de Petranger, et combien plus beau est son geste. Car Louvain recueille apres tout des correligionnaires—Oxford tend la main a des adeptes d'une autre ecole, qui ne professe pas les memes doctrines. Ces deux ecoles ont pourtant maints points de contact, et leur accord, en se perpetuant, pourrait produire des fruits durables : ce serait d'opposer une digue commune contre le flot montant des doctrines agnostiques qui menacent les fondations seculaires de la civilisation chretienne.

Cette tenacite d'Oxford dans le maintien de ses traditions a eu pour effet d'y perpetuer d'anciennes methodes qui, depuis moins d'un siecle, ont etc reprises dans nos Universites les plus modernes comme le dernier mot du progrcs. Je veux parler de la collaboration des maitres et de leurs disciples telle qu'elle se pratique dans les *Seminaires scientifiques* de l'Allemagne et a l'*Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes* de Paris. Le regime collegial qui est reste la regie des Universites anglaises etablit entre professeurs et etudiants vivant sous le meme toit un rapprochement du meme genre et des plus fructueux pour ceux qui veulent se specialiser dans une science. Ce travail s'accomplit sans bruit et sans reclame dans

les modestes classes d'un college. Rien ici des foules meelees qui se pressent au pied des chaires de la Sorbonne ou du College de France ; rien non plus de la concurrence que se font les professeurs allemands pour accaparer le plus possible d'etudiants. Toute recherche de la popularite est inconnue a Oxford. Les maitres de la science, dont les travaux sont reputes dans les deux mondes, se perdent ici dans la foule, et il m'est arrive, dans plus d'une rencontre fortuite, en apprenant le nom de mon interlocuteur, de lui demander s'il etait apparente a telle celebrite europeenne du meme nom et d'en recevoir cette reponse : " mais ce professeur, c'est moi."

Le merite d'une enseignement suprieur se mesure a la valeur des productions qui en sont le fruit. On n'a pas oublie la boutade de Renan* :

" Une universite allemande de dernier ordre, Gicssen ou Grcifswald, avec ses petites habitudes ctroites, ses pauvres professeurs a la mine gauche et effaree, ses *privat-docent*es et fameliques, fait plus pour l'esprit humain que l'aristocratique universite d'Oxford, avec ses millions de revenu, ses colleges splendides, ses riches traitements, ses *fellows* paresseux."

Cette condamnation sommaire, si elle a pu etre vraie il y a un siecle, serait profondement injuste aujourd'hui. Quel est d'ailleurs l'esprit assez vaste pour juger une institution qui embrasse toutes les connaissances humaines ? A m'en tenir a mon horizon borne aux sciences historiques, je ne suis pas scul a constater le progrcs remarquable realise a Oxford et a Cambridge depuis que l'ecole oratoire de Gibbon et de Macaulay a fait place a l'ecole critique de William Stubbs et de Samuel Gardiner, pour ne citer que les morts. Qui a utilise, soit leurs recherches speciales, soit l'*English Historical Review*, soit leurs publications collectives, telles que le *Dictionary of National Biography*, leur rendra cette justice, que ces travaux, sans negliger la forme, se distinguent par un souci constant de la precision objective qui est une garantie d'impartialite ; et si cette impartiality, plus difficile que jamais, demeure l'ideal auquel doit tendre l'historien digne de ce nom, l'ecole historique allemande est singulierement distancee, car ses meilleurs travaux actuels

* Renan. *Questions Contemporaines*, p. 84. Ecrit en 1854.

sont infectis d'un esprit sectaire de nationalisme aveugle et mesquin* qui fait contraste avec la sympathie genereuse et cosmopolite des grands classiques allemands, dont Leopold Ranke aura ete le dernier echo.†

Dans ce cadre historique d'Oxford, qui se relie par une chaine continue au moyen Sge, le monde des etudiants jette la note moderne ; ils y apportent la vie et Inanimation de la jeunesse, qui se deploie tour a tour au *debating club*, sur le *play-ground* et dans les concours nautiques. Cette annee, il ne nous en a pas ete donne d'en etre temoin. Cette vaillante jeunesse nous a donne un plus grand spectacle : tout a coup les colleges se sont vides, les auditorios sont rentres dans le silence, les sports sont delaissees ; et ces etudiants, transformes en soldats, avec nombre de leurs *fellows*, l'heritier du Trone, etudiant de *Magdalen College*, en tete, se sont repandus sur les champs de bataille depuis la Flandre jusqu'aux Dardanelles pour aller defendre le droit international et la justice brutalement foules aux pieds, pour retablir l'equilibre europeen, qui est rompu chaque fois que notre petit pays est envahi et occupe par une grande puissance, et pour sauver la liberte du monde, mise en peril par un imperialisme outrecuidant et sans autre titre que d'avoir enrichi ou perfectionne nos engins de destruction.

Cette adaptation si rapide a un genre de vie si different est le fruit de l'education anglaise, qui donne une grande part au developpement du corps en meme temps que de l'esprit. En Belgique, nous etions, sous ce rapport, arrieres et ce n'est que depuis quelques annees que les sports physiques ont ete mis en honneur dans nos centres universitaires.

(*) Ajoutez-y un deiautplus ancien signale depuis 1867 par le meme Renan: " Le grand defect de l'Allemagne est cet empressement fievreux d'annoncer des resultats nouveaux et de depasser les maitres, qui produit un deluge de theses hardies et de paradoxes. De la ces travaux hatifs par lesquels une jeunesse intelligente, mais trop nombreux et trop empressée, cherche a se frayer une route vers les fonctions salariees."—*Questions Contemporaines*, p.256.

Ce fleau de *Vartivisme* ne sevit pas en Angleterre.

(†) On sait comment Ranke a traite successivement et avec la meme impartialite l'Espagne de Philippe II, la France des Bourbons, l'Angleterre des l'udor et des Stuart, l'histoire des Papes, considercc comrae son chef d'oeuvre, Ainsi le theatre de Schiller nous transporte tour a tour en Italie avec son *Fiesco*, en Suisse avec *Guillaume Tell*, en Espagne avec *Don Carlos*, en Angleterre avec *Marie Stuart*, en France avec *Jeanne d'Arc*. De meme Goethe a mis en scene les Francais dans *Clavigo*, les Espagnols dans *Egmont*, les Italiens dans *Tasso*, les Grecs dans son *Iphigenie*. Telle etait la largeur d'esprit de ces grands Allemands.

La vraie culture n'est que la, dans ce que les Grecs appelaient l'*Eurythmie*, c'est-a-dire, le developpement harmonieux de toutes les facultés de l'homme : du corps, de l'intelligence et, surtout, du cœur. Ailleurs, on constate une atrophie du cœur qui est comme la contrepartie de l'hypertrophie du cerveau ; il semble que toute la *Kultur* allemande en soit arrivée là. A Oxford, au contraire, le culte des choses de l'esprit n'a pas desséché les sentiments du cœur; nous le prouvons en ce moment. La même générosité du cœur a inspiré l'élan de cette jeunesse aristocratique des universités qui sacrifie tant de faveurs de la nature, de la fortune et du rang et jusqu'à la vie pour le salut de tous, sacrifie d'autant plus méritoire qu'il est volontaire et non obligatoire. Et ces collèges, naguère si vivants, en deuil maintenant, étalent à l'entrée de leur chapelle la liste glorieuse, mais funèbre, de leurs victimes de la guerre. J'y relève déjà le chiffre de deux cents morts, et combien ce nombre ne suppose-t-il pas de blessés ou de mutilés. Le cœur se serre devant cette hecatombe, à la pensée de ce qu'elle ensevelit d'avenir, d'espérances, de talents naissants, de génie peut-être !

Il en est résulté que la population de l'Université est tombée à Oxford de 3,000 à 700 et au début du présent terme on ne compte pas plus de 300 inscriptions nouvelles. Il en résulte encore que l'Université est également atteinte dans ses ressources financières si bien que pour faire face à ses frais il a fallu que le Parlement l'autorise à ajourner les services susceptibles de réductions. Ajoutons que spontanément les membres du corps enseignant se sont accordés à faire le sacrifice d'un quart de leur traitement, afin de diminuer les charges de l'université.

Est-il nécessaire de rappeler tout ce que la Belgique doit à l'Angleterre dans le passé, combien de fois celle-ci est intervenue pour nous délivrer du joug intolérable du despotisme étranger ?

Au XVII^e siècle, pour ne pas remonter plus haut, c'est Marlborough dont l'épée victorieuse refoule de nos provinces les armées de Louis XIV. Au XIX^e c'est Wellington brisant à Waterloo le dernier effort de Napoléon pour ressaisir avec la Belgique l'empire du continent.

C'est encore l'Angleterre qui, après 1830, a présidé au berceau de notre nouveau royaume de Belgique et qui lui a donné sa première dynastie. Car si Léopold de Saxe-Cobourg était allemand d'origine, il

était devenu prince anglais par son premier mariage avec l'héritière de la Couronne britannique et par son séjour prolongé depuis lors à la Cour d'Angleterre.

Notre constitution elle-même, la plus libérale du continent et qui a servi de modèle aux autres constitutions européennes, notre constitution avec sa royauté limitée, son ministère responsable et ses deux chambres, n'est, au fond, qu'un décalque des institutions libres de l'Angleterre, et cet amour de la liberté, profondément ancré dans le cœur des Belges, et qui se cabre contre toute tentative d'asservissement, nous sommes venus le retremper dans l'air libre qu'on respire ici.

Ce qui frappe le plus les Belges aujourd'hui, c'est l'heure critique où la libéralité britannique se manifeste, alors que des charges écrasantes sont imposées à toutes les classes de la société par cette gigantesque *guerre des nations*. C'est au milieu de cette crise effrayante que l'Angleterre, et en particulier Oxford, n'ont pas hésité à tendre une main secourable à la Belgique en détresse.

A tant de cœur, le cœur seul peut répondre par l'hommage d'une gratitude éternelle.

OXFORD.

IMPRESSIONS OF A BELGIAN PROFESSOR: 1914-1915.

TRANSLATION BY THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT SAMUEL, M.A., M.P.

THE University of Oxford, by receiving into its fold the waifs and strays of the Belgian universities, has given a fresh example of that generosity which is so striking a characteristic of the British nation. That high-souled people lives up to its reputation of never hesitating at sacrifice, if it is a question of helping sufferers, of advancing science, or of propagating religion.

The University of Oxford, with its wealthy foundations, is in itself a brilliant proof of what that generosity has been in the past. In this splendid efflorescence of endowments and academic institutions, the State, the Government, has had hardly any part. Side by side with the seven professorships that bear the title of Royal—the only ones maintained by the Government—there are thirty others privately endowed; and in this very year a thirty-first has been established, by the Bywater Foundation, for the study of the language, literature, and civilisation of the Byzantines.

The twenty-one colleges, which together form, so to speak, the constellation of the University, but each of which lives, self-governing, on its own ancient patrimony, owe their existence and their prosperity to perpetual endowments and to voluntary gifts which still continue to accrue.

The University of Oxford, in return, never fails to play its part whenever a call is made on the generosity of the nation. Profoundly affected by the distress of the sister-University of Louvain, overwhelmed in the sack of that town, Oxford was the first to offer shelter and hospitality to the professors who had escaped from the catastrophe. With equal kindness she received and welcomed the professors of other Belgian universities hardly less affected by the suspension of higher education during the occupation of the country by a foreign Power.

To provide for the expenses of the hospitality so offered, a University Committee for Assisting Belgian Professors was formed, under the chairmanship of Sir William Osier, one of the most distinguished

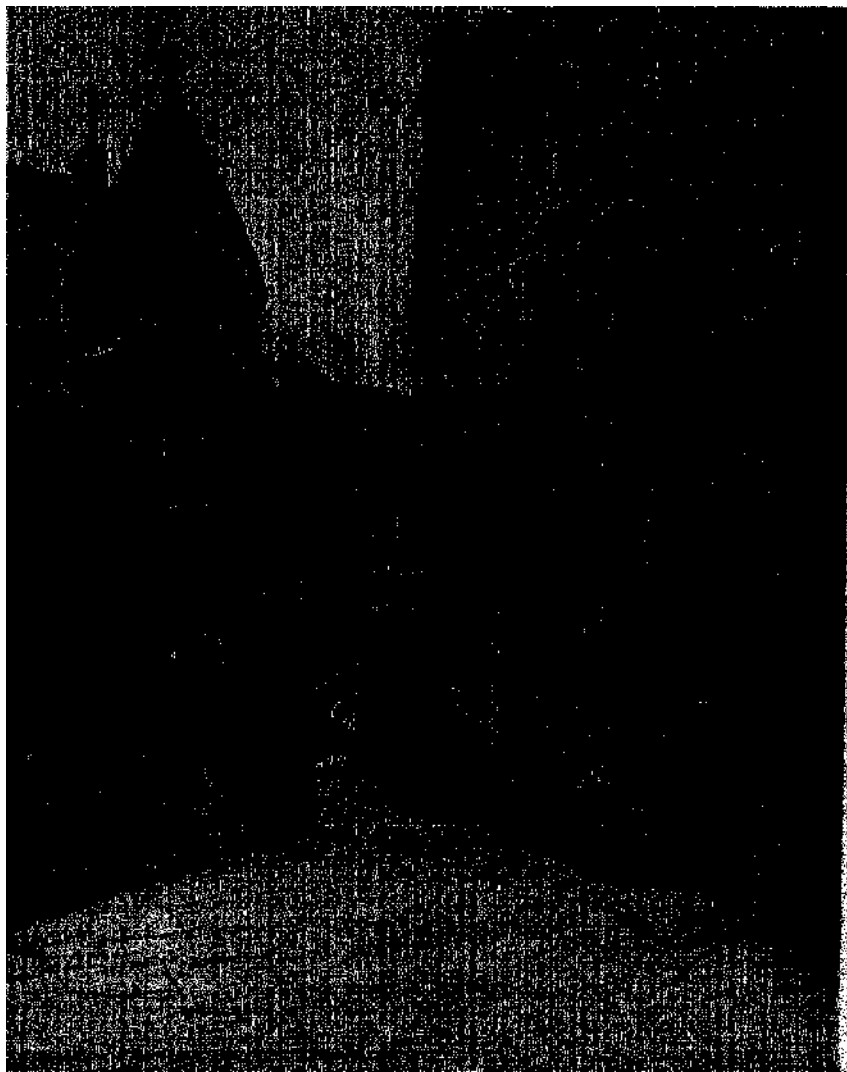
OXFORD

men of the world of medicine, and having as its secretary Mrs. Wanda Max-M tiller, the indefatigable daughter-in-law of the celebrated Orientalist of that name. A second committee was constituted, under the leadership of Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, assisted by Mr. Urquhart, of Balliol, as secretary, with the special duty of caring for the students who had followed their teachers to Oxford.

It was necessary to deal with a variety of circumstances. Some had lost everything in the burning of their houses, from which they had not had time to save even the most necessary articles. Some were glad to embrace, through the hospitality of Oxford, the opportunity of keeping in touch with sons or brothers across the Channel fighting to save from the enemy the last shred of their country's territory. Fathers of families came in order to spare their wives and children the sight of the horrors of this war. Provision was made for each and all. Graduates and undergraduates were received either in the roomy buildings of the colleges or else as guests in the charming homes of the university families. Those who came in family groups of four to eight persons, sometimes with servants as well, had placed at their disposal cottages, furnished, and fully equipped, in the smiling borderland of gardens which is one of the beauties of the town of Oxford.

It is impossible to describe in detail the delicate kindnesses shown to these refugees by their hosts. To give only a single example—Belgians cannot do without social life ; they must see one another and talk to one another, and, when there is no club, they take pleasure in meeting in the evenings in the cafes or taverns of their country. They had, however, expressed no wish and had made no complaint in this connection, when one fine day they learnt that a room had been placed gratuitously at their entire disposal, where they could read the papers in the morning and hold their gatherings in the evening : the Club of Belgian Professors was founded.

On the scholastic side the hospitality of the University was not less extensive. All Oxford's resources were thrown open gratuitously to the Belgian professors and students, more favoured in this respect than the British students, who are required to pay fees for the enjoy-



MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD
JULES DE GRUYCKER

OXFORD

ment of the same privileges. The riches of the Bodleian Library are famous throughout the learned world; 40,000 manuscripts and a million and a half of bound volumes and pamphlets, all catalogued, representing all the literatures, ancient and modern, of Europe and of the world, provide an inexhaustible material for the most diverse studies. The manuscript catalogue extends to more than nine hundred folio volumes ; it is an alphabetical bibliographical index not only of authors, but also of subjects. Thanks to this admirable instrument of study, nowhere is research more easy than in this vast library.

In the perfectly equipped laboratories of the University the Belgians were allowed to work side by side with the specialists in technical sciences.

The Colleges kindly lent their halls and their lecture-rooms to our professors with a view to the organisation of lectures for the intellectual entertainment of the Belgian Colony in Oxford.

The University itself, its present organisation as well as its past records, offers an interesting subject of study to the historian, to the lawyer, and to the economist. Past and present meet in the current of its corporate life, as they meet in the external aspect of its colleges, whose walls, blackened by time, are rejuvenated by the drapery of a vegetation that ever renews.

Oxford still cherishes that close union between religion and science which was characteristic of her past, and which is also the principle on which the Catholic University of Louvain is founded. Of the twenty-one colleges of Oxford, twelve are episcopal foundations, and one of the archbishops or bishops for the time being maintains an honorary connection with each under the title of Visitor. Similarly each college owns the advowson of certain parishes, the total number, scattered throughout England, exceeding two hundred. In addition to the Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, which is the University Church, each college has its chapel, where Divine service, according to the Anglican rite, is celebrated morning and evening with equal seemliness and regularity. In such an atmosphere divinity is cultivated with the same zeal as secular science, and in the spheres of biblical, national, theological, and ecclesiastical thought Oxford is a living centre of study and of

281

OXFORD

literary output to which the famous Clarendon Press of the University gives the advantage of a world-wide diffusion.

Feature by feature one finds repeated here a living picture of the characteristics of the Universities of Louvain and Douai as they were in the Low Countries in earlier days, with their theological faculties, their numerous colleges, their scholarships, their royal professorships, their landed properties, and their ecclesiastical patronage.

In the time, now remote, of Erasmus there sprang from this resemblance relations of warm cordiality between Oxford and Louvain. The religious rupture of the sixteenth century put an end to those relations. The Catholic "recusants" of Oxford and Cambridge, with Thomas Allen, the future cardinal, at their head, found at that time a hospitable refuge at the University of Louvain, where they stayed for a period before settling finally at Douai. This was the last instance of the spirit of the fellowship which had existed till then between the English universities and the University of Louvain. From that time onwards these learned bodies have trodden divergent paths. It needed the catastrophe of our own day to renew their old connection; but with inverted relations. Now it is Oxford which receives "recusants" from Belgium, in revolt against an alien domination. And how much the finer is her attitude! For, after all, those whom Louvain sheltered were her own co-religionists; it is to the adherents of another school, to men professing a different creed, that Oxford stretches out her hand. Yet the two have many points in common, and their connection, if it were lasting, might have permanent results for good; together they might erect a dyke against the flood of agnostic doctrines which, ever rising, imperils the ancient foundations of Christian civilisation.

This tenacity on the part of Oxford in maintaining her traditions has resulted in the preservation there of old methods of teaching, which, during the last hundred years or less, have been revived in our most modern universities as the last word of progress: I mean the collaboration of teachers and pupils as it is practised in the seminaries of Germany and in the Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes of Paris. The collegiate regime, which has remained the rule in the English

OXFORD

universities, brings together tutors and students, living under the same roof, in much the same way, and with great advantage to those who are specialising in a subject.

Without noise or advertisement this effective work is done in the unpretending classrooms of a college. We do not find here the mixed crowds who crush round the Chairs of the Sorbonne or the College de France ; we see no signs of competition such as prevails among the professors of Germany, each seeking to attract to himself the greatest number of students. Popularity-hunting is unknown at Oxford. Leaders of science, whose works are famous in both hemispheres, efface themselves here in the crowd; and it has occurred to me more than once in a chance meeting, on hearing the name of my interlocutor, to ask him if he were related to the man of European celebrity of the same name, and to be told in reply, " I am the professor you're referring to."

The worth of a system of higher education may be measured by the value of its products. The ill-humoured attack of Renan will not be forgotten : *

" A German university of the lowest rank, a Giessen or a Greisswald, with its narrow little ways, its poverty-stricken professors of shy and awkward mien, its *frivat-docent* wan and cadaverous, does more for the human mind than the lordly University of Oxford, with its millions of income, its magnificent colleges, its large emoluments, and its lazy Fellows."

This summary condemnation, even if it were true a century ago, would be profoundly unjust now. But where is the mind wide enough to be entitled to pass judgment on an institution which embraces every branch of human knowledge ? Confining myself to my own sphere of historical science, I am not alone in bearing witness to the remarkable progress achieved at Oxford and at Cambridge since the oratorical school of Gibbon and Macaulay gave place to the critical school of William Stubbs and Samuel Gardiner—to mention only the dead. Whoever has made use, either of their specialised research work, or of the *English Historical Review*, or of their

* Renan, *Questions Contempordines*, p. 84 ; written in 1834.

OXFORD

collective publications, such as the *Dictionary of National Biography*, will do them the justice of saying that these works, without neglecting style, are distinguished by a constant care for objective accuracy which is itself a guarantee of impartiality. And if that impartiality, now more difficult to attain than ever, is still the ideal at which any historian worthy of the title should aim, the German historical school is left far behind; for the best of its present-day works are infected by a bigoted spirit of nationalism, blind and ignoble*, which contrasts with the broad and sympathetic cosmopolitanism of the great German classics, who found their last echo in Leopold Ranke.^f In this historic setting of Oxford, which is linked without break of continuity to the Middle Ages, the undergraduate world strikes the modern note; it imparts the life and animation of youth, in the debating club, on the playing-fields, on the river. But it was not for us this year to watch it. The young men in their gallantry have shown us a finer sight. In a moment the colleges were emptied, the lecture halls sank into silence, sport was put aside; and these students, transformed into soldiers, the heir to the Throne, an undergraduate of Magdalen College, at their head, eagerly hastened to every field of battle from Flanders to the Dardanelles, in order to defend the law of nations and the principles of justice foully trodden underfoot; in order to re-establish the equilibrium of Europe, overthrown each time that our little country is invaded and occupied by one of the Great Powers ; and in order to save

(*) Add to that an earlier weakness remarked by the same Renan in 1867 ; " The great fault of Germany is a feverish eagerness to proclaim fresh results and to surpass the masters who have gone before, which gives rise to a flood of audacious theses and paradoxes. . . . Hence these precocious works, by the aid of which the younger generation, intelligent but over-numerous and too eager, seeks to fray for itself a path to the salaried offices."—*Questions Contemporaines* Sy p. 256.

England is free from the plague of academic place-hunters.

(†) One knows that Ranke has dealt in succession and with equal impartiality with the Spain of Philip II., the France of the Bourbons, the England of the Tudors and Stuarts, and with the history of the Popes, this last being regarded as his finest work. So also the drama of Schiller takes us in turn to Italy with his *Fiesco*, to Switzerland with *William Tell*, to Spain with *Don Carlos*, to England with *Mary Stuart*, to France with *Joan of Arc*. Similarly Goethe has brought on to the stage the French in *Clavigo*, the Spanish in *Egmont*, the Italians in *Tasso*, the Greeks in his *Iphigenia*. Such was the breadth of mind of those great Germans.

the freedom of the world, imperilled by an overweening Caesarism based on no better title than the invention or perfecting of engines of destruction.

So rapid an adaptation to so different a life is the outcome of the English system of education, which lays much stress on a parallel development of body and mind. In Belgium we were behindhand in this respect, and it is only in recent years that athletic sports have been held in esteem in our university centres.

It is there, and there alone, that true culture lies, in what the Greeks called *eutythmia*—that is to say, the harmonious development of all the faculties of man, of the body, of the intelligence, and, above all, of the heart. In other quarters there is evidence of an atrophy of the heart that is in effect a counterpart of a hypertrophy of the brain; it seems as though the whole *Kultur* of Germany had reached that stage. At Oxford, on the other hand, the pursuit of the things of the mind has by no means dried up the feelings of the heart; at this very time we ourselves have the best proof of it. It was a true nobility of soul that inspired the aristocratic youth of the universities to spring to arms, to sacrifice all the gifts of Nature, of fortune and of rank, even life itself, for the redemption of the world, a sacrifice all the more to be admired since it was made of free will and unconstrained. And these colleges, lately so full of life, so desolate now, post on the doors of their chapels the glorious but mournful list of their sons fallen in the war. I find that the total already reaches two hundred dead, and what a toll of maimed and wounded this figure implies? The heart turns chill before this slaughter, and at the thought of all the bright prospects, the budding talents, perhaps the genius, that has been swept down into the tomb.

The consequence has been that the university population at Oxford has sunk from 3,000 to 700, and that at the beginning of the present term the Freshmen numbered no more than 300. There is the further consequence that the University has suffered to a corresponding extent in its finances, to such a degree, indeed, that Parliament has had to authorise it to suspend all departments whose expenses can be curtailed. Furthermore, the members of the teaching body agreed,

OXFORD

of their own accord, to sacrifice a quarter of their salaries, in order to reduce the financial burden of the University.

Is it necessary to recall all that Belgium has owed to England in **the** past ? To say how often **the** latter has intervened to rescue **us from the intolerable** yoke of a foreign domination ?

In the eighteenth century, to go no farther back, it was Marlborough whose conquering sword drove back from our lands the armies **of** Louis XIV. In the nineteenth it was Wellington who shattered at Waterloo the last effort of Napoleon to recover Belgium, and with it the Continent.

It was England again who, after 1830, watched over the cradle of our new-born Kingdom of Belgium and endowed it with its first dynasty. For, if Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was by origin a German, his first marriage with the heiress to the British Crown and his lengthy residence from that date at the British Court, had made him an English prince.

Our Constitution itself, which is the most liberal on the Continent, and which has served as a model for other European constitutions, with its limited monarchy, its responsible ministry, and its two houses, is, at bottom, nothing more than a reproduction of the free institutions of England; and the love of liberty, deep-rooted in the heart of the Belgians, which revolts against every attempt at enslavement, in the free air of this free country we come to replenish its strength.

What impresses most the Belgian of to-day is the fact that the generosity of Britain is readily forthcoming even in this critical time, at a moment when this gigantic war of nations is imposing on all classes of society a crushing burden. It is in the midst of this terrible crisis that England, and Oxford in particular, has not hesitated to stretch out a helping hand to Belgium in her distress.

To such kindness the heart alone can give answer with a gratitude that will always endure.

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE.

PAR CH. DEJACE,

*Professeur a l'Universiti de Liege, President du Groupe
Professoral Beige de Cambridge.*

CAMBRIDGE ! a ce nom, le coeur de tout Anglais tressaille, et c'est comme une vision rapide de jeunesse et de gaité insouciant, en meme temps que de travail et de vie scientifique, qui passe devant ses yeux.

Cambridge partage en effet avec Oxford en Angleterre, la Sorbonne en France, Bologne en Italie, Louvain en Belgique, Thonneur de constituer un des centres les plus anciens et les plus celebres de la haute culture.

Depuis Pepoque lointaine ou H. de Balsham, eveque d'Ely, fondait en 1281 Peterhouse, le premier college de la ville, jusqu'aux jours recents ou le progres des sciences a necessite l'erection des somptueux musees et laboratoires qui bordent Pembroke Street, que de generations de Fellows et de Scholars se sont succedes dans les beaux colleges qui le long de la Cam developpent leur riche architecture, au milieu de pares aux frondaisons superbes ! En parcourant ces allees et ces jardins ou ont reve Milton et Gray, Wordsworth et Coleridge; en entrant dans ces chapelles ou se dressent les statues des Bacon et des Newton, des Macaulay et des Tennyson; en visitant les halls que decorent les portraits des fondateurs et des hommes illustres qui ont vecu ou enseigne a Cambridge, les Harvey, Pitt, Whewell, Darwin, Adams, Kelvin—c'est en quelque sorte Thistoire toute entiere de l'Angleterre intellectuelle que l'on revit. Et je ne connais pas de jouissance plus exquise, que d'errer a travers ce decor artistique, ou le passe et le present se donnent la main.

En temps normal, Cambridge compte de trois a quatre mille etudiants. Le matin, vetus du *gown* fiottant aux epaules et coiffes de la *cap*, ils se repandent d'auditoires en auditorios, animant la ville de leur course rapide. L'apres-midi, la flanelle blanche a remplace le manteau sombre et sur les verdoyants *Courts* de Tennis, ou dans les fragiles embarcations de la Cam, les jeunes gens manient la raquette et l'aviron, developpant leur gout du sport et des exercices physiques.

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

Mais hélas! a ces heures de vie joyeuse **ont** succède des heures d'angoisse. La guerre la plus effroyable bouleverse l'Europe. Le pays a fait appel au concours de ses enfants. Et i cet appel, la jeunesse a répondu avec un genereux enthousiasme. Les colleges se vident, les chaires sont desertees, et un calme inaccoutume plane sur la vieille ville universitaire.

Plus peut-etre que toute autre localite d'Angleterre, Cambridge a souffert de la guerre et cette crise ne rend que plus meritoire le magnifique elan de generosite deploy e par les comites en faveur des refugies beiges,

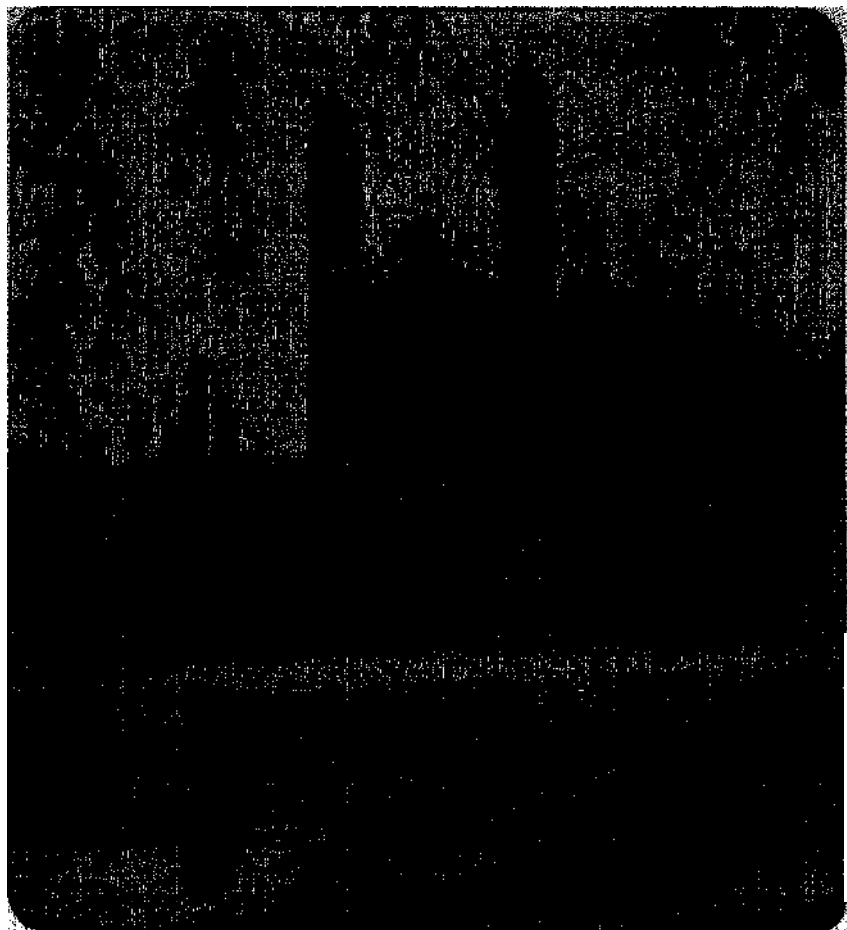
Parmi ces comites, il faut citer en premier lieu celui du baron Anatole von Hiigel, president de la conference de St. Vincent dc Paul de Cambridge. Ce fut lui et la baronne von Hiigel qui les premiers, aides de quelques amis, songerent a organiser l'oeuvre du logement et a fournir un abri aux malheureux qui avaient fui devant les horreurs de l'invasion.

Grace a leurs soins de nombreuses familles furent recueillies des le debut des hostilites, et traitees avec une bonte et un tact sans egal.

De leur cote, les autorites de la ville et de l'universite ne tarderent pas a constituer deux organismes paralleles, le *Town* et l'*University Committee* en vue de venir en aide aux refugies qui continuaient a affluer. De toutes parts les concours les plus genereux s'offrirent. Particuliers, familles, associations, paroisses, rivaliserent d'activite et l'on vit une fois de plus ce spectacle que l'Angleterre nous a si souvcnt donne d'un peuple cherchant dans la voie de la liberte et de l'initiative privee, la solution des difficultes en presence desquelles il se trouve.

Ajoutons, pour ctre complet et donner une idee d'ensemble de l'activite de nos amis de Cambridge, qu'un dernier comite, le *County Committee*, s'est organise pour le placement et la protection des Beiges dans les villages du Cambridgeshire. Plus de 500 refugies ont eu recours aux bons offices de cet organisme, qui par la dispersion meme de ses services avait assume une tache particulierement delicate.

Mais parmi les manifestations si diverses de la bienveillance anglaise, la plus remarquable assurément et qui restera peut-etre unique dans



KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE
ALBERT CLAES

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

les fastes du haut enseignement, c'est l'organisation d'une universite beige i Cambridge.

Au lendemain du sac **de** Louvain, emue du malheur qui **frappait** la noble cite universitaire, l'autorite academique de Cambridge **decida** d'ouvrir ses portes au corps professoral disperse, **et** aux etudiants **dont** les etudes venaient d'etre brutalement interrompues.

Une invitation fut adressee par le vice chancelier au Cardinal Mercier **et** successivement etendue aux autres universites beiges que les rigueurs de la guerre et de l'invasion allemande avaient condamnees au meme triste sort.

Si le projet primitif tel qu'en avait trace les grandes lignes le Dr. Shipley, *Master* du *Christ's College*, avait pu etre suivi, c'eik ete le transfert officiel de Penseignement superieur dote d'un veritable droit d'exterritorialite, avec ses cours, ses programmes, ses examens et ses diplomes, quelque chose d'analogue au transfert au Havre, du Gouvernement beige et des grands services administratifs du pays,

Les circonstances ne permirent pas de donner a ce plan toute son ampleur. Il fallait eviter de desavantager ou de mettre en etat d'infriorite vis-i-vis de leurs condisciples les jeunes gens qui, appeles sous les armes ou ayant contracte un engagement volontaire, ne pouvaient profiter de cette reorganisation des etudes supericures.

L'appel du Roi a la jeunesse du pays nous faisait d'ailleurs un devoir patriotique de n'admettre comme etudiants que les jeunes gens ag6s de moins de 18 ans, ou justifiant par certificat medical officiel qu'ils etaient impropres au service, ou reformes jusqu'a l'expiration des hostilites.

Dans ces conditions, la tentative de creer une universite beige ne pouvait aboutir a l'organisation complete des cours. Moins encore pouvait-elle viscr a faire subir des examens ct a delivrer des diplomes.

La gencreuse invitation de Cambridge n'en cut pas moins un retentissement considerable et, des les premieres semaines d'octobre 1914, un noyau suffisant de professeurs et d'etudiants se trouva constitue pour entreprendre l'oeuvre, si fragmentaire dut-elle etre.

Les autorites academiques apporterent le concours le plus empressé a faciliter notre tache.

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

Une salle de deliberation et de reunion fut amenee a notre intention a Emmanuel College, des auditories mis a notre disposition. L'acces des laboratoires nous fut accorde et par faveur speciale le senat nous conceda l'usage le plus large et le plus complet de la riche bibliotheque universitaire.

Des subsides speciaux nous permirent d'acquiescer les ouvrages didactiques, codes, manuels, traites, dont nos etudiants pouvaient avoir besoin. Afin de faciliter a tous, professeurs et etudiants, la connaissance de la langue anglaise, des cours gratuits furent institues aux trois degres : elementaire, moyen, et superieur.

En meme temps l'*Union Society*, le club academique le mieux installe et le plus richement pourvu en livres, revues, journaux, et illustres de toute espee nous accueillait comme membres, et nous permettait de jouir de tous ses services, a titre gracieux.

Il en fut de meme d'un grand nombre de clubs sportifs, ou nos jeunes gens eurent l'occasion de s'adonner aux exercices physiques trop souvent negliges ou dedaignes jusqu'ici dans nos milieux pedagogiques belges.

Ainsi, soutenus et encourages de toutes parts, nous pouvions des les premiers jours de Novembre ouvrir les cours dans les quatre facultes de philosophie et lettres, de droit, de science et de medecine et bientot apres, dans les ecoles speciales pour ingenieurs et l'ecole de commerce. Aux cours furent annexe'es de nombreuses conferences sur des sujets d'interet general, qui recurent du public le meilleur accueil.

Le succes de cette tentative interessante ne tarda pas a etre connu et de divers points de l'Angleterre, de la France, de la Hollande, et des pays etrangers ou se trouvaient nos compatriotes, affluerent des demandes d'admission qui grossirent rapidement reflectif des etudiants et porterent au dela de deux cents le chiffre des inscriptions. Ce que represente de sollicitude, de demarches, de soins de tous genres, l'organisation d'une hospitalite aussi large, il est difficile de se l'imaginer. Et pour en avoir une idee, il faut avoir ete mele de pres a l'activite laborieuse des divers comites et plus particulierement de l'*University Belgian Committee* * a la tete duquel se trouvaient Madame Verrall,

* Un rapport rendu tres detaille de l'activite de ce comite a paru dans le *Bulletin de l'University Extension* (Janvier, 1915), sous le titre *Cambridge and the Belgian Universities*. D'eat du i la plume autorisee de M. E. Bullough, qui en qualite de Secretaire de l'Academic Committee, n'a cesse de rendre les plus signales services a l'organisation de nos cours.

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

secondee par Mile Ruth Darwin et par tout un groupe de dames de la ville, M. Sheppard, qui avait assume au debut les fonctions de Secretaire-g[^]neral, et Sir Harry Stephen, dont la tutelle bienfaisante s'exer[^]ait de maniere speciale sur les Etudiants.

Il serait trop long d'exposer en detail Phistoire de ces dix mois de vie academique.

Tout ce que peut imaginer la delicatesse la plus touchante fut mis en oeuvre pour nous faire oublier les rigueurs de Pexil et nous donner la bienfaisante illusion de la vie au pays. Les divers colleges s'empreserent a Penvi de nous ouvrir leurs portes et d'organiser les reunions les plus variees. Sous la conduite d'archeologues et d'historiens distingues nous avons pu visiter successivement *Chrisfs*, *Emmanuel*, *Pembroke*, *Peterhouse*, et gouter le charme profond de ces retraites studieuses.

Le Vice-Chancelier, Dr. James, a voulu nous faire lui-meme les honneurs de son college et ses invites ont conserve le souvenir de l'interessante causerie qu'il nous donna sur les splendides vitraux de la chapelle royale du *Kings*,

Il en fut de meme a *Jesus College*, ou, par une delicate attention, le *Master* avait groupe la colonic universitaire beige pour celebrer en famille la fete du premier de l'an.

St. John agrementa d'une partie musicale la reception de ses hotes. Quant *4 Magdalene* un diner d'une gaite toute estudiantine y rassembla le long des tables du Hall, maitres et etudiants a l'occasion des fetes de Noel.

La reception la plus solennelle fut celle de *Trinity*, ou un banquet de plusieurs centaines de couverts reunit autour des professeurs beiges et de leurs families, tous ceux qui avaient coopcre au succes de l'oeuvre universitaire.

Ce fut une manifestation grandiose des sympathies de l'Angleterre intellectuelle a l'egard de notre petit pays et nul ne se rappellera sans emotion le toast du venerable Master, Dr. Montagu Butler, " felicitant la Belgique de sa noble attitude et affirmant son indefectible espoir de la voir reprendre son rang, plus entouree que jamais de respect et de consideration, au sein des nations libres et maitresses de leurs destinees."

291

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

Pourquoi faut il, hélas! qu'un deuil cruel ait assombri ces jours de travail et de vie en commun ?

Le 9 decembre 1914 la mort nous enlevait un de nos collegues les plus distingues, M, le Docteur Arthur van Gehuchten. La haute renommee du neurologue de l'universite de Louvain avait depasse depuis longtemps les frontieres de notre pays et la disparition de ce savant, frappe en pleine carriere, a cause un douloureux emoi dans tous les milieux scientifiques.

Comme nous avons eu deja l'occasion de le dire, l'universite dfit s'abstenir de delivrer des diplomes officiels. Mais elle ne put cependant refuser aux eleves la satisfaction legitime de faire constater par certificat leur assidueite aux cours et meme, pour les plus studieux d'entre eux, d'att ester la valeur de leurs etudes. C'est ainsi que 142 certificats furent delivres, dont 80 de simple frequentation reguliere et 62 accompagnes de la mention " avec fruit," obtenue a la suite de travaux pratiques et d'interrogations.

Imprimes aux armes de l'Universite de Cambridge delivres sous la signature de leurs professeurs et contresignes par le Vice-Chancelier, ces parchemins, sans avoir de valeur officielle, constitueront pour les jeunes gens qui ont suivi nos cours, un souvenir durable de leurs etudes en Angleterre.

Telle est, en quelques mots, Phistoire rapide de l'universite beige de Cambridge.

Il serait assurément premature de rechercher dans quelle mesure cet enseignement a porte ses fruits.

Nous pouvons affirmer toutefois qu'il a sauve nombre de jeunes gens des effets demoralisants et dangereux d'un desoeuvrement force, qu'en leur fournissant un centre de vie intellectuelle, un guide et un soutien, il les a preserves du decouragement, et surtout qu'il a constitue une manifestation consolante d'activite patriotique et comme une affirmation a travers toutes les epreuves, des droits imprescriptibles et des esperances sacrees du pays.

C'est de tout cela que nous sommes profondement reconnaissants a la grande et noble universite anglaise. Son hospitalite, comme l'ecrivait le Cardinal Mercier en reponse a l'invitation du vice chancelier,

L'UNIVERSITE BELGE DE CAMBRIDGE

" constitue le temoignage le plus imposant de sympathie que la Belgique ait reçu depuis les jours douloureux de la crise qu'elle traverse."

Nous qui avons vécu cette hospitalité, nous en conservons le souvenir ému. Au nom du corps professoral et de la jeunesse universitaire belge, nous prions les autorités académiques de Cambridge de recevoir ici l'expression de notre plus profonde gratitude.

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE.

TRANSLATION BY EDWARD MARSH, C.M.G.

CAMBRIDGE! the name thrills every Englishman's heart, and brings before his eyes a swift vision of youth and careless gaiety, combined with work and the pursuit of knowledge. In England Cambridge and Oxford, in France the Sorbonne, in Italy Bologna, and in Belgium Louvain, share between them the honours of the world's oldest and most famous seats of learning.

Since the far-away year 1281, when Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, founded Peterhouse, the oldest of the colleges, down to the recent time when the progress of science called for the building of the splendid museums and laboratories which now stand in Pembroke Street, how many generations of Fellows and Scholars have succeeded one another in the beautiful colleges which display their rich architecture along the banks of the Cam among the leafy backs? To walk in these alleys, where Milton and Gray, Wordsworth and Coleridge dreamt their dreams; to enter the chapels where stand the statues of Bacon and Newton, Macaulay, and Tennyson; to visit the halls, hung with the portraits of Founders and of the illustrious men who have lived or taught at Cambridge—the Harveys, the Pitts, the Whewells, the Darwins, the Adamsons, the Kelvins—is to live, as it were, through the whole story of intellectual England; and I know no more exquisite enjoyment than to wander through these lovely scenes in which the present joins hands with the past.

In ordinary times Cambridge counts three or four thousand students. In the morning the town is busy with their quick coming and going, in cap and gown, from lecture-room to lecture-room. In the afternoon the sombre gowns are changed for white flannels, and the youths follow their taste for sport and exercise on the green tennis-courts or in the light boats which crowd the Cam.

But now those joyous days are over, and days of sorrow have come in their place. Europe is shaken by the most terrible of wars. The country has called on her children to help her, and her young men have answered the summons with generous enthusiasm. The Colleges are empty, the Chairs of the Professors are deserted, and an unaccustomed

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE

calm rules in the old University town. Perhaps no place in England has suffered as Cambridge has from the war.

All the nobler is the magnificent generosity displayed at such a time by her committees towards the Belgian refugees. First among these I must mention the committee presided over by Baron Anatole von Hugel, President of the Cambridge Branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It was he and the Baroness von Hugel who, with the help of their friends, took the first steps to offer lodging and shelter to the unfortunate fugitives from the horrors of invasion. Thanks to their exertions, numerous families were made welcome to Cambridge at the outbreak of hostilities and treated with incomparable tact and kindness. The town and University authorities hastened to set on foot two similar organisations, the " Town Committee " and the " University Committee," for the assistance of the refugees, who arrived in ever-increasing numbers. By this time the impetus had been given. Generous offers of help flowed in from all sides. Private individuals, families, associations, parishes—all set zealously to work, and England showed us yet once again the spectacle of a people finding a solution of pressing difficulties in free individual initiative.

Lastly, to finish the picture and give a complete view of the activity of our Cambridge friends, I must speak of the " County Committee," which undertook to provide lodging and protection for Belgians in the villages of Cambridgeshire. More than 500 refugees have benefited by the good offices of this organisation, whose task was an especially delicate one owing to the extended field of its work.

But among all the varied manifestations of English benevolence, the most remarkable, beyond question, is the establishment of a Belgian University at Cambridge—an undertaking which will probably remain unique in the annals of higher education. On the morrow of the sack of Louvain, the academic authorities of Cambridge, touched by the misfortune which had overtaken that noble University City, resolved to open their doors to the disbanded professors, and to the students whose studies had been so brutally interrupted. The Vice-Chancellor addressed his invitation, first to Cardinal Mercier, and then one by

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE

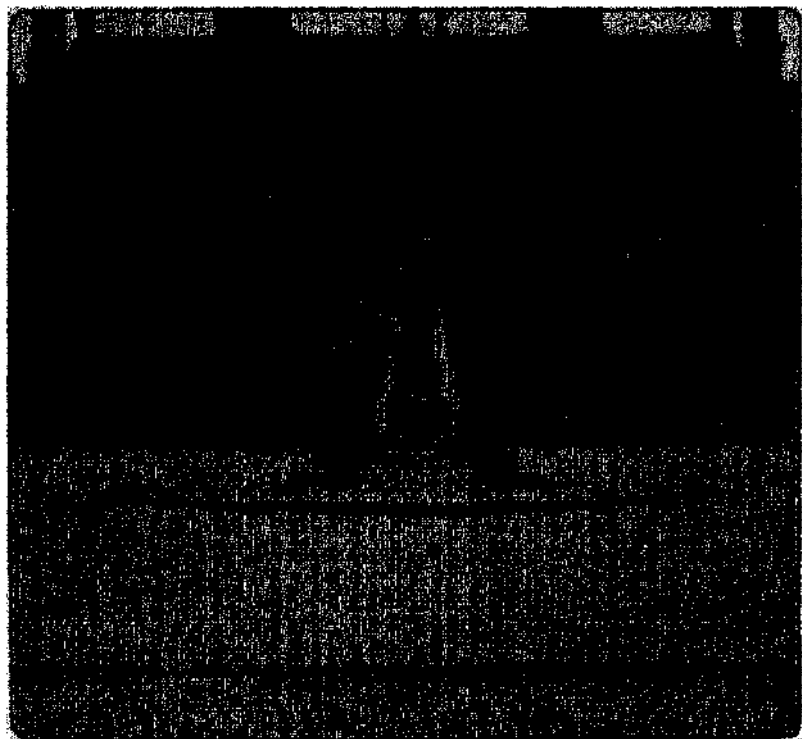
one to each of the other Belgian universities as their turn came to be destroyed.

If the original plan outlined by the Master of Christ's College, Dr. Shipley, could have been carried out, the whole higher education of Belgium, endowed with extra-territorial jurisdiction, with its courses, its programmes, its examinations, its diplomas, would have been officially transferred to Cambridge, just as the Belgian Government and the great administrative services were transferred to Havre. But circumstances imposed restrictions. The young men who had been called to arms, or had enlisted voluntarily, could not profit by this organisation of the higher studies, and it would not have been fair to place them at a disadvantage compared with their fellow-students. Moreover, the King's appeal to the youth of the country made it a patriotic duty to limit the entry of students to youths under eighteen years old, to those who were medically certified as unfit for service, and to those who had been discharged till the end of the war.

In these conditions, the attempt to establish a Belgian University had to stop short of a complete organisation of courses ; still less could it aim at holding examinations or conferring diplomas. None the less, the generous invitation given by Cambridge roused a widespread interest, and no later than the first weeks of October, 1914, a sufficient nucleus of professors and students was assembled to undertake the work, incomplete as it was bound to be.

The academic authorities facilitated our task with the utmost zeal. A hall at Emmanuel College was put at our disposal as a place of counsel and meeting, lecture-rooms were allotted to us, we were made free of the laboratories, and, as a peculiar favour, the Senate opened its doors to us and allowed us the fullest and most liberal use of the rich University Library. Special grants permitted us to purchase educational works, codes, manuals, and treatises which might be needed by our students ; and free lessons in English—elementary, higher, and advanced—were instituted for the benefit of the professors and the students.

At the same time we were generously admitted to all the privileges of the " Union," the best-equipped club at the University and the best provided with books and periodicals of all kinds ; and we were



COURT OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
ALBERT CLAES

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE

welcomed by many athletic clubs, which gave our young men opportunities of practising the physical exercises which had hitherto been too often neglected or despised in Belgian educational circles.

Thus assisted and encouraged on every side, we were able from the beginning of November onwards to carry on courses in the four faculties of philosophy and literature, law, science, and medicine ; and soon afterwards in the special schools of engineering and in the school of commerce. To these courses were added lectures on subjects of general interest which met with a cordial reception by the public.

It was not long before the success of this interesting enterprise became widely known, and applications for admission began to pour in from different parts of England, France, and Holland, and other foreign countries where Belgians had taken refuge. Our numbers grew quickly to over two hundred. It is difficult to form an idea of the trouble, the energy, and the care for detail involved in the organisation of such extensive hospitality ; and no one can have any conception of it without having been at close quarters with the laborious activity of the different committees, especially the " University Belgian Committee " * under the leadership of Mrs. Verrall, assisted by Miss Ruth Darwin and a number of other Cambridge ladies ; of Mrs. Shepard, who undertook from the first the duties of Secretary ; and of Sir Harry Stephen, who took the students under his guardianship with especial kindness.

It would take too long to give a detailed narrative of these ten months of academic life. Everything that the most delicate tact could suggest was done to banish from our minds the hardships of exile and to give us the pleasant illusion of being incorporated into the national life. The Colleges vied with each other in opening their doors to us and in organising all sorts of gatherings for our entertainment. Distinguished archaeologists and historians guided us through the studious retreats of Christ's, Emmanuel, Pembroke, and Peterhouse, and taught us to appreciate their profound charm. The Vice-Chan-

* A very detailed account of this Committee's activities appeared in the *University Extension Bulletin* for January, 1915, under the title " Cambridge and the Belgian Universities." It is written with authority by Mr. E. Bullough, who, as Secretary of the Academic Committee, was unsparing of his help in the organisation of our courses.

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE

cellor, Dr. James, was good enough to do us the honours of his College in person, and his guests will not forget the interesting account which he gave them of the marvellous windows in the Royal Chapel of King's. It was the same at Jesus College, where the Master had the graceful thought of inviting the Belgian University Colony to join, like members of the family, in the celebration of New Year's Day, John's gave us a delightful musical party, and at Christmas Magdalene asked both teachers and students to a dinner in Hall, which was a scene of typical undergraduate gaiety.

The most ceremonious entertainment was at Trinity, where, at a dinner of several hundreds of guests, the Belgian professors and their families met all those who had helped to make the Belgian University a success. It was an impressive manifestation of the sympathy felt by intellectual England for our little country, and no one who was present can recall without emotion the toast given by the venerable Master, Dr. Montagu Butler, "congratulating Belgium on her noble attitude, and affirming his unconquerable hope of seeing her regain her rank, more regarded and more honoured than ever, among the free nations of Europe, mistresses of their destinies."

But these days of work and pleasant intercourse were to be sadly darkened by the death on December 9th, 1914, of one of our most distinguished colleagues, Dr. Arthur van Gehuchten, the neurologist of Louvain University, whose fame had long passed beyond the limits of our country. The loss of this learned man, cut off in the midst of his career, caused widespread grief in the scientific world.

It has already been mentioned that the University was debarred from conferring official diplomas. But she could not deny her pupils the legitimate satisfaction of certificates marking their diligence and, in the case of the most earnest students, the value of their work. One hundred and forty-two certificates were thus given, of which eighty were for regular attendance, and sixty-three bore the additional words "with good results," on the strength of examinations and practical tests. Stamped with the arms of Cambridge University, signed by the professors and countersigned by the Vice-Chancellor, these parchments, though without official validity, will serve the young men

THE BELGIAN UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE

who have taken our courses as a lasting remembrance of their studies in England.

The story of the Belgian University at Cambridge has now been briefly sketched. It would no doubt be premature to enquire how far the system of instruction has borne fruit. But we may safely say that it has preserved a large number of young men from the demoralising and dangerous effects of enforced idleness ; that by providing them with a centre of intellectual life and with guidance and support, it has saved them from discouragement ; and, above all, that it has afforded a consoling manifestation of patriotic activity, and a sign that the imprescriptible rights and the sacred hopes of our country have come through all her trials undiminished.

For all this we are profoundly thankful to the great and noble English University, whose hospitality, in the words of Cardinal Mercier in his reply to the Vice-Chancellor's invitation, " is the most impressive mark of sympathy which Belgium has received since the terrible days of the crisis through which she has passed."

We who have experienced this hospitality in our own persons cannot think of it without deep feeling ; and on behalf of Belgian professors and students alike we ask the academic authorities of Cambridge to accept this expression of our most profound gratitude.

EN ECOSSE.

PAR ANT. BORBOUX,

Depute Beige, Secretaire de la Chambre.

S'IL peut etre apporte quelqu'allegement aux souffrances injustes d'un peuple mutile et ensanglante pour avoir fait legalement son devoir, rien ne soutiendra son ame endolorie comme la fraternele affection des grandes ames sceurs. La Grande Bretagne fut, pour la Belgique, la grande ame sceur. Compatis-sant toute entiere a ses tortures, etreignant dans sa large main la main du petit peuple martyr, elle a contribue ainsi a rendre plus profonde encore la fierte de son sacrifice. La Belgique a senti grandir en elle la joie d'un heroisme douloureux quand elle a entendu retentir, d'un bout a l'autre du Royaume-Uni, l'acclamation qui saluait la virilite de son courage et la loyaute de son ame.

Il n'est pas, je pense, un coin de l'Angleterre ou les couleurs beiges ne reçoivent les hommages de la gratitude la plus affectueuse.

L'Ecosse, terre grave et douce, ou les esprits sont froids et les cœurs chauds, dont la bonte d'ame a rendu l'hospitalite proverbiale, dont la delicatesse sentimentale s'apparente si completement a l'aspect romantique de ses sites, l'Ecosse semble avoir etc particulierement touchee de la droiture avec laquelle nous avons choisi la souffrance pour conserver l'honneur.

J'eus l'occasion, en une serie de conferences faites a Edimbourg, a Aberdeen et a Glasgow, de me trouver en contact avec de nombreuses assemblies. Ce sera pour les Beiges presents un souvenir inoubliable que les acclamations interminables que soulevaient le nom de notre Roi et le simple recit de nos faits de guerre.

A Aberdeen, presque a l'extreme Nord de l'Ecosse, lorsque sur l'ecran lumineux parut, en fin de seance, l'image du Roi Albert, toute la salle se dressa en un hommage de respectueuse admiration.

Un fait touchant m'avait montre quelques heures auparavant combien cette affection pour mon pays avait penetre profondement jusqu'aux couches populaires. Le tres aimable correspondant dont j'etais hôte, s'empressait a me conduire vers les parties les plus pittoresques de la ville et les monuments les plus eloquents d'un passe plein d'austere grandeur. Nous arrivions a l'antique Cathedrale de St. Macaire,

EN ECOSSE

qui dresse au centre du cimetiere la severe purete de ses lignes de pierre. La porte du temple etait fermee.

" J'apercois d'ici le fossoyeur," me dit mon nouvel ami; " allons lui demander la clef."

Le portier du temple, belle tete expressive de vieillard, aux yeux profonds abrites sous des sourcils touffus, achevait de creuser une tombe.

" Je voudrais, mon brave, faire voir notre beau temple a ce Beige, qui doit quitter Aberdeen demain tres tot."

Mon ami avait a peine acheve que les yeux bleus du vicillard s'attachèrent a moi avec une telle expression de bonte ravie que je ne les oublierai jamais. Il deposa sa beche et, s'approchant de mon ami, lui dit, presque a l'oreille, quelques mots que je n'entendis pas.

" Qu'y a-t-il ? " dis-je a mon compagnon, qui me paraissait touche.

" Il me demande si vous permettriez qu'il vous baise les mains."

Nous nous sommes embrasses comme deux freres.

A Glasgow j'eus la bonne fortune d'etre l'hote d'un professeur de l'Universite aussi erudit que modeste et distingue d'esprit. Nous achevions, au fumoir, en grillant une derniere cigarette, une soiree ou l'auditoire s'etait montre particulierement sympathique a la cause beige.

" Voyez-vous," me dit M. B. S., " il n'y a pas que les peuples qui doivent leur reconnaissance a votre Roi; il y a encore tous les rois actuels. En ces temps ou l'idée republicaine a secoue bien des trones, il a, lui, consolide l'idée royaliste. En ramenant le type du roi a ce qu'il doit etre, il en a demontre par le fait l'excellence, l'utilite et la grandeur. S'il a droit aux hommages des nations, il a aussi droit aux remerciements des rois."

Et ce n'est pas sans orgueil que j'entendis le professeur B. S. resumer, en ces termes, l'opinion ecossaise a l'egard de la Belgique :

" Quant a vous autres Beiges, nous pensons que vous pouvez dorénavant renoncer a tout titre nobiliaire : les Armes de Belgique sont désormais un ecusson de noblesse pour toutes les nations du monde."

Et c'est assurément a cette haute consideration dont jouit le nom Beige que je dus d'etre prie de signer au Livre d'Or de la Municipalite de Glasgow avant de quitter la grave, douce, et loyale Ecosse.

IN SCOTLAND.

TRANSLATION BY PROFESSOR GRIERSON, LL.D.,

IF any alleviation can be afforded to the unjust sufferings of a people torn and bleeding for the discharge of its duty, there is nothing which will sustain the soul in its sorrow like the affection, rooted in kinship, of great sister souls. Great Britain has been for Belgium that great sister-soul. Extending to her in her torments an entire and perfect sympathy, pressing in her large hand the hand of the small martyred people, she has contributed to render more profound the pride with which she contemplates her sacrifice. Belgium has felt swell within her the joy of a dolorous heroism as she heard reverberate from one end of the United Kingdom to the other the acclamations which hailed the virility of her courage and the loyalty of her soul.

There is not, I believe, a corner of England where the Belgian colours do not receive the homage of the most whole-hearted gratitude and affection.

Scotland, stern and lovely country, where heads are cool and hearts are warm, whose natural kindliness has made her hospitality a proverb, whose delicacy of feeling is so perfectly akin to the romantic character of her scenery—Scotland especially seems to have been moved by the uprightness with which we chose to suffer that we might preserve our honour.

I had the good fortune, at a series of lectures delivered in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, to find myself in touch with large gatherings. For the Belgians present the interminable applause evoked by the mere name of our King, by the bare recital of our achievement in the war, will prove an imperishable memory.

At Aberdeen, almost the extreme north of Scotland, when at the close of the meeting there appeared on the lantern screen a picture of King Albert, the whole hall rose as a mark of respectful homage and admiration.

A touching incident which occurred some hours earlier had revealed to me how deeply that affection for my country had penetrated among even the working classes. The kind and courteous citizen whose guest

IN SCOTLAND

I was put **himself** to much trouble to show me the most picturesque parts of the town and the most eloquent monuments of a past full of austere grandeur. We came to the ancient cathedral of St. Machar, which rears in the middle of a cemetery the severe purity of its granite lines. The door of the church was closed.

" I see the grave-digger," said my friend ; " let us go and ask him for the key."

The sexton, an old man with a fine, expressive head, deep-sunken eyes shaded by bushy eyebrows, had just finished digging a grave.

" I should like, my good man, to show my Belgian friend our beautiful church. He has to leave Aberdeen very early to-morrow."

My friend had hardly finished speaking when the blue eyes of the old man were fastened on me in an ecstasy of good will which I shall never forget. He laid down his spade and, going close to my friend, whispered some words which I did not overhear.

" What is it ? " I said to my companion, who appeared to be moved,
" He asks if you would allow him to kiss your hand."

We embraced like brothers.

At Glasgow I had the good fortune to be the guest of a professor in the University, whose learning and distinction of mind are equalled by his modesty.

Over a last cigarette in the smoking-room we were finishing an evening in which the audience had shown itself particularly sympathetic to the Belgian cause.

" Look here ! " said Mr. B. S. " It is not the peoples only who owe a debt of gratitude to your King ; it is the kings now reigning themselves. In these days, when the republican idea has shaken many thrones, he, your King, has consolidated the idea of kingship. In restoring the kingly type to what it should be, he has by that act demonstrated its excellence, its utility, and its greatness. If he has a rightful claim to the homage of the nations, he has also a claim to the gratitude of the kings."

It was not without pride that I heard Professor B. S. sum up in these words the opinion of Scotland with regard to Belgium :

" As for you Belgians, we think that you may from now renounce

IN SCOTLAND

all titular nobility. The Arms of Belgium are henceforth a scutcheon of nobility among all the nations of the world."

It was, without doubt, to the high consideration which the name of Belgium thus enjoys that I owe the request to sign my name in the Golden Book of the Municipality of Glasgow before leaving stern, lovely, and loyal Scotland.



THE HON. MRS. ALFRED TAPPAN
DOLE VAN ROY

COMMENT ILS MEURENT.

PAR LA COMTESSE VAN DEN STEEN DE JEHAY.

P——, 8 Aout, 1915.

Au Captain Winthrop-Young, Souvenir de Guerre et d'Amitie.

QUAND on n'est pas mort, on aime evoker, avec un grain de snobisme, le souvenir du moment ou on a failli l'etre.

Avec humilite, on s'apercoit que les gestes instinctivement accomplis alors furent influences par la mentalite, par la nationalite des compagnons " ante-mortem " que les circonstances nous donnerent.

J'ai vu mourir des Anglais, des Francais, des Beiges. J'ai cru mourir avec des Beiges, des Francais, des Anglais. Ce n'est pas du tout la meme chose*

Dans la litterature franchise, l'article de revue, la nouvelle, semble n'etre qu'une preparation a la peroraison, au mot de la fin, satisfaisant s'il est attendu, scduisant s'il est paradoxal.

De meme, le Francais aime poser en point d'exclamation au terme de sa vie, un mot, le mot qui le resume, l'enleve avec chic. Inconsciemment soucieux du panache, tout son cceur monte a ses levres blemes en un cri d'amour, de pietc ou de blague heroique.

Le 15 aout de l'annee derniere un jeunc et beau dragon du 16^{eme}— il s'appelait Maurice Rolant et etait conducteur d'autobus a Paris— fut transporte dans mon ambulance prcs de Dinant, le corps pcrce d'une balle explosible. Subitement, Themorragie qu'on prevoyait se produisit. Rolant regarda le flot rouge qui s'ecoulait, et, se soulevant sur les poignets. vibrant d'enthousiasme, s'ecria: "Que Dieu prenne mon sang, mais que la France soit victorieuse! "

C'est la mort a la francaise!

Longtemps j'ai cru—*me a culpa*—que Pimpassibilite de l'Anglais etait de la pose. Et je pense encore que c'est de la pose, mais une pose atavique, datant d'une epoque ou il fut de bon ton, a la Cour, de paraître insensible, et qui, filtrant de generation en generation, est devenue partie integrale de l'individu. Pcu imaginatif, la sensibilite n'existe guere a fleur de peau chez notre allie; elle n'en est peut-etre que plus sincere et plus profondc.

COMMENT ILS MEURENT

" Ces hommes," me dit une jolie femme, " ignorent la galantcrie au point que, dans leur langue, ce mot meme a change de sens."

De grace, madame, considerez la courtoisie des passagers du *Titanic* et remarquez aussi que leurs compatriotes ne leur decernerent point le titre de heros, mais dirent d'eux tout simplement: " C'etaient des gentlemen." Admettez-vous que si ces hommes-la ignorent comment on baise la main d'une femme, ils savent—et fort elegamment—la faire passer devant pour mourir a sa place.

Ces bons Tommies, ces jolis officiers, qui semblent sur leurs hunters, aller a un rendez-vous de chasse a courre plutot qu'a la bataille, sont **plus** sportsmen que militaires, leur ambition est moins de devenir des heros que de rester des gentlemen.

D'ailleurs. Facte heroi'que n'est pas un gcste d'exception dans une vie. Il en est la result ante logique. L'homme qui aura eu Phabitude d'agir sans preoccupation de recherche personnelle, se conduira, quand brusquement l'occasion se presente et que le raisonnement n'a plus le temps d'intervenir, comme une machine bien reglee. Revelation pour autrui peut-etre, mais pour lui consequence naturelle de ses habitudes anterieures.

Le vantard recherche une gloire individuelle. Aussi faut-il voir sa fuite les jours de panique!

Le silence, le recueillement, la non-exteriorisation de l'Anglo-Saxon disposerai-ent-ils son ame mieux que d'autres aux deuvements ignores?

Une societe, comme seul le sol biblique de la Grande-Bretagne peut en produire, s'est, au mois de Novembre, transportee, sur le sol de la Belgique restee libre. Elle a pris a ses charges le soin de la population civile. Devant les bombardements incessants, devant la misere et les contagions, presque tout avait fui. Il restait les pauvres, les refugies, les paysans accroches a leur glebe, quelques gendarmes beiges esclaves de leur consigne, parfois un pretre, jamais un medecin. On souffrait, on mourait, on naissait meme.

Samaritains de l'Evangile, les membres des *Friends' Unit* sont venus. Dans leurs mains expertes aux soins medicaux et hospitaliers ils apportaient ce qui guerit; dans leur cceur, ce qui console; dans leur esprit, tout ce qui est organisation, adaptation, prevoyance.

COMMENT ILS MEURENT

Un homme, un chef, restait dans Ypres-la-Martyre: PAbbe Delaere, cure de St. Pierre. Sa soutane, trouee en maints endroits par des eclats d'obus, etait populaire. On Pa vue partout ou il y avait un danger a courir, un blesse a sauver, une ame a secourir, un mort *k* inhumer. On l'a vue partout avec les uniformes kaki du *Friends' Unit*.

Aujourd'hui, le bon pasteur, oublieux de lui-meme, se plait a repeter: " Ce sont les Anglais qui ont sauve les Yprois! "

La recherche et le soin des blesses et des malades, la disinfection des **eaux**, les lois de l'hygiene appliquees a un grand nombre de localites, trente mille vaccinations anti-typhiques, huit mille quatre cents maisons desinfectees, l'evacuation de centaines de refugies, le sauvetage des objets de valeur dans les maisons detruites, la creation d'hfpitaux, d'orphelinats et d'ecoles, des distributions de lait dans un grand nombre de localites, du travail donne a des centaines d'ouvricres sans ouvrage, la vitalite rendue a l'industrie de la dentelle, voili l'actif des *Friends' Unit* et de leurs collaborateurs. Travail accompli, non pas parmi les facilites d'une epoque paisible et reglee, mais dans le desordre de la panique, dans la desorganisation des services publics. . . .

* * * *

Un psychologue a dit:

" Un homme en kaki, qui fume sa pipe dans un courant d'air; c'est un Anglais,"

La pipe, thermometre moral, symbole du " self-control." Le nuage blanc de sa pipe, seul panache de PAnglo-Saxon. Nous sommes loin de la cigarette rageusement machonnee entre des levres nerveuses ou de la fumees, impertincmment soufflee au nez de Pennemi.

Impertinence, nervosite, choses malseantes en Grande- Bret ague! La pipe ne quitte pas les dents, elle est fumees poscment, placidcmment, en bouffees regulieres, attestant un pouls normal, une respiration egale, un cerveau calme.

Un jour a Ypres j'etais de service—on duty—avec un membre du *Friends' Unit*, avec un interprete beige, de ces linguistes-soldats qui connaissent par experience en francais, anglais, flamand le nom de tous les projectiles et que les ronds-de-cuir de l'arriere—au courant

COMMENT ILS MEURENT

seulement de l'Anglais tel qu'on le parle—s'imaginent embusques à l'abri de leurs dictionnaires.

C'était au printemps. Des effluves passaient, suaves et malsains, emanations combinees de cadavres et de lilas. Sous nos pieds, les cendres étaient chaudes des incendies qui s'éteignent d'eux-mêmes. Personne dans la ville agonisante. Un chat parfois—de ces chats devenus hyènes—se faufilant sous les décombres à la recherche d'un festin, Le silence. Fragile, dans le lointain du ciel paisible et pur, le bourdonnement d'un Taube. Il approche, gracieux, vire au-dessus de nos têtes . . . disparaît. Puis, tout à coup, coup sur coup, miaulante, crépitante, détonnante, explosive, la bacchanale des obus. Des fumées s'élèvent comme de cratères brusquement ouverts, des pans de murs s'effondrent, une poussière de briques, poudre de riz rose, nous enveloppe.

L'interprète et l'infirmière au seuil de la maison qui tremble, inconsciemment, se sont recules dans un angle, attendant la fin de la rafale.

Au milieu de la rue, là où on lui avait dit d'attendre, l'homme en kaki n'a pas levé les yeux. Bien campé sur ses longues jambes emmaillotées de leggings, consciencieusement, avec méthode, il bourre son bmlé-gueule et craque une allumette.

Mon compagnon me Pindique: " Chic type! Capable de se faire tuer sans casser sa pipe! "

C'est la mort à l'anglaise.

Et les Beiges? demandez-vous comment meurent-ils?

D'autres le diront. Devant le souvenir de leur agonie, mes doigts laissent échapper la plume. Ils ne peuvent que se joindre en un geste d'admiration, de pitié, de prière. Une mère raconte-t-elle comment ses petits sont morts!

HOW THEY DIE.

TRANSLATION BY LADY MERIEL BATHURST.

P——, August 8, 1915.

To Captain Winthrop-Young, Souvenir of War and Friendship.

WHEN you have escaped Death, you like to recall with a touch of pride the moment when he nearly overtook you. You realise with humility how much your instinctive behaviour was influenced by the mentality, the nationality of those comrades " ante-mortem " that Fate gave you.

I have seen the death of Englishmen, of Frenchmen, and of Belgians, I have faced death with Belgians, with Frenchmen, with Englishmen. It is quite another matter.

In French literature, the review article, the short story, seem to be but a leading up to the peroration, the final word, satisfying if it is expected, fascinating if it is paradoxical.

Even so, the Frenchman loves to seal his dying hour with a word, a word which sums him up and carries him off with a flourish. Striving unconsciously after effect, his whole soul rises to his white lips in a cry of love, piety, or heroic mockery.

On the 15th August last year a young, handsome Dragoon of the 16th Regiment—Maurice Rolant was his name, and he had been a motor-bus driver in Paris—was conveyed in my ambulance, near Dinant, shot through the body by an explosive bullet. Suddenly the inevitable haemorrhage set in. Rolant watched the flowing red tide, and, raising himself on his wrists, quivering with enthusiasm, cried out: " Let God take my blood, but may France be victorious."

So die the sons of France!

I believed for a long time—*mea culpa*—that the Briton's impassiveness was simply a pose. I still think it is a pose, but an hereditary pose, dating from a time when it was considered good manners, at Court, to appear indifferent, which, handed down from generation to generation, has become part and parcel of the individual. Somewhat unimaginative, our Ally shows his feelings but little on the surface; perhaps they are all the deeper and more sincere for that.

HOW THEY DIE

" These men," a pretty woman said to me, " are to such a degree ignorant of ' gallantry ' that even the word has changed its meaning in their language."

For goodness' sake, Madame, consider the courtliness of the *Titanic's* passengers, and remember that their fellow-countrymen did not award them the title of heroes, but simply said of them; "They behaved like gentlemen." Admit, then, that if " these men " do not know how to kiss a woman's hand, they know—and very gracefully, too—how to make her pass before them, while they remain to die in her stead.

Those worthy Tommies, those charming officers, who, mounted on their hunters, seem to be riding to hounds, rather than into battle, are sportsmen first and soldiers afterwards, and their aim is less to become heroes than to remain gentlemen.

Furthermore, an heroic deed is not an exceptional action in a life. It is that life's logical resultant. A man who has been accustomed to act without any thought of self-seeking will act, on a sudden emergency when there is no time for reasoning, like a well-regulated machine. It will be a revelation to others, perhaps, but to him it is the natural outcome of his previous life.

The braggart seeks his personal glory. But you shall see him take to his heels in days of panic.

Can it be, then, that the taciturnity, the concentration, the reserve of the Anglo-Saxon more especially move his soul to acts of silent heroism?

A society, such as only the Biblical soil of Great Britain can produce, transplanted itself in the month of November to that part of Belgium which had remained inviolate. It took upon itself the care of the civilian population. In the face of unceasing bombardment, of poverty and disease almost all had fled. There remained the poor, the refugees, the peasants clinging to their bit of land, a few gendarmes, slaves to their duty, here and there a priest—never a doctor. And people suffered, and died, and were even born.

Samaritans of the Gospel, came the members of the *Friends' Unit*. In their kind and skilful hands they brought healing; in their hearts, consolation; in their brains, organisation, adaptation, foresight.

HOW THEY DIE

One man, one leader, remained in Ypres the Martyred: the Abbe Delaere, cure of St. Pierre. His cassock, pierced in many places by splinters of shells, was a familiar sight. It was seen wherever there was a risk to run, a wounded man to save, a soul to help, a corpse to bury. And it was seen everywhere with the khaki uniforms of the *Friends' Unit*.

To-day the good pastor, forgetful of himself, delights in repeating: " It is the English who saved the people of Ypres! "

The search for and the care of the sick and wounded, the purification of water, the laws of hygiene applied to a great number of districts, thirty thousand anti-typhoid inoculations, eight thousand four hundred houses disinfected, the evacuation of thousands of refugees, the preservation of valuables out of wrecked houses, the creation of hospitals, orphanages, and schools, the distribution of milk in many localities, work given to hundreds of unemployed women, vitality restored to the lace-making industry—such was the task of the *Friends' Unit* and their collaborators. And it was a task accomplished not amidst the facilities given in peace-time, but amidst the disorder of panic, the disorganisation of the public services.

* * * *

A psychologist has said: " A man in khaki who smokes his pipe in a draught: that is an Englishman."

The pipe, a moral thermometer, a symbol of self-control! A white cloud of smoke the one and only plume of the Anglo-Saxon. We are far from the cigarette feverishly mumbled between nervous lips, or from the smoke impertinently puffed in the enemy's face.

Impertinence, nerves, these things are looked on askance in Great Britain. The pipe never leaves the teeth; it is calmly, coolly smoked in regular puffs, attesting to a normal pulse, an even breathing, a quiet mind.

One day at Ypres I was on duty with a member of the *Friends' Unit* and with a Belgian interpreter, one of those soldier-linguists who know, by experience, the French, English, and Flemish names of all the projectiles, and whom the red-tape officials of bureaucracy only acquainted with " English as she is spoke " fondly imagine as sheltering in safety behind their dictionaries.

HOW THEY DIE

It was Spring-time. Strange effluvia, sweet and tainted, were borne through the air; combined emanations from corpses and lilac blossoms. Beneath our feet were cinders yet warm from fires burning themselves out.

Not a soul in the death-stricken town. Sometimes a cat—one of those cats turned hyena—creeping under the wreckage in search of a banquet. Silence. Faint in the calm blue distance—the whirr of a *Taube*. It approaches, circles gracefully over our heads—disappears. Then all of a sudden, shot upon shot, screaming, crackling, booming, bursting, a bacchanal of shells. Smoke rises as if from abruptly opened craters, bits of wall crumble away, a shower of brick-dust, like pink face-powder, envelops us. The interpreter and the hospital nurse, on the threshold of the rocking house, have instinctively drawn back into a corner waiting for the storm to pass.

There, in the middle of the street, just where he had been told to wait, the man in khaki has not raised his eyes. Standing stolidly on his long legs swathed in puttees, he slowly, deliberately fills his pipe and lights a match.

My companion points him out to me: "A good sort that; quite capable of getting himself knocked out without breaking his pipe."

So do Britons die!

And what of the Belgians? you ask; how do they die?

Others than I will tell you. At the thought of their death-throes the pen falls from my fingers; I can only clasp them in a gesture of admiration, of pity, of prayer. Does a mother tell how her little ones have died?

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT!

PAR MARIA BIERML

AUSSITOT que fut connu le geste des Beiges devant Liege, une effervescence de generosite et de bonte remplit Tame, le coeur et l'esprit de toutes les femmes du Royaume-Uni. De Penfant a Paieulc, chacune voulut faire quelque chose pour la vaillante armee, qui venait d'aneantir, en une heure d'heroisme, le complot inique et vieux de combien d'ans de Guillaume-Attila.

Des la mi-aout 1914 quelques uns de nos blesses furent transportes en Angleterre ou, non seulement les hopitaux, mais les maisons et les chateaux s'ouvrirent tout grands pour les recevoir. On ne se plaignait que d'une chose, c'est qu'il en arrivait trop peu.

En effet, tant que nos soldats conserverent l'espoir fou, s'il n'eut ete sublime, de vaincre, en quelques semaines, l'ennemi le plus formidablement arme du monde, tant qu'ils crurent a la prompte arrivee des allies pour les aider a repousser les hordes germaniques, nos blesses prefererent rester au pays et, au fur et a mesure de l'invasion, on les transporta, au prix de quelles souffrances, de Liege a Bruxelles, de Bruxelles a Gand, puis a Anvers et au Littoral. La chute des forts et la retraite d'Anvers amenerent l'evacuation de nos hopitaux et les blesses etroitement serres, les uns contre les autres, remplissaient jusqu'a fond de cale, les bateaux a destination de l'Angleterre ou, a toutes les heures du jour et de la nuit, ils etaient accueillis avec le meme enthousiasme, par les Dames de la Croix Rouge, les sisters, et les nurses des hopitaux qui, non seulement savaient panser leurs plaies, mais verser le baume de leur compatissante bonte dans leur coeur endolori par l'exil, la separation, les mille angoisses morales qui s'ajoutaient, pour nos braves, a leur souffrance physique. Helas! le sanglant pelerinage allait s'accroître encore. Les Allies n'etant point prêts, on demandait aux Beiges masses entieres de s'opposer, durant quarante-huit heures, avec quelques fusiliers francais, au passage de l'armee allemande. Ils etaient dix contre cent mais, durant sept jours et sept nuits, ils resistrent aux assauts des Barbares, et de quarante mille qu'ils etaient vingt-cinq mille furent tues ou blesses, mais Calais n'etait pas atteint, la France et l'Angleterre etaient sauvees par eux, une fois encore.

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT!

Ceux qui survecurent a Phorrible hecatombe furent diriges vers Calais prise au depourvu de tout ce qu'il eut fallu, pour secourir pareil nombre de blesses. Ceux-ci, Ph6pital rempli, furent deposes sur de la paille dans les hangars, les garages, les ecoles, voire merae des batisses en construction et ceux qui passaient leur donnait a boire et soignaient, comme ils le pouvaient, leurs blessures. On vit, meme, des medecins obliges d'amputer dans les rues.

C'e'tait affreux ! et le frisson de Phorreur se melait aux larmes de la pitie pour tous ceux qui souffraient, gemittaient ou ralaient sans qu'il fft possible, malgre les bonnes volontes reunies, de tous les secourir.

Qui done, allait les arracher a cette gehenne ? Les nobles femmes de l'Angleterre.

" Qu'ils viennent ici," disaient-elles, " ces heros qui nous ont sauves! qu'ils arrivent, done, tous ceux qui ont verse leur sang non seulement pour leur Patrie, mais pour le Droit et la Justice ! "

Et avec ce merveilleux esprit de promptitude et d'organisation qui caracterise leur race, en un jour ou deux, parfois en quelques heures, elles avaient transforme leur maison, leur chateau ou leur villa en un hapital moderne pourvu de toutes les installations les plus parfaites, tant au point de vue de l'hygiene que de la therapeutique et de la chirurgie.

Vetues de Puniforme de la Croix Rouge, elles allaient attendre sur les quais des ports et des gares tous les mutiles et tous les souffrants qu'elles adoptaient comme des fils ou comme des freres. Jour et nuit, elles se relayaient aupres des couchettes toute blanches ou ceux qui, depuis plus de deux mois, n'avaient connu d'autre lit que la tranchee boueuse et obscure etendaient avec delices leurs membres endoloris entre les draps qui fieuraient la lavande.

C'etait l'Eden apres l'enfer !

La canonnade furieuse ne troublait plus leur sommeil; ils n'entendaient que des voix douces comme celles des anges et, par la fenetre entr'ouverte, les gazouillis des derniers oiseaux blottis dans les cimes deja parees de teintes automnales.

L'odeur de la poudre avait fait place au parfum des corolles que des mains attentives avaient disposees, un peu partout, dans les vastes

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT!

salies. Nulle vision d'horreur ne troublait plus leurs yeux; s'ils s'eveillaient d'un lourd cauchemar, ils ne rencontraient que le doux visage d'une femme se penchant vers eux avec une sollicitude maternelle et dont le regard etait tout plein non seulement de pitie, mais d'admiration pour le pauvre soldat au visage terreux et souvent defigure par d'horribles blessures.

Lorsque des mains delicates et compatissantes avaient renouvele un pansement ou verse la potion calmante et que les levres du blesse s'entrouvraient pour dire " merci." " Chut! " interrompait la noble femme, " il ne faut point nous remercier, nous vous devons cela, n'avez-vous point sauve PAnglcterre ? " Et le brave de repondre, surpris, " Mais, je n'ai fait que mon devoir."

Les attentions se multipliaient pour ces vaillants si modestes et si courageux qu'ils accueillaien, avec gaite, les pires aventures.

La Superieure d'un couvent catholique d'Ecosse qui s'etait devouee, elle aussi, avec toutes ses religieuses, a secourir nos soldats, nous racontait que, comme elle plaignait l'un d'eux dont la tete etait trouee par une balle qui l'avait transpercee, de part en part, il lui repondit en riant : " Mais, ma Sceur, comment voulcz-vous qu'un Beige conserve une balle boche dans la tete ? " Cette denomination de " Ma Sceur," nos soldats habitues a etre, la plupart du temps, soignes chefc nous par des religieuses, l'appliquaient aux nurses qu'ils traitaient avec le meme respect.

Rien que dans le " London Hospital " que nous avons visite et qui est, pcnsons-nous, le plus important de la mctropole et le plus magnifiquement installe, au point de vue de toutes les exigences de la science moderne, quatre cent soixante-douze soldats beiges blesses ont ete re^us, du 14 octobre 1914 au 15 fevrier 1915, soignes avec un devouement admirable et combles des plus delicates attentions. Rien n'etait trop bon pour nos soldats, les primeurs les plus rares, les vins les meilleurs, les fruits les plus succulents leur etaient offerts.

On ne se bornait pas seulement a leur procurer le bien etre materiel le plus grand, mais l'on s'eflorgait encore de leur apporter le plus de reconfort moral possible. C'est ainsi que, pour qu'ils ne souffrissent point de ne pas savoir s'exprimer en anglais, des dames et des jeunes

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT !

filles connaissant le fran[^]ais et le flamand venaient passer la journee k Phdpital ou elles servaient d'interpretes entre nos soldats, les medecins et les nurses. Elles faisaient leur correspondance, se plaisaient a converser avec eux de tout ce qui leur etait cher et faisaient toutes les demarches necessaires pour decouvrir le lieu de residence de leurs proches et pour les faire venir aupres d'eux. De plus, les pretres qui pouvaient les encourager et les consoler avaient libre acces aupres d'eux et tous ceux qui les venaient visiter etaient accueillis avec la plus grande bienveillance par les nurses, heureuses de les voir jouir de quelque distraction. Nuls visiteurs, cependant, n'etaient mieux accueillis par ces dames que les membres de la famille royale S.A.L et R. Madame la Princesse Clementine, S.A.R. Madame la Duchesse de Venddme et surtout L.L.AA.RR. Les Princes Leopold et Charles Theodore et la Princesse Marie-Jose qui economisaient leur argent de poche pour pouvoir Poffrir k leurs chers soldats beiges. Au St. Bartholomew's, au St. Andrew's, comme au London Hospital et comme partout ailleurs, c'etait le meme empressement a deviner et k satisfaire les desks de nos braves.

Voici, d'ailleurs, la copie de deux lettres prises aux hasard parmi des centaines d'autres envoyees aux " sisters " et aux " nurses " du London Hospital, par nos soldats blesses qui etaient admis a considerer Th6pital comme leur " home " ou ils pouvaient toujours revenir plus tard, non seulement s'ils ne se sentaient pas tout h fait bien, mais s'ils etaient sans logis ou sans travail.

" CHÈRE SISTER,—Nous sommes arrives, tous, en bonne sante, apres un magnifique voyage d'une heure en auto et de trois heures en chemin de fer. Partout, sur notre passage, ce ne furent que ' hourra ! ' et ' bravo ! ' mais vraiment, je ne sais si nous avons merite tant de gratitude, nous avons fait notre devoir, rien de plus. La vie ici est tout autre, les vaguesde la mer arrivent jusqu'au jardin du sanatorium, la temperature est plus douce et, naturellement une immense tristesse nous envahit. C'est toujours l'image de la patrie qui nous revient; on en est si eloigne, alors qu'elle se meurt. . . .

" Encore une fois, merci a ce grand et fier peuple anglais et surtout

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT!

a vous, Sister et nurses, qui nous avez si bien soignes; toujours, je vous en serai reconnaissant et je garderai, de mon sejour en Angleterre, un imp[^]risable souvenir.

" A D . FALAISE."

" MADAME LA SOEUR DE LA SALLE CAMBRIDGE,—Je ne puis m'abstenir de vous remercier encore pour les bons soins devoues que vous m'avez prodigues, lors de mon sejour a Phdpital. J'ai ete soigne par vous on ne peut mieux et comme pourrait l'etre, par sa maman, un enfant gate.

" Merci, chere Soeur, et puissent mes compagnons de guerre et des tranchees etre soignes, comme je Pai ete, par vous dont je n'oublierai jamais Padmirable sollicitude.

" E. RAYNAUD."

Apres l'hdpital, c'etait la maison de convalescence installée dans la propriete estivale de quelque genereuse chatelaine d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse ou d'Irlande qui mettait son luxueux " home " avec tout son personnel a la disposition de nos soldats.

" Il n'est point de roi," nous disait Pun d'eux, " qui puisse etre mieux servi, plus finement nourri, plus agreablement distrait et soigne avec un devouement plus grand que nous le fumes, durant notre convalescence, et, jamais, nous n'oublierons ce que les Dames et les jeunes filles du Royaume-Uni ont fait pour nous ! Meme, aux bebes blonds et roses des maisons, ou nous etions choyes comme des enfants gates, on enseignait a venir nous saluer chaque matin par ces mots aimes qui nous attendrissaient toujours ' Vive la Belgique ! Vive le roi Albert ! ' en meme temps qu'ils nous apportaient un bouquet des plus belles fleurs du jardin ou de la serre.

" Si notre etat le permettait, on nous faisait faire de longues excursions en automobile ou nous allions a la peche, nous jouions au tennis* L'hiver, les chatelaines organisaient toutes sortes de parties de plaisir pour nous, des thes, des seances de prestidigitation, des comedies, des concerts. Jamais, nous n'aurions passe de plus heureux temps, si nous

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT I

n'avions ete tourmentes par le sort de nos proches et le souvenir de l'epouvantable tragedie qui mettait a feu et a sang notre bien aimee patrie ! "

On nous a conte aussi que, quand le medecin militaire beige venait examiner l'etat des convalescents, afin de savoir s'ils n'etaient point capables de reprendre leur service, les chatelaines et les nurses rivalisaient de ruses afin d'obtenir, pour ceux qui devaient partir, une prolongation de sejour. Lorsqu'ils repartaient pour le front, ces dames **leur** recommandaient de rester en correspondance avec elles et de leur faire savoir ce qui pourrait leur manquer la bas et ils recevaient, a tout instant, des colis contenant des vetements chauds, du chocolat, des cigarettes qui devaient adoucir, pour eux, la rude vie des tranchees. Nos soldats n'ont jamais manque, d'ailleurs, de temoigner la plus vive reconnaissance a leurs genereuses bienfaitrices.

Voici une lettre, cueillie entre mille, qui en fait foi :

" Pervyse, le 7 juillet 1915.

" CHI-RE DEMOISELLE,—J'ai bien reçu, il y a deux jours, les deux petits paquets contenant vos bons et beaux cadeaux, je vous remercie infiniment de votre bon cceur pour les petits Beiges. Souvent, assis au fond de ma tranchee, je pense *i* la bonne terre d'Angleterre, ou je me plaisais si bien. . . . Que la guerre finisse bien vite afin d'y pouvoir retourner encore. Vraiment, on devient presque sauvage; voili pres de deux mois que je vis dans les tranchees, toujours expose. Que ca finisse vite, car ca commence a nous ennuyer. Les Allemands nous arrosent souvent avec leurs gros obus de 420. Heureusement, que nous avons une meilleure artillerie maintenant, les Boches commencent a avoir peur. Il y a une dizaine de jours, nous avons attaque les Prussiens, ils ont eu une vingtaine de tues et une cinquante de blesses. C'est dommage qu'il n'y a pas de gare ici, sinon je vous aurais reserve un beau casque a pointe.

" Mademoiselle, nous avons toujours bon courage. Pourvu qu'on puisse bien vite faire l'offensive generale, car c'est tout ce que nous demandons.

COMMENT ELLES LES SOIGNENT!

" En vous remerciant encore beaucoup pour vos constantes bontes, Mademoiselle, je reste

" Votre devoue petit Beige,

" V. M., Sergent 4e Division.

" P.S.—Fait-il aussi chaud a Londres qu'ici ou la chaleur est insupportable. Je me croyais presqu'en Afrique (Vive les Anglais!). Demain, je pars, de nouveau, pour les tranches; ne m'oubliez pas **dans** vos prieres. Au re voir ! "

Si leurs membres s'etaient ankyloses, les convalescents allaient en rechercher la vie encore chez de bonnes dames anglaises qui avaient monte, dans leur propre maison, des installations d'electrotherapie et de mecanotherapie a leur usage.

Enfin, nous avons visite, dans le Nord de l'Angleterre, de grandes proprietes dont des dames de l'aristocratie obtenaient le pret et ou elles installaient plusieurs soldats reformes. Elles avaient fait venir la femme, les enfants, voire merae les parents de ces braves et elles veillaient a ce que le confort le plus parfait regnat dans les appartements qui leur etaient reserves, comme a ce que les reformes obtinssent, le plus tot possible, un travail bien remunere.

Les dames irlandaises souhaitaient vivement, elles aussi, offrir un " home " aux blesses, mais on n'aimait point d'exposer ceux-ci a la traversee, et les dames d'Irlande se dedommageaient en recueillant le plus d'argent possible pour eux, dans toutes les classes de la societe et merae les plus pauvres femmes d'Irlande avaient a coeur d'apporter, au moins, leur penny pour grossir le montant de la somme destinee i aider les soldats beiges.

Oui, avec quel tact infini, quelle simplicité charmante, quelle douceur exquis, elles se sont acquittees et s'acquittent encore, tous les jours, de leur tache de lumineuse bonte, les femmes de la Grande Bretagne, au noble coeur et a l'esprit clair, qui ont rendu a leur patrie les heros de la Meuse et de l'Yser !

HOW THEY TENDED US.

TRANSLATION BY LADY BYRON.

DIRECTLY the attitude of the Belgians before Liege became known the women of Great Britain were filled heart and soul with an effervescence of generosity and goodness. All of them, from the grandmother to the smallest child, were eager to do something for the gallant army which, in an heroic hour, had annihilated the iniquitous scheme conceived so many years ago by William Attila ! So early as the middle of August our wounded were being brought to England, where not only hospitals, but private houses and mansions, were opened wide to receive them and where only one complaint was heard—that too few were sent. As a matter of fact, whilst our soldiers, in their sublime folly, still had hopes of conquering, in a few weeks, the most formidably armed enemy in the world—whilst they still believed in the prompt arrival of the Allies to help them in their task of repelling the German hordes—our wounded preferred to remain in their own country; and only when invasion extended were they moved, with terrible sufferings, from Liege to Brussels, from Brussels to Ghent, then on to Antwerp and to the coast. The fall of the forts and the retreat from Antwerp brought about the evacuation of our hospitals, and our wounded, crowded together, filled to overflowing the boats bound for England, where, at all hours of the day and night, they were received with the same enthusiasm by the ladies of the Red Cross, the Sisters, and the hospital nurses, who bound up their wounds and strove to console hearts agonised by exile, separation, and the moral anguish which was added to the physical sufferings of our heroes.

Alas ! the bloody pilgrimage was to be prolonged: the Allies were not yet in readiness, and it was required of the Belgians, massed near to the Yser, that for forty-eight hours, together with some French Fusiliers, they should oppose the passage of the German Army. They were ten against a hundred, but for seven days and seven nights they resisted the assaults of the Barbarians. Of their number, 4,0,000, there were 25,000 killed and wounded, but Calais was not reached, and France and England, once more, were saved by them. Those who survived this

HOW THEY TENDED US

horrible hecatomb were taken to Calais, where there were no facilities to relieve so great a number of wounded. The hospitals were so crowded that men lay on straw, in sheds, garages, schools, even buildings in process of construction, and passing strangers gave them drink and dressed their wounds as best they could. Doctors were compelled to perform amputations even in the streets. It was a scene of horror, quite indescribable, and many, alas ! lying groaning in their death agony it was impossible to succour.

Who, then, was to rescue these martyrs from such a Gehenna ? The noble women of England. " Let them come here," they said, " those heroes, who have saved us. Let them come, those who have shed their blood, not only for their country, but for the Right and for Justice." And, with the marvellous spirit of promptitude and organisation characteristic of their race, in a day or two, sometimes even in a few hours, these Englishwomen transformed their homes into modern hospitals, fitted with all the most perfect appliances, from the point of view of hygiene, as well as of therapeutics and surgery.

Dressed in the Red Cross uniform they would await at the landing stage or railway platform the arrival of the maimed and suffering—their adopted sons or brothers—and, relieving each other day and night, nursed and attended to those who for more than two months had known no couch but the dark and muddy trenches, but who now stretched their aching limbs, luxuriously, between lavender-scented sheets.

No longer did the furious cannonade disturb their slumbers, they heard only voices soft as those of angels ; and through the half-opened windows came the twittering of birds sheltering in the tree-tops already decked with the tints of Autumn. The smell of gunpowder was replaced by the scent of flowers which careful hands had placed here and there in the spacious wards. Horrible visions appeared no more to them, and, waking from a nightmare, they saw only some sweet woman's face bending over them, with maternal solicitude, and looks expressive not only of pity, but of admiration, for the poor, haggard soldier frequently disfigured by hideous wounds.

When delicate and compassionate hands had renewed a dressing, or

HOW THEY TENDED US

administered a soothing potion, and the lips of the wounded man parted feebly to murmur his thanks, "Hush!" the noble woman would interrupt gently, "you must not thank me; we owe this to you: have you not saved England?" And in surprise the brave man would reply, "I have only done my duty." The tenderest care was bestowed on the brave soldiers, so modest and courageous, who had so cheerfully braved the most perilous adventures.

The Mother Superior of a Catholic convent in Scotland, who, together with her nuns, had devoted herself to the service of our soldiers, told us that, as she was commiserating one of them who had been shot clean through the head, he answered gaily, "But, Sister, how could you expect a Belgian soldier to retain a Boche bullet in his skull?"

The name "Sister" was always applied by our soldiers to the nurses, whom they treated with the same respect as the nuns, to whose ministrations they were accustomed at home.

In the London Hospital, which we visited, the most important, we imagine, in the Metropolis and the most magnificently fitted up as regards all exigencies of modern science, 472 wounded Belgians were received from October 14th, 1914, to February 15th, 1915, and were cared for with admirable devotion, the most delicate attentions being lavished upon them. Nothing was too good for our soldiers—the best and earliest vegetables, the finest wines, the choicest fruits—and, not only were material comforts provided, but every effort was made to administer spiritual aid and consolation. Thus, in order that they might not suffer through being unable to express themselves in English, some ladies and young girls, knowing both the French and the Flemish languages, used to spend the day at the hospital acting as interpreters for our soldiers, with the nurses and the doctors, writing letters for them, talking to them of their dear ones, taking measures to discover the addresses of their relatives and bring them to their side.

The priests, moreover, who could encourage and comfort the wounded had free access to them, and all visitors were received with the greatest kindness by the nurses, glad to see their patients enjoy a little distraction; but none received a warmer welcome from these ladies than the members of the Royal Family, H. I. and R. H. Princess Clementine, H. R. H. the

HOW THEY TENDED US

Duchess of Vendame, and, above all, their Royal Highnesses Princes Leopold and Charles Theodore and Princess Marie-Jose, who saved up their pocket-money in order to be able to offer it to their dear Belgian soldiers. At St. Bartholomew's, St. Andrew's and the London Hospital there was the same eagerness to divine and to gratify the wishes of our brave soldiers.

Here are copies of two letters, taken at random from hundreds of others, sent, to the Sisters and Nurses of the London Hospital by our wounded soldiers, who were allowed to consider the hospital as their "home," where they could return later on, not only if they did not feel well, but if they were without home or work :—

" DEAR SISTER,—We all arrived in good health, after a splendid journey of an hour in a motor-car and three hours by train. Everywhere on our way we heard nothing but ⁱ Hurrah !' and ' Bravo !' I really wonder whether we deserve so much gratitude; we did our duty, nothing more. Life here is quite different; the sea waves come up to the garden of the sanatorium; the temperature is milder, but we are naturally overwhelmed by a great sadness. The picture of our country is always before us, one is so far away from her, whilst she is dying.

" Once more, many thanks to the great and proud English people, and especially to you, Sister, and to the nurses who nursed us so well. I shall always be grateful to you, and I shall keep an imperishable memory of my stay in England.

" AD. FALISE."

" To the Sister of the Cambridge Ward.

" MADAM,—I cannot refrain from thanking you again and again for the devoted care you lavished on me while I was in the hospital. I could not have been better nursed, and I was treated as is a spoiled child by his mother.

" Thank you, dear Sister, May my war and trench comrades be nursed as I was by you, whose admirable solicitude I shall never forget.

" E. RAYMOND."

HOW THEY TENDED US

After the hospital came the convalescent home, installed in the summer abode of some generous lady, English, Scotch, or Irish, who placed her luxurious house, with its entire Staff, at the disposal of our soldiers.

"There is no king," one of them said to us, "who could be better served or more delicately fed, agreeably amused, and nursed with a greater devotion, than we were during our convalescence. We shall never forget what the ladies and young girls of the United Kingdom have done for us ! Even the fair and rosy babies of the houses where we were tenderly nursed like spoilt children were taught to come and greet us every morning with these kind words which always moved us, * Long live Belgium ! Long live King Albert !' At the same time they would bring us a bouquet composed of the most beautiful flowers in the garden or in the conservatory.

" Our health permitting, we were either taken for long motor drives or went fishing or played tennis. In the winter time the ladies would organise all sorts of pleasure parties, plays, and concerts. Never should we have spent a happier time, had we not been troubled by the fate of our relatives and the recollection of the awful tragedy which was putting our beloved country to fire and sword."

When the Belgian military doctor would arrive to visit the convalescents, in order to find out whether they were in a fit condition to resume their duties, we were told that the ladies and nurses artfully vied with one another to obtain for those who had to leave a longer stay.

When they departed for the front these ladies would recommend them to keep up a correspondence and let them know anything they might want over there ; then they would receive, at every moment, parcels containing warm clothes, chocolates, and cigarettes, which smoothed their rough life in the trenches. Our soldiers have never missed an opportunity of showing the greatest thankfulness to their generous benefactresses.

The following letter, which was picked out from a thousand, testifies to this:—

"Pervyse, July 7th, 1915.

" DEAR LADY,—I received, two days ago, the two small parcels

HOW THEY TENDED US

containing your kind and beautiful presents. I thank you infinitely for the goodness to us Belgians; seated in my trench I very often think of the good land of England, where I was so happy. May the war end soon, so that I may go back there. Really one becomes almost savage-like; for nearly two months I have been living constantly exposed in the trenches. May all this end soon, for it begins to weary us. The Germans often send us their big 420 shells. Happily our artillery is far better now, and the 'Boches' begin to be afraid of it. Ten days ago we attacked the Prussians; about twenty of them were killed and fifty wounded. It is a pity there is no station here, otherwise I should have kept a beautiful Prussian helmet for you.

" Mademoiselle, we still keep up our courage. May we be able to take up the general offensive very quickly, for it is all that we ask.

" In thanking you again very much for your repeated kindnesses, I remain, Mademoiselle,

" Your devoted little Belgian,

" V. M.,

" Sergeant 4th Division."

" P.S.—Is it as warm in London as here? The heat is unbearable. I could almost believe myself in Africa. (Long live the English!) To-morrow I leave again for the trenches. Do not forget me in your prayers. Good-bye!"

If their joints were ankylosed, the convalescents went for further cure to English ladies who had set up complete installations for electrical treatment in their own houses.

Finally, in the north of England, we visited large properties which had been lent to some ladies for the establishment of soldiers invalided out of the service. The soldiers' wives and children, even the parents of these brave men, had been told to come and stay with them. The ladies arranged that they all had the greatest comfort in the rooms reserved to them, and they also helped the invalided soldiers to obtain well-remunerated work as soon as possible.

The Irish ladies also wanted to offer a home to the wounded, but we did not like to expose the latter to the crossing. They contented

HOW THEY TENDED US

themselves, therefore, with collecting as much money as possible, in all classes of society; and even the poorest peasant women of Ireland set their heart on contributing at least their penny to increase the fund in aid of the Belgian soldiers.

Oh, with what infinite tact, with what charming simplicity and exquisite grace, they have performed, and are still every day performing, their errand of mercy—these women of Great Britain, noble-hearted, clear visioned, who have restored to their country the Heroes of the Meuse and the Yser!

IMPRESSIONS DE GUERRE.

PAR LOUISE CARTON DE WIART.

I.

A Miss Margaret Jacob.

LA porte s'ouvrit toute grande et dans le cadre un fouillis de gaze bleue s'engouffra. Doucement, avec un soupir qui chassa dans la chambre une brise legere, la porte se referma. Le fouillis bleu s'arrete et, comme des enfants pris en faute, les plis de l'etoffe se remettent en place, les cheveux cessent de voler au vent. Une main se leve brandissant un paquet: " Des lettres de Belgique ! Aoh . . . tres beaucoup ! " Vingt paires d'yeux s'allument au-dessus des tables couvertes de lettres, des lettres du front celles-la, dont on prepare l'envoi vers la grande prison, vers la Belgique ! " C'est-y quand meme qu'on se la paie la tete des Boches ! C'est pas pour rien qu'y-z-ont une queue de poire sur le casque ! " Au fond de la salle un rire tres jeune a fuse et une frimousse eveillee de jeune fille emerge des paperasses. Mais des voix angoissees questionnent: " De quelles regions les lettres ? " Le paquet est ouvert sur la table, une avalanche de petits billets, pattes de mouches sur papier pelure, se repand: " Bruxelles, Louvain, Namur, . . . " " Et Termonde ? " fait la voix anxieuse, " depuis six mois je suis sans nouvelles ? " " Termonde . . . non, rien ! " Les yeux sont de nouveau penches sur le travail, un peu humides, et seule, l'annonciatrice de la bonne nouvelle poursuit son triage. " Deux cent dix lettres pour le front, soixante-deux pour Londres . . . tiens une lettre pour moi . . . a remettre a. M. Pieter Van Ravensteen : " Mon cher mari,—Tu ne dois pas t'ennuyer de moi, parce que je vais bien et aussi la petite est bien. On a rien recu de toi depuis la guerre. J'espere que tu es comme a ton ordinaire. J'ai bien de la peine d'etre loin de toi, mais ca me console de penser que tu es un brave soldat qui sert bien son pays. Je t'embrasse pour moi et pour Marieke. Tu verras comme elle devient jolie. Je n'ai plus rien a te dire. Ta femme pour la vie, Carolintje." La liseuse s'est arretee, son cceur bat. Ce Pieter un brave soldat du 12e de Ligne, est aveugle. Un jour, sur l'Yser, un eclat d'obus lui a coute les deux yeux. Sa femme et sa fillette, demeurees a Louvain, avaient, disait la rumeur publique, peri dans l'incendie

IMPRESSIONS DE GUERRE

allume par les Allemands et les yeux morts du pauvre aveugle rendaient plus tragique encore son expression desesperée et farouche. En une minute la bonne nouvelle a fait le tour du bureau, Il faut de suite prevenir Pieter. "Allo! Mayfair 4315. . . St. Dunstan's Hospital? Est-ce que Pieter Van Ravensteen est la? Pouvez-vous Penvoyer de suite ici, au Bureau de la Correspondance Beige? Oui f Oh, merci."

* * * *

La porte s'ouvre toute grande et dans le cadre un homme jeutie s'avance, les yeux fixes, conduit par un soldat anglais au teint frais, a l'oeil vif, ampute d'une jambe. Doucement, avec un soupir qui chasse dans la chambre une brise legere, la porte se referme. Cette fois encore, tous les regards se sont leves: regards fatigues des vieux travailleurs, regards brillants des mutilés qui ont frdle la mort, regards attendris des jeunes filles. Le silence s'est fait dans le " Bureau." La jeune Anglaise s'approche: " Pieter, c'est moi, votre grande amie, ' Miss.' J'ai quelque chose a vous annoncer. Votre femme, votre petite, elles vont bien, nous avons pu avoir des nouvelles." Le regard n'a pas brille, mais l'homme est tombe, affale sur une chaise, les mains jointes dans une extase de bonheur . . . et dans la grande salle sombre tout le mond pleure, tandis que " Miss " lit au pauvre Pieter, avec son joli accent anglais, la simple et touchante lettre de la brave Louvaniste.

II.

A Lady Constance Hatch,

Mornes, silencieux, le pas pesant, le regard rive a des images d'epouvante, c'est le cortège des " Belgian Refugees " qui passe. Ames de la patrie outragee et des vieilles cites detruites . . . debris des campagnes ravagees . . . spectres des enfants assassines. . . Ignominie des serments violes! Foule anonyme ou personne n'est quelqu'un, ou le pauvre prete au riche, ou le noble sert le manant, ou l'on souffre sans guere se plaindre, mais ou l'on ne se plaint pas sans souffrir.

Terre d'Angleterre, qu'avez-vous dit a ces proscrits? Je leur ai dit: " Viens, je t'accueillerai, je te donnerai mon pain blanc, les fruits de mes vergers et la chair savoureuse de mes moutons. Je te

IMPRESSIONS DE GUERRE

devoilerais le charme intime et profond de mes vieilles maisons, et la douceur de ma campagne qui est un jardin sans limites. Pour tes petits enfants, je ressusciterai toutes mes legendes et pour les plus grands, je fortifierai leurs esperances en leur lisant les pages de ma glorieuse histoire, et en leur disant mes victoires contre des ennemis plus puissants que ceux d'aujourd'hui!"

Femmes d'Angleterre, que ferez-vous pour ces malheureux ? " Nous les prendrons par la main et dans nos plus belles demeures, nous les conduirons. Nous tacherons de connaitre leurs gouts et leurs coutumes et jusqu'i leurs prejuges pour diminuer s'il se peut Pamertume de leur exil."

Hommes d'Angleterre, que direz-vous a ces infortunes ? Nous leur dirons : " Freres, vous avez souffert pour le Droit et l'Honneur! Vous futes le premier rempart contre l'ennemi commun. Nos fils iront combattre et mourir a cote des votres dans les plaines des Flandres, et leur nombre grandira chaque jour, jusqu'i ce que leur puissance ecrase les Huns, et vous restitue votre patrie liberee."

Et au devant de ce long cortege de deux cent mille exiles, s'est avance, les mains tendues, un autre cortege qui comprenait des millions de bienfaiteurs !

WAR IMPRESSIONS.

TRANSLATION BY JOHN BUCHAN.

I.

To Miss Margaret Jacob.

THE door opens wide, and a vision of blue gauze flutters through the doorway. Gently, with a sigh that seems to wake a soft breeze in the room, the door closes again. The blue vision stops, and, like children caught in the act of wrong-doing, the folds of the gauze settle in their place, the hair ceases to float in the wind. A hand is raised, brandishing a packet. "Letters from Belgium ! Oh, a lot! "

Twenty pairs of eyes light up above tables covered with letters, letters from the Front, which are being got ready for despatch to the great prison—Belgium. "The Bodies are 'done' all the same. It is not for nothing that they wear a donkey's tail on their helmets." Inside the room young laughter sounds, and the bright face of a girl rises out of the papers. Strained voices are asking: "From which districts are the letters ?" The packet is opened on the table. A perfect flood of small notes, fine writing on thin paper, is poured out: "Brussels, Louvain, Namur . . ."

"And Termonde ?" anxiously enquires a voice, "I have not heard anything for six months." "Termonde—no, nothing." The eyes are again lowered to their work, a little wet now.

The bearer of the good news pursues her sorting, "Two hundred and ten letters for the Front, sixty-two for London. Hallo, here's a letter for myself . . . to be forwarded to Mr. Pieter Van Ravensteen : "My dear husband, you must not bother about me, as I am all right, and the little girl is well, too. Nothing has been heard from you since the war. I hope that you are as usual. It is very hard for me to be separated from you, but it is a consolation to me to think that you are a good soldier, serving your country well. Fond kisses from myself and Marieke. You will see how pretty she is getting. I have nothing more to tell you. Your wife for ever, Carolintje."

The reader stops ; her heart is beating. This Pieter, a brave soldier of the 12th Regiment of the Line, is blind. One day on the Yser a shell splinter destroyed both his eyes. His wife and daughter who

WAR IMPRESSIONS

had remained at Louvain were said to have perished in the incendiary fires lit by the Germans, and the dead eyes of the poor blind man made his wild and hopeless expression the more tragic.

The good news spreads like wildfire in the office. Pieter must be told at once. "Hallo ! Mayfair 4315. . . . St. Dunstan's Hospital f Is Pieter Van Ravensteen there ? Could you send him at once here, to the Bureau de Correspondance Beige ? Yes ? Thanks."

* * * *

Again the door opens wide, and in the doorway appears a young man. He comes forward with his eyes fixed, led by a fresh-faced, bright-eyed English soldier who has lost a leg. Slowly, with a sigh that wakes a soft breeze in the room, the door closes. Again all eyes are raised: tired eyes of old workers, brilliant eyes of the maimed who have looked close on death, soft eyes of the young girls. Silence reigns in the office.

The young English girl comes nearer: " Pieter, it is I, your great friend, ' Miss.' I have something to tell you. Your wife, your little girl are well. We have succeeded in getting news." The eyes did not brighten, but the man sank in a chair, his hands clasped together in an ecstasy of happiness. . . . And in the large, dark room everybody is weeping, whilst " Miss " reads to poor Pieter, with her pretty English accent, the simple and touching letter of the brave woman from Louvain.

II.

To Lady Constance Hatch.

Gloomy, silent, with heavy step, the eyes riveted to pictures of horror, is passing the procession of Belgian refugees. Souls of the outraged country and of ancient cities destroyed—debris of ravaged fields—ghosts of murdered children—the shame of broken oaths. Nameless crowd in which all distinctions have disappeared, in which the poor lends to the rich, the nobleman serves the peasant, in which suffering is borne without a cry, but in which no cry is heard without suffering.

England, what hast thou said to these exiles f She hath said unto them : " Come, I will receive you, I will give you my white bread, the

WAR IMPRESSIONS

fruits of my orchards and the flesh of my flocks. I will show you the inner charm of my ancient dwelling-places, and the sweetness of my country which is all a garden. For your little children, I will bring out again my fairy tales, and I will strengthen the hopes of their elders by reading them pages of my famous history, and by telling them of my victories over foes more puissant than those of to-day."

Englishwomen, what will you do for these unfortunate people ? " We will take them by the hand and lead them into our fairest houses. We will try to learn their tastes and their customs, and even their prejudices, in order to sweeten, if we can, the bitterness of their exile."

Englishmen, what will you say to these hapless people ? " Brothers, you have suffered in the cause of justice and honour. You were the first bulwark against our common enemy. Our sons will go and fight by the side of yours in the plains of Flanders, and their number will grow daily, until their power crushes the Huns and gives you back your liberated land."

And towards this long procession of two hundred thousand exiles advances with outstretched hands another procession of millions of benefactors.

IMAGES ANGLAISES, 1914.

PAR L. DUMONT-WILDEN.

C'ETAIT en Juin 1914. . . . Un comite s'etait forme en Angleterre, et dans le but de resserrer encore l'Entente Cordiale, avait invite un certain nombre d'hommes de lettres francos a visiter "Tile inconnue." Quelques Beiges avaient ete convies a faire partie du voyage comme si, par une heureuse entrevision de l'avenir, ce comite, qui avait d'ailleurs a sa tete un Anglo-Beige, M. Sarolea, professeur a l'universite d'Edimbourg, avait devine le role que notre pays jouerait un jour dans l'Alliance franco-anglaise.

Ce fut, en verite, un charmant voyage de decouverte. Pendant deux semaines environ, en trains speciaux, en automobile, notre petite caravane parcourut toute la Grande Bretagne, des vertes campagnes du Kent aux rochers sauvages du pays de Galles, et comme aussitôt rentres chez eux, tous ceux qui participerent a cette excursion furent brusquement precipites dans l'horrible drame de la guerre, elle a laisse dans leur memoire comme l'image des derniers jours d'insouciance, de vacances et de paisible bonheur qu'ils aient connus depuis des mois.

Des Francais en voyage, des Beiges aussi, ont evidemment le tort de s'interesser d'abord a eux-memes. Ils jouissent de la vie, ils cherchent dans la succession des paysages nouveaux une agreable diversion au travail quotidien, et s'ils sont nombreux, un excitant a la conversation, ils ne font du voyage une etude que quand ils y sont absolument obliges. Ces ecrivains, ces artistes, ces journalistes, parmi lesquels il y avait beaucoup de dames, formaient en quelque sorte un raccourci du tout-Paris : c'etait le "Tout-Paris" en voyage, et aucun d'eux n'etait d'humeur a se livrer aux graves preoccupations d'une enquete sociologique. Ils se laissaient aller au charme de l'heure, et, courant de ville en ville, de plage en plage, sous la bienveillante autorite de M. Sarolea et de M. Davis, les organisateurs de l'excursion, ils voyaient passer devant leurs yeux la vie anglaise comme les vues mouvementees d'un cinematographe : campagnes verdoyantes de l'East-Anglia, cathedrales de Canterbury, d'York, et de Norwich, emouvant paysage historique d'Edimbourg, lacs romanesques du Cumberland ou flotte le souvenir de Wordsworth, apres rochers du pays de Galles, tout cela passait sous

leurs yeux comme un panorama mouvant. Et un peu etourdis d'avoir été promenés ainsi d'hôtel en hôtel et de ville en ville, ils se demandaient ce qui allait rester dans leur esprit de tant de visions rapides. Ils s'en rendent compte aujourd'hui: l'impression qui demeure, c'est celle de l'hospitalité, de la cordialité anglaise.

Le plus souvent, nos voyageurs étaient les hôtes des municipalités. À peine arrivés, ils étaient conduits à l'Hôtel de Ville ou dans la salle du principal hôtel, où ils trouvaient le maire et les notables qui leur adressaient un discours et leur offraient un verre de champagne. Le discours était presque toujours en anglais, et ceux à qui il s'adressait ne le comprenaient qu'à moitié ou ne le comprenaient pas du tout. Celui des voyageurs qui était chargé de répondre, le faisait généralement en français, car on ne pouvait raisonnablement obliger le professeur Legouis ou M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson—les seuls d'entre nous qui parlaient suffisamment l'anglais pour discourir en public—a prendre la parole deux fois par jour. Mais tout le monde savait qu'il n'y avait dans ces toasts et ces allocutions que mille choses agréables. Tout le monde applaudissait de bon cœur, et l'on s'en allait prendre place pour le lunch.

Après le lunch, c'était la collation, après la collation, le dîner. Ah ! certes ! nous avons eu l'occasion d'apprécier la bonne chère que l'on fait dans la joyeuse Angleterre ! Tant de dîners, tant de banquets, on eût pu croire qu'il y avait là de quoi donner une maladie d'estomac à un solide mangeur, mais il faut croire que le régime anglais est exceptionnellement sain, car il y avait parmi nous des dyspeptiques qui s'étonnaient de ne s'être jamais si bien portés.

D'autres fois, à Edimbourg notamment, nous étions reçus chez les habitants, nous avions nos billets de logement comme des soldats, et alors, c'est la vie familiale britannique que nous apprenions à connaître dans son intimité. Et nous admirions qu'en l'honneur de l'Entente Cordiale tant de gens aient consenti à ouvrir toute large leur maison à des gens qu'ils ne connaissaient pas.

Les charmantes demeures, accueillantes et confortables, où nous nous efforcions naïvement de retrouver les souvenirs et l'atmosphère de Dickens, du Dickens de notre adolescence ! Je les ai revues en imagination quand, après l'occupation d'Anvers et d'Ostende, eut lieu le

grand exode de la Belgique vers l'Angleterre, et c'est sans etonnement que j'ai appris avec quelle cordialite, avec quelle amitie, mes malheureux compatriotes etaient recus dans tant de familles du Royaume-Uni.

* * * *

Mais d'autres images encore se presentent a mon esprit quand je me rememore ce voyage qui fut en quelque sorte pour moi le dernier plaisir d'avant la guerre, mais a quoi la guerre seule a donne sa pleine signification. C'etait a Edimbourg: nous avions vainement essaye d'obtenir l'autorisation de visiter le vieux palais d'Holyrood, temoin de tant de drames romanesques que Walter Scott a su rendre populaires, meme sur le Continent. Le palais etait ferine, a cause des Suffragettes. En ce temps-U, la Grande Bretagne craignait plus les Suffragettes qu'elle ne semble craindre aujourd'hui les Zeppelins. . . . Nous nous disposions a nous en aller, un peu decus quand, tout a coup, deboucha sur la place une compagnie de Highlanders qui venait relever la garde. Qu'ils etaient beaux dans leurs habits rouges et leur kilt, Pair martial, vigoureux, content de vivre, avec, dans l'allure, je ne sais quoi d'altier qui rappelait les soldats d'autrefois!

" Quelle splendide armee," dit l'un de nous.

" Si splendide," ajouta un autre, " qu'on voit bien qu'elle est faite pour ne jamais servir ! " . . .

Je me suis souvenu de cette plaisanterie, quelques mois apres quand, revenant du front franco-beige des Flandres, je traversai les cantonnements anglais. Dans un pauvre village du Nord qui semblait tout noye de boue, j'ai revu des Highlanders. Ils n'avaient plus leurs beaux habits rouges, ils etaient en kaki, un kaki que la boue des tranchees avait fait encore plus neutre. Mais ils avaient toujours leur air de bonne sante et de bonne humeur tranquille. C'etait toujours la meme magnifique armee, mais elle avait servi. Elle avait servi sur la Marne et sur l'Ourcq, elle avait servi en Artois et en Flandre, elle avait mele son sang au plus noble sang de France et de Belgique. Et a comparer les magnifiques soldats de parade d'Edimbourg et ces rudes soldats de la tranchee, on pouvait mesurer tout l'effort de l'Angleterre qui, de son elegante petite armee, a su faire en quelques mois une formidable armee de combat.

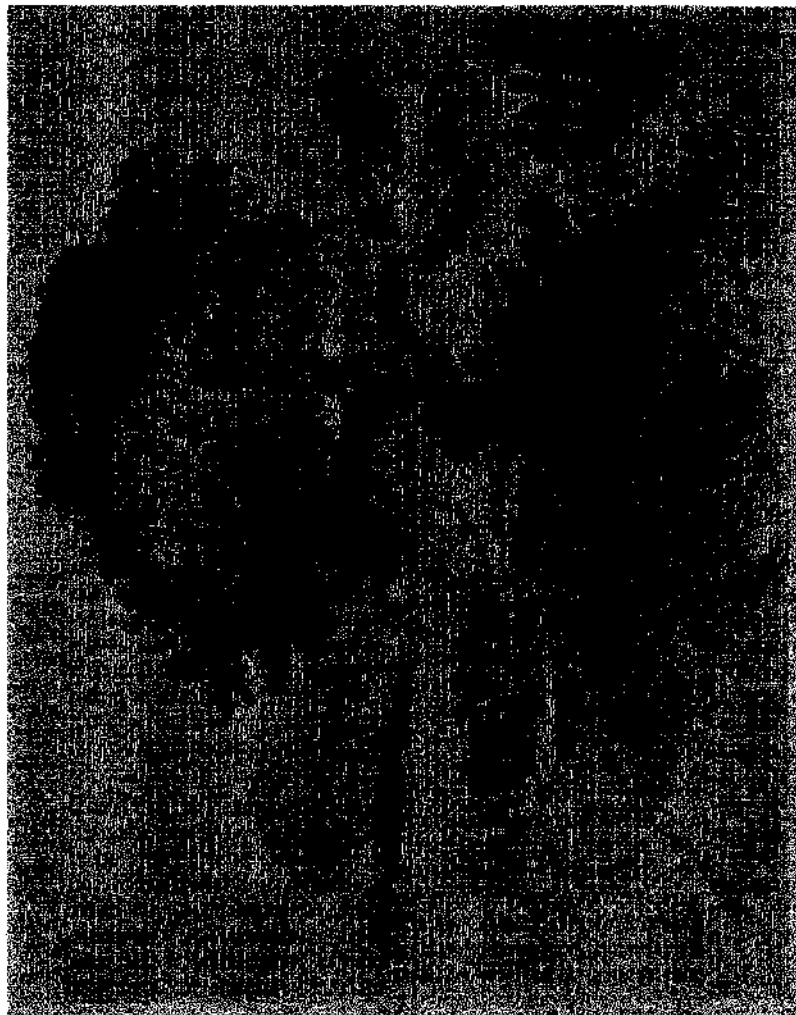
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Mais ce qui domine tous ces souvenirs d'Angleterre, c'est celui de ma dernière soirée de Londres. Un banquet au Savoy devait clore le voyage. Avant de nous y rendre, nous avions flâné séparément dans Londres. Il faisait très beau, quantité de robes blanches piquaient les pelouses de Hyde-Park comme de grandes fleurs joyeuses, une atmosphère paisible et heureuse, presque méridionale, baignait la grande ville ; nous avions tous un peu de mélancolie à nous quitter pour nous revoir Dieu sait quand, après nous être tant vus durant quinze jours. Mais nous ne nous enlaissions aller que plus insoucieusement au charme de l'heure. Et, tout à coup, comme je pénétrais dans le Strand à la recherche de mon hôtel, voici que les cris aigus des marchands de journaux viennent rompre la paix de la soirée commencent. Ils brandissent des affiches, ils arrêtent les passants. . . . C'était l'attentat de Sarajevo.

Au dîner, dans la grande salle du Savoy étincelante de lumière et de fleurs, on ne parla que de cela. Quelques-uns, les plus clairvoyants, disaient déjà : " C'est la guerre ! " et mon voisin, un vieux gentleman, qui me paraissait avoir assez exactement la physionomie que mon imagination d'enfant donnait à M. Pickwick, me dit avec un large sourire : " Si c'est la guerre, ce sera la guerre de toute l'Europe contre le Prussien (on ne disait pas encore le Boche). Et si c'est la guerre de l'Europe contre le Prussien, je regretterai amèrement d'être trop vieux, car j'ai toujours rêvé de faire le coup de fusil contre le Prussien."

Mais ce discours fut interrompu par des toasts. Ce furent des toasts très officiels. M. Herbert Samuel parla de l'Entente Cordiale, M. d'Estournelles de Constant parla de la paix, et aussi M. Vandervelde qui déclara que, pour la paix, il faudrait reconcilier l'Allemagne avec l'Entente Cordiale, et qui assura qu'il ne fallait pas avoir de haine contre la grande Allemagne ouvrière. En ce temps-là, les discours pacifistes étaient encore de saison. On pouvait très raisonnablement espérer conjurer l'orage. Mais, tout de même, il m'est apparu depuis, que c'était mon voisin, le vieux gentleman, qui exprimait la vraie voix de l'Angleterre. La vieille Angleterre, la joyeuse Angleterre qui est cordiale et confiante, qui aime la vie et la liberté, qui n'a jamais aimé le Prussien parce qu'il est pédant, servile et intéressé.

ROULETTE
MARCHENNA JUNIER



ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS, 1914.

TRANSLATION BY LADY CHARNWOOD.

IT was June 1914. A Committee had been formed in England and had asked a certain number of French men of letters to visit the "He Inconnue" in order to draw the ties of the Entente Cordiale still closer. A few Belgians were invited to join the expedition, just as though, by a fortunate glimpse into the future, the Committee—presided over, by the way, by Monsieur Sarolea, an Anglo-Belgian and a professor in the University of Edinburgh—guessed the part that our country would one day play in the Anglo-French alliance.

We enjoyed, in fact, a delightful voyage of discovery. For about a fortnight our little company, in special trains and motors, scoured Great Britain from the green fields of Kent to the wild rocks of Wales, and as all, immediately on their return home, were suddenly plunged into the horrible drama of the war, this excursion is left in their memory as an impression of the last days of gaiety, relaxation and untroubled delight that they were to know for many months.

Both French and Belgians when they travel make the mistake of being chiefly interested in themselves. They enjoy life; in the succession of fresh scenes they seek an agreeable diversion to their daily task, and, if they are numerous, an incitement to talk; they only make a study of their journey when they are absolutely obliged. These authors, artists, journalists, among whom were many ladies, formed as it were Paris in miniature; it was "Tout Paris en voyage," and none of them were inclined to give themselves up to the serious business of sociological study. They abandoned themselves to the pleasure of the moment, and rushing from town to town and from one seaside place to another, under the kindly guidance of Monsieur Sarolea and Mr. Davis, the organisers of the excursion, they saw English life unfolded before them like the scenes of a cinematograph; the verdant fields of East Anglia, the Cathedrals of Canterbury, York and Norwich, the stirring and historic view of Edinburgh, the romantic lakes of Cumberland with memories of Wordsworth hovering over them, the stern rocks of Wales, all this passed before their eyes like a moving panorama, and, somewhat dazed with being hurried from hotel to hotel and from city to city, they wondered what would stick in their

ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS, 1914

minds after so many lightning glimpses. To-day they realise it; the impression they retain is of hospitality and of English heartiness.

As a rule our travellers were the guests of municipalities. As soon as they had arrived they were taken to the Town HaU or to the chief hotel, where they met the Mayor and people of note, who made them a speech and offered them a glass of champagne. The speech was almost always in English, and those to whom it was addressed only half understood it or failed to understand it at all. The traveller who undertook to reply generally did so in French, for it would not have been fair to make Professor Legouis or Monsieur Paul Hyacinthe Loyson—the only two among us who spoke English well enough to discourse in public—hold forth twice a day. But everyone knew that in these toasts and speeches there was nothing but a thousand pleasant thoughts. Everyone applauded heartily, and then turned to luncheon.

After luncheon, tea; after tea, dinner. Ah well, we had ample opportunity to appreciate the good cheer that they enjoy in Merry England ! One would have thought that so many dinners and banquets would give indigestion to a serious eater, but it must be owned that English fare is singularly wholesome, for we numbered several dyspeptics among us who were surprised to find that they had never felt so well.

On other occasions, notably at Edinburgh, we were the guests of the inhabitants; we were billeted out like soldiers, and it was there that we learned to know British family life intimately. And we marvelled at the number of people who in honour of the *Entente Cordiale* threw open their doors to persons whom they did not know.

What charming homes, hospitable and comfortable, were those where we artlessly tried to recapture the memories and the atmosphere of Dickens, of the Dickens of our youth ! I saw them again in imagination when the great exodus from Belgium to England took place after the occupation of Antwerp and Ostend, and without surprise I heard of the cordiality and the friendship with which my unhappy countrymen were received into so many households of the United Kingdom.

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ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS, 1914

But other impressions come to my mind when I recall that journey, which in a way was my last pleasure before the war, but to which only the war itself gave full meaning. It was at Edinburgh; we had tried in vain to obtain permission to visit the old Palace of Holyrood, the witness of so many romantic dramas which Walter Scott has made popular even on the Continent. The palace was closed because of the Suffragettes. In those days Great Britain was more afraid of the Suffragettes than she seems now to be of the Zeppelins. We were preparing to go away rather disappointed, when suddenly a company of Highlanders swung into the square to relieve guard. How handsome they were in their red coats and kilts, looking warlike, vigorous, and glad to be alive, with an indescribable alertness in their march, which recalled the soldiers of bygone times.

"What a splendid army!" said one of us. "So splendid." said another, "that it's obvious it's never intended to serve."

I remembered that just a few months later, when coming back from the Franco-Belgian front in Flanders, I went through the English lines. In a poor village in the North, which seemed swimming in mud, I saw the Highlanders again. They no longer had their handsome red coats, they were in khaki, a khaki to which the mud of the trenches had given a yet more neutral tint. But they still had their look of fine health and of quiet good-humour. It was still the same magnificent army, but it had served. It had served on the Marne and the Ourcq, it had served in Artois and in Flanders, it had mingled its blood with the noblest blood of France and of Belgium. And, in comparing those magnificent soldiers on parade at Edinburgh with these rugged soldiers from the trenches, one could measure all the strength of England, who in a few months had turned her elegant little army into a formidable fighting force.

. * . .

But the most vivid of all my recollections of England is that of my last evening in London. A big dinner at the Savoy was to bring the excursion to an end. Before meeting there we had sauntered singly about London. The weather was lovely; numbers of white dresses starred the grass of Hyde Park like great gay flowers; a peaceful and

ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS, 1914

happy atmosphere almost like that of the South bathed the great city; we were all a little sad at parting, none of us knowing when we should meet again, after being so much together for a fortnight. But we only gave ourselves up the more unconstrainedly to the pleasure of the moment. And suddenly as I entered the Strand to look for my hotel the shrill cries of the newspaper boys broke the peace of the evening hour. They brandished posters, they stopped the passers by. It was the crime of Sarajevo.

At dinner in the great hall of the Savoy, sparkling with lights and flowers, everyone talked of this. A few, the most far-seeing, said at once, "This means war!" And my neighbour, an old gentleman, who seemed to have pretty much the physiognomy with which my childish imagination had endowed Mr. Pickwick, remarked to me with a broad smile, "If this means war, it will be a war of the whole of Europe against the Prussians" (one didn't yet speak of the Bodies). "And if it's a war of the whole of Europe against the Prussians I shall bitterly regret being too old, for I've always wanted to have a shot at the Prussians."

But this talk was interrupted by toasts. The toasts were thoroughly official. Mr. Herbert Samuel spoke about the Entente Cordiale, Monsieur d'Estournelles de Constant spoke about peace, and so did Monsieur Vandervelde, who declared that to ensure peace Germany must be reconciled with the Entente Cordiale, and assured us that we ought not to hate the great Germany of the working classes. In those days pacifist speeches were still the fashion. One might quite reasonably hope to avert the storm. But all the same it has struck me since that it was my neighbour, the old gentleman, who expressed the real feeling of England. Old England, Merry England, which is hearty and trustful, which loves life and liberty, has never loved the Prussian, because he is pedantic, servile and self-interested.

LETTRE DE L'YSER.

PAR JEAN FRANJOIS FONSON,

Le 9 Octobre, 1914.

JEF SPIECKART, sergent major, au premier chasseurs a pied, de l'armee Beige, a Mrs, B., X Square, London.

CHERE MADAME,—Vous ne devez pas m'en vouloir si je ne t'ai pas ecrit plus tot ; mais depuis dix jours que je suis revenu sur la ligne de l'Yser, c'est a peine si j'ai eu le temps de penser a tout le bonheur que j'ai eu chez vous en Angleterre, tellement les Boches nous envoient des marmites, jour et nuit. Ca n'est pas que leurs gros obus nous derangent autant qu'ils le pensent, et qu'ils fassent tous les ravages qu'ils esperent. Ainsi, depuis que je vous ai quittee a Londres, je n'ai vu que deux camarades qui ont ete tues dans ma tranchee. Il y en avait un qui venait d'arriver de l'arriere, depuis la veille. Il etait tout jeune, oh ! oui, beaucoup plus jeune que moi. Moi, j'ai 21 ans, comme vous savez, depuis le jour ou vous avez si gentiment fete mon anniversaire, quand vos enfants m'ont apporte ce joli bouquet tricolore, avec des pavots noirs, des boutons d'or, et des coquelicots. Lui etait un engage volontaire, et il n'avait que 18 ans ! Quand il a recu, dans la poitrine, l'eclat d'obus qui l'a tue, il a dit, tout bas, "Maman ! " il a etendu les bras, comme s'il voulait embrasser quelqu'un pour la derniere fois, et puis, ses paupieres se sont fermees sur ses grands yeux bleus d'enfant—c'etait fini ! Je le connaissais a peine, ce petit, eh ! bien, tu le croiras si vous voulez, j'ai etc si emu que je n'ai pas su me retenir de pleurer. Oui, je sais bien, un soldat ne devrait jamais pleurer ; la guerre, c'est la guerre, et tous les jours des milliers d'hommes meurent comme cela ; et ce qui doit nous consoler, c'est que peut-etre ce sera notre tour demain ! Seulement celui-la, tout mince, dans sa capote trop large, avait l'air d'un enfant ; il me rappelait ta petite fille Jenny, le jour ou nous avons joue charade, et ou elle avait mis mon kepi sur la gentille petite tete blonde. C'est peut-etre a cause de cela aussi, que j'ai pleure. . . . Oui, dans votre joli maison tapissee de lierres, il faisait si bon, si doux de vivre, que mon cceur s'en est attendri ; et il m'a fallu, tout le temps que je suis reste sans vous donner de mes nouvelles, pour le durcir un peu ; car

LETTRE DE L'YSER

vous le comprenez, n'est-ce pas, il n'est pas possible qu'un militaire verse des larmes, comxjie **ca, a la moindre occasion ? Maintenant,** ca y est, je suis de nouveau **habitué, et je puis vous écrire sans crainte** que demotion ne me fasse perdre un peu de mon courage.

Si vous saviez combien je pense a vous, et a Monsieur B., qui ne comprenait pas le francais, mais qui m'écoutait si attentivement, quand je racontais des histoires, et qui souriait, quand vous souriez, avant mème que vous ayez traduit ce que je vous disais. Et Jenny ! si douce, avec ses cheveux crolles, ses grands yeux bleus, du même bleu que ceux du petit soldat qui mourait en appelant sa maman ; et Bobby ! mon ami Bobby ! mon grand ami Bobby ! qui me faisait faire l'exercice, et pretendait que mes bequilles ne marchaient pas au pas ; et Daisy ! qui me comprenait déjà ! tu te rappelles, madame, quand je lui apprenais le francais ? Oui, enfin le francais . . . si j'ose dire, car je vous l'avoue, je ne suis pas très instruit en fran.ca.is, en flamand non plus, d'ailleurs, non, je ne suis pas très instruit, mais qu'est-ce que ca peut faire, puisque, comme vous dites, nous sommes quand même des héros ! Vous voyez, ca vous apprendra de nous gater ; et je vous previens que si ca continue, nous finirons par le croire que nous sommes des héros. Moi, je commence déjà a me faire a cette idee, et je crois que c'est un bon moyen de ranimer notre courage. Car parfois, je te dis ca, a vous seulement, il arrive tout de même, quand on est reste quelques jours et quelques nuits sans dormir, parce que les canons boches font trop de bruit, qu'on a les nerfs un peu fatigues, alors on a, comme disent nos camarades, les fusiliers marins, un peu le cafard ; oui, toutes sortes d'idees qui vous trottent dans la tête ; on pense au pays, a ses parents, qui sont restes de l'autre côté des tranches boches, a sa bonne amie, pour ceux qui ont une bonne amie, a ses amis, a ses camarades d'atelier ; on se demande s'ils sont morts ou vivants, s'ils pensent a nous, s'ils nous aiment toujours ! Alors moi, je me dis : " Qu'est-ce que tu as besoin de penser a tout ca ? Bats-toi, tue des Boches, tue tellement de Boches qu'il n'en restera plus sur ton chemin ; jusqu'a ta maison." Alors il faut voir, quand il y a une attaque, comme je saute hors de ma tranchee, comme je bondis avec mes camarades aussi loin que nous pouvons pour

LETTRE DE L'YSER

nous coucher dans l'herbe, tirer, et rebondir apres, Chaque bond que nous faisons nous rapproche de chez nous, et c'est pour cela que nous voudrions qu'ils seraient des pas de grants. Quand il m'arrive de penser que je serais peut-etre blesse encore une fois, je me console, oh ! tres vite, en songeant que je me ferais transporter de nouveau chez vous, Madame. Alors je revois la jolie petite chambre claire que tu m'avais donnee, le jardin plein de fleurs, les oiseaux si familiers qu'on sentait qu'eux aussi etaient comme chez eux dans ta maison. Je refais dans ma pensee toute ma convalescence, apres mon operation ; c'est comme si de nouveau je renaissais a la vie, avec une maman aussi bonne que la mienne, et plus jolie et qui aurait davantage le temps de s'occuper de moi, de me panser, de me gater. Tenez, il vaut mieux que je ne songe plus a cela, car vous avez ete si bonne, si douce, que je finirais par souhaiter de recevoir encore une balle qui me briserait la cuisse pour avoir de nouveau ce bonheur-la. Et 9a, n'est-ce pas, je n'ai pas le droit de la souhaiter ? Ca serait une vilaine pensee, car on a besoin ici des bras de tous ceux qui peuvent tenir un fusil. Le plaisir d'etre blesse, 9a est un luxe pour les temps de paix! Maintenant, laisse moi te parler de quelque chose que je n'ai pas ose vous dire quand j'etais pres de toi a Londres, parce que tu aurais trouve 9a, comment est-ce que je dirais ? trop . . . des enfantillages enfin ; mais par lettre j'ai moins peur que tu trouves 9a ridicule. Un jour, que je me promenais seul dans New Bond Street, je suis entre chez un photographe, et j'ai fait tirer mon portrait dans mon bel uniforme, tu sais le nouveau, celui qui ressemble si fort a l'uniforme des Anglais et que Monsieur B. m'avait donne. Il est tres bien reussi, mon portrait; tres ressemblant! Mes camarades trouvent qu'il est un peu flatte, mais ils ne m'ont pas vu quand mon costume etait tout neuf et que j'avais ete faire couper mes cheveux; mais toi, vous m'avez vu et je suis sur que tu me trouverasla dessus tout a fait comme j'etais. J'ai cru que ca te ferait peut-etre plaiser que je vous envoie ce portrait comme un souvenir de moi, car on ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver . . . et je ne voudrais pas que tu oublies trop vite le petit soldat beige que tu as si tendrement soigne ! Quand je dis que je ne voudrais pas que tu oublies, je me trompe, car maintenant je connais trop ton

LETTRE DE L'YSER

cœur pour croire qu'il oublierait, mais c'est pour les petits: Jenny, Bobby et Daisy; ils sont encore si jeunes, la vie, pour eux, auprès de toi et de Monsieur B. sera si belle que, qui sait? si vous ne leur montrez pas quelques fois mon portrait, qui sait si, eux, ils ne m'oublieraient peut-être pas ? et cela me ferait trop de peine ! C'est pour cela, chère Madame B., que je vous envoie cette photographique ou je n'ai pas osé mettre une dédicace parce que j'avais peur d'écrire des fautes et qu'alors tu ne pourras pas la montrer ou la mettre sur le beau piano de votre salon. Au revoir, chère Mistress B,—du moins je l'espère. . . . Et permettez, en vous remerciant encore de tout ce que vous avez fait pour moi, que je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur avec le grand respect que je vous dois et en criant: Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah ! for England !

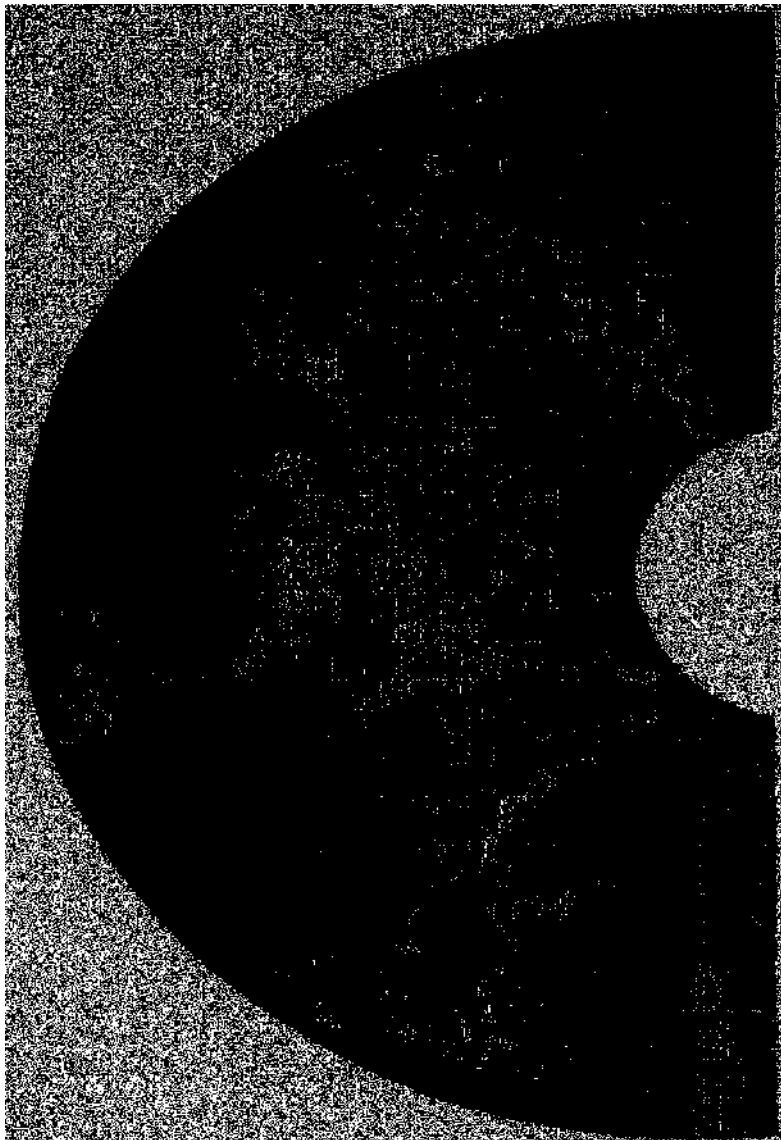
JEF SPIECKART.

P.S.—Est-ce que vous ne saurez pas demander au photographe s'il ne pourrait pas ajouter sur mon portrait la croix de chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold, que je viens de recevoir ? Oui, parce que j'ai fait sauter, à moi tout seul, un pont sous le feu de l'ennemi. Figurez-vous que le général m'a embrassé et félicité devant tout le régiment pour mon courage et cependant je n'ai jamais eu aussi peur de ma vie !

Contrôle par le censeur.

Le censeur :

JEAN FRANÇOIS FONSON.



ROTTEN ROW
HENRY MONTIGNY

LETTER FROM THE YSER.

TRANSLATION BY J. LEWIS MAY.

JEF SPIECKART, Sergeant-Major in the 1st Chasseurs a pied, Belgian Army, to Mrs. B., X Square, London.

DEAR MADAM,—You must not be offended with me for not writing to you sooner, but during the ten days that have elapsed since I returned to the Yser lines I have scarcely had time even to think of all the happiness that was mine in your house, so incessantly have the Boches rained ^a coal-boxes " upon us, day and night. Not that these great shells of theirs disturb us as much as they think, or do as much damage as they hope. Since I said good-bye to you in London I have seen but two of my comrades who were killed in my trench. One of them had only come up to the front the day before. He was quite a youngster ; oh, yes, much younger than I. I am twenty-one, as you have been aware ever since the day you so kindly celebrated my birthday, when your children brought me that pretty tricolour bouquet of black and crimson poppies and buttercups. He had joined as a volunteer and was only eighteen. When the piece of shell that killed him struck him in the breast, he murmured very softly " Maman," and stretched out his arms as though to embrace her for the last time, and then the lids closed over his big blue childish eyes and all was over. I hardly knew the poor little chap, but—well, you may believe it or not, as you please—I was so moved that I could not help weeping. Of course, I know well enough that a soldier should never shed tears. War is war, and every day thousands of men die like that, and what should console us is the thought that perhaps it will be our turn to-morrow. But he was so slight, and his military great-coat, that was too big for him, made him look such a child! He reminded me of your little daughter Jenny, that day we had charades and she put my *kifi* on her little fair head. Perhaps that, too, had something to do with my weeping. Yes, in your pretty ivy-covered house life was so good and so pleasant that my heart melted at the thoughts of it, and all the time that I refrained from writing to you I was trying to harden it a little, for you know, don't you, that it would never do for a soldier to shed tears like that on the slightest occasion ? Now it's all right again, I

LETTER FROM THE YSER

have got into the swing once more and I can write to you without being afraid that my feelings will make my courage waver.

If you knew what a lot I have been thinking about you, and about Mr. B., who did not understand French yet listened so kindly to the tales I had to tell and smiled when you smiled, even before you had had time to translate what I had said. And Jenny, too, what a sweet little thing she was with her curly hair and her big blue eyes ; just the same blue as those of the little soldier who died calling out for his " Maman." And then Bobby, my friend Bobby, my great friend Bobby ! Bobby, who insisted on drilling me, and made out that I didn't keep step with my crutches. And Daisy, who was already able to understand what I said. You remember, Madame, when I used to teach her French. Yes, French, if I may make so bold as to call it so, for I confess to you that I am not very learned in French, nor in Flemish either. No, I am not much of a " scholar " ; but what matter, since, as you say, we are heroes all ! There, you see, that will show you how you are spoiling us, and I warn you that if it goes on we shall really come to believe it ! As for myself, the idea is rather getting hold of me, and I think it's a good way of restoring our courage. For—I am telling you this in confidence—it does sometimes happen that when one has been some days and nights without sleep because of the din of the Boches' guns one's nerves get rather overstrained. Then, as our friends the marines say, one gets a touch of the " maggots "—all sorts of fancies start running in your head. You think of home, of your people left behind on the other side of the German trenches, of your sweetheart, if you have one, of your friends and the fellows you used to work with. You wonder whether they're alive or dead, and if they're thinking of you, if they still care for you. At times like that I say to myself: "What business have you to be thinking of that sort of thing ? Fight hard and kill the Boches, kill such heaps of them that not a solitary one shall be left on the road that leads back home ! " Then, when there's an attack, you should see me clear my trench ; you should see how we leap, the other fellows and I, as far as we can and then fling ourselves flat down, fire, and then make another dash onward again. Every rush we make brings us nearer home, and that's why we

LETTER FROM THE YSER

wish they were giant strides. And when I remember that I may, perhaps, get wounded again, I comfort myself, and quickly too, by thinking, "I'll get them to take me back to Mrs. B.'s again." Then, in my mind's eye, I see the bright little room you let me have once more; the garden filled with flowers, the birds so friendly that one felt that they, too, knew they were at home in your house. I go over again, in thought, the whole period of convalescence that followed my operation. It was like beginning life anew, with a mother just as kind as my own, and prettier; a mother with leisure, too, to look after me, to nurse me and to spoil me. But come! I had better not think any more about that, for you were so kind, so gentle, that, in the end, I should be wanting to get my thigh broken by another bullet in order to enjoy such happiness over again, and I have no right to wish that, have I? That would be an ignoble idea to entertain, wouldn't it? For every man who can handle a rifle is needed here. The pleasure of being wounded is a luxury for times of peace.

Now let me tell you about something I dared not mention when I was with you in London because you would have thought it too—what shall I say *I*—oh, well, too childish. But in the case of a letter I don't mind being laughed at so much. Well then, one day, when I was walking alone down New Bond Street, I went into a photographer's and had my portrait taken in my swell uniform, the new one, you know, which looks so much like the English uniforms, and which Mr. B. gave me. The portrait was a great success, a very good likeness. The other fellows think it rather flattering, but then they did not see me when my uniform was quite new and I had just had my hair cut. You saw me then, though, and I am quite sure you will think it just like what I was. I thought perhaps it would give you pleasure if I sent you this portrait to remember me by, for one never knows what may happen—and I shouldn't like you to forget too soon the little Belgian soldier whom you looked after so tenderly. When I say I should not like you to forget, I am wrong, for now I know your heart too well to think *you* would forget; but it is for the little ones, Jenny, Bobby and Daisy. They are still so young, and life for them with you and Mr. B. will be so happy that—who knows?—if you didn't show them my likeness

LETTER FROM THE YSER

sometimes, they would forget me perhaps, and that would be painful for me to think of. That, dear Mrs. B., is why I am sending you this photograph. I have not written any inscription on it for fear I should make a mistake, and then you could not show it to anyone or put it on that beautiful piano in your drawing-room. Au revoir, dear Mrs. B.—at least, I hope it may be "au revoir"—and in thanking you once more for all you have done for me, suffer me to embrace you with all my heart with the deep respect I owe you, and with a "Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah for England! "

JEF SPIECKART.

P.S.—Do you think you could ask the photographer whether he could manage to add to my photograph the Cross of the Chevalier de POrdre de Leopold, which I have just had granted to me ? Yes, it was because I blew up a bridge, all alone, under the enemy's fire. Just imagine ! The General embraced me and congratulated me on my bravery before the whole regiment, and yet I was never in such a fright in my life !

Passed the Censorship.—J. F. Fonson, Censor.

CE QUE JE DOIS A L'ANGLETERRE!

PAR LEON SOUGUENET.

J'AI partagé les 30 premières années de ma vie entre la France, la Belgique et l'Angleterre. Je dois une égale gratitude à ces trois pays. J'ai voulu il y a quelques dix ans m'acquitter partiellement envers l'Angleterre. Homme de lettres, j'écrivis un livre.

La constatation essentielle que j'y consignai fut celle-ci : " La Grande Bretagne est une île." C'est une forte vérité dont il importe qu'on soit pénétré.

Sur le quai de Folkestone, en Octobre 1914, une dame beige, jaunie par la traversée, me demanda : " Monsieur est-ce que pour rentrer chez nous, il me faudra encore traverser la mer . . . ? " " Helas ! Madame," lui dis-je, " la Grande Bretagne est une île. . . ." La voyant désespérée je voulus l'initier de suite un peu brutalement aux faits inéluctables, j'ajoutai—"et c'est plein d'Anglais."

Ces deux notions sont, je crois, indispensables à ceux qui veulent vivre en Angleterre. Après cela il ne reste plus qu'à se familiariser avec le *mutton chop*, la *Worcestershire sauce*, le *porridge* et les *puddings*.

Alors, tôt ou tard, on aime l'Angleterre ; on l'aime sans expansion, sans cris, sans gestes, comme une de ces vieilles parentes qui ne vous embrassent pas beaucoup, qui ne prodiguent pas les mots d'affection mais dont on sait toujours la maison ouverte, l'accueil sûr, calme et reposant.

Il m'est arrivé comme à tout le monde d'éprouver des chagrins, de sentir la vanité des choses, d'être déçu en mes sentiments et de rêver cloître et exil. Je ne suis pas fait pour le cloître. Alors je pensais : " J'irai à Londres et j'irai tous les jours à la bibliothèque du British Museum. J'entamerai d'interminables travaux, assis dans de bons fauteuils, sous la lampe électrique dont l'éclairage circulaire delimitera pour moi le monde, mon univers. Et ce sera au dehors le brouillard, l'orage, la pluie—et la méchanceté humaine ; j'aurai la paix de Fame, dans un des plus sublimes asiles qu'aient élevés l'humanité."

Je dois beaucoup à l'Angleterre et aux Anglais. Élevé avec des Anglais, un de mes petits camarades anglais m'initia à la boxe en me pochant l'œil. J'en vois encore douze mille chandelles rien qu'en y pensant ; il m'avait accusé de manger des grenouilles, je lui rendis son coup de poing, mais d'une façon molle et nous fumes bons amis.

CE QUE JE DOIS A L'ANGLETERRE!

J'eus d'autres amis k Londres : les daïms de Bushey Park, les ecureuils de Regent's Park, les moineaux et les canards de Hyde Park, les mouettes du London Bridge et de PEmbankment; j'allais oublier un cormoran de Kew Gardens qui a une dignite de clergyman.

J'aime Londres parce que je ne trouve qu'a Londres la solitude totale, profonde dont j'ai parfois besoin. J'ai essaye parfois du Sahara mais comme dit Pautre : " Je reviens du desert; il y avait un monde ! "

Il me semble qu'i Londres je redeviens maitre de moi-meme, parmi des gens qui savent dominer leurs sentiments.

En Octobre dernier j'y accedai, comme tout le monde, en tenue de refugeie: une casquette venerable, des souliers qui baillaient d* ennui tant la vie leur pesait et un impermeable dont une déchirure avait ete raccommodee par le fils de mon ami Jean Dardenne avec un fragment de pneu de bicyclette.

Je rencontraï un " old fellow " qui me demonta le bras d'un shake hand en coup de pompe. . . . C'etait devant une gare ou il me poussa sans ecouter ce que je lui disais, Nous arrivames dans un cottage au faitage normand tapisse chaudement de vigne de Veitch. Une jeune femme et six enfants nous attendaient pour le diner.

J'etais bien embarrasse. Faute d' " evening dress " je me demandais s'il ne serait pas opportun de garder a table mon waterproof. Mon ami se mit, sans rire, en bras de chemise.

Après diner nous fumames, enfonces en de larges fauteuils de cuir, une serie de pipes de " navy cut." Et pendant toute la soiree nous ne nous dimes rien ou presque rien. Nous ne parlames ni de la guerre, ni d'une certaine bibliothcque eparpillee, ni d'un vieux jardin qui m'est cher et oft des bombes ont fait de grands trous, non plus de ceux ou de celles qui sont restes U-bas.

A minuit mon ami me mena dans une chambre a coucher, me demonta a nouveau l'epaule par un shake hand en coup de pompe et me dit ces simples mots : " Le bain a 7 heures."

J'en fus ragaillardï. Il n'y a qu'un Anglais et en Angleterre qui puisse vous remonter par une phrase aussi denuee d'eloquence.

Vive a jamais la vieille Angleterre !

WHAT I OWE TO ENGLAND.

TRANSLATION BY SIR HERCULES READ,

Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries.

THE first thirty years of my life have been shared between France, Belgium, and England. I owe the same gratitude to all three countries. For about ten years past I have wanted to pay, in some measure, my debt to England. As a man of letters I wrote a book.

The governing idea that in this way I wanted to bring out was this : " Great Britain is an island : it is a vigorous truth with which it is necessary that one should be saturated."

As I landed on Folkestone pier in October, 1914, a Belgian lady, sallow from the crossing, asked me " whether it was necessary to cross the sea again in order to get home." " Alas, madame," I replied, " Great Britain is an island," and seeing her much disturbed, and wishing to let her grasp at once, and somewhat uncompromisingly, the inevitable facts, I added, " and it is full of English."

These two convictions are, I believe, absolutely necessary for all who wish to live in England. Beyond that it is only needful to make friends with the " mutton chop," with " Worcester sauce," porridge and puddings.

In this wise, sooner or later, one loves England, loves her with effusiveness, not crying it aloud, without gestures, as one loves old relatives who are not over ready with their kisses nor too prodigal of affectionate phrases, but where one is sure of an open house, of a welcome certain, calm and restful.

It has happened to me, as to the rest of the world, to pass through troublous times, to feel the vanity of all things, to be led astray by my feelings, and to dream of cloister and exile. I am not built for the cloister. Then my thoughts would run thus :

" I will go over to London, and every day I will go to the library of the British Museum. I will begin interminable researches, seated in one of those comfortable chairs, under an electric lamp whose circle of light will limit for me my world, my whole universe. And without will be the fog, storms, and rain and the ill-humours of mankind. I

WHAT I OWE TO ENGLAND

shall find peace for my spirit in one of the most sublime retreats **that** humanity has ever set up."

I owe much to England and the English. Brought up with them, one of my little English comrades instilled into me an idea of boxing by giving me at the same time a black eye. I can still see ten thousand stars when I think of it! He had accused me of eating frogs and I hit him back, but in a half-hearted fashion; we became good friends.

I had other friends in London : the deer in Bushey Park, the squirrels in Regent's Park, the sparrows and ducks of Hyde Park, the gulls on London Bridge and the Embankment. I had nearly forgotten a cormorant in Kew Gardens—as dignified as a clergyman. I love London because it is only there that I can find the profound and total solitude that is at times a necessity to me. I have tried the Sahara, but, as another has already said, " I am back from the desert—there were too many people there."

It seems to me that in London I become again master of myself among people who are capable of controlling their feelings.

In the October of last year I came over, like the rest of the world, in the garb of a refugee, dressed in an old cap, a pair of shoes gaping with fatigue and the boredom of life, and a waterproof in which a rent had been mended with a piece of bicycle tyre by the aid of my friend, Jean Dardenne.

I met an " old fellow," who nearly dislocated my arm by shaking my hand as if it were a pump handle. This was in front of a railway station into which he pushed me without listening to what I said. We arrived at a cottage with a Norman gable thickly draped with Virginia creeper. A young woman and six children were waiting for us to come to dinner. I was considerably embarrassed, having no evening clothes. I was asking myself would it not be well to keep on my waterproof? My friend, however, sat down in his shirt-sleeves, without a smile.

After dinner we sat, buried in ample leather-covered armchairs, smoking pipe after pipe of " Navy cut," and during the whole evening we hardly interchanged a word. We spoke neither of the war, nor of a certain scattered library, nor of an old garden, dear to my heart,



ST. IVES, CORNWALL
LOUIS RECKELBUN

WHAT I OWE TO ENGLAND

in which the shells had made great pits, nor even of those, men or women whom we had left behind.

At midnight my friend showed me my room, again nearly tearing *my* arm from its socket, and uttered these simple words: " Your bath will be ready at seven."

I was greatly heartened by this. Only an Englishman, in England, can cheer one up by a phrase so bare of eloquence.

Long live old England !

DANS LA GALLES DU SUD.

PAR RICHARD DUPIERREUX.

AUX premieres heures de Immigration beige, l'intelligente initiative de M. Tom Jones—un nom que nos compatriotes doivent retenir comme celui d'un de leurs plus affectueux protecteurs, pendant leur dure epreuve—avait reve de constituer, en Pays de Galles, une sorte de phalanstere ou les artistes et les intellectuels de chez nous eussent pu recuperer le calme necessaire pour reprendre leur ceuvre interrompue par la bataille. Reve genereux, encore qu'un peu utopique, car quelle ame eut reussi, quelle ame eut consenti, a s'abstraire des preoccupations de l'annee et a se reprendre a vivre au-dessus d'un siecle aussi tragique ! Le projet, d'ailleurs, en vint, par la force meme des choses, a se reduire et a se transformer. Emile Verhaeren a trouve un abri et une amitie dans une campagne de pres feconds et d'arbres verts entre Cardiff et Newport, non loin du village ou se trouvait Emile Claus. Souguenet, y fixa pendant quelques semaines sa goguenardise un peu amertume, avant d'etre port6 par sa passion du voyage vers le midi ensoleille et le Sahara brulant. Fabry et Ottevaere resterent longtemps dans les collines de Hereford. Minne, de Sadeleer et Van de Woestyne s'etablirent au bord de la mer, dans la Galles du Nord.

Mais si l'hospitalite accordee a ces grands noms ne realisa qu'en partie le projet primitif, celui-ci s'elargit considerablement. Les comites locaux ont reuni a Cardiff et dans les environs un chiffre de refugies de toutes classes, qui n'est pas loin, je crois, d'etre le plus eleve qu'on ait atteint dans le Royaume-Uni, Londres mis a part.

Le double caractere confere de la sorte a l'hospitalite galloise s'explique, du reste, parfaitement. La Principaute de Galles est, en effet, un pays d'initiatives a la fois democratiques et intellectuelles. Cette vieiUe terre, ou s'est conservee pure l'immemoriale race celtique, a acquis en moins de cent annees un prodigieux developpement. La ville de Cardiff, il y a un siecle, n'etait qu'une bourgade de pecheurs : l'historique chateau de Lord Bute, avec sa tour blasonnee, le clocher de l'eglise, et quelques maisons paysannes, tel etait l'embryon

DANS LA GALLES DU SUD

de cite jete au bord du golfe de Bristol, et qui y vegetait, sans espoir de progres. Mais, dans les collines, le fer du mineur mettait a nu un filon de houille. Bientot, l'extraction prit a l'ontypridd, a l'ontypool, un caractere intensif. Des wagons trainerent vers la mer l'une des plus grandes quantites de combustible qu'on fasse sortir, en Europe, des entrailles de la terre. La fortune de Cardiff etait nee : les maisons s'agglomererent, les docks jeterent dans les flots leurs bras noirs, pour accueillir les navires destines a charrier jusqu'au bout des oceans le tresor de Galles, et bient6t Cardiff merita, par sa richesse, par sa population, par son industrie, de devenir la capitale effective du pays cymrique.

Mais, a mesure que s'agrandissait la cite des marchands et des armateurs, a mesure que la population ouvriere devenait plus dense, Cardiff prenait conscience de la necessite de s'elever dans l'ordre de Pintelligence et des beaux-arts. L'Universite de Cardiff, troisieme branche de l'Universite de Galles, acquit rapidement une grande reputation, qui s'accroit chaque annee. La Municipality erigea de somptueux edifices, pour les differents services de Padministration, de la Justice, de l'enseignement; elle crea de grands pares publics, avec un vif souci de la beaute et de l'hygiene, si bien que cette vaste agglomeration put eviter de subir la loi de laideur qui pese d'ordinaire sur les citos a la trop hative croissance. Le culte des ancetres, la tradition galloise, se maintinrent, grace a l'effort perseverant d'esprits comprehensifs. Le Musee de Galles, pour lequel on erige aujourd'hui un royal edifice, garde intacts, dans ses collections de tableaux et de porcelaines, l'image de la vieille terre et le souvenir de l'activite industrielle de la race.

Nous devons aimer cette race aussitot que nous la connumes. Elle n'a point la reserve anglo-saxonne, qui a souvent deconcerte d'autres compatriotes. Mais elle est, au contraire, prompte a temoigner ses sentiments, encline a les poetiser, d'imagination genereuse et fraiche, toute nourrie de legendes et j'ai eu, pour ma part, l'emotion d'y retrouver bien des traits de notre race wallonne.

Dans les paysages eux-memes, l'identite s'affirmait parfois. Il y a, dans les collines du Glamorgan, toutes couvertes, l'automne venu,

DANS LA GALLES DU SUD

de rose fougere fan6e, une inflexion de lignes qui m'a rappelle notre Ardenne ltegeoise. Il s'est fait qu'aujourd'hui, aimable affirmation de l'oubli de nos querelles anciennes, ce soit le maitre flamand, Emile Claus, qui ait conserve Fimage de cette Wallonie inattendue.

Le jour ou l'on voudra reunir une galerie de l'Art en exil, ses pastels gallois y prendront tout naturellement une place eminente. Nul—meme les artistes locaux—n'a mieux compris que lui la mobile beaute des sites inondes de changeantes lumieres, la grandeur decorative des arbres et la splendeur tragique des ciels au-dessus des monts depouilles par l'hiver.

Ces pastels seront, pour moi, des evocateurs sentimentaux de la plus Strange puissance. lis me rappelleront certains soirs, dans la petite maison blanche que le maitre habitait li-bas, au creux d'une colline ; Claus y parlait de son art, de ses voyages et du beau pays d'oti les barbares l'avaient chasse. Il y avait, dans le geste, dans la parole, dans les regards du causeur, tant de vie et tant d'espoir, qu'on ne pouvait s'empecher de se faire des reproches, si parfois, on avait eu la faiblesse d'un decouragement.

Le Pays de Galles me serait cher, pour ces heures-li, et pour la profonde et respectueuse affection qu'elles consacrent, si tant d'autres raisons deji ne me le rendaient sacre. Il m'est comme une seconde patrie et j'y ai des amis qui me sont comme des parents. Nombreux sont ceux qui ont connu l'hospitalite de ce pays et qui peuvent en dire autant.

IN SOUTH WALES.

TRANSLATION BY HENRY D. ROBERTS,

Director of the Public Library, Museum and Art Galleries, Brighton.

AT the beginning of the Belgian emigration it had been the dream of Mr. Tom Jones—a name which our countrymen should ever remember as that of one of their most warm-hearted protectors during their severe trial—to establish in Wales a kind of settlement where our artists and writers might be able to regain the necessary quietude of mind to enable them to take up their work interrupted by the war. A generous dream, although a little Utopian, for who could succeed in withdrawing, or would even consent to withdraw himself from the anxieties of the time, and take up his life outside a century so tragic ? The scheme besides was considerably modified by the force of circumstances.

Emile Verhaeren found shelter and friendship in a country of fruitful fields and green trees, between Cardiff and Newport, not far from the village where Emile Claus was to be found. Souguenet stayed there for some weeks, his jovial nature somewhat embittered, before being carried away by his fondness for travel towards the sun-filled south and the scorching Sahara. Fabry and Ottevaere remained for some time amongst the hills of Hereford. Minne, de Sadeleer and Van de Woestyne settled near the sea in North Wales. But if the hospitality offered to these great names only partially fulfilled the original proposal, the latter was considerably extended. Local Committees had brought together at Cardiff and in its suburbs a number of refugees of all classes, which, with the exception of London, is not far, I believe, from being the highest reached in the United Kingdom.

The two-fold character thus assumed by Welsh hospitality is easily understood. Wales is a land of originality, at once democratic and intellectual. This historic country, where the ancient Celtic race is preserved in all its purity, has wonderfully developed during the last 100 years. The town of Cardiff a century ago was nothing more than a small fishing village ; the historic castle of the Marquis of Bute, with its blazoned tower, the steeple of the Church, and a few country houses, such was the nucleus of the city which arose on the banks of the Bristol

IN SOUTH WALES

Channel, and vegetated there without hope of progress. But, in the hills, the pick of the miner laid bare a seam of coal. Trucks carried towards the sea the greatest mass of fuel in Europe that could be dug out of the bowels of the earth. The fortune of Cardiff was born. Houses sprang up everywhere, the docks threw out their black arms into the waters to welcome the vessels that were to convey the treasures of Wales to the ends of the oceans, and soon Cardiff, through its richness, population, and industry, became the actual capital of the Cymric country.

But as the city of merchants and shipowners spread, and as the working population became more dense, Cardiff became alive to the necessity of advancing in education and the fine arts. The University of Cardiff, the third branch of the University of Wales, rapidly acquired a great reputation which increased every year. The Municipality erected sumptuous buildings for the different branches of the administration, for justice and for education ; it laid out large public parks, with such keen regard for beauty and hygiene that this vast agglomeration was able to avoid submitting to the law of ugliness which is the usual fate of cities of sudden growth. The worship of ancestors, the Welsh tradition, preserved itself, thanks to the untiring efforts of enthusiasts.

The National Museum of Wales, for which has been erected a building of royal proportions, keeps intact in its collections of paintings and china the picture of olden times and a memorial of the industrial activity of the race. We had to love this race as soon as we knew it. It has not the Anglo-Saxon reserve which has often puzzled other compatriots, but it is, on the contrary, quick to show its feelings, apt to translate them into poetry, with a free and generous imagination fed on legends ; and, for my part, I have had the delight of finding there traces of our Walloon race. In the natural scenery itself this resemblance is occasionally found. In the hills of Glamorganshire, all covered in the autumn with red, faded fern, there are contours which recall to me our own Ardennes.

It is an interesting commentary on the desire to forget our ancient quarrels that the Flemish master, Emile Claus, should have recorded the features of this unexpected Walloon district.

IN SOUTH WALES

Some day, when an exhibition of " Art in Exile " is brought together, his Welsh paintings will naturally take a prominent place. No one, not even artists of the land, has understood better than he the mobile beauty of the scenery flooded with changing light, the decorative grandeur of the trees and the tragic splendour of the skies above the mountains stripped bare by the winter.

These pastels will recall to me strange deep memories. They will bring back to me certain evenings in the little white house in which the master lived down in the hollow of the hill; Claus would speak of his art, his travels, and the beautiful country from which the barbarians had driven him. In the gestures, in the words, in the looks of the speaker, there were so much life and so much hope that one could not refrain from reproaching oneself if now and then one had given way to despondency.

The country of Wales will be dear to me for these hours and for the deep and sincere affection which they perpetuate, if there were not already so many other reasons to render them sacred for me. It is to me like a second Fatherland, and I have there many friends who are to me as my own people ; many are those who have known the hospitality of this country and who are able to say the same.

ASPECTS ET LEMONS DE LONDRES.

PAR CHARLES DELCHEVALERIE.

AU bord de l'avenue bourdonnante ou cent vehicules se croisent en glissant sur le pave de bois, void que le nettoyeur de la voirie a termine sa tache. Delaissant ses outils, il s'est assis sur un banc encastre dans les dalles du trottoir. Il tire d'une poche le briquet de son déjeuner. C'est comme un signal: il est aussitot entoure d'un peuple pepiant et vorace de moineaux arrives a tire d'aile du, square d'en face.

Le pauvre diable a des yeux jeunes dans sa face tannee et sous ses cheveux blancs. C'est une idylle en plein vent que nous offre, sans s'en douter ce bon Samaritain du carrefour, heureux de partager chaque matin son pain avec les oiseaux familiers. Qu'on le regarde ou non, il accomplit pour son plaisir intime ce rite de la journee. Il jouit en souriant de la gourmandise de ses notes en bataille autour de chaque miette. Et si quelque passant s'arrete a contempler le festin, le brave homme en son jargon continue sa pensee en articulant quelques mots qui signifient a peu prds : " Ce sont de si bonnes petites betes. . . . "

Cette bienveillance envers " Nos freres inferieurs " n'est pas, sans doute, un monopole britannique. Mais elle est pratiquee en Angleterre avec une attention particuliere, et c'est ainsi qu'on n'y rencontre guere d'animaux mefiants. Le chien hargneux et le chat craintif y sont un mythe. Les betes domestiques sont telles que l'homme les eduque. Il n'y a ni peur, ni revoke la ou il n'y a pas de violence.

A Hampton Court on verra des troupeaux de daims s'ebatre sans alarmes sur les pelouses ou les families dinent en pique-nique. A Kensington Gardens des moutons a lourde toison, qui fourniront les " mutton chops " d'un prochain avenir, broutent dans la meme libre securite a dix pas des omnibus et de l'Underground. Il y a done dans les mceurs un mot d'ordre, de bonte et de respect.

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Les animaux n'en sont pas seuls beneficiaires. L'Anglais a le sens de la nature. Il lui fait sa part dans les agglomerations les plus surpeuplees. Il fait jaillir les fleurs autour de ses cottages dont la muraille

ASPECTS ET LECONS DE LONDRES

s'clabousse **du** sang vermeils des vignes vierges, et sous sa loi l'arbre peut pousser a sa guise. Il sait le bienfait social des vegetations abondantes, repos pour la vue, tonique apte a vivifier, a rafraichir l'atmosphere viciee des grandes villes. La merveille de Londres, ce sont ces jardins ou tiendraient des villages, ces vastes terrains plantes et gazonnes, ces echappees de plein air et de verdure, ces oasis au milieu du morose ocean de briques noircies. Il faut aux populations amassees ce voisinage reparateur, et c'est un sens pratique a courte vue que celui qui condamnerait les esplanades ombragees ou peut jouer et se delasser un peuple, parce qu'elles representent un capital improductif. L'hygiene collective—autant morale que physique—impose ces reserves de salubrite,

Aussi bien, si la ville geante est morne en son cadre hivernal, quand la brume de ses fumees rabattues la couvre d'un manteau couleur de cendre et d'amadou, ses pares et ses jardins lui font au printemps une couronne de sourires. Quelle douce fete que la floraison des azalees dans les jardins de Kew ! et qu'ils sont beaux, les arbres anglais, parce qu'ils ont cru librement ! lis sont plus que les notres majestueux et vivants, parce que Pemondeur—ce censeur !—n'a pas contrarie les poussees de leur seve. lis n'ont pas comme tant d'arbres de chez nous l'air de victimes torturees et lentes a se remettre de leurs blessures. lis sont puissants et venerables dans l'expansion de leurs frondaisons. lis ont la beaute de ce qui s'est developpe sans contrainte, dans une naturelle harmonie.

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On peut, semble-t-il, discerner dans cette protection des etres et des choses une affirmation du sentiment jaloux qu'a l'Anglais de la liberte individuelle et du respect qu'il professe pour la liberte d'autrui. Sa tolerance est organique et instinctive. Dans le prestigieux decor de Hyde Park, avez-vous ecoute parfois les orateurs de plein air ? Les opinions contradictoires peuvent voisiner, il n'y aura pas de bagarre. Au plus eloquent de convaincre ceux qui l'entourent, Les flaneurs vont de l'un a l'autre : tel qui se voit delaisse n'a pas su persuader et ne peut s'en prendre qu'a lui-meme. C'est au public a choisir entre les theses qu'on lui propose. La plus saugrenue a le droit de se produire:

361

ASPECTS ET LEMONS DE LONDRES

an bon sens de l'auditeur a en faire justice. Si elle est mauvaise, il n'est point de dispute qui la puisse rendre meilleure. . • .

. . . . Cependant, au deli des grilles, la cohue des autos, des omnibus, des cabs et des fringants attelages difere sans repit autour de l'Arche de Marbre. Cela fait un chaos organist, une ruée methodique dans les accalmies de laquelle un flot de passants s'aventure. Un policeman gigantesque et tutelaire, tranquille comme une bouée au milieu du peril, assure l'ordre aux courants entrecroises de cette maree humaine.

Et voyez, tout s'arrete a son signal. Les rouges autobus, avec leur imperiale oft les toilettes claires composent un eventaire de bouquetiere, stoppent en trepidant, et aussi les lourds camions de guerre, et les carrosses de luxe aux m6taux etincelants. Le policeman a vu, perdue sur Pilot d'un refuge, une petite fille portant sa poupee et son cerceau. Il Pa prise par la main, sans se presser, le geant et l'enfant passent la revue des monstres domptes, traversent la chaussee et gagnent le trottoir. La petite est en surete. L'ange gardien au casque noir fait un autre geste de la main: la voie est libre. On peut repartir, et tout s'ebroule. La plus belle des libertes, c'est la discipline consentie qui garantit jusqu'au droit du plus faible.

• * * •

La rue et le pare offrent ainsi de muettes lemons a l'observateur venu du continent. Il en est bien d'autres encore qu'on pourrait signaler, et qui prouvent qu'on peut s'ameliorer en regardant vivre nos grands amis d'Angleterre. Londres n'a pas le charme de Paris, et se livre moins vite. Mais que d'aspects grandioses et impressionnants dans son immenseite!

Une manifestation patriotique dans le decor ensoleille de Trafalgar Square, l'animation de la Tamise sous la grisaille du matin, le paysage d'edifices, de fleches, de domes et de cheminees qui se deroule de Westminster a la Tour, le sombre fourmillement des arteres de la Cite, le tumulte des grandes gares, la vaste splendeur des jardins d'ete, les foules elegantes, affaires, cosmopolites qui grouillent dans le West End, cceur battant de la metropole, tout cela forme pour l'etranger un tresor d'impressions et de souvenirs capables d'enrichir singulierement sa

ASPECTS ET LEMONS DE LONDRES

mentalite, D y a dans ces visions la marque d'une grandeur formidable et sure d'elle-meme. Pour les citoyens d'un petit pays ou certains vecurent souvent confines dans le cercle restreint de leurs habitudes, c'est un sejour certes profitable aux meilleures facultes que celui de la cite la plus demesuree qu'ait bati l'effort des hommes. Elle resume, dans le passe et le present, le labeur et l'orgueil d'une race qui a su se suffire a elle-meme, et fonder une force exempte de despotisme sur les reserves du plus bel empire qui soit sous le del. lis ont raison a coup sur, ceux qui, dans Piccadilly, songent a leur clocher de Flandre ou de Wallonie, Mais ils perdront peut-etre quelques-unes des etroitesses inherentes a la chere vie du terroir, s'ils veulent bien se donner la peine de comprendre le spectacle de Londres.

LONDON OBJECT LESSONS.

TRANSLATION BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHEIA.

HERE, by the side of a roaring thoroughfare, where hundreds of vehicles glide and cross upon the wooden roadway, a scavenger has finished his "job." Dropping his tools, he sinks upon a bench embedded in the paving-stones and takes from his pocket a packet of *'grub." Behold ! A signal ! Immediately he is assailed by a twittering and voracious battalion of sparrows on wing from the square hard by.

Beneath grizzled locks a pair of still youthful eyes shine out of a seamed face. This Good Samaritan of the Crossways, happy to share his daily bread with these friendly birds, presents an open-air idyll. Whether you take note of him or not, he is devoting himself to a matutinal rite for his own particular gratification. He delights in the greediness of guests who fight hard for each crumb. And should some passer-by pause to watch the banquet, the scavenger—in Cockney phrase—will give expression to some such thought as this: " What price these cheery little beggars ! "

A benevolence exercising itself on behalf of these little brothers of the air is no British monopoly; but it is practised in England with assiduity. And that is why one rarely finds there distrust on the part of the lower animals. The snarling dog, the hissing cat are conspicuously absent. For domestic beasts become what man makes of them. Eliminate violence, and you banish fear and defiance !

At Hampton Court look at the herds of fallow deer fearlessly bounding about lawns where trippers are picknicking. And in Kensington Gardens, thick-fleeced sheep—providers in the near future of mutton chops for the million—graze quietly within a few rods of omnibus routes and the Underground. Goodwill and respect for others are the A B C of the common code.

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Nor are animals the sole beneficiaries. Englishmen have an understanding of and for Nature. They " do their bit " under complex and overcrowded conditions. Flowers bloom about their cottages. The leaves of the wild vine rust red upon their walls. Under British rule a tree

LONDON OBJECT LESSONS

grows unpruned. Our Allies apprehend what abundant vegetation signifies to the commonwealth, a restful, tonic landscape likely to fortify and correct the vitiated atmosphere of large towns. The miracle of London is beheld in its parks. What wide pleasaunces of lawn and plantation! What spaces of open air and verdure—oases in a wilderness of soot and bricks ! Densely populated districts need such compensating surroundings. How shortsighted and unpractical to condemn shady walks merely because they represent capital lying idle ! Millions find recreation in them. The public health, alike moral and physical, exacts such life-distilling reservations.

More, granting that Babylon stands grim in its winter's setting, when the wind-driven soot drapes it with a funereal livery, do not the parks and gardens smile the more sweetly when Spring comes back ? What a holiday may be spent in Kew Gardens what time the azaleas are in full bloom ! And how fine the English trees look. Fine because they are free, more majestic, more alive than our trees, inasmuch as the pruner—the Censor !—has not suppressed the rising sap. English trees, unlike so many of ours, never present themselves as tormented victims slowly recovering from mutilation. No ; they reign as monarchs even in their green old age, setting forth the beauty which develops naturally and harmoniously.

* * * *

It seems to me that in this solicitude for creatures and things, one may catch a glimpse of a sense of jealousy which so many Englishmen feel for their own liberty and for the liberty of others, a toleration organic and illuminating. In the bewitching glades of Hyde Park have you ever listened to the out-o'-door spouters ? The most contradictory opinions flourish cheek by jowl—and never a scrimmage ! The public strolls from one orator to the other. The fellow who fails to convince has nobody to blame but himself. The public takes choice of the wares submitted. The most risky theme has right of expression. Let the good sense of the audience decide upon its merit. If it be unsound argument no patter will make it palatable. . . .

And yet, behind the park gates, a surging wave of motors, 'buses, cabs, smart equipages is swirling around the Marble Arch, Organised

LONDON OBJECT LESSONS

chaos ! At ordered intervals the tide of traffic races on. An immense policeman—tutelary deity !—immovable as a buoy in a sea-way, directs the cross currents of this human flood.

Mark, please, that all and sundry halt at his raised hand. The red motor 'bus, with its main-deck of frocks blazing like the broad basket of a flower girl, stops still—quivering. So do the military lorries and the resplendent car of the millionaire. The " Bobby " has perceived a tiny girl carrying her doll and hoop, a waif derelict upon a refuge in mid-stream. He takes her hand. Very leisurely, Triton and Minnow survey the tamed monsters of the deep. They cross the river and regain the shore. The child is safe. Her guardian angel, he of the black helmet, raises his hand. The tideway is open. Traffic begins again and becomes conglomerate. Liberty is never so beautiful as when, under the guise of an acclaimed discipline, she assures the rights of the weak and frail. . . .

Street and highway, then, present object lessons to the observer from overseas. Other lessons could be indicated to demonstrate the expediency of taking note how our English friends live. London lacks the lure of Paris, and surrenders herself more primly to the stranger. But her immense size inspires a deep and soul-stirring point of view.

A patriotic meeting in the sunny spaces of Trafalgar Square, the busy shimmer of the Thames in the grey hush of the morning, the panorama of buildings, spires, domes and chimneys which unrolls itself from Westminster to the Tower, the swarming, sombre arteries of the City, the blare of the great stations, the splendour of the gardens in summer-time, the smart crowds busy with their own affairs, cosmopolitans who revel in Mayfair, the core of the metropolis—these form for the stranger a treasure-house of impressions and memories which enrich his mentality. In such a " show " as this we may envisage a tremendous and intrinsic grandeur. For the citizens of a small country, where, perforce, many are cribbed in the ring fence of habit, a sojourn in the most immeasurable city which the efforts of mankind have built will surely tune them to higher issues. For London, both in her past and present, synchronises the labour and pride of a race that has learnt to be self-

LONDON OBJECT LESSONS

sufficing and to create a force free from tyranny out of the resources of the greatest empire under high heaven. Some of us, as we stroll down Piccadilly, have poignant reason to think of our own chiming bells in Flanders and Hainault; but we shall cast off, maybe, a cramped narrowness of outlook if we take pains to interpret London as a stupendous spectacle.

LA TAMISE A LONDRES.

PAR JEAN DE BOSSCHERE.

LE fleuve a Londres est une des merveilles du monde. C'est un corps gigantesque qui court sur son lit de boue, entre ses rives de pierres grises. Tous les pouvoirs des elements se sont associes a l'homme, des l'origine de la ville immense. Ni les elements, ni les hommes ne sont rois ici. Les uns collaborent avec les autres. Pour batir ceci, au cours des siecles, ils se sont poussees en avant. Tantot l'homme demandait simplement le secours de la force naturelle de l'eau ou sinon il la multipliait par le feu. Sur ses rives majestueuses, il n'y a pas un edifice qui soit une ceuvre d'art ou d'architecture indifferente a la puissance et a la signification de l'eau. Aujourd'hui, le fleuve genereux semble n'etre *la* que pour servir la bouche ouverte des entrepôts, la main crochue des grues, le plateau des wagons. Et le ciel opaque, mais brillant, acheve de faire l'accord parmi les details.

Harmonic dans le monde du travail sur notre terre; profonde harmonic nee des choses, des metiers et des industries. Effort des collectivites minces d'abord, puis pullulantes, qui se sont aretees devant la simple fente du sol qu'est un fleuve. Cette dechirure est devenue une artere vive. Sur les deux bords de la plaie, il n'y a point assez de place pour tous ceux qui sont accouru. Ils se pressent. Et, comme dans les villes fortifiees ou dans celles ou le terrain est a un haut prix, ils ont construit des maisons elevees et etroites pour leurs marchandises. Ils ont reduit a l'etat de minces boyaux des rues qui n'etaient deja que des ruelles. Puis, afin de ne point perdre un temps precieux, ils ont tendu des passerelles aux sommets des hautes batisses.

Plus loin, derriere les entrepôts on devine les offices, et plus loin encore, la Bourse. Une parole a la Bourse precede un coup de plume dans les offices; le coup de plume declanche un mouvement dans l'entrepôt; d'ici, la marchandise coule dans le navire; les flots emportent la cargaison. Vous voyez bien que dans tout cela il n'y a point de place pour l'inutile: Westminster et le Parlement, voila qui est fort suffisant; quant aux gares, on les a construites au dessus du fleuve et des maisons. Rien n'est perdu; cela est merveilleux!

La dechirure ou coule le fleuve est large. Et le peuple industriel

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million (1990–1999) (Department of Health 2000).

There is a growing emphasis on the need to improve the quality of care in the public sector. The Department of Health (2000) has set out a number of key objectives for the public sector, including the need to improve the quality of care, to reduce waiting times, and to improve the efficiency of the system.

One of the key challenges facing the public sector is the need to improve the quality of care. This is a complex task, as it involves a range of factors, including the quality of the staff, the quality of the facilities, and the quality of the services.

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LA TAMISE A LONDRES

yeut a torn instant passer d'une rive a l'autre. Il a done relie entre elles les deux rives, comme on agrafe les deux pans d'un manteau. Il s'est construit plus d'une douzaine de ponts. Plusiems sont des constructions de fer. Le tablier et les parapets sont raides et sans un seul ornement. C'est une barre immense de fer rouge brun, reposant sur des pilones monstrueux accouplés. lis rappellent, ces ponts que Londres seule a construits, la passerelle primitive. Quelques madriers, des poutres qui les relient, une couverture de planches. En somme, le pont ou la passerelle, c'est le chemin prolonge au-dessus du fleuve. Nulle architecture ne denature la purete de cette idee. Ce n'est point meme une idee, c'est le resultat d'un geste collectif des instincts. Les ponts de Lambeth et de Charing-Crosse, par exemple, semblent avoir ete constructs par les hommes memes qui etablirent leur commerce aux bords du fleuve. lis semblent l'avoir fait, poussees par le besoin, et avec puissance et ingenuite.

Certains ponts offrent un large tablier sur des arches de pierre. Les piles sont comme des torsos robustes de geants. Les arches etendent leurs bras pour retrouver ceux des voisins. A distance, des ponts—Waterloo, Blackfriars, Vauxhall, par exemple—font songer k une guirlande de dieux qui se donnent la main afin que les hommes, ces pigmees, puissent traverser le fleuve sur leurs bras reunis. Ce sont de grandes et larges routes. Parfois c'est un territoire egal a. celui d'un village. Des corteges de " bus," de tramways, de grands trains a vapeur, de cars, de charrettes y coulent comme une eau au dessus de l'eau. Mais cette multitude de vehicules ne parvient pas a le couvrir. De petites voitures chargees de pains, des enfants et des vieillards y peuvent trouver une sorte de securite. Et des spectateurs, indigenes ou etrangers, appuyes aux parapets, y contemplent paisiblement les merveilleux paysages d'eau, de ciel et de pierre. lis regardent de hautes grues noires, aux arbres plus gros que des cheminees, qui retirent un poing plein de charbon du ventre d'une des cent barges noires qui se pressent a la base du pont. Ailleurs, les spectateurs admirent le jeu des nuages se refletant dans la boue luisante qui prolonge les berges.

Des rues trepidantes s'etendent pres des entrepots. Par le tunnel de Blackfriars, sombre et lugubre comme celui d'une prison, on descend

LA TAMISE A LONDRES

dans le quartier fievreux de vie sous la cendre, que l'on appelle Southward La, les rues sont requites a la striate largeur necessaire au passage des gros chars attelés de puissants chevaux. Ces ruelles sont de profondes crevasses. En haut, au bord des hangars, le ciel n'est qu'un itroit ruban. Par les bouches ouvertes des entrepôts, les paquets de caisses et les balots de toile descendent vers les chars. On passe sous des voutes ou la nuit est presque totale a midi. On est brusquement pris dans des ruelles bourbeuses qui semblent ne point avoir d'issue dans un monde ou il soit possible de respirer. Ou bien, un arbre perdu la, le miserable, vous rappelle inopinément les brises fraiches et les rayons du soleil.

Et puis, soudain, entre deux ponts, se deploie une rive batie de hauts entrepôts, plus graves certes et plus majestueux qu'une suite de palais de Venise. A ce moment l'eau meme qui reflete les facades evoque le Grand Canal, tandis que les barges, telles qu'elles s'alignent au long des facades, font se souvenir des flottilles de Venise au crepuscule.

Mais partout nous sentons le squelette utile et splendide de la Tamise. C'est du present; ce n'est pas une ceuvre d'art; entre elle et nous, pas de voile esthetique. Rien que la grandeur d'un vaste effort ancien a la fois et tout moderne. Ici, nous retrouvons nos aspirations vers la verité, et notre lassitude de Part conventionnel s'explique en se justifiant.

La Tamise est notre Pays Noir amplifie. L'industrie des hommes se presse sur ses bords avec tous ses engins. A Paris, la Seine coule avec joie, sous le ciel gris et fin et transparent; des Palais se rangent sur son passage, et des jardins. Pas d'entrepôts, mais parfois quelques barques isolees, chargees de bois ou de ciment nous rappellent qu'il y a la-bas, hors de la ville, un port qui fait large usage du fleuve.

A Londres, au contraire, l'entrepôt est le cœur de la ville. Ici le fer, le bois et la pierre sont conduits selon des routes choisies par l'activite de la fourmilierie humaine.

LONDON AND ITS THAMES.

TRANSLATION BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SIMON, K.C., M.P.

" *The Thames is liquid history*"—JOHN BURNS.

IT is one of the wonders of the world, this London river, a huge mass moving on its bed of mud, between its banks of grey stone. From the beginnings of the mighty city, all the elemental powers of Nature have entered into partnership with man. Neither Nature nor man here rules alone : they work together. To accomplish the building of London, century after century, man and the elements have urged each other on. Time was when man asked of the stream nothing but the help of its natural force ; or, if that failed, he called in fire to multiply the water's strength. There is not a building that art or architecture has raised on these majestic banks which is not influenced by the power and the meaning of the river. To-day, the Thames at London seems to exist only to spend itself in feeding the greedy mouths of the warehouses, in filling the grasping claws of the cranes, in loading the trays of the trucks. And the sky above, bright without being clear, brings a sense of unity to the various features of the scene.

It is the harmony which on this earth of ours work brings to mankind—that deep harmony which emerges from the facts of Business and of Industry. Watch the efforts of these groups, so tiny at first, but soon swarming like ants that are pulled up on the march by a mere cleft in the earth's crust; for that is what a river is. This gash becomes an artery of life. No room now on the edges of the scar for all who have run up. They crowd upon each other. And they have built (just as men build in fortified cities or in towns where sites cost great sums) high and narrow houses for their merchandise. Streets that were never more than lanes they have narrowed to the dimensions of constricted passages. And then, to lose not a moment of precious time, they have stretched footbridges to join the tops of their lofty buildings.

Farther back, behind the warehouses, you may descry the offices; farther back again, the Exchange. One word on 'Change is followed by a pen-stroke in the office ; one pen-stroke releases the machinery of the warehouse; thence the merchandise pours into the ship's hold; and lo! the cargo is afloat on the waves. You see clearly that in all this

LONDON AND ITS THAMES

nothing can find a place but what is utilitarian—Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament suffice for exception—while as for the railway stations, they are built on top of the river and the houses. Not an inch wasted—there's the marvel of it.

This gash along which the river flows is wide, and the busy populace needs to be able at any moment to cross from side to side. So they have fastened together the two banks, as you might hook the two edges of a cloak. They have built a dozen bridges, and more. Many of them are of iron: floors and parapets stiff and undecorated; vast bars of brownish-red metal, resting on huge piers lashed side by side. They recall, these bridges that London alone of cities has built, primitive footbridges—a few joists, girders to bind them together, and a covering of planks; in a word, be it bridge or footbridge, a mere prolongation of the road to stretch above the stream. No architect's fancy disturbs the simplicity of this conception—nay, it is not even a conception, it is the resultant of a combined instinctive movement. Lambeth Bridge and Charing Cross Bridge, for example, seem to have been built by the very men who first set up their trade on the river banks. It was necessity, as one might suppose, which made them apply all their strength and skill to do it.

Other of these bridges spread a spacious platform above their arches of stone. Their piers stand like sturdy giants with palms outstretched, feeling for their neighbour on either side. Viewed from a distance bridges like these—Waterloo, Blackfriars, Vauxhall, and others—suggest a chain of deities, hand in hand, affording to these pigmies of man a passage over their interlacing arms. The highroad across these bridges is wide—so wide that in some cases you might find room for a whole village on its surface. 'Buses, trams, trains, motors, carts, pour over it in a ceaseless flow—a stream above the stream. But this crowd of vehicles does not fill the space: the costers' little carts, children, and greybeards can all thread their way across in safety. The lookers-on, Cockneys and globe-trotters alike, lean against the parapet and composedly gaze on the panorama of water and sky and stone. They watch tall black derricks, with arms thicker than chimney-stacks, drawing fistfuls of coal out of the belly of some black barge—one of the hundred that cluster round the

LONDON AND ITS THAMES

foundations of the bridge ; and then they turn to watch the play of the clouds reflected in the shiny mud that lines the river banks.

A string of bustling thoroughfares runs past the wharves. Blackfriars Tunnel, gloomy and dark as the archway of a gaol, takes you down to the district called Southwark, where the pulse of life beats in fever beneath the smoke. There the streets are narrowed till there is only just room for big lorries to pass with their teams of strong horses. They are not so much streets as deep crevices; and looking up you can see only a ribbon-strip of sky between the roofs. Watch the bundles of packing-cases and the canvas bales being lowered from the open mouths of warehouses down to the drays below. Under the archways where you pass you might mistake midday for midnight. Suddenly you are trapped in slushy alleys that seem to have no outlet where you can breathe again. Or perhaps an unhappy tree, lost in these surroundings, strangely recalls the freshness of the breeze and the brightness of the sun.

And then, in a moment, between two of the bridges, there unfolds a row of lofty warehouses lining the bank with a sweep more noble and impressive than Venetian palaces. The Pool, as it reflects the frontages, recalls the Grand Canal; the long rows of barges lining these frontages bring back memories of the gondolas of Venice in the twilight.

Yet nowhere as we trace its bold outline can we forget that this splendid Thames is for man's daily use. It is nothing if not modern. It wears no shimmering veil to hide itself, like a new thing of beauty, from our gaze. It is great with the greatness that springs from ancient effort, and yet is ever new. Here we can lift up our hearts to Truth, and we realise why we grow weary, and rightly weary, of the conventions of mere Art.

The Thames is the Black Country of Belgium on a large scale. Mankind crowds its banks with all the implements of industry. At Paris the Seine flows joyously on beneath a grey sky that is pellucid and bright; on it goes, past the palaces and the gardens. No warehouses there, but now and then a stray craft loaded with wood or with cement, which serves to remind us that below Paris, far away, there is a port that exacts full service from the river.

LONDON AND ITS THAMES

But here in London the warehouse is the very heart of the city. Here in their citadel the human ants bustle along their appointed passages with their loads of iron and wood and stone. Here along the appointed corridors of their ant-hill the busy workers draw, without ceasing, their loads of metal, wood, and stone.

LA JONCTION DES TROUPES BRITANNIQUES ET BELGES SOUS LA MITRAILLE.

PAR LE COMTE RENAUD DB BRIEY.

NOTRE premiere rencontre avec l'armee anglaise marque pour moi, dans la campagne de 1914, une date inoubliable, moins peut-etre a cause du concours immediat que ces troupes representaient, que par l'effet moral de leur presence, a une heure tragique, derriere Anvers agonisante.

Les uns apres les autres, les forts de premiere ligne succombent et dans la nuit du 6 au 7 octobre, les Allemands parviennent a franchir l'Escaut entre Termonde et Wetteren, menagant la retraite de notre armee de campagne. Dans l'ignorance de la situation generale oil, modestes cavaliers, nous sommes laisses, toutes les hypotheses se dressent, egale-ment redoutables. Serons-nous pousses vers la Hollande ou accules a la mer, forces de noyer nos armes et de tuer nos chevaux, braves compagnons des longues etapes poussiereuses?

Le Vendredi 9 octobre, la division de cavalerie a laquelle j'appartiens, protege aux abords de Gand, le repli de l'armee.

Soudain, vers 4 heures de l'apres-midi, le feu s'arrete; la division se rassemble, elle s'eboule; vers ou? La tete de colonne contourne la ville; deja, elle passe le Canal de Terneuzen. Devant nous, a seize kilometres, c'est la frontiere. . . . Comment exprimer les sentiments qui nous etreignent en franchissant ce pont qui marque la derniere etape peut-etre avant la captivite? C'est un accablement morne et stupide, une rage froide avec le desir d'en finir au plus vite. . . . Mais a peine, le canal est-il franchi, que les nouveaux ordres sont donnes et nous revenons vers Gand d'ou monte tout a coup, portee par le vent, sourde d'abord, puis plus precise et prenant, dans le rougeoiment du soleil couchant, un caractere d'apothese, une formidable et triomphale acclamation:

"Ils sont la! Ils sont la!"

Malgre la fatigue extreme, les corps se redressent sur la selle; les physionomies se rasserenent; les hommes sifflent et chantent. Espoirs peut-etre hatifs mais combien salutaires!

. . . Ils sont la en effet, et voici que sur la route, ils debouchent devant nous: cyclistes rapides rependant a peine, par monosyllabes, aux

A JONCTION DES TROUPES BRITANNIQUES ET BELGES

questions posees, puis Ecossais d'allure magnifique, aux jambes nues, au " kilt " cadenci sous le rythme du pas, chantant a pleine voix, " le long chemin " du cher Tipperary qui dans le dur calvaire subi par la Belgique pour la cause commune, revet une signification si tragiquement ironique.

Mais personne n'y prend garde. Sans attendre aucun ordre, les hommes sautent a terre, les mains se tendent, les bras s'ouvrent: l'amitie anglo-beige est nee; elle ne se dementira plus, se traduisant de mille manieres differentes, parfois pittoresques et souvent touchantes.

La nouvelle s'est repandue comme une trainee de poudre, de regiment en regiment, laissant encore des sceptiques parmi ceux qui depuis pres de trois mois, en attendent la realisation et dans l'obscurite qui tombe, autour des bivouacs, en entend la question anxieuse posee par les troupes qui passent: " Est-ce bien vrai *qu'ils* sont *Ia* ? "

Des ce moment, la cooperation intime et amicale des deux armees s'etablit; elle se poursuit pendant la retraite vers PYser jusqu'au jour ou dans les environs de Roulers, au petit village de West-Roosebeke—nid de fleurs et d'oiseaux jadis, devenu un lieu de devastation—trois itats majors de trois pays allies fraternisent dans un melange original et si imprévu au milieu de ces paisibles paysages flamands, d'uniformes de toutes les couieurs: Anglais en tenue kaki, cuirassiers, spahis au grand manteau bleu, guides et lanciers beiges, goudmiers, Arabes. . . .

Retour impressionnant des choses humaines dans ces memes plaines de Roosebeke, qui ont entendu, au xiv*** siecle, le serment des Communiers luttant pour la liberte: " Nous combattons jusqu'a la mort et si nous mourons, nos ossements se leveront pour combattre encore! " Scenes furtives, entr'actes imprévus du grand drame mais qui marquent une heure au cadran de Phistoire. I. l'histoire racontera sans doute qu'au milieu du plus effroyable conflit que ses annales aient enregistre, sur la vieille terre flamande ensanglantee, les ames de trois nobles nations se sont rapprochees, se sont comprises, et scellant leur union, ont prepare la paix du monde.

THE UNION OF THE BRITISH AND BELGIAN TROOPS UNDER FIRE.

TRANSLATION BY SIR HOME GORDON, BT.

OUR first meeting with the British Army, in the campaign of **1914**, formed a memorable occasion, less perhaps because of the immediate co-operation denoted by these troops than because of the moral effect of their presence, in a tragic hour, behind Antwerp in her agony.

One after the other fell the forts of the foremost line, and on the night of October 6th and 7th the Germans succeeded in crossing the Scheldt between Termonde and Wetteren, threatening the retreat of our own field army. In our ignorance of the general situation in which we, as unpretentious cavalymen, found ourselves involved, every hypothesis suggested itself, each equally alarming. Should we be pressed towards Holland or be driven to the sea, compelled to throw our weapons into the waves and to kill our horses, those brave comrades in long, dusty stages?

On Friday, October 9th, the cavalry division, to which I belonged, protected the retirement of the army in the vicinity of Ghent.

Suddenly, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the firing ceased, the division reformed and marched—whither? The head of the column circumvented the town, thence crossed the canal of Ternenzen. Before us, at a distance of sixteen kilometres, lay the frontier. How is it possible to express the feeling that overpowered us as we passed over the bridge which perchance marked the last lap before captivity? It was a dull and dejected despondency, a fury penetrated with the desire to have everything over as speedily as might be. But hardly was the canal crossed than fresh orders were given, and we returned towards Ghent, whence suddenly, borne on the wind, dully at first, then with more decisiveness and, in the reddening of the setting sun acquiring an air of apotheosis, arose a tremendous and triumphant acclamation: "There they are! There they are! "

In spite of extreme fatigue, our bodies were braced on our saddles, our faces grew calmer: men whistled and sang. Hope—perhaps transitory—but how helpful!

. . . *They are there, really; and here on the road they defile before*

THE UNION OF THE BRITISH AND BELGIAN TROOPS

us ; swift cyclists hardly replying in monosyllables to questions put to them; then Highlanders, superb in appearance, bare legged with Irilts keeping time in the rhythm of the march, lustily singing " the long way " of that popular Tipperary which has acquired such an ironically tragic significance in the stern calvary endured by Belgium for the common cause.

But to that no one gave heed. Without waiting for the word of command, our men sprang from their saddles with extended hands, with open arms: the Anglo-Belgian friendship was born, never again to be denied, expressing itself in a thousand different ways, sometimes picturesque and often pathetic.

The news spread like wildfire from regiment to regiment, though some individuals were still left sceptical after nearly three months* waiting for the realisation; and in the falling light around the bivouacs could be heard the question anxiously put to the troops who passed: " Is it really true that *they* are here? "

From that moment was established the intimate and friendly co-operation of the two armies; it continued during the retreat towards the Yser to the day when, in the vicinity of Roulers, in the little village of West Roosebeke—formerly a bower of flowers and birds, now converted into a region of desolation—three General Staffs of three allied nations fraternised in novel and unforeseen comradeship, in uniforms of all hues, British in khaki, Cuirassiers, Spahis in their big blue cloaks, Belgian Guides and Lancers, Arab troopers, all in these placid lowlands.

An impressive return of human events on these same plains of Roosebeke, which, in the fourteenth century, heard the oath of the Burghers fighting for liberty: " We fight to the bitter end, and, if we die, our bones will rise to fight again."

Stray scenes, unforeseen incidents in the great drama, but marking an hour on the dial of history—history which, without doubt, will relate how, in the fiercest conflict which its annals record, on that old bloody Flemish soil, the souls of three nations came together and understood one another, thus sealing their alliance, and thereby preparing the peace of the world.

PART III

ANECDOTES BY VARIOUS BELGIAN WRITERS

With Translations by

F. ANSTEY

LE DOCKER ANVERSOIS ET LA DAME ANGLAISE.

LA scene 8e passe dans le refectoire du refuge d'Earl's Court. Les Emigrants beiges achevent leur repas. Une jeune fille, armee d'un crayon et d'un carnet de papier, s'empresse, affairée. On lui a demande de dresser une liste provisoire des refugies et elle profite de l'instant favorable qui les reunit autour de la table. Tout va bien, ou relativement bien, en **depit des** difficultes que presente, pour une oreille anglaise, Porthographe flamande (qui n'a d'egale que la difficulte que presente, pour une **oreille flamande**, Porthographe anglaise)—jusqu'au moment ou la " Miss " se trouve en presence d'un docker anversois, assis au bas bout de la table, dont l'attention est entierement absorbee par un os de cotelette qu'il acheve de ronger:

" Votre nom, s'il vous plait **i** " (*d'une voix un peu tremblante, avec un Uget accent*).

Grognement de satisfaction du docker qui croit, sans doute, qu'on le complimente sur son bon appetit.

" Votre nom, s'il vous plait? " (*d'une voix plus tremblante, avec un accent plus accuse*).

Grognement tout aussi indistinct ou, a la satisfaction exprimee anterieurement, se mele une certaine dose d'impatience.

Enfin, apres l'intervention de voisins charitables, l'homme, entre deux bouchees, articule quelque chose de confus et de guttural qui n'eclaire pas davantage la conscience de la jeune " Miss." Apres diverses tentatives infructueuses, celle-ci tend au docker son carnet du papier et afin qu'il y inscrive lui-meme ce nom barbare qu'elle ne peut epeler.

Le refugie comprend enfin ce qu'on lui veut. D'une main il saisit le carnet et, de l'autre, il tend a la jeune fille, en echange du crayon, Pos de cotelette auquel pendillent encore quelques friands morceaux.

Quelqu'un qui assista a cette scene m'assure que cette jeune personne ne laissa rien paraître de son etonnement, qu'elle, attendit, avec une patience angelique, que le docker eut fini son laborieux travail, et qu'elle lui remit enfin, avec un gracieux sourire, le tresor precieux qu'il avait bien voulu lui confier.

THE ANTWERP DOCKER AND THE ENGLISH LADY.

SCENE: A dining-room at the Earl's Court Refuge. Belgian emigrants are nearing the end of their meal. Enter hurriedly a young lady, armed with notebook and pencil, who has been asked to make out a provisional list of refugees, and takes advantage of the opportunity of finding them assembled at table. In spite of the difficulty presented by Flemish spelling to an English ear (a difficulty which is, to say the least of it, reciprocal), she manages fairly well, until she encounters an Antwerp docker, who is seated at the end of the table, his entire attention absorbed by the cutlet-bone he is gnawing.

YOUNG LADY (*with some trepidation and a slight Britannic accent*):
"Votre nom, s'il vous plait ?"

(Gratified grunt from docker, who is apparently under the impression that she is congratulating him on the excellence of his appetite.)

YOUNG LADY **(with more trepidation and a still worse accent)*: "Votre nom, s'il vous plait ?"

(Grunt from docker as before, but with a slight dash of impatience. Eventually, owing to the kindly intervention of neighbours, he is induced, between two mouthfuls, to utter some guttural and confused reply, which nevertheless fails to convey any enlightenment to the young lady. After several futile attempts to catch his barbaric and unspellable name, she hands him her notebook so that he can write it down himself. Then at last he understands what she wants, and seizing the notebook with one hand, with the other he offers her, in exchange for her pencil the cutlet-bone to which some succulent fragments are still adhering.)

I am assured by a spectator that this heroic young person, far from, betraying the slightest astonishment, waited with angelic patience until the docker had finished his laborious task, whereupon with a gracious smile she returned to him the treasure which he had been good enough to entrust to her keeping.

LA situation des quelques Beiges residant a Londres avant la guerre devint peu enviable apres la retraite de notre armee sur Anvers. Le nombre des immigrants etait encore restreint et, l'enthousiasme du public anglais aidant, l'offre depassait encore de beaucoup la demande. Le telephone ne chomait pas.

R-r-r-r-r!

"ADA!"

" C'est Madame X. qui vous parle."

" Oui, j'ecoute."

" M'avez-vous envoye quelqu'un ? "

"Pas encore, chere Madame, je n'ai pas encore trouve . . . j'y songe. . . . Des que je verrai quelqu'un qui vous convienne, je vous promets . . ."

"Vous m'avez deji promis. Voili huit jours que j'attends, les chambres son prates."

" Mais, je vous assure . . ."

"J'avais compte sur vous . . . ce n'est pas gentil. Madame Y. a dejk une famille, Madame Z. a tout un village. Si je n'ai pas deux ou trois Beiges d'ici i deux jours, je ne pourrai plus me montrer dans la rue."

" Mais je ne puis pourtant connaitre tous ceux qui débarquent !"

"Peu importe! D'ailleurs je suis convaincue que vous en envoyez a d'autres. Je vous donne jusqu'a demain. Si demain je ne vois rien venir, j'irai les chercher moi-meme a Aldwych."

" Mais je vous repete . . ."

" Depechez-vous, au revoir . . . ,"

"Attendez done! . . ."

La communication etaitHnterrompue. Et voili comment on se fait des ennemies!

A BELGIAN—OR YOUR LIFE!

THOSE Belgians who were already living in London before the war found themselves in a very trying situation after the retreat of our army from Antwerp, For, as the number of refugees from Belgium was still restricted, and the British public were enthusiastic in their offers of hospitality, the demand considerably exceeded the supply.

So this was the kind of thing that was constantly to be heard on the telephone:

R-r-r-r-r!

" Alio."

" I am Mrs. X."

" Yes. I hear you."

" Have you sent me anyone? "

" Not yet, dear madam; I haven't *found* one yet. . . . Yes, I'm attending to it. . . . Yes, the moment I come across a suitable person, I promise you. . . ."

" You promised me that before! I've been waiting for a whole week, and the rooms all ready for them! "

" But I assure you . . ."

" I've been depending on you. . . . It's really too bad of you! Mrs. Y. has a family staying with her already, and Mrs. Z. has a whole village! If I haven't two or three Belgians by the day after to-morrow, I shan't dare to show my face anywhere! "

" But I really can't be expected to know *all* the people who are landing here! "

" What does *that* matter? Besides, I'm sure you're sending them on to *other* people! I'll give you till to-morrow. If I don't get anybody by then, I shall go to Aldwych and find some for myself! So there! "

" But I can only say once more . . ."

" Make haste! Good-bye!"

" Just *one* moment!" (*Communication cut off. And this is how one makes enemies f*)

L'INSTINCT DE LA PROPRIÉTÉ

“ JE crois, Monsieur le President, que vous ne me reconnaissez pas ? Je suis *deja* venue vous voir—avec mon mari—pauvre cher homme !—même que vous lui avez remis un secours. Quatre livres sterling, Vous ne vous rappelez pas ? Houffaliers, son Horn. Un peintre ! Enfin un amateur peintre—de Fosses. Vous savez bien ? Ah—je vois—vous vous souvenez. Mon mari a été bien mal, mon bon Monsieur le President, depuis qu'il a eu l'honneur de venir vous saluer. Il a passé trois semaines au lit, Ah, c'est triste d'être malade au lit loin de chez soi. Son lit est si dur ! Il n'aime pas la cuisine anglaise, pauvre cher homme. Il est tout démoralisé. Je viens vous dire que nous voulons retourner chez nous. Pouvez vous me donner encore quelque chose, Monsieur le President, pour nous aider ? Le voyage est cher, il faut séjourner en Hollande avant d'obtenir la permission de rentrer en Belgique. Nous aurons la permission. Nous sommes de petites gens. Nous sommes inoffensifs. On ne nous remarquera seulement pas. Qu'est-ce que c'est que deux vieilles gens pauvres en voyage ? Rien du tout. Personne n'y prend garde. Mon bon Monsieur, il faut que mon mari rentre chez lui à Fosses. Il est malade. Il croit qu'il va mourir, pauvre cher homme ! Pour mourir on n'est bien que chez soi, pas vrai, Monsieur le President ? Et puis nous avons notre caveau—un beau caveau—au cimetière de Fosses. Cela nous a coûté cher. Nous étions des rentiers chez nous vous savez. Ce serait bête de se laisser mourir loin de chez soi, n'est-ce pas ? Quand on possède une * concession à perpétuité ' on doit en profiter. . . . C'est aussi votre avis, Monsieur le President ? ”

THE PROPRIETARY INSTINCT.

" DON'T think you remember me, M. le President ? I came to see I you before—with my husband, poor dear man !—and you assisted I him, too—four pounds sterling. You don't remember ? I Houffaliers his name is. A painter—at least, an *amateur* painter JL—from Fosses. You know all about it ? Ah, I see you *do* recollect ! Well, my good M. le President, my husband has been very ill since he had the honour of coming to pay his respects to you. He has spent three weeks in bed. Ah, it's a sad thing to be ill in bed far from home ! His bed is so hard ! He doesn't like English cookery, poor dear man, it quite upsets him. I've come to tell you that we want to return to our own home. Could you give me something more to help us, M. le President? The voyage is expensive, and one must stay in Holland till one obtains permission to re-enter Belgium. We shall get permission—we're humble folk, so inoffensive—we shan't be even noticed. What are two poor old people on a journey? Nothing at all. Nobody pays any attention to them. My good Monsieur, my husband really must go back to his home at Fosses. He is ill. He believes he is dying, poor dear man! One can't die comfortably anywhere except at home, *can* one, M. le President? And besides, we have a tomb of our own—a beautiful tomb—in the cemetery at Fosses. We paid a good price for it. We had money in the Funds at home, you know. It would be silly to let oneself die far from one's country, wouldn't it? And when one owns a freehold burial allotment one ought to take advantage of it. . . . Don't you agree with me, M. le President ? "

FAUTE D'UN INTERPRETS!

LS etaient parmi une foule de refugies debarkes ensemble, lis ne parlaient que le flamand. Et ce soir la personne precisement ne comprenait un traitre mot de cette langue. Tous les autres pauvres diables avaient fini de s'expliquer, avaient ete enrégistrés et casés. lis restaient la, ahuris, toute Phorreur les scenes qu'ils venaient de traverser encore empreinte dans leurs eux stupefaits. Lui, 45 ans environ, mediocre d'apparence, Pair d'llageois, elle un peu plus jeune, forte, rouge, rustique a souhait.

Les membres du Comite cherchaient en vain a deviner ce que Tun ou l'autre, en phrases volubiles, s'efforçait de faire entendre. C'etait un samedi soir. On savait que le surlendemain Lundi un interprete devait venir, et l'on se dit qu'il serait temps encore de comprendre alors les discours des deux refugies. Par signes quelqu'un les mena jusqu'a un eduit aménagé en chambre pour deux personnes et apres avoir essuyé en nouveau deluge de phrases inintelligibles se retira decouragé.

Les Beiges finiront par se taire et s'arranger. Le Dimanche s'écoula sans incidents.

Quand enfin l'interprete flamand survint le Lundi il semblait que le couple n'eut plus rien a lui dire. Il fallut qu'il insistat pour obtenir qu'on lui repat les explications si verbeusement prodiguées par elle. Les deux paysans demeuraient intimidés. A la fin la femme se decida a parler.

Ce qu'elle avait voulu faire comprendre etait simple. Elle ne connaissait pas du tout son compagnon, émigré d'un autre village. La communauté le Peuple et l'ignorance de toute autre langue que le flamand les vait scuts rapproches. On les avait pris pour un ménage et logés ensemble, malgré leurs protestations. L'interprete pouffait de rire. Il leur dit que les membres présents du Comite qui se tordaient. On chargea l'interprete de presenter au couple des excuses et des regrets. On allait tout de suite leur donner des guides séparés, déjà on leur montrait le chemin. Mais les braves gens, très tranquillement, declareront que cela n'était plus nécessaire, qu'ils étaient maintenant habitués. Puis a part, que parlant la même langue ils voulaient Lesormais rester ensemble. Il a fallu les marier !

FOR WANT OF AN INTERPRETER !

THEY had come on shore together with a crowd of refugees. They spoke nothing but Flemish, and on this particular evening there was nobody who understood one single word of that language. All the other poor devils had ended in rendering themselves intelligible and been registered and allotted their quarters. These two remained where they were in utter bewilderment, 'all the horror of the scenes through which they had lately passed still impressed upon their dazed eyes. He was about forty-five, of ordinary appearance, and the air of a villager; she was rather younger, as strong and ruddy and rustic a young woman as you could wish to see. The members of the Committee tried in vain to make out what each of the couple was volubly striving to explain. It was a Saturday evening; the Committee knew that on the next day but one, Monday, an interpreter would arrive, and they decided that it would be time enough then to understand what the two refugees had been saying. Someone conducted them by signs to a shelter which had been arranged to accommodate two persons, and, after sustaining another deluge of incomprehensible phrases, retired discouraged. The Belgians finally became silent and settled down. Sunday passed without incident. When the interpreter at last turned up on Monday it appeared that the couple had no longer anything to tell him. He had to insist before he could induce them to repeat the explanations which on the previous Saturday had been so lavishly verbose. Eventually the woman decided to speak. What she had been trying to make clear was quite simple. She was an absolute stranger to her companion, who came from another village. It was merely fellowship in misfortune and ignorance of any language but their own which had brought them in contact. And in spite of their protestations they had been mistaken for a married couple and lodged accordingly !

The interpreter was convulsed with laughter. The members of the Committee whom he informed of the incident were similarly affected, but instructed him to convey their regrets and apologies to the couple. Preparations were at once made to give them separate billets, and they were already being directed to them when the good people tranquilly

FOR WANT OF AN INTERPRETER !

remarked that it was no longer necessary. They had got accustomed to one another, and, as they spoke the same language, they wished to remain together.

So they had to be married!

C'EST un large garçon de Flandre. Une balle lui a perfore le poumon tandis que, ramassant a pleines mains son fusil arme de la baionnette, il s'elanguait sur l'Yser pour prevenir la molle et profonde attaque allemande. On Pa ramene vers Calais, panse sommairement, puis depose dans le bateau-hopital anglais pret a partir. Il lui a semble penetrer du coup dans un monde nouveau, clair, riant, parfume, aerien. Lorsque, la traversee faite, il a ete dirige sur le bcl hopital de province, en ce Pays de Galles, rechauffe par le Gulf Stream, tant de blancheur, tant de ponctualite, tant d'intelligence ont precipite une guerison dont la convalescence devrait etre delicieuse.

Cependant le garçon demeure melancolique et ferme. En vain nurses et visiteuses ont mis en ceuvre les moyens les plus varies de distraction, toutes ces ressources d'enjouement et de plaisir infaillibles pour derider les Tommies et qui rendent Tart du " Cheer up " inseparable de la science du " Nursing." Plusieurs jeunes et fraiches infirmieres ont fini par faire la moue, sous la coiffe posee a ravir parmi des cheveux ondules. Decidement ce soldat beige est trop grave, reserve, silencieux. Il ne siffle pas avec le bruyant phonographe qui trone tout en haut de la salle. Il est gauche quand on lui allume, sous le plus genercux sourire, la cigarette permise et pas une fois il n'a presse familièrement la main fine qu'on lui abandonnerait.

En desespoir de cause on en a parle a l'aumonier, ce benedictin d'Afflighem, depayse lui aussi par l'exil. Manque-t-il quelque chose au soldat beige ? Qu'est-ce qui Tamuserait ?

Dom Claes, apres un bout de conversation avec le blesse, a eu un mysterieux colloque avec une petite infirmiere modeste, sans beaute ni grace et qui applique rigoureusement sur ses tempes le bonnet blanc au point qu'on ne voit plus rien de ses cheveux. Et comme le soir venait dans la vastc salle, il l'a poussee vers le lit du Flamand, auquel il a fait un signe afhrmatif de la tete. Puis il s'est retire discretement, a son tour.

L'ombre alors, qui me l'a repete, a entendu une chose etrange. Ce sont sept petits mots confus, murmures dans la langue du terroir, suivis de longs sanglots copieux, faciles et bruyants : " Och ! Zuster,

" ZUSTER! "

laat my ne kier wijnen." (" Ah ! ma soeur, laisse-moi un peu pleurer ! ")

La nurse, modeste, qui ne comprend pourtant pas le flamand, a répondu comme il le fallait, non pas avec les lèvres. EUe a pris dans le creux de son bras frele la lourde tete du grand garcon et elle s'est contentee de la soutenir pendant qu'il pleurait tout son soul comme une bete. . . .

Depuis ce soir c'est a la petite nurse insignifiante, au bonnet ferme comme celui d'une religieuse, qu'on confie a Phopital de X. le soin des blesses beiges melancoliques. Et j'ai surpris un jour deux Bruxellois sentencieux, chauffant au soleil leurs membres encore endoloris par le long sejour dans la tranchee ou on les avait releves sanglants, et qui la voyant passer disaient gravemcnt l'un a l'autre : " Celle la, fieu, c'est une vraie Zuster. On sait unc fois pleurer avec elle tant qu'on peut. . . . Apres on est de nouveau un homme pour aller taper sur les Boches."

Mystere d'une race frustc et sensible qui, comme le sol aride et doux, a besoin de pluie pour rleurir !

HE was a big fellow from Flanders. His lung was perforated by a bullet whilst he was rushing with fixed bayonet towards the Yser, to meet a languid but dense German attack. He was taken to Calais, summarily bandaged, and then put on board an English hospital ship which was just about to leave harbour. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly entered into a new world, bright, laughing, perfumed and airy.

When, at the end of the voyage, he was transferred to a fine hospital in Wales, that country warmed by the Gulf Stream, the dazzling cleanliness, the punctuality, and intelligence of his environment have shortened a convalescence that should have been wholly delightful.

And yet he remains melancholy and unresponsive. In vain have nurses and lady visitors employed the most varied methods to enliven him, all the resources which are infallible with "Tommies," and which render the art of "cheering up" so indispensable to the science of nursing. More than one young and fresh-cheeked attendant has given up the attempt with a little frown of despair beneath the cap so ravishly planted on her wavy hair. This Belgian soldier is decidedly too grave, reserved and silent. He does not whistle in tune to the blaring gramophone which dominates the ward. He is awkward when with the most generous smile they light the permitted cigarette for him, and never once has he familiarly pressed the delicate hand that surrendered itself to his clasp. At a loss to account for all this, they have consulted the Chaplain, a Benedictine monk from Affligem, who, like the patient, was an exile. Is there anything the Belgian soldier wants? What is it that *would* amuse him?

Dom Claes, after a little conversation with the wounded man, has had a mysterious colloquy with a humble little probationer, who is neither beautiful nor graceful, and whose white cap is so rigorously brought down over her forehead that her hair is invisible. And, as the evening gathers in the great hall, he leads her towards the bed of the Fleming, to whom he gives an affirmative nod and discreetly retires.

Then the shadows that encircled the couple (and told me afterwards what took place) heard a strange thing—just seven short confused words, murmured in native *patois*, followed by a long fit of sobbing—

" SISTER !"

copious, easy-flowing, and noisy. " Och ! Zuster, laat my ne kier wijnen ! " (" Oh ! Sister, let me cry a bit ! ")

The nurse, though embarrassed and also unable to understand Flemish, made just the right reply—but not in words. She drew the big fellow's heavy head under her frail arm, and was content with supporting him, while he wept his full with an animal-like unrestraint. . . .

Ever since that evening it is that insignificant little nurse, with the head-dress as severe as a nun's, who is entrusted at the X. Hospital with the care of any wounded Belgians who are in low spirits.

And one day I overheard two sententious citizens of Brussels who were sitting in the sun, warming limbs still sore from long sojourning in the trenches from which they had been carried out bleeding, gravely remark to one another as they saw the little probationer pass : " She's a real Zuster, *she* is. One can have one's cry out with her once for all . . . and after that, you know, one feels man enough again to have another go at the Boches."

A strange race, which is both hard-bitten and sensitive, and, like its soft and arid soil, needs rain before it can put forth flowers !

J'AI depouille, pendant quelques jours, pendant les premiers temps, la correspon dance du comite d'Aldwych, Parmi des certaines d'offres d'hospitalite, j'ai surtout retenu celles que nous firent, a cette epoque, une foule de gens, de condition plus que modeste, qui n'hesiterent pas a ouvrir leur porte toute grande a nos malheureux concitoyens. Il est vraiment regrettable que certaines de ces lettres n'aient pas ete conservees. Elles meriteraient d'etre reproduites, en fac-simile, a cote du timoignage des plus grands personnages du Royaume-Uni, avec leur ecriture laborieuse, leur orthographe boiteuse, et la touchante sincaite' de leur style. Il en est une pourtant dont je me souviens et que je puis, pour ainsi dire, transcrire ici mot pour mot, apres plus d'un an. Ces souvenirs *la* sont a l'epreuve du temps.

La lettre etait datee d'une petite localite industrielle du Lancashire.

" CHER MONSIEUR,

" Nous n'avons pas d'enfant. Nous voudrions adopter un petit Beige. Nous prefererions, si possible, une fille, mais un garcon serait aussi le bien venu. Nous prefererions aussi que l'enfant ne soit pas infirme ou gravement malade, parce que nous n'aurions pas peut-etre les moyens de le soigner comme il faut. Comme nous n'avons pas de quoi faire le voyage de Londres, voulez-vous l'envoyer a X. par le train de trois heures. J'irai le chercher a la gare. C'est 14s. 6d. en troisieme, que je vous envoie ci-joint.

" Avec mes remerciements anticipes pour le petit ou la petite Beige, croyez-moi, cher Monsieur," etc.

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

DURING the first days of the Belgian immigration I went through the letters received by the Aldwych Committee. Among hundreds of oilers of hospitality I especially recall those that came to us at that time from a number of people whose station in life was humble, but who hastened, nevertheless, to throw open their doors to our unfortunate fellow-countrymen. It is much to be regretted that some of these letters have not been preserved. They deserved, as much as those of the highest personages in the United Kingdom, to be reproduced in facsimile, with their laboured handwriting, defective spelling, and the touching sincerity of their style.

One of them in particular I remember so well that I can, so to speak, transcribe it here, word for word, after more than a year. Such memories are proof against time.

The letter was written from a small industrial town in Lancashire, and was as follows :—

" DEAR SIR,

" We have no child of our own. We should like to adopt a little Belgian. We should prefer a girl, if possible, but a boy would be equally welcome. We should also prefer that the child was not sickly or seriously ill, because we shouldn't perhaps be able to take proper care of it. As we cannot afford to travel to London, will you send it to X. by the 3 o'clock train ? I will meet it at the station. The third-class fare is 14s. 6d., which I enclose. Thanking you in advance for the little Belgian boy, or girl, believe me, dear Sir," etc.



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