

gesture. The church square was filled with enormous English busses which in other times had given communication facilities to London, and still bore in huge letters the names of certain quarters of that city. It will be said that I exaggerate, but truly they had an air of astonishment, these busses, at rolling over French soil and being filled with French soldiers." Splendidly determined to see the soul of goodness in things evil, Loti thus characteristically concludes: "What good people still live in the world! And how the aggression of the German savages has strengthened the sweet, gentle bonds of fraternity among all those who are truly of the human species!"

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M. PIERRE LOTI'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR, as published in the Paris journal, "L'Illustration," contain more of poetry than of grim reality; and yet the scenes that met his eye in a little village of northern France were all real enough, the poetic charm lying in his interpretation of them. The October sun shone with a kindly warmth that reminded one of Provence, while from a distance came the hoarse roar of artillery like the mutterings of a gathering storm. "In the neighboring fields peasants were working as if nothing out of the ordinary had been going on, doubtful however whether the savages who made so much noise over yonder might not come back one of these days and lay waste everything. Here and there on the greensward, clustered about little fagot fires, were groups of people who would have seemed pitiable under a sunless sky, but whom the sun managed to make cheerful—even those refugees in flight before the barbarians, cooking their food as gypsies do, among the bundles of their poor clothes, packed in haste when the frantic flight for safety set in. . . . When we entered the village the sun was shining with increasing brightness. There was a confusion, a jumble, the like of which man had never seen and never will see again after this war, unique in history. All the uniforms were there, all the arms of the service, the Scots, the French cuirassiers, the Turcos, the Zouaves, and the Bedouins who give their military salute by raising their hooded cloaks with a stately