

*December 10, 1918.*—This afternoon at three o'clock Nell and I drove to the services Villiers had organized in honour of Miss Cavell. What is left of the British colony there, reinforced by Lord Athlone—before whom Lady Villiers and Marjory curtsied there in the rainy entrance to the arsenal—and Lord Vivian. Villalobar there.... A dreary procession, passing through the armory or arsenal or school or whatever it is, in and out of doors, struggling across the rifle range, across the rifle pits and targets, and so on; in the mud and pouring rain, under a low sky of gloomy clouds, most sad and melancholy, to that distant corner, where there are forty-one graves in clay, covered with withered flowers and drenched sodden ribbons, at the head of each a wooden cross, with a number by which, on the list that the Germans furnished, they have been identified. They have now all been visited, flowers and wreaths laid on them, and in many instances, after the French and Belgian custom, photographs of the deceased placed on each cross. At the grave, standing in the deep muddy clay, bareheaded, Athlone getting under my umbrella, Sir Francis laid a wreath for his Queen, and one for his Legation, on the grave and a great bunch of

chrysanthemums that we had taken from the American Legation. Gahan read a few short prayers, we sang "On the Resurrection Morning," and came away, through the mud, across the rifle pits, in the rain, under that low, dun, melancholy sky, in a fading, ugly, somehow soiled light—just such a day as that in October, 1915, Miss Cavell's last on earth.

Villiers tried to point out the spot on the wall against which she was stood when they shot her, but no one was quite sure. Poor Baucq's grave was beside hers. There were other names familiar to us, recalling tragedies. There are forty-one such graves there, victims of the firing squad, and the grave of one German soldier who refused to fire on some one of the victims, and was himself shot.