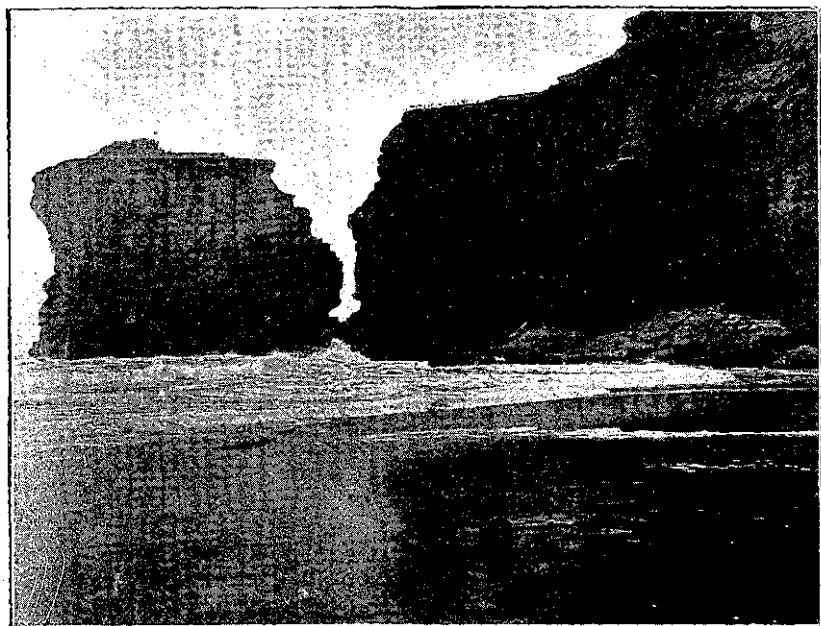


day when sky and fields were of the same neutral tint, and the last leaves were dropping off the trees. By the time we reached Braine L'Allend—for one does not go to Waterloo station—it was raining. We drove round the field of battle in thick drizzle, we climbed the Lion Mount in the pouring rain, our poor horse ploughed through thick mud to reach the farm of Hougomont. I am a woman: I thought less of the victory that took place, with its glory and glamour, than of the suffering after that day. These fields, so peaceful now, were once soaked and sodden with blood, these silent walls once echoed to the moans of the dying, the screams of agonised horses, and away in the distance how many Amelias prayed for their loved ones, lying like George Osborne, shot through the heart!

We were glad to get back to the station of Braine L'Allend, where we tried to dry our wet things by

the stove until the train came in. As we were sitting in the waiting-room, very damp, tired, and silent, a man came in. He surveyed us, threw a card on my lap, said rapidly: "The next time you come to Waterloo, do not make a mistake about your guide!" and went hastily out. So ended our expedition to Waterloo.

I have left myself no space to speak of the other buildings and sights of Brussels: its churches, its palaces, its pictures; the Manneken; the Opera House (Theatre de la Monnaie), where we saw "Carmen," and saw it well, for one franc fifty cents; the parks and gardens; the collection of paintings by that extraordinary genius, Wiertz; and last, but not least, its streets and shops. I do not think the shops indeed suffer at all by comparison with Paris; there is less display, perhaps, but all that one sees is in most exquisite taste and style, and Brussels lace—with Brussels lace it is better to stop.



W. J. Lees

Motutara Lion Rock, West Coast.

Photo.