

case, the Frenchmen go forward to the front in silence, while the British never stop singing unless it be to cheer the nurses whom they pass upon the road.

While the work of the Australian Voluntary Hospital is appreciated in all its aspects, that done by the motor ambulance attached to it is the admiration and the envy of all the other hospital staffs at the base. The ambulance has been invaluable, and many a wounded officer and private has had cause to thank from the bottom of his heart those who sent it out to assist the work of mercy which the Australians and a host of other British women are doing in the theatre of war.

The Duchess of Albany presided at a recent meeting of the Australian Hospital at 7, Carlton Gardens, when a very satisfactory report of the

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

FROM FRANCE.

From Houlgate, Calvados, France, a Sister writes: "We are very busy here, many of the wounded being in a very bad state. Every available hotel and public building is being used for the soldiers."

Another Sister near by writes: "How thankful I am to be permitted to help to care for these wonderful men, English and French alike. Here under this roof seem congregated specimens of all the virtues worth having—undying courage, devoted patriotism, gratitude. It is well to go through this experience, to realise the divine in human nature. I am so happy to know how marvellous beyond measure is mind over matter."



ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL—TEA IS COMING.

Left to right: Nurses Arnott, Wylie, M. Dow, Burns, Anderson, Greaves, Mackenzie.

work in France was received. Lady Coghlan, on behalf of New South Wales, was given a large motor ambulance. Mrs. Arthur Popplewell is still devoting herself to the interests of the hospital.

A patriotic concert, given by Madame Melba in Sydney for the benefit of the war funds, realised £1,890.

Please spare a few pennies for the Blue Cross Fund, which helps Our Dumb Friends League to care for the horses at the front. Poor dears, their lives are willingly sacrificed for a beloved master, as their stark carcasses prove from pictures of the battlefield. They need special appliances, wither pads, medicines, brushing boots, flannel bandages, &c. Address, 58, Victoria Street, S.W.

We are doing our very best, wrestling night and day to do our part to the utmost of ability and capacity."

From Paris a Sister writes: "But indeed I am glad I can speak the lingo, it makes all the difference, especially at night. One brave dying boy whispered, almost with his last breath, 'Pray for the passing of my soul in French—let me listen.' I was thankful to be able to carry out thus his very last wish; although the language did not matter, I prayed from my heart."

In another letter this Sister cries out: "Oh, never, never shall this horror pass from memory! The pity of it! The Temple of the Holy Ghost—all shattered and broken. I keep crying out to God, why, why?"

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