

soldiers, to be well, up, out, back to the front again; their country needs them but they are weak and wasted by the fever, and as one of them stretches out his poor thin arm to help him gives utterance to the never-forgotten "Merci, mess!" his brow becomes thickly beaded with perspiration, and for a while he loses consciousness. Then I am taken to the "grave" room. Here are placed those patients who are not expected to recover—too many, alas! The nurses have provided them with pillows, nightingales have been sent from England, and quilts to adorn their narrow little beds.

By one bed, a mother and a young wife are sitting waiting—waiting—and the mother tells me what the poor young man has not strength to say—"elle est si bonne, la sœur." Yes, there are moments of constant and unending sorrow. Somehow, I never realised war was like this.

I go on to the station, where more of our nurses are working. Here the patients have their first rest, coming straight from the trenches. Some of them are too ill to go any further; some of them are almost crippled with rheumatism; and still others are just tired men, too tired to be washed or fed, too tired almost to sleep. But I have wounded the feelings of one of them by asking him about his wounds; he has none, he is just a tired man, and the shame of it brings tears to his eyes; he hides his face in his hands.

TENDED GRAVES.

We drive on to the cemetery—the kindly man who accompanies me asks me to forgive the French should they in their ignorance of the customs of our country not have buried the British soldiers with all the honour due to them. Simple little graves they were before which my companion stood bare-headed, and above them all, French and English alike, was placed a primitive black cross marked, "Priez pour lui." "Should I have painted these words over the grave of a Protestant?" asked my companion, and with all my heart I thanked him. A Union Jack is above this grave, and pots of fresh flowers, and already flowers are growing amongst the grass. "It is the British nurses who come to look after the graves and

the graves of our soldiers," said my companion, and his eyes filled with tears at this kindly attention. "I must confess, said he, "I never supposed English women had such great big hearts."

A MOVABLE AMBULANCE.

In her next paper Miss Ellison writes:—"I am to go on to a movable ambulance, where our French Flag Nursing Corps nurses are working. The hospital is situated some kilometres from the presbytère. Temporary wards are built to accommodate the typhoid patients. Only those who are too ill to move further on are kept here, and as the army advances the ambulance will

follow. For women to be part of an ambulance like this is quite a new order of things, and for some time the villagers tried to find out the real meaning of the semi-Salvation Army bonnet which is part of a British nurse's out-door uniform.

It does me good to see the sisters and their enthusiasm for all they see around them—their delight and gratitude at being thus privileged to study a new civilisation and compare and contrast French methods with our own. There are no pillows in this hospital either, and so few socks. I have begun measuring up the incomes of all my friends and sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt to convert them into pillows, socks, and cigarettes.

Before I leave the nurses I have asked them to take me into a big park covered with anemones. They are sparkling in the sun like a garden full of pearls, and the grass is so green and the trees around so fresh, it seems as if everything must be at peace with God and all men. And the long procession of mutilated youths dragging themselves wearily

along the grass!—that human nature should be thus humiliated and insulted and that the trees and flowers should come forth in all their beauty undisturbed! God has given me the eyes of an artist. I ought to see with the eyes of a professional nurse. One of the patients rushes up to greet the sister. "See this hand," she cries enthusiastically. "He was told he would never use it again. Now with careful massage I have saved it," and her eyes danced with delight as she caressed the poor mutilated hand, of which only two fingers remained!



MISS C. R. MAUDLING.

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