

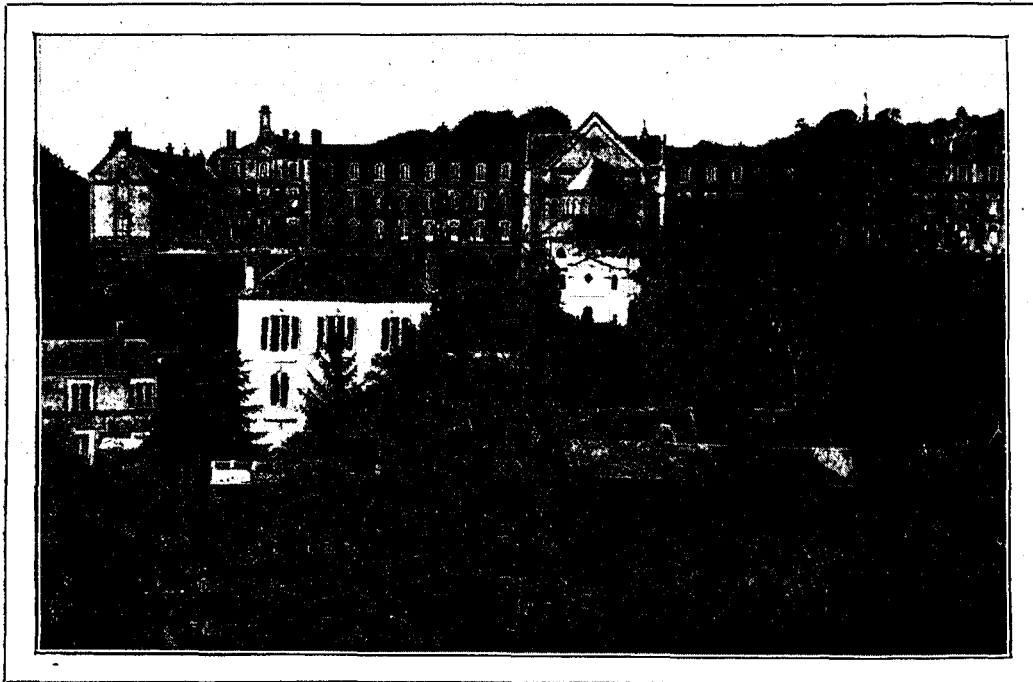
"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

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TO LISIEUX.

As we are whirled away from Evreux to Lisieux, through the valley of the Iton, the iridescent morning has flamed into a gorgeous afternoon. We no longer skim along a *route nationale*, under the shade of its straight rows of trees, but by a more delectable road, bordered with beech hedges and flowery fringes, up and down little hills and slopes, around corners, and through somnolent villages, with windows shuttered close. Across rich pastures we get a glimpse of lovely timbered farm-

where St. Foy's Church has been perched since the Middle Ages, the church dedicated to that wonderful child saint of the fourth century (we know her as St. Faith in England, where her name still appears in our Prayer Book calendar) the history of whose glorious endurance and martyrdom—crowned of Heaven—is recorded in exquisite enamelled glass in the seven windows of the choir. We always surmise that the spirit of the little St. Foy must have been of that host of angels which surrounded the radiant form of St. Michael, on that summer morning, when he spoke with Jeanne d'Arc in her father's garden. Surely it was the "voice" of St. Foy who whispered to her of the glorious courage and endurance needed for her "mission," and whose little feet she embraced



MILITARY HOSPITAL, ÉCOLE JULES FERRY, LISIEUX.

houses, many gaily adorned with flowers; one indeed appears a bush of clustered pink geraniums, the little windows winking through in the reflected golden light. Over porches and gateways we note a saucy creeper, its brilliant bloom of mixed pink, purple and gold, and glossy emerald leaves, like a monster honeysuckle, such as "Alice" no doubt espied in "Wonderland." Who will give us the name of that exquisite flower?

The creaking *charrettes* no longer obstruct our path, but every now and again we flash by a racing car containing uniformed men of war, just as a reminder that some of the fairest acres of this fair France are under the heel of the Hun, and that we Englishwomen have no time to spare in our privileged work for its wounded.

And yet, somewhere near by must be Conches,

with tears—feet which made holy the ground she kissed when the vision had passed!

Beaumont St. Roger is also here about, surrounded by fields of burnished corn and refreshing woods and streams, one of the now rare, unspoilt, most precious bits of old Normandy. Bernay also lies in the midst of this country, but as our Sisters are no longer at work there we pass it by.

Then we come to Lisieux, which so long ago as the time of Julius Cæsar was a walled city, and since then has sustained many a tragic hour. Was it not here during a siege that human flesh was sold in the Lieuvain, so horrible was the famine?

As we go slowly through its picturesque streets we note the lovely old timber houses—indeed, nowhere in Normandy are they more entrancing—

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