

come to demand your help. You are so cool, you English, you keep your heads—yet it is so dreadful . . . Will you come with me to A—— and succour the refugees? . . . Oh! they are terrible—these poor things. They have nothing—naked, most of them, wounded—homeless. God have mercy on brave Belgium!”

So they went to the “Post” of the Ambulance, where there was evidence enough of the evil work of the “Boches.” “There were women covered with sabre cuts, women who had been whipped, women all burnt alive in escaping from their blazing homes. Old men and children—little boys maimed in the hands and feet, their wounds done up in sacking, or any kind of old rag.”

Later came along the first train of wounded.

“The train was made up of cattle boxes, heaped with men. Some of the doors were shut to and a red stream oozed slowly under them. Others were open, with a little straw here and there over the wounded. As the train drew up before us, Latty and I were facing an open waggon. At one side of the door sat a soldier who had lost both his legs; he was supporting a boy whose arms were gone; both were bleeding copiously and unconscious—and as I followed Latty with the *pansement* box, the cry of the wounded resolved itself into words. ‘*A boire! A boire! A boire!*’ (A drink! A drink!)

“In all the horrors of that night the cry for water clings most to my memory. How long these poor shattered soldiermen had been lying there, heaped up, many dying with the dead, we never knew. Nor did we even know from whence came that first terrible load of suffering. . .

“A man was taken out to die, but the *majeur* says he will live, and has sent him to hospital. This man told us that Joan of Arc is with the French Army in Lorraine, and has been seen also at Nancy. Latty believes it firmly, but Madame P—— and Raoul still scoff.

“The wounded poured through the ‘Post’ the whole day, and they were very miserable. One Highlander implored me to run away. All the time I was assisting with his *pansement*, he kept urging us to fly. ‘Get awa’, Lassie,’ he said, heavily. ‘They’re no men—they’re devils; all Hell is open now.’

“His dying eyes, wide and clear blue, seemed to still look at an awful something beyond us. ‘Oh! women, dear,’ he said, weakly—but he could say no more. His hand lifted feebly and pointed to the forest. I think with his latest breath, he urged us to escape—little knowing that there was no escape possible.”

But, on the arrival of other trains, the outlook was changed.

“Early in the night a train came in with a load of badly wounded. We were fighting a rear-guard action, and the wounds were terrible, but though these men were worse physically than those of the night before, their spirit was totally changed—and they all talked of Joan of Arc—Joan of Arc had appeared to the troops and saved them

from disaster. They begged for medals, or Holy pictures, repudiated any idea of weakness or dying. Some of them, though bled white, declared themselves fit to go back to the front immediately their wounds were dressed.

“One man would not let me touch him till he had related how he saw St. Michael the Archangel.”

On the twenty-fourth of August the wounded came from the retreating army, but they “were in a curious state of exaltation—they talked not of defeat but victory, and spoke of Joan of Arc and St. Michael riding white horses, and turning back the foe. Some of the men spoke also of the Germans falling dead in their ranks where Joan of Arc and her companion, Michael the Archangel, had intervened between the contending hosts. . . . The men’s wounds were horrible, they were in a state of absolute physical exhaustion, yet not one of them was depressed or despondent. . . .

“The English boys were more reticent than the French; they did not confide in us so easily, nor were they so readily comforted. . . . They all had the same strange ‘exalted’ look, and also they, after their wounds were dressed, spoke of St. George on a white horse.”

One man, a Breton, put the situation thus:—

“It must be a pretty hard case for us, when God has to send his best fighting man to our aid. You see, Mademoiselle Mees, it is an ancient feud between Satan and St. Michael. He got turned out of heaven—now he will get him off the earth, but it will take time.”

Let us conclude with the words of Sister Gabrielle Maurice Larroque, Chef de Salle, “C.”

“The wounded have spoken of apparitions of Joan of Arc after the battle of the Marne. This would be in the same places where she showed herself again with St. Michael. But I know that all these facts have been recorded, and that the matter will be explained with the dates, places, and irrefutable evidence after the war. That is all one can say at the moment.”

Let us leave it at that.

P. G. Y.

SUCCORY.

In a strange burial ground
Searching strange graves above
By a sure sign I found
Where lay my love.

Bluer than summer skies,
Than summer seas more blue,
Looked from the dust his eyes
Whose death I rue.

Sweet eyes of my sweet slain
Lost all those weary hours,
Lo, I beheld again
Turned into flowers.

—ELINOR JENKINS.

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