

frozen fingers. But the success of the soup was almost eclipsed by the chocolate which succeeded it later in the day.

"Cauldron after cauldron of this was emptied as quickly as it could be made. When the men were relieved in the trenches they came over to the little cellar house and swarmed around it like bees, waiting patiently for their turn, and holding out those endless mugs which became like a nightmare to the fillers.

"The news of this extraordinary little centre of light and comfort right up in the firing line spread like wildfire, and every Belgian officer discovered that urgent business took him to Pervyse at one time or another in the next few weeks."

The worst bit of work was carrying hot chocolate to the sentries and outposts at night. "It could not be done until it got dark, and then, as often as not the shelling began. So they took their lives in their hands and never knew when they started out if they would come back."

Another of the Belgian officers of whom the Two saw a good deal was Captain Robert de Wilde, who got into the way of dropping in most evenings, but one morning a tall officer entered in the smart uniform of the Guides with crimson breeches, shining boots, green tunic, and peaked cap, and with him, for Gipsy, entered her fate. He handed her a message from his Colonel, and as he left a smile lit up his face and indeed the whole cellar. "That smile seemed positively to linger and irradiate everything in a remarkable way."

Later, when Gipsy was cycling to Headquarters to make herself unpleasant about something she could not get done, she saw a car coming in the opposite direction. "With a start which thrilled right through her, Gipsy saw that young Lieutenant de T'Serclaes, whose name she had now learned, was in the car." No word passed between them, but she "involuntarily looked back as the car spun on its way. It was a most curious coincidence but the Lieutenant looked back too, at precisely the same moment. Somehow the feeling of annoyance and nerves fell from Gipsy, and she noticed how the larks were singing. She changed her mind after all; she wasn't going to bully Headquarters. She didn't feel she wanted to bully anyone to-day, and she rode back again to Pervyse in a state of serene bliss."

Supplying soup and chocolate was not the whole or indeed the chief reason for the settlement at Pervyse—"there were casualties to be attended to and much suffering saved; not only actual wounds but all those terrible hurts due to the exposure of men's bodies in circumstances of hardship and want."

Early in 1915 the Two received an unexpected visit from General Jacquez, commanding the Belgian Army. He had been sent by the King of the Belgians to inform them that he had created them Knights (Chevaliers) of the Order of Leopold II, and he handed them the King's Order. "It was not until General Jacquez had left them that they were able to think coherently, and then

they drank each other's health in a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk. On February 1st, 1915, they went to receive the decoration from the King himself, who pinned the cross on to their tunics and expressed his personal gratitude for their work. (In the picture of "The Two" which we published last week, they are wearing the decoration.)

It was only when German guns had been trained upon the cellar house and it had been struck by shells that they reluctantly evacuated it. Three times they were shelled out of various refuges, and finally they returned to Pervyse—their first love.

Here a new joy entered into Gipsy's life, for every now and again, when the weather was too bad for flying, the young Baron H. de T'Serclaes appeared, and "his wonderful smile irradiated the most dismal day." It is not surprising to learn that in November he proposed to Gipsy and was accepted, and that they were married on January 10th of this year. Captain Robert de Wilde was best man, and the congregation at the Roman Catholic chapel (the bride had embraced the Roman faith before her marriage) rivalled that to be found at any West End church at a Society wedding.

Mairi is still hard at work, having obtained permission for her father to share her life at Pervyse, and Gipsy, despite her new responsibilities, is still as devoted as ever.

All royalties from the sale of the book under review go to the cause, or donations may be sent to "The Cellar-House Fund," c/o A. & C. Black Ltd.

NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE.

A quiet day for prayer and meditation is being held on St. Andrew's Day, Thursday, November 30th, 1916 (by kind permission of the Rector), at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, conducted by the Rev. Stuart H. Clark, M.A. (formerly in Calcutta), Vicar of Tonbridge. The general subject for addresses will be—

"THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR TIMES."

6.0 a.m. and 9.15 a.m.—Holy Communion.

10.0—12.30, Morning.—Morning Prayer. Address: "The Facts of Life."—Repent. "The Fact of Christ."—Believe.

2.30—4.30, Afternoon.—Addresses: "The Fact of the Church"—Unite. "The Fact of the World"—Advance. "The Power of the Holy Spirit"—Hope.

5.30.—Shortened Evening Prayer.

7.30—8.30.—Intercession, with Address by the Rector, the Rev. W. Temple, M.A. Subject: "A Dedicated Nation."

There will be periods for Prayer and silent Meditation after each Address.

Mr. Clark will be in the Church from 12.30—1, and from 2—2.30 to give further help to any nurses who wish.

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