

sprightly young officers, slim and smiling, with well won galons and ribbons too; and nonchalant Poilus and Chasseurs, whose absolutely superb valour has done so much to save the world from the clutches of Hell. Gentlemen all. Very earnest, very pathetic, with a pleasant glance for women, whose spirit is no less martial than their own.

Then, when one has passed out of Paris, into the Department of the Seine-et-Marne, one is greatly thrilled to find oneself gazing at the *paysage riant*, visualised for us by the graphic pen of Mildred Aldrich, as she saw it in those early days of the war, when the Legions of Hell, let loose in the Valley of the Marne, were rolled back by the ever-glorious feats of arms of the Allies. "That few, that happy few, that band of brothers," the flower of England's chivalry,

its banks innumerable little townships perch—red-roofed and clustered around their God's acre. By and by we come to Meaux, the tower of its Cathedral standing fair and square, and so shall it stand for many a day, and thence through the historic country, and seemingly a gentle peaceful world. We alight at Epernay,—our train with its burden of brave men goes on to Chalons—so they say—but we know for many the destination is the "beloved" City, "like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," where their names will be found written in the Book of Life.

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We make ready for our visit to the Quartier de Cavalerie, that *congerie* of barracks known to us as Hôpital 24, Secteur 3, where Sisters of the F.F.N.C. are to prove to us what the spirit of true explorers may accomplish. But alas! the skies are no longer *riant*, and we begin our little journey in a penetrating downpour which is however powerless to damp our ardour.

Many things are held up in the war zone in these days: amongst them horses and cabs and cars, and *gomme elas-*



Lilian Maize.

Florence McLoughlin.

Gertrude Denson.

Claudia Gaudin.

SISTERS AT EPERNAY.

those immortals who saved England, of whom it has been written:—

Who shall sing the Song of them,
The wonder and the strength of them,
The gaiety and tenderness
They bore across the sea?
In every heart's the Song of them,
The pride that England has in them,
The chivalry and fearlessness
That strove—and won Her free.

The Valley of the Marne! What a valley, what a river! It is chill October, and yet *riant* is the only word which describes their shimmering beauty. All the sunlight of summer seems to have been absorbed and kept close in the foliage of crimson and golden trees, and on this side and that, curling and gleaming, the great iridescent river, flows on and on and on. On

tique, and *chauffage*, and *l'eau chaud*, and in fact a whole catalogue of comforts, so we are provided by a kindly Med. Chef with a sturdy ambulance, which evidently stands no nonsense from either broken bones or lacerated nerves, and presently we come to the fine iron gates of the Quartier de Cavalerie, lying picturesquely in the hollow of lovely hills in the beautiful Champagne country. Here we find immense barrack buildings, part of which have been fitted for hospital wards, and where we feel sure, as soon as we enter, great improvements have been effected since trained British nurses have had the privilege of ministering to the needs of the sick within the gates.

We have letters describing the conditions of these barracks in the early days of the war.

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