

gentleman at the receipt of custom, and drew his attention to this unconsidered item thereon; whereupon he arose with dignity, disappeared, and smilingly returned with a whole pound of lovely fresh iced butter, which he placed in our midst. Then followed hot milk and coffee. We smiled triumphantly at our patient comrades; they grinned genially at us. The "crock" became amenable to discipline, and later we all sallied forth into the crisp morning air prepared for the fray.

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Later in the day we alighted at the station for Verneuil, and drove there through more historic country to the château—now a hospital—where we were welcomed by the Sisters, eager to escort us through the comfortable

fateful sound had been heard, and all day and night it went on and on—and so did life in general. When one has lived in the war zone for years "one doesn't hear these things," as a Sister remarked. After we had been through the hospital and the huts, and noticed how picturesque our Sisters looked in their blue gowns, their snowy caps and aprons, and crimson coats, specks of brightness flitting across the garden and in and out of the wards, we walked through the little town, so full of soldiers busy with military duties, and came by and by to that very yard quoted above, to find men and horses still hobnobbing on affairs of State, and so to the shabby old château, to which the Sisters are so greatly attached, in spite of inconveniences which need not be taken into account.

Here indeed they live "the simple life," which, let us hope, may appeal to many people after the war—a war inspired by the love of fleshpots and other gross material instincts.

The kind Sisters entertained us to a delightful *déjeuner*, prepared by Henriette; who, as *femme de ménage*, looks well after their creature comforts. Through the French windows one stepped into the garden; there the remains of *petite culture* were to be seen—the little stream so cool in summer, and rustic bridge, the orchard—leafless in October—and the changing sky. Mlle. de l'Epine, as guest, was chatting with the old postman over the fence, and he was offering her the last rose of summer, sweet as honey. A perfectly peaceful rural scene. Yet all the time the guns were booming, and but a few kilometres away the most demoniacal foe, lusty for blood and vengeance, was being held at bay. If he broke through? If? It was well that our faith in the valour of France permitted us to enjoy without tremor the charms of this fascinating place, the sweetness of the rose, the sound of running water, and the sight of azure sky.

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Some time ago a playful Taube circled overhead. Down came bombs in that Arcadian orchard. The shrapnel hurtled through the rickety walls of the room recently occupied by Sister Perkins, and lodged in an outer wall. No harm done, but a near thing. Just a gentle



A FAMILY GROUP.

Sisters Pope, Perkins, Lewis, and de l'Epine, Henriette and the dogs.

wards, and to show us in the grounds the various services to which they are attached. These sections are established in huts. Sister Celia Perkins and Sisters Pope and Lewis have worked happily together at this centre, and are evidently in great favour with their superior officers, their patients, and, as we found later, with their kindly neighbours.

It was in crossing the garden, seen in the picture, that for the first time I heard the ominous sound of the guns. Twenty miles away, yet thunderous and deadly. A great battle, in which the French were doing brilliantly, was in process. For four days the

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