

reminder of the playful pranks of the Boches!

The picture of the "family party," Sisters Perkins, Pope, Lewis, and de l'Epine, with Henriette and the dogs, was taken just outside the living-room window. Above, the rooms are windowless, and all open to the weather, and in these apartments the hospital linen is dried.

A happy afternoon soon slipped away, and all the Sisters came with us to the station, whence we took train to Château Thierry. We drove past many interesting things—over a fine bridge spanning the Marne. Here in 1914 prodigies of valour preceded life in death. The sentry of this particular bridge was ordered to blow it up to stop the German advance. Alas! poor boy, he had not the ammunition, but he stepped into the breach, and killed nine of the enemy before they cut him down. Such heroism appealed even to his pitiless foes, and "they gave him Christian burial"! The grave near by of this hero is marked by a cross, and scattered near are black crosses, which mark the graves of the enemy.

As we awaited departure, train after train passed through the station, crowded with the young manhood of France going up to the trenches—gay debonaire boys and determined men. Here and there a face, tense and pale, with eyes strained in agony, pressed against the window pane. The trains rolled slowly, and those faces as they passed stirred the heart with grief. All the love and longing after life, this dear life—here—now, seemed to have withered those young faces, which corpse-like passed out of sight.

The bitter, blasting shame of it!

To realise that before the war there was not honour and courage enough in the high places of this our world to prevent this crime of world-wide sacrifice.

Kings, Presidents, politicians, the men paid by the people to keep politics sane and clean, knew of this premeditated murder, and they had not the heroism to prevent it.

We kissed the Sisters good-bye. It is good to know that throughout every war zone these skilled and devoted women are playing a valiant part.

"OUR DEAD HEROES."

They shall grow not old, as we that are left
grow old,

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We will remember them. E. G. F.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS WITH THE SERBS.

Christmas Day was over, and our Serbian patients had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. One who prided himself on speaking English fluently, expressed the feelings of all, when he remarked to me next day: "Engleesh Christmas too much all right." We had not realised that the Serbian Christmas was thirteen days later than ours, and when first we knew this it was too late to do much in the way of entertaining beyond an extra good dinner, informal ward concerts and the giving out of some new games, puzzles, &c., which fortunately we had in stock. The latter were always a great treat. The care which the men take of them is amusing and pathetic, when one remembers how abundant and very often unappreciated such trifles are in home hospitals. Going round the wards in the evening I found dinner in progress. In a few of the wards laughter and fun abounded, but in most there was an unusual quietness. One ward was particularly quiet. The men were sitting round the table waiting for dinner to be served. A poor little attempt at keeping up their native customs was to be seen in a lighted candle in the centre of the table, and a little incense burning in the lid of an old Bengel's food tin. Evidently the only receptacle they could find. I spoke to them, but they were quiet and not very responsive. At last one looked up, and with a world of tragedy in his tired, war-worn face, said sadly: "Na mer Serbia, Sistra," and with one voice they all broke out: "Serbia fini." It was *their* Christmas; and the memory of other Christmases, with their friends, their homes, and their dearly-loved country stood out in sharp contrast with the present, when they felt they had lost their all. I told them Serbia wasn't finished. The British would see that the Serbians got their country back again. They tried to explain that it was not that they did not fight, but they were outnumbered. They one and all told me of the hardships they had endured. One fine boy of twenty had no one left belonging to him,—they were all done to death. No home. No country. Another knew that his children had been put to death, and could not trace any of his other relations, and so the tragic story of those splendid Serbian soldiers went on, always with the same heart-breaking cry, "Serbia fini."

How proud and thankful I am that I was fortunate enough to be chosen to work among the Serbs. Those who have never done so cannot realise what the simple-minded heroic Serbians are suffering through this cruel war. They are so childlike and so pathetically grateful for all that is done for them, so home-loving and so patriotic. I shall always cherish a memory of the Serbian soldier as one of nature's truest gentlemen, and when the war is over, one of my greatest thanksgivings will be that he will no longer be able to say: "Na mer Serbia: Serbia fini" (No more Serbia: Serbia finished).

SISTRA.

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