

snow was unforgettable. A party of peasants invited us to their roaring fire, and we shared what supper we had with them. We sat round the camp fire and though roasted in front and frozen behind, we managed to get a few hours' sleep. We took the road at dawn. It was snowing hard and perishingly cold. We were now far into the Pass, and there could be no turning back." The Albanian peasants helped with the horses. "One would take the pony's head and the other the tail, and all three would then slide and slither down the icy descent in the cleverest fashion. Our only thoughts were of food, and our talk was of food, and to recall any delicacy would bring our hearts to our mouths." Seven weeks of this terrible flight before the party arrived at Brindisi.

We must conclude this notice with an extract from the chapter entitled "Our Chief," in which Elsie Inglis is compared with Florence Nightingale.

"To both the service of man was part of their creed, which gave richness to their service of God.

"Both believed in the absolute duty of 'following the gleam' that shone on their path in life whatever might be the apparent obstacles. Difficulties to them were only so many stones to be stepped pleasantly over if possible, or otherwise sternly cast aside.

"It was with girt loin and lamp lit that August, 1914, found Elsie Inglis. For three years her great nature was to be privileged to do a work exacting its full powers, demanding the uttermost of her strength even to the last breath of her gallant spirit as it winged its way to the higher sphere."

It is indeed an inspiring record, and one which should make British women glow with pride.

The illustrations are profuse and of great interest, and include portraits of the brilliant medical women who served the Unit. The panoramic view of the Hospital in Salonica is a fine illustration and gives the reader some idea of the immense scope of work planned and organised by these women.

Though we have commented chiefly on the portion of the book dealing with Serbia, our readers are aware that the Scottish women established hospitals in Calais, Royaumont, Salonica, Corsica, Troyes, Vranja, Russia, Ostrovo and Sallanches. Such an immense undertaking, carried out triumphantly to its conclusion, is a lasting witness to the wit and wisdom of women.

H. H.

A KINGLY GRAVE IN FRANCE.

Under the title "A Kingly Grave in France," Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, have published an interesting booklet by the author of "Especially" and "The Cup of War." Let us explain the reason for it in the author's own words.

"At last I have had my wish. I have seen with my own eyes the spot where our son fought

his last fight and 'laid him down with a will.' Many and many a mother has longed to make this pilgrimage to France; many would gladly go on foot if only they might reach their sacred spot. For those who cannot go, I will try to tell how it fared with me."

This much-loved son "went out to France a subaltern of twenty-five with six years' service in one of our best infantry regiments. Before he was twenty-eight he was Lieutenant-Colonel, D.S.O. and M.C." He was mortally wounded on May 27th, 1918, and fourteen months elapsed before his mother was able to visit his grave. The information she gives as to the details of her journey would be valuable to other relatives making the same sad pilgrimage. At length she writes:—

"There beside his trench, facing the miles of open country, alone with God and with the birds and flowers and butterflies all about his bed—there lay our only son, the joy of our life, the pride of our hearts, but, oh! never prouder, *never* prouder, beloved, than now. . . . The mothers of those who lie in Kingly Graves have no call to weep. But for our sons, what happiness had there been to-day in England?

"Now, when the moon shines into my room, I can picture just how quietly it shines above the little wooden cross and ivory Christ.

"The cornflowers will fade, the piteous trenches crumble gradually away, but that wide and starry sky, that majesty of silent peace will still be there. In the morning and the evening I shall see it, in the rain and in the sunshine, but I will never wish it different.

"If the souls of our glorious dead are sleeping for awhile, where better could they sleep? If only their gallant bodies lie under the flowers, then their spirits have long since answered to the Roll Call of Paradise. Rank after rank the regiments have mustered in the Courts of God, for once more the cry of the Crucified has gone forth to the sons of men: 'Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?' And they have said unto Him: 'We are able.'"

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The passage into law of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act has made it necessary for the Lord Chancellor to reach a decision as to what (if any) immediate steps should be taken by him in view of the new statutory qualification enabling women to be placed upon the Commission of the Peace.

The Lord Chancellor has therefore formed a committee, consisting of Lady Crewe, Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss Haldane, Miss Tuckwell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Sidney Webb, to advise him respecting the appointment of women magistrates.

The members of the Committee will at once be placed upon the Commission of the Peace.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)