

"GOD'S CHIVALRY."

We have been at war with Germany for six months, and standing shoulder to shoulder with the great French Republic in a struggle to the death for righteousness.

What do we know of our valiant ally? One thing surely, that the French people are the most patriotic people in the world, and that suffering nobly borne has proved them to be so.

Three times within our memory have the ruthless Germanic mercenaries attacked the fair land of France. We remember Sedan, 1870, which clash of arms swept away the Second Empire, and listened to the tramp, from afar, of the Prussian hordes as they marched down the Champs Élysée. French pride in the dust. Bismarck in the *Galerie des Glaces* at Versailles, and the grinding terms of peace. The siege of Paris, when rats were a luxury—and the extraordinary resilience of the French nation. Wonderful people. Every grain of soil beloved and conserved by the life's blood of the people.

Manhood in its flower dedicated to the protection of the sacred land. The passing of 40 years and again the arrogant enemy at the gate! We remember Verdun. Its heroic and sublime defence—" *Its ne passeront pas*," even the dead obstructing advance.

Once again a few years' respite, yet time to erect defences. Again, in 1939, face to face with barbarism, gloating in the massacre of women and children, bloody tyranny to be resisted to the death, until the soul of man is free. These things we know, and it is with high hearts that British valour is flung into the fray. Together, French and British manhood, united in God's Chivalry, will soar, dead or alive, to the foot of the Throne. We present to you on this page a typical young poilu standing at the salute with his white gauntlet, after receiving his decoration for bravery, at a ceremony behind the lines on the Western Front. Of such are the young guardians of righteousness, inspired with the Grace of God. Is it possible that the legions of Evil can prevail against God's Chivalry? We know that it is not possible.

*O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart again
That I may flower to men.*

JOHN MASEFIELD.

ECHOES OF THE GREAT WAR.

"THE CHIVALROUS POILU."

February 20th, 1916. A sudden call from the R.B.R.X. for the immediate despatch of two Sisters, to help the French in their terrible struggle at Verdun, was the reason we found ourselves darting through the night, and arriving in the early hours of a raw cold morning, and being conducted to one of the largest Military Hospitals for the Verdun wounded.

Though our heads were still in a whirl from the noise and racket of the night trains, it was nothing to what they

would be like during the hectic days that lay before us. From morning till night, the hum of the X-ray machines dinning in our ears, the incessant stream of wounded coming and going, the untiring work of the surgeons, which not only filled the days but often far into the nights was the daily routine.

I was pushed into giving anaesthetics. At first this terrified me! But not for long. I soon became quite courageous when I could hear the pandemonium of noises hailing from the countless stretchers which crowded the floor in an adjoining room!

It was not till all this pressure of work had subsided that I had any chance to be in the wards and help with the nursing of the French Poilu.

The first thing that struck me was the dearth of ordinary comforts. It went to my heart to see them lying on their backs, trying to drink out of condensed milk tins, and only straw in coarse canvas covers for pillows. Fortunately, a friend in London, in answer to my list of "Wants," sent large crates of lovely pillows, plenty of drinking-cups and feeders, and the Poilus' special friend, the "Ventoise" for cupping (nothing gave them greater relief for chest troubles).

One day I lost a new album. There seemed to be some mysterious amusement among the wounded when I asked about it.

"Peut-être quelqu'un va le remettre en place bientôt Madelle," was all the answer I got.

At last it was "found"—and what a thrill it gave me! As I turned over the leaves, I found each patient had contributed some expressions of their gratitude, with etchings, verse, portraits, and in a small packet trinkets and rings made from bits of their wounds. But the greatest evidence of the marvellous chivalry of the Poilu was shown to me the last Sunday before my return home.

When coming on duty in the early morning I was very



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A FRENCH HERO SALUTES. A YOUNG GUARDIAN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)