

six years old, in my arms. My husband came in a few days after ; but he fell sick, and died of his troubles, and the little one too.' and the tears fell slowly down her pale, thin cheeks. She was only twenty-seven years old, There was a dead silence in the room while she was telling her fearful story ; the other women looked at each other with terror.

It is by details of such individual miseries as these that we realize the horrors endured by "war victims," and are made to feel greater sympathy than by any amount of general descriptions or bare lists of numbers and statistics of deaths.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, were my experiences of Sedan ; placed before you in a fragmentary and imperfect manner, for after all, to those actively engaged amongst the wounded and dying, war presents a special feature difficult to describe, and differently described by each participator in the action, each one's experience is fragmentary. The blended narratives of many, not only show this, but more, they also all tend to show to the peaceful citizen the hardships their defenders have to undergo, and to strike a chord in each heart, that while ready to defend our hearths and homes from the enemy, that we must be tender and womanly in our care of the wounded and sick—not only of our countrymen, but of our adversaries, and according to their means at the fitting moment to act the good Samaritan, each according to his power, for the alleviation of their sickness and distress.