

II.

DORA McKANE was a nursing sister in one of the Canadian Hospitals on the coast of France.

She was a petite, dark-eyed, gracious woman, serious in duty, but always cheerful. The patients under her care all loved her—she was always willing to do her utmost for their comfort. Perhaps the fact that she had a brother at the Front intensified her solicitude for the wounded and made her all the more tender. But all the nurses manifested a similar spirit. There is nothing more beautiful than the sweet gentleness, almost a maternal tenderness, of sisters in hospital work for their patients. This particular hospital was much sought after—men going up to the Front asked that they should be sent here in the event of being wounded. There seemed to be a rivalry in skill and kindness among the officers, nurses, and men as to which ward should hold the banner for general efficiency. The Hospital was quite a huge affair—great Durbar tents standing in long rows, each equipped with every convenience and comfort. The location was all that could be desired. Behind the white tents beautiful hills lifted their green sides well above the plain, and so protected the Hospital from cold winds. In the distance the waters of the English Channel spread their glory before you, and white sails dotted the stretching blue. Sand-dunes broke the monotony of the extended plain, and a glorious beach yielded satisfaction to those who braved the long walk from the hospital.

There had been a long period when the patients were few and the staff was beginning to chafe a bit under the inaction. Not that they wanted to see