

one of the most pathetic dispatches ever penned—"You seem to have forgotten us." Things have happily changed. Those generous people who have maintained the Red Cross Societies in the present war have taken care the soldier shall be well assured that, night or day, he is never forgotten.

Those warm-hearted people of the Empire who have poured gold into the treasury of the Societies have the satisfaction of knowing that not one penny has been wasted on red tape or parade, and that—since the chief Red Cross officials are unpaid—it has been spent as they would wish it to be spent, in affording direct relief to the sick and wounded soldier.

The work of the Societies is not to be expressed in mere money. The wounded man estimates the service rendered in no known coinage, for it dispenses the gold of Havilah, of which it is truly said "and the gold of that land is good."

Of the personnel of the Societies Mr. Granville Barker has written with an appreciation which is as generous as it is well deserved.

It is said that the Great War has produced no Florence Nightingale. That may be so; but it has produced a much esteemed and lovable lady, hitherto unknown in any war, who has earned for herself a reputation little less than that attained by the great pioneer of Red Cross work. She is known by the curious title of "the V.A.D." She works as a volunteer. She is quite a new being, yet she represents the womanhood of England, the tender-hearted, unselfish,