

wound had affected his speech, so that his endeavours to utter an intelligible word were painful and sad. Another unhappy creature had lost both hands through the bursting of a shell, but he was manfully and patiently learning to write by means of a pen strapped to his wrist. The nuns recounted the details of each case to us, with a running commentary of platitudes. "Comme c'est terrible la guerre! Affreux! Horrible!" Nothing more original in the way of exposition fell from those virginal lips! What the war must have brought into their peaceful, monotonous lives, of excitement, horror, and novelty, who can gauge?

Inside, the hospital is bare enough. What had once been three salons is now three wards, and beds are ranged in tidy rows along the walls. The floors are of parquet, and the marble mantelpieces are protected from possible injury by wooden hoarding. Bad frescoes, in pale, dreary tints, cover ceiling and walls. They have none of the virility and depth of colour which made the crude efforts of an earlier school of mural decoration acceptable. Sprays of decadent flowers, painted in light brown and pink, disfigure what would be inoffensive without them. Windows and floors are hygienically devoid of curtains and carpets, but from every window is such a view as makes one's heart sing for joy. There is a tiny chapel, of course, and a resident priest, and flowers on the altar, picked fresh from the garden by loving hands. And there is a Roman lamp and a solitary red light glowing in the dimness as symbol of the Faith.