Editorial Efforts

SISTER

order to shield them, and took the whipping ourselves. When we became grown up, we guarded them with the same jealous care until some one came along and claimed them.

"No, George. I can never marry you, but I will always be a sister to you." Some of us may have listened with a throbbing heart to these words, spoken with trembling lips, by a vision of beauty, while the tears shone in her big blue eyes. At the time the words seemed to be the death-knell of our future hope and happiness in life. Then it was, we thought the magic word "Sister" had no charm for us. That girl to-day may be among the thousands of ministering angels, who are bringing relief to the wounded, maimed, and dying.

But away above and beyond all this are the little army of girls who have perpetuated the word "Sister" in the history of the world. From Halifax to Vancouver their hearts responded to the call for volunteers. They left peaceful and pleasant homes, sacrificed many comforts to do a noble work. We find them everywhere in England and France, in the hospitals, at the dressing stations, even in the trenches. Doing what? Facing unspeakable horrors, ministering to the wounded, alleviating suffering, and in hundreds of ways attending to the needs, wants, and fancies of the battered heroes, who are for the time under their care. To thousands of gallant lads the word "Sister" will always have a sacred meaning all its own. They will never forget the untiring devotion and the sweet sympathy which was ever shown to them in the darkest hour of their pain and suffering.

Sisters, we are proud of you, proud of your glorious work. Honoured to be able to say that one of the most noble units in the Canadian Army to-day, is the Nursing Sisters.