

*Another.*—Perhaps our Secretary can tell us.

*Miss Smith.*—I am not sure about the date, but I have it here somewhere. (*Searches among her papers, and finally turns over the leaves of a pamphlet*). Oh yes. Here it is. "The Canadian Red Cross Society was first established in 1896, and acted throughout the Boer War. It was afterwards incorporated, in 1909, by an Act of the Canadian Parliament."

*President.*—Thank you, Miss Smith.

*Another Member (speaking from her seat).*—It is so interesting to me to think that all over the world Red Cross Members are making comforts for soldiers. And I like to follow in thought our own boxes from this circle to the Provincial Branch, then across the sea to England, then to the Depot and from there to the hospitals, carrying our love and good wishes with every article sent.

*Another Member.*—Do you know that Japan has a most perfectly organized Red Cross Society?

*Another Member.*—And I love to read of the Red Cross dogs trained to bring water to the wounded and to return for help to save the soldiers.

*President.*—Mrs. Thomson has a letter to read to us.

*Mrs. Thomson (rising).*—This is part of a letter from my nephew who has been in hospital. He writes to his mother, "I shall never forget how good and kind the nurses have been to me, and I must tell you how highly they speak of the Red Cross boxes from Canada. I was proud to tell them how hard my mother was working, and about the circle in my home town. Please, mother dear, write and thank my kind nurse for all she has done for me."

*A Member.*—Yes, indeed, those nurses deserve our thanks and all we can do to help and encourage them.

*A Member.*—And Nurse Cavell—how wonderful she was!

*A Member.*—I am so glad that we are to have a mountain named for her.

*A Member.*—Yes, and that Mrs. MacDonald wrote such a beautiful poem about her. Have you all read it?

*The President.*—Miss Brown knows it, and I am sure she will recite it for us.

*Miss Brown (rises and recites).*—

EDITH CAVELL.

(By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.)

*By the kind permission of the Author.*

Skilled were those hands that nursed your wounded brothers,

Tender that heart and true;

This was a woman slain for saving others,

Blindly they slew!

Honor her! Love her! Set your hearts to serve her

Who served so well,

Who faced the guns—with who knows what of anguish!—

Edith Cavell!

Bear in your souls her name, for pity pleading

When foemen yield;

She lived for mercy; hear her interceding

In trench and field;

Strong, true and dear, her name is ours for guarding,

Her story, Fame's to tell;

Sister of heroes, in our love we hold her,

Edith Cavell!

*President.*—Canada honoured herself in honouring Edith Cavell, and Mount Cavell will be a reminder of her sacrifice for all time.

Now I have a great treat for you. Two Red Cross nurses are passing through our town today and they have promised to come here at five. (*Knock heard*). I think I hear them now. (*A member opens the door*).

*Two nurses enter. The President greets them, and they sit down.*

*President.*—It gives us much pleasure to have you with us. You were kind enough to promise to tell us a little about your work.

*1st Nurse.*—I belong to the St. John's Ambulance Association and I served in France. We had a handsome chateau for a hospital. We got the men from twelve to twenty hours after they were wounded. We were well within sound of the guns. Our head nurse and doctor made an operating theatre out of what was the laundry of the chateau. Our ambulance drivers worked so hard, and we blessed those who had donated the ambulances and cars to us.

*2nd Nurse.*—Malta was where I was sent by the Canadian Red Cross Society, and here I helped to nurse the wounded from the Dardanelles. One hospital ship brought 115 patients and every bed was full. That meant hard work. I went on duty at eleven a. m., worked till five that afternoon, rested a few hours, then went back for night duty. The poor boys were so brave and patient. Though we were often tired we were always happy and thankful to feel we were doing our share in helping these brave soldiers.

*President.*—Thank you both. I feel we shall go on now working harder than ever for the Red Cross.

*A Member (recites).*—

"FOR THE RED CROSS."

Ye that have gentle hearts, and fain

To succor men in need,

There is no voice could ask in vain

With such a cause to plead—

The cause of those that to your care,

Who know the debt to honor due,

Confide the wounds they proudly wear,

The wounds they took for you.

And yonder where the battle's waves

Broke yesterday o'erhead,

Where now the swift and shallow graves

Cover our British dead,

Think how your sisters play their part,

Who serve as in a holy shrine,

Tender of hand and brave of heart,

Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still,

Of life-blood sacrifice,

That lonely cross on Calvary's hill

Red with the wounds of Christ;