

ABOVE THE BATTLE

and read for half an hour, she came round to ask me how I felt, and if there was anything I could think of I wanted.

"Now you're quite sure, laddie, that there is nothing else you want? All right, I'll put the lamp out, then."

In the bed next to me lay a very young officer, apparently seriously wounded, for every now and again he could not repress a low groan, half sigh, as he moved his thin white arms restlessly about the coverlet. The nurse went over and bent down over him—oh, she was a dear! Her kindly face showed a deal, for all its sympathy, of the things she had seen in the past two years; she was about thirty-five or forty, probably with children of her own——

"Well, kiddy, do you feel restless just now?"

"Yes, nurse. I can't sleep, my head will buzz and I am so hot—hot——"

His voice trailed off and he weakly plucked the sheets back from his chest. The nurse bent down and quietly kissed his forehead.

"Poor boy," she whispered softly as she leaned over him. . . . The shaded ward light just irradiated