

a grant of one penny a day for each of the sixty children.

They live within the never-ending sound of artillery fire; each morning is devoted to attendance at the burial service for the dead. Their days are spent in strict seclusion, and their nights are passed in natural terror of bombs being dropped from enemy aeroplanes.

Poor little children! Their normal childhood joys are thus suddenly turned into the tragic realities of life, and not only are they deprived of childish freedom and liberty of action, but their poor little souls are for ever clouded by what they witness daily, of the arrival and suffering of wounded men directly from the front, and of the interment of fallen soldiers. Their youthful minds are tortured with the knowledge that all around them is one great continuous effort, to the abandonment of all else—the struggle to save France from cruel invasion.

The kindly faces of the Sisters and the gentle, if subdued, faces of those poor little children tell their story. Whatever their physical privations, they are, in the highest sense of the word, sublimely happy.



Everywhere there are daily proofs that the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc still flourishes in the hearts of the women of France. Those brave hearts, bearing the racking strain of anxiety, are in every way as brave and as staunch as