

The present entrance drive will be carried on across the terrace where now stand the camelia and azalea bushes. To the west of the main block and block C there will be space for two grass tennis courts, so as to afford to the increased number of students additional opportunity for play.

The library will also serve as a picture gallery, and I hope in time may contain a good collection of the works of Australian artists.

At present the additions talked of are a dream only. But so many things which seemed to us in the early days like the shadow of a dream have turned to reality in the most unlikely way, that this, too, may materialise when we least expect it.

L. M.

POESIES POUR HELENE II. (5).

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant,
Direz chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'estois belle.

Lors vous n'aurez servante oyant telle nouvelle,
Desja sous le labeur à demy sommeillant
Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aïlle réveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je seray sous la terre, et fantasme sans os
Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos
Vous serez au fouyer, une vieille accroupie,
Regrettant mon amour, et vostre fier desdain
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain;
Cueillez dès aujourd'huy les roses de la vie.

Ronsard.

TRANSLATION.

Some night, when you are very old with bowed grey head
Dreaming and spinning in the firelight, you will sing
My verses softly to yourself and marvelling
Cry, Ronsard praised me in the days long dead!

And there will be no maid of yours but at my name
Though half asleep, with all her mind a drowsy haze
Will straightway from her chair arise with eyes ablaze
To add immortal praise to your immortal name.

I shall be in my grave, a phantom body free
To rest at last beneath some shadowed myrtle tree,
Crouched on your barren hearth, old crone, you'll stare aghast
At ruined lives, spurned love, wrecked faith and lost delight,
Live each day full and bye, count not its speedy flight
Cull ye the rose of life to-day, ere life be past.

Helen Denny.

A WAR LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Extract from letter from Nurse M. Armstrong, secretary of Scottish Women's Hospital at Villers Bretonneux, France:—

Three weeks ago to-day (it seems three years) the attack had not begun, and we were contentedly pottering about our wee gardens and had only a handful of wounded in the place, and nothing very much to do. Most of the Staff were down here (Royaumont) helping with the work. On Tuesday, May 29th wounded began arriving at five in the morning, they came in in an increasing stream, the cases becoming steadily worse, all that day and all the following night. Each night the air raids became worse, but as there had not been one fine night without an air raid since after I returned from Cannes, that was not very remarkable. On Tuesday night, the other girl who worked in the bureau took over my job—receiving the wounded—and I went to bed, was called up early next morning to find they had been coming in all night. By this time things were looking pretty serious, and we were ordered to send away any blessés who could possibly go. (About 50 had been evacuated the previous day.) All the morning I tracked round the wards with one of the doctors, making notes of the cases for evacuation (cases which normally would have been considered completely "intransportable"), and at lunch time I met the Chief—her face was perfectly white, and she said, "You know we have to go." In the afternoon I just went on working at the papers, and apparently things calmed down, for by the evening we were asked to begin taking in wounded again. It was the most extraordinary night—like a little chapter of hell. The men who were brought in were not merely wounded, but shot to pieces—some scarcely human. A terrific air raid came off—I was alone in the office—and the explosives raised a horrid little wind up the back of one's neck. I leaned against the wall in the dark and thought how vile it all was. An ammunition train caught fire close by, and there was a weird light everywhere with leaping explosions up the sky; some village also was burning at the back of us.

Then having finished what I could for the evacuation, I went over the "salle de reception," where the men were being carried in. All lights were out except a few shaded lanterns and candles (it was too dangerous to have the electric light)—the chief was operating by candle light. It's a horrible thing to record, but when the girls went to remove the

amputated limbs the bundle was too heavy for them to lift. One just scrambled round in the semi-darkness, giving a drink here, undressing a man there, helping to hack the field dressings or clothes from limbs that were just a jelly. The only thing about such a situation is that one literally has not time to be alarmed. A bomb dropped with a terrific crash while I was doing something to a half-conscious man. He opened his eyes with a look of horror, and said "une bombe"—and I agreed amiably. It's literally true that I couldn't wait to be nervous (and I'm no heroine about bombs). I think it was that very bomb which dropped on a little cottage at the end of our camp and killed the mother and her three children. And you must picture all this with the weird light of the fires outside and the boom of guns, and all of us longing for morning to bring light so that we could see what we were about.

It came at last, and at last they stopped sending us wounded—a relief, but a bad sign. I was passing down the ward and found a man flinging himself off his stretcher. I called to a harassed doctor, "I don't know what this man is supposed to be doing." She called back, "Oh, he's dying; you might look after him if you've got a chance," so I stopped with him for a couple of hours. He was wounded all over, such a dear brave soul. He asked at once if he were dying—he would try to smile at me and press my hand. Once when the thunder of the guns was fairly shaking the barrack he opened his eyes, and said, "Ah malheureuse vie"—and that little phrase seems to me just about to express it all. I don't know now whether he lived or died, for at about 10 o'clock in the morning the chief came along and told me I must go and see to the men's papers, charts, &c., as we had definite orders to leave.

At lunch time all the juniors were sent off (on foot) for Royaumont. Sisters, doctors, and heads of departments stayed (I was head of the office). A train was brought in, and we got as many of our men on to it as it would take (but, of course, all the hospitals were evacuating). Then there came a sort of pause while we waited for our ambulances to turn up from Royaumont. It was dreadful—the men's one fear was that we would leave them to the Boche. At this point I fled and flung my possessions into my trunk, just leaving out what I could carry in a despatch case. (We thought we would have to leave on foot.) Then the cars turned up and we loaded them with wounded, and sent them

off. Then there was another pause. By this time it was about 7.30 p.m., and someone suggested supper. As we went down the camp we noticed a queer singing noise overhead, followed by bangs, and it suddenly dawned on our scattered wits that the Boche had begun shelling the town. We were just finishing supper when a message came from the Medicin Chef that the entire hospital had to go at once. We raced down the camp—one of our motor lorries had turned up—and providentially some American Ambulances (from the skies, as far as I have ever discovered). Our very last wounded we got on to stretchers, and put into the ambulances—(though I'm afraid few of them could survive the journey)—then we hurled ourselves and such hand luggage as we could wait to get on the lorry—and simply left our camp to its fate. The whole final act happened in about a quarter of an hour. We ran next into an air raid, and nearly got blown up, finally arriving at Royaumont at about midnight, when we had time to sit down and cry (in private—though we all confessed later).

But our adventures were far from over. Next day news drifted in that the enemy had still not reached the town where we had been, and about four in the afternoon three cars were sent up to try and salve equipment. (Heaps of valuable X-ray and theatre stuff had been left.) I was on a wretched lorry which was running badly. At the first town we stopped for news, and they said we might go on but must leave the place before 9 p.m. As it was nearly 8.30 when our tire-some lorry got there, we simply flung on equipment and started back. (The Boche, we were told, were only three kilometers off, but I don't believe it.) The other cars soon out-stripped our lorry. Finally we came to a little town (famous in these parts for the raids against it—from which some ghastly cases had come to our hospital) and paused to ask the way. A man called out to us not to go on. "Why?" said we. "Because the Boche are overhead and just going to bombard the place," he replied. And no sooner had he said it than the bombs began crashing down just ahead. He certainly saved our lives. We backed the car to the roadside and took refuge in a shed of sorts, with a few French Poilus. It was hateful; part of the town caught fire, and the Boche used a queer device—some sort of incandescent shell that lit up the country for miles—and was (you will scarcely credit it) brighter than sunlight—very like a sort of pink sunlight; it was the most unnatural, devilish sight I ever saw.

It lasted, I suppose, about four minutes (though one could have sworn to ten minutes). By its aid the Gothas quietly took aim again and bombed and bombed—and we held hands (the chauffeur girl and I), and thought our last hour was going to be a very sticky one.

In the first pause we decided it was no use attempting to go on, because we would certainly catch it again, so we took to the fields and lay down under a tree, and for $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, with short pauses that detestable bombardment continued. It just rained shells and aerial torpedoes. In the first streak of dawn we crept back mournfully to our car. It had not been touched, but two others just a little further along the road were burning. One lot of six shells had fallen right under our noses in our field. I said, "If there's another, it's us!" The chauffeur girl just had time to say "Don't say such things," when two more fell on the other side of us—just kindly skipping us by a few yards each side. About half way to Royaumont we were met by two ambulances, a doctor, brandy, &c., coming out to pick up the bits; they, of course, knew that we had been caught, and had quite given us up. (Not the least unpleasant aspect of the night had been the cheerful uncertainty as to how near the Boche were and whether they might not be breaking through on another sector.)

Since then we have been over our ears in work, but the Matron and I had one last trip to our camp a week later, the Germans having been held in check all the week. We went up on French lorries, right into the French lines, and, heavens! you never saw such a wreck as our camp was. Troops had been billeted there, and you would think a tribe of monkeys had been through the place—all our trunks had been ripped up and destroyed. We salvaged hospital equipment and a few rags of the staff possessions, but practically everything had gone. However, it doesn't matter much—by the look of the news I should think we would shortly be taking to the roads again.

All the wounded who come in now have been hit on the very ground where we have been walking and picnicing for the last nine months; you can't think how queer it seems—but imagine places that you know as well as, say, Bowral and Moss Vale, becoming the battlefield. It is a fantastic world.

We've had quite a lot of Germans here—and I'm glad to say I find them awful cowards. One Boche officer has given

us as much trouble as six French soldiers; the thing that tickles us most is that he is always so anxious that the lights should be darkened, and when a distant raid came off the other night he yelled with fright. I met him being carried along on a stretcher yesterday, and remarked cheerfully (forgetting that he understands English): "Dear me, I knew who was coming by the noise." (He never stops his complaints.) He tried to kill me with a look.

He's a splendid looking specimen of a very German type. I could imagine him cutting a great dash along the Wilhelmstrasse.

IMPRESSIONS OF A MASSEUSE.

Extract from letter from Roslyn Rutherford, Masseuse at Hop Aux Armies, Abbaye de Royaumont, Asnieres-sur-Oise, Seine et Oise, France.

I have been kissed by an Arab! Horrible, isn't it? He is as black as chocolate, and rejoices in the name of Badas ben Aid ben Aisse, has the proverbial "flashing" black eyes, lovely curly black lashes, and a broken arm and leg. I do his arm. After his treatment, throughout which he nearly collapses with pain, he seizes my hand, and kissing it with great vigour, tells me I am "très gentille toujours."

Life here is one long variety show. Blessés pour in all day long, and are evacuated from the other side with equal gusto. I do odd jobs all over the hospital when not too busy with my massage. Blessés coming in are taken to the salle de pausement to be undressed and washed. They are then marked for X-ray and operation. After which comes the drafting into the wards. I often go into this department because it is most interesting, and often entertaining.

The men are so glad to be here, so glad to see women again, and so very glad to have a wash and a meal. They always bring the very latest news, too, of the Front, which is just here full of interest to us, since with its fluctuating varies our own fate. If it goes well, work is slack, and we are comparatively safe; if ill, the Hospital is continually full, and we live on the verge of evacuating the whole place and going for our lives. We never unpack our boxes, and have out only what is absolutely necessary, so as to be able to move off at a moment's notice.

The Abbaye is very beautiful. It was built by Blanche of Castille for her son Louis IX. All the arches, pillars, etc.,