

They had all the rugs and coats on deck near the boat stations, and fortunately they did, as about 4.30 p.m. a German submarine rose not far from the "Mokoia." Everyone scrambled into their life-belts and got to their stations almost before the whistles had blown. "In less time than it takes to write, all five of the convoy of destroyers were round, and the submarine had to sink again, but they bombed it, each explosion shaking our boat as badly as if we'd been hit. In about three minutes up went a huge spout of water and oil, and the German was no more. That night we were all told to sleep on deck, and no one was to undress. Our mattresses were brought up and we just dossed down on them as near our boat stations as possible. It was one of the coldest nights we had, and we were very cold in spite of two blankets, rug, three coats, a hot water bag, and all one wishes but we were nearly frozen, and were very glad indeed when at 5 a.m. Captain Milroy and some of the Flying Corps men brought us up a cup of hot tea and toast. That day we did fourteen knots up the Channel, the fastest we had done since leaving New Zealand."

The sisters' adventures were not yet at an end, for after arrival in London, during the first night, there was an air-raid warning and they all had to get up and go downstairs. Sister Philpotts with Sisters McPherson, Donald, and Douglas were stationed at Walton-on-Thames; Sisters Lindsay and McIntyre, Hancock and Shaw at Brockenhurst; Sisters Carruthers and Wilson at Codford.

Sister Elizabeth Wilson writes from Ismailia where she is still with Sisters Stokes and Nicoll at the stationary hospital. She had had two days leave to go to sister M'Cosh Smith's wedding, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, Cairo. The sisters were all well and happy. Sisters Allyne, Rhind, and Wilson had all had leave and had a trip to Assouan and Luxor. Every six months all ranks may have a free pass on the railway in Lower or Upper Egypt. Sister Wilson hoped one day to get as far as Jerusalem.

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Sister Margaret Trask writes in April that she has been ordered to proceed to Egypt. She has been for a long time at Wellington, Southern India, in a station hospital. She had not heard whether the other sisters in India—Scott, Inglis, and Chamberlain—were also to be transferred, but hoped to meet them in Bombay.

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Sister Mary Beswick, who has been on active service for the past three years, is returning to New Zealand shortly. It is understood that Sister Beswick is returning in charge of a party of sisters to take up duty at the Orthopaedic Hospital being established near Christchurch for the treatment of invalid soldiers by electrical treatment and massage. Sister Beswick, who is a survivor of the "Marquette," and has seen service on various hospital ships and in Egypt and Salonika, has lately been in charge of a ward in No. 1 New Zealand Military Hospital at Walton-on-Thames.

My presence unobserved, I was privileged to overhear an interesting conversation between two children, a brother and a sister. Egbert, aged six, was accustomed to look up with unflinching faith to his sister, who had the advantage of two years' fuller

experience of life. Egbert: "Do you think, Ethel, there will be Zeppelins in Heaven?" Ethel (with indignation and decision): "Zeppelins in Heaven! Certainly not. God's British." Rather a nasty one for the Germans.