

distress a Boer. But the nurses! The whole day through, standing in the furiously hot little operating room, or dressing ghastly wounds, almost standing on their heads, for the men were all on the floor. Indeed the heat of the whole place was indescribable—awful—in a day or two, the whole 155 Boers were put into the Rink, and S. Mary's filled with our own men. In about three weeks the Boers were well enough to be moved to Simon's Town, except three, who went to the Civil Hospital, as we call it now, and I look upon that as one of the best and most difficult pieces of work we ever did. Meanwhile De Beers workshops were pouring out stretchers, and in a few days, mattresses, pillows, sheets, towels and pillow-cases, made St. Mary's quite handsome. We only kept it a short time, Netley Sisters coming up and taking it over. There were several other halls filled as well and nursed from elsewhere.

Towards the end of March, Nurse Edith Mourilyan was sent home ill. Everything the military could do for her was done, and our own doctor took her over at once, but she had worked long years, had gone into the mine and into a damp redoubt with a patient during the siege, and had the first full rush of military work, and although at first we hoped the typhoid was mild—and indeed after some eighteen days she seemed almost recovered—she died on Easter Day. Of her beautiful life of unselfish devotion I can hardly speak, it was so quiet and hidden, but everyone loved her, and she was a noble worker and a most devoted and accomplished nurse. She was entirely given up to two things, her religion and her profession. Nothing kept her from her religious duties, especially, whenever she could get to it, her early Sunday communion. No shelling or distance, or heat, or rain. Nurses who slept near her said every spare moment she was on her knees or busy with her Bible. Her illness was a time of perfect peace. Not a murmur, a complaint, or a fretful wish, scarcely a wish at all, except that she might make her Easter Communion, her mind always dwelling on the Psalms, gentle gratitude for everything done for her, and everyone who helped her. She sank into unconsciousness towards the close of Easter Eve, and doubtless had her Easter Communion, she had so longed for in the full brightness of the presence of the Lamb as He had been slain at the great altar of Paradise. She had a military funeral. Since the relief we have been reckoned as on the field. So the beautiful white coffin they sent down was put not on a gun-carriage, but in an ambulance, and over our white and purple pall was placed the flag she died in serving, a tattered rag indeed by that time. There was no band; the officers walked, and the soldiers were unarmed except for daggers. There were a whole quantity of beautiful flowers, enough to cover her grave entirely afterwards. One of our own clergy buried her, but the military chaplain stood gravely by. There had been rain, but it was a sweet, fresh, cool day, and the grave solemnity suited her quiet, gentle character far better than any pomp and noise would have done, and each of the few friends who followed her were mourners indeed. Nurse Corbishley took her place in the ward. It was just at this time that the eleventh general hospital arrived here. We took in as many of the Army Reserve Sisters as we could until they were settled, and they at once took the place of our civilian nurses. That brought the Army nursing of S. Michael's Home, Kimberley, to

an end. In a day or two the P.M.O. came to re-engage all he could for Bloemfontein. I did not think any of them fit for it—they were as thin and white as it was possible to be, and too evidently worn out. However four went there—two severing their connection with us, and the others on leave. Two contracted typhoid at once, one is recovering, one—Mrs. Kate Clayton, died in S. Michael's Home, Bloemfontein—our Mother House, I am thankful to say. I heard to-day that 17 Nursing Sisters are still ill with enteric disease there, and there have been several deaths. Two of our nurses took sick soldiers home, and so got the benefit of the double voyage, and I hope will be quite restored. But our staff is sadly broken up and scattered. The 11th Hospital has some 1,200 patients under canvas, on a fine, healthy brow, and a most complete equipment—thirty-four nursing sisters and an army of doctors and orderlies. It is a hospital city.

You will expect me to say something about the matter of hospital management, which is raging in England, but practically I know little of it. Of course all I have told you sounds very rough and unprepared, and the work was not like the order and discipline and finish of a well-worked permanent hospital. But in a town trying to recuperate after an awful time of tension, with the great strain on the railways, the rush of patients, the difficulty of providing suddenly for some 1,200 or 1,500 patients more than we usually have to provide for, the impossibility of knowing beforehand whether one patient will be sent in from a battle or a thousand, and the general disorganisation that war brings, the difficulties were very great. In such a vast army as ours, in the multitude of calls of all kinds, and the huge press of work and strain on every department, it appears to me inevitable that there must be some incompetent, some dishonest, some mistakes and blunders—much work which might be done better. I hear of Army Sisters and Reserves who behave badly, neglect patients, and care for nothing but amusing themselves, but I have not met them. All I have seen, and I have seen many, have appeared to me to be quiet, earnest, painstaking women, saying little or nothing of their own discomforts, and most anxious to do all they possibly can for the sick. The doctors I have seen have been, one and all, strict, kind and most hardworking, apparently able and thoughtful men, doing all they possibly can under great drawbacks, not the least of which is that they are strangers in a strange land, 7,000 miles from home. In all arrangements they met me with a generous and liberal spirit, and the nurses all liked working under them. We saw very many here in our time of service, and I can truly say with everyone we all had much to be thankful for. A weak point, if I may say wholly what I think, is with the R.A.M.C. orderlies, they do not appear to be the right class of man. The regular scrubber who does as a matter of course the rough work is lacking, and yet the men are not up to the work of male nurses. We took over wards with beautiful clean floors, and gave them back stained from end to end from want of scrubbing. A wipe up was all the orderlies ever gave to any accident on the floor, and to get the ward well cleaned out was almost an impossibility. No one attached to the military was willing to give the daily thorough cleaning of a ward in a civil hospital, and there were great sanitary faults from the same reason. The men were all too superior to do it. Yet a sick or wounded man can't be left to

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