

cerely missed by the sick poor of Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh School Board has made a new and most useful departure. It has decided to institute special schools for cripple children, and for those who are mentally deficient. The first of these schools, of 40 children, will open next month, and a Queen's nurse has been appointed in connection with it. This nurse will fetch the children in an ambulance in the morning, preside at their dinner, for which they will make an infinitesimal payment, and see them safely home by ambulance in the afternoon. It is proposed to institute more schools in different districts as time goes on. These cripples' schools are already flourishing in Glasgow, but they do not employ Queen's nurses.

A climb up the Castle Rock proves that no hospital in the world commands a more magnificent view than the Military Hospital, Edinburgh Castle, perched as it is almost on the summit of the Rock. On all sides Old Edinburgh and New stretch themselves below, fair and beautiful in the sunlight. The accompanying picture gives a faint idea of the wonderful extent of its outlook. The hospital is comparatively new; it contains 57 beds, and is well up to date, and is now nursed by military Sisters, ladies who have evidently won golden opinions from the old habitués, as when chatting with an old man who sells picture post-cards in the little chamber where the Regalia of Scotland is guarded, he volunteered the information when talking of the hospital, "that it was the first hospital in Scotland to have Army Sisters, and vera nice leddies they be."

Not far away in a corner of one of the ramparts of the Castle is quite a touching spot. This is the Cemetery for Soldiers' Dogs, and here the little headstones arranged around the wall record the virtues of many departed friends. "Pat," "Chips," "Jess," and "Little Tim" were deeply loved, and mourned. "Billy, the pet of a Gordon Highlander," has a very white little stone. The dear doggie was but lately laid to rest. It is good to see the flowers and plants which keep green and gay their little graves.

By the kindness of Miss K. De Witt, Secretary of the Nurses' National Associated Alumnae of the United States we have received a copy of the Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of that Society. It is a most interesting and valuable volume.

Wedding Bells.

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS M. E. SATCHWELL.

The wedding of Miss M. E. S. Satchwell, until quite recently Matron of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to Mr. Hugh Stevenson Robson, which took place at St. Elizabeth's Church, Richmond, on Tuesday last was an unusually pretty one.

The bride, who looked most serene, radiant, and altogether charming, wore a gown of soft creamy white satin, with a veil of beautiful old Limerick lace, and a wreath of white heather. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of glowing purple heather and asparagus fern, a happy compliment to the nationality of the bridegroom.

The church was well filled when the bride entered it on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Latouche Powell, passing between the double row of old Chelsea pensioners, who formed a Guard of Honour. Very picturesque they looked these heroes of many fights, in their long scarlet coats, many of them decorated with medals, mute evidence of the campaigns through which they had fought in days gone by. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Father Barrett, who delivered an earnest and impressive address.

As the bride and bridegroom passed out of the church door at the conclusion of the ceremony, some of the nurses of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, were waiting to speed their newly-married Matron on her way. They, apparently, had not forgotten to provide themselves with a plentiful supply of confetti.

A reception was given after the wedding by Mr. and Mrs. Latouche Powell, uncle and aunt of the bride, and kindest of hosts, at 61, Mount Ararat, where her many friends had the opportunity of expressing their good wishes to Mrs. Robson, for her happiness in her new life. Happily, the day was an ideal one, and numerous photographs were taken in the garden, upon which a dull summer seems to have had no effect, and where flowers blossomed as if they loved the touch of the hand which tends them.

The wedding presents were numerous and costly, and bore evidence of the esteem and affection in which the bride is held.

Shortly after four o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Robson left for London en route for Germany. Their future home will be in Stirling, where we hope that the promise of the white heather will be fulfilled, and that many happy days await them, and where Mrs. Robson, who is a member of the Matrons' Council, hopes still to be able to further the interests of the nursing profession, to which she belongs.

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