

Medical Officer, I had recently the pleasure of visiting, lends itself admirably to its present purpose; most of the rooms now used as wards accommodating five patients comfortably. On each floor a diet kitchen has been arranged.

The medical cases are placed in the top wards. All are charmingly restful and bright, with lovely views over undulating country, and with the sweet, invigorating air straight from the English Channel entering at every window. Structural alterations, made by Sir Arthur and Lady Markham, and suitable equipment, have transformed one of the rooms into an operating theatre meeting all the requirements of modern surgery, with sterilising room attached, and here all through the first night, and far into the next day, operations were performed in quick succession, affording relief to acute conditions, and the best hope of ultimate recovery to many of the patients. Sir Arthur Markham has also presented a most up-to-date X-ray equipment to the hospital.

In one ward hung, in the place of honour, the Belgian flag—that flag which is covered with imperishable lustre, and which the children, and children's children of generations yet unborn will venerate, as they thrill with pride to learn how their forbears dared, fought, and suffered with a gallantry which won the admiration of the world, in order to keep their plighted word.

In the beautiful Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent is the pulpit of Truth, the pedestal of which is formed of life-sized figures, representing Time shrinking back from the revelations of Truth. When Truth presents to Time the history of the present strife, the nation which tore up its treaties, and made war on a country whose neutrality it was pledged to respect, must shrink back abashed, and humbled to the dust in utter shame.

In the entrance hall at Beachborough Park those

officers who are well enough can read, write, and smoke at will. The dining room is given up to the convalescent soldiers, who seem happy enough in these comfortable quarters.

The bedrooms allotted to the nursing staff open on to a long corridor, and are very convenient for the purpose. Tea, which the writer was hospitably invited to share, was a friendly and informal meal, fresh tea being made in little

brown pots by those nurses whom duty kept in the wards for a while, and toast came hot and crisp from the glowing and open fire.

The workmanlike uniform worn by the nurses is of khaki-coloured casement cloth, with Puritan cap, a flat muslin collar meeting the bib of the apron, and cuffs to match turned back over the sleeves, which reach just below the elbow. It is to be completed by a brassard, bearing the national emblems, the beaver and the maple leaf.

Outside the hospital, from a flagstaff on a knoll near by floated the Canadian flag; to the left the downs were bathed in wondrous light. Seeking for the cause, I saw that the sky glowed and burned with a golden radiance of incomparable beauty, varying from pellucid amber to purest orange, till it seemed that the very gates of heaven were set ajar, and some of its [glory] had escaped to paint the sky with a splendour which no ruthless enemy could deface.

M. B.



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The official *Gazette* in Bordeaux has published a decree authorizing the Minister for War to accept the donation of £20,000 of the Canadian Government for the organization and support of a temporary hospital for sick and wounded troops. The establishment will be called the "Hospice Canadienne."

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