

by both Mlle. Le Gras and St. Vincent de Paul as a check to humility.

Some of the Sisters were sent to work under the Ladies of Charity, a not always satisfactory arrangement, as any friction that ensued often resulted in the Ladies of Charity sending reports full of abuse to headquarters in Paris, and circulating unpleasant tales about the Sister in the town itself. And the Sisters got no redress; the only alternative to the severe admonition from S. Vincent de Paul or Mlle. Le Gras would be a caution to "be patient" under all circumstances. The Queen of Poland sent for two or three Sisters, and in allotting their work invited one to remain with her permanently. As this would have meant a life of comparative luxury, it says much for the principles of the Order when we learn that the invitation was refused promptly and absolutely by the Sister.

There was naturally much that was disheartening to be heard by their leaders from these scattered missions where means of communication were so difficult, travelling a long and expensive business, and the distances to be reached fifty, 100, and 150 miles in all directions. Such was the state of things during peace, but when civil war broke out and whole villages were devastated, the lazy and pleasure-seeking among the Sisters, who had hitherto been abject failures, now rose to the occasion and proved themselves everything that was heroic in remaining in plague-stricken quarters, succouring the victims of famine, in nine cases out of ten dying in action. Miss Sanders conjured up a realistic picture of the horrors of war from the nursing standpoint—the improvisation of hospitals in churches and barns, with no provision whatever made for the nurses themselves—she emphasized the point that they had absolutely nothing to gain in peaceable times; but when there was war they volunteered their actual *lives*, dying beside their patients as often as not, and those who returned were sent off to remote villages where their sacrifice was never heard of; there was no question of reward or promotion or kudos of any description.

During the Siege of Calais, after a battle outside the town there were 500 or 600 sick and wounded in the hospital. The Queen Regent sent for the Sisters of Charity and only four could be spared. Fever broke out in the hospital, two of the four Sisters died, one fell sick, and the fourth was left to struggle on as best she might with the entire hospital. Another four were requisitioned and of the 40 or 50 who volunteered only five were selected as suitable.

A weekly conference was instituted by S. Vincent de Paul for those Sisters who worked in Paris, and it was in these weekly talks he told them all his ideals for their profession—by asking questions he would endeavour to gauge their limitations and elucidate the many problems daily occurring in their often trying experiences—he it was who lifted their lives above slackness, a tendency to shirk and that desire for small amusements so rife among the majority,

and showed them that tremendous ideal the nursing profession should make so peculiarly its own, and upon which he himself concentrated so many years—a life of "goodwill, doing service."

Miss Sanders concluded by reminding her hearers that the origin of the Sisters of Charity is due to S. Vincent de Paul, and undoubtedly their achievement in their Founder's life time and in the intervening centuries, touches heights of self-devotion which have no parallel in the records of reasoned social service. But to say that S. Vincent de Paul was their inspiration and to say no more is to risk a false position. It was the supreme desire of their Founder to point them to an inspiration higher than he could give, and it would be impossible to have true understanding of the lives of some of them unless we are prepared to admit that they were given, not merely in human obedience to a saintly leader, but in complete self-offering to Our Lord Himself.

Miss Sanders very appropriately closed her impressive address with the very beautiful Prayer written by St. Vincent de Paul for the use of the Sisters of Charity.

## TRUE TALES WITH A MORAL.

### THIRSTING FOR BLOOD.

Crowded Hall at Institute, where a Red Cross Lecture on Hæmorrhage is about to take place.

Seats filled with fashionably dressed ladies armed with note books and pencils.

Smart lady arrives in a flurry and attacks doctor standing in doorway: "Oh! doctor, do tell me where I can see blood, I do so want to see blood; I am sure I should not mind anything if I could just for once see blood."

Doctor (nervously backing towards doorway): "Oh! I daresay we can manage that for you; you must come to our hospital and see an operation."

Trained Nurse (who has been Out-patient Sister in a Children's Hospital, and who is seated next to smart lady, chips in): "Excuse me, Sir, but may I suggest that this lady's abnormal thirst for blood might be assuaged if she attended the Outpatient Department on Adenoid day; recommend her to sit by the patients recovering from the anæsthetic and help to clear up."

Smart lady hastily changes her seat, and the doctor escapes through doorway!

### NOT LIKELY.

Nurse.—"Oh! Sister, I feel just burnt up with patriotism, I must get to the front, I don't feel I can wait another day."

Superintendent.—"I wonder if the wounded were women if you would feel that way."

Nurse.—"Not likely!"

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