

but our real work and pleasure awaits us at the Military Hospital in the Ecole Jules Ferry, where the year's work of the Sisters of the French Flag Nursing Corps has moved mountains. It is unnecessary perhaps to refer to the primitive state of this temporary military hospital as it was a year ago. The special *métier* of this Corps has been work in French Military hospitals, to give of their skill to wounded French soldiers, so far as possible. That the most perfect sanitary conditions, the most comfortable environment, and the best nursing were to be accomplished, as if by magic, we knew to be impossible, but we did feel that highly-trained, patriotic, pertinacious British nurses were the very best women in the world to make a beginning in improving conditions in temporary hospitals in France, and although all have not succeeded, yet marvels have been done.

the hospital—beginning with the store-room, where "in the beginning," the Sisters fed off bare boards, surrounded by a multiplicity of incongruous comestibles and other items of domestic use. We are then shown the operating theatre and the *salle de pansements*—both practically adapted to the work—and ascend the wide, highly-polished stairway, from floor to floor, on which the rooms are well-fitted for wards. These we find large, light and airy, with little about them of a temporary appearance. Without exception, they are in excellent order, clean and bright, adorned with flowers and plants after our English fashion; and the patients look happy and comfortable, and are evidently on the very best of terms with their English Sisters. One male *infirmier*, dressed in speckless white, moving nimbly and with dignity about his ward, appears to us the *dernier cri* in military nurses.



SUPERVISOR AND SISTERS IN THE GARDEN, LISIEUX.

THE ECOLE JULES FERRY.

At the Ecole Jules Ferry, Sister Horan, the Supervisor, and her bright and hard-working unit, Sisters Garner, Maxwell, Dixon, Mackinnon, Miller, Downie, and Geekie, give us a very cheery welcome. First we are taken to tea in a quite nice room (for war time). The kettle is on the boil, and soon the leaves are "wetted" in a stupendous pot, first cousin to the lordly posset-pot of old. We hear of Normandy butter in England, but taste it at Lisieux, spread on a delicate French roll, and you will have tasted food fit for the gods; and even a military chauffeur will forgive those white and tan ladies which, in a narrow spell of road, walk across his palpitating bows with such careless and deliberate ease, if not of *malice prepense!*

After a merry tea, we are introduced to the Médecin Chef, Dr. Hitte, and make a tour of

No doubt it takes the experienced eye of the trained supervisor to estimate the amount of untiring, hard, ceaseless, practical labour and conscientious devotion to duty, which has gone to work up this hospital to its present standard of excellence. We realize it at every turn, and experience a real thrill of national and professional pride that British nurses have done it. Ten months ago from pigeon-holed reports, it appeared almost a hopeless job, but the transformation has taken place, and we are not surprised to learn that in the district it is looked upon as a miracle. Anyway,

the comfort and well-being of the patients and the fine order of the wards at Lisieux are solid evidence of what can be accomplished by earnest, plucky women, inspired by sympathy and tenacity of purpose, and are good auguries of what these fine qualities may effect, in the determined prosecution of this terrible war.

Later, we are shown the chapel dedicated to a fine Christian purpose. Here, bales of comforts for the sick and other hospital requirements are stored; and throughout France we hear the chapels are being used thus in the Master's service. We make a tour of the charming grounds which surround the hospital, go through the gardens and the orchard, and see the lake where the gold fish no longer flourish in the absence of the boys. In Spring, we are told, never was there such a profusion of flowers as at Lisieux. The hour of departure comes all too soon, and the Sisters

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