

EASTCOTE VOLUNTARY AID HOSPITAL.

Wings, the official organ of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, has a delightful account, by F. Forsaith, of the work being done at Fieldend Lodge, Eastcote, the beautiful home of Mrs. B. J. Hall, the Hon. Sec. of the W.T.A.U., now given up to the care of wounded soldiers. "Power, love and sound judgment," the gifts of God of which St. Paul writes to Timothy, are the characteristics of her work. An efficient Sister-in-Charge superintends the nursing, and there have been between 40 and 50 operations in the beautiful little operating theatre since the hospital was arranged.

equanimity the chance of being wounded again so as to get back to Fieldend Lodge. One, writing recently from the trenches, said he hoped it would soon be his turn again. "Tell Nurse Hall I am hoping soon to be asking for the walking-sticks (crutches) again." The Sister walking through the wards one night with her lamp, to see that all was well, was told in a whisper by one of her patients: "I don't care if I don't go to Heaven now; I've had a taste of it here."

Every man is asked to sign the pledge before he leaves, and the majority do so; each receives from Mrs. Hall a little khaki Testament and there are many heart-to-heart talks with them on the eve of their departure. Who can estimate the



V.A.D. HOSPITAL, FIELDEND LODGE, EASTCOTE.

During the summer the lovely grounds have been a paradise of open-air treatment for the men, where they may be seen enjoying hammocks and garden chairs and (in the case of many) games of croquet with tea on the lawn. The fine old-fashioned kitchen has been transformed into a Common Room for writing letters, &c., and for meals. Two motor-cars are constantly in requisition taking the men for rides through the country lanes, while concerts and entertainments are furnished by local friends. Under such favourable conditions the recoveries have been most satisfactory, and it is small wonder that those who enjoy such hospitality and kindness are full of gratitude and sorry to leave, and even face with

blessing to these men of the weeks spent in such a hospital, in an atmosphere of generous kindness and Christian helpfulness and human sympathy? The influence of it all goes far beyond the men themselves and touches other hearts and lives. A father who came to visit a wounded son, said: "I brought you down a bottle of rum, but I'm taking it back, my boy; I'm not leaving it in a place like this."

Mrs. Hall is full of praises of the wounded men, and treasures many of their sayings and letters. She needs all sorts of things for the men—shirts, socks, slippers, and comforts of all kinds.

We are indebted to the Editor of *Wings* for the loan of illustrations.

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