

name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Bishop then proceeded to the Mortuary Chapel which was dedicated with the same words, and afterwards to the Great Hall, where were assembled officers in khaki, from the Officers' Hospital, privates from the civil wards, nurses from the hospital, former members of the nursing staff, including Miss Cooper, Matron of St. George's Hospital; Miss Rundle, Matron of the 1st London General Hospital (T.F.) and a contingent of Sisters and Nurses from the same hospital.

The service here began with the hymn "O God, our Help in ages past," and the 23rd Psalm, after which the Bishop gave a short address, speaking on the words: "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

Addressing those present as "soldiers and nurses" he could, he said, think of no more appropriate resolution to commend when speaking in the presence of those who had consecrated themselves in the most solemn way, than these words of the great soldier-priest, Christ Himself. Soldiers had consecrated themselves to fight for right and justice in a world which would become a hell if the gospel that might is right were accepted. As men kissed the hilt of their swords they took service to fight against the enforcement of this creed. He regarded khaki as a sacrificial uniform. "For their sakes I sanctify myself." For the sakes of the helpless women and children. Many soldiers, some in the wards of that hospital, had endured terrible wounds in fighting in the cause of righteousness.

And the nurses. They, too, had consecrated themselves. They were doing their bit as soldier-priests. He was taking a service at the front on Good Friday, and did not know that a woman was present at all, when afterwards out from the wings stepped an English nurse, one he knew well at home, who said to him, "Yes, Bishop, isn't it splendid to be allowed so near the guns! It isn't often they let us come so close." That, he said, was the spirit of the British nurse to-day.

"Think," said the Bishop, "what this soldier-priesthood means." The whole church, he said, was called to a baptized priesthood. True, there was a special priesthood, but that related to functions, and emphasised the fact of the priesthood of the laity. The line drawn between the clergy and the laity was a false one, there was no distinction as to personal holiness, all were called to the same sanctity.

The Bishop then spoke of the girding for service, and of what was implied in the training of nurses, and the drilling of soldiers. He urged his hearers to pray for the boys in the trenches, to pray that God would give them the victory soon. The word service had, in these days, taken on a new meaning: soldiers were serving their country, nurses were serving in hospital. As their chapel had been consecrated so they must consecrate themselves—for the sake of the boys who had died, for the sake of the boys who would come

back, that they might find a better England. "Are you Christ?" he said, "asked an Indian woman of an English nurse." That was what the consecrated service of the nurse had meant to her.

The service concluded with the soldiers' hymn "Fight the good fight" and the National Anthem, after which a dainty tea was served in an adjoining room, and then some of the guests visited the various wards of the officers' hospital. These contain 150 beds, and comprise the new out-patient department and maternity block. The great hall in which the service was held, and numerous small wards adjoining, the ultimate use of which will presumably be as consultation rooms, the maternity wards, with theatre attached, and the staff quarters, form together an excellently appointed hospital. Each bed has its down quilt, covered for the most part with plain green silk, though in a few instances the colour is blue, green screens and green chairs harmonize with the quilts giving an impression of restfulness and ease. There is a common room also for those who are up; and the newly installed and up-to-date X-ray room, with adjoining massage department, completes the military section, on the organization of which the Matron, the Secretary (Mr. Reginald Garrett) and all concerned, are to be congratulated.

The Bishop, beloved of soldiers, gave very much pleasure by going round the wards after the service and speaking to many of those who were unable to leave their beds.

### THE HOT IRON AND THE BODY LOUSE.

One of the great calamities of the trenches, says *The Lancet*, is the constant struggle with minute but unbearable parasites originating largely from the trenches newly taken from the enemy. Apart from stoving there is scarcely any rapid method of ridding the clothing of lice. An excellent and very simple method is as follows. An iron is heated to a moderate temperature, and first the underclothing and then the outside clothes are systematically treated. In the case of the former, both adult lice and nits are exterminated by a single ironing. For cloth further precaution is needful; for nits, which are always laid on the hairs of the exposed surface of cloth, one ironing is sufficient; but for the adult parasites, which take refuge in the seams, it is necessary to pass the iron back and forth several times at a high temperature over the principal seams, especially of the back and collar.

Those who know that the bites of various parasites are not only intensely irritating, but also that dangerous diseases may be conveyed by them, will be glad to note this simple method of dealing with them.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)