

THE IMPERIAL NURSES' CLUB.

The Imperial Nurses' Club, 137 Ebury Street, fresh and shining in a coat of new paint, so that its next-door neighbours looked dingy in comparison, opened its doors on Monday last, and, as it keeps open house till December 2nd, it is now for nurses to pay it a visit, decide whether it meets their needs, and, if so, to become members.

THE HALLOWING OF THE HOUSE.

The ceremonies of Monday afternoon began with the Benediction of the House by the Archdeacon of London, when all present assembled in the dining room.

"Peace be to this house and to all that dwell therein," said the Archdeacon, and no sweeter blessing could be invoked on a house dedicated to the use of nurses whose mission should be to irradiate peace. And then: "O, Lord Almighty, we would humbly beseech Thee to hallow this house, and grant that Thy Blessing may abide on all them that dwell and work herein."

"O, Lord Jesus Christ, Who, while on earth didst graciously accept the services of holy women who ministered unto Thee, be pleased, we beseech Thee, to receive the ministry of Thy servants our nursing sisters, throughout the world; be Thyself ever present with them in these rooms set apart in their behalf."

Then the little company passed on to the drawing room where George Macdonald's beautiful hymn on the "Dedication of a House," was sung:

"Let the guard around it thrown,
Be Thy Presence in its heart."

Then on to the Quiet Room, where the Archdeacon prayed, "Grant Thine own Peace to all who enter here, that with souls refreshed with new visions of Thy Love, Thy servants may pursue their calling to the glory of Thy Name."

After other prayers, the short service closed with the Benediction.

THE OPENING.

Shortly after the conclusion of this service, Lord French arrived with his aide-de-camp, and addressing those present said that he considered it a great honour and peculiar pleasure to have been invited, for of all the arduous and zealous workers in this terrible war, none deserved greater gratitude than the trained nurses. He had always been struck in the various wars in which he had met them with their high-souled Christian courage and devotion to duty. In Egypt, when the combat was with seething masses of dervishes, to fall into whose hands meant death or torture, the nurses approached as nearly as possible the danger zone, and only the most peremptory orders prevented them from risking capture.

In South Africa he met them again, and now, in France, no one could measure the great value

of their services. Since he had commanded the Forces in this country, he had seen in the hospitals how no effort was spared to make the surroundings of the patients cheerful and bright, and bring comfort, rest, and peace to them. But there must always be an atmosphere of sadness in a place where so many strong, vigorous young frames were struck down, and where, in spite of the gallant efforts of the men to conceal their pain and suffering, it was often very evident.

In the midst of this, for nearly two and a half years, our splendid nurses had worked week in week out, and no effort which could be made to put at their disposal a place where they could rest in happy and bright surroundings could be too great. Lord French expressed his pleasure at declaring the club open.

The Hon. Lady Superintendent, Miss C. H. Mayers, in an amusing speech, thanked Lord French for his presence and encouraging words; and then those present separated into little groups and, over friendly cups of tea, served with a daintiness which augured well for the future comfort of the members, discussed its prospects.

In the dining room the walls are soft green in tone, with warm crimson curtains and old prints in colour on the walls. Opening out of this is the lounge, supplied with papers and magazines, which in turn leads into the tiny garden, where the lady gardener has already planted bulbs, and foretells a springtime glory of blue and gold.

The drawing room is spacious, and furnished with comfortable easy chairs, and there is, further, a writing room where letters can be written undisturbed. The quiet room, with its beautiful pictures, should breathe an atmosphere of peace.

On the floor above are bedrooms, where members can be temporarily accommodated.

So the club is launched, and all will wish it well. Nurses are invited to pay it a visit.

M. B.

CASUALTY IN NURSING SERVICE.

WOUNDED.

Carruthers, Staff Nurse K., Territorial Force Nursing Service.

We hope these honourable wounds are not serious.

JOINT WAR COMMITTEE.

The following Sisters have been deputed to duty at Boulogne Headquarters:—

Miss J. M. Drummond, Miss E. A. Rattray, Miss M. Chapman, Miss C. Browning, Miss M. E. Duguid.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

The question for this week, "For what conditions is blood transfusion used? Describe modern apparatus and methods," has not brought us a paper worthy of publication. Are nurses too busy or is their knowledge at fault?

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