

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

The motto of the Corps since its inception has been "Service," and only those like ourselves who have been in close touch with the Sisters and their work can realise how devotedly the majority of the Sisters have lived up to it. They have realised that individual effort has "made the Corps." Everyone seems to rejoice in the well-merited praise of a colleague as the following "quotes" from a letter received will prove.

"I should like to take this opportunity to say how very glad I am to see such a warm appreciation of Miss Nairne's work at Talence.

"I had the honour and pleasure of working there for some months—those before and covering the change from an English staff to a French one. I hardly think that anyone who had not been there could realise how much her personality counted in the smooth working of the change.

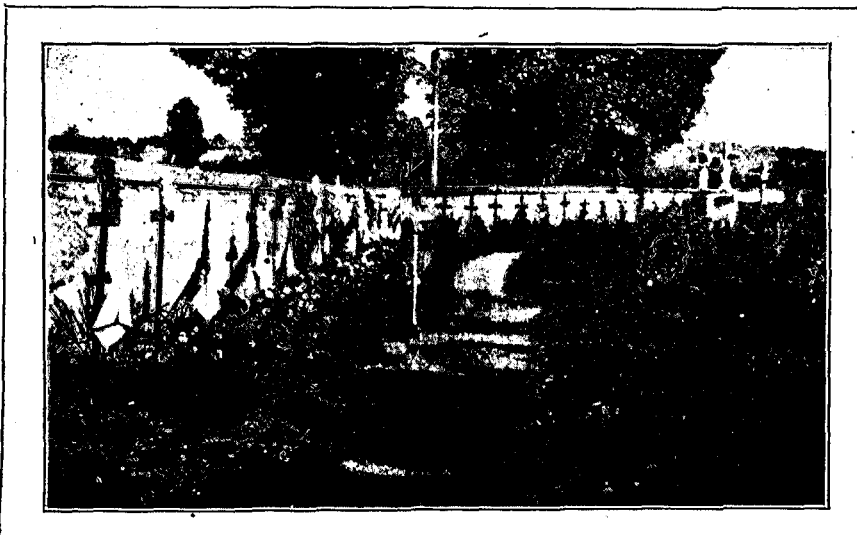
have a choir of nurses and she was asked to be present at the practices because her mere presence made everyone do her best. As it is a voluntary choir I think it was one of the biggest compliments they could pay her. At one time she was the only person on the nursing staff—French or English—who could play 'La Marseillaise' correctly from beginning to end, so at the end of the parties she would sit down at the piano and play it and also of course 'God Save the King.' Everyone stood round her and sang.

"I could tell you many things of the life she leads and the *bon exemple* she sets from 6 a.m. till after midnight in the service of the 'Entente Cordiale.'"

Two Sisters have enjoyed the great privilege by special permission of the General Commandant to visit Reims. One writes: "It was all most interesting though words cannot describe the

sadness we felt in seeing the terrible destruction of the beautiful cathedral and surroundings—and we realised more than ever how pathetically the French have suffered—and with what dignity they have borne their suffering."

A little town in a beautiful valley near Verdun, as yet unspoiled by the ravages of war; on one of the green slopes of the hills, in a sweet secluded spot, a little cemetery of the usual French type, with its central avenue and its some-



A FRENCH CEMETERY.

what highly decorated graves. Here, close under the shelter of the wall, is a corner, beautifully kept, dedicated to those heroes of Verdun, who have given their lives for their country. Very pathetic is the sight of those graves, each bearing the French colours and a French beaded wreath or cross, placed there by their fellow-wounded and inscribed "A Notre Comrade."

Here lie side by side men of all grades and religions: the priest-soldier, the Paris clerk, the Breton, the Norman, the Zouave. About the centre may be seen a grave dug at an angle—the grave of the Mahomedan, who must lie with his face to the east.

To this spot on All Souls' Day, a procession wends its way to make intercession with the God of truth and justice, for the souls of those who have laid down their lives for the great cause.

Young as she is, compared with many of us in her nursing life (having only just finished training before the war, I believe) she has taken a grasp of things in the manner of a much more experienced woman. I was allowed to be present at some of her first lectures to the French ladies and there was just the right touch of lightness mixed with the serious work to keep them on the *qui vive* the whole time. They have more than mere respect for her. I really think they love her. She is known among them as 'La petite Directrice.' As for those who came for the short courses of lectures—they all wanted to get transferred to Talence! Some I know went so far as to ask to be, but the staff being nearly complete, such moves were not possible.

"She gets up concerts and gives them parties in the evenings, when they dance, sing and recite, and altogether looks after them like a mother. They

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