

our poor medical cases. First I made friends with our dear old *chef*, and he gave away his necromancing methods of making appetising dishes out of nothing, and his secrets for 'body building,' into which liquids or *mousses* he compressed the essentials of flesh, fish, eggs, cream, flour, and *legumes*, to be served *à la cuiller!* When I think of the hard food plumped down on many an English hospital locker, to take or leave, the draughts of cold milk, the entire lack of *finesse* with which many ward meals are served, I long to set up a school in London, where 'body building' can be scientifically taught. Perhaps this will be my 'lesson from the war' to be handed on; we shall all want to be of some national use when Peace reigns once more, and not to sink into our former sloth and oblivion."

We have received a very interesting letter from the opposite point of view which will appear in full next week. We remember the old days when special diets and potatoes were cooked in ward kitchens and served piping hot.

Miss Grace Elliott, a Red Cross nurse who has been working for a year at the hospital at Steventon, near Abingdon, mysteriously disappeared on the afternoon of March 19th, and nothing has since been heard of her. Miss Elliott left the hospital to get her bicycle, which was being repaired at Abingdon. She took the machine away. Nobody knows which way she went on leaving the shop. She was 43, of slight build, and hair turning grey. She left £10, jewellery, and other belongings in her room at the hospital. Anybody who thinks he has seen her since March 19th, is requested to write to her father at 1, Grosvenor Place, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The position of Matron of the Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford, now vacant, is an important and desirable one. Just on the outskirts of an interesting old county town, and surrounded by lovely country, the hospital is one to attract many who prefer a country life to that of large towns.

#### OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following casualties in the Nursing Service are officially reported:—Died: Dickson, Miss M. C., Voluntary Aid Detachment; Duncan, Sister I. L., Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve; Sinclair, Sister C., Harvard Unit; Watson, Staff Nurse D. M., Territorial Force Nursing Service. We offer our sincere sympathy to the relatives of those who have thus laid down their lives for their country.

### MISS CAVELL'S FAREWELL.

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

(Late of the Brussels Office, Commission for Relief in Belgium.)

*Professor House here relates the touching story of Miss Edith Cavell's last hours, as it was told to him by the Rev. Mr. Gahan, the young Irish clergyman of the Church of England, who was summoned to the Brussels prison to minister to Miss Cavell. Mr. Gahan was the last countryman Miss Cavell saw before she was led forth to be shot. Her wonderful fortitude and calm faith made of her a heroine who will always live in the memory of the English people.*

The Reverend Mr. Gahan, chaplain of Christ Church in Brussels, is a cheerful young Irishman of about thirty. He was appointed to his present position early in 1914, and charmed with the prospect of a permanent location in the cosy Belgian capital, he paid a visit to Gloucestershire, England, was married to a young English girl who had been waiting as eagerly as he for this appointment, and settled down happily in the Rue de Facqz. But scarcely had she unpacked her trunks when the news came that war was declared and that the Germans were on Belgian soil. So it came about that the pair have spent all but a few weeks of their two and a-half years of married life as prisoners of the Germans. When the conquerors marched into Brussels in the latter part of August, 1914, they arrested all the inhabitants who were citizens of enemy countries. Mr. Gahan was imprisoned with the rest and for two or three days he shared a cell with an English Catholic priest. Then he was released on parole, and since then he has been allowed to move about the city with perfect freedom, on condition that he gives an account of himself once a week at the police headquarters of his *faubourg*.

In normal times there are in Brussels three Anglican churches, an English Catholic church, and a Scotch church. Brussels was a pleasant city to live in, with excellent museums, good theatres and opera, and a comfortable, tolerant population who welcomed foreigners. The cost of living, moreover, was much less than in any large city of England, a fact of which thousands of Englishmen of modest means were glad to take advantage. It happened that the ministers of the other two Anglican churches were out of the country when the Germans took charge of Belgium, and it is needless to say that they have not yet returned. Chaplain Gahan now has all the English-speaking people who attend church, and even at that he will have a congregation of not more than a dozen or two in the morning and half a dozen in the evening. His only word from the outside, except what a few of us Americans have brought him, has been one letter from his mother.

The infrequent arrivals from the outside world are naturally greeted by the Gahans not only with Christian kindness but with real interest and

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