

Miss Martha Montague Russell (American Red Cross), who is a graduate of the New York Hospital, where she trained under Miss Sutcliffe, has arrived in this country, *en route* for Paris, where she will report for instructions to Major Murphy. She expects to be assigned to duty at the Red Cross Head Quarters, and to take up administrative work. Miss Russell has had charge of the Training School at the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, Pittsburg, the Providence Lying-in Hospital, and the Sloan Maternity Hospital, New York. She travelled with a Unit in charge of Dr. W. J. Lucas, Head of the department of Pediatrics in the University of California, which includes Miss Elizabeth Ash, a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and Head of a Settlement there, and Mrs. J. M. Slemmons, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. This Unit will work amongst the children in France, Dr. Lucas having already had experience in Belgium of the need for such work. It had an eventful crossing as the ship in which it travelled was attacked by a submarine, and her own guns replied.

### CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

It is a heartfelt relief to record that the Netherlands Government has offered accommodation for the internment of 7,500 invalid combatants and 6,500 for Officers and N.C.O.s who have been 18 months in captivity, as well as for 2,000 civilian invalids, 400 of the latter to be British.

Mr. King, replying in the House of Commons last week to Mr. Pratt (Linlithgow, L.), said:—The whole question of hospitals in India is being carefully examined and the Government of India state that there has already been great progress. It has been decided to introduce the station hospital system for Indian troops. The Government of India fully realize the urgent need of improving the medical arrangements.

There are wounded in mind as well as in body, and there are many nurses, whose difficult task it is to care for those whose wounds are deep, for they have lost all that made life most worth living for them, by the death of one dearly beloved. The patient cultivation of the habit of sympathy, unselfishness and fortitude is needed before we can be to others "the cup of strength in some great agony," yet surely it is a high vocation, and an achievement worthy of our best endeavour to attain.

Just now when the lives of so many splendid young soldiers are being laid down for the Empire and for Humanity, it is inevitable that the tragedy of promising careers brought to an abrupt conclusion should weigh upon the hearts of those to whom they were dear. Life was to them so

joyous, their interest in all that surrounded them so keen; then war was declared, and swiftly they passed from the playing fields of our public schools to the stern contest on the battlefields of Europe, from whence came stories of a gallantry which thrilled us. Then, alas, how often a beloved name has appeared in the casualty list, and, after that, silence.

The parents of 2nd Lieut. Eric Lever Townsend, of the 15th London Regt., who, in the successful attack on High Wood on September 15th, 1916, led the first wave against the German entrenchments, and fell mortally wounded, have done well to share with the public the letter, written before battle, enclosed in his will. As Mr. James Douglas writes in an appreciation published with the letter in "The Happy Hero":—"There is a thirst for comfort in many broken and many breaking hearts. This letter bridges the gulf between any son and any mother, any son and any father.

"Here you have a boy with death waiting at his elbow like an impatient friend, sitting down resolutely to comfort his mother and father. . . . He would not leave them comfortless. He sought words that would sweeten the bitterness of loss. He wrestled with the Angel of Death in order to pluck a white plume out of his sable wings for the easing of maternal and paternal grief."

Here is what Eric Townsend wrote on the eve of battle:—

"You are reading this letter because I have gone under. . . . You must console yourselves with the thought that I am happy, whereas, if I had lived—who knows?"

"Remember the saying attributed to Solon: 'Call no man happy till he is dead!' Thanks to your self-sacrificing love and devotion, I have had a happy time all my life. Death will have delivered me from experiencing unhappiness.

"But for this war I and all the others would have passed into oblivion like the countless myriads before us. We should have gone about our trifling business, eating, drinking, sleeping, hoping, marrying, giving in marriage, and finally dying with no more achieved than when we were born, with the world no different for our lives. . . . But we shall live for ever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those, who, by their sacrifice, won the Great War. . . . The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it. I did not make much use of my life before the war, but I think I have done so now. . . .

"Thanks to all that both of you have done, I have crowded into twenty years enough pleasures, sensations, and experiences for an ordinary lifetime. . . . And that is why it is no hardship for me to leave the world so young.

"To me has been given the easier task; to you is given the more difficult—that of living in sorrow. Be of good courage, that at the end you may give a good account."

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