

NURSING AND THE WAR.

British, French and American nurses have been working night and day since the opening of the battle on the Western Front. F.F.N.C. Sisters, working in ambulances dotted behind the French lines, have had an exciting time. The two Sisters in a chateau garden do not look as if shells fell close to them every day. At Noyon one realises what smashing and crashing must have taken place near the hospital before it was evacuated.

An eminent Dublin surgeon, a colonel in the R.A.M.C., who has just returned from France, where he witnessed the opening of the enemy offensive, speaking of the medical service, says that he was amazed by the courage of the nurses. He saw them working while shells were dropping within a few yards of the hospital. When the wounded had been sent off they coolly packed up and drove away in the ambulance waggons amid the bursting of shells. The hospital was blown to atoms a few minutes later.

A Sister writes :—
“ I arrived in Paris after a lovely holiday at] Nice in time for the raid of the war. To me it seemed nothing after what we know of raids at D—, where we have been bombed twenty nights out of thirty.”

No wonder the Sisters need holidays!

The death of Mme. Gourko, who was fatally wounded by a bomb dropped by a German airman on the hospital in which she was working, has removed one of the most strenuous of war workers, and one whose career has been most eventful and interesting.

Mme. Gourko, according to the *Weekly Dispatch*, was the wife of General Basil Gourko, the Russian general, who, at the outbreak of the war, commanded the famous cavalry division which invaded East Prussia, and was subsequently appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Mme. Gourko accompanied her husband,

managing field hospitals close up to the fighting lines, regardless of danger. Both in East Prussia and Poland she devoted herself to the wounded and later accompanied her husband to Galicia and organised the field hospitals. When revolution broke out and General Gourko was arrested by order of the Temporary Government in July, 1917, his wife made every effort to secure his release, and eventually succeeded in obtaining permission to live with him in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. On his release in September the General and his wife came to London and later went to Paris where Mme. Gourko obtained permission to take over a field hospital close to the trenches, and it was there, nursing French troops

that she met with her death. Beloved by Russian and French soldiers, her life of beneficent usefulness has been cut short by the malignancy of the Hun, to whom nothing is sacred, and the Red Cross surmounting a hospital! but a target for his bombs.



TWO F.F.N.C. SISTERS IN A HOSPITAL GARDEN IN THE WAR ZONE.

It is reported from Maastricht that the chaplain and two Sisters of Mercy of the St. Elizabeth Hospital at Antwerp were recently executed by the Germans in the courtyard of the St. George's barracks. So that these fiends have learned nothing from the world-wide condemnation of the murder of Edith Cavell.

A Sister writes :—“ These last few days have been most beautiful. . . . I went into the woods to-day, and was overjoyed to find large clumps of sweetly scented violets. The large purple patches looked so wonderful among the still dried-up leaves and brown grass hardly recovered from the hard grip of the quite recent frost. The sight of these violets and the bursting leaves coming up again in spite of everything made me feel so keenly that surely an end must be near to the winter of this awful war. . . . We are nursing many Americans. . . . ‘Visitors’ four nights in succession, in spite of no moon.”

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