

'That few, that happy few, that band of brothers.'

"So to a deathly silence shall the cheering die away. And through the silence, with dim, phantasmal tread, there shall pass the muster of the men who died. But first of that great army of Shadows to pass to the place of honour set for them shall march the immortal souls of those who, in 1914, saved England, who saved the world from the bondage of Hell."

I repeat every inch of this soil is now sacred to nurses of British blood.

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Château Thierry, in the Aisne, is a charming little old-world place, of picturesque red-roofed dwellings, set about with well-cultivated productive gardens. It has a gentle charm all its own. Here Sisters of the French Flag have done some really fine work, although they are the last to wish it known. The primitive Ambulances of 1915 have now been rendered unnecessary, but the Hôpital du Collège, with its Centre Neurologique, gathers in, and cares for, many touching cases of nerve strain and shell

shock, under the scientific charge of one of the most brilliant neurologists attached to the great Salpêtrière at Paris, and with this eminent physician Sisters Mitchell, Hendrie, Maize, and Jeffrey have had the great privilege of working.

When we alight at Château Thierry in the late afternoon a polite little boy trots off with our hand baggage to the Hôtel de Cygne.

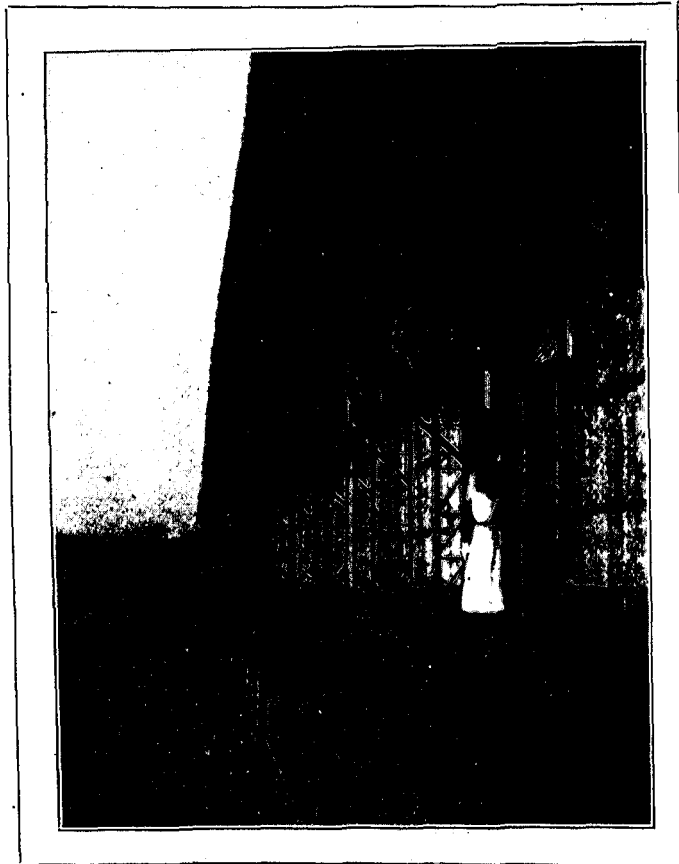
I am at once interested in the condition of the furniture in the room allotted to me. Here the glass in the wardrobe is shattered and splintered, and on the wood which remains is

written in a firm hand, "La Guerre, 1914," no doubt to be preserved as an heirloom. This inn suffered in the German bombardment when the war was young, but escaped demolition, and yet at this hour in 1917 the guns are still to be heard at their deadly work. I open the window and listen to the doomsful sound; I shut it, and rattle, rattle, rattle goes the frame! Three whole years, and the barbarians still so near at hand. Yet as they have been so long kept at bay, I fall to sleep unperturbed. In the morning I enjoy a most interesting visit

to the Hôpital du Collège and the annexe, where I am shown how well the former has been adapted for the care of the very sick in mind. In the Centre Neurologique the very highest form of medical work is being done. Here, by a system of mental and moral influence, is being applied the most advanced medico-psychological and nursing treatment, and many men shattered in mind and body are gradually restored to health. Each patient is isolated in a curtained cubicle, and studied and treated individually. Literally

the dumb are made to speak, the deaf to hear, the paralysed to move (and some to skip); those who have wept are seen to smile, and, more difficult and yet possible, the perturbed brain is re-balanced.

In my opinion this neurological clinic affords scope for the very highest form of nursing treatment, in which no one unendowed with psychic force can hope to excel. Yet with what discretion such treatment must be exercised. It is not every nurse, even if she possesses the force, who can be safely deputed, even under



SISTER CONWAY-GORDON AT THE DOOR OF THE HÔPITAL D'EVACUATION, COINCY.

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