

A VISION.

"And they shall be mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

—Malachi iii. 17.

Dawn stole again above the battle plain
When its mad din had ceased. Stretched at my feet

In all appealing silence lay the slain
Wrapt in the sunrise for their winding sheet.
And ONE arrayed in gleaming white, and crowned—

Each thorn point a lit star—stood at my side.
Awhile HE looked upon the stricken ground
Death's piteous dominion spreading wide—
Then turned and spake, triumphant eyes ashine,
"I have them now and all their souls are mine."

C. B. M.

August 26th, 1918.

NURSING AND THE WAR.

The King has been pleased to award a Bar to the Royal Red Cross to the following lady, for devotion to duty on the occasion of damage by enemy action to a hospital ship:—

BAR TO THE ROYAL RED CROSS.

CASHIN, Miss A. E., R.R.C., Matron, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

Amongst the Honours and Awards for war services, the *London Gazette* of September 4th contained the following announcement:—

ROYAL RED CROSS.

SECOND CLASS.

FARRAR, Miss J. F., Nursing Sister; PERDUE, Miss F. L., Nursing Sister; GROSVENOR, Lady A., Commandant, Red Cross Hospl., Oakfield, Upton Heath, Chester.

Captain W. Girling Ball, R.A.M.C.T. Surgical Specialist in a General Hospital, B.E.F., somewhere in France, writes in an extremely interesting article on "Some Experiences in a Base Hospital," in the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*, "I cannot finish without referring to the great admiration which I learned to acquire for our sisters in the nursing profession. In their hospital work they are doing extraordinarily well, and no praise of mine can be too high. Not only is this true of those who have fulfilled their full training as nurses in our own hospitals at home, but also of those belonging to the V.A.D. The conditions under which they have to live are the same as those of the men, and it is a marvel to me that they work as well as they do. The British Tommy has much to be thankful for, if he really appreciates all they are doing for him."

In a recent letter to a friend, Sister Gertrude Lindsay, of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, a daughter of ex-Provost Lindsay, Broughty Ferry, gives a vivid account of the retreat from Villiers

Cotterets, where a hospital had been established, of which she was acting Matron. This was an offshoot from a now famous hospital.

In the days preceding the evacuation "the staff was simply magnificent," she writes, "and not even the youngest girl out from home was 'panicked,' they all went on doing their bit. We were raided every night for three solid weeks without fail, so there might have been an excuse if anyone had been nervous."

"The attack started on May 27th, and from that time until we cleared out on the 31st I do not think anyone of the staff got a sleep.

"We had two thousand beds in our camp. We were told to evacuate; then came a counter order to stay one more night, as they had no other means of getting the wounded away. I shall never forget that night. In the afternoon there was a magnificent aeroplane fight just over our camp, and the French brought down two German machines. Then, as soon as it got dark, they started in earnest. We had to put out all lights and go on receiving a steady flow of wounded in the darkness.

"About 2 a.m. I paid my visit round the wards, and not a single girl seemed nervous; they were all so busy cheering the patients and comforting the dying. One of the orderlies called me to come to a man who was dying. I asked him if there were anything he wanted, and he replied with a smile, 'Oh, no; I have a little mother sitting beside me.' It was like that all night, with the bombs crashing around us. Then a munition train went on fire, and the whole town was a bright target, to which the enemy came back and back.

"The next day we started to get away. The Boches commenced shelling us about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but by that time we had all the staff away except the Sisters. I got them off about 8 o'clock, and left myself in an American ambulance about 8.30. We raced from Villiers Cotterets with tin helmets on, and by the time we reached Senlis we had got into another raid. We stayed in Senlis until next morning."

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.
NURSING SERVICE.

WOUNDED.

BRAIN, Sister R., T.F.N.S.
DICKENSON, Miss D. M., V.A.D.
LARSEN, Miss A. O., V.A.D.
PLEYDELL-NOTT, Miss V., V.A.D.
WOOD, Miss H., V.A.D.

Miss Katherine Connelly, army nurse, who was buried in New York recently, received full military honours. This is the first military funeral ever accorded to a New Jersey Irish woman. The body was accompanied to the cemetery by a guard of honour of seven army nurses, a band, an escort of the State Militia, and a detachment of the Women's Motor Corps. Miss Connelly was a graduate of St. Elizabeth's Convent at Madison.

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