

mentine injection is that within a few hours, generally six or eight, redness, swelling and intense pain appear in the whole limb. These conditions tend to localise with more or less rapidity (septic symptoms elsewhere at the same time subsiding), pus is formed and a large abscess results, which must be treated with hot fomentations, both to assist maturation and to control the pains. It must be opened, with the usual aseptic precautions, at the critical moment, just before it bursts, probably in from five to six days; not too soon, or the full benefit will not be obtained. If, on the other hand, it appears to open prematurely of itself, and the pus begins to trickle away while the general inflammatory condition continues, a second abscess must be induced in another place.

"The pus in these abscesses smells strongly of turpentine, and is in itself aseptic, but the wound remaining after the abscess has been drained is highly susceptible of infection, and the utmost precautions must be taken to keep properly sterile dressings constantly in place; often a most difficult matter with delirious patients for each of whom a special nurse cannot be detailed, and unavoidable secondary infection has sometimes taken place with fatal results. In favourable cases, the abscess having been satisfactorily drained and kept aseptic, begins to heal, and the whole process is over in eight or ten days. If the patient's strength can be maintained, there is then a very good chance of recovery.

"As may be imagined, this method is not very favourably regarded by the patients, who groan over *"l'abcès du médecin. Comme si je n'avais pas assez de mal sans cela!"* If indeed they are in a condition to speak.

"If, however, life is to be saved, it is worth it."

Miss Torrance has been appointed Chief Nurse of the American Red Cross in this country in succession to Miss Carrie M. Hall, who is now in France. The headquarters are at 40, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1.

#### ROYAL RED CROSS.

On Saturday last the King decorated the following ladies with the Royal Red Cross:—

##### FIRST CLASS.

*Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve.*—Sister ELIZABETH ROGERS.

*Territorial Force Nursing Service.*—Assistant Matron FLORENCE CARTER and Sister MILDRED OAKLEY.

*Civil Nursing Service.*—Matron ALICE REEVES.

##### SECOND CLASS.

*British Red Cross Society.*—Assistant Matron MABEL WOODFIN and Sister CHARLOTTE ROBERTSON.

*Doughty White Unit.*—Nursing Sister FLORENCE PERDUE.

*Voluntary Aid Detachment.*—Mrs. FRANCIS ROBERTS, Miss EDYTH TAYLOR, and Mrs. BELLA TAYLOR.

#### THE MILITARY MEDAL.

Miss MOYRA CAVANAGH.

#### HYMN FOR PEACE.

Oh, God of all, within Whose guiding hands,  
The issue lies of warfare and of peace,  
In mercy look on these divided lands,  
And bid the conflict of the Nations cease.

Oh, Prince of Peace! Whose tender human tears  
O'erflowed in pity for a world in pain;  
We need Thee now as in those far off years,  
Take up Thy sceptre, Lord, and reign again!

Oh, Dove of Peace! unfold Thy healing wing,  
O'er lives forlorn, who call on Thee to bless;  
Bring each within Thine overshadowing,  
And give Thy creatures of Thy loveliness.

Be Thou their strength where'er our soldiers stand,  
Where'er our ships, Oh! God, their Pilot be,  
If Thou be near, by farthest sea or land,  
So surely may we leave the end with Thee.  
Amen, Amen.

C. B. M.

#### PEACE, THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

"Peace" was the song the angels sang  
When Jesus sought this Vale of tears,  
And sweet the heavenly prelude rang  
To calm the wondering shepherds' fears.

"Peace" was the prayer the Saviour breathed,  
When from our world His steps withdrew;  
The gift He to His friends bequeathed,  
With Calvary and the Cross in view.

And ye, whose souls have felt His love,  
Guard day and night this rich bequest;  
The watchword of the host above—  
The passport to their realms of rest.

Sigourney.

#### PEACE.

Turn, turn, wide sea of Peace  
And flood the shore . . .  
Drown thou all yesterdays, and hide  
My soul for evermore.

Cleanse, lave me, sea of Peace,  
And may no tide  
Recall thee, may no winds disturb  
The depth where I would hide.

Lull, heal me, sea of Peace;  
My listening heart  
Slow, slowly sinking down in thee,  
Far from the world, apart,

The music of thy wave  
Like some faint bell  
Repeats:—then rests in thy deep bed  
As lies the murmuring shell.

—From *Trackless Regions*,  
By G. O. Warren.

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