

those wards at night was really a candle, like the candles that you nurses carried in to-night."

Another hymn written in Chinese in honour of the great founder of the nursing profession was then sung to conclude the service.

Everyone was unanimous that the service was a brilliant success and the hope was expressed that it might become an annual event.

Newspaper reporters were present and accounts of the service were published next day in the local daily papers.

Thus does the good work of this great woman leader continue to encircle the earth and inspire others by her example.

A flashlight photo was taken of the Nightingale Service in Hankow, which we regret cannot well be reproduced, but which will be added to our Nightingale collection.

The speakers included the Minister of Health, and with him in the Chancel are seen Mr. James Lin, and the English nurses Miss Stephenson, Miss Driver, Miss Martin, and Miss Jordan.

May 12th has usually been graduation day in China, but now it is planned to keep that day for a Nightingale Service, as the first held has been such a success. Never before have there been so many nurses in the Hankow centre, but even after the war has ended (and may it be soon) there will be an increased number due to increased medical and health activities.

THE DAWN.

I see a new earth rising from the ashes of the past,
For when the soul of Life blazed out at Freedom's trumpet
blast,
The old false gods of former days, and the things that made
for shame
All shrivelled in the incense of that sacrificial flame.
From these dread times of suffering, from the shadow vale
of death,
A sweeter life is springing through the quickening of our
faith.
We are building God's new temples with our blood, our
prayers, our tears,
Temples of Grace that rise apace, and shall outlast the years.

These are two verses that I found the other day, of John Oxenham's. They fit China so closely just now and have given us great comfort.

GLADYS E. STEPHENSON.

CHOLERA VACCINE FOR CHINA.

The League Correspondent of *The Times* reports from Geneva that in view of the rapid extension of the cholera epidemic among the Chinese population the Chinese Health Administration, which is working in collaboration with the League, has appealed for 6,000,000 doses of vaccine to be delivered as soon as possible. In response Australia and Ceylon have each sent 500,000 doses, the American Red Cross 3,000,000 doses, the Pasteur Institute at Hanoi 500,000 doses, Rumania 1,000,000 doses, Yugoslavia 500,000 doses, and Turkey 1,000,000 doses. Gifts of cholera vaccines have also been received from the Serum Institute at Copenhagen, the Egyptian Ministry of Health, and the Institute of Bacteriology at Buenos Aires.

GHASTLY PICTURES.

The Editor has before her some of the most ghastly pictures of the dead men, women and little children, after the bombardment of Granollers, one of the most terrible recorded in the history of warfare—murder for murder's sake. She will be pleased to report from either side in this most terrible war, what is being done for the care of the wounded.

THE STORY OF ANN MURRAY.

ONE OF THE ENGLISH NURSES IN SPAIN.

Ann Murray, who comes from Perth and Edinburgh, has a long record in the fight against fascism; she has been nursing in Spain for 20 months. Coming with the first group of English who worked on the Aragon front, she has also worked in an International base hospital near Madrid, in a convalescent hospital in Catalonia for a few weeks, in a big Spanish hospital in Barcelona, and is now working on an ambulance train at the front.

The train is an excellent hospital, and its big staff of 72 persons work happily together. There are three women, two of them Spanish nurses, and Ann Murray, who is the theatre sister to the Spanish surgeon, Dr. Quemada. There are three coaches fitted up as wards with stretchers slung in two tiers on either side, two operating-rooms and staff-rooms for the doctors and nurses, dining-rooms and kitchens. When I visited them during the attack they were working very hard, doing 24-hour stretches, so that the wounded were never kept waiting for attention longer than necessary. As soon as Dr. Quemada had finished operating, men who could be moved were put on a fast-moving rail coach and taken to base towns, where they were removed to the hospitals by ambulances. They are a completely mobile unit, and can move up and down the front to wherever an attack might be in a very short time.

One day when there was little to do they watched an air battle not far off. "It was good," they said, "to see our planes go up and chase the fascists away." I thought of the little dead children I had seen carried out of the ruins in Barcelona. "It is good," I agreed.

Ann Murray had spent the first 10 months of the war on the Aragon front, and I asked her about her experiences then. "I remember how we were welcomed by the Spanish people as we travelled across Catalonia and Aragon," she said, "and by the British nurses, doctors and drivers when we arrived at the 'hospital' which they had set up some three weeks previously. It was a very old building, badly in need of repair. The unit got working together to make it a fit place in which to nurse the wounded. The building having been inhabited by a doctor, there was some sort of surgery which we were able to convert into an operating theatre. The yard was very dirty and bad-smelling, and had to be drained and levelled after many loads of refuse had been removed. We worked at these and other improvements between each attack, so that even if the front was quiet we were always busy.

"During the first attack I was on night duty, and because of this the war made a deep impression on my mind; for sick people are usually more ill at night, and our senses being more acute at night to the gruesomeness and the awful suffering of the men, especially those with abdominal wounds and hæmorrhage, for which one can do so little, became burnt on my mind. In those days many of the soldiers were under 20 years of age, and I shall never forget those young men with their bodies torn and their limbs smashed.

"But in addition to caring for the men from the battlefield, there was the civilian population of the neighbouring villages to care for. When the fascists bombed the little towns in the hills, the people came running to us over the rough ground, over stones and rocks, till by the time they reached us their feet were torn and bleeding. Often they carried each other. Once a blind woman of 80 years came stumbling in; she was so patient and she never complained. A bomb had dropped on her cottage whilst she was in the fields. When someone began to sympathise she said, 'Well, I've lost my house, but there's many a woman who has lost her children. As long as there is fascism we shall have this.' The nurses used to take

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