

it involves the most important work of training indigenous nurses and helping to build up the nursing profession in these other lands.

In China, for instance, nursing was unknown until the advent of missionary nurses. Now, one of the few bright spots in the Far-Eastern situation is the noble response of Chinese nurses, many of them trained in mission hospitals, to the call of their country's need.

There are some 700 British-trained nurses working under British missionary societies, and recruits are always needed. The recent unified statement of the missionary work of the Church of England mentions 30 vacancies for nurses, many of them marked urgent; and there are vacancies in the Free Church societies.

The nurses who volunteer for such service must, of course, put the missionary motive first.

It is not pretended that the monetary payment will be large (though it is adequate); but such posts offer unrivalled opportunities for usefulness to those whose desire is to give rather than to get.

Enquiries should be made at the Nurses' Missionary League, 3, St. Augustine's Mansions, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

The following interesting information is communicated by a correspondent to *The Times* :—

"As a first step towards the removal of prejudices and misconceptions regarding the work of nurses in mental hospitals, the Mental Hospitals Department of the L.C.C. has made available the services of four assistant matrons of representative hospitals for the purpose of giving talks to any women's organisations, clubs, and institutes that may be interested in the everyday work of nursing in hospitals.

"Although nurses in L.C.C. Mental Hospitals have not suffered from the combination of long hours of work and study that deters many young women from taking up general nursing, there has always been an atmosphere of prejudice about work among patients in a lunatic asylum. Within recent years improved methods of medical treatment have ameliorated the conditions of mental patients and lightened the burden on the nurses. Knowledge of these better conditions, however, has not become widespread among the public.

"The four assistant matrons, whose services will now be available, will be able to talk not only about new methods of treatment for cases once regarded as hopeless but about the efforts that are made to bring patients back to normal life.

"It is hoped," says an official statement, "that personal contact with these young women, all happy and devoted to their work, many after serving in mental hospitals from early youth, will do a great deal towards putting mental treatment and mental nursing in the right perspective."

Much of the amelioration, and wonderful improvement in the nursing of the mentally sick, is the result of the devotion of trained matrons in mental hospitals, where their courageous devotion to duty has set a high example to the nursing staff. We hope the women's organisations will eagerly avail themselves of listening to "talks" on so vital a question as bringing their fellow creatures out of darkness into light.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row

That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae.

The author of this simple yet stirring verse, states *Una*, was a doctor who served during the Great War in the Artillery. He died of wounds at Wimereux, France, on January 28th, 1918.

Every Armistice Day a pilgrimage to his grave takes place. Poppies from Flanders are scattered round it and his poem, written during a fierce battle in 1915 near Ypres, is read. Colonel McCrae was in charge of a small first-aid post and during a lull he scribbled the words in his despatch book. Small wonder they have become immortal.

Those returned sisters who were stationed near Poperinghe in Belgium, the birthplace of "In Flanders Fields," know well the crosses, row on row, have heard the larks singing high above the scatter of shrapnel from the guns below.

In Poperinghe is the house in which Toc H originated.

Recently there has been carried into completion a memorial to overseas nurses who died while on Empire duty during 1914-1918.

In the boardroom of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital for Women and Children in Euston Road, London, there is a memorial panel set into the wall of the entrance hall. The inscription reads:—

"This hall and the land on which it stands were given to the hospital to be a memorial in honour of those overseas nurses who died while serving with the allied Armies 1914-1918.

"For lamentation, memory;
For pity, praise."

The nurses who came from Australia include: Matron Jean Miles Walker, Sisters Hilda Mary Knox, Edith Ann Moorhouse, Norma Violet Mowbray, Gertrude Evelyn Munro, Katherine Lawrence Porter, Fanny Isabel C. Tyson, Blodwyn Williams; Staff Nurses Louisa Annie Bicknell, Emily Clare, Ruby Dickinson, May Hennessy, Letitia Gladys Moreton, Amy Veda O'Grady, Rosa O'Kane, Kathleen Power, Doris Alice Ridgway, Elizabeth Rothery, Mary Florence Stafford, Ada Mildred Thompson, Beatrice Middleton Watson, and the Misses Adele Brennan, Lydia Grant, and L. B. Riggall, voluntary workers

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)