

EDITORIAL.

IN reading the various nursing papers which have come to us this month, we cannot help being struck by the strong feeling of unity in the nursing world! And what a splendid feeling that is! "Union is Strength" is a motto as old as the hills. Here we have a war raging to the death in a certain part of Europe, and immediately, as soon as the difficulties of transport can be got over, we see armies of doctors and nurses flocking to the seat of war from America, Canada, Japan, Australia, India, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Russia and Italy; each country sending of its best as many as can be spared, or even more than can be spared. Is it not a fine example of united efforts in a good cause? At no other time in our history has such a thing been possible. When feasible, nationality has been taken into consideration by the authorities, and Australian nurses have been placed where they can care for Australian patients, French nurses for French patients and so on; but in many instances nurses of different nationalities are working happily and well together for the good of the wounded, and no doubt with mutual improvement to themselves, for we can all of us learn much from others. We in India are proud to know that three of our Indian Military Nursing Sisters have been mentioned in despatches and one has received the Decoration of the Royal Red Cross. These ladies are all personally known to the writer. The only double Victoria Cross, or to speak perhaps more accurately, a V. C. with a clasp, has been won by a young R. A. M. C. Officer, Lieut. Arthur Martin Leake. In 1902 he won his first V. C. and was shot three times while attending wounded under heavy fire. He refused water until the other eight sufferers present had been supplied with it. During the period from 28th October to 8th November 1914, he rescued a large number of wounded who were lying near the enemy trenches, under heavy fire, for which second act of conspicuous bravery he got the clasp to the Victoria Cross.

The spirit of humanity truly broods over battlefields as well as the spirit of German frightfulness and the merciful Angel of Death.

LADY MOTH.

BY MISS M. YOUNG.

THE Climber and the Groveller in the dust went down through the wood. The track wound steeply down between tall orange lilies which had overflowed the garden, between the pines, between the tangle of rosebushes and ferns to the path below leading down into the ravine. The floor of the wood was shot red with wild strawberries; ferns of every variety overran the wood and encroached upon the path; maidenhair, holly fern, hare's foot, and lace

fern grew under, over and around, the mossy roots of every tree. Butterfly and mouse-ear ferns peeped out from the grey and green background, of every mossy stone. Brown pine needles carpeted the ground, fat pink and green cones jostled lank brown ones which had spilt their treasure. Beams of sunlight chased the purple shadows; distant sunny hills shone between the tall dark trees. Now came the tang and warm smell of the pines, now the breath of cool moist earth.

When they came to the bottom of the ravine and looked up the little watercourse, the Groveller in the dust took off her shoes and went barefoot. A morning shower had made a tiny stream with countless little pools and miniature waterfalls, where else there had been only dry rocks and stones. The fresh cool water running past her feet, the cool damp of the spongy moss on the stones sent a thrill of delight rushing through her veins. What a wealth of flowers and foliage! Blue larkspurs danced in the breeze; pink roses bloomed at the end of luxuriant briars; the berries of the traveller's tree gleamed red among the leaves. Gnarled roots and grey boulders overhung cool mysterious grottos of fern-clad stones. Sometimes they had to leave the water and the stones and turn aside into a cattle track, one of the streaks of dark purple earth which ran like veins up and down the hill side. At other times they had to push their way through the overhanging bushes of holly or rose; or pull themselves up smooth slippery rocks with the roots of trees or the tough stems of the wild sage for hand hold. Up the watercourse a few yards ahead of them, hopped and flitted a wagtail, shining black, with throat and beak and tail tips of gleaming white. Now he was lost behind the bushes, now he came in sight again dipping his beak in the pools, flirting his tail, or taking up his stand on a slab of rock waiting as it were till clumsy toiling mortals should strain up to the height which he had gained so easily. He was joined by his mate and the two went flirting, flitting and hopping up—up, always just ahead, never in a hurry.

Neither the Climber nor the Groveller was in a hurry. They wanted to look up through the thick tangle of bushes; they wanted to look down over the glossy tops of the pines and cedars shining in the sun; they wanted to look round at the wonder and loveliness of the walls of their passage stair. They had to listen to the distant persistent call of the cuckoo, to the steady tonk-tonk, tonk, tonk, of the wood peckers answering each other, to the little trills and warbles of unseen, unknown songsters. They wanted to watch the golden orioles in their black coats and yellow vests, who darted in and out the trees; to search the green depths for a second glimpse of that other stranger, with the brilliant scarlet under his black gown. They were in no greater hurry than the stream or the wagtails.

They gained the road, the great high road, running along the side of the mountains, away into Thibet. Across the road the ravine continued up the hill but it was no longer the mysterious store house of loveliness that it had been. Trees had been felled and the ground was strewn with timber and dirty white chunks and chips of wood. The two companions left the ravine

and chose the road. Turning its back on Thibet it ran through a beautiful wood. On either bank tall straight trees reached up and down in endless succession, till they were lost in purple mystery. The upper bank was full of lichen, moss, ferns and ivy. Purple columbines, blue geraniums, so called lilies of the valley, wild jessamine, wild roses and orchids were among its treasures. Then it turned a corner—and, poised on a twig, resting on the bank, hung a glorious moon moth. You have often seen logs smouldering, glowing, red hot, till of a sudden all the glow seems to run together and come to life in one spot, and a flame shoots forth gathering up and blotting out all the former glow in its great light and heat. So it seemed to the two as their eyes fell on the moth. All the glow and glory of the afternoon, all the wonders of sun and tree, flower, fern and bud seemed to run together and concentrate in that small space on the bank and to shoot into a burning flame in the miracle of loveliness which rested there. She had newly broken her sheath. There was not a blemish on her wings; fresh from the hand of God, she lay there, motionless save for a faint vibration of the wings, waiting to gather strength for flight. Very carefully they secured their prize, fearful lest one even of the soft feathers should be rubbed from her wings, fearful lest she should escape before they had drunk in all her beauty. They carried her home and laid her down on the table. In shape and poise she was like a kite borne aloft by the strong breeze, six and a half inches from tip to tip of the upper wings, four and a half from head to tail. Head and legs were of a deep ruby red; her face and body were covered with feathers of the softest whitest down. The strong rib of the upper wing was of the same ruby red, with an outline faintly suggested in black. The wings were of palest sea-green; against the dark-greens of the mossy bank they had looked pure emerald. From the ruby rib ran delicate vein traceries, and towards the lower, irregular outline of both wings were faint waving nudges or streaks of grey. Here and there the green held a suggestion of pink as if to prepare for and justify the sudden pink which appeared in the four glorious eyes. The eyes were clear transparent crescents of light, between an upper drooping lid of ruby red and black, and a lower lid of coral pink.

The lower wings stretched themselves out into two slightly spiral crinkled tails, in which the suggestion of pink grew stronger. The white down on her back overran her wings. Its feathery softness was wonderful.

There is beauty which is supported by praise, there is beauty which we cannot bear to share with others. Does one ever willingly share a sunset with the world? Could one bear to applaud a requiem? But other beauties grow with praise; their beauty becomes more beautiful as it is shared. Lady Moth's beauty held no sadness in it. It was beauty which could be shared. It was pure joy, and the beauty seemed to grow brighter as other humans joined the Climber and the Groveller in their chorus of praise. "Joy is the praise we say to God," says Stevenson, and Lady Moth compelled both joy and praise. The man with the camera tried to fix in a lifeless picture her living glowing beauty. He failed. It was right, most right that he should. It would have

been but a vain attempt at best. But Lady Moth would have none of it. She closed her lower wings till the tips of her tail touched, she drooped her upper wings till two of the shining eyes were veiled.

The collector came and yearned to possess her. He proposed to turn living beauty into beautiful death, to fix her with a pin, to imprison her in a glass case. But he also failed, how rightly! He had to go away with his yearning unsatisfied. For a short while Lady Moth was kept a prisoner under a glass cover, but at the first flutter she was set free. She gave two or three beats with her wings and then rested on the front of the Groveller's dress. All the evening she lay there, drawing all eyes to her as by a magnet, and whispering mysteries to the Groveller's heart. At night she was laid gently down still clinging to the dress.

When all was dark and quiet Lady Moth took her first flight. It was a very short one, and when morning came, she was found poised on the window curtain, with the morning sunlight shining through her transparent wings.....

"When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is..... Christ shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." So ran the daily portion. "How can these things be?" whispered the heart of unbelief. "Shall Grovellers leave their dust and find the sky? Shall the soul that cleaveth to the dust learn to soar? Can the shackles of sin really be broken? Can death be wholly swallowed up in victory?" "O thou poor soul enwrapped in such a sinning, Bound in the shameful body of thy death' shalt thou really attain to the glorious liberty of the 'perfect son of man and Son of God'?" Then it lifted its eyes and there shone the miracle. "These things can be and shall be," sang Lady Moth, for they have been. "I also was a Groveller in the dust, I also have borne the image of the earthly. But He hath changed my vile body, and fashioned it into this glorious body according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. Once I grovelled, once I toiled, now He hath given me wings, and I soar.

The caterpillar, the chrysalis, the moth—Could one dream it, dare to believe it, if one had not seen it? What possible relation could there be between the clumsy, crawling caterpillar of the earth, earthy, and the brilliant ethereal, free-flying moth? Whence came those wonderful colours? those marvellous wings? that body of soft down? How were they hidden in the dull sheath of the chrysalis? When they burst from that sheath, whose voice gave the summons?

Lady Moth sang on her song of wonders undreamable, marvels too deep for understanding, till the heart of unbelief was stirred, and it joined its song of hope to her song of experience. "Thanks to thee, Lady Moth, little servant of God, who hast taken the things of God, and hast declared them unto us in parables. These things can be, and shall be, for they have been. Grovellers and Climbers alike shall leave their toil and their grovelling. They shall put forth wings and shall soar. They who now bear the image of the earthly

shall also bear the image of the heavenly. This mortal shall put on immortality. We shall be changed. We shall be changed into His image. We shall be satisfied when we awake with His likeness."

For two more days and nights, Lady Moth stayed singing her song and witnessing to the power of God. Then she winged her way out into the silent dark of the night. Good bye God be with thee Lady Moth, little servant of God.

MEDICAL MAGAZINE PAGE.

By MISS MACKENZIE.

THE *Lancet* of June 5th, 1915 records an extraordinary case reported by M. Beausenat at a meeting of the *Académie de Médecine* of Paris. A Sergeant of the 91st Infantry Regiment was wounded at Saint Hubert in Argonne, by a hand grenade which exploded at his feet, inflicting three wounds, one being in the chest. After several radiographic and radiosopic examinations "a fragment of ball implanted in the pericardium" was diagnosed. The patient suffered acutely from pain and dyspnoea, but refusing operation, left hospital after about four months. In two weeks, he returned to hospital much worse. An operation was performed and a fragment of shell was removed from the right ventricle where it had lodged. The patient left hospital eventually cured.

In an article on the spread of typhus fever by lice (*Lancet*, June 12th 1915) some interesting observations are made. Reference is made to the book the "Mémoires du Sergent Bourgogne," giving the report of an eye witness and victim of the disasters of Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812, and depicting the horror with which the poor sergeant suddenly finds himself infected with vermin, during the French retreat from Moscow, and the difficulty in getting rid of them. In its retreat from Moscow, Napoleon's grand army was harassed by a severe epidemic of typhus fever carried by vermin, and these soldiers spread the infection through Germany on their way from Russia. The soldiers by means of the vermin infected the civil population on whom they were quartered. The rapidity with which the infection can spread is indicated by the following fact, that in one Prussian Infantry Regiment there was not a single case of typhus fever, till it had marched fourteen miles over a highway along which the French had passed, after which an epidemic broke out in the Prussian ranks. The Prussian army physician attached to the army at that time (1817) records that there was a higher percentage of deaths from typhus amongst indoor hospital patients (even nurses and doctors being victims) than amongst patients treated out of doors in camp hospitals. In more recent medical articles on the subject stress is laid on the importance of killing the lice, and a circular recently issued by the German Imperial Board of