

list, so that those who were carrying on the work might know in what direction they might launch out.

HIS LORDSHIP'S plea for support for the Association was emphasised by Prebendary Hannah, who seconded his motion. Prebendary Hannah, however, was scarcely inclined to regard the overdue balance in so hopeful a light. "There is a considerable amount of disappointment shown by our excellent friend Mr. Bevan," he said, "at the overdraft which the Bishop thought might be a blessing in disguise. I am not very fond of that sort of blessing myself." They might be entertaining an angel unawares in the matter of that deficit, but he was anxious to turn it out of doors.

FROM THE Report we learn that on the suggestion of Dr. Willoughby Ferner, the Committee of the Sussex County Hospital have agreed to train a nurse for the Association every two years free of cost, in return for the assistance the nurses are able to render to patients who are recovered sufficiently to leave the Hospital, but who still require some skilled nursing, and that the Hospital Sunday Fund Committee has marked its sense of the value of the District Nurse by making a grant of £25 more than last year.

THE valuable services of Mrs. Uthhoff, the Hon. Secretary of the Association, were warmly recognised by several speakers, and it was remarked that to the zeal and enthusiasm she had thrown into the work, they owed the great success of their efforts at the present time. It would be most unfair to discourage her, and the most practical way in which they could help her in future, would be by relieving her of her financial responsibility, by giving her the necessary means to carry on the work in full perfection. If these means are not forthcoming, in the wealthy town of Brighton, it will be discreditable in the highest degree.

So far the benefit system in connection with the Lewes Nursing Association has turned out to be a failure. The poorer classes in the town have not fallen in, to any great extent with the plan of yearly contributions, by means of which a nurse could be supported, and the result is that Lewes is in future to be deprived of the benefit of this part of the society's work. The work of the association in all its branches is still to be performed, the fees being as reasonable as it is possible to have them. The annual report just issued, records the fact that during the year now ended, 196 cases were dealt with, some of them of a serious character, and only 12 deaths occurred. Unfortunately there is a balance of £17 10s. 6d. on the wrong side, but it is hoped that it will soon be cleared off.

THE "brutal Saxon" is out of touch with the Celtic temperament, more's the pity, and the passionate, if fleeting, grief of the living for the dead, in the Emerald Isle, is incomprehensible to a people, whose real interest, at times of family bereavement, is centred—not in the "wake"—but in the "will."

THE grievous early death of Mary Furlong, poet and nurse, in September last, of typhus fever, contracted in the islands of the wild western shores of Ireland, has passed with little comment, although her fellow-nurses, who came back to Dublin from their labours in Inniskea, have received honourable recognition from the Queen.

THE *Weekly Sun* has a touching reference to the "martyrdom" of this sweet woman, from which many lessons of high living are to be learnt.

"Think of fighting typhus in a cabin a few feet square, with a wet clay floor and a rotting roof of black thatch, with no chimney for the smoke from the wet peat fires except a hole in the thatch, with no window, and a door like the low hutch of an Esquimaux bee-hive habitation. To this cabin will be a population of several people, with probably a pig, if the family is prosperous, and a lot of fowl, endowed with the boundless impudence and aggressiveness of cabin poultry. There are hardly any domestic utensils; the beds are heaps of straw without bed-clothes other than a few rags; a table and a few stools make all the furniture. This is what reveals itself if the smoke-curtain lifts a few minutes, and if your eyes are not so bemazed by the acrid smoke as to be incapable of seeing anything."

THOUGH nearly all the nurses took the typhus there were never lacking volunteers to fill the places of those stricken down. Among the very last batch to go was a certain young nurse named Mary Furlong, who has an interest for the public apart from her quiet heroism and her martyr's death, for, alas, after saving every patient entrusted to her care, she died of the typhus on the 22nd of September.

MARY FURLONG had a fine and delicate literary gift which now will never be ripened. This autumn a volume of poems by her sister, Alice Furlong, will be published, and will be found of very remarkable quality. A third sister, who died two years ago, also wrote poetry. Alice Furlong has really made an artist of herself. Mary, beginning with a natural gift as true and genuine, put it aside when she took up the nurse's life. It was characteristic of her to make way for Alice, whose gift she held in far higher esteem than her own. She was content that Alice should win literary laurels for the family. Only a few months ago, when it was a question of publishing her poems, or those of her younger sister, she swept away her own claims remorselessly.

"HER last published poem is before me as I write. She still contributed occasionally to the magazines though she felt that the nursing was her life. This poem was written when last Spring they were obliged

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)