

Square, and went daily to Guy's Hospital for training.

Incidentally we have never heard that Guy's nurses have done anything to commemorate their honourable connection with this "Genius of Good," but it is never too late to mend, and the celebrations of the 200th anniversary of the opening of that hospital this month would afford a fitting opportunity for emphasising the connection of this great philanthropist with the nursing department of the hospital.

It is an interesting fact that a distinguished Guy's Nurse was, for a time, Lady Superintendent of the nursing staff recently established in Holloway Prison.

The Grave at Barking.

Those who work must wander, and it was in January, 1910, that we felt like worshipping at the shrine of something great.

"Let us go to Barking and touch the grave of Elizabeth Fry," we suggested to our friend, Isla Stewart.

Dear "Matron" said "Yes," so we went. A pale, beautiful, January day. As we crept through East London our hearts warmed to it.

"It's as full of goodness as a pea pod," we agreed—and so it is.

When we came to Barking we would be directed to the resting place of Elizabeth Fry.

"We do not know the lady," one and all replied.

So we wandered amidst lordly tombs and found it not. We inquired of drowsy vergers, polite policemen, and other persons of worth, but no one had heard of the great evangelist who carried the beautiful light of sympathy into the prison dungeons of England a hundred years ago. By and by someone said: "Try the Friends' Burying Ground at the end of the town." To this we wended our way, and here, enclosed by an old brick wall, we found a peaceful acre.

Accompanied by the caretaker of the Meeting House opposite we were guided to the spot where for 65 years has rested all that was mortal of this beautiful being—in one grave with her husband, and close by the little child she wept such bitter tears to lose.

All the stones in this quiet place are uniformly simple, after the custom of Friends.



A PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH FRY IN HER YOUTH.

That of Elizabeth Fry stands back to the wall and growing from her grave was a beautiful white holly bush, full of waxen berry. We begged two sprays, which were given to us. Think of it. *This tree has in its sap her great heart's blood.*

"Earth to Earth. Dust to Dust." Yea, verily. Yet for ever and for ever, Life to Life.

We counsel those on quest to memorials of the great ones into whose inheritance we have entered, to visit the statue of Elizabeth Fry at the Old Bailey, and her grave at Barking, and steep themselves in her beautiful spirit.

Nor let them count themselves strangers in a strange land. At 431, Oxford Street, London, W.1 (opposite Selfridge's), are the headquarters of the International Council of Nurses, and of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland. A letter or a call will bring a response, and make things easy for members of our great International Sisterhood.

E. G. F.

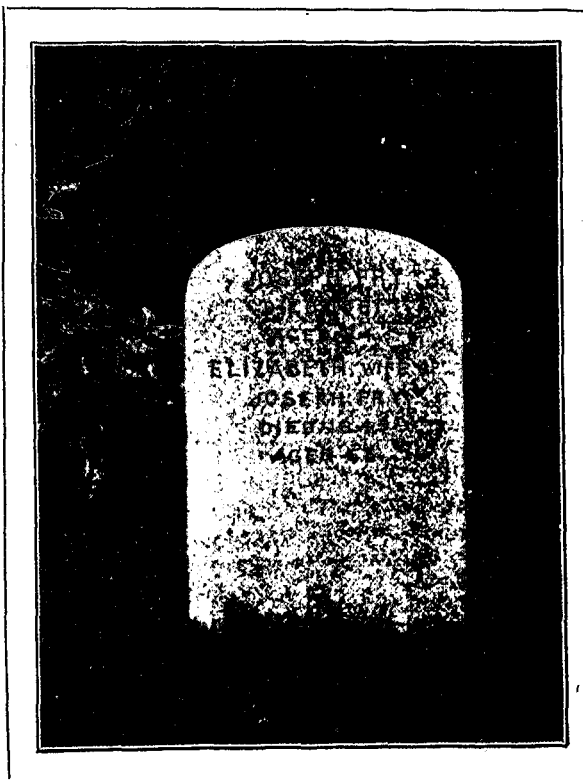
A HOSPITAL LIBRARY.

The British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John

Hospital Library, which has for its object the free supply of books and magazines to naval, military, and civil hospitals, hospital ships, convalescent homes, and sanatoria at home and abroad, has steadily enlarged the scope and activities of its beneficent work during the year 1923-1924.

The society has been asked by the Admiralty and the War Office to give libraries to British hospitals for our sailors and soldiers all over the world and to keep them supplied with fresh parcels. This is being done, and is greatly appreciated as is shown by the letters received, especially from the tropics. It is an interesting fact that the highest standard of literature is asked for from the mental hospitals. Gifts of books, magazines, &c., should be addressed to the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Hospital Library, 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, W.2.

In sickness or in health there is no better comrade than a good book, and the work is well worth while.



GRAVE IN FRIENDS' BURYING GROUND, BARKING.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)