

Nurses' Institution and the Home for Incurables at Leamington, she joined the staff of St. John's House, where she remained for five years. During this time Miss Breay acted for a short time as Ward Sister at the Metropolitan Hospital, then, after taking the Diploma of the London Obstetrical Society, as Superintendent of St. John's Maternity Home, at Battersea, where her devotion to babies rendered her an ideal Superintendent, and for the last two years as Matron of the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road. In October, 1893, Miss Breay joined the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and went out to Zanzibar as Matron of the English Hospital there, which is supported by the Mission. She returned to England last year, and it was decided by the Medical Board that it was in expedient for her health that she should return to Zanzibar. It is therefore to be hoped that her most valuable services may be secured as head of a Training School for Nurses at home.

Miss Breay is a conscientious member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and a Registered Nurse, and her honoured name is amongst those of the fourteen leaders of the Nursing profession who are mentioned by name in the Incorporation Clause of the Royal Charter of Incorporation, granted to the Association in 1893. Miss Breay is also a member of the Matrons' Council, an organisation which she considers will prove of great value in helping to evolve a more satisfactory educational curriculum for trained Nurses.

The Nursing Exhibition.

THIS was closed on Saturday, the 13th inst., at 11 p.m., by a little ceremony which came as a complete surprise to all except the few Matrons and Nurses who had arranged this graceful *finale*. Mr. Harrison Cripps, the well-known surgeon, at the conclusion of the musical programme made the following speech:—

Ladies,—I have been asked this evening to undertake a small duty, but nevertheless it is one that gives me the greatest pleasure. It has reference to one to whom we all owe a debt of gratitude, and to whom this Exhibition owes its origin and success. I need hardly say that I refer to the honoured name of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. When we honour Mrs. Fenwick we honour the whole Nursing world, with which her life has been so inseparably connected.

During the many years I have been at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, I have been deeply interested in the progress of Nursing, for I know how impossible would have been the marvellous advances of surgery without a corresponding evolution in the art of Nursing. How often we have been told that Nursing is a noble career, but I am not one of those who think that one career is more noble than another, but hold that nobility in work lies not in its nature but in the manner of its performance. Work of the very best ennobles any occupation.

At times, not so far distant as to be easily within my own recollection, the Nurse and her career did not command the universal respect which now marks it out as one of the highest professions. Why, then, his rapid and beneficial change? Is it not that the pioneers of the modern Nursing movement early

recognised and grasped the truth, that birth and education are the groundwork essential for developing the intellectual capacity and power of devotion to duty so necessary in a nursing career? And what has been the result of this inception? Is it not that the Nursing world now reckons amongst its members many of the foremost women of the day? And thus Nursing is regarded as a career worthy of the best that woman can give. But, after all, it matters little what the world thinks of the career, for in the work itself lies the chief charm; and have you ever considered wherein this charm lies? It is that your work is a science, and science admits no limits to knowledge and improvement. What you believe to be perfection to-day is but a stepping-stone to the knowledge of to-morrow, and this is what brings happiness and ennobles all work; it is the ever-widening field of infinite progress in the future, a progress in which each and all can form a part.

Ladies, we all want in life some ideal standard of excellence after which to strive. I say, and say it with conviction, that this ideal goal, ever moving onwards and upwards, is to me embodied in such a nature as that of our hostess of to-night. It would be impossible in the short time at our disposal this evening to mention the inestimable work that this gifted lady has done for the Nursing world. When almost a girl, she completely reorganised the great Nursing School of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, so that it now stands out as the foremost Training School in the country. To her, do you owe the inception of the enrolment of Nurses into a Corporate body, and it is chiefly to her indomitable energy that the Royal Charter became an accomplished fact. To her forethought and consideration, do you owe your Home of Rest at Brighton—a rest of inestimable value to many a hard-worked woman.

Nor is it to this country alone that her work has been confined, for to her we owe much of the reputation that British Nursing has acquired in America; for from one end to the other of that great continent, wherever Nursing is discussed the name of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick is honoured as that of one to whose energy and enterprise Chicago owed the British Nursing Section, which achieved an unparalleled success.

Such triumphs might have satisfied an ordinary mind, but not so with this restless genius, who, you may depend, so long as life and strength are left, will ever be to the front as a guiding star in your profession.

One more word in conclusion. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick has done far more for her sex than is outwardly apparent, for she has shown that the highest intellectual capacity and a public career are not incompatible with what Englishmen value most—home duties, those of the loving wife and devoted mother.

Allow me, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, on behalf of your Nurses, to ask you to accept this small gift in memory of the pleasure and interest which this Exhibition has afforded them, and they would wish me to add that it is given with their esteem, with their affection, and with their love.

Mr. Cripps then handed Mrs. Bedford Fenwick a very handsome album containing the Press Notices which had appeared, to the number of sixty or seventy, unanimately and heartily praising the Exhibition. In reply she said:—

Mr. Cripps, Ladies and Gentlemen,—This presentation and this most kind speech on the part of Mr:

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