

Perkin Warbeck's Insurrection. This historic event was described as follows: "Perkin Warbeck was young and foolish, so he thought he would like to have an insurrection, so he went to Ireland, and landed in Kent, when he got there he found he wasn't himself, but was one of the little princes who had been murdered in the Tower."

THE moral of this strange jumble of fact and fiction is obviously tersely summed up by Bacon, "Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man." To write a good examination paper it is necessary that one's previous study should have been thorough, and that one should be able to express the knowledge gained, accurately in writing. Not such an easy matter as may be supposed, and certainly one which requires practice. Wherefore, good reader, take the lesson of the great master to heart, and further, in view of the Great International Congress to be held next year, consider his third aphorism, "Conference a ready man," and practise the art of debate. Nurses, as a rule, do not shine in debating. They, and indeed, women generally, are not to be blamed for this. No one has shown them the way, or given them opportunities of practice, or instruction in the art, and, let folks say what they will, public speaking and discussion does *not* come easily to most women.

BUT we are learning that we have public as well as private duties, and that we cannot escape our responsibilities by repudiating them. Our Trans-Atlantic colleagues show us a lesson in this respect, and the Nursing Profession in the United States and Canada has gained much by the capacity which its members have shown for public speaking and debating. They are less diffident, less self-conscious, and more simple than we are in the old country, and, therefore, when they have anything to say, they get up quite unaffectedly and say it, clearly and naturally, and with most beneficial results to themselves and their profession. Let us, therefore, remember Bacon's lesson, "Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, conference a ready man," and practise all three.

MANY nurses will welcome "The Life of Bishop Smythies," which is issued this week at the office of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, 9, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, written by Miss Gertrude Ward, and edited by the Rev. E. F. Russell, of St. Alban's, Holborn. Its editorship will be its passport to very many nurses, but beyond this it has much that is of special interest to them. Miss Gertrude Ward, by whom the greater part of the book is written, and right well written, is a trained nurse, and the many nurses who knew and loved the great Bishop, will rejoice

that the honour of placing his life before the public should have been entrusted to one of their number.

BUT the supreme interest of the book centres of course in the Bishop himself. With such an inspiring theme it would be difficult indeed to be dull. Bishop Smythies was almost an ideal hero. He was so richly endowed with natural gifts, that these, combined with his life of self-sacrifice and personal holiness, made his personality a unique one. One of his greatest attractions was his innate courtesy; nothing could ever have made Bishop Smythies anything but most winningly courteous and chivalrous, and this quality no doubt smoothed the way in many difficult positions. But with all this he was a born ruler. There was no one in the Mission from the highest to the lowest but felt that the reins of office were in his hands. As a friend writes of him "He could be stern no doubt, but behind it all there lay real tenderness, an almost womanly tenderness, that needed often but a word to fill his eyes with tears."

ARCHDEACON JONES BATEMAN, who knew the Bishop intimately throughout his whole episcopate, wrote of him, "*Greatness* is what recurs to me constantly as his most marked characteristic. One never knew Bishop Smythies' 'little' in any sense. . . . The natives, too, specially recognised *greatness* in him. Partly, no doubt, his bodily presence impressed them, but he had a way of taking for granted that people would do what he wished. I was present when the English Consul-General urged him to evacuate Magila because the troubles of war constituted a certain amount of risk to the lives of the missionaries ministering there. Without a moment's hesitation, with a clear grasp of the great principle involved, he answered, "I should never lift my head up again if I did." "Well, please put that in writing," said the Consul-General. "Certainly," replied the Bishop. And we stayed there, and the Church at home said "Well done!" The same friend wrote, "If a line was right, it was no matter to him if it was temporarily unpopular." What wonder then, that with his winning personality, and his uncompromising devotion to duty, he commanded the respect and the devotion of those who were privileged to recognize his great characteristics.

HIS appreciation of the work of nurses was great, and the nurses in the Zanzibar Hospital were universally devoted to him. One who knew him well in the old days at Roath said: "No one ever had a higher idea of a nurse's vocation, no one ever has said more beautiful or helpful things to me about a nurse's work. I wonder if he kept his ideals to the end." Certainly he remained most appreciative of nurses to the last, the hospital at Zanzibar

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