

When Sister Clara found it necessary to be absent from duty two months in each year, it was both her and Mr. Barnardo's wish that someone should be provided as a substitute, who would prove reliable, and competent to take the temporary charge. Thereupon Sister Clara suggested her own sister, who is a thoroughly experienced and practical housekeeper, and who has also a very considerable knowledge of nursing. To this Mr. Barnardo made no objection; on the contrary, welcomed the idea, and suggested that Miss Jump should come in at once for the purpose of, to use one of Mr. Barnardo's own expressive phrases, "getting her hand in."

Miss Jump thereupon took up her duties, which consisted of acting as assistant to Sister Clara—in fact, became, so to speak, sub-matron, without salary; and so pleased was Mr. Barnardo with the manner in which the duties were performed that not even he made a complaint. Not only did he not make a complaint, but even went so far as to suggest that the Hospital should *always* be in charge of either Sister Clara or her sister.

In 1886 it was deemed necessary, for strong sanitary reasons, to pull down the Hospital and rebuild it entirely, and the patients and Staff were for that purpose removed to Church House, Bow, under the same arrangements; at least nothing was expressed by Mr. Barnardo to the contrary, and Miss Jump accompanied Sister Clara there and undertook similar duties to those she had performed at the old place. This change proved highly disastrous to both Sister Clara and Miss Jump, the former securing for her pains and as her reward an attack of diphtheria, and the latter completely broke down in health under the strain. This was in the following year, 1887.

It was then found desirable that Miss Jump should have a total rest from work for at least six months, and for this purpose she went to stay with some friends in the country. Whilst there, and about two months only after commencing her supposed and suggested period of six months' rest, Miss Jump was requested by the General Superintendent (Mr. Barnardo being in Canada at the time) of Mr. Barnardo's Homes, to take charge of Baby Castle, Hawkhurst, to fill temporarily the gap mainly caused, we believe, by the resignation of the Matron there. Still weak and suffering from overwork, Miss Jump undertook the duties; but before doing so, requested (not unreasonably) that she should be remunerated for her services, as, however willing she might be to work for nothing under Sister Clara, although Mr. Barnardo's Institution received the benefit of such work, Miss Jump did not altogether see the force of taking up *other* and a harder work without being paid for it. It was

agreed that £20 per annum should be given to her, and for some time Miss Jump remained in charge at Hawkhurst, where she gave every satisfaction in the performance of her duties, finally returning to resume her work under Sister Clara at Bow. Before doing so, however, Sister Clara wrote Mr. Barnardo, asking him if he would have any objection to the remuneration *being continued* to her sister, who ought at least, having proved herself so useful, to be worth the £20 per annum to the Institution.

(To be continued.)

THREE INCIDENTS.—III.

By E. BUXTON.

I WAS not a Nurse, but was visiting a well-known Hospital with a basket of flowers to give to the patients in one of the Wards. Upstairs, among patients who bore the marks of deepest poverty, I was happy in finding how acceptable the flowers and the little Gospels were, and was soon self-forgotten in the object of my visit. But shortly the Matron came to me in the Ward, earnestly asking me to come with her to visit a negro patient who had come over to England as a sailor. Only speaking his native tongue, he lay there, scarcely able to move from illness, and a stranger to all. "Could you find some way to communicate with him, some clue by which to interpret his signs of suffering?" At any rate, I should go to his bedside.

Trying to overcome the natural shrinking that filled me, I followed the Matron, and as we passed from Ward to Ward, glanced forward to see if the negro were in sight. Suddenly I was at the foot of the bed, and there, half wrapped over with bed-clothes, was the handsome fellow, with copper skin and woolly head. I could not speak to him; he could not speak to me; but with affectionate glances, he, I thought, understood I would send a friend, who might speak his African language.

On reaching home, I could only communicate with a London City Missionary, who has a wonderful acquaintance with African languages. By my request, he went to the Hospital, found out the negro, and, after several attempts, discovered the language of our patient, enlightened the Matron as to his illness, and, sitting by his bedside, led the conversation to higher things, and our dark listener felt himself no longer friendless, nor a stranger in our country.

WE must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

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