

NURSES OF NOTE.

SISTER DORA.

The accompanying picture of the statue of the beloved Sister Dora, which we have great pleasure in presenting, reminds us how very few statues of women are to be seen in this country, but no memorial of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison could have been more fitting in the Black Country town of Walsall, in Staffordshire, to whose sick people she gave the best years of her life. Her biographer, Miss Margaret Lonsdale, wrote shortly after her death: "It is curious and worth recording, that amongst all the proposed monuments to the memory of Sister Dora, the working members of the population most desire to raise a statue in her honour. They wish her to live, not only in their hearts, where no memorial of her indeed is needed; but in the minds, and before the eyes, of their children and children's children. In the recollection of her life among them they feel a pride, which makes them all ready to echo the words of one of the railway servants, when he was asked why he thought the monument ought to be a statue. 'Why, nobody knows better than I do that *we* shan't forget her—no danger of that; but I want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place, and see her standing up, they shall ask us 'Who's that?' and then we shall say 'Who's that?' Why, that's *our* Sister Dora!"

We wonder how many trained nurses visiting Walsall now ask "Who's that?" unacquainted with the history of one of the most human and

attractive of our pioneers. Let us be grateful for the true instinct of her working class friends, which has preserved in our midst the portrait of this noble and lovable woman.

To those nurses of the present generation to whom she is little more than a name we commend the fascinating biography written over thirty years ago by her friend, Miss Lonsdale. The daughter of a country Rector, and one of a family of twelve, she grew up amongst the beautiful Yorkshire moors, and seems to have absorbed something of their spaciousness and beauty. Born in 1832, she gave early evidence of an indomitable will, remarkable gifts, and a strong power of personal influence. She keenly desired to join the band of women who went out as nurses to the Crimea, and implored her father to let her go. Her biographer tells us that "he 'wisely' refused, telling her that untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be worse than useless, adding that she had enough to employ her at home, if she would only think so." Nowadays we are, perhaps, not quite so sure of the wisdom of denying to one who had so evidently the vocation, as well as the desire, to serve her country in its time of need the power to do so; but hindrances are usually the test, not the extinguisher, of vocation, and Sister Dora's devotion to the sick and suffering found full expression later on.

A succourer of many her inner life was a lonely one, and as she lived so she died. Her last words were: "I have lived alone, let me die alone," and her wish was fulfilled.



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