

southern side of the bay down to the sound, will not be easily forgotten.

Before starting from Douglas we had packed a large hamper of eatables, which we ate in true picnic fashion on the top of Braddan Head.

The drive is exceedingly pretty to Port Erin; there are many interesting places to visit.

The sixth day was Sunday. We were, for the first time, down early to breakfast, and arrived at church before the service commenced.

There are many places of worship in Douglas; almost every denomination is represented.

The oldest church in the town is St. Matthew's, erected in 1711; St. Mary's Catholic Church, in Bucks Road, one of the most imposing ecclesiastical structures on the island.

Sunday evening we walked through the Nunnery grounds. The trees are so lofty, forming avenues, which are cool and delightful. Many places of interest are to be found in these lovely and enchanting grounds.

In the Nunnery Grounds there are two notable gravestones, under which (so tradition says) Matilda, the daughter of Ethelbert, King of Mercia during the Saxon Heptarchy, was buried, and "the fair Nun of Winchester."

The convent was founded by St. Bridget in the year 567. There are still some of the cloisters remaining. The ceiling proves that in the earliest ages men possessed great abilities; every animal in the whole creation is imitated in most wonderful and curious carvings.

Pillars of great thickness supporting the arches appear as if they were designed to baffle the efforts of time. During the dreadful revolution of the island the chapel was wilfully desecrated by soldiers; it was one of the finest in the world.

(To be continued.)

NURSING ECHOES.

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THE *Daily News* last week had two items about Nurses in its morning's news, one of which will interest the many friends of Miss Mollett and her co-workers in South Africa, while the other will cause as much amusement to Nurses as it appears to have caused surprise to our contemporary. The former reads thus:—"Miss Rose Blennerhassett, daughter of Sir Rowland, is a brave English girl, who



laughs at hardship, and has an eye for the comic side of things. She is in Johannesburg, the South African 'city' of gold and gold fever, and in *The Diggers' News* she gives some graphic sketches of mining life. Her position in the Nurses' Home gives her many an opportunity of seeing the seamy—and, let us hope, the heroic—side of things. Can anything be more dreadful than the incompetence, the lethargy, the untidiness (the very mildest word one can use) of the Catholic nun-Nurses? Pity the poor maimed diggers, whether Kaffir or English, who come under the untaught hands of those nuns. 'The women of society' in Johannesburg, says Miss Blennerhassett, 'consist chiefly of dress-makers and helps of all sorts.' Barmaids form an exclusive set: 'Some of them have very nice traps and horses, and they are said to be better paid and to enjoy life more than anyone else here.' The region is scarcely fascinating—in fact, it is 'a barren, dreary waste, not a tree to be seen. At least, I hear there is a tree and a waterfall and a baboon within an afternoon's drive.'"

As to the second paragraph, I have never heard of Lady Leveson Gower, but Lady Alexandra Leveson Gower, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, was recently a special Probationer at St. Bartholomew's, where Miss Godolphin-Osborne also was trained and worked. Most Nurses could give our contemporary a considerably longer list than the following of women bearing historic names who have had a thorough training for woman's highest mission—tending the sick and the wounded:—"Princess Helen Cusa is a Nurse in the Children's Hospital, Jassy; Countess Asta Blucher has been nursing the invalids of Captain Wissman's force at Zanzibar; Miss Godolphin-Osborne, niece of the Duke of Leeds, is Matron of the Leamington Hospital for Incurables; Lady Leveson Gower is a Nurse in one of the metropolitan Hospitals; and Lady Amberley and Baroness Ebba Bostron were trained at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, a few years ago."

MANY Nurses will have read with pleasure the announcement which appeared in the papers last week that "Her Majesty the Queen, the Sovereign Head and Patron of the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, has been pleased to approve" of a number of gentlemen and two ladies, of whom Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was one, "being enrolled as Honorary Associates of the Order in recognition of their voluntary services in connection with hospital and philanthropic work." *Apropos* of this lady, I hear that her Convalescent

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