

formed for her little ones all those services which made it possible for them to live and thrive. The daily and hourly details of feeding, warming, and protecting from harm, the watching by night, the rhythmical swing of cradle and bough under the mother's eye—these maternal cares, as old as or even older than the human race, laid the foundation from which our profession of nursing has developed to its structure of to-day."

The last words in Vol. IV are prophetic:—"The sketches of nursing development we have here given show, we believe, in a very striking way, the gradual change from the 'sick nursing' of the past ages to the 'health nursing' foreseen by Florence Nightingale. The conquest of disease is rapidly extending, and as it does, the nurses' sphere will also change, until, perhaps, the nurse herself may become obsolete. If this day comes, our 'History' may be as a voice out of the Dark Ages."

The little hospital at Kumamoto, called the Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope, is run entirely on Japanese lines, under the superintendence of Miss Riddell, an Englishwoman, who for the last seventeen years has devoted her life to the poor outcast lepers whose sufferings are relieved there. Eight years ago the late Emperor of Japan conferred a decoration upon this lady that had never before been given to a foreigner or a woman. The hospital, which treats both men and women, is supported by voluntary contributions from England, America, and Canada; the nurses at the hospital are the widows of men who have been lepers. The work is entirely a Church work, and the main object of the hospital is, as its name, the Resurrection of Hope, implies, that Christian faith may bring its patients to the knowledge of hope in Christ. The patients do find their hope renewed.

A WARNING TO THE NURSING PROFESSION.

As we go to press we are informed that Lord Knutsford is sending a Petition against the Nurses' Registration Bill to Matrons of Hospitals, and inviting them to ask their nurses to sign it. We shall deal with this question further in our next issue; meanwhile we hope that no nurses will consent to sign the Petition thoughtlessly, but that they will study the Bill, which may be obtained from Wyman & Sons, Fetter Lane, E.C., and make a point of understanding its provisions.

REFLECTIONS

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

At the recent annual Court of Governors of the Evelina Hospital for Children, Southwark, Viscount Duncannon, who presided, urged the special claims of the "Evelina" upon the benevolent public, as being the only large children's hospital for the whole of South London. He called attention to the unfortunate fact that there was a marked decrease in the amount received from donations and subscriptions. Very good work is done most unostentatiously at this much-needed hospital, and it deserves to be more generously supported.

The reconstructed Children's Hospital at the Leicester Royal Infirmary was opened by the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith on Wednesday, 22nd inst. The High Sheriff of Leicestershire not only presided at the inaugural ceremony, but testified to his profound interest in the beneficent work by a timely donation of £100. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald expressed his thanks by letter for the association of the reconstruction with the name and memory of his departed wife. The chairman recalled the more salient features of the reconstruction, and Dr. Bond, in the regretted absence of Sir Edward Wood, summarised the record of this latest Forward Movement, and voiced the general conviction that the Hospital would rank with the best in the country, and prove a proportionate boon to its little patients. The next important step is to find the subscribers to support this beneficent addition to Leicester's splendid hospital.

SADOZI.

I want to tell you about a little Pathan friend of mine, called Sadozi, and as you read her story will you remember that what happened to her in her little half underground mud hut in Baluchistan is happening constantly in many many remote hovels all over India. I had known Sadozi for quite six years; for ever since I came to this hospital she and her little sister, Satar, had been frequent inmates of the hospitals. Sometimes they would stay in for a couple of months at a time, and we were all very fond of them and they of us. Sadozi had bad bone disease, and when I first saw her she could only shuffle along the ground in a sitting position. She was about fourteen then, and had been divorced by her husband because she was so useless to him. However, with much treatment she improved considerably and managed to walk fairly upright; and if at any time her old trouble became worse, she would come in again for a spell of treatment. Once she came for another reason; she was afraid her much-loved sister, Satar, was going to be married unsuitably and for the sake of a bit of ground in their possession. Later on Satar was married, but to her satisfaction; and then Sadozi herself married a young man of whom she was really fond. About two years

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