

storm, until at the end of the afternoon we were kindly brushed down and once more made to look like respectable members of a nursing conference.

On again reaching Mr. Barclay's office, we were conducted to the employees' dining room, which had for the occasion been transformed into a veritable fairy land. Festoons of the most delicate pink harmonised with the prettiest flower decoration, and at the end of our long round the little tea tables laden with toothsome dainties of every shape and form, seemed too good to be real.

After a dessert of strawberries and cream we packed ourselves again into the motors and returned to Birmingham feeling we had learnt something about the hospital dressings we had used for many years and taken as a matter of course.

TEA AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

On Thursday afternoon the majority of the members of the Conference availed themselves of the invitation of the General Hospital Birmingham Nurses' League to tea at the hospital, where they were received in the fine Board Room with the greatest cordiality and hospitality, by Mr. Howard J. Collins, the House Governor, Miss Musson, Matron, and the Members of the League, and all kinds of good things—dainty and delicious—were served, after which the members passed on to the Chapel.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

The Chapel of the hospital was filled to the full extent of its seating capacity at the service, when the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Russell Wakefield, addressed the members of the Conference. After shortened evensong, and the singing of hymns appropriate to St. Barnabas Day, the Bishop, speaking from the pulpit said that the occasion was one of real interest and real strength to those nurses who had come to the city to see others engaged in the same work as themselves. Nurses were a real national asset. The most essential thing in every country was health. It ensured prosperity, and enabled the worker to maintain his or her self-respect. Ill-health meant poverty and misery. It resulted sometimes from providence, sometimes from a wretched wage, but, to the sick man, it meant that in addition to his illness he had the pain and anxiety of seeing those near and dear to him lose what he was in the habit of providing for them. Then consider the child with a delicacy which might be inherited, or acquired by environment. The child required assistance perhaps from hospital, doctor, or nurse. The nurse's influence, as a national asset, was of the first importance with the sick child. What a refining influence a nurse could be in a London parish he had often seen, and how a change came over rough men who came in contact with her.

Contact and familiarity with disease had the effect either of refining or coarsening us. Some times he had noticed the kind of coarsening which

came over nurses, unless they were striving after greater refinement and purity. This was essential to both clergy and nurses if their influence was to be true and forceful.

The nurse was the exhibitor of Christlike qualities. Sermons were no doubt useful things, but the sermon he most believed in was the preaching of example. The life of the true nurse preached sacrifice, tenderness, patience, and was the greatest blessing to those around her.

"You remember," said the Bishop, "how in the 'Vision of Sir Launfal' Lowell pictures the knight going out full of buoyancy, youth, self-confidence, to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail. As he passes out to his quest he sees a leper at the gates, but passes him by and goes on, seeking in vain. When he returns he finds the leper still at the gate, and Sir Launfal gives him what he has to give, a mouldy crust, and a drink from the spring, and as he muses the Christ appears, and

"The voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!'
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare"

Coldly doing a thing was not really effective, but directly patients saw the heart was there, when the heart came in, then sometimes a change came over rough natures.

The nurse was the model of womanhood, combining both the active qualities of Martha, and the passive qualities of Mary, qualities which enabled her to take a deep view of the duties of life.

We were told that at the present day the women were alive to the interests of the land, that that interest involved moral questions of the first importance. He believed it to be true, but, he was rather afraid lest, in taking their place in the wider affairs of life, they should lose some of the great depth of character which had been shown in Mary. Woman was the one who had seen into deep things, and her effect on man was to deepen him, for man was much more superficial than woman, and he owed much to his deeper womankind.

The care of the sick was older than Christianity. He had seen arrangements for the sick in pagan times which he had looked at with wonder, and asked himself whether we had really progressed since those old Greek days, but the Christian motive and influence were lacking. He liked to think of the infirmaries of old attached to episcopal residences; of the Churches of Christ as deeply associated with the work of healing the sick. He urged upon nurses that, whatever motive had originally induced them to adopt nursing as a vocation—and as formerly chaplain

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