

NURSING ECHOES.

Queen Alexandra, as patron of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, has appointed the Hon. Charles Rothschild and Mr. Laurence Currie as trustees, in place of the late Lord Rothschild and the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards.

Miss A. E. Hulme and Miss Beatrice Kent leave England for New York on the 26th inst. by the American s.s. *Philadelphia*, en route for the Nursing Conference at San Francisco, when they will carry the greetings of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland to the International Council of Nurses, as well as to our American colleagues. Many good wishes will go with them.

A conversazione for nurses was held in the Church Missionary Society's House, Salisbury Square, on May 14th, being one of the gatherings held to celebrate the jubilee of the Medical Mission work of the Society. In spite of the pressing claims upon all nurses at this time, there was a good attendance, practically all the large hospitals being represented. Numerous helpers were kept busy describing the various exhibits, which included models of mission hospitals at Peshawar (N. India), Mengo (Uganda), and Pakhoi (S. China), a large variety of drugs and instruments used by native "doctors" in different lands, and many curious charms worn to avert or cure diseases. The wooden legs such as are used in the leper hospital at Pakhoi, a particularly cruel-looking splint from Persia, and some bullets extracted from patients at Peshawar were also among the exhibits around which the nurses gathered. The very sight of these things was enough to show the tremendous need of Western medical and surgical aid in these distant lands, and this need and the call for nurses to help in the Mission Hospitals were emphasised by all the speakers. Dr. Beatty, of Tai-chow, China; Dr. Winifred Westlake, of Kerman, Persia; and Dr. Lilius Blackett, of Multan, India, all told of great opportunities not only for medical and surgical work, but for giving real spiritual help. Dr. Cook (Uganda) spoke of the life of a missionary nurse as one of strenuous work, where patience, sympathy, and cheerfulness are necessary qualifications, but also of successful work, which brings a great return in both professional and spiritual results. Perhaps the keynotes of the whole day's gathering were *need* and *opportunity*, and it is hoped that the increased knowledge gained may lead many of

those present to offer their services to fill some of the vacant posts, so that the work begun by the sending forth of one doctor to India fifty years ago, may grow and increase in usefulness year by year.

It was fitting that Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool, should commemorate the 50th anniversary of the commencement of Agnes Jones' great work for the reform of workhouse nursing, within its walls, and it is a curious coincidence that it should have fallen on the anniversary of the birthday of Miss Florence Nightingale, at whose suggestion she entered upon it.

At the public memorial service in the Infirmary Chapel the congregation included not only members and officials of the Select Vestry, but Matrons and nurses from many of the hospitals and institutions in the city. Many beautiful flowers were laid on and around the statue of Miss Jones in the chapel.

A more sympathetic preacher, for such an occasion, than the Bishop of Liverpool it would be impossible to find.

Dr. Chavasse selected as his text the words, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promise." If, he said, it were the custom of the Church of England to canonise its saintly men and women, there was no one in modern times who deserved to be canonised more than Agnes Elizabeth Jones. And yet he supposed outside a very limited circle her name was hardly known. She passed to her rest when she was a few months over 35, and of those 35 years 32 were spent in preparation for her work, and less than three years in the work itself. Dr. Chavasse said that it was on the 12th May, 1865, that Agnes Jones began her work in that place, when nothing had been done for our workhouses, whose state at that time was lamentable. In less than three years, to quote Miss Nightingale's words, she reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, she trained 50 nurses and probationers, and she converted the Vestry to the conviction of the economy and humanity of nursing paupers by trained nurses. And finally, in Liverpool, with its bitter sectarian differences, she disarmed all opposition and sectarian jealousy, and High Church and Low Church, Unitarian, Nonconformist, and Roman Catholic, all literally rose up and called her blessed. The means by which she accomplished this was by her bright and sunny ways, her wonderful love, her genius for taking pains, and her trust in God. It was

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