

The Midwife.

THE SCOTTISH MIDWIVES BOARD.

MISS ISABELLA LEWIS SCRIMGEOUR.

It is with pleasure that we publish the accompanying portrait of Miss I. L. Scrimgeour, who is, with Miss A. H. Turnbull, a member of the Central Midwives' Board for Scotland.

Miss Scrimgeour was trained at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, and afterwards was engaged in sanatorium work under Sir William Philip in a private hospital in Edinburgh, on leaving which did locum work as Matron of Leith Hospital. She then received Midwifery Training at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, and gained the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board and subsequently had a year's experience of District work in the Cannongate of Edinburgh, before her appointment to the position she now holds of Matron of the Cottage Nurses' Training Home, South Avenue, Merryland Street, Govan, Glasgow. During the thirteen years Miss Scrimgeour has been at Govan the Home has been enlarged three times, and the maternity cases number on an average 800 yearly, about 30 nurses being resident in the Home at a time.

There is a Maternity Ward where special cases in the district can be admitted if necessary. The pupils receive a year's training, unless previously trained, and all enter for the examination of the Central Midwives' Board, and have general training in the Elder Cottage Hospital, Govan, which works in connection with our Home.



MISS I. L. SCRIMGEOUR,
Member Central Midwives' Board for Scotland.

THERE AND HERE.

We have come to recognise that the initials G. N. S. and standing for Miss Gladys N. Salisbury, at present one of the two women workers in the diocese of Northern Rhodesia under the U.M.C.A., are attached to articles always worth reading. The following most interesting one, which we have slightly abbreviated, appears in the current issue of *Central Africa*:—

February 18th, 1915, 8.30 a.m.—In the garden of the Mothers' Home in East London the few

trees were already covered with a multitude of tiny buds, green spikes were shooting up here and there in the brown earth, and the dear, dirty little city sparrows—judging by their chattering—seemed full of joy at the passing of winter. On this spring morning, a nurse set out from the Mothers' Home, carrying her small hospital bag well under her cloak, lest the street arabs, spying it, should cover her with confusion, with their shouts of "Sy, Lidy—got a biby for our 'ouse?"

There were only four mothers and babies to be visited this morning; but the distance to be covered was great, each little home being well away from the other, and two of the patients living in Wapping. So the nurse sped along as well

as she could, for even at that early hour, East London streets are full. Over the bridge into Wapping she went, and then, quite suddenly, she stopped, for from somewhere came the music of children's voices. A policeman was standing on the kerb, evidently listening too, and noticing the nurse's bewilderment, he smiled and remarked, "Sounds well for Wapping, don't it, Lidy? There's no need to look into the river, or at the dock-wall to see where the music's a-coming from. If you have never heard tell of S. Peter's, London Docks, and the children, it's time you did. Just step along to that hole-in-the-wall business, and I promise you, you will see a sight." The nurse did as she was bid, and very soon found herself at a door, where stood a little

belated child, in a very clean pinafore, with a small newspaper parcel pressed tightly against her chest; it did not need much imagination to be quite sure that cherished parcel contained food of some sort.

As the nurse pushed open the heavy door, quite too heavy for the wee child to move, she saw the sight promised to her by the policeman, and a wonderful sight it was. A big church, almost full of children, rows and rows of girls of all ages on the left, as many boys on the right, and at the altar an old priest celebrating the Eucharist.

Fascinated, the nurse crept into the last seat, as the children sang a hymn. Clear and sweet rang the little voices:—

I worship Thee, Lord Jesu, and kneeling unto Thee,
As Thou didst come to Mary, I pray thee ✠ come to Me.

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