

THE NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE CAMP.

Our fortnight at Jordans has come to an end, and a more ideal holiday for a nurse it would be difficult to find. We came tired out in body and in mind; we are going back to work, refreshed and with renewed strength to meet the round of tasks and especially the little worries that tire more than actual physical work.

We were not under canvas, as the word "camp" might suggest, but were housed in a delightfully quaint old hostel in the most peaceful spot imaginable. Jordans is a district made famous by its associations with William Penn, the founder

With the exception of the last few days, the weather was beautifully fine, but even the clouds and showers of those days did not prevent the energetic from enjoying the delightful walks which abound round Jordans. The field paths were a great joy, and the many stiles and gates to be climbed gave rise to no end of fun.

The daily programme was much as follows. We were called at 8 a.m. and a cup of tea was brought to us. How we *did* enjoy that! Our kind friends on the staff of the League never forgot for a moment that we were nurses, and did everything in their power to give us a thoroughly good time. To them we owe a great deal for the homely atmosphere which they created here and for the *very* jolly times which we had.

Breakfast was at 9 o'clock, followed at 9.30 by prayers. From twelve to one was given to Bible Study Circles or to addresses, the latter being a series on "The Morning Watch." From those we learned much to help us in our daily path and also how to make the most of the few minutes that nurses can spare in the morning for prayer and Bible reading. For the study circles we took the League daily Bible portions and studied them along with the "pink notes" and the help of our leaders. Those hours were very precious and went all too quickly. How many of us realise what a mine of wealth our Bibles are and that the riches contained in them are all



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of Pennsylvania, and with other great Quakers. In fact, the hostel still belongs to the Society of Friends, and the spirit of those who suffered in days gone by for conscience's sake still seems to breathe a peace over the place, and the little Meeting House in the woods quite near.

In all we numbered thirty-nine. Those not fortunate enough to get the whole fortnight came for shorter periods, such as week-ends or even for one day. Various parts of England were represented and also every branch of nursing, military, civil, hospital, private, district and those doing missionary work abroad. Amongst the latter we had the very great pleasure and also privilege of meeting three lady doctors, one from China and two from Persia, also seven nurses from various stations in India, China, and Africa.

ours if we choose to dig for them?

Dinner was at 1 p.m. and tea at 4. With the exception of one day we always had tea outside. It was great fun carrying the things out to the fields or garden. One afternoon we had a real picnic in the woods. We made a fire in an old tree stump and boiled a huge kettle over it. It was a real gipsy camp for the time being. On such occasions cameras were not far away, and the snapshots taken then will remind us for many a long day of the happy times here.

Supper was at 8.30 p.m. and every evening after that we had addresses on various subjects, amongst them being, "The National Mission, and how we can all Help," "Joy in Service," "The parables in St. Luke xv," and the "Te Deum as a tremendous declaration of our Faith even in the

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