

A DOCTOR'S MEMORIAL.

On Tuesday, September 25th, a Memorial was unveiled by Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., LL.D., M.D., Knight of Justice and Almoner of the Order of St. John, in memory of Dr. Potter, who for thirty-seven years had held the post of Medical Superintendent of Kensington Infirmary, and was also a member of the Order of St. John. There were present in the Church of St. Elizabeth the members of the Board of Guardians, also a very large number of nurses, many having come from great distances to be present at the service. The memorial represents Christ, the Great Physician, in the act of healing the sick, and is a very beautiful and inspiring conception of the miracle. The dedication of the memorial and the preaching of the sermon was undertaken by the Rural Dean of Kensington, the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot. The Rev. A. Lombardini, Chaplain of the Institution, conducted the service, at which a large number of clergy from the neighbouring parishes were present. Sir Dyce Duckworth, after unveiling the memorial, delivered the following address:—

"We are assembled to-day in this House of God to unveil a memorial to the character and services of a man who won the esteem and affection of many persons in this parish. As the Almoner of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, I have been appointed to convey to this assembly the regret felt by many members of the Order who have good cause to acknowledge Dr. Potter's active and valuable services to it. I had not the happiness to know Dr. Potter personally, but I have ascertained how he won the confidence and affection of all who worked with and under him. I can therefore well understand how his passing away has been a source of sincere sorrow to all who knew and loved him. For thirty-seven years he was the able Medical Superintendent of the Kensington Infirmary. He constantly acted as Lecturer and Examiner for the St. John Ambulance Association, and always had a number of our Brigade Nurses in the Infirmary wards. He studied at St. Thomas's Hospital and in Paris, and was a Doctor of Medicine of Durham, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He was a warm supporter of the British College of Physical Education at Notting Hill Gate, and took an active part in its teaching and administration. He met his death, at the age of sixty-two, from blood poisoning, contracted in his duties here. We do well to take note of the services and character of such a man as Dr. Potter. Such men work on quietly and live lives of self-effacement. The world hears little of them, but their influence is always great and far reaching for good. Dr. Potter's splendid career was a fine example of the force of high character, and the reply to the question, 'What manner of man was he?' comes back to testify that the *character* of a man will always take precedence of his attainments, and leaves behind it happier and more

lasting benefits in the days that are to follow. It is a responsibility and a privilege of our lives to have known and worked with such men, and therefore the memory of those who knew Dr. Potter will always be happy and sweet. The memorial we inaugurate to-day will tell its own tale and encourage many of us to follow in his steps. May he rest in peace."

At the conclusion of the service, Miss Alsop, the Matron of Kensington Infirmary, held a sale of work, which was enthusiastically patronised, and which resulted in the raising of a substantial sum of money for the Nurses' League.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE GYPSY KING."*

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Ah! the magic of the sound! The call of the woods, the open air, the gay, good world, as a man saw it with the blue sky overhead and the soft, springy turf underfoot.

Bam Carew felt the magic in his blood as he stood there, the magic which no amount of pen-writing or telling can voice and must be known before any can realise the intoxicating spell of it.

What could poor Bam do but follow?

Well, his father had said "choose," and this was his day of choice.

He had chosen.

Without so much as a single backward glance at the quaintly-gabled vicarage, set among the fruit trees and daisied lawns, Bam Carew flung his leg over an adjacent stile and disappeared.

Bam had gone to join the Gypsies. The story is of "the good old times" of a couple of centuries ago, when folks made syllabubs, and the pretty girls wore curls peeping from under their bonnets, and handsome gallants thought no harm, no, nor the girls either, to snatch a kiss from pretty lips when they felt so disposed. Ah, well! it's much the same nowadays, only the good old times sound so much more picturesque and romantic. Bam Carew was a merry fellow with a pretty wit of his own, and it suited his fancy to make a living in ways that it must be confessed were more amusing than admirable.

"Dishevelled, dust covered, with elfin locks hanging over his shoulders, attired in an old blanket, who would have recognised handsome Bam, the scapegrace son of the Reverend Vicar of Bickley?"

Pretty Letty, with curls and bonnet, came tripping by, and bestowed alms; and as she dropped a silver coin into the brown, sinewy hand, she chanced to raise her eyes to encounter the gaze of poor Mad Tom fixed upon her face.

No longer was it the vacant stare of a lunatic, but the laughing glance of mischievous, brown orbs.

Before Letty had time to blush, her indignation Mad Tom had shaken his black locks over those

*By May Wynne. London: Chapman & Hall.

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