

that they are not the type of women who can be trusted to safeguard the interests and personal independence of their colleagues. One intelligent sheep-dog is worth a whole flock of sheep!

All the pioneer Registration Societies have been content with one representative, in spite of having paid the whole expense—some £20,000—of promoting the reform, and that the College has been given equal representation with the Royal Chartered Corporation, four representatives, is very generous treatment. No one society, especially the College of Nursing, Ltd., which counts so many anti-registrationists amongst its members, can be given more representation, without controlling the policy of those who strongly disapprove of its constitution and its arrogant spirit. The fact that its Executive is entirely controlled by four male officials—two lay and two medical—is exceedingly distasteful to enfranchised nurses.

### "ST. DUNSTAN'S DAY."

#### THE WEDDING OF A BLIND SOLDIER.

Little did Dunstan—some time Abbot of Glastonbury, and later popular Archbishop of Canterbury, and powerful statesman—dream that his name would be so intimately connected with the soldiers and sailors of England, blinded in the great world war nearly 1,000 years later! The saintly reformer stands now by tacit consent as the patron saint of them. His *day* in the Church Calendar is May 19th. It would have been an incident of happy augury if his "Flag Day" could have been fixed for that day instead of the following. We are getting sadly used to the sight of our sightless heroes. While our pity never lessens, we admire their courage and cheerfulness, and their almost marvellous self-help. Can they marry? Do they marry? Are there in England women brave enough, pitiful enough, loving enough to marry them? We are proud to say there are. We are told that with the loss of the most precious gift of sight other senses are quickened and stimulated. The following story goes to prove it:—

John Montgomery sat in the Great Hall of St. Dunstan's College, deeply depressed; no one was able to rouse him; he sat silent and miserable day after day, refusing to be comforted.

"Won't you go for a drive to-day, the weather is so fine it will do you good?"

The *voice* was sweet and musical, it touched the "lost chord." There was something in that voice different to all the other female voices he heard so frequently, something that brought a smile at last to his sad face, something that brought a measure of relative happiness to his lonely soul.

"Yes, I will, if you will go with me." She sat beside him, linked her arm within his, and talked to him. She told him all she saw, and tried to make him see it with the eyes of his mind. It was enough; the sweet voice was with him all the time.

He returned from that drive "a new man," they said. She went every day to St. Dunstan's, remained with him till the evening, took him for walks. The magic and witchery of her sweet voice and manner banished the misery and depression that had taken possession of his young soul. It returned just a little on the day when he asked her to marry him; the apprehension of a refusal tormented him.

She accepted him. "Oh," he gasped, was it really true? And would she not get tired of him—was she sure? And would she go with him home to Australia?

A few friends in the boarding house where she lived accompanied them to the church. The bride and bridegroom came together, his arm linked within hers. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations, her favourite flower. "Mind the step, now another." Slowly and carefully she guided him up the chancel and into the sanctuary. In clear voices the man and the woman pledged their troth. Then they knelt before the altar in silent prayer with the "two or three gathered together." It was a moving and pathetic sight to those who had their sight. Slowly and very carefully she guided him out of the church. They all stood together in the brilliant sunlight. Warm handshakes and appropriate words. "*I can't see my wife's face.*" The eyelids quivered over the empty sockets. "She has a very sweet face," I said, laying my hand upon his arm. A faint smile. A few more words, so empty they seemed, as we turned and left them, with full hearts. It was a *happy* wedding, but courage and character will be needed to maintain it. Maybe St. Dunstan is interceding for them.

BEATRICE KENT.

### HOSPITAL WORLD.

#### "VIEW DAY" AT BART'S.—May 14th.

The votaries of Bart's Hospital—principally no doubt former graduates of the famous Nursing School—were seen in large numbers in every ward and corridor, on the stairs, and in the lifts; one met them everywhere. All there was to *view* was very interesting and *very* clean. Everybody and everything were in a state of super-cleanliness! The fine old oak staircases had had an extra scrub; the handsome balustrade had received, quite obviously, generous elbow grease and polish; fresh quilts on every bed; fresh bed garments on every patient; floors and lockers polished to look like reflectors; and as to the telephones outside each ward! we never remember to have seen the metal portion so exquisitely polished anywhere! In the maternity wards, the mothers and babies looked charming, gay pink and blue ribbons adorned the cots and the hair of the mothers.

Every ward was a bower of flowers. Exquisite pink and white tulips appeared to be favourites. We saw also lovely blue bells, hydrangeas, &c., &c. Most generous and delicious teas were provided for

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