

discouraging, and disappointing task few will be prepared to deny. No friends or relatives were allowed to visit these people, which do so much to brighten and cheer an ordinary Hospital. "I sometimes wonder," she wrote, in one of those moments of depression, "if there is a worse place on earth than Liverpool, and I am sure the Workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of its vilest."

In the teeth of these odds, Agnes Jones kept *right on hammering*; and "in less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly Hospital populations into something like order and discipline, such as the police-in-charge wondered at. She had led, so as to be of one heart and mind with her, upwards of fifty Nurses and Probationers. . . . She had converted a Vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as the humanity of Nursing pauper sick by Trained Nurses. . . . She had converted the Poor Law Board to the same view, and she had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic, Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all at length rose up and called her blessed."

There is no pleasure equal to that of being sustained by a sense of duty. "The force of a water-drop in time will hollow a stone." All this we have seen exemplified in the life of Sister Agnes. Her death was in unison with her devoted and unselfish life. She died early in the year 1868, in the Liverpool Infirmary, from typhus fever, taken from a patient to whom she had given up her own room and her bed.

"Sister Dora," as she was called, who was born at Hauxwell, in Yorkshire, during the self-same year that Miss Jones had been born at Cambridge (1832), had in the meantime, despite the incompatibility of her nature with the absolute submission required in such institutions, joined herself to a High Church sisterhood, called the sisterhood of the Good Samaritan, where, by way of training in unquestioning obedience, she had been subjected to various tests. For instance, one day, after being at considerable pains in making the beds, they were pulled to pieces by order of the Superior, and she was told to make them again. But whatever may be the truth of this unnatural and cast-iron system in fostering "unquestioning obedience," that it does so at the expense of more valuable qualities is only too unmistakable. No one will be surprised, then, at her decision to sever her connection therewith; and she finally quitted it in 1875, after a somewhat interrupted residence of about ten years.

PARADOX EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT BISCUITS (Patented) are a boon to Nurses and Invalids. The *Lancet* says: "We agree that these Biscuits are rich in bone-forming materials." In 1s. tins. Write to Thorp and Co., Glossop, for sample and particulars. Special quotations for biscuits in bulk to Hospitals, &c. [3]

But presently she returned to Walsall, in which town she had served during her stay in the sisterhood aforesaid, known to the people of Staffordshire as "one of the smokiest dens of the Black Country." Here she devoted the remainder of her life to the service of the sick, and of all who were desolate and oppressed. Her innate courage was remarkable; and during what was known as "the second outbreak" of smallpox in Walsall, the ambulance, an omnibus fitted up to convey a patient and Nurse, was frequently to be seen in the streets. Upon arriving at the house where a smallpox patient lay, her great *tact* (the secret of her strength) stood out in bold relief. She would enter the house and say she had "come for" so and so, take the patient in her arms, and gently carry the burden down to the ambulance.

Hereon I may not linger, but hasten to close the curtain, and leave my readers to fill in whatever other details they may think fit. The pure white marble statue, which stands to-day in a central position of Walsall, erected in honour and in commemoration of one of the very best of this present generation of English women, is in itself an unmistakable token of the veneration and gratitude entertained by the working men of that town for their "dear lady."

Glancing at yet one more branch connection, the work of Nursing the sick poor in their own homes by means of trained Nurses—which work, despite its many ups and downs, had been steadily gaining ground since the days of Elizabeth Fry—we catch a glimpse of yet one more great woman, as she takes this tiny and struggling enterprise by the hand, giving a national sanction thereunto by devoting £70,000 to it, out of the Women's Jubilee Offering, for its furtherance and improvement. This illustrious woman, who sways to-day a sceptre over dominions upon which the sun never sets, is none other than the reigning Sovereign of Old England, who herself had said, upon commencing the journey of life, "I WILL BE GOOD;" and who, at the time of her succession to the Throne, upon hearing the Proclamation read, was "so overcome that her usual self-possession forsook her, and she turned to her mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, she wept without the least restraint." And as some trees surpass others in their fading time, so do some lives surpass their fellow in the beauty and dignity of their last days.

"God save thee, weeping Queen!  
Thou shalt be well beloved;  
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move  
As those poor tears have moved!  
The nature in thine eyes we see  
Which tyrants cannot own—

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