

Royal British Nurses' Association.

Incorporated by



Royal Charter.

THIS SUPPLEMENT BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION.

THE TRAINED NURSES' ANNUITY FUND.

H.R.H. the Princess Arthur of Connaught presided at the Annual Meeting of the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund on March 24th.

The Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund's Report has just been issued, and shows excellent progress, upwards of two thousand new subscribers having been added to the list during the past year. The Honorary Secretary of the Annuity Fund desires to thank all members of the Association who have helped her in the work connected with this valuable Benevolent Fund: some have given money, others have helped in connection with the Sale of Work, while there are others who have undertaken a considerable amount of voluntary clerical work. Could those, who have so generously given their time and money, just read some of the letters we receive from nurses who benefit from the Fund, we feel sure that they would feel themselves well rewarded.

CHARTERED ASSOCIATIONS (PROTECTION OF NAMES AND UNIFORMS) BILL.

The Chartered Associations (Protection of Names and Uniforms) Bill has reached its Committee Stage just as we go to press, and there seems to be good hope for its future progress.

We shall be glad if Members of the Association will communicate with any Members of Parliament, with whom they are acquainted, asking them to support the Bill.

At the Headquarters of the Association, we have done what we could to help to promote this Bill, which owes its progress chiefly to the Boy Scouts' Association, and is supported by various bodies possessing Charters, our own amongst others.

THE RAMBLERS IN SOUTHWARK.

The Ramblers' Club recently made an expedition to Southwark, and of course the Mecca of this particular pilgrimage was Southwark Cathedral. After a scramble through the Underground, it was very pleasant to find ourselves in this old church, which is like a quiet oasis in a part of the City otherwise given up to toil and hurry, dust and traffic. We were charmed with the queer old monuments, each presenting its own characteristics to bring us into companionship, not only with those whose memory they have so long served to perpetuate, but also with others who sculptured these specimens of an early English art. One thing which struck us forcibly was the durability and great plasticity of wood as a medium for sculpture; nothing could be finer, for instance, than the recumbent figure of a Crusader carved in oak. He lies there now, in the shadows and among the treasures of the old Church, with armoured limbs crossed at the knee to denote that he had been through two Crusades, yet there is nothing to show his identity and the truth of it will never more be known. The statue

has been through much rough treatment, but, in spite of this, there is still a strange, calm dignity in this work of a thirteenth century artist. The tomb of the quack doctor, Lionel Lockyer, of the reign of Charles II, was of considerable interest to us. He claimed to cure "fevers, leprosy, dropsy, palsy, rheums, and to make old age comely, and the countenance of all to be cheerful and sanguine," but the face and attitude of his poor effigy is very far from expressing a triumph for his own prescriptions. Then there is a fine monument to Shakespeare, whose great working years were spent under the shadow of the Cathedral. We shuddered by the mummy-like figure of John Overy, the miser, whose daughter built the Church of St. Mary Overy. He might be described as the pioneer of the Anti-Waste League, for he seems to have been the meanest man in all London. To bring about a fast in his family, he pretended to be dead. His children were deceived, but they called a feast instead of a fast. John descended upon them in his winding sheet, and so frightened two of the guests that they picked up their axes and struck him dead. Now this poor emaciated effigy in wood is one of the chief curiosities of the Church his daughter endowed. We liked the little memorial to Susanna Barford, aged ten, who came to the world and "saw't, and dislikt, and pass'd away." But these are only a very few of the fine old monuments, while any attempt to describe the figures on the magnificent screen would more than exhaust the whole of our space. The memorial and other windows are exceedingly fine. Beaumont, Fletcher, Cruden, Alleyn and Massinger, are only a few of those whose memory is perpetuated in this beautiful way.

We were much amused and interested in the collection of "bosses," which once, to the number of one hundred and fifty, were placed in the roof where vaulting arches intersected each other. There is the lady with the twisted tongue, representing Slander, a swollen face representing Gluttony, the mother pelican with her brood representing the Holy Sacrament, and the figure of the Devil in the act of swallowing Judas Iscariot. An English " Rambler " pointed out with joy that Judas wore a kilt, but a Scotch one promptly retorted that, beyond dispute, " his knees were the knees of an Englishman ! "

We admired wonderful bits of Norman and Gothic architecture, some set like old gems here and there in walls built up in later years. We saw the resting place of Bishop Andrewes, stood where the martyrs were condemned in 1555, and examined many a treasure and shadowy corner, for " There's not a furrow in these time worn walls
But has its history."

Then we went to see the church where little Dorrit was baptised, married and buried. We looked on the site of the old Marshalsea Prison, and went on to Lank Street, where a wonderful bit of luck awaited us. We were standing outside Dickens's house, when the present occupier came out: one enthusiast asked whether we might not just peep into the hall. " Ah, no, I've given up allowing that long ago. I used to have a box in the hall into which

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