

suppose she would have had to conform to their wishes. They did not do so and she was free to carry on, but she suffered indirect intimidation; though firm in her convictions, she carried her colours flying to the end.

Another side of her which her Sisters remember is that generous hospitality with which she and Ellen prepared dainties for the evening entertainments at her house, which they all loved.

Again she had the saving grace of humour, a brightness of spirit, and a sense of proportion, which enabled her to surround herself with an atmosphere of gladness and gaiety.

As a friend she was staunch, loyal, capable of warm affection. It was sometimes said of me as a Sister at Bart's: 'Wisden is always at Matron's beck and call.' Off duty, yes, and what a privilege. On duty, never.

When there was a great pressure, John Ward (Mrs. Andrews was Sister John) was always the first to be depleted of nurses. Why? Because of this tacit understanding between friends that when either is in difficulty the other stands by her at all costs. She was a believer in her own sex, but was able also to live on terms of closest comradeship with members of the other.

She was a fine woman, with fine ideals, a great friend, and a great example, which many of us have endeavoured but imperfectly to follow, though none of us have risen to her height.

Truly we have had with us one of those great ones who 'dwell amongst the hills.'

Speech of Dr. Foord Caiger.

The next speaker was Dr. Foord Caiger, who delivered the following address:—

"To those possessing an intimate knowledge of the life-work and character of Isla Stewart, especially if honoured with her friendship, it is an immense satisfaction to feel that at long last a step has been taken to perpetuate her memory in a tangible concrete form, and I congratulate the Memorial Committee on their selection. The beautiful Bookcase I have just seen, containing the nucleus of a library is, I think, a most appropriate tribute to one who was essentially an educationist, and we hope that it may prove to be but an instalment of a wider memorial to be established elsewhere. I think that all must be agreed that some such memorial is long overdue.

It is a great pleasure to me to be associated with this dedication, and I appreciate most sincerely as one of Isla Stewart's oldest, and, I am proud to think, her closest friends, the courteous invitation of the Committee to come here to-day and speak as to her personality.

The first occasion on which I was brought into contact with Isla Stewart was when, as a newly appointed dresser, at St. Thomas's, I presented myself at Alexandra Ward, of which she had recently been made Sister.

That was in 1880, the year following that on which she joined St. Thomas's as a probationer nurse. It was in the days when it was the custom, under the Nightingale Foundation, to appoint gentlewomen as Sisters after a nursing experience of but a few months' duration.

It is difficult to realise it in these days, when before she is regarded as qualified to take a staff nurse's appointment, a nurse has to undergo three years' training and gain experience in so many branches of nursing. But I am referring to the happenings of nearly fifty years ago, and conditions in the nursing world have moved a good deal since then. If justification could be found for such practice, it would, I am sure, be found in the case of Isla Stewart. I remember that first meeting so well. Standing just inside the ward door, though somewhat short in stature, Sister looked the embodiment of dignity, as she surveyed me through her gold pince-nez with that rather grim, somewhat

quizzical expression which her friends, I am sure, will remember. She was sizing me up, as a new hand, on joining 'the firm' for the success of which, as Ward Sister, she had a considerable measure of responsibility. I think I must have passed muster, for she soon unbent, and proceeded, in the kindest manner, to show me the cases it would be my duty to attend to.

On my part, in the course of the next six months as dresser, and subsequently as house surgeon to her ward, I came to recognise and admire those splendid qualities of head and heart which so endeared her to her friends, and which, so far as I was concerned, laid the foundation of a lasting friendship, which was only terminated by her death some thirty years later.

Of the many excellent qualities which Miss Stewart possessed, there were three or four which impressed us *most*, perhaps, at St. Thomas's, and the feeling was shared alike by the medical staff, the students with whom she was brought in contact, and her patients—her inherent capability, her open-mindedness and sense of justice, her generosity, and her sense of humour.

Miss Stewart's capability was evidenced in so many ways, not only in the technicalities incidental to the nursing of the sick, in which sphere her firm, yet deft and gentle touch, and fertility of resource made her an ideal surgical nurse, but also in the wider field of managing people and control of a situation. I have referred elsewhere to an instance in point, but I would like to quote it again as it is so very characteristic.

A young woman of eighteen, a patient in Miss Stewart's ward, had had her left vertebral artery tied by Mr. Sydney Jones, as a possible cure for epilepsy. Primary healing of the wound, which was a very deep one, not having taken place, secondary hæmorrhage was anticipated. Accordingly, a dresser watch, in four-hourly relays, was instituted to deal with the expected emergency. On the seventh or eighth day profuse hæmorrhage broke out, which the dresser on duty, who was visibly losing his nerve, vainly endeavoured to staunch with pledgets of lint, and told the Sister to call the resident assistant surgeon. She, however, realising the desperate nature of the case, pulled out the lint, plunged her two forefingers into the depth of the wound, thereby making pressure on the bleeding vessel, and sent the dresser himself to call the surgeon. The vessel was eventually ligatured in the theatre, but only with the greatest difficulty.

Miss Stewart's action on this occasion not only saved the patient's life, but showed the possession of a level-headedness and resource, together with a capacity to dominate a situation, at this comparatively early stage of her career, which she displayed in such marked degree in later years, and which made her such an excellent chairman when presiding at a council or committee meeting. In this capacity, Miss Stewart was conscious of a disability with which many of us can sympathise, *viz.*, a difficulty of speaking in public. This she felt to be a point of weakness, but with characteristic thoroughness she sought to remedy this defect by taking a course of instruction in elocution. She largely overcame her difficulty, eventually becoming a competent, though never a fluent speaker.

One could not be long in Miss Stewart's society without being impressed by the open-minded way in which she approached a subject and came to a decision, no matter whether the subject of discussion happened to be some new theory, the course of action taken by someone, or, perhaps, the character or personality of an individual.

Miss Stewart had her prejudices; who hasn't? but her logical mind and her innate sense of justice ensured a 'fair show' for the particular theory, action, or individual concerned. It was owing to the possession of these attributes that her guidance and advice were so often sought and her

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