

humanity well and nobly with a very single mind throughout her life. We were proud of her, and more and better than that, we loved her, we love her now, for she had the secret that gains affection, the kindly sympathy, the warm heart that beats for humanity and is tolerant of its failings. We shall miss her; we shall miss the steady understanding, the clear mind that was very true and went straight for the principle underlying the argument; we shall miss the courage that never faltered; nor shall we ever forget how, in the darkest times, she never lost her brightness, her cheerfulness, her belief in the ultimate victory of right. We miss her to-night. Hardly ever did she fail in her place at our meetings, and her keen interest, her alert intellect, and ready speech gave a zest to our debates. None of you will forget how at the last meeting we held in this room, she came, ill as she was, to take an interested and animated part in the subjects under discussion, although she had already spent the whole afternoon at a most exhausting conference on the State Registration Bill. But it was her duty, and that with Isla Stewart was ever first. We shall miss her unswerving belief in the future of our profession, in its development, in the grand possibilities that lie before it. Whenever we felt inclined to doubt, or were wearied with the endless and unscrupulous opposition that barred the way, her cheery and courageous optimism heartened us again.

On the square in the old Swedish town of Helsingborg stands the statue of a general with a fine inscription: "He was great in victory, but greatest in misfortune and defeat." That was our late President—most confident, most hopeful when things were at their worst.

Nothing did she desire more passionately than to see the measures passed for which for twenty long years she had fought a good fight. But with victory in sight she died.

A woman such as Isla Stewart is not mourned with words but deeds. It remains for us to honour her memory, as she would have had us honour it, by completing what she aided to begin with such high hopes and such unselfish aspirations. She never failed us; we must not fail her. What she desired must be accomplished.

"Les morts vont vite" but the memory of our President will be fresh and green with the members of this Council for many and many a long day to come. She has bequeathed to us for all time the recollection of a grand woman with high public principles and the rarest private qualities.

Those present, especially those who remembered the greatly loved Matron, Isla Stewart, thanked the President for the manner in which she had conjured up the spirit of this famous woman and brought her so vividly before them, through the eloquence of Miss Mollett's touching Address.

THE PASSING OF THE REGISTRATION ACTS.

Mrs. Fenwick said: "We will now touch a lighter note. The Nurses Registration Acts received the King's Assent on December 23rd, 1919, the movement for which was inaugurated in 1887, a period now known as the 'Thirty Years' War.'

"A letter I wrote to Miss Lavina Dock, U.S.A., a tried friend of our Cause, on December 26th, 1919, has now been returned to me for historical purposes. I will read it":—

431, Oxford St., London, W.

DEAREST MISS DOCK,

You cannot conceive—yet perhaps you can—the glorious sense of triumph the passing of our Nurses Registration Bills has aroused amongst the registrationists—it is recognised by us as the triumph of principle over expediency,

and of right over might—which gives us a sense of comfort nothing else could effect—it is hopeful for humanity and gives one confidence in the rectitude of Parliament as nothing else has done. You know we had every sort of evil power against us. Wealth, social influence, self-interest, treachery and ignorance, and here we are with Acts giving powers to build up a Profession of Nursing worthy of the high calling to which we (many of us) have devoted years and health, and all our worldly goods.

Never did I spend so happy a Christmas for years. Now that the excavating is over, and foundations are surely laid, the General Nursing Council established in the Act, will have many years of serious work before it, if the edifice is to become a worthy shrine of selfless effort for the public good. Let us hope the younger generation of Nurses will rise to their fine opportunity.

I enclose you a copy of the Bill, you will note that it is so drafted as to give wide powers, which will be interpreted by the Rules. Nursing is to be a component part of the Ministry of Health, the Minister being our Chief, and our representative in Parliament, and we must now rank up and take our rightful place and responsibility in preserving the public health, and reducing pain and sickness to the lowest ebb. A fine sphere of labour—wish I was younger—to see the fruits of the monumental struggle which has resulted in such a splendid victory for conscientious and dauntless effort.

Now if you and Miss Nutting would only come along to London next summer you would be warmly welcomed and give us invaluable advice, the result of educational experience. This will be our first obstacle. Our girls need better general education, but no nation can produce better practical material for training, nor finer character.

Now dearest Dockie—think of your old friends rejoicing after many days, and accept their heartfelt gratitude for all the encouragement and friendship you have given them during the past quarter of a century, and their love and kisses.

Yours affectionately,

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

P.S.—The doctor himself would send the cable to you, for whom he has a very great regard, and we have received yours in reply.

Miss L. Dock had her share of applause.

Four very famous women, all pillars of the Nursing State: Florence Nightingale, Isla Stewart, Wilhelmina Mollett—all at rest—and Lavina L. Dock, who is still with us and very much alive, to whom we owe the organisation of the International Council of Nurses, as its invaluable first Hon. Secretary, for twenty-two years.

THE CUTTING OF THE CAKE.

The twelve members of the Council present then each set a taper alight, and the President cut the Cake which was pronounced very good—a very festive hour was passed to the tinkling of tea-cups, when the kindest of good wishes for the coming year were exchanged.

As many of the younger members of the College as possible must help to keep Registration Day in future so that they may be inspired by the Spirit of the Pioneers.

"Oh! what a privilege to have been present at this ceremony, and to have met so many famous people, dead and alive," said one young nurse in bidding goodbye.

"To me they have all been made to live," added her companion.

All dies, as we often say, except the spirit of man, of what man *does*.—*Carlyle*.

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