

more familiar still perhaps, the Good Queen Maude. Once a year it was for long the privilege and the duty of the citizens of London to provide a fine pall for her tomb; now this gentle title has become her pall and the place of her burial in Westminster Abbey is no longer known. Her mother's relics travelled to France, Germany, Spain, and who knows where besides? But the dust of the Good Queen Maude remains a bit of England still, a part of the most hallowed and historic spot in the land she loved, that place in which Kings and Queens of her blood have been crowned for centuries and where the great, the noble and the most gifted sons of England sleep. And if we have lost sight of the spot, in the great Church of the Confessor where her ashes lie, if, therefore, we can no longer do homage at this grave of honour as once the citizens of London were wont to do, yet something remains for us. We may offer that homage from our hearts when we look on our great metropolitan hospitals and think especially of St. Giles' and St. Bartholomew's for, to quote a phrase Sir James Barrie used in quite a different connection "all the others are their whelps." The seed sown by Henry the Beauclerc and Matilda the Good has borne much fruit, as good seed will. And yet another thought rises in our minds. Or are we drawing overmuch on our own imagination when we see in the "sounds," i.e., the Matron and Sisters of the Leper Hospital of St. Giles in the Fields, the progenitors of those who, in their thousands and tens of thousands, comprise the personnel of the State Register of Nurses of England and Wales at the present time? Such a thought leads us to the reflection that, by devious ways perhaps, the profession of nursing has "gone far," although more and more its dæmon points forward to fresh heights to be reached; yet also its dæmon, its inspiring (i.e., in-spiring) angel, *the Spirit of Nursing*, bids us look back sometimes to draw inspiration from the memory of Matilda the Good, that gentlest of Royal Nurses who, according to a quaint chronicle of her own time, was "singularly holy and by no means despicable in point of beauty."

ISABEL MACDONALD.

THE PASSING BELL.

MISS JESSIE LENNOX.

Miss Jessie Lennox, who was a personal friend of Dr. Livingstone and Florence Nightingale, has died in Edinburgh at the age of 102.

She first went to Africa as a missionary in 1858, and after a period in England, she went out again in 1862. She then accompanied Mrs. Livingstone from Durban to the mouth of the Zambesi, and witnessed the meeting between the great missionary and his wife there. Returning again to England, Miss Lennox was associated with the Nightingale Training School for Nurses in London and became a close friend of Florence Nightingale. She was one of the first six Army Sisters appointed by the War Office to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley. These Sisters were received by Miss Nightingale, that she might give them parting instructions. She lay in bed, pencil and paper always beside her, that everything of interest might be noted down. Miss Lennox described her bedroom as a large, airy room—"with plenty of ventilation, even in those days!" In giving the Sisters advice, Miss Nightingale exhorted them that they were never to say they were unable to do anything! For 18 years she was matron of the Sick Children's Hospital in Belfast, and after her retirement she was honorary matron for ten years of the epileptic colony at Bridge of Weir, Scotland. When the Scottish War Memorial was opened in Edinburgh in 1927, Miss Lennox was an honoured guest wearing a nursing

uniform similar to the first issued to the British Army, and she was presented to the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Miss Lennox has related the circumstances which brought about her first visit to Miss Nightingale's house. From all over the world she was receiving applications for advice and assistance in nursing matters. On that occasion the German Empress—mother of the ex-Kaiser—had requested that a complete set of probationer's uniform be sent to Germany as a model, and Miss Lennox was the nurse deputed to convey it to Miss Nightingale's house in Park Lane.

After years of devoted service the pioneer "Nightingales" are passing to their rest.

SIR ROBERT JONES, Bart., F.R.C.S.

"Humanity has lost a Friend."

On January 14th, quietly and unobtrusively as he had lived here, so passed to his new home Sir Robert Jones, "the Greatest Orthopædic Surgeon of this or any generation."

A wonderful surgeon, teacher and friend, "Medicine has lost a great man but humanity has lost a friend." This feeling is shared by none more than by those Nurses whose great privilege it was to work with and for him. His gracious acknowledgment of their co-operation and the confidence in them with which he inspired the patients entrusted to their care, will never be forgotten, nor the happy atmosphere he created and left when visiting a patient.

Sir Robert Jones may be regarded as the real founder in England of orthopædic surgery as known at the present day. Apart from his great war record, when thanks to his methods, the death-rate from fractures of the thigh alone fell from 80 to 20 per cent., it is for his work for children and young people he will be chiefly remembered and loved the world over.

"He showed and he shared the spirit of the Pioneer," to quote from the *Times*. "All over the world victims of infantile paralysis, to mention only one of the crippling diseases, live and work because he lived and worked. All over the world surgeons to-day are building on the foundations which he laid."

The Dean and Chapter of Liverpool Cathedral have paid him the highest honour in their power by placing "all that has died" of Sir Robert Jones within the Cathedral.

During a simple but beautiful service in the Cathedral, the Casket containing his Ashes was placed in one of the four "Restings" reserved for those who have rendered signal service to humanity. Standing on the high gallery beside the casket in the Resting, the youngest choir boy sang the first verse of the hymn the children of a hospital Sir Robert attended, had adapted, and always sang as he left the building:

"Give to Cripples' Doctors'
Calm and sweet repose;
With the Children's blessing
May their eyelids close."

The rest of the hymn was taken up by the choir, and the service, the keynote of which was thanksgiving for a great life of service, closed with the hymn "Praise my soul the King of Heaven."

There was a great congregation, including Civic Representatives, Doctors from all over the country, and many Nurses, all gathered to pay reverent homage to a Great Man.

BY ONE OF THE PRIVILEGED.

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