

THE NURSES' ORGANISATIONS.

THE LEAGUE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL NURSES.

A General Meeting of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses will be held in the Nurses' Home, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on Saturday, June 29th, at 3 p.m.

We note in the Agenda that Miss Simms is the Retiring Vice-President and that the Executive Committee have nominated Miss E. Campbell for office, an early and active member of the League; the nomination will be popular.

Mrs. English (*née* Owen) will give a short talk on "Wayfarers." The Social Gathering will be held in the Great Hall, which lends dignity to any assembly. Up and down the magnificent stairway the "Hogarth's" which decorate the walls, recently cleaned, will come in for much admiration, no doubt.

THE NIGHTINGALE FELLOWSHIP.

The Commemoration Service held annually in memory of Florence Nightingale, O.M., was held in the Hospital Chapel on Sunday, May 19th. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Offertory will be offered to the Florence Nightingale International Memorial Foundation. We are pleased to note the great distinction of the O.M. placed after Florence Nightingale's name, and hope it will be more commonly used in future when alluding to her memorial.

THE LEAGUE OF LONDON HOSPITAL NURSES.

At a recent Meeting of the Executive Committee of the League of London Hospital Nurses, Miss G. M. Littleboy, A.R.R.C., Matron, was elected President in place of Miss Monk, C.B.E., R.R.C., who resigned. Both ladies have taken a very active part in the organisation of the League, which is full of energy and public spirit, and regularly attended Meetings of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, to which it is affiliated. The League will hold its annual meeting at the Hospital on Saturday, July 13th. There will be the usual arrangement of Lectures and Demonstrations and a dinner and Reception at night.

LEICESTER ROYAL INFIRMARY NURSES' LEAGUE.

A very successful Jubilee reunion of Leicester Royal Infirmary trained Nurses was held in London on May 11th, when 80 members met at the Cowdray Club in the evening for a Social Gathering and Dinner, after an afternoon of sight-seeing and an opportunity of showing their loyalty on the occasion of their Majesties' Drive through the City.

The award of a Florence Nightingale Scholarship, 1935 to 1936, by the National Council of Nurses, to Miss Kathleen Marion Whitsed, a member of the League, has aroused great interest and pleasure amongst her colleagues. The fact that Leicester Royal Infirmary Nurses under the progressive policy of Miss Gertrude Rogers, Matron, organised a League and joined the National Council so far back as 1904, and attended in force various International Meetings in the days when it was making nursing history, entitles a pupil of this famous provincial nursing school to the privilege of a Nightingale Scholarship, of which we feel sure she will take every advantage.

NURSES' SERVICE IN CATHEDRAL.

In Liverpool this year the Nurses' Annual Dedication Service had an added significance. It was part of the Service in Preparation for the Hallowing of the King's

Grace, it marked the beginning of the Silver Jubilee Rejoicings.

It was held on May 4th in our unfinished but magnificent Cathedral, and for its quiet dignity and beauty was a particularly impressive service.

The Lord Mayor (Alderman F. T. Richardson), the Lady Mayoress and Civic Representatives attended in state, and about 150 Nurses from the various hospitals in their attractive indoor Uniforms followed the ecclesiastical and civic representatives in the procession which preceded the service.

Near the entrance to the choir were banked masses of lilac in honour of Florence Nightingale, it being the recognised symbol of her life work. To her it was a symbol that beauty and knowledge, the lovely and the efficient, can be combined in human life.

The procession moved into place while this lovely May Day carol was sung:—

The winter's sleep was long and deep,
But earth is awakened and gay,
For the life ne'er dies that from God doth rise,
And the green comes after the grey.
So God doth bring the world in Spring;
And on this Holy Day
Doth the Church proclaim her Apostles' fame,
To welcome the first of May.
Lord grant that we may brethren be—
As Christians live indeed;
For it is but so we can learn to know
The truth that to Thee doth lead.

The choral part of the service was particularly fine, and included a setting of Shakespear's "This England," composed by Dr. Martin Shaw, and sung for the first time.

The Dean, Dr. Dwelly, gave the address, in the course of which he said: "The constitution makers did better than they knew when they set free the peculiar grace of the King from the machinery of force and compulsion. By the grace of that freedom the throne is free to become a creative force in the life of the community, making us a communion of friends. The grace which cannot now compel, inspires, and seeks as its appropriate response to possess the hearts of his people. Confidence has generated confidence.

"Let our preparation to-day take the form of a deliberate choosing to pray for that spontaneity that is quick to seize every opportunity to identify ourselves in mutual faith one with another; one with the King. Thus the new unity that God has awakened in us in the days of trial shall be established, and shall provide adequate liberty to grow."

The Dean spoke of the King's solicitude for suffering humanity, and his desire to help the younger generation.

The sermon was followed by the Hallowing of the King's Grace, a series of petitions and responses sung by the choir, the outstanding impression of which was the solitary voice of a boy singing softly yet clearly "SAVE OUR KING."

The service closed with Prayer and thanksgiving for the ministry inspired by the life of Florence Nightingale, whereby the King and his people have been succoured.

After the Blessing, the closing hymn, "At even when the sun was set," was sung, and one came out of the Cathedral glad to have taken part in such a service.

A NURSE-CITIZEN.

SUMMER SCENTS.

Sweet-William with its homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices.

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