

there was a rapid decline in its incidence in the fourteenth and fifteenth. Reference was made to the Order of the Knights of St. Lazarus, although the Order was not so well known in England as on the continent; the members of the Order were all lepers and the Grand Master was a leper of noble birth.

The hold that leprosy had on the imagination of the people of the north was indicated by the following story with which the lecture closed. A poor old woman was charged with being a witch and it was said she had repeated her prayers backwards and changed herself into a hare.

With tears and prayers she cried "Pitie, o pitie, I am guiltlesse of ye fausse crymes never so much as thought of by mie," and an official of the parish came forward to testify to her good character and respectability. She was like to escape from her fate when a leper rushed out of the leper house near. He "bared his hand and haille (i.e., entire) arm, ye which was whithered and covered over with scurfs most pyteous to behold." Then the wretch, probably half demented, proceeded—"At ye day of Pentecost last past thys woman did give unto me a shell of oynment with ye which I annoynted by hand to cure ane imposthume (i.e., abscess) which had cum over it and behold from that day furthe untill thys it hath shrunk and wythered as you see it now." The cries of the poor old Marjorie Bysseth and the testimony of the town official were from thenceforth of no avail. The leper had caught the ear of "the herd mind." "Ye poore Marjorie Bysseth cried pyteously that God had forsaken her, that she meanyed gude only and not eveil." Her heartbroken protest, her piteous prayers, availed her nothing. She had smitten a man with leprosy and was dragged to "ye pool"—"and soe they plonge her in ye water. And guhen as she went down in ye water there was ane gret shoute. But she rose ageyne and raised up her arms as gif (i.e., if) she wod cum up. There was silence for ane space when agane she gaed doune with ane bubbling noise and they shouted finallie 'To Satan's kyngdome she hath gane' and—"forth-with they went their wayes." Poor Marjorie Bysseth! Neither she nor her persecutors had any scientific knowledge of the poison circulating in the blood of the man she had sought to help with her little shell of ointment, none either of the tendency for the infection to spread from "ane imposthume," and so her kindly intention was her undoing.

Miss ISOBEL MARGARET HUTTON, B.A., S.R.N.

We have pleasure in presenting a portrait of Miss Isobel Hutton, Assistant Secretary to the Association. On her

appointment we gave an account of Miss Hutton's qualifications and career but a photograph was not then available, we are inserting it now as it interests most of our Members, and especially those in the provinces or abroad, to know something of those connected with, and in any way responsible for, the management of their Association. A photograph always seems to bring one nearer to acquaintanceship when it is not possible to come into actual personal contact.

RAMBLE.

We arranged a Ramble to Battle Abbey and Rye recently and had another drive in a coach through lovely English lanes and roads which at this season of the year are always at their best.

The story of the origin of Battle Abbey is one of the most fascinating in the annals of England. Here was fought the Battle of Hastings, and the Conqueror raised this great and, at one time, very wealthy abbey to commemorate his victory and as an act of gratitude to God. As we were taken round the ruins, many old traditions and facts were recalled, so that we added not a little to our knowledge of history and the habits of our country in Norman and post-Norman times. From Battle the drive continued to Rye, where we caught a passing glimpse of the Tower of Little Ease which was built by William of Ypres, a general who has been referred to before in these pages as the champion of Matilda of Boulogne; besides commanding her army, he helped her generously in the establishment of the Church and Hospital of St. Katherine's by the Tower.

At Rye we admired many a quaint old street and house and, after visiting its very ancient and beautiful Church, took tea at the old Vicarage, once the home of John Fletcher, the friend and collaborator of Beaumont.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BRANCH.

We have just received the Report of the Annual Meeting of our South Australian Branch which is very satisfactory. There is an excess of income over expenditure of £56 14s. 3d. The year under review is characterised as having been "brighter for the nurses"; there were 150 more calls for the private nurses and gratitude is expressed to the Inspector-General of Hospitals in South Australia and to doctors and matrons for work given to the Royal British Nurses' Association. Several improvements have been made on the home. The Inspector-General of Hospitals (Dr. Morris) in a speech made at the Meeting, said that he must give to the Royal British Nurses' Association the credit for raising the standard of nursing in the State;



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