

men and women of the present day have to thank these two nurses who brought to them the inestimable gifts of good health, education and—last but not least—a perception of moral standards.

The Home has lost some good friends during the year, and the Report pays a tribute to their generosity and many kindnesses. Santa Claus must have a special interest in those children judging from the number of gifts of all sorts sent to them at Christmas and throughout the year.

As the Report signifies, the days are full of anxiety for those responsible for the Home and the large family it shelters. So it must be, but then they have courage, and courage is a great asset, perhaps the best. It is not a large banking account that makes for success; indeed, that is often a questionable blessing in its effects. What this Home for Children depends upon is the spirit which animates every one connected with it, whether clergy, medical men, administrators or staff—and there is apparently a very large circle of friends full of good will.

LANTERN LECTURE ON "THE HIGHLANDS AND THE WESTERN ISLES."

By Mr. ALASDAIR CLARKE.

We have heard of many diaries of the journeys of different travellers in the Highlands and the Isles of the West from the time when Dr. Boswell's was written; Mr. Alasdair Clarke's is unique in its way. It does not rely upon the pen but upon the camera, and he has collected an amazing number of beautiful slides covering the experiences of seven years when, at intervals, he made his escape from business and politics into those beautiful scenes. Some of the slides we had the privilege of seeing put upon the screen when he lectured to us recently, and the hour and a half devoted to them passed all too swiftly.

We journeyed among the Great Bens, round most of the beautiful lochs, along the Pilgrims' Road through Mull to Iona, viewed the mountains of Mull and Skye and passed on through Argyle to Inverness and parts of Perthshire. We were shown the very spot where Prince Charlie landed and that where he raised his standard. The fine monument erected to commemorate his coming is now, thanks to the agitation of Mr. Clarke and others, preserved as one of our "Ancient Monuments."

Greatly admired were the pictures of the ruined nunnery on Iona, and again and again the perfection of the Cathedral and its proportions were pointed out. Its lovely garden and the fine work in its carving were things to admire. The nunnery does not belong to the time of St. Columba but is more contemporaneous with the reign of Malcolm and his queen—Margaret the Saxon—in whose reign also we find what might be described as the first traces of nursing history in Scotland. According to legend, St. Columba would not have tolerated a nunnery. He permitted no cows on the island and the reason given by him for this is said to have been that "Wherever there are cows there are women, and wherever there are women there is trouble." According to Scottish legend he was no tender saint, and we were shown the supposed burial place of St. Oram whom he consigned to the grave, brought to life again and hurriedly buried once more because he commenced to tell that hell was not so bad as it was painted and heaven a place of activity, rather than mere rest in enjoyment of music and the rewards for a good life on earth. Tradition dies hard, however, and there were for long those who commended the action of St. Columba in helping to preserve the austerity of a religion that might be supposed to act, but never did, as a restraint upon the warlike propensities of rival clansmen.

We hope that the school teachers, who are anxious to assume the responsibility for instilling anatomy into the

minds of the nurses of the future, may not have reason to blush like one who taught in a school, shown on one of the pictures. In spite of discouragement from the local School Board she persisted in teaching anatomy, with full use of technical terms, to the children and, hoping to impress the retrograde members of her Board, insisted that the Education Board's Inspector should examine her pupils in the subject. But the children were disappointingly inarticulate when the examiner called for a description of the spinal column until one lively urchin put up her hand—"Please sir, it's what your head sits on at one end and you sit on at the other."

The pictures were full of variety and, as we lingered round Culloden and viewed many an old battlefield or stronghold, we realised something of the courage and grit that went to the making of a race. Suffering and hardship, and the readiness to fight to the end for a forlorn hope, had their victories and achievement in calibre of national character whatever the apparent defeat at the time. What will be the ultimate fruits of an age when comfort, enjoyment and security are taken more or less as the main purpose of existence?

AN INTERESTING RAMBLE.

Recently, in true "ramblers' weather," as we term it, we took our way by charabanc through the New Forest to Romsey, stopping at Salisbury for just a glimpse of the glorious cathedral there, with its architecture "like frozen music."

We went on to Romsey with its associations with "The Good Queen Maud," first of the English Royal Nurses. Next we visited King John's hunting box, regarding which discoveries, interesting to nurses, have been made since it was included in one of our "rambles" of many years ago. Probably it is the oldest house in existence that has been used as an infectious diseases hospital. Indeed, surely few buildings, apparently so small and insignificant, have such a record as this one. First, it was the dwelling of a king, next of the Princess Johanna, for whose education John paid twopence a day to Christina de Rumsey; since then it has sheltered barons, priests, nuns, merchants, patients, paupers and cottagers. When Edward I paid a visit to Romsey a number of his barons went with him and were housed in the Hunting Box; many were Crusaders and Templars. While they awaited their king, who had been given hospitality within the gates of the Abbey, they carved their shields with their beautiful mottoes on the walls of the house. In 1348, during the dreadful plague, known as the Black Death, the house was used as a hospital, and afterwards its walls were washed over with disinfectant which has served a second purpose little thought of at the time. Recently cause arose to remove the superficial layers of limewash (the disinfectant used after the plague patients had gone) and beneath it were discovered the drawings of the knights. But for the "disinfectant" this marvellous visitors' book of the year 1275 would not have remained for us to-day. The next reference that has been found so far shows that, in 1537, the house was allocated to a priest whose duty it doubtless was to officiate in the small chapel attached to the house. In 1781, the one-time Royal residence was used as the town workhouse. Later it was divided into cottages and was in use as such when, in process of some repairs being made by the owner, there was laid bare a small piece of dog-tooth ornament, which led up to all subsequent discoveries and research. From inspecting the Royal building, we went to Winchester, and, after stopping to admire the Cathedral, set out on a very enjoyable homeward journey.

194, Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.7.

ISABEL MACDONALD
Secretary to the Corporation.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)