

to fear being robbed and perhaps even killed, and caused her most prudently to change her porters and also her time for calling on Madame."

It remained to add to the sums given by Madame de Bullion. Jeanne Mance employed her talents with success. She formed a number of funds of securities, addressing herself to this end to Monseigneur the Duke of Angoulême and his wife, to Messire Gaston de Renty and his wife, and finally to a certain "Monsieur Desbordes."

It is almost certain that the service rendered on this occasion by the Baron Gaston de Renty to Jeanne Mance was brought about by Father Saint-Jure, whose penitent and friend the former was. "Monsieur le Baron de Renty," writes Sister Morin, "made an arrangement with Mademoiselle Mance with the desire of serving her in this work, which he loved and prized, since it must lead to God's good pleasure and the salvation of many souls in Canada." He himself had, it appears, precise and inspired views on Canada.

"Messire de Renty," say nearly all the contemporary chroniclers, "was one of the greatest Christians of the seventeenth century, nay, indeed, of all time. He was the most courageous, the most active, the most admirable of Saint Vincent de Paul's aides-de-camp. He took part in all the works of the saint, seminaries, work among the prisoners and transported convicts, the work at the Hôtel-Dieu, for the aged and for foundling children; he was active in everything carried on beyond France, in missions to Algiers, Tunis and Madagascar; also to Ireland, Scotland and England. He died at the age of 37 years, giving all Christians to wonder how he could have done so much in so little time."

A sincere emotion of admiration was bound to be excited on both sides, when circumstances threw together two such personalities as Jeanne Mance and Gaston de Renty.

(To be continued when duty permits.)

## OBITUARY.

We of the older generation of Nurses learned with sorrow of the death of Miss Anna C. Jammé, who for so many years took so active a part in nursing organisation, especially in the responsible position as Editor of *The Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing*.

In opening the first meeting of the House of Delegates at the annual California State Nurses' Association Convention August 15th, the President, Mrs. Folendorf, asked the membership to pause a few moments in memory of Miss Jammé. The following beautiful tribute prepared by the President was then presented by Marjorie Hart:—

There is a visitor who is never invited and never welcomed yet his coming cannot be denied.

He is the sombre spirit of Death who comes as silently as the sunlight and steals away into the shadows, leaving a vacant place and sadness in our hearts.

So we, too, stop for a moment in our convention duties to pay a tribute of reverence and memory to one whose place to-day is draped in mourning.

It is not difficult to discern the measure of her value to us. Her guiding star was service, and this service was given in great measure to nursing throughout a noble and useful life. Her efforts have left an indelible print upon the life and structure of nursing in California.

But we do not sorrow as those without hope. We believe that beyond the sunset she waits for us. That was the principle of her Faith and of ours.

It is in this spirit of loving remembrance and fadeless hope, we bid farewell to Anna C. Jammé.

English friends desire to express sympathy with the American Nursing world in this the passing of one of its great leaders.

## "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY."

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN.

Have you read "How Green Was My Valley"? If not, without fail, study this great book. Very rarely have we the opportunity of standing with the prophets of old on mountain tops, and those of us who love the magnificence of the Old Testament will realise that here is a further chapter of soul-stirring force.

In "My Valley" live primitive men and Coal would be their master. But the soul of the Welsh miner is an unconquerable force—he faces his God.

We are not venturing to review this book in a few words—rather we will quote a page as written:—

"When I got to the village I found nobody about, not even a cat, but there was a voice coming from the Chapel, stopping now and again for people to shout, and I remembered the big meeting called for that night by Mr. Gruffydd (the preacher). I went closer and tried the door at the back, but it was locked, so round to the front I went, and found the porch crowded with people pressed close together, listening, with their faces pale in the light of the oil lamps, and on each face an openness, a peace, a smile of hope, as though great news had come for each one and they were having joy of it.

"Through the open doors I saw the packed rows of people, and down the aisles all were kneeling, with even the big seat crowded with kneelers. Mr. Gruffydd's eyes were closed and his fists were tight upon the Book.

"'Beloved God,' he prayed, 'give light. The darkness is in men's minds, and in that darkness is Satan, ever ready, ever watchful, quick to find a way to harm, a deed to hurt, a thought to damage. Give light, O God.'

"'Amen,' said the people.

"'The evil that is in man comes of sluggish minds,' prayed Mr. Gruffydd, 'for sluggards cannot think, and will not. Rouse them with fire, O God. Send upon us thy flames that we may be burnt of dead thoughts, even as we burn dead grass. Send flames, O Lord God, to make us see.'

"'Alleluia,' said the people, with one voice.

"'All things are expedient, but all things edifieth not,' prayed Mr. Gruffydd, 'but there are things needful which we lack, and which would edify these things we know, and pray for, Lord God, the same things that thy dearly beloved Son asked for and died for. And of those, our daily bread, that others, blind in sight and soul, would take from us. Let them be brought from their blindness, Lord God. Let them see.'

"'Alleluia,' said the people.

"'As once the voice sang in Darkness in men's minds and let it say Let there Be Light, and Lord let there be light. For the lighted mind of man can bring to fruition all good things for himself and for his kind, if he choose. But too many skulk behind the golden bars of the mansion of Mammon, and are filled and replete, and forget their brethren, and deny them, and allow them to walk in hungry idleness, and their women to die of want, and their children to perish even before they are born. Lighten our darkness, Lord God. Let there be light.'

"'Alleluia,' said the people.

"'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' sang Mr. Gruffydd.

"'Hosanna, hosanna,' sang the people.

"'Come, let us sing unto the Lord,' sang Mr. Gruffydd.

"The people in the porch were going to their knees in tears, as the congregation started to sing, they lifted their voices with them."

\* \* \*

"The men in the Three Valleys came out to-night, and our colliery will come out to-morrow."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)