

### A MYSTERY PLAY.

"What do you think Mrs. Fenwick would have said now about the Nursing Profession, and who are those who are doing their bit to save it from the flood of the river of materialism, love of gold, and all the rest? She had her visions and dreams, and they were not of this; we were to raise our profession high, and we were to *do it ourselves*." So spoke one old and grey. The Red Cross Ribbon on her coat was faded, but it seemed the more symbolic for that, symbolic of her whole attitude to life, whether as the matron of a hospital, or as a member of her profession.

"I saw the Pageant," she continued. "It was really

the aspiration that lit our way of old. There were giants in those days, and they lit a torch that may flicker at times when the avalanche of materialism makes it low —" and so her enthusiasm flowed on in a volume of reminiscence and without bitterness about frustrations, rather indeed with humour.

"That's a good idea of yours to bring back some of the writings of Mrs. Fenwick, who saw with great clarity. She was so anxious to see all our aspirations come into being. Someday the nurses will know what they missed, and how they were often misled or fell asleep."

"Well," said she, "she was a preparer for the preparers. These last will come sometime when we are gone, but forces of hindrance now prevail. Yet, someday, there



Miss R. Cox-Davies. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. Miss W. Mollett. Miss E. M. Musson.

### A GROUP AT THE PAGEANT OF NURSING IN 1911.

beautiful. It reminded me of an old mystery play and its teaching, that I once saw. Those were great days."

To bring her back to the point, I broke in, "You saw the Pageant?"

"Yes, I saw it. It seemed like a picture of all the visions that were in our hearts. Often I read it since. Miss Mollett's fine English was beautiful. Heroic English, Mrs. Fenwick called it. I used to take bits and think about them, about all the goodness and love that was brought to nursing through the ages; but all the encouragement now goes to matters of money and wages, from the top of the nursing profession to the bottom. Could we not have the Pageant again, or could they reprint it in the Journal? It would bring back a bit of

is no doubt that her lessons will bear fruit, her idealism will inspire, and many a laugh there will be, too, when they think how the old lady grasped her nettles."

My visitor rose. "I must get off to Victoria," said she. "I only took the journey to see you once again. It's been worth it," and she tottered down the steps, this valiant old warrior, whose memories of the fight for a great reform were part of her being now that she was glimpsing the mists of the great horizon.

Her next journey was a longer one—Hail and Farewell—she has got her answers now, and may she find that defeat is often great victory when seen from the other side, and that the sowers are needed, but the seed must often lie in the ground for long.

I. M.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)