

perfectly healthy infant had had a fit of convulsions and had even died, the passion in the mother having converted the milk into a virulent poison. There was no doubt that smaller degrees of emotional disturbance would have a more or less injurious influence, which might affect the child in similar ways. Nothing was more foolish than to inflict on a child, as a punishment, some observance of the laws of health which ought to be a matter of choice. They all needed to exercise much more discrimination than they did in the distribution of rewards and punishments. The worst thing they could do was to reward or punish a child by appealing to the pleasures of the appetite and palate. To punish by depriving of some specially favoured dish, and to reward by bestowing some sweetmeat which was withheld from the less deserving, was to cultivate assiduously the very side of the child's nature which ought to be kept in its proper place in the background, and to weaken instead of to strengthen him for the battle of self-control which all must fight.

In these modern days it was no longer the tendency of education to make all work and duty disagreeable to children, and to consider that they were sinning by being happy, but we were certainly not doing enough to train children to self-reliance and self-control, and so we were pulling down with one hand what we were building up with the other. No children under the age of twelve should have their minds occupied in strictly mental work for longer than four hours a day, and very young children should not have half that time. It was a fatal thing when a child had to choose, either consciously or unconsciously, between the laws of nature and the arbitrary laws laid down by those in whose hands he was so absolutely helpless.

The element of worry, too, so trying even to full-grown, adult brains, was not left out of a child's life, as it ought carefully to be, but existed largely in connection with the system of marks, competitions, and prizes. Both from a moral and a hygienic point of view, these were to be utterly condemned. They induced a habit of doing work, not for its own sake, but for what it would bring in the way of reward; they made the standard to be attained, not the child's best, but something which was a little better than someone else could do; and they cultivated a spirit of desiring to injure his neighbour, instead of the eagerness to help which they ought to seek to inculcate. From a hygienic point of view they were to be condemned, because they induced too much work and the element of worry.

KEEP your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad ones will find no room. The cup that is full will hold no more.

### HOSPITAL MEMORIES.—No. III.

#### OUT-PATIENT VISITING.

FEW people have better opportunities of seeing for themselves how the poor of a great city live than the Hospital Sister, who pursues her out-patients into the various courts, and alleys, and out-lying districts where they abide. The district visitor has, of course, to make acquaintance with the houses and families in her district, necessarily a limited one; but the cases affiliated to a Hospital are scattered far and wide, and will take these enterprising visitors into many different scenes and districts, from the densely-packed dwellings of the central quarters, to the long half-built-over muddy roads of Hackney Wick—from the neighbourhood of the busy Docks up to Highgate and Hampstead, on to the neat small houses of Queen's Park and the old-fashioned picturesque river-board of Hammersmith. Sometimes, too, there comes an excursion into the country, which is refreshing; but takes up a whole afternoon, and can only be indulged in occasionally. But everywhere there is the same tale of sickness and struggle for existence; and though there is almost sure to be a kind welcome, there is also the anxious face of the overworked mother; and "it do seem to take a long time, don't it, Sister," as the little case of hip or spine shows but slow improvement from visit to visit. Still it is a cheer for them to see someone who knows all about it, to exchange a few words with a sympathising friend; and when Tommy or Polly have been made tidy and comfortable, and the tears, which will arise sometimes, have been dried, and the child has got absorbed in his new picture book or little gifts of beads, the mother is glad to accompany Sister to the door, and many is the sad tale of family trouble poured out upon the doorstep. "He've been out on the drink ever since last week," says the anxious wife, "and when he do come in he knocks yer about so." Or, more cheerfully, "He's a doin' of a bit of work now, which we're a hopin' it may last over Christmas, seein' as we're very behind with the rent."

Curious things happen sometimes in the course of an out-patients' Sister's wanderings. Coming back late one winter afternoon from beyond Southall, where I had been to see a patient, it suddenly occurred to me that I had received an address in H—l, and a request some one from the Hospital would visit a case of hip disease. The sudden memory was very unwelcome, for it was already nearly dark, and I was very tired with a long tramp from my former station. It would be so much pleasanter to sit still and roll smoothly into Paddington, getting home in time

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