

as much as Nurses do, but that relation that they bear towards each other never changes. I will give one or two types of Nurses' manners towards these their masters, and then try and draw a lesson from them.

Some Nurses have a certain especial manner, expression and voice which they keep for the Doctor's benefit; to others they will talk simply, clearly and kindly, with no affectation of humbleness and cringing, but to the Doctor they put on a most unnatural, stiff, yet crawling and obsequious manner, which is very far from showing that true loyal trust and affectionate respect which a good servant should feel to his master, or an eager pupil should show to his teacher. Some Nurses try to be very attractive and "fetching" in their conduct towards the Doctor. I need not say that they are very likely to fail woefully in this. Let us try and think how we ought to order our speech and behaviour in this matter of our daily life.

The great rule in all conduct applies here as in all things: "To thine own self be true."

If we could always live up to this how good it would be. Let Nurses be simple, natural, forgetting themselves, and yet remembering what they owe to themselves in this and all things. Talk to the Doctor as if you trusted him, and would learn of him, as of one who knows many things that you do not, yet with a perfect simplicity and freedom as to one of your fellow-workers who is above you in wisdom and experience. Do not fear what others will think and say of you. If you try to live up to your best self, your life will be of infinite service to those around you, though they may not know it at first. I would advise some Nurses to read if they can a little book called "The Meditations," which was written by Marcus Aurelius. They would find in this book a guide, and wise, sweet advice as to right living and thinking. A. CROOK.

HOSPITAL FOR SICK WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Allow me to call attention to a Preparatory School of Midwifery and Dispensing in connection with the above Hospital. In it the students may assist in the attendance upon the patients, thereby getting an insight into Nursing, and are also instructed in Midwifery, Dispensing and Vaccination, both practically and by Lectures; and after a six months course, certificates are given which will enable diligent students to obtain Dispenserships, and to go up for their midwifery examination at the Obstetrical Society, and obtain its diploma. The Lady Superintendent will be happy on receipt of stamped directed envelopes to give further information.—Yours faithfully,
G. GRIFFITH,
9, Lupus Street, Pimlico, S.W.

A HOME OF REST FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Will you allow me to say a few words respecting Sharnhen House, Folkestone, a Home of Rest for Nurses and professional gentlewomen? I spent a few days at the Home recently, and can speak most highly of the comfortable and prettily-furnished rooms, the excellently cooked and abundant fare, and last, but not least, the kindly and courteous welcome of the ladies in charge.

The terms are very moderate, and are inclusive.

I would recommend all Nurses, who have no home at which to spend their holidays, to try this one, and I feel sure that they will not regret their choice.—Yours faithfully,
F. M. HUGHES, Matron,

St. Mary Abbotts' Infirmary,
Marloes Road, Kensington, 4th May, 1890.

TIGHT-LACING: A WORD TO NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I read the other day in one of our newspapers something to the effect that the young Emperor of Germany held a Tight-lacing Conference in meditation. Passing from the shadow to the substance, I beg to hand you the following extract.—Yours, &c.,
FIAT LUX.

"STAYS AND CORSETS.—Even beauty of countenance is impaired, and in time destroyed, by tight corsets. Those instruments of mischief wither in the complexion the freshness of health, and substitute for it the sallowness of disease; on the spot where the rose and the ruby had shed their lustre they pour bile and sprinkle ashes. They do still more, they dapple the cheek with unsightly blotches, convert its fine cuticle into a motley scurf, blear the eyes, discolour the teeth and destroy them by caries, and tip the nose by cranberry red. That effects of this description often result from gastric and hepatic derangement every practitioner of medicine knows, and it is a well-ascertained fact that such derangement is produced by corsets. But tight stays make still more fatal havoc of female beauty, by imprinting on the countenance marks of the decay of mental beauty—we mean deep and indelible lines of peevishness, fretfulness, and ill-temper, the bitter result of impaired health. Woman bears fevers, consumption, fractures, wounds, and other forms of injury, with a patience and mildness which, if they do not improve her personal beauty, increase her loveliness, and add tenfold to the sympathy and sorrow felt for her suffering; but dyspeptic affections, when brought on by wearing corsets, are submitted to in a very different spirit, and no complaints pour into the temper such acerbity and bitterness as those of the digestive organs."

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I have heard Doctors, Students, Matrons, and Nurses alike ask the above question, to which I would answer in the affirmative, providing we each endeavour to make it so. Many good people are *existing*, it is true; but not *living*. The cutting below might, perhaps, throw a little more light upon the subject.—Yours truly,

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

"THE MISSION OF LIFE.—There is nothing created but what is destined to perform some part in the great work of creation; no man nor woman was ever born to do nothing; no flower that blooms, nor star that decks the heavens was simply made to be of utility, or to hide away themselves from the face of Nature, but rather destined to perform some particular work. The great end of life is happiness, for all nature converges to this point—happiness based upon the moral and intellectual powers of man, and not the mere selfish pleasure of life. Life hath something more for its object than the mere heaping together of gold. We live, but it should be to promote the well-being of our fellow-man, to enrich his mind with knowledge, to lead his wavering footsteps to the shrine of wisdom, and there to fraternise with his fellow-man in searching after the elixir of life—true happiness. We live, but it is not for selfishness, it is not to persecute and to wrong, but to shield and to protect; it is not to spread misery and to foster vice, but to cherish virtue, and to stem the impetuous torrent of human degradation; and it is not for sowing the seeds of discord, and nourishing the germs of chicanery, but for unity of action, and succouring honesty and truth; it is by these means, and these alone, that we can arrive at perfection. Teach every man that he has a great duty to perform, and life has some charm for him; it is no longer the wearisome, dull, and monotonous thing that the inane would make us believe it is; then, a brighter world opens before him, replete with loveliness. How great is the pleasure to those whose life is a purpose to spread happiness and truth amongst mankind."

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