

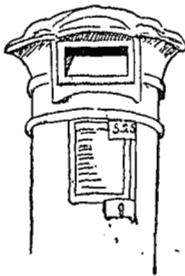
"she was too impulsive and emotional to be held responsible for her actions." There was an interesting account of an interview with her in one of the many papers devoted to our sex. It describes her as looking ten years younger than her age, with "a singularly mobile face and fine grey eyes." She is a deep-dyed Socialist and believes that money, and not only the love of it, is the root of all evil. "If you wish to know I will tell you what would be my ideal. To begin with all the money should be thrown into the sea. Yes, in a deep place from whence it could never be fished up again." Citoyenne Louise Michel, as she desires to be called, should have lived surely a hundred years ago, when for a brief space Sans Culottes reigned supreme. To-day she is certainly, as she has sadly proved, in advance of or else behind her time.

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WOMEN are to the fore at Cambridge this year. Last week I chronicled Miss Fawcett's success; this week I have to tell of another "fair girl graduate's" success. Miss Margaret Alford had the honour of being classed in the first division of the Cambridge Classical Tripos and has therefore, in college slang, "got a first." It seems that last year her sister did equally well in the Cambridge Natural Science Tripos.

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MRS. BLANCHARD has been granted a Civil Service pension by the Queen in recognition of her late husband's and her own services rendered to the country—one in the cause of literature, the other in that of emigration. The news will be received with great pleasure in the colonies, where she is deservedly popular. The kind-hearted Duchess of Teck was much interested in the case, as were many well-known names in the circles of philanthropy and literature. VEVA KARSLAND.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

EVOLUTION OF PROFESSIONAL NURSING; OR, TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—It has been said, and truly, that "the love of the beautiful and the true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains for ever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine

of the man's being, though all else be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation."

This truism conceded, we have then convincing proof at once that technical education is the great want of the age we live in, alike in the employer and the employed, the soldier and the general. "Germany has grasped this principle, and to her army is indebted for its successes; and Germans have more scientific curiosity, take more interest in truth for truth's own sake, and reap the reward in a serious and painstaking habit of mind, open to receive information, and resolved to see things as they are, to know all the truth about the universe which can be known. In England, instead of developing the intellect, preparing it to receive all the knowledge it can obtain, training the people to think, we teach them to believe tradition, and send them forth to begin the world with their brains clogged up with a lot of weeds, instead of good seed, ready for healthy development in the work of life." A startling paradox, truly! We are still going floundering on; and we shall presently go rolling to the bottom of the world's ladder unless we bestir ourselves, and that right early.

Dr. Arnold taught that man may sow the seed of a good example wherever he plants his feet; that he may subdue his rebellious passions, discipline his wild desires, think high thoughts, and glow with noble sympathies. "The error we so frequently commit," says Davenport Adams, "is in discussing the accessories as if they were essentials. Children are not sent to school that they may be encouraged to possess their 'souls of true virtue,' but that they may acquire so much of linguistic and scientific learning as will assist them in 'getting on in the world.'" This paltry "getting on in the world"! "And the inquiry after truth," says Bacon, "which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." Unfortunately, Sir, it meets with scant recognition in our primary and secondary schools, in few of our larger and more pretentious academic institutions. In these the "sovereign good" is to gain the highest number of marks in a competitive examination; or to leap, jump, and run almost as well as a professional athlete.

Again, I have no faith in the man who would tell us that Nature is exhausted. She hath, on the contrary, many new phases yet to evolve to us. Within her fertile bosom there may be thousands of substances, yet unknown, as precious as yet found. To doubt this would be to repudiate the most logical inference afforded by the whole history of the earth. Corn and grape excepted, nearly all our staples in vegetable food are of comparatively modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, coffee, cotton, cocoa, sugar and potatoes. And who shall say there is not a more nutritious plant than the sugar-cane, a finer root than the potato, a more useful tree than the cotton? Buried wealth lies everywhere in the bowels of the earth. And much latent talent might be forthwith discovered in our infant profession were it properly focused by that magic word "Evolution."

The world wants kindness; our Probationer Nurses want kindness; and we all want kindness. I wonder how it is we are not all kinder than we are. God give us the grace of the open palm—open upward to get the benediction, open downward to pronounce the benediction. A lady was passing along a street and suddenly ran against a ragged boy, and she said, "I beg your pardon, my boy, I did not mean to run against you; I am very sorry." And the boy took off the piece of a cap he had upon his head and said, "You have my parding, lady, and you may run agin me and knock me clean down; I won't care." And turning to a comrade he said, "That nearly took me off my feet. Nobody ever asked my parding before." Kindness! Kindness! Nobody has a better chance to fill the world with it than we Nurses have. To be trusted is to be saved. And if we try to influence or elevate others—especially is this the case in District Nursing—we shall soon see that success is in proportion to their belief of our belief in them.

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