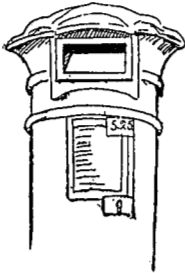


The following amusing answer has also been sent in, but the Examiner promptly disqualified it:—

MISS CHIEF, Hospital for Incurable Jokers, Rude Lane, E.C.:—

Why, certainly! Get a pretty Hospital Nurse to make it nicely for you.



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.

We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.

Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.

SHOULD THE B.N.A. HAVE A BADGE?

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record"

Sir,—As the minds of many of my fellow-members seem to have been somewhat exercised recently as to the utility and helpfulness of a badge—not a medal—perhaps I may be permitted to add my quota likewise.

In doing so, I would first ask permission to hand you a few suitable extracts which have crossed my mind whilst meditating hereon, and for which I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Kirton's "True Nobility." "We must of ourselves take in and assimilate goodness and nobleness with our natures," says this writer, "if it is to be of any real use to us, and we must *eapel* and *repel* all things which have the tendency to retard or blight its influence." As a wise man has said, "Let thy garments be always white;" for "life must be charged with a great significance. It must be big with sublime realities. It was *never* meant to be mean and shabby, but noble and grand, and God Himself will *never* shape for us what He has given us power to 'mould' for ourselves."

Besides this, we Members of the British Nurses' Association should bear in mind this fact—"Every noble life of necessity implies a period of preparation, development, and manifestation, which is more or less traceable as we read the record of its struggles and achievements. This is no doubt why it is that biographies of the good and great are so interesting and popular. They enable us to follow their progress, step by step, from one excellence to another, until they reach the point of triumph and success, to trace it, or to attempt to do so, to its source, and just in proportion as we are able to arrive at a just estimate of the *sources* of their greatness, or the 'secret' of their achievements, we discover that it was only as they kept before them some *definite purpose*, and pursued it with an energy which never staggered at difficulties, or was daunted by failure, that they at last overcame the obstacles, and marched on to the goal, and gained the victory." As I have said in a former letter, "faint heart never won fair lady;" and he never will.

"How very serious and matter-of-fact Sister Josephine is!" said a group of fellow-labourers the other day. However this may be, whether crowned or crownless we fall, it matters not, if we have only striven, faithfully and conscientiously, to

do our part. Personally, I have just finished my twenty-fifth year, "on humanity's service," and I yearn with a burning and loving intensity and earnestness for the *full* redemption of the whole human family; in other words, like the late Emperor of Germany, "I have no time to be weary." The more I analyse matters the more deeply am I convinced that the great want of the age we live in is a *fresh*, not *stale*, infusion of Hope. It is a splendid tonic; there is no medicine like Hope. Despite this, many times have I been sneered at for my convictions—dubbed *odd*, *eccentric*, &c., for my loyalty to these convictions—for my firm and tenacious adherence to this great truth. *No man has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the "voices" from without.* The best shield against slander is to live so that none may believe it.

Moreover, I want to see the gulf filled in—not bridged over—which still divides class from class—"the upper and middle classes awakening out of their long slumber with regard to the permanent improvement of the lot of those who have hitherto been regarded as being for ever abandoned and hopeless;" the poor trained to know more thoroughly, to appreciate and take a more intelligent interest in the duties of life, and to become more industrious, thrifty, frugal, self-reliant and useful members of society.

"The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs, a vast torchlight in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps;
The masters of the world are there.
Not ermine clad, or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.
Some day, without a trumpeter's call,
This news will o'er the world be blown:
'The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own.'

And, pray, what offering shall we Nurses bring? Primarily, we must polish up our best brains. These may all be wanted in the coming conflict; as we shall need the largest experience and the most undaunted energy of the Nursing community. "Obstacles exist to be overcome and converted into victories." As for me, I am only one woman among my fellows, the same as you, dear reader. The obligation to look matters straight in the face does not rest on me any more than it does on you. I give my all. And if you give yours, then there is a splendid future before us. For we could, with united effort, hasten the coming of that day when the nursing profession would rise as one man to the dignity of its great high calling, take its stand as a distinct and independent department of labour, and trample under its feet all the petty jealousies and extremely narrow prejudices which have hitherto obstructed and hindered its progress. All monopolies, be it remembered, must be utterly abolished. We must be resolved at all hazards to wipe away from our profession *for ever* that great reproach, that sad stigma, that in England we treat our horses better than we do our Nurses. We are well able to do all this, only we shall want the best brains and the most determined *united* effort,

And who shall say "Nay" to our united endeavour? Will anyone come forward and say that a plan of work such as this, if thoroughly carried out, would not ultimately bring unto us all we desire, or so nothing far better? Then let us heed not such words as "difficulties" and "failure"; for these are only mountains to climb, on the top of which to plant the *flag of success*. "Forward, upward, and onward," be our watchword; "What man has done man can do," be our belief. Go thou then

"Forward with unflinching tread!
Never yield!
Let a noble life be led!
Hope among the wav'ring spread!
Never yield!

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)