

Dr. Johnson, is a wise one, and should be writ up large over the gates of every Hospital: "Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully, for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

PATIENT: "Dr. Smith, who has just left our city, told me that I was really seriously ill." New Doctor: "Oh, my dear sir, you must not place any reliance on anything that that man says. I assure you he is not to be trusted." Patient: "But it was he who recommended you to me."

NOTICES.

Communications relating to the Literary Department, Books, Pamphlets, &c., for Review, &c., must be addressed to the Editor of THE NURSING RECORD, 11, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. The Editor will not undertake to return rejected MSS. unless accompanied with a sufficiently stamped addressed envelope. Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only, and give their real names and addresses, not necessarily as signatures to their letters, but as a guarantee of good faith. Unless this rule be strictly adhered to, no notice will be taken of such communications. Communications from all parts of the country are cordially invited, and liberal arrangements are made for reprints of original articles, and for such illustrations as serve to increase their value of interest. Reports of Nursing Vacancies, Appointments, Meetings of Societies, &c., and Newspapers, &c., containing (marked) accounts of matters of local or personal interest or importance, will be gladly received. Correspondence upon all subjects associated with Nursing specially invited. THE NURSING RECORD is published every Thursday, and can be obtained at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Railway Bookstalls, and of the principal Newsagents in London and the Provinces.

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LETTERS FROM LIFE.—No. 11.

Nursing Home,
Great Eastern Hospital.

MY DEAREST JEAN,—When I entered Sister's little room, she was seated on a woolly mat in front of a cheerful fire, looking very intently into its ruddy depths. She invited me to imitate her example, remarking—

"Isn't fire a sympathetic element? When I came in here, a few minutes ago, my poor little fire looked so lonely—quite dull and spiritless—so I gave it a friendly poke, and behold the immediate response—all flame and sparkle."

I spread out my chilly fingers in the firelight, and am surprised at their stiffness.

"Carbolic," says Sister, significantly—then, with a sigh—"there are many things I ought to say to you, and time is short. To begin with, I am sorry you have been on duty all day before I have had time to give to you. One feels a wee bittie lonesome the first day,"—smiling at me out of the corners of her eyes.

"Does one?" I venture, in a watery voice, two horrid hot tears trickling down my nose, and tickling it in a most undignified manner. "You see," I explain, "I have left Jean and Dad; and all the dogs, and the hills, and the sea—"

"And home," she interjects. "Everything is comprised in that one little word. I once had a home, but it has now passed to strangers. Nothing can be more bitter. Once on a time in the summer, acting quite upon impulse, I slipped into the train, and got out at our little station, and walked across the fields to Carstairs. Every inch of the way was full of memories; it was evening by the time I entered the park and leaned over the gate which divided it from the garden. All was changed—the great white acacia tree was gone, the rose porch around the door, the trellised vines, the wooden arbours with their covering of noisette roses, the ivied walls, all, all gone. From that day my work has had no rival. My Ward is my home; humanity its flowers.

"Nurses as well as patients?" I inquire.

"Nurses are the roses," she answers, smiling. The queen of the flowers—the thorns, of course, must be gently dealt with; but the pruning process interests me. I have never met an impossible woman; I have the very greatest faith

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