

Sister Magdalen (Mrs. Boyce) is in money difficulties, and that her son is so ill as to be admitted to the Brompton Hospital. She and I were good friends, when I was 'Sister Darker,' for nearly five years, therefore I am anxious to help her now, and I enclose a draft for Rs. 200 (=£12 7s. 4d.) towards the fund which I understand you are collecting for her benefit. Please let me know if at any future time any further collection is being made. I should be very glad to subscribe if I am able to do so.

Believe me,

Dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

C. G. LOCH.

Station Hospital,
Rawal Pindi, Punjab, India,
November 26th, 1896."

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This "dear old Sister" worked at St. Bartholomew's for upwards of thirty years. Her graphic description of how she entered the Hospital and came to be a nurse was one of many interesting reminiscences.

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"Five and twenty years! why it seems like yesterday," we once heard her say, "when I came in through the old Smithfield gate, carrying my little son, and asked to see the Matron. I found her in the linen room in the basement, a bright active little woman, cutting up sheets, and there and then she probed me with pointed questions, especially in connection with my widowhood and my boy. Those were the days before we had training schools and lady nurses. I remember she expressed the opinion I was too young and frail-looking for the work. But in the end she gave me a chance, and, nurse and sister, I have worked here from that day to this."

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Those who remember Sister Magdalen, nearing sixty, with her sunny hair, her blue eyes, and sweet young face, could hardly realise that she had passed through a quarter of a century's work in a hospital, where the manual labour during her probation was very excessive. And when we remember that during all those laborious years maternal anxiety was also added, we must feel deep sympathy that in her old age this anxiety is still hers, accentuated by the illness of the son, who should be her stay and support.

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We hear, on good authority, that a woman in nurse's uniform was seen the other day smoking a cigarette on the top of an omnibus. No doubt she alighted at Piccadilly Circus.

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On dit that at a large London hospital a patient was recently brought up for consultation by a doctor's wife. This lady's account of the case was as follows: "My husband thinks it is a cancer, but I don't!"

THE *Woman's Signal*, alluding to "The Christian," says:—

"There is something so grotesque about the wild impossibility of not only this, but all the rest of Mr. Hall Caine's hospital scenes, that hospital nurses should be content with laughing at it; though it will be difficult for many of them, amidst the fatigue and earnestness of the reality of their daily life, to help being angry at so glaring a travesty of it. More serious, however, is Lady Priestley's attack on trained nurses in the *Nineteenth Century*, which I note is to be answered in the same magazine by the editor of the NURSING RECORD, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, than whom no more capable defender could be wished by the nurses. In a future number we will give some extracts from Lady Priestley's assault and Mrs. Fenwick's defence, and also a very interesting reply to Lady Priestley, specially written for the *Woman's Signal* by Miss Waddington, matron of the Bootle Corporation Hospital."

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At a recent service held for members of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, at St. John the Evangelist, Red Lion Square, the Rev. E. F. Russell, the Chaplain to the Guild, in preaching from the parable of the tares and the wheat, said that so long as the world endured it would be impossible to wholly eliminate the tares. They were sown in the Garden of Eden, and there was a Judas in the College of the Apostles. Many people had been saddened by the things which were being said about nurses at the present time, but he thought that they should not be over influenced by them, but, without shadow of bitterness, go quietly on, not allowing criticisms so obviously unfair to have over-much weight with them. It would be just as fair to instance Judas as a typical apostle as to judge the whole nursing profession by the few regrettable exceptions who discredited their calling.

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THE question of premature burial is without doubt a grim one, and one which is advisedly raised from time to time. The number of persons who are now buried upon the statements of inexperienced relatives seems almost incredible when one considers the matter. It is, however, a fact that the intimation to a medical man that a patient whom he has been attending is dead, is practically an intimation that his visits are no longer required, and that the relatives will be much obliged if he will write the death certificate, a duty which he proceeds to fulfil, without verifying the fact of the death for himself. We do not, for a moment, mean to imply that any medical man would do this unless he had good reason to expect the death of his patient, but the fact remains that the large majority of persons are buried upon the evidence of unprofessional persons only. It is

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