

Song.

SOFT is the ground underfoot,
Soft are the skies overhead,
Green is the ivy round brown hedge root,
Green is the moss where we tread.
Purple the woods are, and brown;
The blackbird is glossy and sleek,
He knows that the worms are no more kept down
By frost out of reach of his beak.
Grey are the sheep in the fold,
Tired of their turnip and beet,
Dreaming of meadow, and pasture, and wold,
And turf the warm rain will make sweet.
Leaves sleep, no bud wakens yet,
But we know by the song of the sun,
And the happy way that the world smiles, wet,
That the spring—oh, be glad!—is begun.
What stirs the heart of the tree?
What stirs the seed the earth bears?
What is it stirring in you and in me
Longing for summer, like theirs?—
Longing you cannot explain,
Yearning that baffles me still!
Ah! that each spring should bring longings again
No summer can ever fulfil!

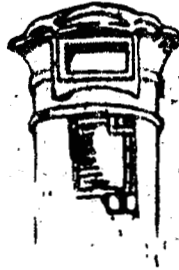
From Lays and Legends,
By E. NESBIT.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Westminster Sermons." By Canon Wilberforce.
"Porphyry and Other Poems." By Laurence Binyon.
"Studies in Brown Humanity." By Hugh Clifford.
"Islands of the Southern Seas: Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, and Java." By William Myers Shoemaker.
"France." By J. E. C. Bodley.
"Picturesque Sicily." By William Agnew Paton.
"King Circumstance." By Edwin Pugh.
"The Lake of Wine." By Bernard Capes.
"The Honourable Peter Stirling." By Paul Leicester Ford.
"Comedies and Errors." By Henry Harland.
"The Londoners." By Robert Hichens.
"Young Blood." By E. W. Hornung.
"Across the Salt Seas." By J. Bloundelle-Burton.
"Dearer than Honour." By E. Livingston Prescott.
"The Mermaid of Inish-Uig." By R. W. K. Edwards.

Coming Events.

- April 15th.—The German Hospital: Banquet at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole.
April 18th.—Festival Dinner of the Metropolitan Hospital, at the Hotel Métropole, the Lord Mayor presiding.
April 20th.—Festival Dinner, Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Hotel Cecil, Sir E. D. Lawrence, Bart., M.P., presiding.
April 22nd.—Royal British Nurses' Association. The last lecture of the present session by Miss Georgina Scott, on "The Recreations of Working Women," at the Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. 8 p.m.
April 25th.—The Duke of Connaught presides at a Banquet, at the Whitehall Rooms, in aid of St. Mark's Hospital,



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.

REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Your interesting reminiscences in last week's RECORD of your first visit to a hospital tempt me to tell my own experience. I was turned into a male surgical ward, and handed over to the sister. Half way up the ward was an old man, quite off his head, climbing up his pulley, evidently to escape, if possible, from the ministrations of the nurse; who was desirous of arraying him in a cleaner garment than the one he had on. "Oh!" said the sister, "you're the new pro., are you; well, we want you badly enough; do you think you can help nurse to change daddy's shirt?" I thought, under the circumstances, the task was one not unattended with difficulties, but I plunged into it, and between us "daddy" was induced to descend to his bed, and, eventually, to submit to the clean and unwelcome garment being put on. Such was my introduction to a hospital ward. After a dozen years of work, the sight of that old man up his pulley still comes more vividly before me than many a later scene.

Yours faithfully,
RETROSPECT.

BOXES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I notice in your reply to a correspondent last week, that you give as the reason for the size of the boxes required by nurses the fact that they take private clothes to their cases as well as uniform. Will you allow me to endorse this out of my own experience. I find that quite a small box is sufficient to contain enough personal linen, and uniform, even for a journey to the other side of the world, but of course, if once one launches out into other garments, three or four times the amount of luggage is required. It is not only dresses which require space—though these take up plenty—but all the etceteras, frills, furbelows and what not, to say nothing of coats and capes, hats and bonnets. A uniform dress, we all know, is folded by the laundress into a package measuring about one foot by ten inches, so that even a dozen take up a very small amount of space. However, if nurses are to be hooted because they wear outdoor uniform in the manner described by your correspondent last week, we shall have to reconsider our ways, and the committees of private nursing institutions will scarcely, I think, insist upon their nurses being compelled to submit themselves to public insult.

I am, Dear Madam,
Yours obediently,
A NURSE READER.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)