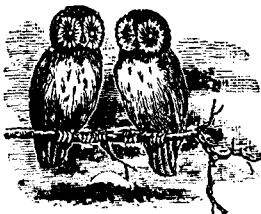


He was of opinion that there was no strong public opinion in favour of the Bill even amongst the working classes. He suggested that the Association should endeavour to introduce a measure which would receive a more cordial support from the medical profession. He would consult his colleagues, but he did not think he could advise the Government to support the Bill against the opinion of the medical profession.

We hope that the Government will take into consideration the fact that the interests of medical men and midwives, and the interests of men and women are not always identical, and that both require guarding.

### Matrons in Council.



THE arrangements for the First Annual Conference on Nursing, under the authority of the Matrons' Council, are progressing, and many of the members have intimated their intention to the Hon. Secretary of attending.

The following Papers have already been promised : (1)—“The Matron's Duty to her Profession,” by Miss Mollett, Matron of the Royal South Hants Infirmary, Southampton; (2)—“Specialism in Nursing,” by Miss Henrietta Poole, Matron of the Blackburn Infirmary; (3)—“The Training of Male Nurses, by Miss Maud Smith, late Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Bristol; (4)—“Home Hospitals,” by Miss E. Pell-Smith, Lady Superintendent of the De Montford House Home Hospital, Leicester; (5)—“The Nursing of the Middle Classes, by Miss Margaret Breay; (6)—“A Practical Standard of Nursing,” by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. The Committee of Arrangements have decided to give up part of the afternoon of the 16th inst. to short informal discussions on questions of interest, of which notice has been previously given. Miss Alice Wadmore, late lecturer to the London School Board on Hygiene in Finsbury, and Associate of the Sanitary Institute, will bring before the Conference “The need for Nurses to have some knowledge of (1) Domestic Sanitation, *i.e.*, Drainage; (2) Sanitary Law, *i.e.*, Infection and Disinfection.” One Member will bring the question of “Cycling for Private Nurses,” and another “Hospital Diet Kitchens” before the Meeting, so that already the Conference promises to be of real value to nurses generally. Members of the Matron's Council will be provided with white satin ribbon badges, inscribed: “Matrons' Council. First Annual Conference, June 15th and 16th, 1898, Member's Badge.” Members will thus be able to pass in and out of the Hall at will.

### Earth to Earth.

“These sudden deaths are terrible,” says some one, as the fact is made known in England that yet one more place in the ranks of the workers—all too few—in a distant foreign country is vacant. “It seems so dreadful, too, that the funerals have to take place so quickly.” So it does—to those at home. But when once one has lived in the tropics, one's ideas are apt to undergo a revolution on these subjects. How well I remember my journey out to Zanzibar—from Aden onward in a ship in which another member of the Universities' Mission and myself were the only passengers. The captain a rough, if below the surface, a kindly man, took a delight in telling me all the horrors—and they were many—which had occurred on the East coast of Africa in recent years, until I began to regard battle, murder, or sudden death as the inevitable end of every resident in Zanzibar. Was it the height of my ambition to be sewn up in a native mat and buried on the Island? he asked me one day, if not, I was no proper missionary. “Well,” I replied—thinking of a certain cemetery on a peaceful hillside in far away Somersetshire, where the sweet west country air ruffles the well kept grass, and whispers to the flowers which make bright patches of colour amongst the tender green, many things, which they no doubt understand, but which our dull human ears are unable to comprehend. “Well” I said “I am perfectly willing to be buried in Zanzibar, but if I had my choice I would *rather* be buried in England.” That was before I had lived in Zanzibar, however, and the beauty and simplicity of death and burial in the tropics had impressed me. Sudden death! Yes, very often. Yet who would not wish to die so? Is it not an ideal death, to work up to the last few days of one's life, and then to die in a well-kept hospital, receiving the greatest care and skill that medical science and devoted nursing can render, while the passing bell of the Cathedral—built on the site of the old slave market—pleads for the prayers of the faithful, black and white, for one's passing soul. Picture this end, and then think of a death at home, preceded, perhaps most frequently, by a wearisome illness of months of increasing pain and weakness, and of dependance upon others, till the sick man feels a burden on even the most loving of relatives, and longs for their sake that the end should come. Then think of most of the funerals at home, the dreary house, the undertaker's men, the unspeakable hideousness of our London cemeteries, the blackness, and the desolation of the whole service which seems a solemn mockery of the beautiful words of the burial service. “in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.” Again the sombre garments

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