## STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

Many requests have reached us that the all-important question of State Registration of Trained Nurses should be dealt with. Preparatory, therefore, to taking effective steps to organize those who are in favour of this form of legislation, we propose to insert every week a form for signature, which will be found among the advertisements on page vi., to enable our readers to record their vote for or against State Registration for Nurses. We most earnestly invite them to express their opinion by signing, cutting out, and returning the forms addressed to

## The Editor,

## NURSING RECORD, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, London, W.

Fac-simile slips for signature can be obtained on application to the same address, and London nurses who wish to do so can sign the form at the offices of the Registered Nurses' Society, 269, Regent Street, W., between the hours of 3 and 8 p.m.

In consequence of innumerable complaints, we would advise our readers in provincial towns to order their NURSING RECORD through Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstall at the Railway Station. In case they have any difficulty in obtaining it in this manner each week, we shall be glad if they will write a post card to the Manager, at the NURSING RECORD Office, 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.

## Good=bye and Good Morrow.

A few hours and another century of time will be added to those of the past, and amidst some regrets, added to those of the past, and amust some regrets, yet more joy, we shall welcome the advent of the great Twentieth Century, of which none of us will see the passing. For the life of man, according to the Psalmist, "is as grass, in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

The inspiring motive of life, then, should be Duty. A common motive is the hope of reward here or hereafter, but surely the noblest aspiration which can possess any human being is that he may perform the work which he was sent into this world to accomplish. Wearisome, And this is what we understand by duty. exacting, dull, it may oftentimes be, making demands upon our strength, our courage, our endurance, which at times seem more than we can bear. We peep into the bye-ways of pleasure, and note how easy the life seems there, how happy the lot of those who live in them. Yet who that has experienced the bracing effects of a life of endeavour would exchange it for one of ease and self-indulgence. Let us faithfully try to do our duty during the short span of life allotted to us. By-and-bye

> "Life's task well done, Life's prize well won, Then comes rest."

