

be the extremely simple one that his wife was unfaithful to him, which naturally soured him; and that he thereupon took to drink and neglected her children.

It all strikes one as wasted force; Ossa on Pelion. Mr. Capes can do much better than this if he is in the mood.

G. M. R.

Life.

I play with life on different days
 In different moods;
 Sometimes my wayward spirit strays
 In wonderful solitudes.
 Sometimes I seek the crowded ways
 Of the world's gay multitudes.
 Sometimes my soul is as fierce and mad
 As a winter sea;
 Sometimes my soul is brave and glad,
 And the hours are good to me.
 But often enough it is tired and sad,
 Poor waif of eternity!

By OLIVE CUSTANCE.
 From *Rainbows*.

Bookland.

Among notable books which are shortly to appear are the "Life of Dr. Martineau," by the Rev. James Drummond, some poems by Mr. Swinburne, stories by Mr. Kipling, biographical sketches by Mr. Bryce, and essays by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Frances Forbes Robertson (Mrs. Harrod), the sister of the distinguished actor, has written a novel, called "Mother Earth," which will shortly be published by a London firm.

What to Read.

"Selected Essays and Addresses by Sir James Paget." Edited by Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S.

"Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France: being the Story of her Life, her Achievements, and her Death, as attested on oath and set forth in the Original Documents." Edited by T. Douglas Murray.

"From Behind the Arras." By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny.

"The Winding Road." By Elizabeth Godfrey.

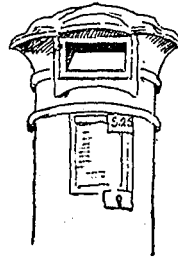
"The Shadow of the Czar." A Polish Romance. By John R. Carling. Illustrated by Edward Read.

"In Kings' Byways." Short Stories by Stanley Weyman.

"The Phantom Millions: the Story of the Great French Fraud." By T. P. O'Connor.

"Captain Macklin." By Richard Harding Davis.

"In Forest Lands: a Story of Pluck and Endurance." By W. Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M.



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.

"IS NURSING REALLY A PROFESSION?"

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I think all nurses who value ideals should be very grateful to Dr. Weir-Mitchell and Dr. A. Worcester for their helpful words to nurses on the above subject. If judged by the standard held up in those lectures, which you kindly publish, many of us fall very far short of really being professional people.

Miss Hibbard—I think truly—says:—"Nursing is an art, not essentially a profession; a work, not merely a calling; a science ancillary to the medical profession," and if we could keep these words in mind we should come a little nearer the mark than we do.

We sometimes hear nurses declare that they "never pet their patients." But surely a nurse who "never pets her patients" is not truly artistic in her work, and shows a great want of tact, for it has always seemed to me that there are some people who need petting, if they are to be nursed successfully. Patients are, first of all, *human beings*, and their human nature must be studied.

Nurses who regard their short three years' training as final, I should think are rare. A great many nurses of my acquaintance complain of their increasing ignorance, and say that the longer they live the more they distrust themselves. But I have known a few who "always did it so and always mean to do it so." This, of course, is foolish, for how can there be finality in anything human?

It was really a pleasure to me to read Dr. Worcester's high praises of the old-time nurses. I had part of my training from one of them, and shall never cease to look on it as the best part.

Some time ago you were good enough to publish the famous oath (or was it part only?) of Galen referred to. Perhaps it would not be out of place as following on those lectures, and be a help to your readers, if you could find room for it once more.

Thanking you in anticipation.

I am, faithfully yours,

ANOTHER OLD-FASHIONED NURSE.

[We think the reference must be to the oath of Hippocrates, which, in compliance with our correspondent's request, we have pleasure in publishing:—

THE OATH OF HIPPOCRATES.

"I swear by Apollo the physician, by Æsculapius, by his daughters Hygeia and Panacea, and by all the gods and goddesses, that to the best of my power and judgment I will faithfully observe this oath and obligation. The master that has instructed me in the art I will esteem as my parent, and supply, as occasion may require, with the comforts or necessaries of life. His children I will regard as my own brothers; and if they desire to learn I will instruct them in the same art without any reward or obligation. The precepts, the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)