

search of work we are so often met with, 'Yes, I should like to take up nursing, but this that you offer is nursing with all the romance and alleviations left out.'

"If I could but make you see, for one moment, all the satisfactions of a midwife's life as they have unrolled themselves to me during the last eight years! The independent, open-air, vigorous life, in close touch with the Eternal Verities; the keen, scented, early morning air, with the lark going up from under your feet as you hurry over the fields to some outlying cottage; the fragrance of the stocks and white pinks as you push the little gate, just visible in the coming dawn; the sick woman's note of thankfulness, 'Oh! nurse, I was so frightened, but I don't mind anything now you've come;' the calling forth of your whole faculties in the one effort to do all of your duty.

"Yet it is not for its attractiveness that I would recommend the life. As I have tried to describe it, it is a hard and self-denying one, and those who enter upon it will often be cold and tired and wet and fearfully anxious; but just because it is a post of danger and responsibility I have confidence that Englishwomen will be found ready to come forward and fill it."

Miss Gregory will be pleased to supply any details to gentlewomen desiring to take up the work.

We cull the following advice from a class address given by Miss Davis, People's Hospital, Chicago:—

"The key-note to good nursing is to put forth your best efforts with sympathy. Success in nursing depends largely upon our ability to overcome our own physical desires. We must be willing to give up many comforts—even needed rest, if necessary—when duty demands it for the welfare and comfort of those in our charge. We have entered upon a work dealing with human lives, and nothing should interfere with the rendering of needed services when required. It is no small undertaking, but a strong and vigorous constitution, toned down and balanced with moral character, will make us winners in our chosen profession.

"Perfection shall be our aim, our ideal; but let us not make the mistake of becoming despondent in not obtaining our ideals, for ideals cannot be attained. Lighthouses which are planted at the sea-shore serve as guides to passing steamers and prevent them from crashing against jagged rocks or mooring upon treacherous shoals, but they do not make good dwelling-houses. So our ideals of perfection—they serve to guide us in the devious pathway of life, but we cannot dwell in them. They serve to guide us to our best endeavours by illuminating our pathway and inspiring us to attain to higher levels.

"Above all, let us be happy. God made the

heavens and the great, broad earth, and placed us in it in order that we might be happy. By being happy ourselves, we make others happy. If we are not happy, it is our own fault and not our friends'. He who can be contented and happy under all circumstances and conditions possesses that which kings can neither buy nor steal."

There has recently been erected in the town of Galesburg, United States, a monument representing a nurse giving a drink of cold water to a soldier lying wounded on the field of battle. On the pedestal is the name "Mary A. Bickerdyke," followed by the one word "Mother." This monument keeps green the memory of a woman's splendid work. When the grand review of the army of the north was held in Washington, at the close of the American Civil War, the applause that greeted a woman in a calico dress and sunbonnet, riding on a horse with the men from Illinois, was as enthusiastic as that with which the leading generals were received. This was "Mother" Bickerdyke, the army nurse who went to the front with supplies for the soldiers, and stayed there to tend the wounded. When much-needed supplies failed to reach the camp, she went north and secured more. She accompanied General Sherman on his famous march to the sea, and at Memphis cleaned out a small-pox hospital while seven lay dead in the building. Indeed, she never thought of herself when there was something to do for others. The old soldiers of Illinois have decided to honour the memory of Mrs. Bickerdyke, and have erected the striking statue at Galesburg, the town from which she took the first supplies to the front.

The Bacterial Balance.

The *Medical Standard* reports the following lesson out of the mouths of babes and sucklings:—

"When the May and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow,' said the May baby.

"So does mine,' said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilised hands, through absorbent cotton, and kept at a temperature of forty-five degrees.'

"So is mine.'

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon drawn by a modified horse.'

"So is mine.'

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?'

"The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health,' he said, chuckling.

"The May baby laughed long and loud.

"So do I,' said he."

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