Treasurer Lord Arthur Hill. The object is a laudable one. We do not, however, notice the names of any well-known nurses amongst those of the Committee recently formed to promote the scheme. It is to be hoped that the assistance of such nurses may be secured, for it is manifest that it is essential to the establishment and maintenance of professional standards.

Many nurses remember Henley's lines descriptive of the type of the old and the new staff nurse at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. Mrs. Porter, the staff nurse of the old style comes in for a liberal share of praise, but to the new staff nurse, said to be Miss Logan—a broad-minded, cultured Scottish gentlewoman, the daughter of an old Leicht minister, who had reared her piously, educated her liberally, and, dying, left her unprovided for materially, but otherwise thoroughly equipped for her profession—Henley does scant justice, according to Mr. Roden Shields, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was also in his childhood, a patient at the Infirmary, and says of Miss Logan:—"He could not know her as I did. For over two years she was my foster-mother rather than a professional nurse. Although outside her proper duties, she used to bath me regularly, personally see to my food and medicine, and frequently carry me to her sitting-room for a change and to play with her collie. Again, on a rare occasion she would hire a carriage and take me for a two hours' drive, my garb on such emergencies being a half-blanket, a shepherd's tartan plaid, and a Glengarry bonnet. I remember the hysterical dry sob that would rise in my throat as we bowled along Princes Street, Miss Logan in a hackney carriage, but I in a chariot of fire rushing through Wonderland, wheels whirling in my brain, fresh air and bright sunshine bewildering me; feeling as a child only could feel who had been long immured in hospital. On other occasions she would carry me off to tea with Mrs. Porter or some other of the staff nurses or under-matrons. I often think I should have died had Miss Logan confined her attentions to me within the limits of her professional duties; but her love and sympathy continued when duty left off. She has spent her life doing what she could (which was a great deal) for the stricken ones among whom her lot was cast. Florence Nightingale had a wider sphere of duty and enormous difficulties peculiar to that sphere, but even she brought no rarer devotion, self-sacrifice, or sympathy to bear on her lifework than Miss Logan. So I venture to bracket those two heroines, Florence Nightingale and Mary Logan."

Mr. Shields describes Mrs. Porter as a rare old nurse of the old school, whose rugged kindliness and the skill of thirty years' experience inspired love, reverence, and awe in doctors and patients alike. The walls of her sitting-room were literally covered with photographs of former house surgeons, dressers, and students who had been contemporary with her during her thirty years' ministry. Massive, rubicund, jovial, capable, despotic, a Scottish amazon, fighting disease, baffling death with the sangfroid and good-humour begotten of perfect familiarity.

Mrs. F. O. Lasbry, in a contemporary, gives an interesting account of the Old Cairo Hospital. She says:—

Old Cairo is not, as one is apt to imagine, the old part of the city in the centre of present day Cairo, but a suburb three miles from Central Cairo and half an hour's journey out in the electric tram-car which passes the gate of the compound. Europeans have no object in visiting it unless they drive down to see old Coptic Churches—or the Mosque of Amru, where Amru's camp was pitched when the Moslems came into Christian Egypt—or Rhoda Island, where baby Moses is said to have been found—or the Nileometer, where the rise of the Nile has been measured for so many years. Until quite lately, when the new Nile bridge was commenced close to us, and some British engineers came to superintend the work, no permanent English residents, except the missionaries, were to be found in Old Cairo. Of the many hundred tourists who, bent on sight-seeing, drive past us, and read the black board with 'C.M.S. Medical Mission' painted thereon, comparatively few venture within the gates and ask to look round. Why not? Are they unsympathetic? By no means, but a missionary is an 'unknown quantity,' and must be carefully approached. You see, the term 'missionary' is a wide one, and may include a Senior Wrangler, a First-Class Tripos man, a University Blue, a prize or medal winning medical—the best fellow in the world—had a career before him, but now——.' It is also applied to 'that colporteur fellow' who is filled with zeal, but would be none the worse for a clean collar and a tidier coat. He is a very good fellow for all that, and has mended a good many broken hearts, and saved a man or two from suicide and worse, that *we* couldn't have tackled if we had tried.

But now let us suppose you are a visitor coming to see our hospital. First we will go over to the dispensary opposite, and see the out-patient wards also behind it.

Were those your converts I saw sitting outside in the road as we came in?' asks a voice. 'Oh, no!' I reply, strangling a laugh; 'those are the Egyptian anæmia in-patients.' They are not ill enough to be in hospital, but require special treatment for about a month to cure their disease. They sleep in two large wards behind the dispensary, are fed at the hospital and are taught every day, and when one goes to any of the distant villages from which they came these old patients form a friendly nucleus who will come and listen themselves and bring

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