

and, as soon as she is convalescent, exercise every day is of great importance. She should also take good, simple food.

There is a common tendency to overfeed the nursing mother. All that happens in such a case is that she suffers from chronic indigestion, and a mother suffering from this complaint is not able to feed her child properly. It is difficult at the present day to keep the diet free from foods which contain preservatives. These are pernicious. Few persons realise how many of the foods which they consume are doctored. Fresh English butter at 1s. 6d. a pound will contain boric acid, while smoked goods and tinned foods are frequently adulterated by preservatives. It is easy for a nursing mother to be poisoned by foods of this kind. Her diet should include wholesome bread, pure milk, fresh fish, and eggs, and good butter. Stimulants are unnecessary, and the ale or stout so often considered necessary for her is not only unnecessary but harmful. She, however, needs plenty of pure water. It is a mistake for her to drink large quantities of milk, but as much as she cares for naturally is not harmful. It is well to dilute the milk taken with an equal quantity of water, and then to add a tablespoonful of cream. It may be sweetened a little if this is liked.

Milk is always best given alone—never in combination with meat.

Another important point in regard to the nursing mother is that she should not be subjected to emotional disturbance, but should cultivate a placid and quiet condition. Great pathological changes may take place in the milk if the nervous equilibrium of the mother is upset. This applies not only to human mothers. A farmer knows that it is only necessary for cows to be frightened to spoil their milk supply; the maintenance of serenity is therefore of great importance.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Dr. Vincent showed some most interesting specimens by means of the epidiascope, a wonderful instrument, which is now used at the Medical Societies to throw enlarged views of microscopical sections on to a screen, after the manner of the old-fashioned magic lantern.

The Queen has given her support to the Santa Claus Christmas Distribution Fund, which for many years has supplied all kinds of nice things for poor children at this season of good will. On last Christmas Eve 450 voluntary workers were busy delivering 6,878 parcels at the homes of the children, who received gifts from the Society.

Musings of a Hospital Matron.

“LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN.”

There was a lovely far off day
I still recall, though life's rough way
Has dimmed my memory for past things,
For old time joys and wars and kings,
When you were Prince of Persia,
I, Sultan of Cathay!

High revel then we both did hold
With jewels and slaves and untold gold,
With steeds that bounded fierce and free
And lords that served on bended knee
The noble Prince of Persia
Or the Sultan of Cathay.

Our battles then were fierce and long,
Stout were our hearts, our swords were
strong;
Scarce would we cease to come to tea;
It was a joy to live and be
The lordly Prince of Persia
Or the Sultan of Cathay.

Alas, alas, those days are past,
Time spread his wings and flew so fast.
He tore us from our regal joys.
We left, for school and grown up toys,
The stately Prince of Persia
And the Sultan of Cathay.

Alas, for the stolid and unimaginative child that never peopled its young world with heroes and princes and dragons. Never rode to death or glory, generally glory, on the steed of fancy, that carries one so nobly and well through the world of high endeavour!

Do you remember the happy day when a rocking horse turned you into a valiant knight, when a good-sized field was a pathless plain, and the shrubbery a trackless forest, whilst all the Atlantic was in the pond across which you sailed your boat? It was a glorious time. No troublesome laws of time or space or possibility bound you; you were anyone you chose to represent; your surroundings were exactly what your fancy made them. If you said, for instance, that the poultry house was a baronial castle, it was one. The question, as Humpty Dumpty happily puts it in Alice in Wonderland was simply which was to be master—the words or you! And the best of it is that if you have once dreamt dreams and seen visions you seldom wholly lose the power. As through the illusions of childhood there runs the golden thread of truth and courage, so the golden thread of fantasy runs through the naked reality of your later years. There is a little girl moving through the pages of a journal at the present time acting heroic parts, but I

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