

Professional Reviews.

WE have received a book entitled "Problems of Nature, Researches and Discoveries," by Gustav Jaeger, M.D., edited and translated by Henry G. Schlichter, D.Sc., and published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The name of Dr. Jaeger is familiar to all in connection with the scientific clothing which he has introduced, with great benefit to a large number of persons; but he is perhaps not so well known as a writer of no common ability upon scientific subjects. To the literary and scientific the book before us is more than ordinarily interesting, but we doubt if there are many nurses who will devote their scanty leisure to the study of the zoological and anthropological matters treated of in it.

We have received a copy of a "Nurses' Report Book," designed by Miss C. M. Lühr, Matron of the Cottage Hospital, Potter's Bar. It is a satisfaction to us to be able to chronicle its publication as being designed by a member of the nursing profession. We could wish that we received more frequently, proof of the originality, and inventive capacity, of nurses.

The Report is arranged to last for three weeks, and appears to us to answer admirably the purpose for which it is intended; the front of each page is devoted to the day nurse's report, and the reverse side to that of the night nurse. Each page is so arranged that the amount of nourishment, stimulant, and medicine taken, can accurately be noted against the time of their administration. Provision is also made for the registration of the amount of sleep obtained, and also for that of the temperature, &c.

Copies of the Report may be obtained from Miss Lühr, price 9d. each, or 6s. a dozen.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. have submitted to us a Hymn in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Nurses. The words are by the Dean of Rochester, and the music by Mr. G. C. Martin. The poetical ability of the Dean of Rochester is well known, and the music is simple and likely to become popular. The Hymn will doubtless be used largely in churches where offertories are devoted to the funds of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute.

We have received a copy-book, designed by John Jackson, F.E.I.S., with the purpose of enabling those who aspire to the accomplishment to acquire "a free, rapid, and hygienic style of left-hand writing." The book contains full directions, and also grooved tablets for movement drill. It is noticeable that it is the first time that movement drill has been introduced into a copy-book. The book has been produced at the suggestion of Dr. W. R. Gowers. It is calculated to be of value to persons who desire for any reason to become ambidextrous, or who are unable to use the right hand. The designer hopes that it may be of use to clerks in enabling them to learn to write with both hands, and so rest one side of the body while the other is working. We imagine that the art, if learnt, might be a valuable one, but unless it is acquired in childhood, we doubt its being acquired at all.

Our Foreign Letter.

A GLORIOUS sun—the sun of lovely springtime—shining over Amsterdam, and the sun of glad expectation shining in the hearts of the patients of the Binnen-Gasthuis (one of the city hospitals). And no wonder! They are awaiting a visitor of high rank—of the very highest rank—a youthful and sympathetic visitor, our young Queen Wilhelmina. It is the first time that Her Majesty is to enter a ward where adults are nursed. Hitherto, during her yearly stay at Amsterdam, when paying a visit to her "Godchild," the Wilhelmina Hospital, she only saw the sick children, and, moreover, only those who were in a not too bad condition of health. The Queen-Regent, a most loving and sensible mother, thought her royal daughter of too tender an age to come so nearly in contact with human suffering and misery. But now, as a matter of course, her views on this subject are changed. Her beloved child is to be crowned next year as Queen of the Netherlands, and the wearing of a crown imposes duties that must be fulfilled—duties, aye, often hard and severe enough, for those who take life as an earnest thing, a stern reality, and not as a farce, of which the effect is to be heightened by mere tinsel, and show, and sham.

A Queen! How much this word involves! "King is *Kön-ning*, *Kan-ning*, Man that *knows* or *cares*," Carlyle says, in one of his splendid lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship. A Queen—a woman that *knows* or *cares*! How far-stretching the influence of a noble queen may be! And therefore we hail it as a happy omen for the future when we see our young Queen, the "pet child" of all the Dutch people, appearing as an angel of mercy, a consolation, pouring by her sunny smile joy and comfort, and perhaps for a short time forgetfulness of pain and sorrow, into the hearts of her sick and suffering fellow-creatures.

And this she has been doing lately. About two o'clock on an April afternoon the Queen-Regent, and Her Majesty the Queen, arrived at the hospital. It was especially the newly-built part that attracted their attention. The hall and corridors were tastefully decorated with flowers and plants, yet very simply, quite in harmony with the aim and destination of a hospital, a place where many pains and sorrows are healed, but whose walls are also the silent witnesses of many bitter tears, and many a hard and cruel struggle of life with death. The wards had their common aspect, no other decorations but the usual flowers and ferns, brought there by the kind "flower-ladies."

In honour of the expected visit of the Queen the "world-renowned" Dutch cleanliness maintained its old glory. The snow-white pillows and sheets, the perfect order and neatness, reigning everywhere, evidently made a very agreeable impression on the minds of the Royal visitors, who took a lively interest in all they were seeing. The matron, Miss Ulfers, had to answer many eager questions, addressed to her by Queen Wilhelmina, as to the number of patients, the hours of nursing, the training of the sisters, sick-nursing in general, &c.

For each of the patients the illustrious guests had not only some flowers, but also a kind word; and many a pale, care-worn face (the Binnen-Gasthuis, being a city hospital, is for the greater part destined for the poor) was brightened up by a smile, when

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