

scarcely perceived. Thus, with some insects which are both blind and deaf, the sense of feeling is so acute that they feel the altered motion of the air caused by the passage of some foreign body towards it, and will skip aside to a safe retreat, being able to locate the approaching danger sufficiently early to clear it. In other cases this sense of feeling is confined to actual touch, and although the *approach* of the danger cannot be felt, the *presence* of it is accurately known, and the insect can feel the actual touch of the foe, and yet jump aside and be quite clear from danger long before the touch can become a grip. Thus, nature, in her infinite wisdom and kindness, provides for all her children a means of escape from almost every danger. This applies equally well to the human race, but in order that we may be safe from danger, we are to keep our lives and thoughts clean and bright, so that when the danger does come, we can at once clear away safely.

Work is the universal law and it is by work, and work alone, that insects and animals can steer clear of these pests of parasites, and we ourselves, being of a higher grade, have greater obligations, and must wage a constant war, not only against physical, but mental and moral parasites, and must work hard to keep our protective armour bright. Trials we must have; in fact we could not do without them and be strong, and the storm is the test of the mariner's skill, not the bright, sunny days. We may ask ourselves the question, "What is my life, what good is it? Here I am slaving and toiling day after day, and for what end? All my life is a failure, and no one would regret if I were out of it!"

This is a question that comes to almost all of us at some time or other, and we can safely look to Nature for our answer. In this world alone, there are countless forms of life, each unknown to the others, and constituting a complete world to itself; for instance, all the life deep down in the earth have their world *there*, and know not ours till they die by being brought up into it; the same with that in the deep sea, and so with ours; we can only know the higher life by the gate of death through which we enter it, and it *may* possibly be another existence on this very earth, but in a phase we cannot in this life see. The insects in the ground, those above, those in the air and sea, all may be asking themselves the same question, "What are we doing? Of what use are we?" and yet man, having slightly superior knowledge, knows that this fighting and struggling for very life is keeping the

earth, air, and sea fresh and sweet and useable, and the poor silk-worm may well say to itself in despair, "All my life I am spinning, and as fast as I get something done it is taken away and I have to begin again; my life is only a failure," but that great impassable gulf of the knowledge of a different life will not let it see that its silk is woven into material for human covering, and is a great industry of a widely different sphere. Just so may it be with mankind. What is being done by us *may* be necessary, absolutely necessary, to some beings who are in a far higher life, and all our patient toil and earnest endeavours are needed and highly valued, and are actually being used by them with all thankfulness; and when, after all our toil, the results of our labours pass away, and we feel that all hope and sunshine has gone also, that, like the silkworm, we have to begin again at the beginning, it may be that what has been done is taken for this higher use, and is also an incentive for our rising to higher and nobler things, instead of resting and saying, "See what I have woven! I will now lie in it and be comfortable." This would be indeed selfish, when, as in the silkworm's case, more can be done, and if at this time, when all hope is gone, we can but think and feel that some nobler beings in a far higher life have benefited very largely from our work, and are still doing so, we should then be able to give all up gladly and start afresh, with a true and happy heart, even from the very beginning.

### The Nursing of Infectious Diseases.

We have pleasure in announcing that next week we hope to publish the first of a series of eight lectures to ward sisters, on the nursing of infectious diseases, by Dr. A. Knyvett Gordon, Medical Superintendent at Monsall Fever Hospital, Manchester, who has from time to time contributed to this Journal papers on kindred subjects, which are always much appreciated by our readers. Before he was appointed to his present position at Monsall, Dr. Gordon held appointments under the Metropolitan Asylums Board at the South Eastern Hospital, New Cross, and the Park Hospital, Lewisham, and many nurses who worked in these hospitals will no doubt hear with pleasure of the forthcoming publication of these lectures, which will be full of interest to all nurses.

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