

## A Popular Nursing Manual.

From the publication of the first edition of Dr. Lawrence Humphry's "Manual of Nursing, Medical and Surgical," it has always been a most popular one with nurses, and edition has followed edition with bewildering rapidity. The book appeared first in 1889, and is now in its thirtieth edition, which is thus at the rate of more than an edition a year. No greater proof of its widespread popularity could be given. The book is based on lectures given to the probationers at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, and deals with the management of the sick room in private houses, the general plan of the human body, and the diseases of the various sections, fevers, and the diseases of children, then operation and surgical cases are dealt with, and the management of children, many of the rules and directions for the nurses at the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, being given. A useful chapter is that on cooking for invalids. The book is published by Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co., Ltd., Exeter Street, Strand, at the very moderate price of 3s. 6d.

## Crutches to Help Cripple Children.

Under this heading, Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, Ltd., 4, Snow Hill, E.C., have issued a charming publication, the profits of which will be devoted to the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund. The cost is 1s., and all who read it are asked to bring it to the notice of their friends, so as to increase the circulation and thus benefit the Fund. The motive of the book is well set out in the following stanza of a poem by Florence G. Attenborough, on "London Cripples":—

"We, who have hands to grasp, and feet to tread  
With eager vigour, Life's exacting ways;  
We, who have strength to scorn the dullard days,  
And welcome years to strenuous music wed;  
Let us be strong to stave those sorely set,  
To arch a rainbow where the tears are wet,  
Born of two senses—Knowledge and Regret!"

## The Divine Engineer.

This world is like a train of cars  
With God as engineer,  
And we are only passengers,  
Who ride away from here.

The big red sun is the light in front,  
The green moon at the rear;  
The twinkling stars are signals true  
To show the track is clear.

The years—they are the whirring wheels  
That speed along the track,  
And often, oh—how often—we  
Have wished they would turn back!

This world is like a train of cars  
That goes away from here,  
And we are only passengers  
Who trust the Engineer.

## Our Foreign Letter.

### A VISIT TO RUSSIA.



"Are you there?"  
"Yes." "Do you speak German?"  
"Yes."  
"Will you go to Wiesbaden to nurse an

English lady there?" "Yes."

I ring off, and await the arrival of the lady, who promises to call upon me in half-an-hour.

She comes, and repeats the questions, but less sententiously. "Can you go to-night?" It was then 5 p.m., and the Continental train left Charing Cross at 5.35! Clearly impossible. "No, I will go to-morrow."

"I am so glad you have come; I am very pleased to see you." "Thank you; I hope you are better." I said lamely, for she looked terribly ill, and the prospect of being better seemed remote indeed. "Yes, I am," she replied as cheerfully as her poor thin worn face could express cheerfulness; and then she began immediately to contradict herself by telling me how ill she really was.

She was not alone, her husband was with her, and two young daughters, and they all thought that the arrival of the nurse meant rapid improvement and ultimate recovery! Such was the faith they were ready to place in me. Mr. W. was a cripple from paralysis; his right arm hung heavy and useless by his side, and he dragged the corresponding leg; he was, however, far from being a helpless cripple. I never saw anyone help him to do anything; he never needed it; he had learnt to do everything for himself, and several times, when I could not open a tin of Brand's essence with my two hands, he would do it with his one, and that the left one!

But what was even more astonishing, was his patience; he had never been known to complain, and he had then been nine years paralysed!

While lying quite helpless in the road, where he had been struck down, he had vowed that he would "have it out" with himself, and he did! He was a great smoker, and I have seen him strike match after match, holding the box between his knees, and throw them all away with perfect temper, until he had succeeded in lighting his cigarette.

And how would this self-contained patient, reserved man bear a great mental shock, I asked myself again and again; there was no cure for Mrs. W., and as the anxious weeks went by my fear on his behalf became as great as what I had felt for her.

Their home was in St. Petersburg, and when it became evident, beyond any doubt, that Mrs. W. was not regaining her health in Wiesbaden, to

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)