

## Thoughts from a Raspberry Patch.

Raspberries and Cream! How delicious! And at once visions are conjured up of shady gardens, warm with the summer sun, but somehow the picking of these luscious berries is not quite what one might call a delicious occupation, one gets hundreds of minute prickles with an occasional big scratch as one pushes the hand between the tall canes to gather a tantalising beauty. There seems no connection between berries and Paris; nevertheless, it was whilst raspberry picking in the quiet country with the twitter of the birds in my ears, and occasionally the lowing of the cows that these thoughts of Paris came to me. Perhaps it was the result of the numerous pricks and scratches which first started the train of thought comparing them to the snubs, jeers, ridicule, and the many other things which assail one as one strives after the perfect fruit. In a flash the Paris Conference came before my mind's eye. It was splendid! Every bit of the time was delightful, and passed all too quickly. That was the pleasure of enjoyment. Yes, it was "Roses, roses, all the way." But to go down to deeper depths, roses have thorns; and one's thoughts fly backward to Berlin, and still further to the day when Mrs. May Wright Sewall spoke so brilliantly on the International idea, and, glancing mentally over those years one knows that the beautiful seed planted that day has become a sturdy plant.

Thorns there have been, and are, as that grand, farsighted, patient, persevering gardener (Mrs. Bedford Fenwick) knows only too well, but she has tended her seedling faithfully and well, and has merited her reward. Yes! those early days were full of struggles, the promising plant received many cutting blasts; little shoots which were wondering whether to make an essay into the new world of Internationalism suddenly withered, and endeavoured to disfigure the plant. Sometimes a bud would fade, and oftentimes an enemy endeavoured to cut the roots. But in spite of cold blasts, and of disappointments the plant grew and flourished wonderfully until the most perfect bloom it has yet produced was culled at Paris in June last. Berlin was a pretty bud, somewhat eclipsed by the many gorgeous blossoms in that magnificent bouquet of splendid women who foregathered there from all quarters of the globe. Paris was a small but perfect flower from this still young plant of the Internationalism of Nursing.

If such things are the result of the past few years, what of the future? Dare one venture to peer through the veil, to strive to gauge the future products? Yes, I think so, because this plant is rooted firmly in the hearts of noble, unselfish women; it is tended unceasingly; every shoot is given the best position to encourage growth. What then may one hope for in the future—Stockholm? A larger and finer blossom

with many more petals all held together by a calyx of that marvellous sympathy which owns no articulate language, but which flashes from soul to soul by a hand clasp or an eye flash, which draws each nearer the other, giving both and all strength and courage.

That a leaf may fade, a branch wither, such things may be, and it will be sad, and make the gardener sorry; that pruning will in the future be needed is possible, but though cut back and even disfigured, yet the shoots will grow with increased strength and vigour, producing year by year more and more perfect blossoms to show again and again that it is Right and not Might which triumphs in the end.

Such a plant is everlasting; it cannot die; it will blossom on when we are dust because its soil is made up of Truth, Justice, and Righteousness; it is tended with loving, unselfish hands; no labour is spared; all is given willingly, freely, and of the very best; it is watered with love and enthusiasm for every leaf, petal, blossom, yes, and every thorn, for after all they are for its more perfect protection.

All honour and praise to the gardener who planted, and to those who weed, water, and tend this beautiful plant of the Internationalism of Nursing.

Certainly, raspberry gathering has wafted one off on the wings of Time; how heavy the basket has become, and one comes back to the practical and makes jam with the prospect of raspberries and cream for tea.

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## Practical Points.

Dr. H. Russell Nolan, Surgeon in Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases to the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, gave the following practical advice in the course of a lecture delivered to the Australasian Trained Nurses' Association.

Bleeding through the front of the nose is easily seen and its amount estimated, but when the patient is lying on his back even active bleeding may be unnoticed, because the blood may be flowing down the pharynx and the patient be swallowing it. Therefore watch for this closely after a nasal operation, and if in doubt and the patient be conscious look at the pharynx. Depress the tongue with a spoon or spatula, and if blood is seen trickling down the pharynx and reappears on wiping it away with a mop of wool, then you can conclude there is too much bleeding to neglect. Should the patient be unconscious you may notice him swallowing at intervals. This may lead you to suspect bleeding. Then roll him on to his side, with his head low down, and the blood will appear at the nose or mouth if he is bleeding, instead of going down his throat.

Sometimes pressure on the side of the nose with the head bent forward will stop it, especially if

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