

male hands whilst on the stormy waves, satisfied to know that when once more she arrives at home the rudder of her own ship will pass immediately back into her hands. But it seems that in America they are not content any more with simply controlling the home ship, but wish to be pilots in the true sense; and thus it has come to pass one of our own sex, Eliza Pool by name, and of Yankee origin, has obtained the official papers and is now an out-and-out one, her first trip being on board the S.S. Iris. Now comes the question, did she wear the pilot's dress, the sou'-wester and yellow mackintosh? and if she did, how did they—ever an important question with ladies—suit her? We are so accustomed to conjure up at the word pilot a mental vision of a stern yet kindly bearded face, that the thought of viewing instead a rosy laughing one, peeping out at us from wild blown curls, is to say the least of it disconcerting. It would, however, make a good subject for next year's Academy—I make the suggestion on the remote chance that any lady artist may read these pages—and it might be suitably entitled, "The Lady Pilot." At least it would have the claim of novelty, and novelty is the cry of the age.

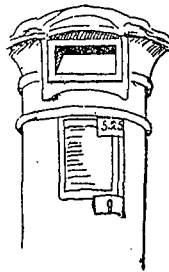
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MRS. ARNOT, the lady photographer, has lately opened a High Art Photographic Studio, at Montpelier Crescent, Brighton. She makes a specialité of life-size portraits, which are taken at once, and not only enlarged from smaller negatives. There are numerous photographers in Brighton, but she is the first lady who has opened a studio there; indeed as yet the business part of the photographer's art has been little patronized by women, though we have many clever amateurs. Maybe it is because it requires a good deal of capital to start such an enterprise, and so very few ladies have capital at their command.

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MDME. PATTI has, I hear, made £32,000 by her concerts in America. This comes of being popular. By-the-bye, what a strange thing popularity is! It always, to my mind, illustrates the sheep-like nature of men, and how they instinctively follow where one leads. Is it a form of hypnotism under a different name? None, however, more fully deserves popularity than the sweet voiced Adelina, with her truly marvellous gift, which attracts apparently as surely as a magnet, and which has proved to her a veritable philosopher's stone. VEVA KARSLAND.

A NOBLE purpose never leaves a man languid and inert. Its inspiration continues; it quickens the desires and strengthens the powers for new efforts.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.

MANNERS AND MORALS FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—In my last communication I spoke of the right behaviour of Nurses, more especially towards the profession they have to serve, that of the Physician and the Surgeon. It was rather a difficult subject, one in which stumbling blocks of offence are very likely to arise. I tried to make Nurses think clearly and simply about it, so as to order their manners accordingly. If once we are able to think rightly about any matter, the great step upward is taken; our actions then will grow gradually in harmony with our minds; from true thinking we can pass to true doing and speaking as our days go by. We must, however, have some stimulus to our thoughts. The good example of other lives is a great incentive for us. Reading and understanding well, and above all meditating on what we read, is a tremendous factor in our mind's culture, aiding us in the bringing of our thoughts into order. Experience, work, pain, pleasure, all we do and feel and say, all things around and in us, "heaving and weaving" in the rushing world, are influencing and making us what we are. We must work all these things in with our lives in order to make perfect our characters. Life has great lessons to teach us—"this golden tree of life." Let us gather fruit now from it; our eyes are clear while we can choose the good from the evil. Our manners, that is our speech and bearing towards those we have to work for and with day by day, must be founded on and ruled by two seemingly opposite points—(1) self-assertion; and (2) self-renunciation. By the first I mean the living of our own true, best selves, constantly showing what we are to others and turning all things to good account in our own development. Yet all the time not as "one striving and crying in the streets." We do not teach by doing that. We must have infinite gentleness and meekness if we would win souls to a "sweet reasonableness."

We must not say to others, "I think rightly," or "I try to perfect my character," but let them see it for themselves. At the same time, at proper seasons, when we are not in danger of casting our pearls before those unworthy of them, we must try to teach by words as well as actions. But do not attempt this until you are very sure that you have first learnt well the lesson yourself.

Self-renunciation must be our next great aim. "No man liveth to himself." What an immense responsibility this shows forth for each one of us! The power of feeling for others, sympathy, and the desire to endure all things for the sake of others, love, are the two golden gifts to men. Love is truly "the greatest thing in the world," the lord of all, for the whole world is "bound about his feet with golden chains." We must not give the same sort and measure of love to all—that is not meet; but we must try to give our sympathy and forbearance to all in full measure, for let us remember "Men exist for the sake of one another; teach them or bear with them."—Yours truly, A. CROOK.

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