

see them off by the steamer. The rest of the day was taken up in boating and fishing. Evening at the Gaiety Theatre. "East Lynn" was the drama acted. The company deserved a better stage for displaying their talents than the Gaiety afforded.

Fourteenth day.—The very jolliest one we had in the island. Having come across so many friends during our stay in the Isle of Man, we had decided to meet together in the Nunnery Grounds and hold a picnic. The day was beautifully fine. We paid a visit to the old Kirk Braddon Church. The churchyard is one of the oldest and most ancient burying-places in the kingdom. Druids, bold friars, mighty chieftains have been crumbling to dust for hundreds of years. There are some quaint epitaphs in this churchyard. One stone appears to have been erected sixteen years before the good man's death. We had a very enjoyable day. The usual incidents occurred which generally do happen at picnic parties. What laughing and jesting we had over our haphazard meals: only half the quantity of knives, forks, and spoons we required had been brought. The plates were used both sides, causing much laughter.

Fifteenth day.—We drove to Glen Helen and Glen Meay. Glen Meay is just the place where fairies would love to dwell. The falls, rocks, and the romantic shore are objects of intense admiration to artists and all lovers of nature.

Glen Helen and Rhenass Falls are well worth visiting.

Sixteenth day.—We were down early to bathe. After breakfast we walked to the famous Cloven Stones. There are ten stones in a circle, two of the stones having the appearance of being cloven from top to bottom; hence the name. The place is said to be the grave of a Welsh prince, who invaded the island and was slain by the natives. Human bones have been found near these stones. In the afternoon eight of our party were photographed whilst sitting in a boat. It made a pretty picture, having the picturesque Tower of Refuge in the background.

Seventeenth day.—Our last day in the island was spent in buying presents for our numerous sisters, cousins, and friends, packing-up, &c. We had a jolly evening, playing practical jokes on each other, which were thoroughly enjoyed. We indulged in those merry, though somewhat noisy games, musical chairs and blind-man's-buff. Finally we were quite worn out, and knowing how very early the steamer left for Liverpool, we soon retired to our rooms. In the morning we were up by six. What a scene of confusion! The piles of luggage in the hall! We had a somewhat hurried break'ast. We were, however, all safely

landed on board the steamer, which set sail about eight a.m.

It was a delightful sail, though the sea was rough, causing the waves many times to dash over us. We remained on deck, reaching Liverpool about eleven a.m. The remainder of the day I spent in Liverpool, arriving at the Hospital in the evening, where I was warmly greeted by my fellow Nurses, asking a thousand questions as to where and how I had spent my holidays.

Need I say how thoroughly braced up I felt after the complete change of scene and air I had had? It is two years since I have had a holiday, so much good did my visit to the Isle of Man do me. Many Nurses at my suggestion have spent their holidays in the Isle of Man, and were charmed and delighted with the island.

The cost of board and lodging, including the drives, visiting the various places I have described and many others too numerous to mention, can be done on an average cost of 7s. 6d. per day. Even a Nurse could leave London, having a ten pound note, with the assurance of meeting very pleasant persons and spending a delightful holiday, returning to her duties thoroughly braced up, never to forget the charming and romantic places she had seen in that beautiful island called the Isle of Man.

NURSING ECHOES.

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EVEN our excellent and most charitable contemporary, the *Charity Record*, has been aroused by the wrongs of the Nurses at the London Hospital. It is giving an almost verbatim account of the evidence given before the House of Lords, and this week has a capital article on the Registration of Nurses, and several comments on the London Hospital matter, especially the following letter, which is well worth reproduction, and so I give it here. Mr. Editor asks me to say that until now he has not been able to find space for the many letters he has received on this subject. But next week and afterwards he will open his columns to correspondence on this matter. And he wishes me to say, in reply to several questions, that he has no intention whatever of allowing the matter to drop. He has laid before the public the salient features of the case, and will now wait for a short



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