

with the Creator's laws, actuated in our intentions, and controlled in our actions, by the desire of doing what we think will be most pleasing to God, and taking as a standard the highest and purest system of ethics extant, as to what constitutes right and wrong in our conduct as man to man; and ever striving after the virtuous and shunning contact or companionship with the vicious." How often, oh! how often, "We long to use what lies beyond our reach, yet cannot use even that within us lies." But—

"Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it, that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realise our longing."

A friend of Nurses and Nursing writes to me thus, whose words I would take to myself: "There is a sentiment in every picture, however rude, that comes from the hand of a true artist. A cottage, with the smoke curling from its small chimney, losing itself in a clear atmosphere, may be either poetical or very common-place, according to the mind of the painter. All the correctness of tone, colouring, and perspective in the world are nothing, unless the poet's magic gives the whole that grace, impossible to be defined, but by all distinctly felt." Some trees surpass others in their fading time, even so, my dear sisters, may our lives surpass their fellows in the beauty and dignity of their last days.—Yours to serve,

THEODORA.

B.N.A. EXCURSION AND BADGE?

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

L. S. is very desirous of knowing whether the B.N.A. is going to have an excursion this summer; also if anything has been settled about a *badge*. For her part she would like a small medal (bronze) like the ones worn by the members of guilds; there are so many pretty designs.

[Perhaps our good friends of the British Nurses' Association may have something to say upon these subjects.—ED.]

A WRINKLE WORTH HIVING.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—A friend has kindly sent to me *The Canadian Advance*, from which I beg to transfer to you the following cutting, which might possibly interest some of your readers.—Yours faithfully,

SISTER JOSEPHINE.

WHAT PRODUCES DEATH.—Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He

is always the most irritable of all animals, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.—*Scientific American*.

OBSEQUIUM AMICOS, VERITAS ODIUM PARIT.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Permit me to ejaculate a fervent "Amen" to the sentiments expressed by Marian Humfrey in her letter which appears in your issue of June 19.

As "John Ploughman" observes, "Cheating in trade, cheating in religion, and cheating in talk must not be put up with any longer. There would be a great fall in sheep-skins if all the wolves were stripped; but stripped they ought to be, the rascals! Off with the trumpery finery of pretence. Show the smock frock, or the fustian jacket and the clump boots, and don't be ashamed. Let the gentleman (*professional or otherwise*) just come out and be honest; the change will do him a power of good."

Perhaps that remarkable calibre of Mr Burdett's is now in the glory of its "flowering" season. At any rate, in writing him some time ago he failed entirely to grasp my meaning, and forthwith wrote off to some other party, who knew nothing whatever about the matter, for an explanation. A clever personage at jumping to "bouncing" conclusions, truly! Of course I rent the veil, and so the whole plot became visible; and I would herewith earnestly caution the readers of the *Hospital* to beware of pitfalls.

"In these days," continues "John Ploughman," "it is hard to know who is who. Squire Glitters turns out to be a nobody, spending the money of everybody; Doctor Profundus has been smeared with a little varnish of learning, but knows no more than any other dunce; and the Reverend Mister Wild has no reverence at all, but thinks he has found out more of his own head than all the prophets and apostles can tell him. So there seems to be make-believes of all sorts. We want either new things, or else new names. We are now coming to call spoons spades, and poison honey. People will talk to you very prettily, and afterwards you will find that they mean quite the contrary. This won't wash." For

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

"Truth is eternal and unconquerable. It may be kept back for a time by prejudice and selfishness, but as the wheat plant, which the chilling frosts and snowstorms of winter have covered, is in due time brought to light in strength and beauty by the heat of the sun, so does truth rise above error in overpowering majesty."—Yours, &c.,

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

DISPENSING FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I would be much obliged if you would kindly give me information, by your correspondence column, as to the best place for studying Dispensing, and what would be the cost? What is the usual length of time taken in learning it, and when learned is it probable that a woman would obtain employment in England?

I already know of the London School of Pharmacy and the London Pharmaceutical Society as places for studying Dispensing.

I trust I am not troubling you too much. B. M. N. A.
[We are afraid our correspondent does not look through the back numbers of the *Nursing Record*. In our issue of May 8 particulars respecting Dispensing are given. There should be a fair chance of obtaining appointments in this country.—ED.]

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