



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.

We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.

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

CREEDS IN CHURCH AND CHAPEL; OR THE COMING CONFLICT.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Kindly permit me to accord to our noble friend, Miss Tyson, my warmest thanks for her frank reply to my letter. And as she has again ventured to challenge me I have no alternative save to accept the same, and will read her promised articles on "Religion in the Present Day" with interest.

In the meantime, may I take the opportunity of handing you the accompanying extract culled from the *Cambridge Express* of Nov. 1, entitled "Creeds in Church and Chapel"? The following passage is abridged from the lecture on this subject, recently delivered in Cambridge by Dr. Vance Smith, Unitarian minister: "Having spoken of the introduction of the Thirty-nine Articles in the time of Elizabeth," writes this correspondent, "and the 'assent' to them required by the clergy, the lecturer went on to observe, 'Thus it was settled more than three hundred years ago, in an age of comparative ignorance, in which people could massacre each other for heresy, as they did in France; when almost every one believed in witches, and people were sometimes burnt alive for witchcraft; in an age of bull-baiting, when many people, even of respectable position and possessed of property, could hardly read or write; when there were few books, not a solitary newspaper in existence, and scarcely an English Bible; when science and learning were in their infancy, and the wonderful powers and inventions of our later times had not yet been discovered, had not yet been dreamt of. The resulting position is therefore something like this—that long past age of most imperfect knowledge and wild superstition has been allowed to dictate its religious belief to the English Church of the nineteenth century, to educated Englishmen and Englishwomen of the present day, and they meekly submit to let others think for them, to allow the dictation and profess accordingly.' Well may a contemporary writer exclaim, 'How intelligent we all are!'"

Hush! tread softly, the great nineteenth century is dying! Who will undertake the grand and solemn task of composing a requiem in honour of this dear and illustrious departing monarch? For "what have you done for your generation?" we ask of each man as he turns to leave the stage. Then

"Haste not! let no thoughtless deed,
Mar for e'er thy spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might.
Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time."—GOETHE.

Believing then, as I do most firmly, this current religious system of ours to be trite, superstitious and misleading, the historic and despotic enemy of progress, I should consider myself unworthy of my stewardship and responsibility as a

citizen of the world were I to hesitate for one moment to assail it at all hazards, to fall out of the ranks of the orthodox; for I am no longer loyal to this huge and ugly monster, this disagreeable religious tyrant sanctified. And in remembrance of the hunger-bitten millions of my fellows, I will not, because I cannot, longer bow down and worship such an idol as this; "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

Catching the passing refrain of your correspondent, "Philosopher," as its cadence is borne upon the zephyrs, let me say, "Success again, we say, to the revolt against modern cant. May those valiant crusaders everywhere overturn the false gods and images to which society is offering prayers. May they set Christianity free from those accursed bonds by which state-craft, priest-craft, money-craft and *self-aggrandisement* have for centuries held her captive. Humanity has endured its debasing tyranny far too long; the hour has struck when it should be dethroned for ever. It has polluted whatever it has touched. Its myriad subtle sinister influences have forced their disease, mildew, blight and venom into the most holy scenes and associations." "The hope of humanity must be sought in regions far beyond the English religious fogland."

"Saints are few and far between." Quoting from Ingersoll, God grant it may one day be truly said of you and I, dear reader, "You have earned the thanks of all who really think you have hastened the coming of that day, when there will be found in the world's creed this at least—happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to try to make others so. And when that day comes, those who by thought or deed have added to the sum of human joy will be saints;" and on that calendar may there be found my *friendly oritio* A. B. Tyson's name.—Believe me to be, very sincerely yours,

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

THE BADGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—It is with the greatest interest that I peruse your good and kind friend, Miss Clayton's, contribution to your *Nursing Record*, and in reading her sensible and practical letter to you in a recent number I find it has given me very kind encouragement to continue my feeble efforts to answer each Post-card Examination from time to time, at which I feel greatly flattered. I am sure that all our Private Nursing *sisters* could do the same (for are we not a sisterhood?) if they would deny themselves about a quarter of an hour one or two days in the week out of their resting time, and I most heartily recommend them from henceforth to try and do so, whether they win the prizes or not.

I should think that the quickest and best way to settle the badge question would be that each Nurse of the B.N.A. should send to the Committee their idea of what they think it might or ought to be. Trusting you will pardon me for thus trespassing on your valuable time.—I am, yours faithfully,

EMILY SANDERSON, M.B.N.A.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTION FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—May I ask permission to echo and re-echo the sentiments expressed by your persevering and painstaking contributor "Obstetrica," in your issue of October 23, concerning "Clinical Instruction"? And although I cannot help thinking it possible for a Nurse to do much for herself in the matter of "Technical Education," for *clinical* instruction there should be some practical and reliable demonstrator; otherwise ill instead of good results must follow in the train of this omission. But there! I, too, must leave the thinking out of this vitally important suggestion to "younger and clearer heads than mine." Perhaps this matter will receive

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