

the technicalities of harmony and composition? Nothing of the kind. And Sir William Armstrong, has he made his big guns and ironclads without first having an acquaintance with mathematics, construction, and the force of velocity? No, no; all these splendid achievements are the outcome of ceaseless, patient, and persevering toil. "Gather up the fragments, and utilise your spare moments; for spare moments are like the gold dust of time."

"Sons of labour, keep on moving
Onward in the march of mind,
Every step their paths improving,
Leaving golden tracks behind;
Every soul-enslaving fetter
Burst, and break, and cast away,
That the world may be the better,
For your needs some other day."

"We have spoken of the gospel of work," observes Smiles; "let us speak of the gospel of leisure." "Without labour there can be no leisure," has become a proverb. Yet one may labour too much, and become habituated to work, and to work only, as to be unable to enjoy leisure. Men cannot rise to the better attributes of their nature when life is entirely filled with labour. Work is not quite a blessing when it degenerates into drudgery; for drudgery does not produce happiness or beauty of character. On the contrary, its tendency is to narrow and degrade it. Work is not the be-all and the end-all of humanity. It is not an end in itself, still less the highest good. It is a great thing, however, to be independent—to maintain ourselves and pay our debts out of our honest labour. Everything has to be taken with moderation. Work is good and honourable, not so much for itself as for higher objects—for the cultivation of the mind, for the development of higher powers, for the due enjoyment of life."

"Oh, for more sympathy with the natural world!" writes Talmage. Then we should always have a Bible open before us, and we could take a lesson from the most fleeting circumstances, as when a storm broke over England Charles Wesley sat in a room watching it through an open window, and, frightened by the lightning and the thunder, a little bird flew in and nestled in the bosom of the sacred poet, and, as he gently stroked it and felt the wild beating of its heart, he turned to his desk and wrote that hymn which will be sung while the world lasts:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

One word, in finishing up, to the laggard and the trifier. You may not believe in the great co-operative movement instituted by the enterprising and valiant B.N.A. We can't help that. You have a perfect right to your own opinions regarding it, but for the sake of all that is beautiful and true don't join the army of its detractors; don't hinder the work. Stand clear, and we will thank you for a clear passage to march on to greater conquests in the future. If we would, all of us, only get the main idea of what God expects us to do in the world engraved upon the tablet of our hearts, and not quibble over minor details, as to what *we* think right and proper, the masses would be reached, the chasm would be bridged over which now divides class from class, crime would be lessened, misery reduced, and happiness increased.

Soldiers, I would remind you, must needs fight. This is their business, and no one is surprised to hear of a man who wears Her Majesty's uniform being wounded. Then are the soldiers of the King of Kings to escape cuts and bruises? Is the nursing uniform to wholly escape a shot or two now and then? Assuredly not. Be not deceived; if any man will come out from among the giddy and self-seeking multitude,

resolved to stand side by side with the Word's Redeemer to lift men up, his very Christianity will *make* his sorrows.

Finally, let us be definite in our endeavours to reach others. And in doing so, in our efforts to rise equal to the world's need, reputation, purse, feelings and even friendships will sometimes have to suffer. If an easy life is desired, some other profession than a soldier should be chosen. "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Indeed, "no man need fear that old tyrant, *public opinion*, if he has right on his side. Those who will investigate are plentiful enough, and have moral courage to support those who do what they think is right."

And now I will bid *Au revoir* and subscribe myself, Yours to serve,
THEODORA.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Mr. Editor,—Through the medium of your wide-spread paper may it induce a few willing workers, both ladies and gentlemen, to assist in a street collection, with the aid of a street organ, on Hospital Saturday, July 12?

The work is a work of love for the sick, and a truly deserving one. Any lady or gentleman desirous of helping, would they kindly communicate to—Yours faithfully,
23-5, Gresham Street,
London, E.C. F. G. HUGHES.

P.S.—As a meeting would be necessary for suggestions, &c., early replies would be deemed a favour.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS' COMMITTEE ON HOSPITALS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I do hope one of your representatives is attending the House of Lords' Committee on Hospitals. According to the evidence of the Secretary of the London Hospital on Thursday, not a single Nurse has been *dismissed* from that Institution during the last two years and a-half, and all departures made in consequence of pointed but unofficial *hints* from the Matron are regarded as voluntary resignations. Such delicate consideration for the reputation of the Nursing profession should certainly not pass without notice.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
E. M. HOMERSHAM.

24, South Villas, Camden Square, N.W.

[We can assure our esteemed correspondent that the statements made at the Commission have not by any means escaped our notice.—ED.]

ANTISEPTIC SWABS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—Will any of your readers kindly inform me where I can obtain the Antiseptic Swabs recommended in your paper some time back for midwifery purposes, and oblige?—Yours gratefully,
NURSE MARIAN, M.B.N.A.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * May we ask all those who desire to obtain information from us to please, before sending in their queries, kindly look through the BACK numbers of the "Record" to see whether the questions have not been dealt with before?

"One who has been a Sufferer" is thanked for her communication, but pressure upon space prevents our giving it insertion.

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