

An Act providing for the payment of pensions to public school teachers and creating a public school teachers' pension fund.

An Act providing for the support of public kindergartens, making kindergartens a part of the public school system.

An Act establishing a standard of weights and measures, and providing for a State superintendent of weights and measures.

The net container Act providing for an indication on the label of the net quantity of foodstuff in a container.

An Act providing for the State Registration of Nurses.

An Act providing for cases in which a married woman may sue and be sued separately from her husband, as when her separate property, her right to homestead property, &c., is concerned.

Mrs. Garrett Fawcett (the President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies), wrote later to thank the *Times* for printing this series of articles, and said: "It is the most splendid vindication of the wisdom and righteousness of enfranchising women which any newspaper has yet made public Most of the actual facts cited were no doubt already familiar to suffragists, but your pages reach a public which does not listen to us; they may even reach Mr. Asquith, who not long ago said that he had yet to learn of any public advantage which would result from the enfranchisement of women. If he will read page 13 of your 'Supplement' of December 31st, this *lacuna* in his political information will cease to exist. I thank you, Sir, for having given all suffragists a New Year's gift of unique value."

THE POET OF HUMANITY.

On the 25th of January, one hundred and fifty years ago, there was born in an humble cottage near "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the child who has been destined to grow in the love and honour of Scottish men and women, until the name of Burns has become a bond between "Scotia's Realm" and "Beyond the Seas." The passing of time has not enfeebled the purpose of his *métier*, nor the limits of principalities and powers the spread of his influence. Burns has become "the poet of Humanity."

Times have altered many conditions of life and ways of looking at events and things—but the power of Burns to touch the human heart is the same to-day as it was at the close of his short and troubled life.

To-day we have the "Unco Guid," and even—we say it boldly, because unfortunately we say it truly—"Holy Willies" among us. We have "Quacks of State" in our day, who "must each produce his plan"—none of which, needless to say, includes "*protection*," the foremost right claimed by Burns in his "Rights of Woman." "The Deil," although not such a *personality* as in the Scotland of a hundred years ago, is—

" neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur "
in our midst.

There are many abodes still too common in the experience of nurses, where—

" Auld baudrans by the ingle sits
And wi' her loof her face a-washin,"

is an example of trig propriety to wives, such as "Willie Wastle's."

In all his writings, there are perhaps no more beautiful verses than those addressed to a field-mouse, on turning up her nest with his plough. His greatness of mind and heart could enter into the cares and distress of a mouse :

" I am truly sorry Man's Dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle,
At me thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal."

Of the many songs of Burns, probably none are more widely-known than "Oh! Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," set to music by Mendelssohn; and "Auld Lang Syne." The former was addressed to Miss Jessie Lewars, who nursed the poet during the last few days of his life, and afterwards carefully tended Mrs. Burns and her stricken children. When the old year dies, friends clasp hands and sing :

" For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

When Burns wrote the song, conviviality was boundless—indeed a vice—in Scotland; but the "pint stoup" was not filled with whiskey. In earlier days it was used for the red wine of France; and in the time of Burns, chiefly for ale. Although couched in what may be called drinking language, there is no finer sentiment than that expressed in the last verse of the song—for the "pint-stoup" was the measure demanded by duty and honour—

" And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,"

means "You will do your duty, and I will do mine"—in these days a good motto for nurses who have to save the profession to which they belong from being dragged through filthy mires. Burns was a strong believer in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong; but he knew that right had to be fought for. We know that in the retreats of our enemies :

" The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter."

E. A. S.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Cherish your body, for God made it great,
It holds a guest of might and high estate,
Keep the shrine holy, handsome, high, and
whole,
For in it lives God's guest—a kingly soul.

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