

"I have nursed over 200 general cases of serious illnesses, besides many hundreds of minor ailments not worth his attention, yet preventive in every sense of the word.

"No nurses from the South would ever stay here unless they had a small nursing home. The work in winter is almost superhuman. Once I took four days to go seventeen miles in the big snowstorm of 1906. I have had to ride on horseback hundreds of miles in my time here over bogs and along frozen mountain paths in the dead of night. Twice I came home fifteen miles, only to go back to another case seventeen miles away the following day. Now there are fairly good roads where seventeen years ago there were only tracks. I was on horseback once for four hours in a deep snow, and snowed up for two weeks after I was free to come home several times. May all your splendid battles for State Registration soon be crowned with success. If I had my time over again I would have the three years' training and join in the battle. But I shall have to give up this hard work as I am now finding it too much for me. I have taken THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING for seven years. Three of us share it and I got my niece, fever nurse for the county, to take it also. I have a very pretty house of my own here, left me by a sister. It is situated in a lovely spot, so when I am able to visit patients daily from home it is a very great pleasure to enjoy the comforts of home. The country up here is most beautiful in summer, lovely brown hills, and wooded glens, and straths. In winter, too, the great white snow-covered mountains are grand to look at. Far out among them I see troops of deer. I have seen several ice-floods when the frozen rivers have broken up and swept down, tearing great boulders of ice and soil from the banks and hurling them along in the flood. Yet next morning the sun would be shining gloriously over the great mountains. I hope I am not wearying you, but I thought you would like to know how we work up here."

It seems to us that "we work up here" in a very fine spirit indeed, and we hope for the sake of the patients that this heroic nurse may have health to care for them in their need.

PRESENTATIONS.

In the course of a local sale of work held at Stedham Rectory, Sussex, a cheque for £115 was presented to Sister Eliza in recognition of her work as nurse in the district for the past twenty years. Mrs. Wills, who made the presentation, spoke appreciatively of the high esteem in which Sister Eliza was held and the manner in which her services were appreciated as evidenced by the fact that in many cases the contributions to the present testimonial were entirely unsolicited.

Nurse Boswell, on the occasion of her leaving, has been presented by her old patients and friends in Kilmany district, N.B., with a gold watch bracelet and a week-end bag.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"COURT LIFE FROM WITHIN."*

The purport of this most interesting volume is explained by its royal authoress in the words of the introduction. "Court life," she says, "is hedged in by many restrictions." To members of royal families, other than those who are actively engaged in the duties of rulership, "life is little more than a round of useless ceremonies, from which a mind with any pretence to independence flies in relief—does opportunity occur." She tells us that after her marriage she visited practically all the Courts of Europe, and has given her impressions of her visits and the rulers of Europe. "I am," she says, "democratic in my sympathies, and consider the day has gone by when royalty should live behind closed blinds. We are all brothers and sisters; let us know one another better."

The Infanta has certainly done her best in this volume to let in the daylight, and on her own showing, even as a child, she must have been a considerable strain on royal etiquette and dignity.

For instance: "There was a maid sleeping in our room at night, and I did not wish it, as much perhaps, because she snored, as because I wanted one room to ourselves. I dragged my bed into the corridor every night, until they gave me a room to myself, in which I could at least sleep without being guarded. I would not wear tight clothes, and I put my hand down inside my waist-band when they were dressing me. In this way I avoided many tiresome affairs of ceremony which I disliked."

At school, when vexed, she wanted to strike a nun. She was told that it would be a double sin, and that no one could strike her because she was royalty.

"Then," I said to myself, "as long as I live, I shall never have a good fight."

Similarly she refused to be awakened on a night journey, to greet the crowds assembled at the station.

"I rebelled, my mother insisted. 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll make silly faces, and they'll think you have an idiot for a daughter.' My mother was furious, but she knew I would do it, and I slept."

The beautiful young wife, Mercedes, of her brother, the King, lost her life, "after a miscarriage that resulted in blood poisoning, from some bungling of the doctors. They treated her for typhoid, till a putrefaction had set in that no treatment could retard. For all this, I now blame the state of medical practice in Spain. In a country where education is wholly in the hands of the religious orders, and the hospitals in the hands of the nuns, there will neither be a good supply of medical students nor opportunities for them to perfect their studies under satisfactory conditions."

* By H.R.H. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain. Cassell & Co., London.

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