

## NURSING ECHOES.

The Queen has consented to become patroness of the West Ham and Eastern General Hospital, Stratford. The hospital will be known in future as Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End.

This will greatly encourage the Matron and nursing staff, all of whom are earnestly engaged in maintaining a very high standard of nursing, and we hope it will bring financial support to a hospital greatly needed by the very poor.

We are informed that the Imperial Nurses' Club will be opened very shortly; premises have been taken at 137, Ebury Street, S.W. (about four minutes' walk from Victoria Station), and it is hoped to announce the date for the formal opening, with further particulars, with as little delay as possible. It has always been the intention of the promoters to have the Club located in the S.W. district—we presume for some good reason, but it appears to be placed some distance from the centre of London, though no doubt in these days easily accessible by bus and tube.

We referred last week to the splendid Club for Nurses in New York, which is the most wonderful place of its kind. The founders of the Imperial Nurses' Club in London cannot do better than accept the ethical standard of its committee as their example, as expressed in the following message from its Chairman, Mrs. N. Bowditch Potter.

## THE MESSAGE.

To the nursing profession, each member of the community, sooner or later, owes a debt of gratitude which it can ill afford to neglect, yet which it can with difficulty repay. As a token of appreciation and faith, the public offers to the nurses of New York City this building, with the affection of many friends and in the hope that it may long stand as a centre of rest and refreshment to many generations of nurses; that within its walls they may never fail to find that physical rest, mental refreshment, and spiritual renewal so necessary to those who are called to give themselves unsparingly—and, when the call comes, recklessly—to those who suffer and who die. May the Club ever hold before its members that high ideal of the profession which lays emphasis on the fact that its work is not a business, but a vocation, to which, when a woman is called, she dedicates not only her abilities and skill, but her character and life, with the true self-forgetfulness of those who serve. To look back across the years and to see many noble lives heartened for their task, standing as a promise of other lives to come, will be sufficient for those of us, both within the profession and outside

of it, who have laboured to bring this Club into being, and to hold it true to its great Christian ideal, as its steadfast purpose, an unalterable vision.

Miss Beatrice Harraden takes a very real interest in the happiness of nurses, as she knows the value of their skilled attention in sickness. Every nurse has read, many with tears, her beautiful "Ships that pass in the Night." A new work from her pen will be welcomed in the nursing world, and we are to have it next week, under the title of "The Guiding Thread," which is taken from Walt Whitman's "Birds of Passage":—

O, the blest eyes, the happy hearts  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,  
Along the mighty labyrinth.

Serious fires have during the past week broken out at Wrest House and famous Glamis Castle, in both of which were sick and wounded soldiers. The nurses as usual showed great self-possession, and at Wrest helped to carry out the cot cases, and happily there were no casualties, though no doubt it was a nerve shock to all. It means nurses must redouble their efforts to do all in their power to minimise the chance of fire in houses adapted as hospitals, and should warn their charges to use the utmost care when matches are struck.

Miss C. C. du Sautoy, who has recently been working in the *Hospital* office, has, we believe, resigned, as, we are informed, she did not find a journalistic connection with a proprietary paper for nurses all that fancy painted it. Personally we cannot imagine it possible for a professional woman to find any satisfaction in being attached to a publication which has for years opposed so bitterly every just aspiration of the nursing profession.

## ANN WORLEY,

3 years old.

1653.

In quiet sleepe here lyes the dear remayns  
Of a sweet Babe, her Father's joye and payns.  
A pryttye Infant, loved and lovyng, she  
Was Beauty's abstract, Love's Epitome.  
A lytle Volume, but devine, wherein  
Was seene both Paradyse and Cherubin.  
While she lived here, which was but lytel space,  
A few short yeares, Earth had a Heavenly face.  
And dead she lookt a lovelye piece of clay  
After her shyninge soule had fled away.  
Reader, hadst thou her dissolution seene  
Thou would'st have wept had'st thou this marble  
beene.

*On a Child's grave in Reigate Churchyard.*

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