

BARLEY WATER.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly permit me, through your valuable paper, to thank Messrs. Keen, Robinson, and Bellville for a most useful present which I received on the 16th inst., consisting of a 1lb. tin of patent groats and 1lb. tin of patent barley? I have tried both, and I can only regret that I have not heard of the patent barley before, the excellence of which renders praise from me useless. It can be prepared with such cleanliness and ease. I should advise everyone in connection with the sick to try it.—

Yours, &c.,
HELEN BENNETT,
A Hospital Ship's Nurse.
Hospital Ships, Long Reach, Dartford, Kent.

BADGE OR NO BADGE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—I am pleased to see a revival of the badge question in your last number, and I sincerely hope the Committee of the B.N. Association may in good time institute a badge, the possession of which shall be a token of Membership. True, we have Members' certificates—things rather too precious for frequent exhibition, as liable to be lost or stolen.

Now that Nurses on duty travel into all parts, occasionally unprotected, and subject to many vicissitudes, it might be an advantage that they wore—conspicuously or otherwise—a badge of their Membership in an Association now becoming so widely known.

Men when travelling abroad generally carry with them some token of identity, either as Freemasons or members of a club; whilst nuns, when overtaken by accident or illness, can always be traced back to their Sisterhood; but a Member of the B.N.A., when deprived of her papers, has no token for reference to the Association. If I might suggest, a small bronze medallion, with number of issue deeply engraved on the back, would be sufficient; the number, with name and address of the Member to whom issued, to be entered in a book kept for that purpose at the office of the Association, to which entry might be added the number of the Member's certificate; the medallion to be returned in case of death or resignation of Membership.

It will occur to many of your readers that certain and speedy identification of our Members is desirable, as well for their protection as for the interests of the B.N. Association.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
G. R. A., M.B.N.A.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Dear Sir,—My sister, who was appointed by the Government to Nurse in the Military Hospitals in India three years ago, writes: "I wish the B.N.A. would start a badge for its members. You cannot think what a difference these things make out here, as some of the Nurses who come have had very little training. I think a Maltese cross, with the letters, B.N.A., in the centre, would be nice."—I am, yours faithfully,
M. H.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Dashwood.—We are strongly of opinion that ladies should be on the House Committees of our Hospitals, especially where there is a Nursing School attached. The recent revelation of abuses in the management of more than one large Hospital demands this reform, and we doubt not it will soon be inaugurated. Men are so utterly ignorant of ordinary domestic matters, that it is absurd to expect them to supervise such successfully.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—JUDY'S VISIT.

THE very first morning after the expiry of the fortnight, when I was in the kitchen with Sarah, giving her instructions about a certain dish as if I had made it twenty times, whereas I had only just learned how from a shilling cookery book, there came a double knock at the door. I guessed who it must be.

"Run, Sarah," I said, "and show Mrs. Morley into the drawing-room."

When I entered, there she was—Mrs. Morley, alias Cousin Judy.

"Well, little cozzie!" she cried, as she kissed me three or four times, "I'm glad to see you gone the way of womankind—wooed and married and a'. Fate, child! inscrutable fate!" and she kissed me again.

She always calls me little coz, though I am a head taller than herself. She is as good as ever, quite as brusque, and at the first word apparently more overbearing. But she is as ready to listen to reason as ever was woman of my acquaintance, and I think the form of her speech is but a somewhat distorted reflex of her perfect honesty. After a little trifling talk, which is sure to come first when people are more than ordinarily glad to meet, I asked after her children. I forgot how many there were of them, but they were then pretty far into the plural number.

"Growing like ill weeds," she said—"as anxious as ever their grandfathers and mothers were to get their heads up and do mischief. For my part I wish I was Jove—to start them full-grown at once. Or why shouldn't they be made like Eve, out of their father's ribs? It would be a great comfort to their mother."

My father had always been much pleased with the results of Judy's training, as contrasted with those of his sister's. The little ones of my Aunt Martha's family were always wanting something, and always looking careworn, like their mother, he said, while she was always reading them lectures on their duty, and never making them mind what she said. She would represent the self-same thing to them over and over, until not merely all force, but all sense as well, seemed to have forsaken it. Her notion of duty was to tell them yet again the duty which they had been

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