

act of ungraciousness and injustice is quite consistent with the usual acts of the Nursing Department of the War Office towards the members of the Service; it is also quite in logical conformity with the spirit of the notorious "Serf Clause." But are the Sisters learning nothing from the many signs of the times? Divine discontent is a virtue, and they should break the fetters that bind them, and by combining assert their self-respect for the honour of the profession to which they—during this war—have added lustre. Let the whole question be considered on the basis of *esprit de corps* rather than of individual complaint: in the spirit of "and whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it." I most heartily second your suggestion of a deputation to the Minister of State for War; it would be a fine advance movement.

BEATRICE KENT.

#### A NURSES' SANATORIUM.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Having heard of your scheme for providing a sanatorium for nurses, I am writing to say that I am suffering from tuberculosis developed from influenza, being run down after five years' hard work in military and other work. Am now obliged to come to a public sanatorium, and have been thinking how nice it would be if nurses had a sanatorium they could call their own, so naturally think your idea a splendid one. Nurses realize the seriousness of this disease and do not want to hear it discussed all day, as happens now. They long to get away from other patients and not be so restricted to rules which perhaps might be arranged, for they should know what is good for them.

Nurses are now returning from different parts of the world, after having worked hard for the sake of our country and brave men who have fought for us. Many of them, through being run down, find they are suffering from this terrible disease, and, I am sure, would benefit and be much more happy if they had a sanatorium of their own to go to.

Hoping something can be done.

Faithfully yours,

ONE OF THE MANY.

DEAR MADAM,—Having read a letter on the above subject in the B.J.N. of March 15th, I have been wondering if nurses really need a sanatorium for themselves. Are there no other working women who would also like "peace and quiet" after their work?

Personally, I think intercourse with people with different interests and doing different work is most refreshing; also "constant noise" is not to be found in a well-conducted sanatorium, even if it is a public one.

I have spoken to many nurses on this subject, and have never met one who wished to go to a sanatorium for nurses only.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE LLOYD.

Bramblewood Sanatorium.

[We have received reports from several nurses who have been in public sanatoria. One and all complain of the constant and ceaseless noise. One a frail young Sister, just home from four years' war work of the most arduous kind, was set to sweep the ward. How about the *dust*? Manual labour out of doors is permissible, but dusty housework, which so many women patients are set to is not only unsuitable, but dangerous.—Ed.]

#### HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A GHOST?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I was pleased to see Miss Tatham's letter in reference to the ghost theory. She is quite right in assuming that I relegate all apparitions to magnetic influences on the sub-conscious mind. And this is because I do understand a ghost to mean a disembodied *human* entity, though not permanently disembodied.

However, I do not consider the ghost has any need to "draw round itself a more or less materialised body"; the effect of its presence resting wholly upon the mechanism of the receiver or the physical medium of the brain.

I believe that ghosts are more common to mankind than the majority of people realise, but they are oftener felt than seen, and only the extraordinary cases are ever noted. The more vivid effects can only occur when the sub-conscious mind itself becomes temporarily disembodied through sleep following upon deep meditation, or through exhaustion of the physical processes due to the strain of unusual emotions.

I cannot bring myself to believe in visits from the dead.

Miss Tatham seems to think that it is "reasonable to suppose that our first thoughts on waking on that other side will go out to those we loved in our earthly life." That is what many people wish to believe, and, of course, what no one can tell, but I do not agree that the supposition is "reasonable," because it is assuming that we shall still have *thoughts* on that other side, and thoughts are merely the production of physical processes in the brain. We know the body of our friend lies cold and unresponsive; yet we try to imagine that the beloved soul is somewhere near us with physical attributes ready to yield to our physical desires. That may be because we cannot grasp the distinction between the spiritual and the physical even in our own personality.

Thoughts, remembrances, love and desires belong to the body. Attainment may be attributed to the soul, and we might regard the soul as an element borrowed from the vastness around us. When we realise that we all borrow from the Supreme Spirit a similar element, and that the difference between us lies in the quality of the instrument (the brain) provided for the soul's expression, we learn to give more freely of what we possess for the common good, and receive with more appreciation our share in the gifts of others.

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