true to your womanhood, so that you may never sink in self-respect. It has been said that brutal crimes are seldom committed in a clean shirt. I am sure the purest virtues do not flourish under a dirty one. Be obedient, kindly, courteous, and above all courageous. Keep the rules because you are in honour bound to do so, not out of fear or self-interest."

I wish you could have seen her, Jean. I am lost in admiration at the contour of her beautiful head and throat and her marvellous enthusiasm.

"I think, Sister," I answer, "if I stay in your Ward it will be quite easy to live an ideal life example is so inspiring. But I am terribly human; and outside, if things are wrong, false, unjust, is it right to bear it without a protest to connive at it?

Then we both gaze long and steadily into the fire, and when Sister Damian speaks again, she turns and looks directly into my eyes, and her own are sad. "Truth only can be your infallible guide," she says, slowly, "not I."

Then we both rise, and she bids me goodnight, and there is peculiar warmth in the pressure of her hand. I leave her, feeling a responsible being, and not a chit of five, as I felt last night, after my interview with the Home Sister. My first day on duty has been a very happy one.—In haste, dear Jean, good-bye, your loving PHYLLIS.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. (Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR NURSES?

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—As no Hospital or Nursing Institution admits women after the age of thirty-five, and the Workhouse Infirmaries close their doors to all over forty, will you be good enough to help me to an understanding on behalf of the veterans in our ranks, as to what is the best way of spending the remainder of one's life *after* this period has been reached? Then, looking at this question from a strictly commercial point of view, a man must indeed be fortunate if he manages

Then, looking at this question from a strictly commercial point of view, a man must indeed be fortunate if he manages to acquire a competency by the time he reaches his fortieth year; but what shall we say about "a poor Nurse," who can only just manage to live out of her scanty pittance? As Nursing unfits a woman for any other employment, and it is transparently clear that *experience* counts for nothing, hence my warrant in raising the question, "What is to be done with our noble army of veterans?" For "fame is fleeting," and good servants are soon forgotten by an ungrateful posterity and left in the ditch to perish there. Here, I take it, lieth the solution of the enigma, "Why is there so great a





