

a Probationer at a moment's notice. Her system is very simple—it is so easy to goad by insult, and thus get rid of both spirited and timorous women, especially the latter, "who must have a reference," it is still easier to smirk and lie, and insinuate to a confiding Committee of *men*, by way of explanation. (We must have women on our Hospital Committees, Jean.)

"Poor thing! the work was injuring her health; I could not conscientiously permit her to remain; we parted with mutual regret"; or "Our standard is so very high in this Hospital, we can retain no Probationer who fails to prove that she will make a first-class Nurse." And then it is so easy to write a little damning paragraph against the names of these weak women (for future contingencies) in a private Register, which in point of law is a privileged document, and of the contents of which they know nothing.

Jean, do you know your Phyllis of three months ago—your careless, laughing, debonnaire Phyllis—in the writer of these bitter truths? The old Phyllis is gone—if she ever existed—in her place you have got a sister, the strength of whose feelings seems to surge over her soul in a terrifying flood. Ah! the old false dreams of conventual content—where are they? Gone! gone! What have I gained in their stead?

Wholesome bitter knowledge—knowledge] of my *real* self—knowledge of a latent strength and power, which will have vent—a wild tempestuous hatred of lies and subterfuges—a deadly antagonism to tyranny and injustice—a thirst after truth. All this with suffering—and yet, if I am submerged in the waters of tribulation, you may still open the flood-gates of joy. I can weep with those that weep—a mighty consolation. No heart knoweth its own bitterness, until it ceases to throb in sympathy with the griefs of its fellows. Good-night, dear Jean.

Your loving PHYLLIS.

P.S.—I have been moved into another Ward, and am now on duty in Matthew; you shall have a faithful description of its delights in another epistle. It is nursed entirely by relays of Pros. As the patients are men, mostly suffering with diseases of the nervous system, and are very ill and helpless, you can imagine that my time is fully occupied.

THE NURSING DIRECTORY.—*The issue of this work for 1892 has been greatly delayed by the tardiness with which most of the Nurses have returned the slip sent to them for correction. It is now, however, in the Press, and it is hoped will be issued by the end of February.*

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No. 34.

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Address "The Nursing Record Post-Card Competition," 11, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. All answers must reach us not later than the morning of Saturday, Feb. 20, 1892.

(a) The answer must be written (neatness and distinctness count to credit) in ink, on a *thick* post-card, with the full name and address of the candidate at the top. The successful candidate's answer will be printed in *fac-simile*.

(b) All associated with Nursing work are accepted as candidates, but in case of a "tie" a subscriber will naturally have preference, and for this reason each candidate must mention at the bottom of the post-card "I am a subscriber," or "I obtain THE NURSING RECORD from—"

(c) The decision of the Examiners to be final.

* Give name and address of newsagent where obtained.

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