

The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead."

Here again is the idea of his poem *Resignation*,

"That general life which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy but peace ;

So he closes

"Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !"

The calm of resignation rather than the fever of enthusiasm is characteristic of Arnold. It gets clear expression in many poems, as in *Youth and Calm*

"'Tis death ! and peace indeed is here
And ease from shame, and rest from fear
There's nothing can disarm now
The smoothness of that limpid brow.
But is a calm like this, in truth,
The crowning end of life and youth ?"
Ah no !

Youth

"hears a voice within it tell.
Calm's not life's crown though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.

(To be continued.)

HUMOURS OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

By DR. A. E. MOORE.

THE difficulty of medical nomenclature to the lay mind is not to be wondered at when one remembers that two of the commonest drugs bear the names of hexamethylenetetramine and acetylsalicylic acid, yet the terror of phthisis is accentuated when described as follows :

First old lady, "Your arry's gorn to 'orspittle I 'ear. 'Ope it ain't nothink bad." Second old lady "Well, the doctor ses 'es got two buckles in' is lungs." First old lady, "Lor, bless my soul ! did 'e swaller e'm, or what ?"

Punch once had a picture illustrating the same confusion of ideas at the time of the South African war. The conversation was on this wise. "Yes, Mrs. Nobbs, its quite true, my boy's been wounded in the Transvaal. "You don't say so, Mrs. Blobbs. Now what part of him might that be ?" Not only to the lay mind do the difficulties of medical terms prove a stumbling block, but even to my charming and well educated friends the nurses (I'll include doctors if you like) the path of "reports" is not one of roses. When a House Surgeon, it used to give me a mischievous delight to read the reports of the day and night nurses and amend their spelling errors. On one occasion I came across the following gem :

"It was thought that the chest contained fluid, so a diagnostic needle was inserted and there came out a little puss." I should like to have seen it.

These reminiscences are unavoidably fragmentary so that I will simply give instances of humour as they occur to me, most of which have come within my personal experience.

Gratitude is often expressed both to nurses and doctors by patients who have been under treatment. A coster once came in to the O. P. Department to be treated for a wound on his arm. When the dressing was completed he hesitated a moment and then turned to the House man who had attended him and said "Beg yer pardon, guv'nor, but if you could do with a couple of 'addicks, Iv'e got me barrer ahtside."

Another old lady upon whom there had been an operation for gallstones, was very anxious to keep them and show them to her admiring friends. They were accordingly put in spirit and presented to her. Just before she left however, she called the surgeon to her bedside and drawing out the bottle from under her pillow said "Doctor, I'm a very poor woman and can't afford to pay you for your kindness, but I thought that perhaps after all you might like these as a little memento for all your trouble!"

There was a certain nerve specialist with a European reputation who prided himself on his tact in dealing with his patients. He had been demonstrating on a woman before a crowded class and as she stepped down from the platform, he beamed at her through his glasses and said. "Thank you so much Mrs. So and so, I hope the children are keeping well." She turned, round with hands on hips and looked him over from head to toe. "Sir" she replied frostily "I'm a single woman."

There was a surgeon who had a deserved reputation for his kindness as well as for his wit. A little child of the East End of London was just recovering from a long illness. She had reached that stage when she was allowed normal diet. Stopping before her bed he looked at her with twinkling eyes and said. "Topsy, what would you like for tea?" The child shyly glanced at him and gave no answer. "Now I'll tell you what you'd like" he said, "You'd like some winkles wouldn't you?" The child's face lighted up as she replied "Not'arf I wouldn't." The distinguished physician took down the diet sheet and solemnly wrote "Winkles—and a pin."

The same surgeon wrote as diagnosis in a case where a man's lip had been split by a jug thrown at him by an infuriated wife "Jugged hare lip."

There is pathos as well as humour significant to those with personal knowledge of the very poor in the question put by a child to a nurse who was offering her a cup of milk. The child asked "Please nurse, how far down may I drink?"

I had a curious request on one occasion from a small girl with a big baby boy in her arms. She said "Please Sir, muvver says will you take baby into 'orspittle for a day or two as she wants to get the 'ouse cleaned while farver's away on a job."