

Lectures to Untrained Registered Midwives

It has been arranged by the Registrar of midwives that a series of elementary lectures to the untrained women, registered on their past experience of three years' practice, after the Midwives' Act, October 1904, was passed, should be delivered in the four chief centres of the Dominion. This has now been done in Auckland by Dr. Robertson, and a second course is in progress by Dr. Lindsay. A large number of women availed themselves of the instruction, which should be of great help to them in their work. A great many of the applicants to attend the lectures were women acting as monthly nurses under doctors, and they were en-

couraged to attend in the hope that their eyes would be opened to the dangers of such work without proper training. A course is now taking place in Dunedin, and one in Christchurch, given by Drs. Church and Talbot respectively. Dr. Rawson will shortly commence one in Wellington. The midwife inspectors will be able to amplify the instruction, and give many useful nursing points to those who are anxious to learn. Although the lectures are primarily intended for untrained women, no trained midwifery nurse need feel that she may not also learn something from them, and perhaps her memory may be refreshed on many points.

Why the Blackbird has a Golden Bill

Magdalen at Michael's Gate

Toiled at the pin:

On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird—

"Let her in. Let her in."

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,

"Do'st thou know thy sin?"

"'Tis evening, evening, evening," sang the Blackbird,

"Let her in. Let her in."

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."

"She knows it well, well, well" sang the Blackbird,

"Let her in. Let her in."

"Thou bringest no offering," said Michael,
"Naught save sin:"

"She is sorry, sorry, sorry," sang the Blackbird,

"Let her in. Let her in."

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,

One came and opened Michael's Gate
And Magdalen went in.

From the *Watchword*.

A Life Programme

Not to think great thoughts, but to make each thought I cherish a worthy one.

Not to live a long life, but to live with purpose each moment of the time allotted me.

Not to do great deeds, but to perform faithfully all duties, great and small.

Not to have many friends, but ever to justify the friendship of those I have.

Not to long, for a distant and future heaven, but to fill full of heaven the little corner in which I am called to dwell.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.