

from Mr. (or Miss) George Ford. What description there is of country or rustic life is truthful and never overdone. The dialect puzzles me rather, but there is room for many dialects in the large county of Devon, and I am content to believe that this belongs to a part I am not acquainted with. G. M. R.

### Bookland.

#### OUR LITTLE LIFE.

WHAT boots our little life, you say,  
Whose near horizon bounds our sight?  
Our span is but a summer day,  
And all our strivings end in night.  
We toil for heights we shall not gain;  
We may not reap the seed we sow;  
And all the purpose of our pain  
Lies buried in the depths below.  
Oh, shallow doubter! know'st thou not  
That we shall be the lords of time,  
Who carry in our meanest thought  
The purpose of an end sublime?  
For still our soaring spirit strives  
To scale our mortal prison bars;  
The dust of suns is in our lives,  
And we are kindred with the stars.  
Eternity shall be our sheet  
To wrap us thro' the gather'd gloom,  
And sun and moon shall grandly meet  
To light us to our utmost doom.  
Our feet shall spurn earth's low domain;  
And thro' the gleaming silence far  
Our soaring footsteps shall disdain  
The vantage of the furthest star.  
What tho' we shed our dying days  
In drifts around us as we go,  
Till all the channel of our ways  
Is choked with drifts of human snow?  
Our garner is Futurity,  
Time gathers up the withered leaves  
That fall in clusters from our tree,  
And binds them into golden sheaves.

C. J. SHEARER.  
(“In London” and other Poems.)

#### WHAT TO READ.

“Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign.” A Book of Appreciations. “The Sisters Bronte,” by Mrs. Oliphant. “George Eliot,” by Mrs. Lynn Lynton. “Mrs. Gaskell,” by Edna Lyall. “Mrs. Craik,” by Mrs. Parr; and other Essays by Charlotte M. Yonge, Adeline Sergeant, Mrs. Macquoid, Mrs. Alexander, and Mrs. Marshall.

“A Contribution to the History of Leprosy in Australia,” by J. Ashburton Thompson, M.D., D.P.H., Fellow of the British Institute of Public Health, &c.

“With the Turkish Army in Thessaly,” by Clive Bigham, Special Correspondent of the *Times*.

“Travels of James Bruce through part of Africa, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia into Abyssinia to Discover the Source of the Nile.”

“An Old Soldier's Memories,” by S. H. Jones-Parry, late Captain Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

“Through Finland in Carts,” by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

“Salted with Fire,” by George Macdonald, LL.D.

“An African Millionaire,” by Grant Allen.

“The Silence Broken,” by G. M. Robins (Mrs. L. Baillie Reynolds).

### Coming Events.

July 9th.—Annual public meeting of the Ladies' National Association for the Abolition of Government Regulation of Vice, St. Martin's Town Hall, Mrs. Josephine Butler in the chair, 7.30 p.m.

July 10th.—The Duchess of Albany and the Duchess of York present (if possible) at a musical conversazione of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen Square, W.C., 3 p.m.

July 12th.—The Prince and Princess of Wales open the Park Hospital, Hither Green, S.E., 4.15 p.m.

July 13th.—Meeting at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, at 11.30 a.m. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick and others will explain the difficulties which have arisen in the Royal British Nurses' Association.

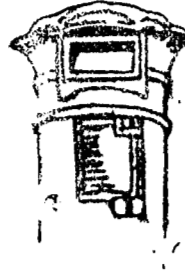
July 15th.—Princess Christian lays the foundation stone of the Cancer Wing of the Middlesex Hospital, 5 p.m.

July 22nd.—Annual meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association at the Conference Hall, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, at 11 a.m.

July 31st.—Princess Henry of Battenberg lays the foundation stone of the new block of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, at Ventnor.

### 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.

#### THE HOUSEMAID'S HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of “The Nursing Record.”

MADAM,—As the drift of my letter in answer to the above heading has been entirely misunderstood, will you kindly allow me space to put my meaning in different words.

What I meant was this:—It is neither Miss Thorold, nor her system, nor housemaid-nurses, nor yet the fact that our Middlesex doctors do not know how to treat lady-nurses, that are to blame; the cause lies in nurses as a class, whatever hospital they belong to, not thinking for themselves, and lacking moral courage, when they do happen to think, to express their thoughts, and, worst of all, lack of all interest in the advancement of their profession.

And if I said that I was not in a position to express my opinions, I meant *form my opinions*, for up to the present moment (except what I have been able to gather from the RECORD and the *Hospital*) I have not yet met a nurse who has been able (even from her own point of view) to explain to me the rights and wrongs of the two sides of the question.

“But,” I have said, “were you not at the meetings?”

“Yes; but I just sat quietly, and let them all have their talk.”

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