

"Illumination," this tale casts a flood of light upon American provincial life, upon the appalling misbeliefs and perversions of truth which must prevail everywhere among sectarians, upon the terribly hard and totally unrelieved lives of sordid drudgery lived by women like Ma Kate—wives of men who could afford to keep them in comfort, but who appear to spend their entire lives in the alternate occupations of cooking and washing up enormous meals for "hired help"; and, lastly, upon the horrible dangers of railway travelling in a country so large that to control it by police is an impossibility. The unspeakably dreadful incident of the torturing of the brave railway servant by the train robbers would have seemed improbable had I not been told, only a few weeks ago, by an American lady, of the frequency of such occurrences. It seems hard to realize that, in go-ahead America, trains are "held up," guards shot and mutilated, and money and valuables stolen with perfect impunity.

It may be worth while to remark, in passing, that the writer of this book has apparently taken no more trouble than the majority of other people to understand the story of Jael's treatment of Sisera: some study of Oriental habits and customs would prevent a good deal of ignorant interpretation.

Of the simple plot of the book I shall say nothing: it is very fresh, very pathetic, and excellently done.

Thus does the writer explain John Rudderow's religious standpoint:—

"He honestly believed that the cleansing blood of Christ, the Son of an Almighty God, was limited in quantity. And, as the world's sin was unlimited in quantity, care was necessary on the part of this Almighty God and Father of all, lest there should not be enough left to sin-wash all His picked people. It would never do, so John Rudderow hotly maintained, to lower the high standard of heaven by letting in any half-atoned people. And it would be an insult to all the wholly sin-washed folks—people who had placed God under great obligations by their work for Him on earth—if their monopoly of heaven was not properly safeguarded."

Here is the creed of Sam Avery, the loyal railway servant:—

"He Who deals the cards in this game of life, deals fair; and there never has, or never will live a man who, if he told the honest truth, wouldn't admit that, at some time of life, he held a winning hand. If he didn't win with that hand, his losing was due to his own bad play. Grip that truth, Jim, my lad; nothing nor nobody is continually dead against you. Nobody, in the long game, will hold a better average of cards than you will. Believing this, Jim, will keep you from getting sour and dispirited. It will also stop you early from blaming Providence for your own cursed laziness, or your own failure to use common horse sense, or kitchen-garden patience and pluck. Often, boy, y'll think the rules of the game might be changed, and bettered. But remember this—if the rules are bad, you've all got to play according to the same bad rules—it's even all round."

G. M. R.

Yesterday.

What is yesterday?
 Yesterday is to-day grown tired and still,
 With feet at rest, and heart made mute and chill;
 Tearless, unsmiling, unremembering,
 And unregretting; . . . gone as far away
 As the first night and morn. . . . A waif and stray
 Lost in eternity, is yesterday!

MADELINE BRIDGES (*Weekly Sun*).

Bookland.

WELLCOME'S NURSES' DIARY.

WE have received from Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., of Snow Hill Buildings, E.C., a copy of the "Professional Nurses' Diary for 1898." This handy little volume is neatly bound in red morocco, and in the back is a pocket in which a pencil is inserted. Besides the spaces for daily records the diary contains a considerable amount of useful information, beginning with a history of nursing. We regret, however, to notice that this history contains no reference to the efforts which have been made for some years past to obtain the registration of trained nurses by Act of Parliament as a matter of justice to fully trained nurses, and of protection to the public. For the rest, the diary is quite a nursing manual. It gives practical directions as to what should be done as first aid in emergencies, notes the temperatures of baths in common use, the various poisons and their antidotes, and gives information as to the notification of infectious diseases, the removal of infectious cases, the removal of the dead, together with much that is of use to nurses who in attendance upon private cases often have to deal with difficulties with which they have not been confronted during their hospital career. Our readers would, we think, do well to procure a copy of this compact and useful diary.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who was (next to Harriet Martineau) the pioneer of women journalists, has sent Mrs. Fenwick Miller £20 for the Free Circulation Fund of the *Woman's Signal*, as "a tribute to your paper, believing it to be of the greatest value to those causes which I have most at heart, and greatly admiring the ability, force, and spirit wherewith it is conducted."

WHAT TO READ.

"Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870." Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L.

"The Story of Marlborough," told in fifty-two pictures by Caran d'Ache, with Descriptive Text by the Hon. Frances Wolseley.

"Wellington: his Comrades and Contemporaries." By Major Arthur Griffiths.

"Marie Antoinette Dauphine." By Pierre de Nolhac.

"Wild-Life in Southern Seas." By Louis Becke.

"Modern France, 1789-1895." By André Lebon.

"Old Creole Days." By George W. Cable.

"The Apples of Sin." By Coulson Kernahan.

"The Dram-Shop (L'Assommoir)." By Emile Zola.

Coming Events.

January 8th.—The Bishop of London presides at the reading by Sir Squire Bancroft in Lincoln's Inn Hall, in aid of the funds of the King's College Hospital.

ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

14th January, 1898.—Quarterly meeting of the General Council. 5 p.m.

28th January.—Second Sessional Lecture. By Dr. Colman. "Egypt."

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