

The lady chooses the latter; mark the reason why. It is because she fears she sees in her elder boy, Danny, signs of his growing up to be what his father was—signs of weakness, of genius, of lack of moral fibre.

Now, if there was one thing that could have reclaimed and made a man of poor Danny, it would have been a life of privation and discipline, under the righteous rule of such a man as Muir. If anything could have been made for his utter and unqualified destruction, it would have been a life of luxury, and the constant example of Churton Graves. But Judith tells us that "it all seems so dazzlingly clear to her" that the truth was the direct opposite of this. We can but suppose that it is also dazzlingly clear to Iota. To the unenlightened, the colossal stupidity of it spoils a clever story.

There is plenty of dialogue: all slangy, some vulgar, much wildly nonsensical, but some of a kind that makes one wish there were more of it. Lady Grindal and the Bechers are distinctly good. So is a great deal of Max.

So is all of Judith, except her last inexcusable moral gymnastic.

The passage that most deeply impressed us, as bearing the stamp of the greatest daring, was on page 305.

"The only daring, original thing, left in this hackneyed world for a girl, who is conscious of her soul, to do, is to marry an honest man honestly; and to be so happy, and young, and gay, that the mere prospect of lying together at the last, in one grave, under one little white cross, with a text on it that is not a rampant lie, becomes a tempered joy."

G. M. R.

### For Tired Workers.

We look around, the murky sky is still;  
No answering sunbeam pierces. Clouds lie curled  
Upon the dull horizon. Dark is His will  
Who yet hath made us, and His ensigns furled.  
Ah, if his speaking thunders were but hurled  
Adown the sullen silence! but we stand,  
Holding our puny thread with faithless hand  
Pulled from the grand disorder of the world.

What use, what use to hold so small a thing,  
Loosed from the tangled web of giant wrong?  
Let purpose perish and dear hope take wing!

So cry we. But the angels say, "Be strong!  
None other threads than these go weave the hem  
Of God's own garment; so He treasures them!"

(Songs in Minor Keys)

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

### WHAT TO READ.

"The History of Canada." By Charles G. D. Roberts.

"Through Persia on a Side Saddle." By Ella C. Sykes.

"Mirabeau." By P. F. Willert.

"The Lake of Wine." By Bernard Capes.

"Tales of Unrest." By Joseph Conrad.

"The Vicar." By Joseph Hatton.

"The Bishop's Dilemma." By Ella D'Arcy.

"American Wives and English Husbands." By Gertrude Atherton.

### Coming Events.

April 18th.—Festival Dinner of the Metropolitan Hospital, at the Hotel Métropole, the Lord Mayor presiding.

April 20th.—Festival Dinner, Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Hotel Cecil, Sir E. D. Lawrence, Bart., M.P., presiding.

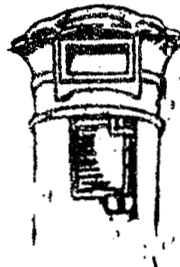
April 21st.—Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. Festival Dinner at the Whitehall Rooms. 7.30.

April 22nd.—Royal British Nurses' Association. The last lecture of the present session by Miss Georgina Scott, on "The Recreations of Working Women," at the Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. 8 p.m.

April 25th.—The Duke of Connaught presides at a Banquet, at the Whitehall Rooms, in aid of St. Mark's Hospital.

### 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 SYDNEY HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I have just returned from a visit to the Sydney Hospital, and am delighted with all I saw there. Miss Gould, the very charming matron, took me round everywhere herself, and one could see at a glance what perfect control she has over every department; the nurses are to be envied who get their training under such a matron; everything so well arranged. One of the rules is, that some time during their three years' training, they shall spend six weeks in the linen room, it always seems to be so necessary for nurses to be able to sew. Then I was so glad to hear the probationer is not worn out with scrubbing and cleaning; she has to do enough to make her a most excellent private nurse, or in fact to take any position of control. They have a delightful house in the grounds, quite apart from the wards, for the nursing staff; not even are the sisters' rooms anywhere near their wards. I have never seen such beautifully kept cupboards, Miss Gould was surely proud of the result of her drilling. In every ward the same thing attracted me—most perfect order and tidiness. I love hospital cupboards, and it made me long for the old days over again.

The wards are well arranged with a window between each bed, and are most beautifully ventilated, without draughts. I noticed a number of Chinese patients, and was told that many of them were suffering from Beri Beri.

They have a very nice chapel, and one of the things that pleased me very much was that on all the stairs they have india-rubber laid down, so that the patients

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