

which had been so long pent and damned (*sic*) up in his heart."

It is supposed nowadays to be rather a term of reproach to say, of a book that it may safely be put into the hands of the young person. But it is in pure praise that we say it of this forceful, straightforward, and well written tale, which, like the works of the great Sir Walter, will afford delight for the reader of all ages.

G. M. R.

### Poem.

"There are no lives unfinished, incomplete,  
God gives each man at birth some work to do,  
Some precious stone of strange, prismatic hue  
To carve and polish, till it shall be meet  
To place within His temple, still and sweet.  
Ere that be done the soul may not pass through  
The door to grander worlds, to aim more true,  
To wider life with love's sweet joys replete.  
And if the working time be short, and earth  
With its dear human ties be hard to leave,  
Be sure that God, whose thought has given thee  
    birth,  
Still holds for thee the best thou canst receive;  
Be sure the soul in passing through that door,  
Though losing much gains infinitely more."

### WHAT TO READ.

- "Westminster Abbey." By G. E. Troutbeck.
- "Things Seen: Impressions of Men, Cities, and Books." By G. W. Steevens. Edited by G. S. Street, with a memoir by W. E. Henley.
- "The Truth about the Transvaal War, and the Truth about War." By John Bellows.
- "An Absent-Minded War: Being some Reflections on our Reverses and the Causes which have led to Them." By a British Officer.
- "A Book of Dartmoor." By S. Baring-Gould.
- "The Wallace Collection at Hertford House." By M. H. Spielmann.
- "Personal Recollections." By H. Sutherland Edwards.
- "A Friend of Cæsar." By William Stearns Davis.
- "An Eye for an Eye." By William le Queux.

### HOW BOOKS ARE SNUFFED OUT.

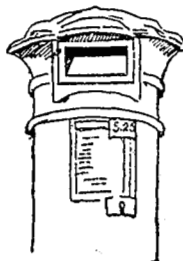
The following account of the extinction of a book by two conspiring reviewers which is told by *Literature* is instructive. The book was by an authority on folklore, and the persons concerned are now dead.

"There were only three recognised authorities on the subject—A, the author, and B and C, reviewers—and A had once been very rude to B and C. Consequently, when A's book came out, B and C were waiting for it, and each of them managed to write, we believe, seventeen reviews of it. . . . Their method was to dismiss it with good-natured indulgence in paragraphs of about half-a-dozen lines. Their verdict was accepted, and the volume fell stillborn from the press. 'It was a shame, for it really was a very good book,' said one of the reviewers in question when he told the story to the writer who now records it."

### 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 VALUE OF CERTIFICATES.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—I was very glad to see your remarks in last week's NURSING RECORD on the value of certificates. It is very hard on those of us who have worked hard for and earned the certificate of our training school when we go out into the world to find that women with a few months' training are put to do alternate work with us; perhaps are put in charge of the case if they happen to have been called in first; that they obtain the same fees as we do, and are quite as much trusted and employed by medical men as we are. There is the rub. If we thought that the doctors even recognized a well-trained nurse when she works for them things might be easier; but, of course with many exceptions, they seem to think quite as much of the ignoramus, if she happens to be good looking, and has a sort of superficial smartness, as they do of a nurse who knows her work. It is very disheartening, but it is obvious that this is so, for if these untrained women did not obtain work from medical men, they would find their occupation profitless, and therefore turn to another. A medical man will not meet in consultation an unregistered practitioner. He calls him a quack. Why should he allow an uncertificated woman, to nurse for him. Is not she a quack also? The person who comes off worst, however, is the patient, who after all is the one who suffers most at the hands of the ignorant woman. She takes our fees, it is true. Happy for the patient who is seriously ill, if the ignoramus does not endanger her life.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

A CERTIFICATED NURSE.

#### "ONCE A NURSE, ALWAYS A NURSE."

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—Your valuable Editorial of last week, pointing out the present value of certificates of nursing might with advantage have touched on two or three points in connection with the subject. The controversy started in *Truth*, and taken up by our local press will, I have no doubt, bear good fruit in relation to examinations, upon which to a very large extent the certificates granted at the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, seem to depend. No doubt the practical work of the probationers is estimated at its true value. Of the system in practice I know nothing, but this is not the first complaint which has got into the press in relation to the awarding of certificates, and as far as I am able to gather, there is much which might with advantage be improved at the "M.R.I."

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