

told, in varying keys, but with monotonous insistence, that all life turns wholly and solely upon the gratification of a momentary impulse of passion; that if we miss this, we miss the whole of happiness that life has to offer, while if we gain it, we gain in all probability an aftermath of misery, regret, and disillusionment. The doctrine that men,—and, let us hope women also,—may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, has been perhaps too long forgotten, and may be allowed a new awakening. If "Rosanne" serves to help in such awakening, the author will have cause to be proud.

All the characters in the book are truly, clearly, temperately drawn. There is, moreover, a touch of humour which is really very charming. The Hampstead coterie, with their "eighteen eighty" frocks and ideas, brought out as if they were the most daring novelties, is perilously near being "taken from life."

Poor Clifford! one's whole heart goes out to him. How many good men marry without experiencing passion,—with a half distrust of the thing, a half disbelief in its real and actual existence! The only unreal, or unlikely thing in the book, seems to the present reviewer to be, the curiously little way that Margaret, the wife,—the passionately loving wife,—had made into her husband's heart and life during the term of their happy marriage. There is no hint that Jim found his marriage a mistake before Rosanne appeared on the scene. Yet the husband and wife seem to have been quite curiously detached. Experience does not seem to teach that nothing but a strong mutual passion can weld two into one. There are many marriages in which the steady, gradual growth of the true affection seems to accomplish the same end. But Margaret the sympathetic must have failed in some respect, if she had left her husband exactly where he was upon their wedding day. This, after all, is merely a matter of personal opinion, and in no sense a criticism of a noble and interesting book.

G. M. R.

Consolation for Night Nurses.

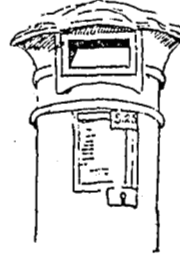
How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

What to Read.

- "A young Philosopher, and other Poems." By F. Holland.
"Shelley as a Pioneer of Humanitarianism." By Henry S. Salt.
"Old Diaries, 1881-1901." By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower.
"Afoot Through the Kashmir Valleys." By Marion Doughty.
"Clara in Blunderland." By Caroline Lewis.
"The Child Healer." By George H. R. Dabbs, M.D.
"Rosanne." By Netta Syrett.
"Charlotte." By L. B. Walford

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.

A SOCIETY FOR THE STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me again to bring before the notice of your readers this all important subject, I know so well your interest in it that I will not apologize for my pertinacity. Nothing has yet been really done towards the end we have in view, though we are mostly agreed on the urgent need for legislation, with the object of protecting the members of our profession from untrained pretenders. If we want ever to succeed, we must be prepared for seeming failure, and prepared also to go on fighting until our efforts shall be crowned by success; this has been the lesson learnt in the past by all who have been on the side of progress, and we will sustain our courage by the thought of their perseverance under the same difficulties which are now hampering our onward progress.

But another lesson which they have taught must not be forgotten and that is, that to secure success we must combine.

It is with this object I am writing to urge on individuals the necessity of union for our common good. There are points on which we may differ, but surely here is one on which we all agree, and why not unite if only for the *one* purpose of protecting the good name of our profession from the disgrace brought on it by persons calling themselves *nurses*. A case very much to the point came under my notice a short time since. A lady inquired of me as to the character, etc., of Nurse (let us say Brown). I replied, "No such nurse had ever been trained under me." "Very strange," says the lady, "she tells me she was with you from — to —, and left to go to another hospital." I carefully examined our books and I found this so-called nurse had been general servant under me, and in the laundry of the other hospital. This was *her* qualification for the title of nurse. But it is not only in the provinces such things occur. In private nursing homes in London young women are housemaids one day, and nurses the next, the nurse's uniform being substituted for the maid's dress.

Now I appeal to those who have qualified for their profession by long and possibly expensive training; is this a state of things which ought to be indefinitely prolonged? Shall we not all put our shoulders to the wheel and push if we cannot pull our coach up the hill of difficulty until we reach the summit of our ambition? My ambition, I confess, is to see our members with a legal status, a central governing body composed of the heads of our own profession in whose hands will be the roll of membership, the power to admit or expel members, and also the power to fix a standard of education.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)