

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
 anger—  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
 attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
 homeless.  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
 Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
 behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
 splendour,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
 apostles.  
 And with light in her looks, she entered the chambers  
 of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous careful  
 attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and  
 in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing  
 their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by  
 the roadside.  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed,  
 for her presence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls  
 of a prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the  
 consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for  
 ever.  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-  
 time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
 strangers.

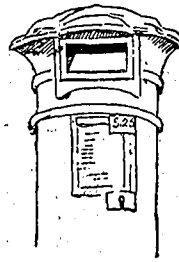
—From *Evangeline*.

### Bookland.

Messrs. Methuen will publish on October 1st Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems, "The Five Nations." The volume will be uniform with the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas." It will contain "Recessional," now published for the first time in book form, and twenty-five new poems.

### What to Read.

"The Washingtonians." By Pauline Bradford Mackie (Mrs. Herbert Muller Hopkins).  
 "Maids of Paradise." By Robert W. Chambers.  
 "Man and Superman." By Bernard Shaw.  
 "The Land of Regrets." By Fendall Curie.  
 "In Lakeland Dells and Fells." By W. T. Palmer.  
 "The Day Spring." A romance. By William Barry.  
 "Place and Power." By Ellen Thornercroft Fowler.  
 "The Rainbow Island." By Louis Tracy.  
 "The Pikemen." By Dr. Keightley.  
 "Eileen." By Lucas Cleeve.  
 "Highways and Byways." By Inglis Allen.  
 "The Situations of Lady Patricia." By W. R. H. Trowbridge.



### 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.

#### OUR GUINEA PRIZE.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the cheque for £1 ls., received this morning.  
 K. ECKERSLEY.

Benson Street, Ulverston,  
 September 5th, 1903.

#### THE NURSES' MISSIONARY UNION.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—A copy of your current issue has been sent to me, and I notice on p. 182 an account of the Nurses' Missionary Union meeting. While I shall be very glad to give any information in my power with regard to work which fully-trained nurses can do abroad, I think the last sentence rather implies that the Union is in connection with the Church Missionary Society, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is entirely undenominational.—I am, Very truly yours,  
 HERBERT LANKESTER, M.D.

Church Missionary Society,  
 Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

#### THE SICK POOR.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to see that your valuable journal is urging the better housing of the poor, which is certainly the most pressing problem of modern times, and pointing out in this connection that if the poor were properly housed many cases of illness might be nursed at home which are now brought into hospital.

"But how much better to be taken right away from home troubles and worries," says someone, "and put into the ideal environment of the modern hospital." Is it? But suppose the patient takes the troubles and worries with her. Consider the feelings of the mother of several small children when she is told that she must go into a hospital. Who is to look after them? Her husband is out at work all day, and has little idea of looking after the children when he is at home. "He couldn't bath them, nurse, not if it was ever so," she says, plaintively; "and who will see to their hairs and that?" Doubtless the neighbours (some of them) will be kind—the poor are proverbially good to one another in trouble; but in London there are neighbours of all sorts, neighbours with whom a careful mother dare not let her children mix, and this requires constant vigilance on her part, when she lives in one or two rooms in a house originally built for one family; so the respectable poor mostly "keep themselves to themselves," with the result that in a sudden emergency they know no one sufficiently well to care to trust them with the care of their children.

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