

sion to type. On this head he has some rather tall writing.

"Outlined against the blazing air, her brows and lashes white with frost, jewel-dust striking and flashing against hair and face, and the south-sun lighting her with a great redness, the man saw her as the genius of the race. The traditions of the blood laid hold of him, and he felt strangely at one with the white-skinned, yellow-haired giants of the younger world. And as he looked upon her the mighty past rose before him, and the caverns of his being resounded with the shock and tumult of forgotten battles. With bellowing of storm-winds and crash of smoking North Sea waves, he saw the sharp-beaked fighting galleys, and the sea-flung Northmen, great-muscled, deep-chested, sprung from the elements, men of sword and sweep, marauders and scourges of the warm south-lands! The din of twenty centuries of battle was roaring in his ear, and the clamour for return to type strong upon him."

It is not so convincing, somehow, as Buck was. But it is unfair to expect a man to write nothing but masterpieces.  
G. M. R.

### In City Streets, 1898.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,  
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;  
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,  
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,  
(Ah, the springy moss upon a Northern moor)  
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and  
byways,

Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting  
Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!  
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—  
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they  
run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,  
Soughing through the fir-tops up on Northern  
fells!

Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing  
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather bells.  
ADA SMITH, in the *Westminster Gazette*.

### What to Read.

"At Scotland Yard." By John Sweeney, late  
Detective-Inspector, New Scotland Yard.

"Monsieur Le Capitaine Douay." By Seth Cook  
Comstock.

"The Greatness of Josiah Porlick."

"The Ragged Messenger." By W. B. Maxwell.

"The Philanthropist." By J. F. Causton.

"Erehie." (The new book of Scottish Humour).  
By Hugh Foulis.

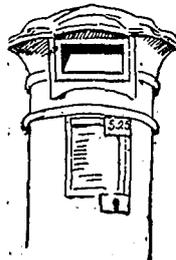
"Garmiscath." By J. Storer Clouston.

"The Coming of the King." By Joseph Hocking.

"The Garden of Lies." By Justus Miles Forman.

"Sir Christopher." By Maud Wilder Goodman.

"The Givers." By Mary E. Wilkins.



### 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 POWER OF DISCHARGE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I have read with some interest and a good deal of irritation the letters appearing over various pseudonyms in your paper lately, the last on July 23rd, re the discharging of incompetent probationers. One week the nursing journals are flooded with condemnations of Matrons who continue to train and turn loose upon the world women unsuitable for the nursing profession; the next echoes with the wails of those who have been discharged as unworthy, and who are sure their treatment has been unjust. Speaking for myself, and, I am convinced, for the vast majority of my colleagues, I do not discharge in a fit of temper valuable, useful, or even mildly promising probationers; they are far too important a hospital asset. I never tell a probationer to go until I have thoroughly worried the question out, never until I have certainly made up my mind that it would be unfair to the hospital and my profession to keep her, and never without the very greatest regret if the probationer in question be anxious and willing but impossible. One does not—as you know, Madam—as a rule, discharge probationers for heinous offences (that is rarely necessary), but for failing to conform to a standard, not too high, but which must certainly be reached if they are to become useful members of our profession. The question as to whether the committee is to be dragged in every time depends upon the usage of the hospital; personally, unless the dismissal is for a serious offence, and it is desired to give warning to the others, I cannot imagine anything more cruel. Every decent woman tries to cover up another woman's faults to men, and to recount to them all the little peccadilloes and weaknesses, the incompetencies and indiscretions, which go to make up the feeble and useless nurse, seems to me the depth of unnecessary unkindness. The right of appeal always remains if the probationer considers she is unjustly treated. Subject to rules approved by the committee, the Matron engages the nursing staff; it would be curious if she were denied the right of ridding her staff of those members who are either incapable of doing their duty properly, or who are dangerous to the good tone and discipline of the nursing-school. I cannot imagine an executive officer afraid to face the responsibilities of his or her position. No Matron, no judge, is infallible, but, with the old Pope in Browning, I say:—

"God, who set me to judge thee, meted out

So much of judging faculty, no more;

Ask Him if I was slack in use thereof!"

and I can face any probationer respecting whom I may have been mistaken (I am human) as calmly as the Pope would have faced Guido's ghost. I dare not

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