

gant woman, whom her devoted body-servant described to the new nurse as having been a "rip." Sir Nigel is tied to this unfortunate creature, and has no heir, which is a great grief, as he is the last of an old name.

Camilla Brasburn comes to share with Nurse Hanson the task of nursing this extremely unattractive invalid. It is a pity that the portrait of Nurse Hanson is drawn with an unsympathetic hand. Even so, one feels one's heart go out to the lonely woman, walking to early celebrations after sleepless nights, and with no object on which to lavish her affections but a white-rat! The isolation of many a nurse is epitomised in Nurse Hanson.

Miss Kenealy has a power of vivid narration which is admirable. The scene in the Dragon's mouth will thrill every reader.

The beautiful Camilla has lived in the same house as the very attractive Sir Nigel for some months, with no opportunity, naturally, to better acquaintance. But Camilla is overtaken by the tide on a dangerous coast; and Sir Nigel, who has hastened after her to warn her, is just too late. Together they find that they must face almost certain death. The cliffs surrounding them are inaccessible; but at the inner side of the bay are some caves, and as the water rises, from the mere instinct of self-preservation, they climb higher and higher to the roof of these caves. As death grows more and more certain, the barriers of conventionality go down, one by one. They speak to each other as though they had, as Jane Eyre once phrased it, "passed through the gate of death, and stood at God's feet, equal, as we are!" The delight of the sudden mutual sympathy and love overcomes the horror of death to Camilla. She resigns herself in his arms. Then, when the waters are at their very throats, Sir Nigel finds that the tide is ebbing. They awake to the consciousness of having to face life again with their changed relations. After speaking face to face, they must go back to the attitude of employer and employed.

Here is a tremendous situation! In our humble opinion, Miss Kenealy, from this point on, fails to do it justice.

We think that so thoroughbred and straight-living a girl as Camilla would have seen at once that she must go away; that to remain always in sight of the man who craved her and might not take her was the cruellest thing she could do. We also think that Sir Nigel's act at the end of the book was an act of supreme folly. He finds that the woman to whom he has sacrificed the best years of his life was in fact never his wife at all; that she had a husband living when he married her. He, therefore, feels called upon to go through the marriage service with her over again, and dedicate the rest of his life to her. To the ordinary person it would seem that, since the state of affairs could never be explained to her, and she would be none the wiser in her semi-idiotic condition as to whether she were his wife or not, the most fastidious honour would have been satisfied had he arranged for the rest of her life to be passed in the same luxury and careful tendance which she had always hitherto received; and that Miss Kenealy, in her apparent anxiety to prove the marriage yoke intolerable, has created a bogey in order to point her moral.

There is always much talent, brightness, and freshness about Miss Kenealy's work, and the book at present under review proves that her versatile talent is still on the crest of the wave.

G. M. R.

## The Sheeraughn.

(The Shroud Spinner.)

As I sat a-spinning at dawn of day—  
Spinning, spinning, spinning—

Twelve braugh gallants passed my way;  
Sons to one lady faire were they.  
Merry of heart did they depart  
As I sat a-spinning, a-spinning.

As I sat a-spinning at high noontide—  
Spinning, spinning, spinning—

I saw the foam on the river glide  
Swift on its course as war-men ride,  
And it was red as the blood of the dead  
As I sat a-spinning, a-spinning.

As I sat a-spinning at set of sun—  
Spinning, spinning, spinning—

The carrion crows came one by one,  
Knowing afar of the feast begun.  
Twelve shrouds I wove in Eiern's grove  
As I sat a-spinning, a-spinning.

F. FITZMAURICE DEANE-MORGAN, in the  
*Westminster Gazette.*

## What to Read.

"An Artist's Love Story. Told in Letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mrs. Siddons and her Daughters." Edited by Oswald Knapp, M.A.

"The Affair at the Inn." By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"The Garden of Allali." By Robert Hichens.

"The Storm of London."

"The Farm of the Dagger." By Eden Phillpotts.

"Teresa of Watling Street." By Arnold Bennett.

## Coming Events.

November 4th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg attends a Meeting of the Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair.

November 5th.—Lady Victoria Manners opens the New Ward at the Nottingham and Notts Sanatorium for Consumption (erected through her efforts) in memory of her brother.

November 7th.—Annual Conference of the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland at York (five days).

November 9th and 10th.—Meeting of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, York.

November 16th.—Meeting at the General Hospital, Nottingham, Board Room. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick on "The State Registration of Trained Nurses."

November 18th.—General Meeting of Leicester Infirmary Nurses' League, Board Room. Miss Isla Stewart on "The Registration of Trained Nurses by the State." Social gathering.

November 25th.—Meeting of Delegates of the Provisional Committee for the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 2.30 p.m.

To consider and take action upon a letter from Miss L. L. Dock, Hon. Secretary International Council of Nurses.

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