

natural character. She stirs the reader's sympathy to its depths.

Francis Strelley, also, is a real creation; a strangely lovable, wildly exasperating enthusiast, unable to see through the flimsiest pretences of hypocrisy, an easy prey to every liar and thief, yet wholly incapable of being deceived in questions of right and wrong. His is the ascetic, the mystic temperament of his great namesake, Francis of Assisi. He, they say, was wont to sympathise with thieves and mountebanks, on the pain it must give them to be unable to indulge their earnest desire after holiness. Very likely he was often taken in, continually deceived. But his unparalleled ascendancy over the minds of men is matter of history. It must have been this trait of child-like trust, stern principle, and unfailing courage which suggested to Mr. Hewlett the wonderful conception of his "Fool Errant." The true inwardness of this creation of his may not appeal to a large public. But to some it will be a revelation of powers of a far higher type than those of the mere searcher into the less delectable secrets of history, such powers as produced "The Queen's Quhair."

The adventures, the mendicancy, the voluntarily endured adversities of Francis Strelley are merely the frame whence his eyes look out upon us, his far-reaching eyes, the index of the personality of the "high man, who, aiming at a million," so frequently misses the mere unit.

It is a type which, of all others, we need to study in these days.

G. M. R.

Verses.

Lost though she be, yet ever do I note
Her voice within the hollows of my pipe—
My flute that whispers of the Nymph I loved:
And while the twilight lingers in the west,
And croons the biter in the crimsoned pool;
When airs from out the marshes move the sedge
Stirring the borders to melodious sighs,
Then, as the darkness gathers and I look
Deep in the dusky reeds, I seem to hear
Her breathings through the gloaming, and to see
Her beauty glimmer like a silver star.

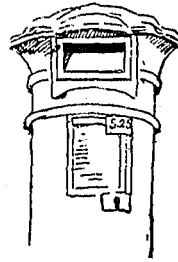
The Fleeing Nymph, by LLOYD MIFFLIN.

The clouds, which rise with thunder slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star, and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

WHITTIER.

What to Read.

- "The Cities of Umbria." By Edward Hutton.
- "Glenanaar." By Father Sheenan (author of "My New Curate").
- "The Ferryman." By Helen Mathers.
- "The Grey Brethren." By Michael Fairless.
- "A Tragedy in Commonplace." By M. Urquhart.



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.

POOR LAW INFIRMARIES AS TRAINING-SCHOOLS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Having read through very carefully both the Report of the Select Committee and also your Editorial with comments in the issue of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING of August 5th, we notice with surprise your assumption that "the problem of certificating nurses trained by the Poor Law remains unsolved." We have arrogated to ourselves the conceit that the Poor Law Infirmaries were embodied in the general term of "Training-schools," as, besides their accepted position of to-day, they have in the past done pioneer work in this respect. This being such an important question, we should be glad to know what were your grounds for assuming that the Select Committee only include a few general hospitals in the term "Training-schools," to the exclusion of the Poor Law Infirmaries.

Yours,

TWO METROPOLITAN INFIRMARY MATRONS.

[Such Poor Law Infirmaries, the system of training at which entitles them to be classed as training-schools for nurses, would of course be dealt with as such under any scheme of educational organisation by a Central Nursing Council, as proposed by the Select Committee on Registration; but that would by no means solve the problem of Poor Law Infirmaries which at present are not classed as training-schools, but in which the sick poor must be nursed and cared for. These institutions, the smaller general hospitals, and the special hospitals cannot justly certificate women as "trained," and it is the interests of these institutions which will have to be considered by a Central Council. Some form of co-operative training must be defined, so that the clinical material in these institutions can be utilised, and the sick admitted into them nursed efficiently, and without a Central Examination we fail to see how this can be done.—Ed.]

ESPERANTO.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I was greatly interested in the article on "Esperanto," by "A. S. W." It would indeed be a blessing if a universal language could be adopted for international purposes. I was at Berlin, and lost so much in every way by not being able to converse in German. For Congress purposes it would simplify matters immensely, and do much to enlighten the world.

Of course all the languages of the nations, with their splendid literature, would never be superseded—that would be a terrible calamity—but for business, apart from pleasure and patriotism, let us have communion in an international tongue. Will you say

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