

his cords tighter and tighter around the inexperienced Meta, as she plunges deeper and deeper into the difficulties of her new position.

We may be permitted to observe that it is hard to believe that any bright, sharp-witted London girl could be such an utter idiot as Meta, for the purposes of the story, is made to be. But, after all, the thing is arguable, and it is the only blot upon a novel of real merit, sprightly, extremely interesting, and with an undertone of tragedy in it, in the working out of the character of Ludwyk, the young Polish aristocrat. Arthur Elsley, the Englishman who is sinking shafts for petroleum, has to own, at the end of the book, that, though he could never, never have descended into the depths as did the Pole, he could likewise never have risen to the heights of his confession and atonement.

The description of the wild, lovely, romantic country, and the exquisite coming of the spring, the habits of the people, and the lavish, great-hearted hospitality of the gentlefolk, all are very good indeed. It is a quite untouched world to most of us English, and it is a delight to wander in it with the author, who touches in all her characters with life-like brightness. Perhaps not the least pathetic touch is the agony of nostalgia in the poor old Mr. Hampton for the sight of a London fog, and the sound of the muffin-bell in the twilight streets of Suburbia!

G. M. R.

Earnestness.

The hurry of the times affects us so
In this swift rushing hour, we crowd, and press,
And thrust each other backward as we go,
And do not pause to lay sufficient stress
Upon that good, strong, true word, earnestness.
In our impetuous haste, could we but know
Its full, deep meaning, its vast import, oh!
Then might we grasp the secret of success!

In that receding age when men were great,
The bone and sinew of their purpose lay
In this one word. God likes an earnest soul—
Too earnest to be eager. Soon or late
It leaves the spent horde breathless by the way,
And stands serene, triumphant at the goal.

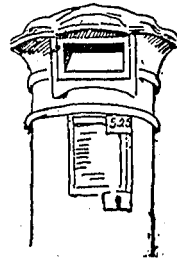
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Coming Events.

November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd.—A Course of Lectures on "The Art of Living," by Mrs. Creighton, at the Graham Street High School, Eaton Square. Fee for the course, 1s. 6d.; single lectures, 6d.; 11.45 a.m.

November 2nd.—Conference of Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Paper: "The Twentieth Century Matron," by Miss Isla Stewart, President. The discussion will be opened by Miss M. Mollett, Vice-President. 431, Oxford Street, 8 p.m. Tea and Coffee.

November 11th and December 9th.—The Registered Nurses' Society's At Home to members and friends, 4 to 6 p.m.; 431, Oxford Street, W.



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 FIVE GUINEA PRIZE COMPETITION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I wish to thank you most sincerely for the prize of two and a-half guineas, which I received to-day, for my article on "The Care of an Infant for the First Twenty-four Hours of Life."

May I take this opportunity of expressing my great appreciation of your most valuable Journal? I feel sure that it acts as a stimulus and inspiration to many, besides affording much valuable information on practical nursing subjects, and on matters of vital importance to our profession. Every nurse who longs to see a higher standard of nursing throughout the length and breadth of our land has cause to be deeply grateful to you for your indefatigable work in the cause of progress.

Yours faithfully,
AGNES M. SILVER.

Brightstone Rectory, Isle of Wight,
Oct. 23rd.

THE NURSING OF CHRONIC CASES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—On reading the Journal for this week I cannot refrain from writing to thank you warmly for your Editorial article on "The Nursing of Chronic Cases." Every word of it is so true and calculated to inspire all who read it to strive after a higher standard of work and life.

On all sides one is met with depressing accusations of individual nurses. Over and over again one is told that the nurse with a high ideal—full of professional zeal and of tender-hearted sympathy, let her patient be a highly "interesting" acute case or a helpless chronic one—is occasionally met with, but that the greater number of nurses at the present moment are rather filled with the desire for excitement, amusement, and freedom from all discipline.

We know that a higher standard is expected of nurses than of other women—a truer single-mindedness, a greater power of self-sacrifice, a still more spotless purity. Should we complain of this? Have we not entered a profession which stands apart, as undertaking the most difficult, the most sacred of duties—a profession which demands of us the highest aim in motive and personal life and work, which is proud of claiming in its ranks many of the noblest, most heroic, most saint-like women of our age?

If our work is undertaken in the spirit that its object is to be interest to ourselves, self-advancement in knowledge, self-glorification, surely we may be certain that we have made a mistake in the choice of our vocation, and that we were never intended to nurse the sick.

I cannot but feel convinced that such women as are

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