

"'He was a rare decent gentleman,' said Mrs. Gemmil, 'and awfu' patient wi' the cleaning. But I am sure, whiles, I was sorry for him. He was shufftit and shufftit, and never knew in the morn whichna bed in the hoose he would be sleeping in at night. And we a' ken that it was the spring cleaning, when he was pit to sleep ower the stables, that was, under providence, the death of him. He had aye to cross ower in the wat at night time, and he juist took a pair of cauld feet, and they settled on his lungs.'"

Interwoven with the charming trifling is a delicate romance, which comes to a satisfactory termination at the end of the book, and which we could have liked to hear in more detail. G. M. R.

Verse.

Beneath a sable veil and shadows deep
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence, ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind His secrets hid doth keep.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abyssms, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me show;
The more I search of thee the less I know.
Light is thy curtain: Thou art Light of light;
An ever-waking eye still shining bright.
Never not working, ever yet in rest.
—Drummond of Hawthornden.

What to Read.

"A Queen at Napoleon's Court: The Life Story of Désirée Bernadotte." By Catherine Bearne.
"The White Hand." By Carl Joubert.
"Blue Grass and Rhododendron." By John Fox, jun.
"The Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans." Recollections of the Second French Empire. Edited by Edward A. Crane, M.D.

Coming Events.

February 14th.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. Lecture on Bacteriology by Dr. F. W. Andrewes, at the Hospital, 5.45 p.m. Future lectures, February 28th and March 14th.

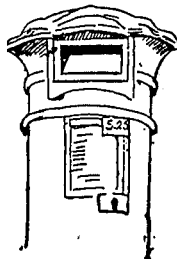
February 14th.—Householders League. Soirée at Gallery of Royal British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W. Music, 9 p.m.

February 15th.—Annual Meeting of the After Care Association for poor persons discharged recovered from Asylums for the Insane, at 62, Wimpole Street, W. Sir R. Douglas Powell, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., will preside, 3 p.m.

February 15th.—Annual Meeting Shoreditch and Bethnal Green Nursing Association, St. Matthew's Parish Hall, Hereford Street, Abbey Street, Bethnal Green Road. Chairman, The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Stepney, 8.30 p.m.

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 PUZZLE PRIZE.

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks cheque received of one guinea for puzzle prize. Yours faithfully,

A. F. V. WÖRTS, Sister.

The Eye Hospital, Church Street, Birmingham.

NURSING NOMADS.

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

MADAM,—One of the most insulting incidents at the meeting of the R.B.N.A. on January 17th reported by you was the contemptuous manner in which Dr. Comyns Berkeley, the Medical Hon. Secretary, attempted to excuse his Committee for depriving us of our addresses on the Roll, which they substituted for our Register of Trained Nurses. We are not quite the homeless nomads Dr. Berkeley appears to think we are, and I was glad to see Miss Forrest spoke up in our defence on this point. Several of my friends are nurses—from my home district—and they all have homes—one the vicarage, two are daughters of solicitors, and one of a medical man, and very grateful these professional families of good standing are, to have their daughters occupied in healthy, interesting work, instead of wasting time at home, looking out for a husband, as did women in the same rank of life in the last generation. Nurses also of different classes have homes or friends, and to publicly state that an honourable body of women, such as our trained nurses are, shall not have their addresses published in their registers because they are homeless is about as insulting a thing as ever the R.B.N.A. has done, and that is saying much. The truth is we are easier to "noble" and control if we are not known to one another. Co-operation amongst, not registration of nurses, is what our enemies, employers, and in some cases, sweaters, fear, and are determined to prevent.

It is a very great blessing to us nurses that Leagues, and other societies are being formed where we can come into contact with one another for mutual help and support. The truth is the R.B.N.A. is despised in every part of the world where women have a spark of self-respect.

Yours truly,

A PRIVATE NURSE.

IS IT JUST?

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

DEAR MADAM,—Some fifteen years ago, when I was a practising midwife, and responsible for the work of

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