

most artistic results are produced. For instance, Aaron, the doctor's groom and general outdoor factotum, and Emma, the house servant, stand out like two portraits, though they play the most inconspicuous parts in the book. It is full of pictures. The beautiful woman, the sight of whom opens James Elliot's eyes to the fact that "a girl was not a woman, and no more to be compared with her than an uncut gem with one whose facets take the utmost light": Clemency, the bright and simple hearted, who falls in love with such charming ease: James himself, young, enthusiastic, and impressionable; but the personality of Thomas Gordon dominates all—rugged, rough-hewn, but what within?

An attempt to describe the plot would spoil the story for the uninitiated reader and mar the subtlety of the writing. It is sufficient to say that the whole is worth reading, but there are some scenes so vigorous, and so powerfully described as to be positively haunting.

E.L.H.

### Verses.

**Talk Happiness.** The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And talk of them to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

**Talk Faith.** The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
Say so—if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts, till Faith shall come.  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

**Talk Health.** The dreary, never-ending tale  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.  
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

ANON.

### Coming Events.

*April 20th.*—Nurses' Missionary Society. The Fifth Annual Conference and Meeting, University Hall, Dr. Williams' Library, Gordon Square, W.C., 10—12 a.m., and 3—6 and 7—9 p.m.

*April 24th.*—Examination under the authority of the Central Midwives' Board, Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C. The Oral Examination follows a few days later.

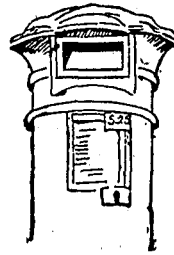
*April 27th.*—Meeting for Nurses at the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, 3.30 p.m. Tickets on application to the Secretary, Women's Total Abstinence Union, 4, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

### A Word for the Week.

Those who see farthest see also all that lies between.

## Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &amp;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 PRIZE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Thank you very much for the cheque, £1 ls., received to-day. I have tried for various prizes in various papers, but have never before been successful, so this affords me special satisfaction. With best wishes for the continued prosperity of the "B.J.N.,"

I am, yours faithfully,

E. M. DICKSON.

The Larches, Rosherville, Kent.

### CERTIFICATES OF BIRTH.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I suppose one ought not to tell fibs about one's age, but how universal is the fault. When I was nineteen it was imperative that I should earn my own living, and had I been compelled to wait till I was 23 I should never have been trained at all. As it was, I did add a few years to my age, and was a Sister—and helping to educate a younger sister—at the age at which I ought to have begun my training. As workers grow older just the same temptation about their age appears to beset them, and they take off a few years. Somehow in nursing a woman is always too young or too old, and it would be merciful upon the part of Matrons not to demand copies of birth certificates.

Yours truly,

SISTER AT TWENTY-TWO.

### A GUIDE FOR HOSPITAL NURSES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I read with much amusement your notice of "The Polite Hospital Secretary's Letter Guide." I think someone should follow it up by a guide for hospital nurses, advising them as to polite and suitable answers in many strange positions, when a grateful relative, for instance, surreptitiously thrusts two coppers into one's hand with the *sotto voce* remark, "Take it, nurse, there's no one a-looking"; when a patient suggests in all good faith that he could help one to a place in the bar of a public, which would be pleasanter and less arduous than one's present occupation; or when one is sent for to the Matron's office to account for a misdemeanour one has never committed. Expert advice on how to behave in such circumstances would be gratefully received by

Yours faithfully,

A BEWILDERED NURSE.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)