

of the man strung up to the highest pitch of nervous tension, or the sign of the cross? Insanity or the possession of the Evil One? The material seems the far most probable solution. And yet why does the "tap, tap, tap" of the Blind One's stick and that mournful piping haunt Dick Leslie for the rest of his days, whenever his worst self is uppermost? A worse self that reappears years later with the coming of Jane Deering and her husband to Japan.

But out of the crimson azaleas there appears—is it merely a little lost child or the spirit of Good which might have been Dick's salvation? Choose again! Was she conjured up by the Blind One, and had the sign of the cross changed her from the intended evil into a spirit of purity? Or had she, as she herself declares, only strayed from her home beyond the crimson azaleas? Be that as it may, her people are never found, and Leslie eventually adopts her. There follow years of content till Campanula reaches womanhood, and then it is that Dick meets his old love to find the flame of his passion still red-hot. Is it the flute note of a caged bird above his head, or the Blind One's music that he hears? Is it the tapping of that stick or only a loose lath tapped against the wall by the wind? Who can tell—it is very subtly handled. Only Campanula sees and has speech with a Blind Man, who tells her strange things—Campanula, who loves Leslie with heart and soul. Take it how you will, the book is worth reading, because it is so refreshingly uncommon.

E.L.H.

"Every Day."

"There's a prayer that should be said
And a Book that should be read
Every day.

There's a work that should be wrought
And a battle to be fought
Every day.

There are duties to be done
And victories to be won
As soars and sets the sun
Every day.

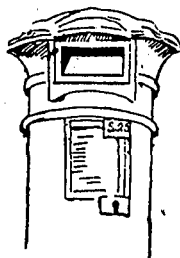
But when the race is run
And the battle has been won
We may rest, our duty done,
Every day."

ANON.

A Word for the Week.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Little thing as this seems, it still is exceedingly great, and requireth for it the spirit of true wisdom. And we might find many that perform the more irksome part, and yet want vigour for this. For many weep with them that weep, but still do not rejoice with them that rejoice . . . so great is the tyranny of a grudging spirit."—*St. Chrysostom.*

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.

COTTAGE NURSES' TRAINING HOME, GOVAN.

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

DEAR MADAM,—The letters on the above subject in your issue of last week interested me greatly, and I think we are much indebted to Dr. Forbes Brown for endeavouring to maintain adequate standards of nursing. Those of us who have worked among the poor know that their preference for a nurse of their own class is for the most part an imaginary one. Moreover, of what use would it be to the poor in the Western Districts of Ireland, for instance, where Queen's nurses, in connection with Lady Dudley's Scheme, are doing such excellent work, to supply them with a nurse drawn from their own ranks? Half the value of the district nurse is that she has different standards of cleanliness and hygiene from those whose houses she enters. A woman with the same standards, and the same prejudices would make very little headway.

Other points, which I do not think are sufficiently realised by the committees, who insist that their "nurses," young women as a rule, shall live in lonely cottages and take up the mother's duties while she is ill, are connected (a) with the housing problem, for cottagers as a rule it will be admitted, have no spare rooms, and (b) with the fact that if a nurse is sent into all sorts and conditions of houses, and is necessarily brought into close contact with the men of the household, whose meals she prepares, and whose general comfort is her care, she is not sure of being treated always with respect by men of her own class. It seems difficult to get these practical points appreciated by committees of benevolent ladies. They are very much in evidence, however, to the worker.

I am, Dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,
A PRACTICAL PERSON.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I think the mistake in connection with Cottage Nurses' Associations is that the Committees who, we must believe, are actuated by a real desire to help the poor, attempt to set the professional standards for the nurses they employ. How can people, for the most part without any expert knowledge, determine what is required of an expert worker? If these committees had to determine the knowledge required of medical practitioners they would be in the same predicament,

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)