

the love of luxury, beauty, refinement. Still she knows no other doctrines than those taught her, has no other principles; she is utterly innocent of all wrong-doing when she acts in accordance with the rules of her sect. Her lover is not! He belongs to the outside world, a son of *les convenances*, and born to no delusions. Natasha has to face desertion and disillusion, but she is not of the type that disaster crushes,—rather it stimulates her to rise and fight for herself. As a weapon she chooses the Simple Life of which she becomes a prophetess. Her power of oratory is great, she is a born actress; at the very zenith of her success, when smart society is running after its new craze of Socialism, Natasha once more meets Valentine Desmond, a now prosaically married man. The situation is bewildering, the result impossible to conjecture; end as it may it must be unsatisfactory. It is surely unnecessarily so!

E.L.H.

The Spell of the Yukon.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plumb-full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace of the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling aleap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill,
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that hang just by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back, and I will.

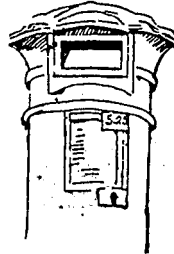
From *Songs of a Sourdough*,
By Mr. R. W. SERVICE.

A Word for the Week.

Light purifies. The sun burns up evil. Let in the light.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

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."

MADAM,—Having seen the correspondence in your Journal regarding the Govan "Cottage Nurses' Training Home," I wish (without touching on the complicated question of training), to bear testimony to the good work which is being done in this locality by a nurse from the above named Home.

This nurse has been employed here for nearly three years, during which time she has worked under the direction of two fully qualified medical men.

The district is an industrial one, and the nurse has attended surgical and medical cases of every description. She has also done an immense amount of maternity work, and (when requested by the doctor in charge of the case) she has satisfactorily carried out the duties of midwife.

Both doctors have expressed to me the great help the nurse has given by her intelligence and knowledge, and by the scrupulous care with which she carries out their orders.

I am, Madam,
Yours truly,

KATHERINE BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.
Kennet, Alloa.

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

MADAM,—After trespassing so much on your space so recently I feel diffident in craving your indulgence so soon again, but the letter from her Grace the Duchess of Montrose, impugning the veracity of statements in my letter which lately appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, demands that I should do so.

First, she denies the truth of my statement, that women with only a smattering of training are turned out of the Home as certificated midwives and nurses. The practical training, the nature of which I have already described, is supervised solely by the Matron of the Home. Now, the Matron may have all the qualifications and experience claimed for her by her Grace, but how is it possible considering her onerous duties inside the Home, and with a score or so of pupil nurses, each with several patients scattered over the wide area in which they work, for her supervision to be of any practical value to the pupils, or to be anything but of the scantiest and most perfunctory nature? The system of working the pupil nurses in pairs no doubt allows the one with

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