

he was helpless as flotsam on a cruel sea when Paschkin got him. So also was Stepan, who followed unwillingly in his father's footsteps, and earned the governor's hatred for his pains. It was a long road little Stepan had travelled into Siberia, long and muddy, with but one bright memory—the gift of a cake from a tiny maiden named Katenka. It was a longer road Stepan, the man, was forced to take by Paschkin, but Katenka was there also, and for awhile Stepan's sun shone upon him, despite the malicious decree that made him a homeless vagrant on the face of the earth. Nothing could be more fascinatingly described than the wanderings of Stepan and his family in their caravan, nor more thrillingly exciting than the story of his encounter with the wolves, amongst other hardships of winter.

But there came a day when Stepan had something worse to battle with than wolves, and then his jarred wits wandered into terrible valleys whence it is impossible for the reader to tell how he could come out alive and sane. His soul set for revenge he started upon a weird pilgrimage to track down Paschkin, the cause of it all. With all one's heart one desires that Paschkin should come to a bad end, but that Stepan, the lovable, joy-loving, and peaceable should be the one to mete out the horrible justice one shrinks from.

The book is necessarily full of tragedy, but there is also such an abandonment of happiness in it that it is saved from the persistent gruesomeness marring so many stories on the same theme. Mr. Oxenham depicts a disagreeable character exceedingly well, but infinitely better he draws the beautiful, both in nature and mankind.

E.L.H.

Verses.

All travail of high thought,
All secrets vainly sought,
All struggles for right, heroic, perpetually fought.

Faint gleams of purer fire,
Conquests of gross desire,
Whereby thy fettered soul ascends continually higher.

These in the soul do breed
Thoughts which at last shall lead
To some clear, firm assurance of a satisfying creed.

LEWIS MORRIS.

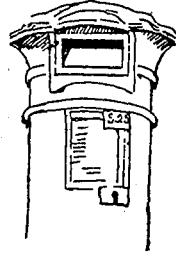
A Word for the Week.

Only believe in your idea, and it will carry you through every difficulty. If you live, you will do great things; if you die, well, how can you die better? And your idea will not die.

HUBERT HERVEY.

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 PRIZE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the cheque for one guinea. I was so pleased that I was the fortunate one for last month.

Yours faithfully,

A. B. SLATER.

29, Tournay Road, Fulham, S.W.

COTTAGE NURSES' TRAINING HOME, GOVAN.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Having read Dr. Forbes Brown's attacks on the Govan nurses in your issue of August 24th, and in the *British Medical Journal* of June 15th, I would like to be permitted to give my experience of two nurses trained in the Govan Cottage Nurses' Training Home. In both cases they have given entire satisfaction both to the patients and to the doctors under whom they have worked.

The first nurse who left after the three years' work undertaken in return for her training is now doing very well in the north of England; and the second nurse, who is still working for the Association which trained her, has shown herself to be thoroughly well trained and capable of undertaking most difficult cases. I can certify that the doctor under whom she works is satisfied that she is the type of nurse best suited for country districts.

I am, etc.,

ALICE SHAW STEWART.

Ardgowan, Greenock.

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

DEAR MADAM,—It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of various interesting questions raised in letters by the Duchess of Montrose, and Dr. Forbes Brown in your issue of the 24th ultimo.

One thing which strikes the reader very forcibly is the conflicting character of the statements by the respective writers. Dr. Forbes Brown, on behalf of the Govan Medical Association, makes certain assertions which the Duchess of Montrose characterises as "untrue" and "inaccurate." That any body of medical men such as the Govan Medical Association should authorise their secretary to make untrue and inaccurate statements

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