

Review.

MR. HAZLITT writes with a purpose—even in his poetry—the purpose of showing some of the evils which underly our Poor Law and social systems. Mr. Hazlitt shows in "The Pathos of Poverty" (published at 3s. 6d. by the Westminster Palace Press), that he is something of a Socialist, in the sense of a Christian Socialism, which asks for reward and recognition to the humblest labourer, so he does his work well. The book, which is artistically got up, contains three long poems, "Lady Margaret," "The Infirmary Patient," and "Too Old."

In "Lady Margaret" we are told of the daughter of a "coroneted house" who elects to go forth and train as a district Nurse. But apparently before the probation is over, and while she is accomplishing the heroic deeds of the Nurse in novels, she dies! We must always deprecate this common winding-up of a good person. And in this case it is so futile, because the saintly Lady Margaret is unpractical enough to quit this mortal sphere, before she has her certificate, and before she has had time to discover whether she could maintain herself at such holy pressure all her life. It is so easy to be angelic "on a spurt," and when one is a new, enthusiastic Pro!

"The Infirmary Patient" is strong and really dramatic, though the strength is lost when the Infirmary Nurse is touched on, and described rather weakly as follows :—

"The nurse in charge—no aged toothless crone
But a blithe maiden with a fair, fresh face,
Who looks too young to keep this watch alone,
Too young, too good, too wholly out of place
In such a scene, where death comes any hour
And madness links in undeveloped form.
Yet, the lone night, she rules by some strange power,
These stricken waifs and strays and gets no harm."

We quite agree with Mr. Hazlitt that a "blithe maiden" is not a fit person to be appointed Charge Nurse in a Workhouse Infirmary.

Bookland.

L'ENVOI.*

WHEN earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to
work anew!
And those that were good shall be happy—they shall
sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes
of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

* From "The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling. (London: Methuen.)

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHAT TO READ.

"The Century of Louis XIV.: Its Arts—Its Ideas." From the French of Emile Bourgeois, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)

"Undercurrents of the Second Empire," by A. D. Vandam. (Wm. Heinemann.)

"A Common Story, a Novel," by Ivan Gontcharoff, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (London: Heinemann.)

"A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison, author of "Tales of Mean Streets."

"A Well-meaning Woman," by Clo Graves, author of "Maids in a Market Garden," &c.

"A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary," by H. Ellen Browning. (London: Longmans.)

"Over the Andes," by May Crommelin. (London: Bentley.)

Coming Events.

November 28th.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha presides at a meeting of the Committee appointed to make a special appeal for £100,000 to assist Charing Cross Hospital, at the Hospital, 12 p.m.

Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, President of the Royal British Nurses' Association, will hold a small sale of work in aid of the funds of the Association, at 17, Old Cavendish Street, from 2.30 to 6 p.m.

November 27th and 28th.—Bazaar for St. Monica's Home Hospital for Children, N.W., at the rooms of the National Health Society: 3 to 8 p.m.

December 1st.—Invalid Cookery at the Royal British Nurses' Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., at 2.30. Fifth Lesson:—Meat Jelly, Stewed Ox-tails, Sole à la Maître d'Hôtel, Milk Jelly, Porridge, Poached Eggs.

December 2nd.—Ball in aid of the Royal Free Hospital at the Holborn Town Hall.

December 16th.—Concert in the Banqueting Hall of the Hotel Cecil in aid of the funds of the New Central Hospital for Educated People of Limited Means, in connection with the Ings House Nurses' Co-operation.

December 18th.—Annual Conversazione of the Royal British Nurses' Association at the Portman Rooms.

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Grown in our own British Colony of Ceylon.

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