

I used to talk to myself at last, and make believe it was another man. I was out seven days; and he was only out one night. But I think it's the loneliness that got hold of him. Man, those stars are awful; and that stillness that comes towards morning."

Those stars, and that stillness, are at least twice as impressive as the verbose and vaguely philanthropical Being who is Miss Schreiner's idea of Jesus Christ.

The close of the tale is dramatic enough; if true, then assuredly the days of the Chartered Company should be numbered, and it might say, with the Bishop of S. Praxed's—

"Evil and brief has been my pilgrimage."

Peter Halket is shot by his captain for helping a captive Mashona to escape. Two of the troopers pile stones over his grave.

"The men mounted their horses; but the Englishman turned in his saddle and looked back. The morning sun was lighting up the straggling branches of the tall trees that had overshadowed the camp; and fell on the little stunted tree, with its white stem and outstretched arms; and on the stones beneath it.

'It's all that night on the Koppje!' said the Colonial, sadly.

But the Englishman looked back. 'I hardly know,' he said, 'whether it is not better for him now, than for us.'

Then they rode after the troop."

G. M. R.

Bookland.

"FOR GREECE AND CRETE," a short poem from the pen of the nation's laureate, Algernon Swinburne, appears in the *March Nineteenth Century*. His complaint that "Storm and shame, and fraud and darkness fill the nations full with night," will be warmly re-echoed in many a British heart which is in sympathy with his eulogy of Greece in her spirited action in aid of the Cretan Christians—

Greece, where only men whose manhood was as god-head ever trod,
Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith her feet are shod:
Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and very God.
Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph,
when the fleet
Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken,
wake to greet
Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the sacred shores of Crete.

WHAT TO READ.

- "The Book of Parliament," by Michael Macdonagh.
- "The Flight of the King (Charles II)," by Allen Lea.
- "Briton or Boer? A Tale of the Fight for Africa," by George Griffith.
- „Hilda Strafford' and 'The Remittance Man' ;
- Two Californian Stories," by Beatrice Harraden.
- "The Evolution of Daphne," by Mrs. Alec M'Millan.
- "Ring o' Rushes," by Shan Bullock.
- "The Man with Black Eyelashes," by H. A. Kennedy.
- "The Touchstone of Life," by Ella MacMahon.
- "Gilbert Murray," by A. E. Houghton.

Coming Events.

March 5th.—The Lord Mayor presides at a meeting at the Mansion House in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital special appeal for £100,000, 3 p.m.

Executive Committee, Royal British Nurses' Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, 5 p.m.

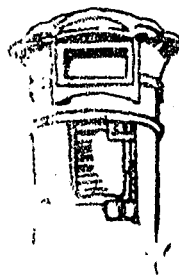
March 16th.—Princess Christian attends a Morning Concert at Bridgewater House in aid of St. Helena Hospital Home, 3.30 p.m.

March 17th.—Annual National Combined Exhibition and Sale of the Irish Industries Association at Chelsea House, under the patronage of her Majesty, by permission of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Cadogan.

March 18th.—A Public Meeting in support of the Bill for the Registration of Midwives, London House, 32, St. James's Square, 3 p.m.

March 23rd.—Festival Dinner of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, 6.45 p.m. The Hon. W. F. D. Smith in the chair.

March 25th.—The Royal Mint, 3.30. Meeting to discuss "Is there any reasonable objection to extending the Parliamentary franchise to women?" Mrs. Carmichael Stopes will open the discussion.



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.

NURSES.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—There has been a great deal written lately respecting that much-criticised individual, the sick nurse. She has masqueraded in the pages of a serious (?) novel; irate practitioners have assailed her in obscure medical prints. Lady Priestley has monopolised several pages of a non-contentious and most respectable journal in attempting to define her shortcomings, and the late matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital has monopolised more pages in replying to Lady Priestley. Members of the general public write to say she is all they would desire, in the opinion of others she is an unqualified nuisance. The average nurse may well stand aghast at the amount of unsolicited discussion of which she is the central figure, saying with Anderson's housewife, "But this is none of I!"

It seems to me that there is much cry and little wool—that the whole question might well have been allowed to die a natural death, that there is very little gained by giving importance to erroneous ideas by solemnly denying them. Excellent in every way as was Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's paper, clear and impartial and convincing, I do not honestly think Lady Priestley was worth such an elaborate answer. Still, amongst

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