

there! It ain't no use describing her!" Poor Craddock! One does not wonder that life seemed empty to him afterwards, and that he "took to the drink."

Of the other tales, those which concern the miseries of the childless mothers and widows of India, will be read with deepest interest and sympathy: but every story is worth reading, all through the book, for the hand of the true artist is in each, and there has been no slipshod work, and no scamping. G. M. R.

Bookland.

There are a good many people just now much exercised as to what manner of new literature to present to girls in their early teens—girls who have probably got through their Scott and Dickens long ago, and are disdainful of the tepid love story prepared for their especial benefit by various well-meaning persons. Such as these will find a most welcome friend in a little book by Miss Ellinor Davenport Adams, entitled "Miss Secretary Ethel." The idea of this story is entirely new, and extremely interesting. Ethel's political enthusiasms, her ideas of a private secretary's loyalty to his "Chief," and that Chief's state of mind concerning his industrious little secretary, are wonderfully well told. The whole character of Sir Edgar Allesley is distinctly well thought out. There is no elementary spooning to mar the effect, and the moral—have an enthusiastic, devoted, able girl as your secretary if you wish to get into Parliament—is one with which we feel ourselves in full sympathy. The only fault to find is the excessive simplicity of the narrative. Miss Adams might assume that the really well-educated girl of the present day can appreciate something in the nature of "style."

"SILENCE."

There are thoughts too deep to utter,
There are songs too sweet to sing,
And flowers, too fair to blossom,
That die at the breath of Spring.
There are prayers we dare not offer
Save only with silent eyes,
And that angels scarcely whisper
In the hush of Paradise.
There are tears we shed in secret,
Which joy or despair have wrung
From our souls in surging torrents,
Like floods of great pearls unstrung.
There are loves we only dream of,
That are silent, deep, and true,
As the eyes of lovers, meeting
In the world beyond the blue.
The Angel of Love is Silence!
His emblem the Morning Star.
For what is so bright and deathless?
And what is so fair and far?

BARONESS DE BERTOUCH
(*Weekly Sun* Literary Supplement).

WHAT TO READ.

"On the Threshold of Central Africa. A Record of Twenty Years' Pioneering among the Barotsi of the

Upper Zambesi." By Francois Coillard. Translated from the French and edited by his niece, Catherin Winkworth Mackintosh.

"Principles of Local Government." By Laurence Gomme.

"The Potter's Wheel." By John Watson, D.D.

"Pupils of Peter the Great." By R. Nisbet Bain.

"Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy. A Study of Greater New York." By W. T. Stead. The "Review of Reviews" Annual, 1898.

"The Mills of God." By Francis H. Hardy.

"Dariel." By R. D. Blackmore.

"Bushigrams." By Guy Boothby.

"High Play." By G. Manville Fenn.

"A Lonely Little Lady." By Dolf Wyllarde.

"Hallucinations and Illusions." A Study of the Fallacies of Perception. By Edmund Parish.

"The Psychology of the Emotions." By Prof. T. Ribot.

Coming Events.

December 10th and 11th.—Sale in aid of the Funds of the Convalescent Cottage, Aldbury, at the New Hospital for Women, 144, Euston Road. 3 to 10 p.m.

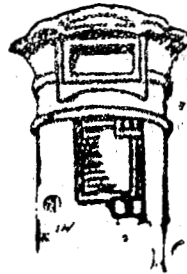
METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

December 13th.—Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will speak upon the Royal British Nurses' Association, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand. 8 p.m.

ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

December 15th.—Annual Conversazione. Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, W. 8.30 p.m.

December 17th.—Special Meeting of Members of the Corporation, by command of H.R.H. the President, at the rooms of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, 20, Hanover Square, W., to consider the proposed new bye-laws. 4 p.m.



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.

ABSOLUTE DESPOTS.

To the Editor of "*The Nursing Record.*"

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to see that your correspondent—"A Lover of Discipline"—draws attention to the remarks of Dr. Joseph Bell in speaking of our matrons in the terms in which he has described them in the *Nurses' Journal*. The matron, to Dr. Bell's mind, is "the most absolute despot, by right

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)