

With the story of Will, the story of his sister Chris, and of her unstable suitor, Clement Hicks, poet and bee-master, is inter-mixed.

Martin Grimbal is a perfectly delightful person. I know of no more charming passage in modern fiction than that in which he first discloses his love to Chris, not knowing her to be previously appropriated. His relations with his brother, and that brother's disposition and actions, are wonderfully human.

It is life, not idealized, but not altogether brutalized, as too often is the way with modern realists. The courtship of the widow Coomstock is the nearest approach to the grotesque, and that is not overdone.

The putting together of the story is admirable; altogether, one has not a fault to find with it. It must give Mr. Philpotts a prominent place among our more literary writers of fiction. G. M. R.

### The Player.

The Player sitteth in gloom,  
Eternal, passionless, calm,  
With eyes that look o'er life and the tomb,  
The tears and the laughter the bruise and the balm,  
Unmoved, with the gaze of a sphinx;  
While under his mighty hand  
The numberless, quivering, strings  
Of the great Harp, stricken, give forth unplann'd  
Deep music that mutters and sighs and sings  
And struggles to soar and sinks.  
And the chorus comes in with a crash  
And strife, and thunder of onward feet;  
A march with a hint of a driving lash  
And a glimpse of a phantom fair and fleet  
Luring on with a fitful flash,  
And a song that is ne'er complete.  
Each string on its own heart feels  
The hand of the Player, and cries  
A sole response to the stroke he deals  
And raves and sorrows and laughs and sighs  
For a while, then breaks with a groan;  
And another takes its place  
And laughs and sorrows and raves,  
But the veil is over that calm Sphinx-face,  
And the music deep in eternal waves  
Flows on with its mirth and its moan.  
And the burden is ever the same,  
Tumult and thunder of onward feet,  
And the lash that follows to drive and tame  
And the glimpse beyond of a vision sweet  
Callèd by every belovèd name  
Flying for ever fair and fleet  
'Midst cries of sorrow and strife and shame  
And thunder of onward feet.

W. E. B.

### WHAT TO READ.

- "The Soul's Departure, and Other Poems." By Edward Willmore.
- "The Clearer Vision." Ethel Colburn Mayne.
- "Sir Henry Lawrence, the Pacificator." By Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C.
- "The Isles and Shrines of Greece." By Samuel J. Barrows.
- "The City of Caliphs." By Eustace A. Reynolds Ball, B.A., F.R.G.S.

"I was in Prison." By F. Brocklehurst, B.A.

"The Changeling." By Sir Walter Besant.

"An Hungarian Nabob." By Maurus Jokai.

The October number of the "Humanitarian" contains a special article by Professor Lombroso on "Games Among Criminals and Among savages."

Dr. Margaret Todd, Assistant Physician to the Edinburgh Hospital for Women and Children, has been writing another novel. It is entitled "Windyhaugh," and will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons. Dr. Todd, whose pseudonym is "Graham Travers," will be remembered as the author of that widely-read book, "Mona Maclean, Medical Student."

### Coming Events.

October 1st.—Opening of the Medical Schools.

October 5th.—Dinner at the Hotel Métropole in honour of Professor Virchow. Lord Lister in the chair.

October 13th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council, Matron's House, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 4 p.m.

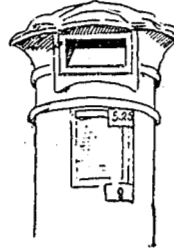
October 15th.—Hospital Saturday. No street collection.

October 21st.—First Lecture on Medical Relief. "Growth of Medical Charities." By Mr. C. S. Loch, Secretary, London Charity Organization Society, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W., 4.30 p.m.

October 25th.—The Annual Conference National Union of Women Workers, Princes Street Rooms, Norwich. Mrs. Alfred Booth, President.

### 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.*

"FLASHED ALL THEIR SABRES BARE."

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—On Friday morning last I read with extreme interest a letter which appeared in your columns by "A Scotchwoman," headed "Flashed all their Sabres Bare," in which she gave a very simple, yet convincing account of a friend who had, in "fleeting mental visions," seen the great battle of Omdurman, during which, as she describes it, "she had received clear impressions of suffused golden light, silver flashes of metal, and heard "a black roar of sound," and had stated this on the morning of the 2nd of September—*thirty-six hours before news of the deadly fight arrived in London*—the curious refrain of "Flashed all their Sabres Bare; Flashed all their Sabres Bare;" re-echoing through her brain.

On the same morning, Friday last, I also read in that day's *Daily News*, the very graphic account given

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