

inconvenient child in question, since it brings on a premature confinement.

The moral scruples of the Marquess are apparently entirely set at rest by this act of retributive justice, and he contents himself with merely cutting the despicable partner of his wife's—let us say indiscretion—when he meets him at the club; and goes back to his wife with a determination to settle down and become respectable, having lost all his money in a disreputable Stock Exchange transaction.

The vast subject—as to how far the forgiveness of husband or wife towards the one found unfaithful should extend itself—is, and will remain, an unmistakably "Open Question." One knows what the ethics of the thing were in Miss Edgworth's day; for, in "Leonora," the wise and virtuous mother of the heroine, writing to her about her husband, who has gone to reside at Kew with another lady, tells her to have a little patience, the erring husband will soon tire of his present amusement, and the great point is, that, when he returns, Leonora should receive him with open arms, and with no mention of his peccadilloes; the woman who has sinned with him being, of course, relegated to the deepest limbo of social ostracism and moral degradation. We have, indeed, changed all that; but Mr. Benson's book makes one wonder whether such change as there is in any sense an advance, or merely a numbness of the moral faculty which is gradually stealing over us, so that in nothing can we now take ourselves seriously.

Poor Kit's sin seems a kind of amusing experiment; had it had no inconvenient results, there would have been no penitence, even of the most skin-deep description. One can hardly look upon her, or upon the little beast with whom she sins, as moral beings at all; they are simply froth, frivolity, and cheap cynicism; without God, without souls.

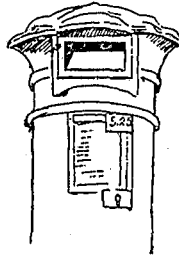
One does not feel certain whether Mr. Benson intends to draw a moral for us out of all this, or whether he feels, as one would almost think he must, that it is a great comfort to have got rid of tragedy, and to be able to glide over even the biggest bumps in the social road without a spill.

Mr. Alington, the musical and religious financial swindler, is the character upon whom the author has bestowed most pains. The card-cheating episodes are perhaps the best written and strongest parts of the book. Here and there one is irresistibly impelled to think that Mr. Benson had been reading "The Market Place" very carefully, when he sat down to write "Mammon and Co."

Some of Mrs. Murchison's malaprops are amusing, but most of them are too far-fetched to sound convincing. One does not need to add that the writing throughout is easy, sparkling, and on a level considerably above that of the average novel. G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends." By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller.
- "Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria." By Frances Gerard.
- "The Tragedy of Dreyfus." By G. W. Steevens.
- "Highland Idylls." By Ian Maclaren.
- "The Bond of Black." By William Le Queux.
- "The Scarlet Woman." By Joseph Hocking.



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.

PROFITS FOR THE HOSPITALS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—(1) My attention has been directed to your admirable "Professional Review," Sept. 16th, page 236, of Mr. J. Maclean Carvell's very useful "Nursery Handbook."

I am his physiological "Friendly Correspondent," "C. M. E."

(2) As you have not noticed the fact that "the clear profits of the first two editions are dedicated and devoted to the Prince of Wales's London Hospital Fund"—which, of course, would have greatly interested you—I take the liberty to affix a cutting from *The Times* advertisement columns (it is the same in the *Morning Post*), as well as of a "Notice" which is being circulated with the book.

(3) As I take great interest in His Royal Highness's "London Hospital Fund," I am in correspondence with the Honorary Secretaries, at the Bank of England, on the subject, and I hope, before long, to find we have a profit balance—even at the low price of 1s. (which is 7d. at TRADE-SALE price—13 as 12)—to remit to the fund.

I subscribe myself,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD-GIBBON SWANN,

C. M. E., Ph.D.

[The fact that the profits of the first two editions of Mr. Maclean Carvell's book would be devoted to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund was not intimated to us with the copy which we received for review. We have pleasure in publishing Mr. Swann's letter. The advertisement referred to runs, "All clear profits out of the first two editions will be dedicated and devoted to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund."—Ed.]

ACROSS THE SEAS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR EDITOR,—I have now taken the NURSING RECORD for four years, and I cannot express my eagerness for the mail which brings it to me every week. At home a nurse can keep in touch with her colleagues, and nursing affairs, but when once one crosses the seas, and is compelled to work in a foreign land, one longs with an inexpressible longing for news from home. I thank you especially for so consistently keeping before the public the necessity for registration for trained nurses, and also for demanding the higher standard of education for us, in both the theory and practice of nursing. The awakening in every civilised land concerning these questions is undoubtedly greatly owing

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