

fever. Before there was time to put her to bed Miss P. and Mr. B. arrived from Likoma! They had not sent a single word of warning, and we had not the least idea that they were even on their way here. In the middle of the night there was a great knocking at the front door, and Mr. F. was found begging for admission, and feeling very ill. He had to be laid on a couch till the Bishop was up and dressed and safely in church, and then the poor man was laid in the Bishop's bed, where he is likely to remain some little time."

After this, in response to a telegram from Magila for a nurse, Miss Ward "plunged once more into the unknown," and set off for the mainland. She writes, "It was not until the Bishop sent for me to give me instructions that I realized how my heart was set on the Zanzibar Hospital, whose history I had followed so closely ever since it was built, and which had been my goal for ages past, and which, when I did at last see it, far surpassed my expectations. My week there was as happy as possible—a confused happiness, of course, in the medley of new impressions; but after the first few days I began to feel my way about, and I really think I might in time be of some use there." From Magila she writes shortly afterwards, "I have two patients in our sick rooms, both very ill with fever. Both are nearly 105 deg. this evening, and, as we have no doctor, you can imagine how cheerful and light-hearted I feel in being responsible for their recovery." Again, "It is a funny sort of nursing—a mixture of hospital, district, and private. I often go and investigate cases in the native huts of the village; one has to stoop low to get under the thatch, and, when inside, it is so dark that it is quite impossible to see the patient." One cannot refrain from asking, How is it that medical men and women are content to be out-done by nurses? So far the latter have always been forthcoming for work at this important station, but since 1895 no medical man has offered his services. It is not right that a solitary nurse should have to do, not only her own work, but that of a doctor. She is not educated to diagnose and treat disease, and it is wrong that this responsibility should be laid upon her—that entailed by nursing is more than enough. Says Miss Ward, "One has to come to Africa to learn what nursing means—how it seems to draw out the whole of one's powers; how every faculty of motion, understanding, of endurance, seems to lavish itself in one profound and sustained act of self-abandonment."

We might quote much more, but space fails. In the light of recent events it is interesting to note a reference to the *Bundesrath*, which has for long plied between Hamburg and East Africa, as "a rotten old ship, not worthy of the line." On the way home, by way of the Cape, Miss Ward writes, "we stayed four days at Delagoa Bay—a lovely spot, high red cliffs, like Devonshire, enclosing a beautiful blue bay, where the first ship we saw was a British gunboat. Here we spent one day on land with some friendly English people; but it was too hot to go again, so we stayed on the now empty *König*, and watched the picturesque sight of ships ever coming and going. Delagoa is the only real bay on the whole east coast, and is consequently of enormous importance. Everybody wants it, especially the English and Germans, but the Portuguese sit tight, and are even making roads and waterworks to show that they are in possession, but they are so bankrupt that many rumours are afloat as to its future."

Bookland.

In a symposium on the "Hundred Best Poems in the English Language" in the *New York Herald*, Mr. Edward Dowden cites the following as what he considers the ten best poems in English: Spenser's "Epithalamion," Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," Wordsworth's "Michael," Coleridge's "France: an Ode," Tennyson's "Ulysses," Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and Matthew Arnold's "The Scholar Gipsy."

Poem.

When the deer have gone to covert, and the wild birds
chirp their last,
And the rabbits play at twilight down the dale,
When the water-meads grow ghostly, and the dews
are rising fast,
And the misty river shows a fleecy trail;
When the white moon hangs her shield o'er the drowsy
clover-field,
And the English night draws down on vale and steep,
Look awhile across the billow, ere you rest upon your
pillow,
And remember then the men who may not sleep.

By Miss Fox SMITH.

From "The Foremost Trail."

WHAT TO READ.

- "Sir Robert Peel." By Lord Rosebery.
- "A New Ride to Khiva." By Robert L. Jefferson.
- "Pompeii: Its Life and Art." By August Man.
Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey, of
the University of Michigan. With numerous illus-
trations.
- "Sonnets in Switzerland and Italy." By H. D.
Rawnsley.
- "At the Wind's Will." By Louise Chandler Moulton.
- "Vagrant Verses." By Rosa Mulholland.
- "The Foremost Trail." By C. Fox-Smith.
- "Lyra Frivola." By A. D. Godley.
- "While the Lotus is Closed." By Michael Grant.

Coming Events.

January 7th.—Simultaneous Appeal in the Churches on behalf of the War Relief Funds.

January 8th.—Mr. Forbes Robertson's Reading of "Hamlet" at the Hampstead Conservatoire, Swiss Cottage, in aid of the Building Fund of the Hampstead Hospital, 8.30.

January 15th.—Sir Squire Bancroft gives a Reading in aid of the funds of the East London Hospital for Children, at St. Martin's Town Hall.

January 16th.—Grand Concert at the Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, in aid of the *Daily Telegraph* War Fund, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley.

January 16th.—Women's Total Abstinence Union. New Year's Temperance Prayer Meeting. Miss Morley will preside from 11 to 12, and Mrs. W. S. Caine from 12 to 1. Council Chamber, Exeter Hall, Strand.

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