

bottle forged in a smithy which still stands in Hadleigh village, and to place this bottle in the heart of a glowing fire.

"Now 'tis ready, neighbours," Murrell squeaked, "an' you give a ear to what I tell you. We go arl to the "bake-hus, and once the bake-hus door shuts upon us, not "a word mus' one speak. What I hev prepared will putt sore pain an' anguish on the hainish witch that hev laid "the ill tongue on this house. 'Tis a strong an' powerful spell, an' 'haps the witch may be druv to appear "before us, bein' drawed to the sput in anguish; 'haps not; " 'tis like that's a dogged powerful witch, an' will stay an' "suffer, an' not be drawed. But come or stay, not one "word mus' be spoke, or the spell makes nothen."

The charm of the clear, simple writing is such that we hold our breath, as did the Banham family, while the spell works; and when the step approaches, the door opens, and old Mrs. Martin stands on the threshold, the excitement reaches a point, indeed.

Dorrily Thorn is a charming heroine, and Steve Lingood a taking hero; one is glad he found his happiness at last.

The book shows, in an eminent degree, that most incurable kind of cruelty which is the result of fear. Dorrily and her poor old Aunt are dubbed witches. They go out together one evening after dark, are seen by a yokel in pursuit of a strayed cow, and at once the story circulates of a witch revel, with blue fires, led by the harmless old woman and her brave niece.

Roboshobery Dove and Steve Lingood are the only two who defy the current of popular opinion. The method by which the simple-minded old Murrell, the "devil's master," manages to remove the taint without confessing error of his own, is most ingenious. The last run of illicit cargo on Hadleigh beach is also fascinating reading. Altogether the book is a charming one, for those whose taste is not limited to the highly seasoned form of fiction.

G. M. R.

Verse.

THE LAW.

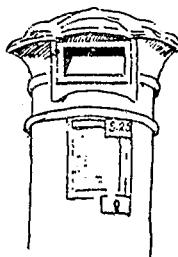
If ye give out mercy and love and light,
The same shall return to you,
For the standards of right are infinite
And the scales of the gods are true.
By its good or evil each life is weighed;
In motives and deeds is its record made;
In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid
When your wages at last fall due.

What to Read.

- "Napoleon the Last Phase." By Lord Rosebery.
- "The Baroness de Bode, 1775-1803." By William S. Child-Pemberton.
- "Lepcha Land; or, Six Weeks in the Sikhim Himalayas." By Florence Donaldson.
- "Eleanor." By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
- "The Mantle of Elijah." By I. Zangwill.
- "As a Watch in the Night." By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
- "Peccavi." By E. W. Hornung.
- "The Voice of the People." By Ellen Glasgow.
- "The Hosts of the Lord." By Flora Annie Steel.
- "Yolande the Parisienne." By Lucas Cleeve.

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.

MEDICAL WOMEN.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

MADAM, I have been asked to give my views as a medical woman on Dr. Wiglesworth's letter in the NURSING RECORD of October 27th. I do not propose to enter into a discussion on the vexed question of "Woman's Sphere," but there are a few points in Dr. Wiglesworth's letter upon which I should like to comment. Dr. Wiglesworth appears to believe that, because he has not met women who told him they would prefer a female physician, such women do not exist. I feel sure that every medical woman has but a short time to wait after she is qualified before someone comes to her to whom it is an inexpressible boon to be able to consult a doctor of her own sex. We all know that there are many such among our patients; but I am far from maintaining that this feeling exists in the majority of women, or even that it ought to do so. We do not wish our patients to come to us *merely* because we are women, but also because they have confidence in our professional skill and judgment. I think the fact that there are, as I know, many members of the nursing profession and many wives and daughters of doctors among the patients of some of our most successful women practitioners is evidence that such confidence has been inspired. Women are undoubtedly doing good work in several branches of the medical profession. A short time ago one of the most distinguished London surgeons, after carefully watching the surgical practice at the New Hospital for Women, testified publicly to its high standard, and stated that the results of the operations (largely abdominal sections) compared favourably with those of other London hospitals.

Dr. Wiglesworth writes as if medical women were a new genus belonging only to very modern days. A Polish lady, Mlle. Mélanie Lipinska, has recently produced as her thesis for the M.D. of Paris a work entitled "Histoire des Femmes Médecins." This work, which is the result of much research, demonstrates that in most, if not all, primitive nations, the rôle of healer was exercised by women. Further, among ancient civilized peoples, as the Greek and Roman, women physicians existed, and were held in high repute. In the days of chivalry to which Dr. Wiglesworth appears to look back with regret, women practised both medicine and surgery, and they continued to do so throughout the Middle Ages, their status being recognised by Faculties such as that of the University of Paris. At a later period women seem to have dropped out of the legitimate exercise of the medical profession. This was probably largely due to the progress of learning, and to the monopoly of the seats of learning by the male

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)