

itself out in numbers, trying to count the quotations from English authors which appear in his speech!

"She's a dove, she's a duck, she's a darling; she's completely won my heart—

'and I, and I have hers!'

We dote upon each other. She calls me her Troubadour. She has the prettiest hands of any woman out of Paradise. She's as sweet as remembered kisses after death. She's as sharp as a needle. She's as bright as morning roses lightly tipped with dew. She has a house of her own in Kensington. And she's seventy-four years of age."

What delicious fooling! When the book is shut, and the immanence of the outside world presses in upon the soul—what contrast! What desolation!

Live long, sweet author, and people Arcadia for us anew, with shepherds who know how to have emotions, and shepherdesses who wear confections of "The material that, I believe, is known as *voile*."

G. M. R.

Verses.

THE PASSING OF THE PEACE ANGEL.

Six angels Fra Angelico has painted
Robed in a rainbow, rapturous, sublime,
Bearing their symbols musical, or sainted,
Wrought in an ecstasy outlasting time.

There are the warrior angels, stern and splendid,
Two years and more they flame against our sky,
And Azrael's awful sword is still extended
Summoning men in sacrifice to die;

There is an angel exquisite and tender,
White as the dawn, and when one note she sings
All the black shapes of wrath and woe surrender—
Almost we see the shining of her wings.

Radiant with opal, redolent of amber,
They to the zenith flash and fade again,
While on the rocks beneath her toil and clamber
Ranks, from five continents, of fighting men.

O'er the bare veldt come baby voices crying,
"Is this the end? We be so many dead!"
Men with set lips, and wistful women eyeing
The lovely figure flying overhead.

Is this the end? O God of Battles, hearken!
Shamrock and rose and wattle-bloom are wet;
Shall War's swart shadow still the sunlight darken?
Shall the new Star of Hope now rise—or set?

Need a great empire more her might discover?
A little folk drag out the blood-stained day?
Holding their breath, men pray, the wide world over,
"Pass not, fair Angel! fold thy wings and stay!"

From the "Westminster Gazette."

L. M. LITTLE.

What to Read.

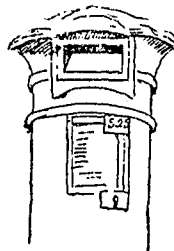
"Terrors of the Law; being the Portraits of Three Lawyers: 'Bloody Jeffreys,' 'The Bluidy Advocate Mackenzie,' the Original Weir of Hermiston." By Francis Watt.

"The Growth and Decline of the French Monarchy." By James Mackinnon, Ph.D.

"Journeyman Love." By Maud Stepney Rawson.

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.

A QUESTION OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I was very interested in a letter under this heading which appeared in your paper of last week. I know a similar case. A probationer sprained her ankle while away on leave, and again later (by falling off her bicycle) at a busy holiday time, and was laid up for quite four weeks.

First she had to have a small ward assigned to her in a woman's surgical ward, where there is always great pressure on the beds, and usually from 20 to 30 cases waiting to come in. Then when the foot was able to be put up in plaster, she was told that she might go to her friends for a time. However, it was not convenient for her friends to take her, and she was sent to the branch hospital in the country, where she took up a bed for another two weeks. After putting the hospital to all this trouble, expense, and inconvenience, her friends now think her very badly used, because she has to make up the time she lost as a probationer. Some people, it seems, would like to have their cake and eat it too; they quite forget that there is another side to the question of justice, that is, the subscribers' point of view, and also the fellow-probationers on whom extra work is thrown.

Believe me, Yours truly,

A MATRON WHO IS ALSO A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—The views of the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* on the State Registration of Nurses are indeed a refreshing expression of opinion on the part of a medical paper. When shall we find a British medical paper progressive or generous enough to express such views? I read many papers, both English and American, and the difference between them appears to me to be, that the American editor is in touch with the present age, the English editor lives in the last century, if not in the one before it. The secret of America's power is, that she looks ahead. We should be wise to assimilate this truth.

Yours truly,

BRITISHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent, "A Graduate Nurse," raises a question of great interest to all private nurses when she suggests that a twelve hours day is one of reasonable length for a private nurse. If this view were generally accepted, I think many more of the best class of nurses would take up this branch of work. As it is, when there are other posts open to them, why should they undertake work which, if conscientiously performed is calculated, under present

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)