

possible. Had Chatteris been able to resist the wonderful hintings of the siren-song there must have been tragedy of another kind.

"I can't see it," cries Adeline, in one of her early conversations with the mermaid, when she is still earnestly trying to comprehend life in the vasty deep; "one wants to see it, one wants to be it. One needs to be born a mer-child."

"A mer-child?" asked the Sea Lady.

"Yes; don't you call your little ones—?"

"What little ones?" asked the Sea Lady.

She regarded them both for a moment with a frank wonder, the undying wonder of the Immortals at that perpetual decay and death and replacement which is the gist of all human life. Then at the expression of their faces she seemed to recollect. "Of course," she said.

It is in wonderful luminous touches, such as this, that Mr. Wells paints gulfs for us; gulfs whose depths are fathomless.

Such ideas must be fascinating toys; but whether they make good books is another question. But undeniably they make you think; they make you push, if ever so faintly, against the strait limits of your particular philosophy out into the great mysteries.

G. M. R.

### Bookland.

A History of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, M.A., Genealogist of the Order, and Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Holbeche, Librarian of the Order, will be published in October. The book, which will be profusely illustrated, will be obtainable from the Chancery of the Order, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C., price (post free) 7s. 10d. The Order has also recently published the sermon preached on St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th, 1902, by the Very Reverend the Dean of Gloucester, D.D., at the annual commemoration service held at St. John's Parish Church, Clerkenwell. At this service the memorial erected in the above church to the memory of members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade who have died on service in South Africa was unveiled by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Grand Prior of the Order.

### What to Read.

"The Scott Country." By W. S. Crockett.

"The Force of Mind, or the Mental Factor in Medicine." By Dr. Alfred Schofield.

"The Garden of Contentment." By Elenor Mor-daunt.

"The Wings of the Dove." By Henry James.

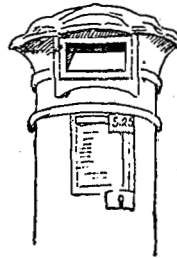
"The Sea Lady." By H. G. Wells.

"The Hole in the Wall." By Arthur Morrison.

### Coming Events.

September 9th—13th. —Nineteenth Congress of Sanitary Institute at Manchester. Programmes may be obtained from E. White Wallis, Esq., F.S.S., Parkes Museum, Margaret Street, London, W.

September 9th—27th. —Health Exhibition, St. James's Hall, Manchester.



### 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.*

#### THE ART OF NURSING.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I am very glad to note in Dr. Worcester's most able and interesting paper, published by you last week, a caution which is not unneeded by the modern nurse, namely, that in her satisfaction with her rudimentary knowledge of the underlying science of nursing she is in danger of neglecting the art, and misses many opportunities of cultivating a knowledge of methods of comforting the sick.

Far be it from me to belittle the need of a scientific basis as a foundation of nursing knowledge. It is essential to good nursing, and we have suffered in the past from a lack of it. But at present there is little danger of this being overlooked, while there is a danger that in cultivating the science we neglect the art of nursing. Do nurses take as real human an interest in their patients now-a-days as they did ten and twenty years ago? I doubt it. Yet Tennyson in no way exaggerated the truth when he put into the mouth of a nurse the words:—"I am sure that some of our children would die, but for the voice of love, and the smile, and the comforting eye." We need at the present day not less science, but more real love of humanity. The value of our scientific knowledge will be greatly neutralised if we do not surround the sick, who are specially sensitive to their environment, with an atmosphere of tenderness and kindness. Are the two incompatible? Surely not.

Faithfully yours,

AN OLD-FASHIONED NURSE.

#### OPENINGS FOR NURSES.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—We hear from time to time that the nursing profession is overstocked. I do not believe that the statement can be borne out by facts, even in this country. I am sure it is not so if we once recognise that our profession is cosmopolitan, and that so long as there are sick uncared for in any country we cannot say that there is a sufficiency of nurses.

It is often a source of wonderment to me that so few certificated nurses, when considering their future career, ever give a thought to work in connection with foreign missions; yet not only is such work full of interest, both from a human and professional point of view, but it affords scope for the exercise of every talent and faculty which a nurse may possess—all are utilised in countries where educated women, and, to a still greater degree, trained nurses, are few and far between. What is our object in adopting nursing as our chosen vocation? Is it that step by step we may rise in it, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, until one day we find ourselves installed in a coveted post near the top of the tree? This is a

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