

pretty-pretty, about curates and cross old maids, just as it rejoices in the well-worn types made use of by Mr. Burgin in his present book. But Mr. Burgin has a something which Mr. Keble Howard lacks. He knows a certain country; and, as a rule, he does not make ludicrous mistakes in describing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Old Man Evans' mule is a real feature, something that a book may boast of containing. Her master is not without saving graces; and though we must decline the boiled-down Bret-Hartishness of the haughty young lady who "teaches school," and the other well-known ingredients of this kind of tale, there is a freshness about the story as though the writer himself was really convinced by his own feeble creations—in short, one likes the story more than one can quite account for; and read in the depths of a wood, with sunlight glinting through the trees, one may almost believe in the truth of Jem Fiske's emotions when he and Angela rode the mule together blindfold.

G. M. R.

### A Grave.

Translated from the German of Edward Ferrand, by M. Mollett.

"Here rests in God"—no further can I  
Read your inscription, worn and grey,  
Telling of death and of corruption,  
Of light and Resurrection day.

A jessamine bush with boughs o'erhanging  
Has on the stone its blossoms wound,  
Hiding the words, and with their fragrance  
Scenting the sultry air around.

Secure within the thick-laced branches,  
Small guests a welcome harbour find;  
A wren among the leaves and blossoms  
His fragile little nest has twined.

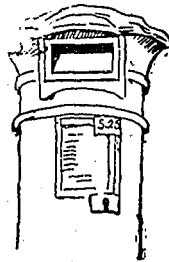
Nought stirs the sacred silence, saying  
The hum of bees that fills the air;  
Sweet must the rest be 'mid these flowers,  
From earthly toil and earthly care!

Oh quiet dead, thy flowers breathe  
Calm peace upon my troubled heart,  
Softening my woes and gently bidding  
Vain wishes and vain cares depart.

Who would not wish as safely bedded  
From earthly hate and sin and scorn,  
To rest in God beneath this hillock  
Waiting the Resurrection morn?

### What to Read.

- "The Rainbow and the Rose." A volume of verse by E. Nesbit.  
 "The Man Who Won." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.  
 "Rose of Lone Farm." By Eleanor G. Hayden.  
 "Marcelle." An Historical Novel. By Hampden Burnham.  
 "A Lost Cause." By Guy Thorne.  
 "Maid Margaret." By S. R. Crockett.  
 "The Little Neighbour." By Mary Deane.  
 "Pioneers." By Silas K. 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.

### THE SELECT COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

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

DEAR MADAM,—The Report of the Select Committee on Nursing, which has been so eagerly awaited, will be received with the utmost satisfaction by the great body of nurses throughout the country, for, unquestionably, nurses as a body are strongly in favour of a system which shall define the minimum standard entitling a woman to rank as a trained and professional nurse, thus ensuring, on the one hand, that pupil nurses shall pass through an adequate curriculum, and, having done so, that they shall be differentiated from those who have not, and, on the other, that the public who pay for the services of experienced nurses may be sure of obtaining what they pay for. None know better than nurses the amount of unnecessary discomfort, suffering, and danger to which the sick public are subjected until such a system is enforced, and it is with thankfulness one learns that a Select Committee of the House of Commons, after the fullest inquiry, consider that this system is desirable.

This independent pronouncement in endorsement of the principle of the Registration of Trained Nurses by so authoritative a body is full of encouragement to those who for many years have worked to obtain its establishment, and should go far to convince the public, if the instinct of self-protection has not already convinced them, of the justice of our cause.

Registrationists, indeed, may take heart of grace, and go forward with renewed hope—courage our leaders have never lacked—to the campaign still ahead of them before the day is won; thankfully recognising that another milestone—and that a very big one—on the way to the goal has now been passed. One may hope that the deliberate judgment and dispassionate Report of the Select Committee will cause all nurses to rally to the standard, and to definitely associate themselves, if they have not already done so, with the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, and there was surely never a time of greater or more far-reaching importance to the nursing profession at large than the present. We need to take council together so that our Bill, when it comes before Parliament, and we may hope in due time becomes law, may be as useful as possible to the public, the medical profession, and last, but not least, to nurses themselves.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET BREAY.

Inglewood, Fleet, R.S.O., Hants,  
August 1st, 1905.

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