

which he sometimes endures between his expeditions. The pathos of her engagement, the attitude of her relatives, the varying frames of mind of her unstable betrothed; all these are presented with a faithfulness and withal an absence of exaggeration which make them very life-like.

Dick, the elder brother, has put his own Pegasus successfully in harness and become a famous novelist, largely with the material contributed by Arthur and worked up by himself. In this arrangement there is no injustice at all to Arthur, who receives from Dick in other ways fully as much as he contributes. But after Arthur's death Dick writes no more brilliant novels, his work tends to become political and reasoned rather than imaginative.

One sees that what Clare has all along loved in Arthur is the portion of him which is more strongly developed in Dick. But in spite of this Dick comes on the scene too late to make the transference of the lady's allegiance quite artistic.

We are more than sorry for poor Lord Gresham, who has every quality but that of being interesting; and perhaps the most fascinating person in the book is Clare's mother-in-law, and the cleverest sketch the few pages which describe her house, and her relations to her commonplace, dictatorial husband.

G. M. R.

### Coming Events.

June 26th.—Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein opens the Radcliffe Wing of the Midland Counties Home for Incurables.

June 27th.—Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein attend a meeting at 54, Mount Street, in support of the National Committee for the establishment of Sanatoria for workers suffering from tuberculosis.

June 29th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street. 4.30 p.m.

June 30th.—General Meeting, League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, at the Hospital. 3 p.m.

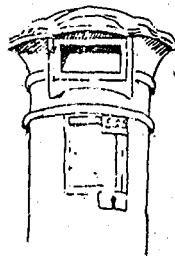
July 10th.—A Grand Concert by the kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, will be held at Bridgewater House, in aid of the Trained Nurses' Anniversary Fund.

### A Word for the Week.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. . . . In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others."—R. L. Stevenson.

### 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 LETTER OF THANKS.

We are asked by Miss Greenstreet, late Sister Mark of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to insert the following letter, addressed to the Matron, which we have pleasure in doing:—

MY DEAR MATRON,—I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my heartiest thanks to you, the Sisters, and nurses, and all my dear friends, for the very beautiful gifts you have given me, and especially I should like to thank my dear and much-valued friend Sister President and other members of the Committee for all the trouble they have taken on my behalf. It has been a great pleasure and privilege to work amongst you all, and it is with the sincerest regret that I have resigned my post of Sister of Mark Ward, where some of the happiest years of my life have been spent, but the pang of parting has been in no considerable degree softened by the great kindness of my many friends, the recollection of which will always remain one of the sweetest memories of my life. Again thanking you Matron, and one and all my very dear friends for your friendship, and for the kind way in which you have expressed it,

Believe me, to remain,

Your affectionate and sincere friend,

ELLEN M. GREENSTREET.

The Vicarage, Pattingham, Wolverhampton.

#### THE BLACK PLAGUE.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Once more the Nursing World has to thank Miss Dock for her courageous utterance on a subject which all public spirited persons must tackle sooner or later. It is horrible, repulsive, and heart breaking once one begins to look the Black Plague in the face, but it must be done if we are to continue sane and vital, its ramifications are so far-reaching that it will now require herculean efforts to root it out, or even to mitigate the evil.

I have a dear friend, the mother of one child. That poor mother was stricken, her child became blind within a week of birth. Imagine the life-long misery of these innocent creatures. The martyrdom of the former, knowing the truth, and the latter who is a specially intelligent, high-spirited creature, only half alive. "Why, why was I born?" I have heard her cry, "Oh, mother, why did you not kill me when you learned the truth?" The stricken look on that mother's face during such heartrending scenes has often made me long to be a woman doctor so that I might come out and lead a crusade against all the devilish devastation created by specific disease in

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