

and discover a young girl of the type usually a prerogative of the male novelist. Aura has never seen money, nor eaten meat, nor left the place where she lives in idyllic seclusion. This gem of purest ray serene loves the rich and titled Edward, and marries the other for no reason at all except the exigencies of Mrs. Steel's story.

That, out of such artificial and poor material, Mrs. Steel is able to concoct a really interesting novel is a fact exceedingly to her credit. It is a pity that she should use without compunction the crowning incident from that delightful and comparatively recent novel, "The Benefactress,"—in making Helen obtain leave to visit the man she has refused by saying she is engaged to be married to him.

But the book is full of good things, by the way. We have the conflict between capital and labour, we have a Welsh revival, and we have the struggle to be rich on the part of an able, not ill-disposed, but essentially vulgar-minded young man.

To give an idea how many matters are touched upon, take Dr. Ramsay's tirade against love and women:—

"It is an odd thing, Blackborough, what different ideas people have about love. I used to think it was a kind of fever that would yield to strict diet and a saline treatment. It isn't. At least, something which has got mixed up in it may be so; but—now on the other hand your cousin, who is a sensible woman mind you, seems to me somehow to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. She thinks because she can't, at nine-and-twenty, feel the same—yes! I'll say it—purely physical attraction for me that she felt for that poor sick man at nineteen, she says that it is a desecration for anyone even to speak of marriage to her. I often wish the good women of this world could be made to understand how purely evanescent that sort of thing is, for how little it counts in the aggregate sum of life. Here is Helen giving it first place, while other good women relegate it to the nethermost hell; and all the while they prate about love with a big L."

"My dear Ramsay, I'll give you ten thousand a year to go about the country and preach your views—and I'll give you a thousand extra for every woman you convert to them."

"Quite safe. I should be lynched before my first quarter's salary was due."

G. M. R.

### Verse.

Never are kind acts done,  
To wipe the weeping eyes,  
But, like flashes of the sun,  
They signal to the skies;  
And up above the Angels read  
How we have helped the sorer need.

—Henry Burton.

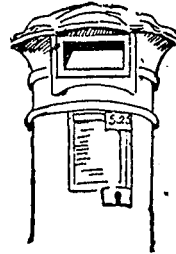
### A Word for the Week.

I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

—Sir John Lubbock.

## 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.*

### CHRONIC AND INCURABLE CASES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I read with much interest your remarks last week as to the care of chronic cases. I think that we miss the aim of our training when we think such cases unworthy of our care, yet I know that many nurses do take this view. I know, for instance, one nurse who might have retained for many months a case to which she had been sent by an association had she not informed her employer that she "did not take chronic cases," and advised that a "permanent nurse" should be obtained. I fail to see where the true nursing spirit comes in in such an instance, or loyalty to the Association which supplied the case for that matter. When a nurse takes up private work she cannot expect that every case should be acute, and yet she seems to consider herself defrauded of her just rights if every patient to whom she is sent is not critically ill. Such a nurse should stick to hospital work. A doctor who takes up private practice might just as well expect to eliminate all the small ailments from his list of patients. Why they are the very backbone of his practice. And so they would be of the nurse's if she were not so given to quarrelling with her bread and butter. I sometimes wonder, too, where compassion for suffering comes in in these days. Three guineas a week and a good time is much more in accordance with the views of the modern nurse as to what is due to her, board, lodging, washing and travelling expenses of course being thrown in. She does not count those considerable items, they are just make weight. Sometimes one wonders if we really are progressing so much after all.

Yours faithfully,

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

THE SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID HOME OF  
REST, 12, SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON.

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

DEAR MADAM,—This address must be so familiar to nurses that it is perhaps hardly necessary to explain what and where it is; but for the benefit of those who do not know, I should like to say a few words about it. After a month's illness last spring I was brought down here by a friend in almost a constant fainting condition. Mrs. Bridges, the matron, received me with all the kindness and knowledge of a nurse, and in a few days the large airy house, the charming drawing-room and the lovely grounds and gardens of the unique square told their tale, and it

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