

irreproachable English gentleman, the kind master, the affectionate brother . . . the almost impossible friend!

There is in his nature "a lack of shrewdness, of mental grasp, a certain silliness," of which he is never in the least aware, but which is distressing to his old friends, especially the Bishop of Lostford.

Wentworth was the kind of man who took what came, but who did nothing whatever "in the teeth of clenched antagonisms." He had once been considerably attracted by a girl, the sister of a man he went to stay with. The man married, the sister left; Wentworth saw her no more. He was sorry; but it never occurred to him to seek her out. It is perhaps not generally known how many Wentworth Maines there are, scattered throughout the length and breadth of England. They are all the sons of the worthy, non-intellectual, limited women who form the staple of our population; who bring up their sons to a tacit belief that the world is made for them, who make them refined, honest, steady, harmless, but O! How selfish! How invertebrate! How deluded!

The humour in the writer breaks forth again and again in the depicting of this life-like portrait. One feels that she enjoys every touch. When, in middle-life, the Compleat Prig imagines himself to be in love with Fay, who lives near, who is pretty and kind, and can be seen without much effort on his part—the description of his imaginary emotions is simply delicious.

"He was sustained in his idleness this morning by the comfortable realisation that he was desperately in love. He shook his head at himself, and smiled. He was not ill-pleased with himself. He would return to a perfectly regulated life later on. In the meanwhile, he would give a free rein to these ecstatic moods, these wild emotions. When he had given a free rein to them, they ambled round a little paddock and brought him back to his own front door. It was delicious! He had thoughts of chronicling the expedition in verse."

Of the book's graver aspects, we will not speak. But it is difficult to think that anybody could read it without being made better, or at least more thoughtful, in the process. G. M. R.

Verses.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW OF TEBUDAH HALEVI, POET AND PHYSICIAN, 1085-1140.

Before I was, Thou knewest me;
Safe wilt Thou keep what is of Thee,
How could I stand without Thy aid?
How should I walk if Thou forbade?

Or speak? My thoughts are in Thy hand,
No help, unless Thou understand!
Thee have I sought. At Thy blest hour
Answer me, shield me with Thy power.

Arouse me, that I seek Thy ways.
Awake me, that I speak Thy praise.

K.M., *Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

"The Hygiene of Mind." By T. S. Clouston, M.D., Lecturer on Mental Diseases in the University of Edinburgh.

"The Matrimonial Lottery." By Charlotte O'Connor Eccles.

"Occasional Papers," Dramatic and Historical. By H. B. Irving.

"Moonface." By Jack London, Author of "The Call of the Wild."

"Mr. and Mrs. Villiers." By Hubert Wales.

"Love Among the Chickens." By P. G. Wodehouse.

Coming Events.

October 22nd to 26th.—National Union of Women Workers' Annual Conference at Tunbridge Wells. Annual Meeting of National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, October 23rd and 24th.

October 25th.—Central Midwives' Board Examination at the Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

October 25th.—London Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road. Lady Strong will lay foundation stone of new Out Patients' Hall. 3 p.m.

October 26th.—Annual Meeting of Certified Midwives' Total Abstinence League, Chapter House, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., at 3.30 p.m.; tea 4.30.

October 29th.—Meeting of Councillors, the International Council of Nurses, to make preliminary arrangements for the Nursing Conference in Paris in June, 1907. 431, Oxford Street. 4.0 p.m.

October 31st.—Annual meeting Central Society for Women's Suffrage, Caxton Hall, Westminster. 3 p.m.

November 1st.—St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W. Presentation of a Testimonial to Miss Medill, the retiring Matron. 5.30 p.m.

November 3rd.—Registered Nurses Society At Home. 431, Oxford Street, W. 4.0—6.0.

November 5th.—Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Examination for Nursing Certificate.

November 6th.—North London or University College Hospital. Opening of New Building by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G. 3 p.m.

November 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.—Provisional Committee National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland Conference Practically Illustrated on the Nursing of Tuberculosis, Maternity, and Mental Nursing: St. George's Hall, Mount Street, London, W. 10.0 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.

A Word for the Week.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but never to success.—Garfield.

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