

some, austere Dominic was something out of his own beat, above his own limited horizon. There is de Courcy Smyth, the vain weak egotist, who believes the whole world in a conspiracy to belittle his work and cut up his plays. There is the crew of vulgar people in the boarding house on Brook Green; the egregious Sir Abel Barking of the Bank, the creature who, having cast off his clerk like an old shoe, sends for him when the business is tottering, and accepts the help which saves it, without the payment of a penny to the proud Inglesias. And lastly there is Poppy St. John.

We say unhesitatingly that the history of the love of Inglesias for Poppy is one of the most wonderful and unique things in fiction.

The refuge of the pure soul, cast as it were for the first time upon a world hitherto unrealised, at the mature age of fifty,—is religion.

The blot upon the book is the fact that the Roman form of Catholicism, which is the form chosen, should be presented as the only possible form. We are more and more of opinion that, from their own point of view, "verts" should never write proselytising novels. The bias is too evident. Both Father Benson and Lucas Malet are, with the best intentions, doing no good to the cause they love, by their special pleading.

For her own purposes, Lucas Malet presents the English Catholic Church in the most odious guise, in the person of a bigoted, narrow-minded and wholly unspiritual vicar and his complacent, self-sufficient, half-educated congregation.

Dominic Inglesias, Spaniard by birth, when seeking for religious consolation, would naturally turn to that form of the One Faith which was the form held by his fathers. That is probable and convincing. But the sneer levelled at the Church of England makes it seem forced, and as it were "done on purpose"; while the accusation brought against that Church on page 247—that of being too political—comes with a singularly bad grace from a member of a Communion which has more than any other fought and debased itself for the sake of temporal power, making religion the servant of politics, even to the point of sanctioning officially the horrors of a political massacre, sending men forth to slay their brothers with the name of Christ on their lips. G. M. R.

Coming Events.

December 14th.—Lecture on Public Health and Hygiene by Dr. Newman, D.P.H., to the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 5.45 p.m. The Course will be concluded after Christmas.

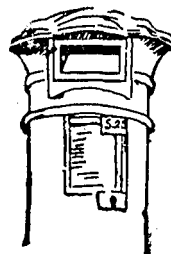
December 24th.—Distribution of gifts from the Christmas Tree to the in-patients at the West Ham and East London Hospital, 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

A Word for the Week.

"Friends are like fiddle strings, they mauna be screwed over tight."—*Scottish Proverb.*

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.

OUR GUINEA PRIZE:

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

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your cheque for £1 ls., the Puzzle Prize for November.

Yours truly,

HOPE DIBBEN.

Cottage Hospital, Lynton, N. Devon.

AN EXPRESSION OF THANKS.

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

DEAR MADAM,—May I be permitted, through the medium of your professional and widely read Journal, to express my sincere thanks to you for having placed my case in so able a manner before the nursing profession? May I also take this opportunity of thanking the numerous members of the nursing world (many of them quite unknown to me) for their kind letters of sympathy and good wishes for the success of my new undertaking.

ANNIE E. HULME,

Superintendent of the Nurses' Lodge.

9, 10, 11, Colosseum Terrace,
Regent's Park, N.W.

HISTORY OR FICTION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I cannot honestly say I have read Mrs. Tooley's book (*) carefully, but I have glanced through its pages, and my attention was naturally arrested by the account of the formation of a society, namely, "The British Nurses' Association," in which I myself took no small share, and of which I may say I know every detail. Mrs. Tooley implies that the British Nurses' Association grew out of the Nursing Sectional Committee of the Hospitals' Association; this is an entirely erroneous idea. Mrs. Tooley writes: "On November 21st, 1887, the ladies who had been interested in forming a Nursing Section met by invitation of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick at her house."

With the exception of Miss Wood and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick herself, I do not think one of the others had ever been concerned in any way with the Hospitals' Association. As far as I can remember, the remainder of those present were Miss Stewart, Matron of St. Bartholomew's, Miss East, Lady Superintendent of the National Hospital, Queen Square, Miss Turner (Sister Lawrence), of Bart.'s, and myself. It was a more or less informal meeting, at which we settled the general lines upon which we were to call a

* "The History of Nursing in the British Empire."

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