

The opening chapters, with their realistic pictures of second-rate suburban life are inimitable. The Blacklocks' impromptu evening gathering is capitally done, and the story as a whole is not without touches of humour of the dry order.
E.L.H.

In Hospital.

Not Easter lilies wan and sad
Bring me, who lie a country lad.
Beside my pillow here, instead
Set primrose tufts, hazel-buds red,
The yellow catkins light that dance
In every breeze on hazel branch:
For with them will not creep as well
Some sense of Spring, the fresh Earth's smell,
Soft quickening breath of winds that wake
First daffodils in wood and brake?

I lie and see . . . as in a dream,
That flower army, all a-gleam,
Midst slight green leaves bending to sigh
With every breeze that wanders by.
I see . . . the sky beyond the boughs:
West winds my dormant senses rouse—
Then I awake . . . no longer glad,
Since I lie here, a country lad.

EDITH C. M. DARR.

From the *Westminster Gazette*.

Coming Events.

May 6th to 15th.—Sale of Genuine Old Bric-à-Brac received for disposal from ladies in reduced circumstances. The Modern Gallery, 61, Old Bond Street, W. 11—7.

May 6th.—The Duchess of Albany presides at the Annual Meeting of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, 3.30.

May 7th.—The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, opens the new wards and theatre of the Tottenham Hospital. They will be received by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, President of the hospital.

May 14th.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presides at a Dinner at the Hotel Cecil in aid of the National Sanatorium for Workers Suffering from Tuberculosis.

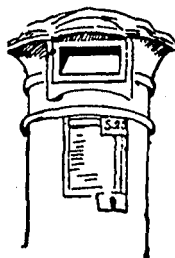
May 14th.—Her Royal Highness Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll will open the new Out-Patient Hall of the London Temperance Hospital.

A Word for the Week.

Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant us, such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep us in the lists of time and progression: and, when the world has realised what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease, and all the souls which love has created crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world.—*Leigh Hunt*.

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.

SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID'S HOLIDAY HOME FOR NURSES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—Having for four years in succession spent one of my holidays at Sir Julian Goldsmid's Home, I feel it would be most ungrateful not to express my warmest appreciation of its benefits. The house is delightful, the catering most excellent, and the management splendid in every particular. In saying this I voice the opinion of many who have spoken to me on the subject. The tone of the Home is decidedly refined and sociable. With best wishes for the continued success of this charming Home,

I am, very faithfully yours,

M. C. ANDERSON.

Coleridge, Christ's Hospital, West Horsham.

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES.

"INTELLIGENT PROGRESSIVES."

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

DEAR MADAM,—As a member of the Provisional Committee of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, I beg to thank Miss Lavinia L. Dock for her splendid "Open Letter to Nurses" which appeared in your issue of last week. I feel so strongly that she is right: One person who stands upright, speaks out, and has the courage to fight for principles is worth a crowd of invertebrate and expedient people, and when people thus inspired co-operate they are bound to win in the end, because they are strong. The knowledge that the splendid Federation of American Nurses, and—if not so numerous—that equally fine, honourable body of women, the German Nurses' Association, are linked to us in aims and ideals is most inspiring. I have never met the leaders of these great Associations of Nurses, but mean to do so at Paris if I am alive. I hope, outside the Conference room, we may be personally introduced to the ladies whose names are so well known to us through the journal; especially do I want to speak with Miss Dock, Miss Nutting (soon we shall be studying their History of Nursing, I hope as a text book in our schools), Miss Snively, Mrs. Neill, Fraulein Karl, and last, but by no means least, Dr. Anna Hamilton.

Miss Dock may rest assured that nothing has done more to rouse us to a sense of professional duty than the "hostile propaganda" which, as she says, is unworthy of notice.

I remain, dear Madam,

A WOULD-BE INTELLIGENT PROGRESSIVE.

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