

severe, that he only recovers consciousness just before death. The brief account of the end is pathetic beyond words. One of the great charms of this book is that all the incidents are given in so few words, there is nothing drawn out or wearisome, and yet everything is distinct, and comprehensible. A book which certainly repays one for reading it, and which can be read more than once with pleasure. It quite comes up to anything this author has given us, and ought to increase his already large and appreciative public.

After reading of the sad loss of the young cousin it is pleasant to come at the end of the book on the short notice of the fulfilment of their dearest hopes—

"Then the door opened again. From within came the cry of a child. June 1st. I overstep the bounds of the year, but you may like to know, quite early this morning I was allowed to go in and look. They were sleeping, both of them—She and He."  
E. L. H.

### Verses.

#### THE WHITE ROOM.

My Lady's house is painted white.  
The glimmering garden pales beyond—  
Her casements watch the silver light  
On aspens by a lily pond.  
Within, white walls and corridors  
Gleam softly thro' the pallid gloom—  
But whitest place of whitest floors,  
And purest, is my Lady's room.

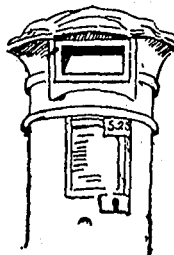
My Lady's room is all in white.  
Pure, passionless, the gleaming walls—  
White hangings filter chastened light  
That meekly thro' the whiteness falls.  
A bed of palest ivory  
Peers wanly thro' a drift of lace—  
But purest of all purity,  
And whitest, is my Lady's face.

My Lady's face is very white.  
Softly one rounded shoulder gleams—  
My Lady died but yesternight,  
You scarce would know, so fair she seems.  
Near by, upon a shelf, stand three  
Tall lilies in a silver bowl—  
But purer than all purity,  
And whiter, was my Lady's soul.  
E. J. BUCKERIDGE,  
In the *Westminster Gazette*.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Don't sit around waiting for the world to pay you the living it owes you.  
Don't waste on the family dog the caresses that the children are pining for.  
Don't forget that you were once young.  
Don't say a word if you cannot speak good of your neighbour.  
Don't bore your friends by falling into the foolish habit of always giving advice.  
Don't judge a man by results, but by efforts.  
Don't give advice that you do not follow.

### Letters to the Editor.



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.

#### THE PREVENTION OF INFECTION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—In connection with the present campaign for the enlightenment of the public on the infection of tuberculosis, I was interested the other day to meet with a practical instance of the way in which it is bearing fruit. My charwoman, who arrived late one morning, accounted for this by saying that she had been up in the night with a neighbour who had died of consumption. My social conscience made me speak of the need of disinfection of the room in which this poor woman had died before it was occupied by anyone else, and ask if the friends of the dead woman understood it. Somewhat to my surprise I found that they quite grasped the danger, and the necessity for disinfection, and were "sure to have the room repapered and whitewashed." If this is the result of "shouting from the housetops" the infectious nature of tuberculosis, its cause, and the means of prevention, we may take courage as to the co-operation of the people in regard to the prevention of the black plague as well as the white when once plain teaching is given on this subject. The greatest foe with which we have to contend is ignorance.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

CERTIFIED NURSE.

#### EARLY TREATMENT OF MENTAL DISEASES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I am very glad to see that the early treatment of mental disease is receiving consideration. In cases of bodily illness we recognise the great importance of early treatment, and that the gravity and length of an illness are usually in direct proportion to the time when it was taken in hand. But cases of mental disease are too often allowed to drift on. We say in effect to the sufferer "You must be worse before you are better. When you are bad enough to be certified as insane, then we can put you into an asylum, and you can be treated." If we stand on one side watching the progressive deterioration of so delicate an organ as the brain, waiting till the chances are that deterioration has advanced too far for treatment to be effective, who is really the insane person?

Yours faithfully,

CONUNDRUM.

#### OUR PUZZLE COMPETITION.

Rules for competing for the Pictorial Puzzle Prize will be found on Advertisement page xii.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)