

"Yes, just so. Well, it appears I've got to be a nun. (No, really don't laugh.) But that's his cheerful idea. It seems he can't be one, without I'm the other. . . And I won't, so he can't. Monk and nun indeed!"

She smiled, a little disconsolately.

Poor Mary! We feel that this is asking a little too much of her. However, he abandons this notion, but stipulates that in matters that do not actually affect her, he is to be allowed individual freedom.

He next proposes that they should live a much more simple life.

"Of course, if you are quite clear you want to go on living here I suppose we must. . . But it seems big for two people, doesn't it? Now, I thought we might get rid of this, and move, let's say, to one of the gamekeeper's cottages. Would you mind that very much?"

"Yes, dear," she said gently, "I should mind it very much; indeed, I couldn't dream of it."

Partly won over by secret conviction, and partly her loyalty being aroused by the violent opposition of their friends and neighbours, she gradually begins to see eye to eye with him, and ends in being eager with him to embrace the religious life. Jack, by this time, has begun to tire of his self-chosen austerities, and by degrees resumes his former mode of living.

At this time he goes to South Africa to play cricket for England, in which sport he excels, and there dies. Mary enters the Convent he built.

One cannot be sure at times when Mr. Benson wishes to be taken seriously. The book is very obviously written in the interests of the Church of Rome, but we suggest that it is here presented in a form calculated rather to repel than attract, and the sublime (perhaps intentionally) is often near to the ridiculous.

But it is all very disappointing, and we cannot help feeling regret that Jack should have missed the mark after all, and pass in the midst of his "footling" a second time into the Unknown.

H. H.

### Verse.

#### THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST

Far, far they lie: beyond yon purple mist  
That blends in soft confusion sea and sky;  
Behind yon bank of solid amethyst,  
Those changing hues of richest pageantry;  
Where sinks the sun, leaving his throne on high,  
Beneath the crimsoned waters of the West;  
Far, far in utmost bounds Hesperian lie  
Those blissful homes of never-ending rest,  
The isles, the happy isles, the islands of the blest.

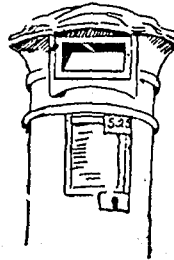
Francis Law Latham.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

It would be a master stroke if those Great Powers, honestly bent on peace, would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent by force if necessary its being broken by others.

Theodore Roosevelt at Christiania.

### 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.

#### NO COMPULSION.

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

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to Miss Hulme's none too courteous letter, allow me to say that when I said that no London Hospital nurses would register I was, of course, speaking generally. Some exceptions there will always be to every custom. At any rate it was only a prophecy, and I venture to prophesy that if Registration ever comes into being there will be at first a good number of nurses all over the country who will register, but that in a very few years very few will do so.

It is our rule at the London, as at many other hospitals—St. Thomas', and, I think, Bart's,—not to take nurses who have had previous training. But here again exceptions are made, and in our staff of over 700 nurses at the London I dare say there may be 20 who have had previous training.

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY HOLLAND.

P.S.—In reply to your Editorial note, the nurses at the London Hospital will certainly be "free agents."

21, Chesham Street, S.W.

#### THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I am extremely interested in Mrs. Netterville Barron's interesting scheme for the organisation of work in connection with the British Red Cross Society. In my opinion every effort should be made to secure the services of thoroughly trained nurses for the temporary hospitals as Red Cross workers, and I believe this could easily be done. In the village in which I live there are quite a number of nurses who could be relied upon to give their services in a time of invasion, including a holder of the Royal Red Cross, the former Matron of the local hospital, a former sister in a large London Hospital, and half-a-dozen more. They may be beyond the age limit for the Territorial Force Nursing Service, but they could, and would, give expert help in the temporary hospitals.

Yours faithfully,

A PRACTICAL PERSON.

#### THE TEACHING OF NURSING BY NURSES.

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

DEAR MADAM,—I read with much interest in the Journal Nurse E. S. Sills' letter. She speaks of the general practitioners who are arranging lectures. I suppose she means in counties and towns out of London. I can only speak for

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