

"In the Garden of Dreams," and appears to be of very unequal merit, as books of lyrics and sonnets usually are. But there is one gem in the volume, which is quoted in full by the reviewer, and which seems to me so fine that I requote it here, albeit I lay myself open to a charge of daring "cribbing." It runs thus:—

"HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF.

"Because I seek Thee not, oh, seek Thou me!  
Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry  
I do not utter as Thou passest by;  
And from my life-long bondage set me free.  
Because content I perish far from Thee,  
Oh, seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try  
My soul in Thy consuming fire. Draw nigh  
And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.  
If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,  
If I were clamouring to see Thy face,  
I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,  
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,  
Nor dreads the utter darkness of this place.  
Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed."

\* \* \*

BUT enough of books! To a more practical consideration. According to *Woman*, there are in London alone 200,000 factory girls. I should have thought this figure under rather than over the mark, but it is a terribly high one when one pauses to consider what a hundred thousand means, and what the word factory denotes. Absence of home life, monotonous and often hard employment, a herding together of the bad with the good, and all the temptations which starvation wages and gaily lighted streets bring. All honour to the many noble ladies who are—by making their lives brighter—striving to raise such girls to higher things. Yea, and these workers among them can tell of many a deed of unwitting heroism done by "only a factory girl."

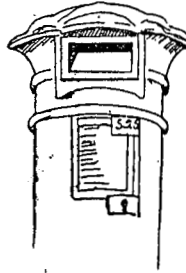
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THE ladies have been poaching again on the preserves, not of pheasants, but of poor man. In Chicago, two Americans of the feminine gender, having saved enough money, have started a real live estate agency, and it is said are doing very well at the business. I have not heard if they include the "holy estate of matrimony" therein; if so, no wonder they do "a good bis," as our Yankee cousins would say.

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MISS AMELIA EDWARDS is, I am glad to say, sufficiently recovered from her untoward accident to be able again to lecture. On February 18 she lectures on "The Art of the Novelist," at the Birkbeck Institute, and has also many other engagements for the spring. Miss Edwards, as I have stated before, proved immensely successful during her lecturing tour through America last year.

VEVA KARSLAND.



## 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.*

*We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.*

*Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.*

### QUEENSTOWN HOSPITAL.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—A friend has recently drawn my attention to a copy of the *Nursing Record* of the 4th September last *re* the Queenstown Hospital. In it a description is given of the Hospital, and the changes recently introduced into the Nursing Staff. It is very apparent that the writer knew nothing at all about the place, or else is guilty of a violent exaggeration of the facts. For instance, he says, "The Hospital at Queenstown has undergone a rapid and brilliant transformation—dull and dingy place, with little to commend it beyond being just able to offer a roof for those who were in danger of dying in the veldt."

Now, Sir, anyone not knowing the Hospital, and the splendid work it has achieved during the last sixteen years of its establishment, would naturally conclude from this that it was a most dreary place, comfortless, and had better be avoided. The facts are precisely the opposite. The buildings are splendidly situated, both for healthiness and scenery; the Medical Staff from beginning have been skilful and kind; the provisions for the patients (black or white) were always abundant; of medical comforts, whatever were ordered were procured, regardless of cost; the Nurses, though not technically trained, were exceedingly kind people, and did all that lay in their power to make the patients comfortable, a matter which has been testified to over and over again by hundreds who have passed through the Hospital and received its benefits.

That the present Matron is a competent Trained Nurse is true enough, and is endeavouring to surround herself with others equally trained; that the patients receive careful and skilful nursing, and that a few more appliances have been added to the previous stock of the Hospital, is also correct; but that is no reason why all the efforts and care for the patients exerted before she came are to be ignored or denounced in order to make her work stand out more brilliantly.

We all know it is a trick of artists often to make the background of their pictures dark, in order to throw in greater relief the fore-ground; but at any cost let this background be truthfully rendered.—Yours obliged, A SUBSCRIBER.

Queenstown, South Africa.

### WHAT IS A "NATURAL LABOUR"?

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—Clause 6 of the Midwives' Registration Bill, now before Parliament, says that a Registered Midwife is to be able to sue for fees for attendance on "natural labour only." I have written to over one hundred and fifty eminent Obstetric Practitioners and to the members of the Medical Council asking them for their definition of a "natural labour," and not two of the whole number of replies agree! I have looked into about twenty text-books on Midwifery, and find they disagree also! Thus Churchill says: A natural labour

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