

Royal Infirmary) *Iyi Enu*, Miss Found (the London) *Peru*, Miss Johncock (Royal Victoria, Dover) *Nazareth*, Miss A. Mathew (Mildmay Mission) *Mengo*, Miss K. Moore (London Homœopathic) *Asia Minor*, Miss L. K. Rayner (Middlesex) *Hong Kong*, Mrs. Starr (Norfolk and Norwich) *Peshawar*, Miss A. R. Simmonds (Tottenham) *Multan*, Miss Watts (Metropolitan) *Delhi*, Mrs. Weir, R.R.C. (St. Bartholomew's) formerly *Korea*.

Our trouble in trying to find Miss Johncock, who is in charge of a model of a Palestine Cottage, was amply repaid. She most kindly answered all our questions, and told briefly of her very interesting experiences in Nazareth and Damascus. She has been working in the Holy Land, mostly in Nazareth, for fourteen years, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. When the war broke out, the Home Secretary, through the American Ambassador in Constantinople, telegraphed to the American Consul in Beyrout to send home the three British Nurses working there. Miss Johncock took this telegram to the Turkish Commander, who replied that if the President of the United States himself were to come for them he would not give them up, as they were wanted to nurse the Turkish wounded. The Commander thereupon sent a telegram to the Consul, saying that they were content to remain!

They were thereafter kept prisoners in Nazareth until the fall of Jerusalem, when they were exiled to Damascus. During her time in Nazareth, Miss Johncock had the supervision of twenty-seven hospitals, containing in all 3,000 beds; also 350 Syrian girls, six of whom were fully-trained Nurses. She used to ride round on tours of inspection. She returned to England in February. The lectures are being given in the large marquee outside the church.

B. K.

On Wednesday an Order in Council was issued which formally set up the Ministry of Health, and the King has approved the appointment of Dr. Christopher Addison as the first Minister of Health.

Lady Hall and the Memorial Appeal Committee of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital have just received a cheque for £1,000 for the endowment of a "Canadian Bed," and beg to offer most grateful thanks to the committee in Toronto and to the women of Canada for this generous token of sympathy and good fellowship.

Two women doctors and two nurses have been appointed to make a medical survey of the schools in Ontario.

#### WORDS FOR THE WEEK.

"No housing scheme would be satisfactory unless it dealt effectively with the slum property."—*Dr. Addison.*

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

##### "ACROSS THE STREAM."\*

"The narrow stream of death," and the reaching out of hands to those on the other side, and the many problems unsolved and unsolvable connected with the barrier placed between dead and living, is the theme of Mr. E. F. Benson's latest work. It is not the first time that this distinguished writer has dealt with this subject. With his brother, the late Monseigneur Benson, it was also a favourite basis for a story. To the latter, however, being a member of the Roman Church, occult practices were anathema, and were approached from that point of view.

The preface to the book under our present notice explains that its object is to "state rather than solve the subject, and to suggest that the dead and the devil may be able to communicate with the living."

Apart from this vexed question, Mr. Benson gives us some very charming sketches of persons and places, more especially that of little Archie's relations with old Nurse Blessington.

As is his wont, he peoples his book with the cultured and leisured classes.

Archie from his childhood was endued with second sight, and was in point of fact at first an unconscious medium.

As may be inferred from this, he was a highly-strung, imaginative child. His earliest recollection was the face of Blessington bending over his crib to soothe his nervous fears. "As by a conjuring trick she appeared with her comforting presence that quite robbed the dark of its terrors."

Blessington's explanation of his sense of an unusual presence at night was that "it was all a dream."

"Wasn't a dream," said Archie firmly.

"Where did Mr. Contradiction go?" asked Blessington.

Archie's first tangible psychic experience occurred one day while he was writing his copy, when he became aware that his fingers wanted to write of their own volition, and this is what they wrote—

"Archie, do let me talk to you sometimes.

"MARTIN."

Shortly after he was taken to Grives, in Switzerland, to recuperate after an attack of hæmorrhage from the lung.

An elder brother, Martin, had died here in childhood, before Archie had emerged from infancy. So great had been their mother's grief and dread of the disease that Archie had never even heard his brother's name nor known of his existence.

"No sooner did the big chalet his mother had taken come in sight than Archie had a curious sense of having seen it all before.

"They passed into the entrance hall; aromatic and warm, heated by a big china stove that roared

\* By E. F. Benson. London: John Murray.

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