

PROFESSIONAL REVIEWS.

When "A Complete System of Nursing," by Miss A. Millicent Ashdown was first published we reviewed it at length in this Journal, and commended it to our readers. A proof of the soundness of this advice is that a second edition has already been called for, and this new and revised edition is now issued by the publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Aldine House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2., price 12s. 6d. net, which contains many illustrations and practical diagrams. A presentation edition, printed on superior paper, and bound in half leather, is also obtainable at £1 1s. net.

Another attractive volume published by this firm is "Dent's Medical Dictionary," by Dr. W. B. Drummond, F.R.C.P.E. Medical Superintendent of the Baldovan Institution, Dundee. The price is 10s. 6d. and it would be a valuable addition to Nurses' Libraries; we think the hope of the author expressed in his preface is well founded that it "will supply in concise form the information concerning our advances in medical knowledge which every enquiring mind desires from time to time." The author also hopes that many of the articles will supplement the doctor's advice, and enable his directions to be carried out more faithfully and intelligently. The book contains a manikin in colours, four coloured plates, and some 400 illustrations. The dictionary should prove a most useful book of reference to probationers in training, as well as to trained nurses, students and others.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.**"DEADHAM HARD."***

The literary merit of this book is beyond question, and this is, of course, what we have the right to expect from the pen of such a distinguished author as Lucas Malet. The story is of the period of the latter part of the 19th century, and Deadham Hard, round which the story circles, was the Wiltshire residence of Sir Charles Verity, and his only and charming daughter Damaris, born in India at the time of the Mutiny, where her father had then held the position of chief commissioner of Bhutpur.

The girl Damaris recalling her childish homesickness for the land of her birth, says:—

"I did not like being here at all at first. I thought it a mean place, only fit for quite poor people to live in. The house seemed so pinched and naked without any galleries or verandahs, and I was afraid because we had so few servants, and neither doorkeepers or soldiers. The sunshine was pale and thin, and the dusk made me sad. At Bhutpur the sun used to drop in a flame beyond the edge of the world, and night leap on you. But here the day took so long dying."

From the time Sir Charles returned to inhabit

it, the Hard was transformed. Now after the great achievements of his Eastern career he found retirement congenial. The affection between father and child, as family gossip disapprovingly hinted, appeared to trench on exaggeration, the affection returned was of kindred quality, fervid, self-realised, absorbing, and absorbed. Both father and daughter had a touch of hauteur in their manner, which added rather than detracted from their attraction.

It therefore came as a violent shock to Damaris when she discovered suddenly by accident that D'Arcy Faircloth, the handsome son of Mrs. Faircloth at the Inn, was also the illegitimate son of her adored father.

She had been rescued in a perilous situation by the young man while paddling by herself on the beach, and in the stress of emotion he reveals to her his identity.

"Are you not the son of Mrs. Faircloth, who lives by the Inn out by the black cottages?" she asks mystified. "But Mrs. Faircloth is a widow, I have heard people speak of her husband. She was married."

"But not to my father. Do you ask for proofs, just think a moment. Who did you mistake me for when I called you?"

"No, No," she protested, trembling exceedingly. "That is not possible. How could such a thing happen?"

"As such things mostly do happen. They were young and they were beautiful. They met and, God help them, they loved."

"No, no," Damaris cried again.

"Can you deny," he asks, "that my parentage is stamped on my face?"

Exposure to chill and the shock of her discovery threw Damaris into an illness which threatened to be serious, and it was while she was laid low that she had it out with her father.

The passages describing her state bordering on delirium are cleverly written.

"The beloved photographs of her father in particular were cruel. They grew inordinately large, stepped out of their frames, and stalked to and fro in troops and companies. The charcoal drawing of him was the worst offender. It did not take the floor, it is true, but remained in its place upon the wall. Yet it, too, came alive. The eyes asked what she (Damaris) meant to say, meant to do, when he, her father, the all powerful Commissioner Sahib of her babyhood's faith and devotion, came home."

Returning to consciousness she greets her father sitting by her bedside and comes straight to the point.

"You cut deep, my dear," Sir Charles said quietly, still holding the curtain with one hand. Damaris flung herself over on her face.

She was pleading for her brother's right of inheritance.

"I only want to do what is right," she cried, her voice half-stifled by the pillows. "You know, surely you know, how I love you, Commissioner Sahib, from morning till night and round till

* By Lucas Malet. Methuen & Co., London.

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