

I advise our young Members to take these matters into their thoughtful consideration. Our Nurses, for the most part, are the daughters of working-men; and speaking from no small knowledge of the artisan class, I do not hesitate to aver that were I a plasterer or a plumber, and at one of our club evenings, in which the social element is *not often* omitted, a Member should suddenly spring upon us a ferocious attack upon one of our class journals—say, *Reynold's* or *Lloyd's*—we should, almost to a man, request "Mr. Dabbs" to free us from his opinions, as they in no wise advanced the interests of plastering, and might possibly introduce an element into the meeting that would lead to much "plastering" of heads at the neighbouring Hospital; and that "Mr. Dabbs" had better air his opinions elsewhere. Are women to show any less common-sense than men in their "club" meetings, and free themselves from discordant elements, I do not say by *fisticuffs*, but by very decided *verbal* expressions of opinion? Let our young Members also ask themselves, What is leadership, and what is the difference between the true and the false? It is even as the difference between the Pole star and an *ignis fatuus*—a mere will o'-the-wisp. The one, even in the midst of wildest storm, will guide us safely into Port "Prosperity"; the other lure us into a dismal quagmire of failure and contempt. *Think and choose.* Be steadfast to your Union, faithful to those high aims and great principles it was established to promote. Much has been done; more remains to be done. How much more, and how soon, depends upon Nurses themselves. In our Association they have *real* opportunities and advantages offered to them such as no Woman's Union has ever had before; and it will be the fault of Nurses themselves if they lose this great opportunity, for once lost it will *never* recur again.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

MARIAN HUMFREY.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record"

Dear Mr. Editor,—Perhaps Miss H., of the R.B.N.A., is not alone in finding your journal a dangerous periodical. It has come to my knowledge that the article which you lately published of mine on the "Balance of Power in Hospital Management" has so come home to two different Hospitals and House Committees that they have felt sure that someone intimately connected with their Institution has written it. May I be allowed to state that, having been a member of a Provincial Committee for some years, and the friend and adviser of persons interested in others, my acquaintance of their mode of work is somewhat wide, and nothing so narrow as a personality was intended? May I further add that I sincerely regret if anyone has felt annoyed by being judged the author of an article which, I think, no one should fail to see is of *general* application?—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

E. S. RUNELL.

THE BOSTON BUBBLE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Permit me to express my entire approval of the prompt and effective manner in which you have met and repelled the Boston attack. As a member of the R.B.N.A., I feel extremely vexed at the whole affair.—I am, yours obediently,

M.R.B.N.A.

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THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED.)

NARRATION being over, and my father's theory now permitting him to ask questions, he did so plentifully, bringing out many lights and elucidating several obscurities. The story grew upon me, until the work to which Miss Clare had given herself seemed more like that of the Son of God than any other I knew. For she was not helping her friends from afar, but as one of themselves—nor with money, but with herself; she was not condescending to them, but finding her highest life in companionship with them. It seemed at least more like what His life must have been before He was thirty than anything else I could think of. I held my peace, however, for I felt that to hint at such a thought would have greatly shocked and pained her.

No doubt the narrative I have given is plainer and more coherent for the questions my father put; but it loses much from the omission of one or two parts which she gave dramatically, with evident enjoyment of the fun that was in them. I have also omitted all the interruptions which came from her not unfrequent reference to my father on points that came up. At length I ventured to remind her of something she seemed to have forgotten.

"When you were telling us, Miss Clare," I said, "of the help that came to you that dreary afternoon in the empty house, I think you mentioned that something which happened afterwards made it still more remarkable."

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I forgot about that. I did not carry my history far enough to be reminded of it again."

"Somewhere about five years ago, Lady Bernard, having several schemes on foot for help-such people as I was interested in, asked me if it would not be nice to give an entertainment to my friends, and as many of the neighbours as I pleased to the number of about a hundred. She wanted to put the thing entirely in my hands, and it should be my entertainment, she claiming only the privilege of defraying expenses. I told her I should be delighted to convey *her* invitation, but that the entertainment must not pretend to be mine; which, besides that it would be a falsehood, and therefore not to be thought of, would perplex my friends, and drive them to the

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