

teen years old, where I was staying in Middlesborough, and she, good lady, did for her what no one else could have done; she would have died if the Sister had not come." "Well, you know, we are coming to Stockton, too, presently," was my reply." "Are you!" ejaculated this son of the Vikings; and a pleasant smile of "welcome" lit up his rugged features.

Presently I resumed my solitary walk, went on my way quietly through that busy, bustling town of Stockton-on-Tees, and finished one of the happiest tours of pioneer reconnaissance of my life. But this moral haunts my mind as quietly I muse thereon. Here as elsewhere the fields are white unto harvest; "the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." And what a stupendous work is this work of sanitation in the homes of the poor! Let us, then (we who serve in this department), put off once and for ever that obsolete doctrine of "atonement," and embrace in lieu the doctrine of "incarnation." If my sister's sorrows were only re-echoed in my own body, do you think I could ever oppress her in any way, or fail to fully sympathise with her? I tell you nay! Talk about a Christianity of loaves and fishes and fair weather! Surely the world has had enough and to spare of this stuff by this time.—Yours faithfully,
PHILOSOPHER.

PHLEGMASIA DOLENS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that out of the thirteen candidates in the Post-Card Competition, "What do you understand by Phlegmasia Dolens?" and whose replies were published in your issue of July 2, only one, that of Miss Mary Stoner, is correct.

It is generally acknowledged by the leading Pathologists and Obstetricians of the present time that Phlegmasia Alba Dolens, or "white leg," is due to a central obstruction of the lymphatics, and not to phlebitis, or venous congestion. It is very curious to notice that no less than six of your competitors refer to its non-pitting as a negative symptom, pointing out that this is the chief difference between "white leg" and dropsy. Now, when I state the simple fact that dropsy is due to venous congestion, it will be at once seen how contradictory these six replies are.

I think, in order to avoid such errors as this in future, it would be better to confine the competitors to subjects more closely connected with Nursing. The answer to a question of this sort can only be given by Nurses referring to a text-book and quoting therefrom; and, I believe, this is far from what is desired by you.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

ARTHUR H. RIDEAL, M.B., C.M.

[One of the rules of our Post-Card Examinations is "The decision of the Examiners to be final," and our esteemed correspondent must see the great danger of creating an unpleasant precedent by permitting discussion upon the examiners' award. In a well-known "authority" before us at the present moment, one states that "*Phlegmasia Dolens*" is due to phlebitis and thrombosis—that is, "inflammation" of a vein and "obstruction" of a vein. This explanation, even, is apparently a little contradictory. The question was taken from a set which have been made use of in several Nursing Institutions. There is no objection to the candidate taking the substance of her reply from any text-book.—ED.]

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Magore*.—Next week.

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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 XX.—HER STORY (CONTINUED).

"I HAVE been talking for a long time, and yet may seem to have said nothing to account for your finding me where she left me; but I will try and come to the point as quickly as possible.

"Before she was entirely laid up, we had removed to this place—a rough shelter, but far less so than some of the houses in which we had been. I remember one in which I used to dart up and down like a hunted hare at one time—at another to steal along from stair to stair like a well-meaning ghost afraid of frightening people; my mode of procedure depending in part on the time of day, and which of the inhabitants I had reason to dread meeting. It was a good while before the inmates of this house and I began to know each other. The landlord had turned out the former tenant of this garret after she had been long enough in the house for all the rest to know her, and, notwithstanding she had been no great favourite, they all took her part against the landlord; and fancying, perhaps, because we kept more to ourselves, that we were his *proteges*, and that he had turned out Muggy Moll, as they called her, to make room for us, regarded us from the first with disapprobation. The little girls would make grimaces at me, and the bigger girls would pull my hair, slap my face, and even occasionally push me down stairs, while the boys made themselves far more terrible in my eyes. But, some remark happening to be dropped one day, which led the landlord to disclaim all previous knowledge of us, things began to grow better. And this is not by any means one of the worst parts of London. I could take Mr. Walton to houses in the East-End, where the manners are indescribable. We are all earning our bread here. Some have an occasional attack of drunkenness, and idle about; but they are sick of it again after a while. I remember asking a woman once if her husband would be present at a little entertainment to which Lady Bernard had invited them: she answered that he would be there if he was drunk, but if he was sober, he couldn't spare the time.

"Very soon they began to ask me after Mrs. Conan, and one day I invited one of them, who

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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)