

and chose as the scene of his meditated suicide the Old Salt Road, or now unused Customs Line, with its half-ruined bungalows, at intervals of ten or twelve miles, where the patrol used to stay. In one of these half-ruined bungalows the end is to come, and of what he saw and heard there he tells; and it is a tale to lift the hair if you read it in the twilight. Hardly second to it in pathos is "The Doll-Maker." Then there is the "Shāhbash Wallah," which strikes a note of the most pathetic sentiment. The power of description of the writer is wonderful. Hear this sketch, washed in in all the brilliant tints of the East:—

"It was in a little lath-and-plaster house down by the river that it all happened. The veriest confection of a house, looking for all the world as if it were a Neapolitan ice. Strawberry and vanilla in alternate stripes, with shuttered windows of coffee, and a furled wafer of an awning over the flagree chocolate balcony. And it rested, so to speak, against a platter of green plantain leaves, bright as any emerald. No doubt the trees belonging to the leaves grew somewhere to the back or side of it, but from the wide street in front you could see nothing but the green leaves surrounding the ice-cream."

"I was never out of England; it's as if I saw it all!"

And behind it all lies a deep understanding of the spiritual cravings, the idealism, the poetry, and the desire of the Oriental. The story of "Surābhi" the cow—a famine story—is another gem of the collection.

G. M. R.

The Four Packmen.

"What's in your Pack, O young and joyous Traveller?"

"Lovely toys and treasures, and beads that gleam and shine."

"Go upon your way—for my toys are lost and broken;

All unstrung and fallen are the beads that once were mine."

"What's in your Pack, O gay and lusty Traveller?"

"Roots that soon will blossom, and seeds with promise filled."

"Go upon your way—for my roses are all faded; All my tender seedlings by the cruel frost were killed."

"What's in your Pack, O staid and toilworn Traveller?"

"Fruits sweet and sour, nuts and stores of grain."

"Go upon your way—I am weary of the harvest; Canker's tooth has gnawed and the labour has been vain."

"What's in your Pack, O lean and weary Traveller?"

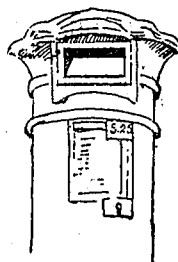
"Long white raiment—very plain and white."

"Ah! I will buy—I have need of that you carry. It will serve to hap me in the long and quiet night."

—From *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Coming Events.

July 22nd.—Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Society, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., 5 p.m. It is hoped as many of the members of the Society as possible will attend the meeting.



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.

OUR GUINEA PRIZE.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of cheque for £1 1s. Please accept sincere thanks for same; it was indeed a pleasant surprise to find I was the lucky one this month.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

CLARA ALLÉE.

98, Alma Road,
The Avenue, Southampton.

SOCIETY CHARITY.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—Your remarks on the quality of Society Charity are sincerely to be commended, and I know from experience that many London hospital managers deplore with you the significance of the fact that love of pleasure and vanity are the main springs of Society's aid to our once grand hospitals, founded and maintained by the generous giving and self-denial of true sympathisers with sickness and suffering. The whole pose of the "smart set" towards the poor and needy is a travesty of charity, and if their spurious support of our metropolitan hospitals is all these institutions have to depend upon for their needs, then the sooner they are placed upon their feet the better. Such support would at least be more dignified than a hand-to-mouth existence on the dregs of Society functions.

The truth is that the upper classes have never subscribed to any appreciable extent to hospitals and kindred institutions, and their names are conspicuous by their absence from the lists of donors even to the charities which they "patronise." Surely it is most reprehensible that hospital managers should have to depend upon the play-acting antics of the vulgar to carry on the noble work of treating and tending the sick poor; it is, indeed, the antithesis to one's ideal of what true charity should be, and will hurl the whole edifice of our voluntary hospitals on to the rates at no distant date.

"Charity at the End of the Nineteenth Century," by Miss Louisa Twining, a pamphlet reprinted from the *Charity Organisation Reporter*, takes as its text some warning words of Farrar: "All kinds of methods to spice charity with fashion and idleness, and to galvanise one or two thousand pounds out of a spurious and spasmodic philanthropy."

Alluding to the meretricious methods of extracting cash from the pockets of the ungenerous, Miss Twining says:—

"But surely we shall do well to ask ourselves seriously, in the midst of this headlong career of fashionable and ever-growing custom, what all this

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)