

the night of wind-driven mists and faint moonlight, he wrought like a giant possessed."

A few days after this pathetic burial, from sudden failure of the heart, Richard Mildare, for now the Englishman's name was known: Captain the Hon. Richard Mildare, late of the Grey Hussars—was dead. One brief final pang and he had gone to join her he loved."

But the little child is left at the mercy of the brutal tavern-keeper and his mistress.

Years later we find her under the protection of the Mother Superior, in a Convent School in Gueldersdorp, and this good woman, who in former years had been jilted by Richard Mildare for her mother, devotes herself to the girl, and endeavours by love and religion to efface from her mind the terrible experiences of her childhood.

This was at the time when people were whispering in corners of impending war between John Bull and Oom Paul.

It was during the siege of Gueldersdorp that Lynette made the acquaintance of the Dop-Doctor. "Dop" being the native name for the cheapest and most villainous of Cape brandies.

"It did not matter what the liquor was, the bartenders were aware who served the Dop-Doctor, as long as the stuff scorched the throat and stupefied the brain, and you got enough for your money."

How a distinguished Harley Street surgeon came to earn this title, and how, in the end, he wins the affection of the beautiful Lynette, we must leave the reader to discover. But, underneath, the man's character is a fine one, and his cruel disappointments in private and public life go a long way in his excuse. The threads of many romances are interwoven in this remarkable book.

Emmigration Jane, the under-housemaid at the Convent, and young Walt—"true Boer's son that he was, though he did not entertain the idea of marrying Jane, considered she might be made useful in a variety of ways"—are very amusing.

"The young Dopper warmly grasped her hand.

"Mind me bad finger. Lumme! you did give us a squeeze an' a 'arf."

"If I shall to hurt you I been sorry, miss! apologised the slabbert.

"All righto, Dutchy!" smiled Emmigration Jane. 'Don't tear your features.'

"She bestowed a glance of almost vocal disdain upon a Kaffir girl in turkey-red cotton twill, with a green hat savagely pinned upon her wholly hair.

"'Funny,' she observed, 'when I was 'ome I used to swallow all the tales what parsons kept pitchin' about that black lot 'aving souls like you and me.'"

We venture to think that the book is far too long, and that there is too much wading in muddy streams. A great deal could be omitted to its advantage in both these respects, but it is a book to read.

H. H.

#### THE HEALTH VISITOR.

Considerable impetus has of late been given to the development of Health Visiting, and the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, 4, Tavistock Square, W.C., has issued a useful little pamphlet, price 1d., giving practical details as to the necessary qualifications, training, duties, remuneration, etc., of Health Visitors.

#### TO DAISIES.

This month's *English Review* contains a hitherto unpublished poem by the late Francis Thompson—"To Daisies":—

Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame  
Burning, we know your lovely name —  
Daisies, that little children pull!  
Like all weak things, over the strong  
Ye do not know your power for wrong,  
And much abuse your feebleness.  
Daisies, that little children pull,  
As ye are weak, be merciful!

\* \* \* \* \*

These hands did toy,

Children, with you, when I was child,  
And in each other's eyes we smiled.  
Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair  
Apparelling  
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,  
Ah me, the garment of the grace  
I wove you when I was a boy;  
O mine, and not the year's your stolen Spring!  
And, since ye wear it,  
Hide your sweet selves—I cannot bear it!  
For, when ye break the cloven earth  
With your young laughter and endearment,  
No blossomy carillon 'tis of mirth  
To me; I see my slaughtered joy  
Bursting its cerement.

#### COMING EVENTS.

July 8th.—Meeting, Executive Committee, Society for the State Registration of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 4 p.m. Tea.

July 9th.—Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Bromley, Kent. Founder's Day, Garden Party. 4.30 to 7 p.m.

July 9th.—National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. Great Demonstration in support of the Conciliation Committee's Women's Suffrage Bill. Trafalgar Square. 3 p.m.

July 11th.—The Society of Women Journalists. Reception by the President, Lady McLaren, 43, Belgrave Square, S.W. 10 p.m.

July 11th.—East End Mothers' Home. Annual Meeting, The Mansion House, by kind permission of the Lord Mayor. 3 p.m.

July 16th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council, General Hospital, Birmingham, 3 p.m. Public Meeting on State Registration of Nurses, 4.30 p.m.

July 19th and 20th.—Penal Cases. Central Midwives' Board. Board Room, Caxton House, 2 p.m.

July 23rd.—The Women's Social and Political Union. Great Demonstration in support of the Conciliation Committee's Suffrage Bill. Hyde Park, London, W.

#### WOMEN'S CONGRESS, JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

July 8th.—Discussion on "Women in Philanthropy." 3 p.m.

July 9th.—"Physical Training and Organised Play," Adeline Duchess of Bedford presiding. 3 p.m.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

State registration of nurses stands for education of the nurse, and hence for better nursing care of the sick.

ANNA L. ALLINE.

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