

A graphic picture is the following :—

"Saere's twelfth child was born that night, drew a few gasping breaths of the Thames fog and then passed on its way."

Mrs. Saere had what is known as a bad time, but she scarcely heeded the pain. She worried, poor soul, about everything but her own condition. Would Emily forget to keep in the kitchen fire, so that nurse might have hot water? Would Maude get near it and tumble against the bars? Would the burial man, who was calling that evening, be able to make anyone hear?

Had anyone thought to tell Mrs. Sutcliffe she would be unable to come and do the washing that week "after askin' for it and all?"

And then comes the alleviation.

"When the others have gone off out of our way, I'll get you a cup of tea," said Michael.

He always coupled himself with his mother—"our" and "us."

It was a little interval of peace that hour spent with little Michael, which had to be broken by the little boy being sent to the door:

"It's the burial man," said Mrs. Saere. "Now, if only nurse was here! But you must go and see to him, Michael dear; and mind and tell him it mustn't run into money, for I can't afford it."

How true a picture of the "lying-in" of the East-end mother, only those who have worked among the poor will appreciate.

The period of Michael's adoption by a wealthy mad woman is a terrible episode, and the murder of the unfortunate child Herbert is very "creepy" reading. It results, however, in the restoration of Michael to his own parents.

Young Michael grew into a clever, capable foreman in the wood-yard, and it was while on duty there that he was told off to show round some ladies—friends of Sir John Proudie, his employer. It was on this occasion that pretty Sallie exclaimed at his surname.

"My name's Saere," he said stiffly.

"There, now," said Sallie. "Isn't it extraordinary. I knew there was something. It may have been a pre—pre—what do I mean? O, you know what I mean. A call of the blood!"

There had always been a curious instinct in Michael's mother to put away from herself any tendency to believe her husband's boasting reference to the past. Where a vulgarer woman would have gloried in the mere possibility of well-born connections, she instinctively shrank from it. This trait in her character helped to baffle Michael's efforts to elucidate the truth.

There are many interesting passages in the book relating to labour disputes and social reform. Michael's family figure none too creditably in many ways, but innate refinement causes him to triumph over his many disabilities. The close of the book finds him at last, having established his father's claim. But although the way seems clear for him to marry pretty Sally, his happiness had still to be deferred.

The war claimed him.

"Sally, you'll have to look after Saere Court for

me—wait till I come back—if—if there's any chance for me, my dear—with all my folly, all you know of me."

This book is full of interest throughout, and the character of Mrs. Saere alone makes it worthy of attention.

H. H.

THE LAST PILOT.

(From a Hill-top in France.)

Overhead, in a tranquil sky, out of the sunset glow,
The stately battle-planes go sailing east, against the foe,
And the quivering air is all a-drone, like an organ, deep
and low.

The sunset gleams on the old bell-tower and the roofs of
the old French town:
Gleams and fades, and the shadows fall, as the night
comes creeping down,
And the German line in the twilight glooms distant and
dark and brown.

One by one, their duty done, the planes come back from
the fight;
One by one, like homing birds, back through the
darkening night,
And, twinkling against the fading west, goes up their
guiding light.

Hour by hour the light goes up, flashing the signal far,
But the Last Pilot heeds it not. His ship has crossed the
bar,
And he has found eternal peace in the light of his
Heavenly Star.

By DUNCAN TOVEY.

COMING EVENTS.

September 30th.—Royal British Nurses' Association meeting of Consultative Committee, 10, Orchard Street, Portman Square, W. 3.15 p.m.

September 30th.—Inauguration of Course of Elementary Lectures on Infant Care (for Teachers, Infant Welfare Workers, Mothers, &c.), under the auspices of the National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality and for the Welfare of Infancy. 1, Wimpole Street, W. 5.30 p.m.

October 2nd.—Missionary Nurses' League. Autumn Re-union. Morning, afternoon and evening meetings. 10.15, 12.30, 3-5 p.m. and 7.30 to 9.30.

October 8th, 9th and 10th.—National Council of Women. Meeting in Harrogate. The Report of Committee on the Revision of the Constitution will be submitted. Conference.

October 12th.—Queen Alexandra will open the Cavell Memorial Home and unveil a statue at Norwich on the anniversary of Edith Cavell's execution.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

You ask me how long this war must still go on. It will go on until our task shall have been accomplished, until our just cause shall have triumphed. For it is necessary that our dead should not have died in vain; it is necessary that the Government of the People by the People and for the People shall have obtained the certainty that it will not be abolished off the face of the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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