

retains the power to charm, music to thrill, nature to soothe and sanctify, yet highest of all pleasures ranks the power of giving pleasure to others; a child's happiness, the relief of another's pain, another's sorrow lightened, can give us that joy which springs from the divinest, noblest attributes of humanity—sympathy and love.

"The god-head in us wrings our nobler deeds  
From our reluctant selves."

### THE BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN.

"MY good Tommy," says Sister, coming down the Ward—(Sister is rather wide of the mark, for Tommy is by no means a saint at this moment)—"My good Tommy, I can see a little black dog on someone's shoulder, if not on the very tip of someone's nose, unless I am *very* much mistaken."

"'Tisn't me," retorts Tommy, reckless of syntax; "it's him; and he says I ain't any worser nor sicker nor him, and always a worriting of every-one into pipestems," and Tommy gives a most comprehensive sniff, and turns over.

Sister smiles and sighs as she sits down by Tommy, who still glares defiance at a newly-arrived *vis-a-vis*, who seems inclined to question his supremacy. Tommy is an old inhabitant. Many have come and gone—beds have been filled two or three times over—but he stays on with us, and we have learnt to humour him in the intervals he has of freedom from suffering; and as the intervals grow briefer, and the paroxysms of pain more and more severe, we do all we can to make the time as pleasant as we can; therefore Thomas is dictatorial, often imperious and impatient, jealous of notice that we bestow on Tommy secundus, yet an affectionate boy withal, who, for all his wilful temper, bears his share of the ills of life like a real English boy, and the keenest anguish seldom wrings a groan from him. Sister smooths down his ruffled feathers, and departs to reason with the contumacious neighbour, bearing with her the urbane and long-suffering Ward kitten as a metaphorical flag of truce and a symbol of peace-offering. Tommy is rather subdued; he is always open to reason when his storms have blown over; and when Nurse, accompanied by her work-box and sundry garments from the linen cupboard for an unwonted half-hour of mending, sits down at the table near him, it is with less of his usual "hectoring" that Tommy applies for the usual panacea for his woes—a story. Street arab though he be, he is a Briton to the core of his stout little heart, and loves a battle story dearly. Trafalgar is his joy and pride, and Nurse has discreetly steered him past shoals and

quicksands before now, with an adroit reference to the shades of departed worthies, when Tommy was smouldering on the verge of an explosion. Had Fate been kinder, he would have added Atkins to his patronymic, and enlisted. As it is, we know that long before he could aspire to be a drummer-boy, Tommy's battles will be ended for ever, and Nurse thinks of a fiercer siege and a deadlier enemy than Gibraltar withstood, as she watches the little lad's face glow with enthusiasm over that stirring story. To-day, as she tries to refresh some rather hazy memories of Cressy and Poitiers—the *Hotel Dieu* is too full of interest of its own, to remind one often of school-books and histories—and tries also to remember anything more about Agincourt than the fact that "*such* a King Harry" fought in it, she stumbles by some fortuitous accident upon the story of Sir Philip's death at Zutphen, and, in the absence of everyone but King Harry at Agincourt, tells the other to the listener in his cot. Thomas has the true art of listening, and promptly asks to have it over again, after receiving it in appreciative silence. Highly flattered, Nurse obeys. Taking a few harmless liberties with the text, she plants a hedge of berries and brambles from her own north-country lanes and dales near the clear brook that ran at Sidney's feet; regardless of the flora and fauna of Zutphen, she trails a wild rose (in September) along the brink of the stream, and even shakes a pink petal or two into the helmet of the period which bore the water from one dying hero to his fellow. Then, rather amused at her unusual flight into the realms of fancy, she pauses, and Tommy asks as usual,

"Nurse, is it true?"

"Quite," say I, staunchly, scornful of modern scepticism. "Quite, Tommy. I made up a little about the pink roses, but the rest is true."

"I wonder," says Tommy, "if I'm a bit like him, Nurse;" and he shakes my apron, as he clutches at it from his cot, with his restless fingers; and I look into his childish face, worn with the pain a strong man might complain under, but which our boy bears *like* an—English boy. "Nurse, couldn't I be like him, if I tried?"

Tommy is a street arab, haunted and marred by the evil spirits that follow him and his brethren from the cradle to the grave, or the dock; but the chance that led Nurse into the story of Zutphen has bridged over the long centuries that lie between that noble Christian soldier and gentleman and the child in our Hospital cot. Some curious chord of union and sympathy waked and throbbled in Tommy's breast—the admiration of weakness for strength, and ignorance for wisdom—and with many trips and tumbles and back-slidings, with many relapses into his old hasty temper and

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