

to break up their little mountain home, where they had been so happy with their dogs and pets of many kinds, their flowers, their few books, and their constant writing; where the father had looked in at their thousand and one pursuits with real pride and sympathy, behind a manner of amused and tender tolerance. There are real tears in these Regrets for—

The grey house standing in the sun,
While grasses grow and waters run;
These green fields and this house were ours,
Its beechen trees, and garden bowers.

But ours it is no more, alas!
To strangers the old place will pass;
For them will bloom the daffodil,
The roses by the window-sill.

Young children's voices, sweetly shrill,
The silence of the rooms may fill;
Where late the requiem was said
Twice in three months above our dead.

Yet when the household fires are quenched,
The darkling panes with cold dews drenched,
Our dreaming souls will come again
In half-delirious joy and pain.

And in the ghostly moon-lit gloom
The shadowy corner of each room
Shall give to us a shadowy face
That hath not lost the human grace.

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Our dreaming souls will hardly know
In such dim hours that this is so.
He seems but sleeping in his chair;
She's busy on some household care.

And in our sister's hands are flowers
That are not gathered many hours.
For love and dreams can bridge the years;
The long, dim sea of bitter tears.

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"MARY FURLONG was so eager to nurse the typhus patient that almost against the better judgment of her friends she went. She was a tall creature, slender to attenuation, and no one could believe she would have the constitution to resist the typhus, if once it took hold upon her. As it was she was the only one of the nurses who died. She died crying out that she must go to her father, that he was calling her, and they must not keep her. She sleeps in the sun and the mountain wind, within sight of her old home, and the fields and mountains she had made her poems of, stretching up to the very grass of her grave."
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Owing to the indiscreet conduct of the few, the nurses who have been doing their duty loyally in India on Plague Duty have suffered in public estimation, and indeed, the whole nursing community thus loses prestige. It is good, therefore, to read of work, well and bravely done, receiving rightful acknowledgment from the natives of India. In the *Advocate of India*, dated 24th October, we read:—

"An interesting ceremony took place yesterday evening at the Mahratta Plague Hospital, Bombay, when some of the leading members of this community met to show their appreciation of the devoted care that one of the lady nurses from England, Miss Moore, has

bestowed upon the suffering poor of this caste who have been admitted to this hospital.

"Miss Moore, having completed her term of service, is leaving India. There is not the slightest doubt that the tender care that the patients receive at this and other hospitals, from the ladies who attend them, has done more to remove suspicion and restore confidence amongst the lower classes of natives than anything else. No acknowledgement of this is, however, to be found in any of the official Blue Books, or is likely to be. But the hearty and spontaneous demonstration of sympathy and appreciation that took place yesterday, must have been more gratifying than any platitudes from the authorities under whom these ladies have been working; they having up to now shown their appreciation of their services by getting as much work from them as possible for their money. The gathering that took place yesterday consisted of the President of the Mahratta Plague Committee, the European plague officers of the district, the Lady Superintendent and several of her staff, and a number of native gentlemen. An able speech, explaining the object of the meeting, was made by the son of Sirdar Mir Abdul Khan Bahadur, whose father has taken such a great interest in this hospital, and at his own cost has reclaimed the grounds from a dreary waste to a picturesque garden, besides metalling the road in the compound.

"The lady, in whose honour the meeting was held, replied briefly and modestly, insisting on bringing to notice the plucky manner in which all the subordinates of the establishment had stuck to their posts in a most trying time, thus averting a panic.

"After this, photos were taken and wreaths and bouquets distributed, and the guests departed after bidding Miss Moore adieu and wishing her the happiness she so well deserves."
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EVIDENTLY the native mind appreciates the significance of women's humane work as a factor in the highest methods of civilization, more truly than do the Tory officials, whose obsolete sway is now all powerful at our India Office. The lesson to be learnt from Lady Dufferin's great work in India appears to be quite thrown away upon our present Secretary of State for India. They are not so obtuse in Russia.
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Most of the English nurses who were sent out by the Secretary of State for India have been asked by the Government of India to serve for a second year. A few have accepted the fresh agreement, but the greater number have decided to return to England as soon as their original agreement was fulfilled. The Indian Government do not present sufficient inducements to the nurses, as they offer them no increase of pay, and no provision is made for leave. They do not guarantee them first-class travelling expenses in the Bombay Presidency, although this has been found necessary in the past, nor do they guarantee second-class return to England by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, as they reserve to themselves the option of paying the sum of 450 rupees instead.

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