

**An Incident.**

In his uniform soaking and draggled, with the blood  
in his sleepless eyes,  
Hungry and dirty and bearded, he looks at the  
morning skies,  
He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his  
chum for a light—  
When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he  
stands in his boots upright.  
There is jingling of chains and the straining of harness,  
the clashing of steel,  
And the gunner swings off at a gallop as he buckles  
the spur to his heel,  
There are whispers, and jestings, and laughter—then  
the scream of a rushing shell  
And the crash of the guns from the trenches that fling  
back the gateways of Hell.  
In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with his  
gun in his place,  
While the bullets peck at the riven ground and spit up  
the earth in his face;  
He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd  
at the barrack gate,  
But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he  
whispers: "It's coming. Wait!"  
So he glares at the smoke from the trenches, so he  
chats to his chum on his right,  
Muddy and thirsty and frozen—but setting his teeth  
for the fight,  
And he stands like a rock through the morning, with  
the butt of his gun at his toe—  
Till the bugles ring and he leaps to the front with his  
bayonet-point at the foe.  
To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the ridge  
where the rifles flame,  
On! with a shout that is strong as the blow—though  
he's tortured and spent and lame,  
Through the line of the reeling foeman, through the  
hail of the hissing lead—  
He wins the rocks with his bayonet-point, and  
staggers among the dead.  
In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with the  
mist in his eyes,  
The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks no  
more on the skies;  
The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest in  
the worn brigade,  
And the only sound on the stricken field is the noise  
of his comrade's spade.

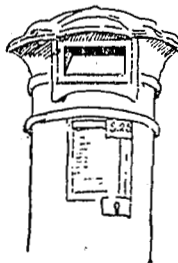
HAROLD BEGBIE:

From the *Morning Post*.**WHAT TO READ.**

- "The Life of Edward White Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury." By his son, Arthur Christopher Benson, of Eton College. In two vols.  
"Tennyson, Ruskin, and Mill." By Frederic Harrison.  
"In Praise of Gardens." By A. Forbes Sieveking.  
"Alpine Memories." By Emile Lavelle.  
"The Enchanter." By V. L. Silberratt.  
"Janice Meredith." By P. Leicester Ford.  
"The Finger of Fate." By Captain Mayne Reid.  
"Villette." By Charlotte Brontë, with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

**Letters to the Editor.**

NOTES, QUERIES. &amp;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*

**MALE NURSES.***To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM.—I read with somewhat jealous feelings the accounts of the *Maine Male Nurses* in last week's *NURSING RECORD*, for it appears that in America facilities are afforded to men to obtain thorough training, whereas in this country my sex is a complete barrier to my obtaining a certificate in any of the large training schools. No hospital will take me, so I must perforce be content with asylum training, which, of course, is very different to that obtainable in a general school, nor will one rank afterwards as if one had trained in a hospital, like St. Bartholomew's for instance. You always insist that sex should not be a disqualification, provided the person is suitable for the employment he or she seeks, so I hope you will find space for this letter urging the claims of the sterner sex for an equal chance with women in the matter of training as nurses.

I am, Madam, yours obediently,

"A MERE MALE."

**SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSING.***To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—The report published in the *NURSING RECORD* of the Training School for Nurses at the Toronto General Hospital interested me not a little, and I think Miss Snively is to be congratulated upon taking her right position as Superintendent of Nursing. I do not think, however, that the matrons of the larger hospitals in this country or our more emancipated western colleagues, have any idea how difficult it is for some of us country matrons to maintain our right position. We receive the title of matron, and to many minds, in the provinces, this implies that one is head of the domestic department, and conveys no idea that one is also responsible for the efficient nursing of the institution. It is extraordinary that when one tries to fulfil one's duty in regard to the nursing department that one so often meets opposition and obstruction. I think that it would make the matron's position much easier if she were given the title of superintendent of nursing as well as matron, then there would be no question as to her position, and no one could resent her asserting her position as head of the nursing staff. To you in London this may seem absurd, but I am sure it is often a very real difficulty in the country. I should welcome an invitation from my committee to present an annual report on the nursing department, but I fear such a drastic innovation will not be permitted for many years to come.

Yours faithfully,

COUNTRY MATRON,

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