

front and will have been conveyed to Estcourt, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and the hospital ships. (5) Eight train-loads have been taken away in the hospital trains in two days. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have watched the proceedings at the front that a trying emergency has been met, under circumstances of extreme tension, with complete success, and I know that the army has had the greatest confidence in its medical corps.

Dedicated to the Highland Brigade.

In many a bosky strath and glen
The pipes are wailing eeri-ly
Sae eeri-ly!

In many a cotter's but-and-ben
The gude wife sabs—sae wearily,
Sae wearily.

The gude man turns his streaming eyes
To where the Book of Comfort lies
And strives to soothe her while he sighs
Sae drearily, sae wearily.

In many a Highland Chieftain's hall
The laird is grieving wearily,
Sae wearily!

He feels the grip of sorrow's thrall
Benumb his heart sae drearily,
Sae drearily!

He hears the slogan of the clan,
He sees "The Master" lead the van,
And now he kneels a childless man
God help him!—kneels sae wearily.

The Highland maid of proud descent
Is mourning oh, sae wearily,
Sae wearily!

The cottar lassie's head is bent
In bitter grief sae drearily,
Sae drearily!

For Lady Belle in silk arrayed,
And Bonnie Jean, the serving maid,
Are weeping neath the selt same plaid,
Sae wearily, sae wearily!

To them it seems but yestere'en
They said "Good bye" sae cheerily,
Sae cheerily!

And yet the weeks that lie between
Have creepit on sae drearily,
Sae drearily!

To-night with Death their laddie sleeps
The while his stricken mother weeps
As down her cheek the sorrow creeps
Sae wearily, sae wearily!

In many a bosky strath and glen
The pipes are wailing eeri-ly,
Sae eeri-ly!

A dirge for Scotia's fighting men
Who went away sae cheerily,
Sae cheerily!

To all the sorrow is the same
The withered crone, the high born dame,
The lass who sobs her lover's name
Sae wearily, sae wearily!

By "LYNN LYSTER," Durban, Natal.

In the "Glasgow Citizen."

"Oh! for the Sound of a Voice that is Still."

GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS, genius, is dead, and the insatiable greed of the Reaper in gathering in just this one precious life leaves the whole English-speaking people sad at heart. The silence for evermore on earth of this fine strenuous voice, inciting to great and honourable deeds, and never more convincing than when singing of the same, is an irreparable national loss, which is mourned with a personal grief by thousands of his readers who realised and appreciated his unrivalled intellectual gifts. Immeasurably great, and charming; well beloved of his intimates, and just "Steevens" to the world at large, the eclipse of this brilliant literary star is the greatest loss which this ruthless war has inflicted upon the British people, for neither potentates, nor powers, nor all the wealth of the Rand, can give us again the inspiration of this fine spirit.

Although George Steevens never used his imperial pen for personal purposes, yet it seems almost as if it were a premonition of death by enteric fever which aroused his intense sympathy for our brave soldiers who died like flies in the Soudan from this terrible scourge, owing to lack of trained nursing skill, during the late war. This sympathy he expressed to those in power, and we believe that it was owing to his representations that one of the most splendid offers of help for our soldiers ever suggested was made by his chief, the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, when he proposed to equip, regardless of expense, an ambulance to the Soudan, organized on lines which would secure, for our sick and wounded, *skilled nursing on modern lines*, such nursing as the system in vogue at the War Office denies to them.

The fact that the War Office refused this enlightened and generous offer, and that dozens of valuable lives were sacrificed in consequence, is only part of the monstrous incompetence of its management. Who can tell! If Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's offer had been accepted in the last war, might not army nursing reform have, to a certain extent, been effected ere we came to blows with the Transvaal, and many of the brave men who have died for us long lingering deaths from enteric and dysentery have been spared to those of whom they are beloved?

To the wife of George Steevens our warmest and deepest sympathy goes out. Their domestic life was an idyll. It is useless to offer any words of condolence in such a case, but we may weep with those who weep, and we do so bitterly—
bitterly.

E. G. F.

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