

she knows I'm an 'eathen?" asked Polly, with a wistful expression on her face.

"I should think she'd give you two," replied Martha wisely. "The 'eathen ones always gets two—it makes up for lost time."

"If I was going to die," persisted Polly in a choked voice, "I'd like to know somethin' about 'Eaven though there ain't much chance of me gettin' there, but I can begin right away now an' giv' over ittin' the children w'en I gets mad with 'em, an' slangin' my husban' w'en 'e lies on the best 'orse-air sofa with 'is boots on—Oh! I couldn't die yet—I ain't 'alf ready."

"I expect you'll 'ave to go w'en the Lord wants you," exclaimed Martha, almost severely. "It ain't any good settlin' your own time, an' w'en you'd like to go as if it was a sort of trip you was goin' to make, There ain't no comin' back in this case."

Polly was visibly impressed, not only by Martha herself, but that lady's views on religion and her extensive knowledge on the subject. It came, therefore, as a rude shock to her when some weeks later she overheard the following conversation between Martha and the visiting curate. Martha had been very ill with bronchitis, and one day when the steam kettle and poultices had been dispensed with she suddenly became alarmed at her extreme weakness and insisted it was necessary to see the curate in order that he might soothe her last moments.

"I don't think there's any doubt as to where I'm goin', sir," she said, as he seated himself at the bedside. The clergyman replied that he had always heard good reports about her from the district visitor and the vicar.

"Yes, sir," replied Martha, quietly, "I've always wanted to go to 'Eaven when I died. I've tried to do as many good things in a day as I could. When I was at 'ome I kep' thinkin' of the Recordin' Hangel puttin' one down to me ev'ry time I did someone a good turn. I was thinkin' only to-day as I must 'ave kep' the Hangel pretty busy all 'last October when Betty Murphy was down with pneumonia, an' coals was riz, an' I kep' givin' 'er 'alf mine 'cos she was fair perished with cold. The on'y thing I said to 'er w'en she was a-dyin' was, 'Be sure you say a good word for me, Betty, where you're goin'.' An' 'er last words was, 'It ain't settled yet where I am going.'"

After a few minutes the curate in a few well-chosen words asked Martha if she was prepared to die. It was at this juncture that Polly lost faith in Martha and remained a heathen for the rest of her life.

"I ain't so ready as I was, sir," she said, meekly. "You see, I've bin thinkin' that if I went to 'Eaven I'd get mortal tired of bein' good for ever, an' there's no sayin' but that some day I might feel like gettin' up an' breckin' somethink."

JESSIE C. BEGA.

Nursing Echoes.

* * * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



The following nursing sisters are now on their way home from South Africa:—

In the *Syria*:—Sisters E. M. Beesby and H. Fishery. Due at Southampton on September 2nd.

In the *Buluwayo*:—Sisters F. A. Rhodes and S. A. Fisher. Due at Southampton on September 5th.

In the *Bavarian*:—Sisters C. S. Travis, A. B. Macdonald, and A. C. S. Anderson. Due at Southampton on September 8th.

In the *Plassy*:—Sisters Romistead and A. D. Barnett. Due at Southampton on September 6th.

Asylums News, the journal of the Asylum Workers Association, is this month entirely devoted to the publication of a list of members, and a very good list it is. It would be still more valuable if the Association published the training and professional career of each of its members, but this would be a big undertaking.

The value of directing public attention to the deficiencies in the arrangements for the nursing of the sick and wounded at the beginning of the war receives confirmation from a Caithness man who was in South Africa, and who, writing to the *Northern Whig*, says:—

"Since the date of the hospital scandal and subsequent commission, vast improvements have taken place in the administration and working of these places of mercy. Drugs and other nursing necessities, as well as hospital comforts, which were so scarce then, can now be had in abundance, and no complaint can be made under these headings. In fact, so great has been the change for the better that soldiers who, in the early stages of the struggle, shuddered at the mention of the word hospital, now look—that is if they are not very ill—upon a short stay in 'dock,' as it is jocularly called, as something in the shape of a rest and relaxation from the everyday fatigue and hardship of veldt life, and are only too glad to take, and do take, advantage of the rest which it affords."

Of the nursing sisters, the writer says, they were indefatigable in their work, and in looking after the general welfare and comfort of the patients. Not a single case of neglect came to his ears during the

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