

town." Boys, the natives, away in their little tun shanty as far as enclosure will admit. One poor night nurse all alone in a long, low rambling building, thatched, and stone floors, the sitting-room at one end, the kitchen at the other; three or four irregular rooms opening one into the other, and full of new patients, with a tiny room far removed, and often empty for the women, when there are any, which is seldom, sick natives a good three minutes from the main building in a corrugated iron shanty. And you have the elements productive of a good many scares in getting from one set of sick people to the other. Add to this, a late rebellion, the noise of various wild animals, among them the long-drawn cry of the jackal, and an English nurse, despite her red blood, need not be ashamed of a few inward qualms. But the life is good notwithstanding, and perfectly satisfactory. The sensation that each is worth her weight in gold, and could not be replaced without considerable expenditure of the same. The knowledge that with them lies the responsibility of many sons and brothers, separated from all their tenderer ties and dependent upon the hospital for all soft kindlinesses. That to them is given the solemn privilege of helping other people's "best beloved" through the gates of life into the dark valley. That by them maybe, by God's Grace, is some young useful life saved to go on and make the land more habitable for the next comer. So that indirectly, indeed, the Pioneer Nurses are makers of Empire. These things outweigh the slight discomforts. And, whatever else may lack, interest abounds. The life of a Pioneer Nurse is full of interest. The conditions of life are wildly romantic. There is always a war or a rebellion, or rinderpest, to deal with. It is interesting to carry one's life in one's hand, never knowing what a single day may bring forth. It is interesting to watch the growth of Empire, and see civilisation contending at every turn with the powers of darkness. But such interests call for the best that England can give. No half-baked nurses should be allowed to go abroad. The best, and only the best, should be the motto of every association sending women out to the places where each one counts so mightily. A. E. WINDSOR.

Darling Laziness.

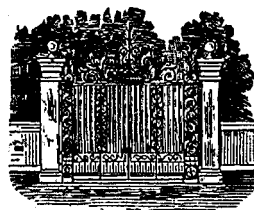
I have during the week been enjoying *A House of Letters*, in which there are some delightful letters from Charles Lamb; in one he complains that no one will believe in his plea of bad health. "No one can tell how ill I am because it does not come out to the exterior of my face, but lies in my skull, deep and invisible. I wish that I was leprous and black jaundiced skin over, and that all was as well within as my cursed looks."

And then he cries out, it seems, in a very loud voice just what all nurses feel towards the end of July after eleven months' work in a great city:—

"Oh, darling laziness! Heaven of Epicurus! Saint's Everlasting Rest! that I could drink vast potations of thee thro' unmeasured Eternity—'Otium cum vel sine dignitate.' Scandalous, dishonourable, any kind of repose; I stand not on the dignified sort. Accursed, damned desks, trade, commerce, business, inventions of that old original busybody, brain-working Satan—Sabbathless, restless Satan. A curse relieves: do you ever try it?" E. S. M.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Council of Bedford College have appointed Miss Anna Lamberg, final honours Upsala, to be resident librarian. The Reid scholarship in arts, of the value of £31 10s. for the first year and £28 10s. for the two following years, has been awarded to Miss K. M. Curtis, of the North London Collegiate School, and the Arnott scholarship in science, of the value of £48 for three years, has been awarded to Miss E. M. Stokes, of Dame Alice Owen's Girls' School. The Bedford College hygiene diploma has been awarded to E. Bideleux, S. M. Houchen, M. Neatby, M. Sheepshanks, and M. A. M. Stacy.

We are glad to learn that the first contributions from the former students for the building scheme of Bedford College is now over £3,000, and it is fully expected that a good deal more will yet be received from them. It is necessary that a sum of £50,000 should be secured before the end of the year, so that the plans may be proceeded with without delay. The Princess of Wales has expressed her cordial good wishes for the continued prosperity of the College. Lady Tate, it will be remembered, has promised to build and furnish a library in the new site (when it is secured), to be named after Sir Henry Tate.

A lady just returned from San Sebastian thus describes the graveyard of English soldiers killed in the siege, 1813:—

"It is a pathetic sight (she says), these neglected graves on the hillside under the fort, the palisades of the enclosure broken in places and dilapidated, the memorial stones defaced and overgrown, everything betokening neglect and oblivion. What makes the sight more painful is that the inscriptions on the officers' tombs give the names of some of our best families. One would think that the keeping up of these graves would be regarded not only as a sacred duty but as an honour. About a hundred English soldiers lie buried here."

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

They think otherwise, however, in the States, where the remains of those who have died for their country are gathered together and sleep the long sleep until the last trump, under the oak-crowned heights of lovely Arlington, reverently cared for by the living.

The Committee of the Frances Power Cobbe Memorial have collected half the sum necessary to found the annual prize open to all students and members under six years' standing in the colleges for women at Oxford and Cambridge, University College and Bedford College, London, and Trinity College and Alexandra College, Dublin, the list to be extended should funds permit, a widening of the scheme.

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