

The fascination of the story is not a thing that can be described, but it is felt from first page to last; we have learned to look for that quality in this author's writings; it seems impossible for her to disappoint us.

E. L. H.

Lines Suggested by One Night Nurse to Another.

3 A.M.

We are watching for the breaking of the day!
You in your, and I in my own way.
Perchance, dear friend, if I could look at you,
You're doing what you say I ought to do.
Awhile we rest, our work aside we lay,
And look with eager eyes for break of day.
It comes, it comes, sweet birds awake to praise
The Maker of dark nights and sunny days.
The cocks crow loud across the gardens still,
And tender dews are rising on the hill.
The tree tops wave against a rosy sky,
And from the heavens the pale stars slowly die.
We are watching for the coming of the morn!
The happy reign of life, and stir of dawn.
The solitary watching hours are done,
We hail the freshening air and gladdening sun!
Calmed by the stillness of the passing night
We meet this morning with a new delight.
We are watching for the breaking of the day!
You in your, and I in my own way.
A Day that comes to all, and brings to each
Dear knowledge that this Life has failed to teach.
We stretch our hands to greet Eternity,
And hail the Dawn in joyous ecstasy!

E. E. A.

What to Read.

- "A Mission of the Spirit." By Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, D.D.
"The Queen's Tragedy." By Robert Hugh Benson.
"A Dreamer in Paris." By William Jasper Nicolls.
"A German Pompadour." By Marie Hay.

Coming Events.

July 10th.—Grand Concert at Bridgwater House in aid of the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund. 3.30 p.m.

July 17th.—Prize Day, the Horticultural College, Swanley. 4 p.m.

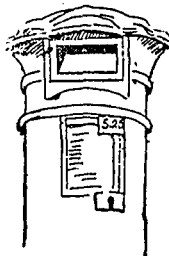
July 20th.—Meeting of the Royal South Hants Nurses' League at the Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital. 3.30 p.m.

A Word for the Week.

Be not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humour, because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, return to the charge.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &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.

WHY NO SOULS?

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I observe in a newspaper controversy on the vivisection question that one correspondent boldly asserts that "animals have no soul, but—splendid creatures as they are in their right place—are after all beasts with the natural instincts of the lower animals. Such animals are created for man's use," and amongst those uses they must be subjected to vivisection, so that the bodies human which contain souls should be saved suffering and death. What use is a soul if not inspired by a pure and beautiful spirit? And who shall deny that the animals are devoid of all the qualities which combine to make humanity virtuous? I once heard a parson preach a sermon which impressed me very deeply. Referring to self-righteousness he alluded to our contempt for the pig as the grossest of animals, "and yet are there not those among this congregation," he said, "lower than the pig? *Who ever saw a pig drunk?*"

Turn to the other end of the animal-scale and consider the dog. Who can look into a dog's eyes and doubt that it has a soul?

I mind me of a sad village tragedy. A gentle girl of respectable parentage had come to grief. She was beaten and cursed by her human kind, and left home in the night, trudging with a bundle some miles across country to the station.

When nearing the line, she turned to find her faithful little dog at her heels. When discovered this loving creature looked up into her face and said more surely than speech could express: "Where thou goest I will go."

And so he did.

In after years this woman and her child paid a visit to the village. I met the latter in a meadow one sunny day hugging an old dog to her bosom and weeping sore.

"What is your grief, little maid?" said I.

"Parson says dogs have no souls," said she, "but there can be no heaven without this little hound."

"Love is Heaven, little maid," said I.

"Ah! then we's both a bit of Heaven," she cried, and together they scampered away in great joy.

Later, the mother of this dear child told me she had said to the parson "if God won't have us together, I shall pray to kind Mr. Devil to take us in!"

Surely "kind Mr. Devil" is not to have all the dear animals as well as all the best tunes.

Yours truly,

ANNE.

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