

fought gallantly against the French; Phoebe Hessel, as her epitaph at Brighton records, served for many years as a soldier, and was wounded at Fontenoy; and Mary Ann Taylor accompanied her lover, an infantry officer, to the wars, and afterwards fought as a sailor—the famous “Billee.”

The National Executive of the British Women's Temperance Association has passed a resolution supporting the Licensing Bill, but calling for amendments in certain particulars, and especially demanding that the exclusion of all children under fourteen years from drinking bars shall be statutory and universal.

A prison destined exclusively for female inmates has just been opened at Moscow with Princess Vadbolsky as its superintendent.

Book of the Week.

“MANY JUNES.”*

“Many Junes,” by Mr. Archibald Marshall, is a book that is rather out of the common, and certainly a very clever little psychological study. It can hardly be recommended as a story likely to cheer or amuse the reader, but for this very reason many will be inclined to say that it is the truer to life. It is undoubtedly interesting. One is left, at the end of it, with a sense of bewilderment as to what was at fault. How came it that Hugh Lelacheur's life was marked throughout with just sufficient failure to embitter everything for him? Was it due to up-bringing, to temperament, or to fate?

Truly circumstances seemed always to be dead against him. The son of Admiral Lelacheur was, of course, destined for the navy. He failed to pass the medical examination, and when too late a very slight operation set him, as the irritated father contended, “as right as anybody.” He was next destined for Cambridge, and possibly the Church, and put into the hands of a tutor by way of preparation.

Hugh and his sister Anne had been hitherto brought up apart, for they were motherless, and the Admiral had no permanent home, but, when the children were well on in their teens he bought a house in the country and set up a quaint establishment with Anne, Hugh, and his old manservant, Dunster, an inimitable character, the only creature who ever really understood his obstinate, taciturn master.

At this epoch Hugh touched happiness. The friendship begun so late between himself and his sister developed with strides, and they lived an ideally free, unclouded life. For Anne it broke into sunshine. Among their father's visitors there arrived a young fellow from Australia, George Blomfield, who, after a brief, ardent courtship, carried her away with him, and Hugh was left desolate.

The lad threw himself into his studies, went up

for his examination, passed most creditably, and on the very day of his triumph received the news that his father had had a severe shock; moreover the Admiral had lost all his money by one mad speculation after another. That ended the prospect of a University career for Hugh. He went, instead, into an insurance office. His father's death left him exceedingly lonely, but by and by, having risen considerably in his profession, he decided to marry, rather prosaically upon five hundred a year, with nothing but a mere liking and respect for his prospective bride. The matter was settled beyond revoking when the death of his cousin made him a baronet and the possessor of a lovely estate and considerable fortune. As ill luck would have it, when he went down to look at his new acquisition, which, owing to an old family feud, was quite unfamiliar to him, he met for the first time in his life the woman whom he could love. With innate honesty he, of course, confessed to his engagement, and declared that he must break it, for marriage now without love would be impossible to him. Again he just grasped happiness, again it eluded him. Joy was a phantom that seemed destined to haunt him for ever; he learnt to dread its very appearance and to distrust it.

E. L. H.

A GRAVE.

The grave is strewn with violets blue,
All drenched with silvery sunset dew.
A little girl kneels on the ground
And lisps, while peace lies all around:

“Tell mother, violets dear, to-night
I said that father is all right.
And tell her I can knit, and send
Her love and kisses without end.”

COMING EVENTS.

April 10th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4 p.m.

April 22nd.—Examination of Central Midwives' Board. Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

April 28th—May 1st.—Nursing and Midwifery Conference and Exhibition, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, W. Applications for tickets should be made to the Organising Secretary, 32, Sackville Street, W. Free to nurses and midwives.

May 1st.—Meeting of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

“O God! If I worship Thee for fear of Hell, send me to Hell; and if I worship Thee in hope of Heaven, deny me Heaven; but if I worship Thee for Thyself, oh! withhold not from me the Eternal Beauty.”

—ATTAR'S PRAYER.

From a *Literary History of the Arabs.*

* By Archibald Marshall. (Methuen.)

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