

volume, he would *not* do. We fought and struggled till he jumped out of bed, flung on his dressing-gown, and bounded and banged into the spare room. No sheets there, of course—but that was a trifle. He had *your book*, and peace to devour it.”

Book of the Week.

JOHN WINTERBOURNE'S FAMILY.*

Winterbourne was speaking in his musing bass, looking with extreme content into the fire, as if it carried his eyes farther yet to what is beyond the fire and beyond the world.

“This life suits me, Jim. If I could have my two meals as Lyddy gives 'em to me, and my pipe, and my plunge off the wharf, and a book and a fire, I could live for ever and not sicken.”

Winterbourne was a man who had married a wife, lived with her for a number of years, and then, for some unexplained reason, determined to live apart from her.

Immediately after expressing himself as above he receives a letter from her, in which she announces her immediate return to the shelter of his roof.

“The Winterbourne mansion had been vacant for ten years and over, though every last thing that had happened to it seemed only to augment its charm. To the eye in search of beauty it was a lovely house shaded by trees, overgrown by vines, and with never a line in all its leaf-embowered amplitude that was not obedient to art. Three years ago John Winterbourne, the owner, and last wearer of his name, had come home and settled down here, with only Lyddy to make his household.” And now his delightful solitude was to be invaded. Yet we are told of the unwelcome wife that “her hair was dusky, fine, and thick; her eyes of dark blue had plentiful lashes—strange lids, too, that were a beauty in themselves, with a droop in the outer corner, a mystical curve that meant—what? Perhaps nothing but sheer loveliness. After that lovely face had ceased to mark Winterbourne's own calendar of good or ill fortune he had set himself obstinately to homely living, and what he considered the gods meant for man when they created a fruitful earth. . . . It had all been beautifully settled, he thought, four years ago, when, by the sacrifice of mere money, he had relegated his wife to the activities of her chosen existence and crept back here to luxuriate in simplicities. But the bond that had drawn them together tightened once more, and here they were back again, pulling all awry in the double harness he at least deplored.”

Catherine, a childless woman, had adopted two girls, sisters, though of totally different character, and Bess, the younger, wins her way into Winterbourne's heart, and when her lover, Dwight, asks her in marriage he finds it hard to part with her.

“You must do as you will,” said Winterbourne. “She's not my child, though you say I've adopted her.”

“She adores you.” This came bitterly.

Wimbourne lifted his head an inch and smiled.

* By Alice Brown. (Constable and Co., London. Houghton Mifflin, New York.)

“Thank God,” he said, “I haven't missed everything.”

At the close of the book the relationship between him and his wife seems to be on its way to re-establishment, if we may judge by the following passage:—

“Spring won't come again. Don't you see we have one day of life. Dawn won't come again. But mid-day's here. It's the edge of the afternoon. The sun isn't in our eyes as it was in the morning. We've got to see things as they are. And we'll see 'em together if you agree. Will you, old friend?”

“PHILOSOPHIES.”

It is not given to many men of science to possess also the spirit of the poet, but having read “Philosophies,” by Ronald Ross, surely he is a being so endowed. Writing the day after the discovery of the parasites of malaria in mosquitoes, Dr. Ross thus thanks God:

This day relenting God
Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing; and God
Be praised. At His command.

Seeking His secret deeds
With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds,
O million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing
A myriad men will save.
O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

COMING EVENTS.

January 7th.—The Italian Ambassador opens the extension of the Italian Hospital, Queen Square.

January 11th.—Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture on “Food and Feeding,” by Dr. Chalmers Watson. All trained nurses cordially invited. Extra Mural Medical Theatre. 4.30 p.m.

REGISTRATION REUNION.

February 18th.—A Reunion in support of the Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, under the authority of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, will take place in the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., 8 p.m. to 12. Reception, 8 p.m.

A Nursing Masque of the Evolution of Trained Nursing will be presented at 8.30 p.m.

Music and Refreshments.

Tickets:—Reserved seats (limited), 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s.; Nurses, 3s. 6d.; Performers, 2s. 6d.

Tickets, after January 2nd, on sale at 431 Oxford Street, London, W.; at the office BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING (first floor), 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.; and from Matrons who offer to have them on sale or return.

WORD FOR THE WEEK

“What is really momentous and all important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and coloured. A mere change of locality cannot alter the actual and intrinsic qualities of the soul.”

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