

"No," said he, the careful scientist at once, "I would not seriously contend that females of gentle birth and breeding—ladies in the essential sense—never engaged in gainful occupations."

A better and more lovable Queed evolves slowly and painfully—his body from the gymnastic exercises to which Buck Klinker compels him.

"There's your medicine, Doc., and if you don't take it—well, it may be a long good-bye for you before the flowers bloom again."

"How do you mean, Mr. Klinker—there is my medicine?"

"I mean you need half-an-hour to an hour's hardest kind of work right here, in the gym every day, reg'lar as meals"

His starved and stunted soul evolves from the hands of the great wrestler—Experience!

His essentially honourable nature receives a staggering blow when he learns that Professor Nicolovius, alias Surface, the swindler, is his father.

"I'm your father! Your father, do you hear? You're my son—Henry G. Surface, Jr."

"Father!" he said, in a curious dull whisper. "O God! Father!"

Sharlee's pity ends in love, as we had foreseen. In his face she had seen that the smooth sheath of satisfied self-absorption, which had once overlain it like the hard veneer on a table top, had been scorched away as in a baptism by fire. She thought that the shining quality of the honesty of his face must be such as to strike strangers on the street.

"Are you in love with ME?" he demanded, beginning at the wrong end, as he would be sure to do.

Sharlee nodded her head up and down.

"You've had a sad life, little Doctor—a sad life. But I am going to make it all up to you, if you will show me the way."

An illuminating and uplifting work.

H. H.

### THE EVERLASTING MERCY.

A Poem by John Masefield.

Have you read this human document? If not, do. Read the study of the conversion of Saul Kane, told by himself:

"The town's disgrace,  
With God's commandments broken in His face."

Listen to the ringing joy of exultation in the concluding lines:

O Christ that holds the open gate,  
O Christ that drives the furrow straight,  
O Christ the plough, O Christ the laughter  
Of holy white birds flying after,  
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn—  
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,  
The young green corn divinely springing,  
The young green corn for ever singing.  
And when the field is fresh and fair,  
Thy blessed feet shall glimmer there,  
And we will walk the weeded field  
And tell the golden harvest's yield,  
The corn that makes the holy bread  
By which the soul of man is fed:  
The holy bread, the food unpriced—  
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ!

### COMING EVENTS.

November 11th.—General Hospital, Birmingham. Nurses' League Annual Meeting. State Registration of Nurses. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. 3 p.m.

November 14th.—The Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, S.W. A Course of Lectures on Babies. "Rickets" by Dr. Ralph Vincent. 3.30 p.m.

November 14th.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses' League. Lecture III.: "The Cathedrals of England, Winchester, and Salisbury." Mr. Allen Walker. 8 p.m.

November 14th.—Guy's Hospital Nurses' League. Lecture: "New Methods of Treatment in the Gynæcological Wards." Mr. R. Davies-Colley. 8 p.m.

November 16th.—Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) opens the new Out-patients' Department, Paddington Green Children's Hospital.

November 22nd.—Irish Nurses' Association, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Lecture: "Rheumatism," by Dr. C. Preston Ball.

November 24th.—The National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland. The Isla Stewart Oration. Delivered by Miss R. Cox-Davies on "Isla Stewart, her Life, and Influence on the Nursing Profession," supported by Miss Annie Damer, past President of the American Nurses' Association, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of the United States, Founder of The International Council of Women. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick in the Chair. The Guildhall, City of London. 8.30 p.m.

November 25th.—Nurses' Missionary League. Sale of Work, Sloane Gardens House, 52, Lower Sloane Street, 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.

December 15th.—Next Examination of the Central Midwives Board, Examination Hall, London, W.C. Oral Examination a few days later.

### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Many a man who cannot find himself spiritually in the great cities can do so while working in the fields or following the trails in the wilderness. "The groves were God's first temples." In the primal sanctuary the vaulted blue dome is only the roof, while its myriad stars at night leave no desire for the electric lights found in a temple made with hands. The giant trees are its pillars, carved in designs more intricate and artistic than any artisan could originate or imitate; the sunset splendours shimmering through their branches exceed in beauty the famed rose windows of the Old World. The birds are the choristers; the sounds that fall upon the listening ear in varying cadences, from the "moving whisper" among the trees to the reverberating thunder, are the organ notes of this great cathedral. Solitude is the keynote. Silence the priest. The message which is received by the waiting spirit is sent by Him who said, "Be still, and know that I am God."—*"Nature's Help to Happiness,"* by John Warren. A chom, M.D.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)