

"Do you think I could bear it, if people talked about you for suffering the company of a nigger? You don't know this country. It's a dangerous place for people who go against its prejudices."

How dangerous Margaret found to her cost. Touched with gratitude for her friendly attitude to him, he kissed her hand, and the news of this outrage spread far and wide.

"The doctor and I are much disturbed," said Mrs. Jakes. "Such a thing has never happened here before."

Mr. Samson heaved himself upright.

"It's only ignorance, of course," he said. "The poor little devil don't know what she's letting herself in for. Now she'll always have this story to live with. Poor little bally fool!"

As she herself put it, she receives anonymous letters, pitying smiles, and finally notice to quit.

In spite of this, she meets the Kaffir again in the cover of night.

"This is good-bye, of course?" said the Kaffir, in his low, pleasant tones. "It was my fault. I knew all the time what the end of it would be, and I let it come. There's something mean in a nigger, Miss Harding. I knew it was there well enough, and, now it shows."

"Don't!" said Margaret. "It's been worth while, it really has. You're somebody, and you're doing something great and real, while the people here are only shams like me." She takes leave of him publicly. She meant to say all she had to say, though the ground were covered with eavesdroppers. "Remember," she said, "you must write; and I shall be always glad and proud I knew you. Good-bye and good luck."

We can only recommend our readers to read for themselves this most interesting story. It is not possible in a short space to even allude to more than one aspect of it. H. H.

THE MOTHER BOOKS.

Two charming booklets published as numbers 1 and 2 of the series "The Mother Books" have been published by Mr. A. C. Caton, 22, Mount Carmel Chambers, Kensington, London, W. No. 1 "Children: A Märchen," by Dr. Hugo Salus, and No. 2 "Dolls—Dead and Alive," by Otto Ernst. The first (Children) has a foreword by the publisher under a quotation from Dante: "All men by nature desire to know." Mr. Caton writes "My attention was drawn to this little fantasy '*Wo kommen die Kinder her*'—from the pen of an Austrian doctor—by a young German mother, and I am now sending it out into the world in an English dress in the belief that it will appeal to mothers in England too, and with the hope as well that some of them may find it helpful.

"In England even, the feeling is gaining ground that it is a mistake to put children off with silly falsehoods, or to give them the impression that there is something wrong about their natural

curiosity, when they ask questions about a matter of such high and lofty import as the mystery of their birth; that instead of letting them run the risk of acquiring the knowledge in some way that may sully their pure minds for ever, it is far wiser for parents themselves to impart it to them by means of some little tale suited to their mental capacity, and by one that, in all probability, will leave a fragrance behind it which later on may prove a valuable safeguard."

The story of conception is most beautifully conveyed in the tale told by a father to his children, followed by the description of the way in which "a little child begins to grow under your mother's heart. You remember how last year I shewed you a bean that was sprouting in some damp mould, how I told you that the mould supplied it with food to enable it to grow and get strong, and in course of time to become a plant. In just the same way the tiny weeny baby grows under its mother's heart. The mother gives it of her strength, her blood nourishes it, her body keeps it warm, and thus by degrees it grows bigger and bigger. While the mother is going about doing her shopping or busying herself about the house, she is thinking all the time of the dear little child under her heart, and is hoping that it will be pretty and good, and because all her own beautiful thoughts and feelings are concentrated upon the growing life beneath her heart, she bestows upon it some of her own strength, beauty and kindness." Just as delightfully the story of birth is told.

"Dolls—dead and alive" is equally charming. We must not spoil the story by telling it, but the end may be quoted. It runs thus: "Ridiculous people are girls when they play with dolls. And yet, though I laugh so often at their impetuosity, and their enthusiasm and ecstasies of delight often strike me as very comical, in my inmost heart they have a very sacred place. Look at them! In each little face that is wearing such a tender expression as the child gazes down at her dolls, mingled with all the innocence and gaiety, is there not a strange seriousness, too? Round the figure of each little girl who bends lovingly over a doll is the radiant aureole of her future vocation."

COMING EVENTS.

March 15th.—South - Western Polytechnic Institute, Manresa Road, Chelsea, S.W. Presentation of prizes and certificates to students of the Evening Classes and Day College by Sir David Gill, K.C.B., F.R.S. 8 p.m. Conversazione following.

March 16th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Annual Meeting, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

March 20th.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture: "Massage as Applied to Children," by Dr. Ella Webb. 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, 7.30 p.m.

March 20th.—Lecture on "Modified Milk and Its Preparation," by Dr. Ralph Vincent. Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

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