

unregenerate forbears. He says I am made out of bits of old Thriepland souls. Do you think I am?"

"No; I don't, baby. I don't believe in grand-fathers' or old Thriepland souls. I am sure their souls were worn to rags when they had done with them, and there was not a shred left to patch up a new soul for you."

"Then, did I get my soul from your grand-mothers?"

"Goose! you are of the angels; and sweetest and best when you are my very own Verona."

Godwin, her childish playmate, in time becomes the young Presbyterian minister; and the powerful instinct of her mother's religion has turned Verona's thoughts to a conventual life.

"He had not known till to-day that he loved, ever since they stood on the shore, when he had felt the power of her little soft hand, and feared it. It meant that. He had always loved her—the shape of her head; the mass of hair; her absent eyes, that lured him away into dreams; the mouth, with its bewitching smile, crumpled and soft and sweet. He loved the mystery about her, the thoughts he could not understand, the soul he could not follow into its secret places, the remoteness and height of her. He smarted with the humiliation of the passion that was drawing her down from her heights into the common way of life."

The girl, who was by nature a mystic, dies on the eve of her profession as a Benedictine nun.

"The snow dulled the sound of Godwin's feet when he came in and stood by the bier, seeing nothing through his tears, feeling nothing, save he would give all he possessed to be able to claim her in death. . . . By and by his bitterness cleared. She was not a nun, but the little pilgrim he had loved, who was still his little friend. He stooped to kiss the hand on the breviary, but the faded writing was a barrier he could not pass."

*Ad usum Veronicæ Angelorum; quæ religiose vixit; obiit in religione.*

A charming and sympathetic story. H. H.

#### COMING EVENTS.

June 28th.—The King and Queen open the King Edward Memorial, Royal Infirmary, Bristol.

June 29th.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. General Meeting, Clinical Lecture Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 2.30 p.m. Social gathering 4 p.m.

June 29th.—Lady Margaret Hospital (Fruitarian), Bromley, Kent. Founder's Day Garden Party. 4.30 to 8.30 p.m.

July 11th.—Guy's Hospital, S.E. Garden Party. 3 p.m.

July 3rd.—Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. Dinner at Hotel Cecil. The Duke of Portland will preside.

July 5th.—Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives. Annual Gathering, 4, Princes Gardens, S.W., 3 p.m.

July 8th.—Irish Nurses' Association, Lucan. Cyclists' Meet, Park Gate, 4 p.m.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*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.*

#### PRIVATE NURSES AND THE NATIONAL INSURANCE ACT.

*To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.*

DEAR MADAM,—A tremendous and most unjust blow was given to co-operation amongst trained private nurses by the London County Council in 1910, when a premium was put on sweating such workers through hospital and institution committees—the Act making it impossible for nurses to co-operate without a licence from the L.C.C., on very vexatious terms, and in association with persons running unprofessional businesses, such as variety artistes of the most objectionable type. It was realised then, that no new co-operations of trained nurses would be started; so that, for the future, we must be content to work as employed persons for the benefit of the middleman, and be deprived of our just earnings. That is bad enough. But what is going to be the position of the trained private nurse under the Insurance Act? We shall go from bad to worse.

I gather that as soon as this Act, thrust upon us without consent or representation, is in force, private nurses will have to hawk their three-penny card around and cadge for threepenny stamps to be stuck on it weekly by their patients, who are their employers. This, at least, is what I am informed by my solicitor. "Then I shall stick on the whole sixpence myself," I said, "rather than be so humiliated." "That you may not do," he replied. "The only question is whether the patient is empowered to deduct it from your weekly fee. I think he is!"

"How about private nurses who have an income or pension of £26 a year, and are exempt from insuring?" "Even then," he replied, "the employer must pay his threepence—so you will have to present the card, although you are not insured; and the money will be absorbed, unless you do insure and claim the benefits!"

And this is England. The sooner we women all clear out the better. We are respected and needed in other parts of the Empire. I, for one, mean to emigrate, and I should advise others to do likewise.

Yours truly,

"NURSES' CO-OPERATION."

[These are points on which, so far, no information has been issued from the Commissioners.—ED.]

#### CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

*To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.*

MADAM,—The letter which you recently published on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women and its Rebuilding Fund mentioned the utter inadequacy in all departments of the present

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)