

boy and captain of the football team. "Every eye was upon him—Ellershaw, West, Barton—some faces nervous, some excited, all bitterly intensely hostile—and he must return next year. He came down from the steps, and walked very slowly to the door; and then, as his fingers touched the handle, there was a sound—a whisper, very soft, and then louder; it grew about his ears like a shout; the whole school, motionless as before, was hissing him."

Then, after a long struggle against fate, against years of poverty, the awful call of heredity, against the cruelty of the vice that he feels to be slumbering within him, he wins through, and becomes a successful novelist, and marries the girl he loves. Then, at last, one hopes that Peter will find peace and satisfaction after his long fight; but the little son that he adores dies of appendicitis, and his fickle, shallow wife leaves him for his close friend, Cardillac.

Once Peter said, "They took my baby; they took my work; they've taken my wife; they're too much for me. I'm beaten." Once, from the chair by the window in the little drawing-room, a voice said, "I'm going back to Scaw House—to my father; I'm going back to all of them." There is something terrible in that which it implies. In vain, we hope for happiness for this warrior, but he wins something better out in the storm of the Cornish coast.

"He answered the storm. 'Make of me a man to be afraid of nothing; make me brave! make me brave!'"

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

March 11th.—Sir Squire Bancroft's farewell reading of "The Christmas Carol," in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. St. James's Theatre. 3 p.m.

March 13th.—Meeting Central Midwives Board, Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

March 14th.—Public Meeting to protest against the Misuse of Nurses' Uniform: Dr. Chapple, M.P., will preside. A resolution will be proposed by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick calling the attention of the Government to the matter. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 8 p.m.

March 20th.—Nurses' Social Union. Lecture (2) by Professor Walker Hall on "The Serum Treatment of Disease," illustrated. Pathological Department, Bristol University. 3.30 p.m.

March 26th.—Irish Nurses' Association, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Lecture by Dr. Moorhead, "Massage in Diseases of the Nervous System." 7.30 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be, and set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill in every heart—
And comforters are needed much, of Christlike touch.

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.

MATRONS AND THE RANK AND FILE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—That one amongst the best of our matrons should apologise, even by implication, for those who have not come up to her own high standard by a very long way, is, I confess, a surprise to me.

That Miss Ramsden or any other amongst our up-to-date and broad-minded matrons should be hurt by my article must necessarily be a matter of regret to me. No one who has served under Miss Ramsden as I have done could fail to place her sound judgment, firm administration, and impartial justice in very marked contrast over against the work and the ethics of the class of matron whom I portrayed. My apologies to those who are *matrons*—mothers in the truest sense to their nurses—were made beforehand in the article itself. I repeat them. It is abundantly obvious that I did not refer to them.

But that does not affect the point at issue. My object is to arouse in the minds of those who aspire to matronship—a gravely responsible and important position—of those who govern hospitals, often lay men and women whose knowledge of the requirements for the post fall short of the facts; of those who, as probationers, entirely fail to realise the immense importance of taking service under the best and most up-to-date of our matrons, a sense of the truth which we cannot conceal from ourselves, those of us who think that, as regards the headship and government of our hospitals, we are very far from being what we ought to be.

We could not, surely, be so petty as to grudge to our sisters overseas the recognition of what they have done and of what they are, following our example in the first instance. If in some things they have outstripped us, let it be but an added incentive to ourselves. The lessons taught us by our International Nursing Congresses are surely in vain unless we have learned to regard ourselves, the nurses of the world, the servants of humanity, as one family. And may we not rejoice if even the younger members of our family forge ahead of us in the race? Personally, I can but feel humbly thankful for many lessons which, unconsciously, the nurses and matrons of the United States, whom I have had the good fortune to meet both last year and earlier, have taught me. I grow old. And these younger, fresher minds grasp truths and carry them out in a way that has not lain within my power.

I appeal to Miss Ramsden against herself. I think she has misread me.

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