

"I don't know, dear."

"We children loved Sunday. On that day Anna reigned. When the table was laid for Sunday breakfast and the kettle hung on the chain singing, and Anna was in the glory of her white linen, the children were supremely happy. In their wildest dreams there was nothing quite so beautiful as that.

The broth pot on Sunday was the centre. The economic status of a family could be as easily gauged by tasting their broth as by counting the weekly income. Among half-a-dozen families around the entry there was a broth exchange. Each family made a few extra quarts and exchanged them.

"There's a gey good smell from your pot, Anna," said Sooty Ann, "What haave she in it th' day?"

"Oh, just a few sheep's throtters, and a ween of nettles."

"Who gathered the nettles?"

Anna pointed to me.

"Did they sting bad, me baughal?"

"Deed no, not aany," I said. "I put me Dad's socks on my han's."

"Aye, that's a good thrick."

Though Anna had renounced her faith in order to wed Jamie, she had a "religion that worked."

When young Henry Lecky died suddenly, his mother Eliza came at once for help to the chimney corner.

"Cudn't the ministher help a little if he was here, Anna?"

"If ye think so I'll get him, Liza."

"He might put th' love of God in me."

"Puttin' the love of God in ye isn't like stuffin' yer mouth with a pirta, Liza."

The exquisite pathos of the first and final separation between Anna and Jamie is a gem of literature.

"She groped fur m' han'."

"Jamie," says she, "it's nearly over, dear."

"God love ye, says I."

"Aye," says she, "if He'll just love me as ye've done it'll be fine."

Jamie asks his son if he thinks there is another world.

"I do."

"If there is wud He keep me from Anna just because I've been kind a' rough?"

"I am sure He wouldn't."

"He wouldn't be so niggardly, wud He?"

"Never."

"D'ye believe in prayer?"

"Yes."

"Well, just ax sometimes that Anna an' me be together, will ye?"

A most appealing volume.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

January 7th, 1914.—Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture, "Venereal Diseases," by Dr. Elsie Inglis. Large Theatre on Surgical side 4.30 p.m. Trained nurses cordially invited.

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.

THE LIVING OUT QUESTION.

To the Editor of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM—No one so far has replied to the letter from "One of the Last Generation," in the issue of December 6th; asking for discussion on the suggested living-out system for hospital nurses. How would it be possible? I was once a probationer in a London hospital, where we had to walk three-quarters of a mile to our rooms night and morning. Never shall I forget the discomfort nor the wear and tear of clothes. Of course, we had to rise half-an-hour earlier in the morning, so as to be on duty in time. Then, on wet days, shoes and stockings and skirts got damp, and thus worn out. The majority of us detested the loss of time and inconvenience; and this hospital was in the West End, and our walk through a pleasant district.

Nursing the sick and hospital life is quite different to any other work, and cannot be organized as others. It cannot be compared to shop life and office work; such places are closed at six p.m., the key turned and the furniture, &c., left inanimate till the next day. Not so our human material. You can't lock up a hospital at 6 p.m., and leave the sick to fish for themselves till 9 a.m. on the following day. Do let us recognise that nursing is a vocation—that those that possess it *love their work*, and enjoy its strenuous labour. What we do complain of is the fact that many who employ us do not recognise how sincerely we love and honour our work, and their opposition to our attempts to protect its quality, is the real reason of all this unrest. The type of woman who does not care to have the State recognise, organise, and protect Nursing, is the type who cares for nothing but an easy time. Frankly, she is a materialist; and I fear the hospitals have themselves to thank for encouraging this type, in preference to the woman with a professional conscience.

Personally, I consider "to live out" would spell chaos in the nursing department. But will not its advocates give us their reasons for thinking otherwise?

Yours truly,
T. F. G.

THE REGISTRATION OF NURSING HOMES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM.—We have to thank you for presenting our case on the above question to the London County Council. The wonder is consider-

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