

Mary Carstairs was a beautiful young woman of nineteen, which, of course, was another matter altogether.

Many and exciting are the risks and adventures which the two men run during their daring enterprise.

Once she was inveigled on to the yacht, the whole thing seemed easy, but the gear broke down and Varney was by this time badly in love with Mary and heartily sick of the part he had undertaken. He confesses to the girl his share in the business, and tries to make his peace with her.

"Is it nothing to you," he cried, in a rush, "that when the time came I couldn't do it? The yacht's breaking down had nothing in the world to do with it. I had already decided to turn back to break my promise."

"She dared not let herself believe him now; perhaps the strongest wish of her heart was to hurt him as deeply as she could.

"Do you believe me?" said Varney, "or do you not?"

"Her lower lip was trembling slightly, and she set her white teeth upon it. She gathered all her pride of opinion and young sense of wrong and frightened feminine instinct for a final desperate stand; and so she flung at him more passionately than she knew, 'How many times must I tell you? I do not! I do not!'"

But Mary and Varney, and the old man (her father), were according to Varney, in the end, going to be the three happiest people in America.

"All at once her face, grown wonderfully sweet, was whiter than the old man's own; and the eyes she turned back on him were full and over full of tears."

"Miss Carstairs," said Varney, not quite steadily, "may I have the great honour of presenting your father?"

There is plenty of stirring episode in this story, and we need scarcely add that it is not lacking in humour.

H. H.

VERSE.

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

—Lowell.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"I have not in my lifetime known better men and possessed with gallanter minds than your Majesty's people are for the most part which are here gathered together, voluntarily to put their hands and hearts to the finishing of this great piece of work, wherein we are all persuaded that God, the giver of all victories, will, in mercy, look upon your most excellent Majesty, and us your poor subjects, who, for the defence of your Majesty, our religion, and native country, have resolutely vowed the hazard of our lives."—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *on the eve of the Spanish Armada.*

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 NURSING JOURNAL OF INDIA."

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—The Countries affiliated with the International Council of Nurses will sympathize with the Indian Association in the great loss which has befallen the nurses of this country, in the death, almost in one week, of our Patroness and our Honorary Secretary and Treasurer. All the world has heard of the sudden death of Lady Hardinge and countless hands have been stretched out to the bereaved Viceroy in sympathetic sorrow. Lady Hardinge had been for three years the official head of the Trained Nurses' Association of India, as its Patroness. Lady Hardinge was in every sense a Stateswoman, and worthy of the honoured company of women whom she followed as the wife of the Viceroy. And among so many other things she took an interest in the sick and those who cared for them that was deep and practical.

On Sunday, July 19th, Miss Tindall passed away after a long and painful illness, in which there had been from the first very little hope of recovery. Those who read the *Nursing Journal of India* and THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING will know enough of Miss Tindall's unceasing activity to appreciate in some measure what her loss will mean to us. She had been for three years President of the Trained Nurses' Association, and on laying down that office last year, took up the arduous duties of Secretary and Treasurer. Her enthusiastic labours in absolute disregard of herself are an example of unselfish zeal rarely equalled among us, and her name will be a loved and honoured one as we press on toward the ideals of nursing and service which upheld her. The August number of the *Nursing Journal of India* will be a Memorial one,

Yours sincerely,

ETHA KLOSZ,
Editor.

Bombay.

STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I read "A Staff Nurse's" letter with interest. I can support what she says. In this hospital when the Sister brought the Anti-Registration Protest into the wards for us to sign the argument used was "if Registration comes you will all be classed with infirmity nurses, and how would you like that?" Of course, so superior are we in this general hospital with numerous advantages that we must be better nurses than the devoted women who are caring in a very real self-sacrificing nursing spirit

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