

"Now, mamma, don't cry. Why cannot you be like other people? You have always made me sad. I have been more sad than happy in my life, and it has been your fault."

Her marriage with Jasper was not a success, and it was an extraordinary thing that so intellectual and exacting a creature could have been attracted by him, physically favoured though he was.

"At table, Jasper was critical.

"Never mind, Jasper, we will have a house-keeper who really knows, and she shall be responsible for everything. It will be like the house that Jack built; you will beat me, and I shall beat her, she will beat the cook, who will beat someone else, and there will be immediate reformation. The next day you will praise me, I will praise her, and everything will go right."

She asks him: "Jasper, did we ever disagree about anything? Could we ever disagree?"

"I can't say. How can I tell? If you understand me, we shall not. That is all I ask of anyone, to be understood."

But when he became a slave to drink she not only did not understand but cordially disliked him. She came perilously near wrecking her life with Lessingham, but he was of too calculating a nature to wreck his own career, and the terms he offered her opened her eyes to his attitude of mind.

We quite agree that the character drawing is clever, even brilliant, but altogether, though it has fascination, it is very unsatisfying as a story.

H. H.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—William Collins.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL'S PRAYER FOR USE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

O my Lord Jesus Christ, I give myself wholly to Thee. I give Thee all the love that is in my heart, all the fervour that is in my soul that I may live and die in obedience even as Thou hast done. I have no choice of my own, O Lord. Whether I may be sent to one place or recalled and sent to another, whether the time be long or short, whether I go to live or go to die, I can accept what Thou hast permitted, if Thou wilt grant me grace to offer the obedience of my whole life for love of Thee.

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.

ANTI-TYPHOID INOCULATION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—On behalf of the Research Defence Society, which represents the general opinion of all who have studied the facts of anti-typhoid inoculation, we desire to say that the Society very strongly approves of this treatment for all men and women who are likely in the near future to come in contact with typhoid fever. We have accordingly offered the services of this Society to the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Yours, &c.,

LAMINGTON, President.

F. M. SANDWICH, M.D., F.R.C.P., Hon.
Treasurer.

STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S., Hon. Secretary.
21, Ladbroke Square, W.

A NASTY EPISODE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I read the quotations from a Nurse's Diary in Brussels in the *Morning Post*, and was glad to note last week that you found nothing amusing in the "nasty episode" described by the nurse, which she states "made her roar" in spite of the very natural "disgust" of the person who reported it to her, who rightly objected to a brutal soldiery killing a calf in the drawing-room and throwing its entrails into a piano! What decent person would not be both disgusted and horrified by such an outrage in one's home? I notice also from the diary that more than one nurse ran about the Brussels streets "to see the fun." What fun, I ask, could a woman of any feeling for humanity find in witnessing the heart-breaking torture and humiliation of the splendid Belgian people, during the passing of the Kaiser's godless hosts through the heart of the metropolis of their beloved country? Fun, maybe, to the writer of this frivolous diary; so devoid of sympathy that she had not one heart-throb or tear for such a sight? It is humiliating to those of us who have subscribed all we can afford to send relief and comfort to our heroic allies, that such nurses as the writer should have been sent as a consolation when all this heart-rending tragedy is only "fun" to her. Speaking as an Englishwoman unable to take an active part in succouring the wounded in body, and broken in spirit, but desiring ardently that our nation should realise its debt to Belgium, for the sacrifices it has made for the benefit of the world at large, I sincerely hope that there are very few nurses sent to the seat of War from this country who are so coarse-fibred, that, in the poignant grief and pain of others they can only find cause for amusement and ribald laughter.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)