

between clean sheets on an English bed, with two English hospital nurses fadding about him speechless, gasping, at the very point and spit of death, yet waiting—waiting.

"I knew what he wanted, and without a word, his dark eyes following me in dim gladness, I threw back the clothes and got a firm grip of the sheet at his head. He should at least die as a Hindu should die. 'Now, doctor,' I said, 'if you'll take the feet we will let him find freedom outside.'

"A nurse started forward. 'But the case is pneumonia—double pneumonia.'

"The doctor hesitated; they are always in the hands of the nurses.

"Look here, Jones! I cried sharply. 'This man doesn't want clinical thermometers, and draw-sheets, and caps. He wants freedom. He wants to die as his religion tells him he must die on Mother Earth—aye, even if her bosom is white with snow.'

"And it was, for it was Christmastide.

"So we lifted him out, the doctor and I, and laid him down on Heaven's white quilt. He just rolled over, face down, into the cool pillow.

"*Rām-Rām—Sita-Rām,* I whispered, kneeling beside him to give him the last dying benediction of his race. Such a quaint one. Only the name of what to it is superman and superwoman. A last appeal to the higher instincts of humanity.

"There was one little sob. I thought I heard the beginning of the old refrain:—

"The wisdom of our Lord Ganēsh— Then he had found freedom.

"You seem to know their ways, sir," said a horsey-looking man. . . . 'So if you could give us a 'elp with this pore fellar's beast, I'd be obliged. Hasn't touched food this ten days—never since the old man took worse, and an elephant, sir, is a dead loss to a show. The master lef' 'im here with me, but I'm blowed if I can do nothing with him.

"A glance told me he was far gone, though he lay couched, not prone, his trunk—marvellous agent for good or ill—stretched out before him, beyond shelter, into the snow.

"As I came up to him I fancied I saw a flicker in his eyes, those eyes so small, so full of wisdom. Then I laid in front of him the old man's turban, ragged, worn, which I had begged of the prim nurses. In a second the whole, huge, inert mass of flesh became instinct with life. He rose to his feet with incredible swiftness, and softly encircling the old ragged pugree, raised it gently and placed it in the master's seat. For a moment I doubted what would come next, but the instinct which is held in leviathan's small brain is great. He knew by some mysterious art that the master was dead, that the human mind which had been his guide was gone.

"He took one step forward, threw up his trunk, and the echoes of the surrounding houses cracked with the roaring bellow of his trumpet as he swayed sideways and fell dead.

"That was all the little smug provincial English town ever knew of the

'Wisdom of our Lord Ganēsh.'

Is it necessary to point a moral? Seeing that as nurses we have to deal with all sorts and conditions of persons, let us pray for the "spirit of wisdom and understanding."

P. G. Y.

THE GUILDHALL SPEECHES.

"In this murderous War, the most terrible the world has ever seen, we remain true to our idea of humanity and liberty, and in this ideal we have a source of moral energy which will enable us to master the material forces massed against us. We do not, like others, lay claim to have Providence at our disposal, but we believe in eternal Justice and await its decrees with unshakable confidence."

—The French Ambassador.

"We shall never sheath the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation."

—The Prime Minister.

"THE WOUND."

I dreamed that, having died, my soul was brought Into the Presence. Many angels stood Around, and with delight upon me gazed, And higher I discerned the face of God— Diffusing silent universal bliss.

Then moved an angel toward me, and with joy Addressed me, saying: "Come and rest at last, And, having rested, then thou shalt rejoice." The heavenly company smiled on me sweet; But I unbared my soul, and showed to them That wound which never human word, or hope, Or pity hath ever 'suaged; and at the sight A strange disturbance on the spirits came, And even a dimness on the Face of God. Then rose from God's right hand a gentle Form, With silent eyes that said: 'Hast thou forgot?' And He disclosed his branded brow and hands; But I, towards him turning, softly said:

"Thy wounds were many, but Thou hadst no child."

—Stephen Phillips.

COMING EVENTS.

November 19th.—Monthly Meeting of Central Midwives Board, Board Room, Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

December 5th.—General Meeting League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, Clinical Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 3 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Ah, Loneliness! Loneliness to whom a boatman of God is the sole saviour on the vast sea of Eternity!"—Yone Noguchi.

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