

beat in every word I have set down, in every comma of it, and now in this full stop."

(The notes were finished at the dawn of the day in which Captain Tudor fell in action.)

MAKE AND MEND.

In chapter three we have more pages from the Diary of Miss Pauline Vandeleur, the title being taken from the name given to certain half-holidays by a middy in the Mediterranean, "rather industriously labelled 'Make-and-Mends.'"

"I have now begun 'Make-and-Mends of my own,'" says Pauline. "I use them to copy out Owen's notes, named by his friend, Captain O'Neal, 'The Incomplete Faith of a Fellow in Flanders.' The coming here of Captain O'Neal, to whom Owen had given our address, makes many things clear. . . . 'Brendan' he begs me to call him, for Owen's sake, and somehow you can Christianise an Irishman quicker than anyone else."

Again, "Brendan constantly busies himself in the making of a Note Book—devoted to the deeds of daring done all these days by his fellows—a sort of postscript to what he was able to say to the living Owen, things that Owen would have loved to hear and see. . . . The Dominions overseas—he counted on them, of course; but how could he ever have forecast Canada's hundreds of thousands of men; Rajahs and rupees pouring in from India; South Africa in the field for us; and Australia's instant uprising of the flower of her manhood? Though an alien flag flies over Anzac, that spot has taken its place on the Imperial atlas; it is marked red, red as the blood of martyrs. It is very Australasia by the dust it enshrines."

The announcement of "Another war widow to wed" finds Miss Vandeleur feeling about for excuses for this girl of barely twenty. "Still," she writes, "I should have thought that her former marriage, her *marriage*, made all the difference—a second-hand husband!"

Next we have a quotation from a letter from Colwyn Phillips, the elder son of Lord St. Davids, who before he was twenty-six fell gallantly leading his men in attack on an enemy trench near Ypres. This is what he wrote from the trenches to his mother just before she died, and about two months before he himself fell:—

"This is not a letter. It's a testimonial. I give you a character of twenty-six years. You have never advised me to do anything because it seemed wise unless it was the highest right. Single-minded you have chosen love and honour as 'the things that are more excellent' and you have not failed. You are to me the dearest friend, the perfect companion, the shining example, and the proof that honour and love are above all things, and are possible of attainment."

One more quotation. Pauline was reading to Brendan the words in which a girl of another race addresses her English wooer:

"What is mine then, and what am I? Not a curve in this poor body of mine (for the sake of which you dotingly think you love me), not a gesture that I can frame, not a turn of my voice,

not a look from my eyes, no, not even now when I speak to him I love, but has belonged to other's The hands of the dead are in my bosom. I am a puppet at their command. Is it me you love, friend, or the race that made me?"

"Brendan rose up and cried out against that. . . . 'Now is the acceptable time for the new self-consciousness in nations, in you, in me. Those dead hands sway no longer, dear girl; don't deny to them the rest that is their due. . . . Children of yours shall carry on a tradition that you have modified, perhaps even reversed. You shake your head. Why, girl, some touch of Owen himself has passed into your blood; unconsciously you reproduce little movements of his, little tricks, his very tones. Do you think he did not dare to hope, even in death, for some sort of fatherhood—of your conveying? 'hoped it in a world of signs and wonders, where all expectation has some measure of fulfilment, every dream its reality, every wish its consummation. . . . Sister, listen!'

"I listen!"

Did Owen Tudor in that other world which is so near and yet so far listen too?

THIS ENGLAND.

This royal throne of Kings, this sceptre'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, semi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

—Shakespeare.

COMING EVENTS.

June 15th.—Central Midwives' Board Meeting. Caxton House, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

June 15th.—Meeting Consultative Board College of Nursing Limited, St. Thomas's Hospital, S.W. 3 p.m.

June 22nd.—Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 11.30 a.m. Meeting Central Committee, Council Chamber, British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W.C. 2.30 p.m.

June 26th to 30th.—General Lying-in Hospital, S.E., "Post-Graduate Week." June 26th, Reception by Matron and Staff. Tea, 4 p.m.

June 29th.—National Union of Trained Nurses. Conference on "The Present Situation in the Nursing Profession," 46, Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.

July 1st.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. General Meeting. Clinical Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C. 2.30 p.m. Social Gathering in the Great Hall. 4 p.m.

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