

him, a voice that he would have recognised among ten thousand, low, sweet, thrilling.

"That was splendid, John Aldous," it said. "If I were a man I should want to be a man like you."

A few steps from him stood Joanne Gray. Her face was as white as the bit of lace at her throat, and the eyes that looked at him were glorious.

John had fairly succumbed by this time, and it was a blow to him to learn that she had come out to look for her husband. But when he discovered that she desired proof of his death, he determined to help her in her investigations, since by this time he was as much concerned in it as was she.

And when they discovered the lonely mound with the name of the man she hated engraved upon it, they were both profoundly grateful.

Much adventure is supplied by the determination of the ruffian Quade to kill John and get possession of Joanne. His boon companion turns out to be Joanne's husband, who is not dead as supposed. The knowledge of this comes to John on their wedding day, but he manages to keep the knowledge from her and yet to steer an honourable course.

They go through many adventures and hair-breadth escapes, but in the end Quade and his companions meet their deserts and Joanne and John have a second wedding, and we hope and believe are happy ever after.

H. H.

HIS KEEPER.

Thou *art* thy brother's keeper! Woe is thee
If his bark's wrecked upon some stormy sea,
Because thy anchor drags or rudder veers.
And doubly woe to thee, if it appears
In God's great day, that thou with cruel hand
Hast thrust without the gates that open stand,
To His poor flock, one lamb however weak,
That yearns to stay within and Heaven seek.

—Emily Woodward Grand.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things we acquire power."

COMING EVENTS.

July 27th.—Meeting Executive Committee Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street. 4 p.m.

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.

BOOKS FOR THE WOUNDED.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—The wounded are pouring into our hospitals, where the need of literature far exceeds all previous demands. We require an enormous and immediate supply of magazines and books easy to handle, to be sent to the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance War Library, Surrey House, Marble Arch, W.; or to the London Library, St. James' Square, S.W., whence they will be sent on to Surrey House.

Yours truly,
H. M. GASKELL,
C. HAGBERG WRIGHT,
Hon. Secs.

[Look around and see what books you can give.—Ed.]

WHAT IS RE-CREATION?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Your gifted correspondent, "H. H.," whose delicate perception of all things lovely and of good report is a constant delight, herself pointed the way to the real "Re-creation" both of body and spirit when she sought "change" and "refreshment" in prayer.

If only more of us tired workers would claim the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint"; and accept the even more enticing invitation: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls," what a continual re-creation of our powers we would enjoy and what a changed world our sick and wounded would come back to; the "newness of life" they would discover in us would bring to them healing of soul as well as of body.

"We kneel, how weak!
We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, do we do ourselves this wrong—
Or others—that we are not always strong?
That we should ever weak or helpless be,
Faithless or troubled,
When with us is Prayer,
And Joy and Grace and Courage are with Thee?"

Yours faithfully,
"ONE WHO KNOWS."

LAY CONTROL.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—What all nurses fear in the College scheme is lay control, and if a Nurses' Registration Bill makes such control possible we are better

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