

in Paris." Henceforth love and duty pulled against each other in Lionel's heart.

He all but gave way to duty, which, in other words, was his father's wish, on the occasion of a dinner party.

"Margot was wearing her new frock, and on her white neck shimmered her famous pearls. Lionel, as he approached her, shaded his eyes. The Squire chuckled.

"A bit of a dazzler, my boy?"

"Quite stunning," said Lionel.

But little Joyce won after all.

Lord Fordingbridge matrimonially was deemed by the county to have gone a mucker, but he seemed to be the better for it.

"You must come and see my missis, Lionel. She's a topper. We're farmers. Rise with the lark, my boy. I feel another man. Lord love you, I was slidin' down hill. Couldn't look an egg in the face at breakfast, and bored with everything and everybody."

Lionel, falling in with Moxon, the Socialist, imbibes the best of his precepts, and is on his way to settle down on his property when the story closes.

Fishingle is a delightful character, and his relations with Sir Geoffrey are full of humour.

Sir Geoffrey's devotion to his beautiful and gracious wife is one of the best things in the book. Mr. Vachell needs no recommendation, and his admirers will be delighted with "Fishingle."

H. H.

### GARDENS.

Upon the night that dewed Gethsemane  
With God's great tears of blood for doom to be  
Does every garden feel a mystery—

The dim soul of its rainbow-bodied flowers  
Awake above the sleep of beauty's powers,  
Half conscious of One Hour amid the hours.

The while its breath of mingled sweets is stirred  
Divinely by the spirit of each word  
God breathed to God in anguish no man heard?

O little gardens that bring forth the Spring!  
We know not if a windless whisper bring  
A dream which is almost remembering;

But though ye be aware or not, we know  
That every garden doth more mystic grow  
Because God suffered in a garden so:—

God whose dread grief is shown each time the dew  
From flower-tissues in clear drops anew  
Beneath the shadows of chill dark breaks through:—

Whose bitter death was borne upon a tree,  
The bloom of life and fruit of love to be  
Within the Garden of Eternity.

From "*The Way of Wonder*,"

By MAY DONEY.

### 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.*

#### TO INCREASE THE SUPPLY OF PRACTISING MIDWIVES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—A COLONIAL SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Seeing that other replies were not received to the above enquiry, I venture to submit the following suggestions.

1. Let the three years' curriculum of general training be made inclusive, as it is in Canada and America, of three months' training in maternity nursing. (Through an affiliation of general and maternity hospitals.)

2. With this preparatory experience, ten weeks of additional study and obstetrical practice should enable the midwifery candidate to enter for her diploma.

The tuition fee for this period of further instruction not to exceed ten pounds (£10).

3. Provision of Government bonuses, twenty pounds (£20) to be granted to midwives spending ten (10) consecutive years in professional practice, and who could furnish evidence of having each year attended at least ten cases, in all of which both mother and infant had not only survived the period of puerperium but were also in normal health twelve months after the confinement.

EVALINE M. PEMBERTON.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

#### HOSPITAL SOCIAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—The plan of Hospital Social Service outlined in the article on this subject in the Journal last week seems to me both practical and sensible. Which of us, when saying good-bye to a convalescent patient for whose life we have fought, and won, has not been acutely conscious at times that on leaving the hospital he will return to the environment which has been the cause of his illness, and that we are impotent to prevent the almost certain recurrence of his illness? I, for one, should welcome the Social Service worker who would tackle the troubles at the root of so many illnesses.

Yours faithfully,

HUMANITARIAN.

#### OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

##### QUESTIONS.

*September 1st.*—Describe the onset of tetanus and the nursing care of a patient suffering from this disease.

*September 8th.*—How would you care for a child suffering from chronic heart disease? In what ways could you make life easier for him?

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