

on the bank above her. She heaved up the child over her head, but whether in appeal to heaven, or about to dash her to the earth in the rage of frustration, she was not allowed time to show; for my father caught both her uplifted arms with his, so that she could not lower them, and Burton, having flung himself from his horse and come behind her, easily took Theodora from them, for from their position they were almost powerless. Then my father called off Wagtail, and the poor creature sank down in the bottom of the trench amongst the young firs without a sound, and there lay. My father went up to her, but she only stared at him with big blank black eyes, and such a lost look on her young, handsome, yet gaunt face, as almost convinced him she was the mother of the child. But whatever might be her rights, she could not be allowed to recover possession, without those who had saved and tended the child having a word in the matter of her fate.

As he was thinking what he could say to her, Sim's voice reached his ear.

"They're coming over the brow, sir—five or six from the camp. We'd better be off."

"The child is safe," he said, as he turned to leave her.

"From *me*," she rejoined in a pitiful tone; and this ambiguous utterance was all that fell from her.

My father mounted hurriedly, took the child from Burton, and rode away, followed by the two men and Wagtail. Through the green rides they galloped in the moonlight, and were soon beyond all danger of pursuit. When they slackened pace, my father instructed Sim to find out all he could about the gipsies—if possible to learn their names and to what tribe or community they belonged. Sim promised to do what was in his power, but said he did not expect much success.

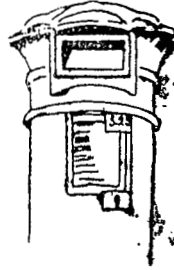
The children had listened to the story wide awake. Wagtail was lying at my father's feet, licking his wounds, which were not very serious, and had stopped bleeding.

"It's all your doing, Wagtail," said Harry, patting the dog.

"I think he deserves to be called *Mr. Wagtail*," said Charley.

And from that day he was no more called bare Wagtail, but Mr. Wagtail—much to the amusement of visitors, who, hearing the name gravely uttered, as it soon came to be, saw the owner of it approach on all fours, with a tireless pendulum in his rear. (To be continued.)

WE acknowledge, with many thanks, the sum of five shillings from "Sympathy, and which has been duly forwarded to the case requiring it.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

*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.*

*We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.*

*Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits.*

### THE SILVER WEDDING PRESENT.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Dear Sir,—I beg to enclose my small subscription towards the "Silver Wedding Present," as an acknowledgment of my gratitude for the many kind services rendered to our Association by H.R.H. Princess Christian.—Faithfully yours,  
MARY SPANTON.

[We shall be glad to acknowledge any other recent contribution.—ED.]

### THE POST-CARD EXAMINATION.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for books received yesterday, with which I am greatly pleased.—Yours sincerely, M. BURR.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—I beg to return you my grateful thanks for the book you so kindly sent me last Monday. I am very pleased with it, and shall, no doubt, find it most useful.

Again thanking you very much for it,—I am, Sir, yours very truly,  
MARY A. W. DELAHUNT.

### "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD";

OR, THE RELIGION OF THE HOSPITAL.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—It is surely obvious to every thinking reader of your journal that your correspondent of a short time ago, Miss Tyson, is a "non-professional," otherwise she could not have wandered so many miles away from the subject of my text, namely, "Let all things be done decently and in order," as she seems to have done. Then the two questions submitted are each, I fear, irreverent; so my only safe course is to "let them bide," as they say in Cornwall. My letter was dealing with "intolerance," not "religion." I may say, however, for her enlightenment, my politics are "righteousness and truth; my religion, purity and love."

Now to be frank and candid with my critic. To my own mind it is perfectly astonishing to see so much *narrow-mindedness* respecting religious opinions amongst educated Englishmen and Englishwomen in this last decade of the nineteenth century amongst the Christian clergy, and amongst professional Matrons and Committees, too. There they are! fighting for those doomed old "creeds" of ours as though they were fighting for their very lives. Why, verily, Miss Tyson, one would imagine that we were existent in the darkened middle ages—in the days of the Inquisition and vassalage—instead of the nineteenth century. But they are fighting for a losing cause, as time will show; and their over-

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