

your plaything, and that, through me, he would work his way with you.

"And so you will have none of me?" said the king quietly. "I could have loved you."

"Sire, I have done with love; and I never was ambitious."

It was said that the king never again looked at another woman, yet when she left his presence he turned with brusque eagerness to study the map of Northern Europe, and the next day declared war on his enemies.

Another striking personality is that of Peter Alexievitch; and a terrible picture is drawn of this man:—"Unbridled passions, unlimited power, unchecked lust had tainted his whole race with a mental unbalance akin to insanity. A continent was at his feet. But even this was not sufficient to distract him from the terrors of the unseen and the unheard which haunted those foul secret places where his soul was doomed to wander."

He could not have imagined a greater blow than this appearance of a rival to his glory in Northern Europe—a man ten years younger than himself.

A bitter scorn of himself, and a yearning to be other than he was settled on him like a mantle of despair.

"Do you think this boy has vanquished me?" he asks of his favourite, Prince Menchikoff.

"I think that he may, Peter Alexievitch."

"Faithless, foolish, insolent!" he shrieked at the height of his passion. "Have you forgotten I am Peter?"

Unlike Karl, Peter is largely under the influence of his mistress, Marpha, who was formerly little better than a camp follower.

During this war, when the daily papers give romances and deeds of heroism that cannot be rivalled in fiction, we could well do without romances of a martial character, but tedium is unknown in any work from the hand of Miss Bowen and the atmosphere of battle and intrigue is relieved by those vivid bursts of colour which are the characteristic marks of her writing.

We understand that she has been engaged on more than one work at this time, but her writing shows no sign of hurry or want of finish, and is distinctly once more in the forefront.

H. H.

The National Union of Women Workers have decided to accept the invitation of the Harrogate branch to hold their council meeting in that town early in October.

#### EPITAPH OF THE GLORIOUS DEAD.

Death leaped upon us from the shattered skies,  
Mist broke along the valley, and we died—  
Our bodies are pollutions men despise.

And yet—God knows that we are satisfied—  
We who have looked into our England's eyes  
And seen the vision splendid of her pride.

—From "Moods."

By Lieutenant J. D. Greenway.

#### COMING EVENTS.

May 17th.—Guy's Hospital Past and Present Nurses' League. Annual Meeting and Eighth Annual Dinner. Nurses' Home. Dinner 7 p.m. Meeting 8 p.m.

May 27th.—National Baby Week Council Lecture: "Provision for Maternity," J. H. Fairbairn, Esq., F.R.C.S. Chair, R. Murray Leslie, Esq., M.D. 14, Gordon Square, W.C., 5.30 p.m.

May 29th.—Asylum Workers' Association. Annual Meeting, Mansion House. 3 p.m.

June 4th.—Central Council for District Nursing in London. Conference on Maternity Nursing, Board Room, Metropolitan Asylums Board, Embankment, E.C. Sir William J. Collins, M.P., M.D., K.C.V.O., in the chair. 5 p.m.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Had Mr. Lloyd George fallen by the vote of the House of Commons on Thursday, the rejoicing would not have been in London, or Paris, or Calcutta, or Montreal—the flags would have been waving in Berlin."—Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, Annual Meeting, Primrose League.

"At bottom everything depends on the presence or absence of one single element in the soul—hope."—Amiel's Journal.

#### 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.

#### A BIG THANK YOU.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry for the delay in saying what ought to have been said before. In the issue of the B. J. N. for April 27th there appeared three letters of great interest, namely: the reproduction of one addressed to the Chairman of the British Women's Hospital Committee by Miss E. L. C. Eden. It is an education to read her letters, they show such clear thinking and sound judgment. The second is by Charlotte A. Little, who cannot let false statements uttered in public to the detriment of her profession go without a challenge. Henrietta Hawkins—who is loyalty personified—urges all of us who have the honour to belong to the Royal British Nurses' Association to be loyal to it. I feel the warm breath of professional enthusiasm and unselfish *esprit de corps* in all these letters, and such letters buck me up when I feel depressed about the few, the very few, who have (or at least who show) this beautiful spirit. I am tardy, too, in expressing what I deeply feel, namely, my gratitude to you for your forty years' unremitting work in the interest of the Nursing Profession, and to your name I know you would like me to link that of our dear Miss Margaret Breay, who for quite half that time has

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)