

to £28, with £3 10s. allowance for uniform for the first year, and £3 per annum for the second and third year.

Departmental Sisters receive various additions to the salaries laid down for Ward Sisters.

Lady Stirling Maxwell (President) presided at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Co-operation of Trained Nurses in Charing Cross Halls, Glasgow, on November 21st, when Dean of Guild Hunter, in moving the adoption of the reports, said that seventy-three of the Nurses of the Co-operation had gone to France and were doing magnificent work. Dr. A. E. Maylard referred to the resignation of Miss Helen M. Rough, to whom the Co-operation owed its inception, and to the appointment of Miss E. E. Taylor, who had had wide professional experience, as her successor.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP."*

"But, mother," said the little boy, firmly, "you are pretty *now*; you are the prettiest person I have ever seen."

And perhaps then, for who can say what tiny tortuous paths will one day make the widest roadway to a woman's heart?—Mrs. Churchill, for the first time, was plainly aware that she loved this boy more tenderly than the other two.

Neither Tom nor Charles could have made such an answer; neither could as yet have dimly guessed that out of all the possible things that might be said, this was the right thing to say—the only thing that from boy to man, would at that moment give exquisite pleasure. Edward was more sensitive than the other two, a finer organism, a more complex instrument that responded to fainter stimulus—he was going to be very clever and to make his mother very proud.

It was Mrs. Churchill's earnest wish that her beloved son should enter the ministry, and when after a certain service at the cathedral Edward announced that he had heard the call, she could hardly speak for joy. "You crown my life with gladness," she told him.

And that night she made their supper a feast. She wore her finest dress, put on one of her poor little ornaments; looked radiant, grand and at least ten years younger than before.

Edward's ideals were of the most lofty. He

dreamt of a slum parish with his darling mother as his life-long and best-loved companion. His first curacy found him located in the vicarage of a poor parish in the neighbourhood of East India Docks. Inside the vicarage, from roof tree to the basement, its inmates were always busy, always trying to do more than was humanly possible—knowing that it was so, yet still trying.

Edward's first shock was the defection of his mother, who shattered his dreams—both of his own happiness and his faith in her perfection—by marrying a stout, vulgar, albeit worthy man, named Battersby.

She spoke about the furniture. "It was as though I had cheated you, dear; I led you to expect it; of course, you have been counting on the furniture."

He bowed his head so that she should not see his eyes, and there came from his throat a sound that was half a cough and half a sob. He was stifling the words that had nearly said themselves: "I was counting on you mother more than on your furniture."

"All ties of family were broken and not a single personal affection was left to him. But the blank must be filled that was a necessity. Mankind in the mass was surely large enough to supply what had been withdrawn by a few individuals."

It would have been well had our friend Edward stuck to the mass, but his sympathies became enlisted in the ill-used young wife of the loud, blustering Vickers, and pity soon changed into love. The primitive man in him was roused to fury at the evidence of Vickers' brutality on this frail young creature, and, after a violent scene, in which he thrashed the bully, he took Lilian under his protection. Henceforth, he, of course, had to renounce his sacred office, and, at the same time, he renounced his faith.

It was not until some years after that the death of Vickers enabled Edward to make Lilian his wife. In the meantime he had become successful as a novelist, and had further been made independent by various legacies. But it is not until the close of the book that he is reinstated by the bishop to his office.

His return to his faith is very gradual and is marked by no dramatic incident.

"I don't think I should care to go to church regularly, perhaps scarcely at all a—I mean, no more than in the past."

He said to himself: "I will believe all that I can; I will believe all that I *can't* for their sakes (his wife's and Allan Gate's). Love can make me believe, perhaps, as nothing else can." The kindly Bishop, when he lifts the ban, makes his resumption of office possible to Edward's flickering faith by giving him a position that carried with it little responsibility and no emoluments. But the reader is left with the comfortable certainty that, in course of time, Edward will take up work once more with his old ardour and his old faith.

This is a powerful sketch of an unusual personal-

* By W. B. Maxwell. London: Cassell & Co.

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