

of hand and foot and eye. Sabina looked much more beautiful while spinning, the young man thought. Her work displayed her neat, slim shape as she twirled round, stooped, leapt up again, twisted and stood on tip-toe in a thousand fascinating attitudes. Never a dancer in the lime-light revealed so much beauty. She was arrayed in a brown gown with a short skirt, and on her head she wore a grey woollen cap.

But Mr. Best forbade an interest in the spinners. "You ain't here to look at the girls, if you'll excuse my saying so. You're here to learn." Raymond did not analyse his feelings nor look very far ahead. He did not bother himself to ask what he wanted. He was only concerned to make Sabina a "chum," as he said to himself. He knew this to be nonsense, even while he said it, but in the excitement of the quest, chose to ignore the issue. One can easily guess from acquaintance with Mr. Phillpotts' works what was the end of Raymond's infatuation for the girl.

At first he was genuinely honest in his intentions, and promised Sabina marriage.

"You'll spin my happiness, and my life and my fate and my children; I'll spin for you, and you'll spin for me."

But when she had yielded to him his mood changed. The sudden death of his brother left him master of the mill, and from that moment he stubbornly refused to marry the girl on whom he had brought disgrace. A curious feature of the book is interest taken in Sabina's wrongs by the child Estelle who, at the time, was only eleven years old.

Mr. Phillpotts seems to take it as a matter of course that a child of her tender years should calmly discuss the situation with Raymond.

"Everyone who understands babies says he is a lovely one. I hope you are going to look at him before you go away, because he is yours. Somehow they are not pleased with you. I don't understand about it, but they evidently feel that you ought to have married Sabina. I suppose you are not properly his father if you don't marry her."

"That's nonsense Estelle, I'm quite properly his father, and I'm going to be a jolly good father, too."

Mr. Phillpotts is, without doubt, an artist, but one can hardly imagine a conversation of this nature taking place between a gently born little girl and a young man who had behaved in the callous manner that Raymond had done.

Sabina's child grew up wild and lawless with a bitter hatred in his heart for the man that had wronged himself and his mother. The hatred culminated in his becoming the murderer of his father when he was but sixteen years of age.

There are many aspects of interest in the book, and the incidents of the rival public houses and their respective keepers is described with true humour, and we have no doubt very true to life.

H. H.

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.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A GHOST?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It was with great interest that I read Miss McGrath's account of the appearance of the apparition of her friend. But it seems a great pity that she was unable to discover whether or not the friend had actually passed over at the time Miss McGrath saw her? Apparently Miss McGrath relegates this and similar visions to "the magnetic influences of the sub-conscious mind." Does this explain any of the phenomena associated with "seeing ghosts"?

A ghost (Anglo-Saxon, geist, a spirit) is usually taken to mean a disembodied human entity, distinct, therefore from any hallucination of the sub-conscious mind of the seer. It has been suggested that one of the reasons why "the ghosts" of those who are newly "dead" are seen by friends not normally clairvoyant, is because the newly discarnate spirit can draw around itself a more or less materialised body from the emanations belonging to the physical body before that body has begun to decay.

Surely it is but reasonable to suppose that our first thoughts on awaking on that other side will go out to those we loved in our earthly life. And we hasten to the side of our beloved to find—what? That they mourn us as dead and gone, that they are utterly oblivious of our near presence, and if they do see us they attribute the vision either to their own sub-conscious minds or are terrified at the thought of having seen "a spirit"! How sad it is that mankind has erected such a tremendous barrier between the incarnate and the discarnate state of being. We owe a great debt of gratitude to those men of science who are to-day labouring to spread the truth of human survival, remembrance, and the persistence of personality beyond the grave.

Proof of a convincing kind has been given to show me that my own dear ones, who have gone a little further along the Road than I have, come back often and love and remember. This knowledge gives one's life here an altogether new value.

GLADYS TATHAM.

231, Ladbroke Grove, W. 10.

A NURSES' SANATORIUM.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have seen a paragraph which was published in your journal with reference to a scheme for providing a sanatorium for nurses suffering from tuberculosis. I am one of the nurses (a theatre sister) suffering from this disease and feel that such an institution is very badly needed. To live in a constant noise, as is the case in these public sanatoria, does a nurse more harm than good. It is very trying for them to

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