

to the occasion and, very much in the tone he might have used in speaking of a lunatic, explained "He's but a Sassenach (south country) fisherbody," tossed coats, bags and fishing basket into the road, and without more ado we continued our journey.

But before "the Sassenach" reached his destination we had to cover a score of miles or more of the most beautiful scenery imaginable—that is for those who love the wildness of the highlands. Nothing could surpass the grandeur of the hills rolling back from the purple moorland, the deep lochs, the streams rushing over their rocky beds, while the thick, drifting rain seemed but to add to the feeling of grandeur and desolation. Here and there we would come upon a lonely shieling built of stones brought down by the torrents, thatched with heather fixed on by strands of rope fibre. These lengths of rope were a couple of feet apart and kept in place by a heavy stone hung to each extremity at the eaves. Occasionally a flock of wildfowl would fly screaming overhead as we reached the wilder districts, and many a rabbit scampered by, overcome by the fearsomeness of our noisy chariot. Now and again dimly out of the mist a horse and cart would come in sight on the crest of the road and it was the business of its driver to choose the first opportunity that offered to back his horse into the heather at some point where the bank of the road was less steep than usual, in order to allow our bulkier vehicle to pass by. More than once, as we rolled along the road we were suspicious that Jehu took a secret pleasure in running the wheels of the car as close to the precipitous banks of the roadway as possible until, when our car flew round a corner, in close proximity to one of the lochs, our Yorkshireman sprang to his feet in protest, imploring the driver to "have a care." Before the latter could answer the car came to a standstill and refused to move. Then did Jehu turn to us with unmoved countenance. "Ye'll a' hae tae get oot. She's sinkin'," said he. "My friends warned me that I might sink in the Mull of Kintyre," said a Glasgow lady, "but forgot to warn me of a similar risk on the King's highway." However, Jehu literally put his shoulder to the wheel and we were off again through a small hamlet with peat smoke rising from primitive chimneys and we admired the clean and lively little bare-footed children who came to stare at us from the low, dark doorways. The way home lay over miles and miles of road winding rather monotonously over the moorland this time, for the hills were now in the far distance and not a tree did we see in all the fifty miles. Sometimes our kindly Jehu would stop and give "a lift" to a wayfarer, most often a woman carrying her boots in her hand, as the custom is in Lewis. One rosy youngster climbed up with his mother and, by way of making conversation, we asked what his name might be. "He has not the Gaelic," explained his mother, "but his name it will be Colin Alastair Macdonald." Highland enough it was, but nevertheless Colin Alastair was something

of an alien, for is not Lewis Macleod land? Later we persuaded Jehu to allow us to explore the old burial ground of the Macleods, with the ruined walls of an old-time church standing about twelve feet from the shore. We saw almost nothing, however, of the ancient graves of the clansmen, for, with the exception of the chiefs alone, they were hidden in a growth of nettles that reached to our shoulders.

As we neared Stornoway again an argument as to the time of day arose with Jehu, and, puzzled, we inquired at last whether his was summer time. "It is God's rale (real) time," replied he severely, "not Lloyd George's time," and he cast upon us Southern sinners a glance that made us hide our faces from him—maybe because he had brought home to us our responsibility for upsetting the cosmic order of things; maybe because we laughed at sober things. With solemn countenances we strolled back to the boat for one of us had remembered the confusion of a Sassenach who, strolling through Stornoway on a Sabbath morning, was "warned" by a policeman and on inquiring wherein he had transgressed, was told "Ye're lookin' happy an' this is the Sawbath day."

I. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIVATE NURSING.

To the Secretary, R.B.N.A.

DEAR MADAM,—I suppose that we shall commence having conferences again in the autumn. They were most interesting last year, but I noticed that among the varied subjects on which papers were read Private Nursing did not have a place. Would it be possible to arrange to have an address and discussion on such a subject in the coming autumn? I am sure that it would be helpful to many nurses. We liked very much a paper on Private Nursing which was read at a big Conference held by the Corporation a few years ago, but many developments have taken place since then, and there are points about the employment of Registered Nurses and in connection with the Hours of Employment Bill which it would be useful to discuss either after the paper is read, or over one of our Scotch teas after the meeting. Please see what you can do.

Yours sincerely,

C. LIDDIATT.

[We shall have pleasure in arranging a Conference on the subject suggested. It ought, as Miss Liddiatt indicates, to prove most useful, and there is need for private nurses to turn their attention to the matter of fostering this very important branch of their Profession. We shall be glad to hear from any nurse who will undertake to read the paper, and also from others prepared to take part in the discussion.—I.M.]

ISABEL MACDONALD,

Secretary to the Corporation.

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