

was a solitary child, I was a solitary maid as I led my country's troops to victory. I was solitary when, in the supreme moment of triumph, my King acknowledged that service and I stood within the sanctuary rails, bearing my oriflamme, at his Sacring in the great cathedral church of Reims, the crowning-place of the Kings of France. I was solitary in my prison cell at Rouen (but an angel appeared from Heaven strengthening me), and I was solitary when, in the Place de Vieux Marché, both my countrymen and yours assisting, my spirit—liberated by the ordeal of fire and flame, at which my flesh quailed—passed to the presence of the King of Kings.

'There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried'  
By a juster Judge than here.'

"There we know it is of supreme importance that the children of earth shall have been 'true and just in all their dealings, have borne no malice or hatred in their hearts,' have dared to stand alone, and if need be to die alone, for right, truth, and justice."

She ceased, and joined the throng of ascending angels, and, as my vision strained after her, it seemed to me that, as on earth she stood near to her earthly King at his coronation, so she now stood radiant amongst those near to the Throne of the King of Kings, for her true, brave, courageous spirit was able to bear the dazzling light, which would scorch souls less pure.

The lights in the church were low, the worshippers had gone; only before the Crib a lamp burned brightly.

"Are you ready to go, nurse; time I locked up, but it seemed as if you were in a trance, like as you were seeing something, and I didn't like to disturb you?"

Was I? Did no one else see those heavenly visitants, or hear the voice of the Holy Joan, so real to me on the Mount of Transfiguration?

"For ever we would gaze on Thee,  
O Lord, upon the Mount;  
With Moses and Elias see  
That Light from Light's own Fount;

But no! not yet to man 'tis given  
To rest upon that height;  
'Tis but a passing glimpse of Heav'n:  
We must descend and fight.

Beneath the Mount is toil and pain;  
O Christ, Thy strength impart;  
Till we, transfigured too, shall reign  
For ever where Thou art."

"Which things are an allegory." M. B.

## NURSING ECHOES.

The Imperial Nurses' Club is to be congratulated on another successful "Birthday Week." It is no small feat and test of social ability to engineer a whole week of festivity, yet, under the able management of Miss C. H. Mayers, this has been accomplished for the fifth year in succession. The members of the Club were fortunate in having her with them at its celebration, restored to health after her trying illness of the past year.

The Club having grown a pair of wings since its inception, no further extension has taken place since last birthday, but the more prosaic and extremely necessary alterations in the kitchen, and cleaning in other parts of the house, have been a serious item in its expenditure. The Club, like many private individuals in the present times, would welcome monetary gifts rather than those in kind for its birthday.

The most important feature this year is in connection with the Committee of Management. Three members from the Club have been elected by their fellow-members to serve on the Committee. This is, of course, a most important and satisfactory move in the right direction.

At the social gathering on Saturday a delightful exhibition of classical dancing was given by Miss Eileen Hetherington, whose original interpretations of the "Valse Triste," "Autumn," and "Morning" delighted the spectators. In the first dance she wore a classic dress of rose pink, with a long floating veil of black with a gold fillet. She used a gauze scarf throughout the dances—with charming effect and great skill.

In "Autumn" she donned a russet dress with autumnal leaves in her fair hair. Her feet and legs were bare. This talented young dancer, we understand, has not so far taken up dancing as a profession, and it seems almost a pity that she is not able to pass on so much grace and imagination to others.

On Sunday afternoon the Birthday Week came to a conclusion with an address by Mrs. Horace Porter on "The Forces of Healing."

The Annual Report of the Club states that a great many girls use it when they come to London to sit for examinations. They are made specially welcome, as they are generally in an anxious frame of mind, and it is important that they should at any rate feel happy about their sleeping quarters. Amongst the variety of uses to which it is put many sleep there before leaving for the Continent or for

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)