

parlour than library. . . . They sat in the firelight, Richard Linden on one side of the hearth, and Marget on the other, and Miss Darcy beside the latter. Still there was talk. The visitor would have gathered where they stood on questions of the day, then suddenly saw that they stood all round and through, and that the day to them was so old and young that it included yesterday and to-morrow. That being so, their solutions were not always those currently offered."

Next afternoon the three and Tam (a sheep dog) went for a walk. Richard Linden used a staff. Marget kept near him and Tam just ahead. Walking so you could not think he was a blind man, indeed he seemed to have a sixth sense, he moved so easily.

When they rested Marget spoke: "We are under a young hickory, Richard. It is all gold. There is a dogwood close by, and its leaves are red, and it is very full of berries. Wild grape has started by the dogwood and crossed to the hickory. It is far and near and up and down. The leaves are half green and half yellow, and there are a thousand bunches of grapes."

"I see," he said, "and I hear a woodpecker." So she described to the blind man the life of the country side, so quiet, yet so full of movement.

"The visitor to Sweet Rocket sat still, with her eyes upon the gold fretwork of the hickory. She was thinking of the birds. It was very sunny, very still in the glade. Her companions also rested silent. They seemed to be in reverie, to be going where they would in their inner worlds. . . .

"See the love and beauty and power and daring! See the thought and feeling pressing on—see them trooping into fuller being—see them men and women, their tribes and nations! When we have gone far, far on, see their human earth!

"It was Linden, she thought, who said that. She came back with a great throb of her heart to the earth beneath a golden hickory, to the October sun, in a little Virginian valley. Yet the two reclining there seemed still in a brown study, gone away. She thought, "I am come into a strange country! Are they knowing, feeling, all that life more intensely than I'?"

Then they went home through the glade that was turning violet. "Walking so, Marget fell to talking of Anna Darcy's life, the manner of it, her steadfast work from year to year, and all her kindnesses, and all that she had given. At first Miss Darcy tried to stop her, but then she could not try any longer, the appreciation was so sweet. Her life had been difficult, isolated for all the stir around her, subject to sorrows, a little withered and gray. She felt the exquisite caress of their interest. It was more than that to her; it was recognition.

"How would it be if all were truly interested in all? If there were general recognition?"

Other visitors came to Sweet Rocket; and the even days flowed pleasantly on. Days of simple living, and of high thinking. Talk of humanity moving on into super-humanity. Days of learning of finding rest and romance, salt in life, and the true wine, and the unclinging honey and the bread

of right wheat. Of finding water of Moses' spring, and the Burning Bush."

Read and enjoy this book, read, and if insight is given you, and you approach it—"impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth"—you also will understand.
P. G. Y.

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.

BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOSTEL. To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have just had read to me your very delightful editorial in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING of July 16th, and I feel I must send you a little word of very sincere appreciation of your great kindness in devoting the whole of the editorial to the Beaver Hut Exhibition and the Christopher Street Clinic.

I am most deeply grateful to you for the immense amount of help which will, I know, come to the blinded men as the result of your generous mention of their activities.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR PEARSON,
Chairman, Blinded Soldiers' and
Sailors' Care Committee.

Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work,
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

[We have the deepest sympathy and admiration for these wonderful men. We do hope all our readers keep them and their useful work in mind.—
ED.]

REGISTRATION OF MALE NURSES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I noticed a statement in your "Nursing Echoes" column, July 16th issue, that male nurses are not eligible for the General Part of the Register, because they will not be able to comply with the Syllabus drawn up for the education of female nurses, and would, therefore, deem it a great favour if you would kindly publish my reply.

Up to the present time, male nurses have held one of the highest positions in the nursing world. We have worked side by side with the General Trained female nurse and, in addition, have taken over mental cases, which the General Trained female nurse could not—and will never be able to nurse—whatever Syllabus may be drawn up for their benefit; and as these cases are subject to contract any disease that the patients the General Trained nurse usually has under her care, I consider that this alone would be sufficient for our representative, if we are going to be fairly treated and allowed representation, to convince any Council that may be set up for the welfare and protection of all future nurses that we are entitled

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)