

names of applicants to be published for a month before admission to the register.

It is a pity the Minister of Health does not treat questions addressed to him *re* Nurses' Registration with equal courtesy and consideration. The strong sense of injustice of which many nurses are sensible, and concerning which they are giving expression through the Press, is arousing sympathy from many sources. The day has gone by when professional women may be brow-beaten with impunity after the policy of the G.N.C.

"A SONG OF DAVID."

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game ;
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes :
Strong the gier eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide th' enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide. . . .

—Christopher Smart.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"The God possessed soul will spend itself in the service of men. Just as to the lover there is nothing unclean, or impure in the loved one's body even so to the lover of God, there is nothing untouchable in the great body of God, the world of men. . . . Loyalty to God, the highest universal is meaningless if it does not embody itself in work for man, the finite particular."

Rabindranath Tagore.

COMING EVENTS.

May 16th.—Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W.: Miss Cattell "At Home." 3.30 to 6 p.m.

May 17th.—East-End Mothers' Lying-in-Home, Commercial Road, E. Annual Meeting. Mansion House, E.C. The Lord Mayor will preside. 3.30 p.m.

May 17th.—National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland. Dinner to Delegates attending meeting of International Council of Nurses at Copenhagen. Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W.; Mrs. Bedford Fenwick in chair. 7 p.m.

May 19th.—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Monthly Meeting, Ministry of Health, Whitehall. 2.30 p.m.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"CHILDREN OF TRANSGRESSION."

The title of this book indicates the theme that it deals with. This tragic chronicle, the *mise en scène* of which is laid in Virginia, tells of a white woman living alone with her illegitimate son, who at the time the story opens was quite a young child. The outraged virtue of the neighbourhood insisted that this woman and her child should be treated as lepers and her house as a house of shame.

A pathetic scene opens the book in which the woman asks the young boy to intercede with the preacher on her behalf.

"I want you to go to Mr. Ware again and ask him to let me come to church."

"I won't do it, mother—he'll only refuse you. Didn't you say you'd never ask again after everyone of them voted you down?"

A flush had sprung to the woman's face. "Yes," she said, in a timid, half-alarmed voice, "I know I did; but I think I've thought of a way out as they won't refuse. I've got to pray, George, and I want to pray there in church—before everybody. I want to go through that!"

"What's your way, mother?" asked the boy, shame creeping over him and turning to bitterness.

"I was thinking," she said, "that they might give me a seat in the coloured people's gallery."

"Mother!"

He sprang away from her like a young cub that had met the whip. "I won't ask that, mother," and he doubled his strong right fist; "I'll kill 'em all first."

Nevertheless, he did ask, and was harshly refused.

He was at all times a wonderful looking boy; a powerfully built child, with the head and shoulders of a young Greek athlete. He had golden hair that curled and shone, eyes of violet blue that smouldered in anger and gleamed in excitement, teeth strong and white as those of a forest animal, a throat smooth as marble, strong yet tender, fashioned to hold the head haughtily and later invite the eyes of women.

Besides his mother there were two other beings associated with the life of George Lindsay.

One was Chesil Dangerfield, a boy of his own age, the son of Judge Dangerfield, the other Dick Marshall, who lived in another county and frequently visited Chesil.

From their earliest childhood George and Chesil had been secret playmates.

Chesil had been punished whenever he was caught associating with George, but it had taken more than whippings to keep the children apart.

For George the friendship relaxed the grimness of his daily life, and for Chesil it provided an experience more exhilarating and uplifting than came into his own very conventional existence.

The Dangerfield family were handsome, aristocratic and exclusive. Besides Chesil there were two girls, Nan and Ruby.

By G. Vere Tyler. (Fisher Unwin.)

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