

slipped into his being like a raindrop into the heart of a deep flower.

Neither of them knew what was happening any more than the sheep knew whence came the unease that troubled them before snow.

Disturbed by Robert's unusual manner, she found relief in singing, and as she wandered after the sheep in the moonlight she sang:

I saw seven magpies in a tree :
One for you and six for me,
One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a girl, four for a boy,
Five for silver, six for gold.

And down in the hollow, by the low-voiced brook, Robert, in his rich, quiet voice, finished the song:

And seven for a secret
That's never been told.

Gillian longed always to spread her wings in the world beyond the farm, but Isaiah, her father, was made of stern stuff.

"When I've learned to sing proper I can go out into the world, canna I?"

"No. You mun bide and see to the house."

"If you let me go I'll come back when you're aged and old with the palsy and tic-douloureux, and tears in your eyes and nobody to love ye. I'll come in a carriage and a purse of money, and maybe a husband and maybe not. I'll walk in with a sighing of silk, and pour out money on the table, and bring you oranges and sparkly wine, and a fur coat and summat for the tic-douloureux."

"Thank you kindly."

"So you'll take me next time you go out."

"No."

"Well, then, I'll ask A'nt Fanteague to take me. So there."

She eventually accomplished her purpose with A'nt Fanteague, who, by the way, is a very notable person, and vain, egotistical, self-willed Gillian tastes the realities of life far sooner and much more thoroughly than she had dreamed of.

But we will not anticipate for our readers the sequel. It is far too good a story to spoil.

H. H.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

For an Autumn Festival.

O for the purple harvests
Of the days when I was young!
For the merry grape-stained maidens,
And the pleasant songs they sung!

Cobbler Keesar's Vision.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

A kindly deed is a little seed
That groweth all unseen;
And, lo, when none do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green.

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.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Poor Thing" asks: "We should not be so domineered over if there was not something wrong with us as a profession. What is it?"

[The lack of heroic energy.—Ed.]

TAKING IT LYING DOWN.

"Australian Nurse in London" writes: "At a recent meeting of protest of nurses in Melbourne demanding better conditions one speaker supported her argument in the following statement:—'Nursing is a great attraction, because it is second nature to a woman to want to nurse somebody. But one cannot live on high ideals. Ideals do not give one health when long hours are sapping one's energy. And talking of ideals, they seem to be all on one side. Why, one great hospital in London, where Florence Nightingale laid the foundation of nursing tried to have nurses classed as domestics, because they made beds, in order to dodge the Worker's Insurance Act.' This proves how the lack of self-government of nurses in England reacts in the Commonwealth."

[May we draw the attention of our correspondent to the fact that it was the combined self-governing societies of nurses that compelled Sir Arthur Stanley, and other hospital governors supporting him in this proposal, to withdraw their attempt to degrade professional Nurses to the status of domestic servants. We regret that in the Report of the annual meeting of the Members of the College of Nursing, Ltd., there appears to have been no protest made by the nurses against the action of their Chairman in this connection.—Ed.]

OLD AND GREY.

E. E. P.—"I liked your editorial on holidays. I have had a real one—the first for years—in London, and I feel so refreshed. I have seen old familiar places, and many new. I was alone, which often made me sad, when thinking how merry we were at home. Now I am old and grey; yet on holiday I had a 'feast of reason and flow of soul.' At home I am often days without a word, but with my cat and dog."

[We know a charming woman who lives in the same town, associated with nursing in her youth. We shall "put her on" to "Old and Grey."—Ed.]

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

September 29th.—Show how the tooth brush may carry infection from a diphtheria carrier and how it should be disinfected. What other articles may become vehicles of infection, especially in schools?

October 6th.—Describe a case of phlegmasia white leg), with regard to onset, symptoms, treatment, and subsequent history.

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