

vicar's wife, thought she had never seen anything so fresh and gay as Jael since she came to this lonely moor country, and "she was almost afraid for her, as we all must be afraid for gay, lovely, and courageous youth, knowing that gaiety, courage and beauty have challenged unwittingly the jealous gods, since man first lifted his head from the saving dust."

On their marriage night Richmond sleeps, but Jael is wide awake. "She ponders gravely on this great gift that has been placed in her two hands. Lover and wife she is, allowed to serve with her body and all her mother-wit and tenderness, this dear Richmond of the gentle hands and gracious ways."

Four years they had, in which Richmond worked for his father, when there was anything to do, and the rest of the time for himself, in one of the great Trudesthorp barns which he had turned into a fine atelier, and his work began to slough its immaturities and show some qualities of its glorious maturity.

"In a hot autumn the little *garçon d'atelier* (Jael) drooped. Richmond watched over her with a strange, sensitive care. Theodocia even remonstrated with him. 'Children have been born before,' she said. 'You'll make the maid afraid.' After that Richmond hid his anxiety."

In the end Richmond was away from home when their boy was born, and came through a blinding snow-storm over the moor to get back. "Jael saw him when she woke. He was bending over her, and he closed his eyes because the light that woke in hers dazed and blinded him. "Dear Richmond," she said; 'they said you could not come. I love you so.'"

Jael's son was two years old when Richmond left Trudesthorp to go to the wars, and, save for two brief visits, bitter-sweet like passion in a dream, did not come back to it again for five years.

The death of Paul, Richmond's adored friend, instantaneously, horribly, had a profound influence on his life, and later affected his work. "Jael," he said, "the world's too beastly. I can't make gay, lovely things."

And then—the pity of it—there happened that which may be a passing episode in the life of a man, but which was high tragedy for a pure, loving, high-souled woman like Jael—Richmond's entanglement with a girl of the Air Force; an entanglement lasting over several years.

Bitterly Jael told him, "You don't understand. I could have borne for you to have the girl. I—I've always let you have the things you wanted. I might have been unhappy, but I could have borne it, and faced it in my mind. If you wanted her so much you had to have her. But you didn't have to make me the butt of your lies, and shame me with your secret thoughts. It's that I can't face. I'm sick with shame and disappointment. Why didn't you tell me, Richmond? Why did you let me lay up for myself so many bitter memories of things I've said and done in my ignorance? Oh, Richmond, what an end to our proud words. Oh, you should have told me—you should have told me."

"He said inaudibly, 'Men don't tell these things to women.'"

"'But it's not men and women. It's you and me, Richmond. Didn't you remember me?'"

But after all love conquered. "Richmond had come this day very near her, and seen her naked love shining the light of its white courage through the madness of anger and grief. She had lifted her torn hands to comfort him, and smiled with her tortured lips.

The curious illness of little David may be best told in his mother's words to Richmond.

"I did the most dreadful thing. When you had gone I hated you. I came in here and looked at David and hated him too, because, oh, Richmond—because he was your son. I—my wickedness—it frightened him."

It was as he sat by his sleeping son that freedom came to Richmond, but he saw pitifully that his freedom had come through the crucified body of Jael.

"The wages of sin is death.

"He was done with lies. He was free.

"He looked at the son of his body, miraculously brought back to him out of strange peril, and thought of his wife's love shining through her pain, and of the hopes and courage given back to him past all expectation, and his heart swelled with thankfulness.

"Not to all men is a chance given twice. Richmond swore humbly and fervently that he would do nothing to spoil this chance."

P. G. Y.

A RICHLY DESERVED SENTENCE.

Public opinion will endorse the sentence of three years' penal servitude passed upon a Welsh quarryman for an assault on a district nurse. The man called the nurse up at night, saying that her services were needed for a sick person.

In passing sentence, the judge said he realised the seriousness of the case. District nurses, at any time of the day or night, might have to go along lonely roads and lanes, and women would not be found to undertake this onerous and difficult work, if they were not protected by law.

COMING EVENTS.

November 2nd and 3rd.—Professional Union of Trained Nurses. Sale of Work of the Guild of Handicrafts. 6, Nottingham Place, W. 3 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.

November 9th.—Meeting Grand Council, National Council of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London; W. Tea 4. Meeting 4.30 p.m.

November 10th.—Remembrance Day.

November 10th.—Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W. Recital, by Miss Anderson Parsons. 3 p.m.

November 11th.—Armistice Day.

November 14th.—Six Point Group Meeting. Subject: "Child Assault." Kingsway Hall. Chair: Viscountess Rhondda. 8 p.m.

November 21st.—National Milk Conference. Council Chamber, Guildhall, London, E.C. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Fee £1 rs.

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