

One of the brightest spots of her day was when Marianna, the smiling servant, came up with the tray and pots and cups for the strong black coffee, and lit the stove.

Relief came through tragedy in the person of a doctor, one of the summer visitors.

He was of great size—she had never seen or imagined a man of such build. His whole personality was the most vital thing Lucie had ever met.

On his second visit Lucie broke down under his sympathy.

“I wish I could die—I do wish I could die—it would be so much easier.”

The doctor came and stood in front of her. Lucie knew exactly what was going to happen; she thought she knew him since she had first seen him.

He bent and kissed her gently on the mouth, as naturally as if they were wise in each other's love.

“You dear woman,” he said.

She thought of the kiss with tingling amazement. She had always been so austere in all her ways, so exactly faithful to her husband, that the thing seemed incredible.

This austerity Carlo Ghisleri was never able further to break down, in spite of his entreaties that she should leave her repulsive husband and go away with him.

Pio lingered a long while, and the doctor remained true to his love, and gave up his lucrative practice in order to remain where he had come as a summer visitor.

And when at last death set them free, the Italian law prevented Lucie marrying again until a year had elapsed from her husband's death.

During the year she returned to the old depressing life with Aunt Lydia and Sophie, the latter still seeking matrimony.

And then the news came of Carlo's hopeless malady, and his strict veto upon Lucie marrying him, or even of her coming out to see him.

And, curiously, while he still lived, she married Toby Entwistle, for Carlo had written to her:

“You will marry and have children; they will be my children, too, the children of your thoughts of me, of our infinite love during what remains to me of love.”

The man who had left the world and lived alone between the hills and sea where they had first met thought of her and her happiness—“in our dear boys, our dear, dear boys.”

H. H.

THE MONTHS—AUGUST.

“LEST WE FORGET.”

Here's bounty-laden August to fulfil
The promises of all! Her colours spread
O'er yellow fields—on orchards gold and red
And purple on the hill.

Yet it was she whose baby hands unfurled
The oriflamme of hate—and slipped the noose
That let a rabid pack of war-dogs loose
Upon a startled world!

C. B. M.

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.

IDEALISM.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I wish to thank you very heartily for the splendid uplifting leading article in the *B.J.N.* of July 21st.

Many nurses like myself, tired and jaded with strenuous professional duties, must feel, in reading it, as if they were drinking at a well in a desert, and that Truth and Right are left and must eventually triumph over Self-interest and Might.

We of the Progressive Party, growing old in the fight for order and justice in nursing reform, are glad to have lived in the time of a great leader like yourself, who stands out clearly as possessed of genius, vision, and courage, without which no great end can be pursued, much less won.

Recently I have been reading a book by H. G. Wells—“The Undying Fire”—and I venture to say you possess this quality in the highest degree. It is about education, too, which is interesting, as I am sure the brilliant author would be entirely with you in your aims for a higher curriculum for trained nurses, founded on the spirit laid down in his book.

One thing I am sure of, that, long after the antics of the G.N.C. and College of Nursing and their reactionary leaders are gone and forgotten, your name will go down to nursing posterity as the greatest nurse leader known to history, and the nurses of that day will no doubt feel surprise and contempt for the majority rank and file nurses of your own day, that they did not wake from their apathy and stand by your side.

Meanwhile, let your loyal and intelligent followers—of whom there are many—take as their watchword your advice to correspondents in last week's Journal—“Never Resign.”

Yours sincerely,

EMILY DINNIE, S.R.N.

23, St. Ann's Road, Harrow.

July 24th, 1923.

[We have just read with great delight “Damas-cus Gate,” by Ernest Raymond. “A contemporary author” began Henry Guard (a popular young preacher) writes: “This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose and recognised by yourself as a mighty one, and the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap. . . . When this earth of ours cooled and man appeared upon its surface, there came a fire from God, a spiritual fire, and from that day to this it has ever been burning, nor shall it ever go out. Some of us call it idealism; some of us call it ‘a passion for service’; some of us call it ‘serving our day and generation’; or”

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