

ROMANCE IN MINIATURE.

In the 'seventies of the last century I was one of those fortunate girls to receive part of my education at that famous school at Middlethorpe Hall, Bishoptorpe, York (the grounds almost in touch with those of the Archbishop's Palace), where the methods of education, thanks to the Second in Command, a woman of vision, were half a century ahead of time.

One of our tasks was the writing of essays, few of which met with approbation. Most of our crude efforts were pitched into the waste-paper basket, as unworthy of "honourable mention."

"Poor stuff, poor stuff," our monitress would exclaim—"no imagination, no heart, no vision."

If only we might write a story, I ventured to suggest.

"So you shall," she replied, "but no verbosity. It must be restricted to a hundred words."

Here is my story which I found had been hidden away in my old school Bible for upwards of sixty years

RELEASED.

Gusts of rain whirled on the window panes.

The woman on her knees saw Jesus coming towards her on the face of the waters.

The door opened and the Penitent came in.

The woman met him swiftly and clasped his head to her bosom. With words of contrition and tears he pleaded for pardon. Then he gathered her in his arms, when he released her she was dead.

Long he knelt clasping her pale hands until they were cold. Then he arose and went forth purged of his iniquity.

E. G. M.

As the story was "highly commended" I was called upon to read it to the class, it was honoured with silence and tears.

E. G. F.

TRAGEDY IN MINIATURE.

Little Princess Anne.

Anne, third daughter of King Charles the First and Queen Mary, was born at St. James's, March 17, Anno Domini 1637. She was a very Pregnant lady above her age, and died in her infancy when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of Death were upon her: "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's prayer), but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death." This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.

Thomas Fuller.

A Singing Girl.

Blue-eyed Musa, the sweet-voiced nightingale, suddenly this little grave holds voiceless, and she lies like a stone who was so accomplished and so famous; fair Musa, be this dust light over thee!

J. W. Mackail (from the Greek Anthology).

SAINTS IN MINIATURE.

Saint Edburgh.

It is reported of her (forgive me, Reader, though I would not write these things they are so absurd, I cannot but write them they are so absurd) that she would by night play the part of a *Pious Thief*, and steal the socks of all the other Nuns, and having carefully washed and anointed them, restore them to their bed sides.

Thomas Fuller.

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "Drawn from Life." Stella Bowen.
- "One Foot in Heaven." Hartzell Spence.

FICTION.

- "Little Ladyship." Ian Hay.
- "The Chequered Floor." Francis Bamford.
- "Call the New World." John Jennings.
- "Jennifer." Janet Whitney.
- "Sapphira and the Slave Girl." Willa Cather.
- "The Great Mistake." Mary Roberts Rinehart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "Occupied Territory." Polly Peabody.
- "I Came Out of France." Cecily Mackworth.
- "Green Prison." Leigh Williams. A Record of 20 Years in Thailand.
- "Poverty and Progress." B. Seebom Rowntree.
- "The Fall of the Year." H. J. Massingham.
- "Defence of the Western World." Hanson W. Baldwin.

POETRY.

- "No Other Choice." Ursula Wood.

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.

The Editor has to thank many subscribers for their appreciative and helpful letters. Never has she received so many as during the past year. Those from the Dominions and U.S.A. seem to realise our difficulties in standing up to a very powerful trade nursing Press, with which they have not to contend. The nurses loyally support their own professional organs.

BEACONS OF LIGHT AND INSPIRATION.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It is surely not without significance that your contributor, Miss Isabel Macdonald, was led to pass beneath the beautiful Arch of St. John in Clerkenwell, into the medieval atmosphere of St. Ubaldesca, to meet Mr. Veevers-Thompson, whose fine work of translation gives so valuable a contribution to our knowledge of a personality from the past. It brings into the clear light of the present the history of yet another of those pious souls whose names have been beacons of light and inspiration down the ages.

It is a far cry from the miracles of Ubaldesca—who saw all around her a revelation of the spirit—to our own time. But the dark period that lies between, during which mankind descended into a more materialistic thinking, in order to win back its freedom, should now reach its turning-point and look towards the light, to merge into the consciousness that things of the Spirit are the only Reality.

St. Ubaldesca knew and felt the spirit instinctively. We must turn to it consciously out of our will. Unless this happens man will stumble and blunder on to chaos and more wars. The symbols of the saint are symbols for to-day—Sacrifice in the true sense—the Cross that is carried for humanity and water which was symbolic of love and understanding.

I do look forward to the pleasure and profit of reading further articles in your valuable JOURNAL which so often brings vividly before us the fragrant lives of those who being dead yet live and speak. I am, yours sincerely,

AMY CRASSWELLER.

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