

FORTUNE.

If on your path were scattered
The golden flowers of spring,
If to your crown the world bowed down,
What more should Fortune bring.
I want no gifts from Fortune, I would not be a king,
But leave, oh leave uncounted, the golden flowers of
Spring!

If round your pleasant homestead
The fruits of earth were spread,
When from the seed, the corn is freed,
Would you hear Fortune's tread?
Nay, for I fear the glamour which o'er her path is shed,
But leave, oh leave unbroken, my gift of daily bread!

When through the glow of Autumn
Creeps Winter cold and shorn,
There is no gem from Fortune's hem
My soul would fain have worn.
I'll need no light uncertain by earthly fingers borne,
But leave me through the last long night a Vision of the
morn. A. M. M.

A MOTHER'S TRAGEDY.

A small white coffin, draped in white, surrounded by white tapers and Spring flowers, lay before the beautiful altar, in the presence of the Holy Sacrament and watched over by the figure of the sweet Mother of Jesus.

Hidden was the form of a child of three years, little June, who, but a few days previously, had danced up the same church, proudly escorting a smaller sister of two.

This had been a longed-for day, for Mother had decreed that two years must be reached before June could have the proud privilege of taking little sister with her to Church. Her heart's desire was attained. Alas! Alas! On the following day, June was left alone in the kitchen, and in a tour of investigation discovered a fascinating little bottle of white sugar plums (quinine tablets), which she was unable to resist.

The sequel was the coroner's court and the little coffin in the Church where June had been baptised.

Such a short, happy little life, so innocent, "one of these little ones who believe in Me," rivalling the Spring flowers, by which she was surrounded, radiating a holy atmosphere, in which one could feel the wings of her Guardian Angel.
H. H.

WHAT TO READ.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- "Years of Endeavour." Sir George Leveson-Gower.
- "Walt Whitman." John Cowper Powys.
- "Happy World: The Story of a Victorian Childhood." Mary Carbery.
- "Cock-a-Doodle-Do." Charles B. Cochran.

FICTION.

- "The Wayfarer." Shirley Seifert.
- "And One was Beautiful." Alice Duer Miller.
- "Lost Fields." Michael McLaverty.
- "H. M. Pulham, Esquire." John P. Marquand.
- "Swell Fellows." Oliver Sandys.
- "Delilah." Marcus Goodrich.
- "One Year's Time." Angela Milne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "Japan Inside Out." Syngman Rhee, Ph.P.
- "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon." Rebecca West.
- "Diagnosis of Man." Kenneth Walker.
- "Moscow '41." Alexander Werth.
- "A Woman is Witness." Ernst Lotham.
- "Inside Latin America." John Gunther.

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.

AN ASTOUNDING SUGGESTION.

The British Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING has received the following astounding communication, and has forwarded a copy of it to the Home Secretary, hoping he will enquire into the activities of the Bureau of Human Heredity, if it has not already been closed down.

17, CLEVE ROAD,
LONDON, N.W.6.
March 7th, 1942.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to approach you and offer my services as secretary—should a vacancy occur in the near future.

I have been working as secretary to the cancer survey with the Bureau of Human Heredity, 115, Gower-st., W.C.1, and the work on this special section is to be discontinued by the end of this month. Our senior medical officer whom I assisted in starting this organization 2 years ago and who later on went to the U.S.A. to continue the work there put me in charge of the secretarial side here. I am fully conversant with medical terms, index-bibliography work, shorthand and typing, and translating from English into French and German and the reverse.

I may add that I have come to this country in 1938 as refugee from Nazi oppression. My age is 40.

Please forgive the trouble I am giving you.

Yours faithfully,
ANITA OPPENHEIM.

THE CHARTERED SOCIETY OF MASSAGE AND MEDICAL GYMNASTICS.

SCOTTISH LOCAL BOARD,
CROSSWAYS,
BRAID AVENUE.
EDINBURGH, 10.
March 2nd, 1942.

BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING,
19, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.2.

DEAR MADAM,—An advertisement of a proposed British Incorporation of Massage has appeared in the Scottish Press lately. The Chartered Society would like to make it clear that they have no connection with, nor knowledge of this proposed Incorporation, and that, therefore, it can represent only a small proportion of the profession.

Yours truly,
YVETTE G. HARVEY,
Hon. Secretary.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

A Backwater.

Assistant Nurse writes: "I want to convey to Miss Hardy my thanks for her most sympathetic reference to the sacrifice of young women in the service of old age. It is most unfair to enveigle ignorant girls into a nursing service which does not prepare them for professional status, and to stamp them as inferior for all time. That might have been my fate had I not listened to reason and cut adrift from the Public Assistance Service and applied for training which will qualify me for registration and a self-respecting position. Most of my companions are influenced by the very high salary offered, which in the end will land them nowhere."

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