

necessary legal powers to open a Register for Nurses; and that this gentleman, whose good intentions we do not question, has publicly announced that, if the British Nurses' Association fails to gain its Charter, the work of Registration will be undertaken by his company. It is needless to point out, on the one hand, the enormous inducement a scheme of Registration under such auspices offers to women who are anxious for organisation and protection both from unskilled competition and from the black sheep within their ranks; and, on the other, the inevitable dangers to the Medical profession and to the sick public if the Nursing profession of the future is to fall under the management of an undertaking, necessarily independent of professional control or criticism. To all thoughtful men it is clear that Registration of Trained Nurses is wise and necessary, and absolutely certain to be enforced. Those who are working to defeat the proposals of the British Nurses' Association are surely aware that, were they successful, they could not delay this measure of protection to the public and of justice to the Nursing profession. It is evident that they would merely transfer the control of Nurses as an organised and therefore powerful body entirely out of the hands of Medical men, and into the hands of a lay undertaking. If such a disaster were to occur, the opponents of the British Nurses' Association would speedily discover the opinion formed of their action by Medical practitioners throughout the kingdom."

TAKEN AND LEFT.

THE April showers had done their duty. The meadows and hedgerows smiled out into May flowers, and this world was at its fairest, as the train, leaving the great city behind, sped through the landscape. The welcome sun shown into the carriages almost fiercely in its generous desire to brighten up every dingy corner—even the corners of wearied-out hearts.

There were two small passengers whose hearts were not weary, however, but were beating fast with intense surprise at the astonishing marvels of the seen-for-the-first-time country. Two little invalids, not long since lifted from their Hospital cots, were going down to the life-giving sea breezes—to the strange unknown sea.

"What *can* it be like?" Susie had asked Allie, and Allie had asked Susie all day long.

"I'm main glad to see it, just for once," Allie had said soberly to the Sister who brought the news that the little ones were to be sent down to Widelands; "for you see, ma'am, if so be as I or Susie died in a hurry—sudden, you know—we

should never see it, for in the other world there will be 'no more sea,'" and the little speaker's large eyes, with the sad black shadows encircling them, grew solemn. "It do seem rather a pity, don't it, ma'am, not to have the sea there, if it's so beautiful as you've been telling me?" she added, after a thoughtful pause.

"No, Allie, I can't say that," said the gentle Sister, with a far-off look; "there will be nothing wanting, nothing missing *there*, so the sea will not be a loss."

Susie and Allie had just scrambled through a bad attack of scarlet fever. Where the vitality that helped such feebly constituted scraps of humanity through it came from, God alone knew—the Nurses and Doctors did not. When the two little sisters were placed in the railway carriage, it was almost with dread at the risk, so frail did they look, but the good-natured guard declared his eye would never be off them until they were deposited on the platform at Widelands.

With tightly-clasped hands they sat closely as possible on the seat, looking for all the world like love-birds, thought jolly Mrs. Trent, the farmer's wife, opposite them. "Dear, dear!" she murmured, "what'd Jacob say to them two? He's so terrible partial to children;" and the matron sighed, as the dream-children who had never drawn breath flitted into her mind. Then, with a view to making friends, she began to unfasten her capacious bag.

Then came a crashing mighty noise; a dull roar, and hissing as of steam; wild shouts and screams; the sunshine, the green fields, and the waving trees seemed blotted out. Was it the end of the world? some asked themselves. Others had no need to frame the question; already they *knew*, but their lips were dumb to answer—for all time.

Through agonies and tortures slowly came the knowledge to the living that a terrible accident had occurred. And, truly, it was a dreadful catastrophe. A huge iron something, it was afterwards discovered, had fallen off a goods train in advance and blocked the line. The engine of the ill-starred train, with the force of the collision, had been flung to the side of what happened to be a bridge spanning a country road, and hung over the edge, a black ruined mass. Why the engine-driver had not seen what was about to happen no one could ever tell—not himself, certainly, for he lay dying of his scalds. The most of the carriages rolled down the embankment to lie smashed and huddled in a turnip field. And down upon the ghastly sight the sun shone cheerily; in the plantation close by, the birds, frightened for a moment, resumed their concert; a lark rose from

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