

all such legislation is unwise for the future of the profession, for it grants a monopoly to one society.

There is plenty of educational work for the College of Nursing to do, but the State Registration of nurses must be controlled by a Council which is independent of any one body and representative of all the interests concerned.

The bill promoted by the Central Committee for State Registration provides all the necessary safeguards. It has been amended and brought up to date and is in charge of Dr. Chapple. It grants representation to the College of Nursing as well as to other bodies concerned. The College has been invited to support this bill and assist in passing it through Parliament. A fine opportunity is now offered for the College to withdraw the opposition which has rent the profession in twain and unite in obtaining a just measure of registration without further delay.

THE PILGRIM.

By Miss M. Young.

ONCE upon a time there was a King, who, from a distant part of his empire, sent to summon all his subjects to his palace to a great festival. He sent the summons to a few, depending on them to tell the many; but all were not faithful; and while setting forth themselves, did not call others to join them; so that many never heard of the King's call. Of those who heard, some disbelieved or delayed, or having started, turned back, afraid of the hardness of the way. But many set forth joyfully. One of them was a pilgrim, whose heart was fired with desire to see the face of the King, and to hear his voice, and to sit at his table in his presence. As she pressed along the way, she met many other subjects of the King, going hither and thither about their daily business. She stopped and spoke to many, urging them to join her on her way to the King. She wondered that so few joined her. She grieved that the King's loving call should be slighted. She feared lest many whom she met should never see the King's face, or hear his voice, or sit at his table in his presence. The grief and the fear in her heart were more to her than the sharp stones on the road, or the thorns of the bushes through which she sometimes had to push her way.

One day she met an old woman, hobbling along the road, with feet cut and bruised by the stones, her face set in the direction whence the pilgrim had come.

"Ah! the poor feet!" sighed the pilgrim. "Let me kind them for you."

She sat down by the old woman, and bathed the cuts and bruises, and bound them tenderly, telling the while of the King and his call, of the palace and the feast. "I am going thither myself. Come with me," she said.

"Ah no! That is not my road. My way leads elsewhere. Yet I too should like to see the King." And the old woman went on her way, walking more easily because of the pilgrim's ministry.

Another day a little child came bounding out of a wood, and across the road. She paused, and turned her face towards the pilgrim.

"Ah! the beautiful face" cried the pilgrim in her heart, and took the child's hands, and looked down into her eyes, and smiled. The child smiled back; and listened with parted lips and glistening eyes as the pilgrim told her of the King and his call, of the palace and the feast. Then she ran off down a little path through another wood. Perhaps she did not hear the pilgrim calling to her "Come with me. We will go together to the King."

Further on she passed a woman walking wearily because of the heavy burden she carried on her head.

"Ah! the heavy burden!" cried the pilgrim. "Let me carry it for you."

As she carried the burden, she told her tired companion of the King and his call, of the palace and the feast.

"I also am on my way to the King," said the woman; "for my lot is a hard one, and there is none to help. I thought there might be help in the King. But I did not know the way. I feared to miss it; or to find it and yet be turned away. I did not know that the King was calling me."

Very gladly the pilgrim took her hand, and they walked together along the way to the King. But the way was long and the woman grew afraid lest the pilgrim were mistaken. There were but few travelling on that road across the plain she looked and saw large companies of pilgrims. "Give me my bundle; I will ask them also of the way." She did not return, and the pilgrim went on, sad and alone.

Some whom she met were in too great haste to heed what she said; some laughed and told her she was dreaming; some told her she was on the wrong road, the road they themselves were treading was the road that led to the King. A few—a very few—went with her.

At last the pilgrim reached the King's palace; very tired and very worn, but full of courage and hope. The tiredness vanished as she entered the palace; for she saw the face of the King, and heard his voice. She told him of the way, and of those she had met upon the way, and of her grief of heart that they also had not come. Then the King took her up to the tower of the palace, and from the turret window showed her all the way along which she had come across the plain. As she looked across the plain, she saw countless roads and paths leading across it—twisting—turning—doubling back on themselves; intricate and difficult ways;—ways which led through dark and gloomy forests; over bare desolate hills; down into valleys of shadow; across deep streams; through weary deserts. Up and down the ways went the people; and the pilgrim sighed, and said, "If only they might find the way to the palace!"

"All ways lead at last to the palace—at last" said the King.

The pilgrim looked again. Along the twisting, turning, intricate ways, through gloom and shadow, desolation and weariness, she watched the ever-moving throng of people. Many as she watched emerged from the dark, crooked ways into the straight, shining path along which she herself had come, and her heart was glad. But some wandered further and further into the

gloom and shadow, till at last they were lost in a horror of darkness from which the pilgrim hid her eyes, turning to the King with a cry of fear. But he laid his hand upon her, and bade her look again; and she saw that ever out of that horror of darkness, a path led to the shining way, and up to the palace gate. She looked into the King's eyes, and her own reflected the love, and pain, and joy she saw there, as she cried:

"I had wandered about those other ways. It seemed impossible that they too could lead to the palace, yet I had longed, and sometimes even hoped, that it might be so."

An old woman was entering in at the gate, and the pilgrim recognized her, and ran to meet her.

"I have come to the King; you said he was calling me. The way has been long and hard; my feet are bruised and weary. I thought my strength would fail. I have been through a great horror of darkness, but at last have come. Take me to the King." The pilgrim took the old woman's hand and led her to the King, who welcomed her with tender love.

A child's voice was calling at the gate, and once more the pilgrim saw the beautiful face, and looked down into the eyes which had smiled at her along the way.

"The wood was dark, and the path was hard to find. But at the end of the wood, I saw the shining of the palace roofs; and I remembered the King of whom you spoke, and I have come to his feast."

"I will take you to the King" said the pilgrim.

She took the child by the hand, and led her to the King, who stooped down, and took her up into his arms.

The pilgrim turned. Beside her stood the woman whose bundle she had carried.

"I should have kept with you. My way was long and hard and winding and there was none to share my burden. But I came at last back into the way we trod together, and I saw your foot marks, and I followed them. At last I have come. Take me to the King."

"See! The King is here" said the pilgrim, and smiled. The woman looked into the face of the King, and her weariness fell from her.

Then, because the guests were not all come; and because it was not the King's will that even one should miss the feast, the pilgrim sat at the gate, waiting to welcome those she had met along the way, those who, though long in coming, yet would come at last. And always the King was by her side. She saw his face; she heard his voice; and she waited eagerly, yet contentedly, till, the last one having entered the gate, they should all sit down at the table, and feast with the King.