

the room so quietly nor any understand the patient with such unerring instinct.

It is no use to pretend you are better. He understands all about you. Perhaps, this is because he is so truthful.

*October 16th—Thanksgiving Day—*

Am I thankful? On first thought, "no." For four months I have been "a shut-in." First, helping to nurse a typhoid patient, then one myself. It is a long time to take out of life.

On second thought, "yes!" The year has had more sun than clouds—much more, and so I shut the door on the whole sulking, frowning crew of ugly feelings. I will hold my joy cup right side up and catch the drops of gladness that, like the high-priest of old, wherever I go I may carry golden bells to make music for me.

*October 21st—*

In my cravings for food, the nurse says I am like the little boy who went to his father for a jack-knife. He wanted *awful bad*, and he wanted *now*.

*October 26th—*

I am going home to-morrow. I whisper it over and over. The nurse says it depends on how I keep, but her words mean nothing. Only a police corps and a *habeas corpus writ* will hold me longer.

I was strong when I left home—strong enough in my fever to kick over chairs and tables—strong enough to be cross, but now I am just a tired baby.

*October 28th—*

In my own room—a big bed, no hospital wails, no bells, no red-tapeism, a trance of happiness! Like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, I pinch myself and say, "This is surely none of I."

There was a *sortie* from the front door, a precipitate attack on the ambulance—kisses, little secrets, greetings, stored-up grievances and more kisses, all in one breath. Then the big ambulance policeman carried me in. How gentle he was. Only a giant can be gentle. Tenderness is an inflection of strength. When the dwarf that attended *Ivanhoe* at the tournament lifted the bleeding knight, he stumbled over the weight and caused the sufferer intense pain, but the giant of the brawny arm and unconquered heart came and lifted him like a feather-weight and bore him away to a hiding place for healing and rest.

Some one was playing and singing "When *Janey Canuck Comes Home*." It was a home-coming that overbalanced the pain. And now the hours are a continual *Te Deum* without one *Miserere* to mar their perfect peace.