

rounds are heard throughout the corridors. Some are softly, some are brightly sung from bed to bed. In the midst of these scenes, the Matron would enter with approving smiles, and leave us to pursue our amusement. With all the fun my charges would yield to me the most perfect control, and a word is always enough to quiet them.

One afternoon I suggest a new scheme—that all should make a venture and learn the art of making button-holes! This is indeed a new line, and I wait to see if it will take.

“Now, Jim, you can never hold a needle!”

“You shut up. I expect I can sew as well as you.”

With a great deal of such chaff passing from one to another, I can see that we may prepare for the sewing-class, and I offer a prize for the best piece of work produced. There and then our class is formed, and a spirit of interest and of joviality is seen among them. Beds are smoothed and shoulders raised, while squares of white linen are quickly placed in the hands of each. None are accustomed to hold the needle. The happy chat ceases, and all are thrown into silence as they begin on their grave occupation. Going round from bed to bed, I only discover new depths of clumsiness at each bedside. The size of the stitches, as well as of the needles, was large, and specimens of true cobbling were in progress all round me.

Our stately Matron walks in to see, for she has heard the happy laughs from my Ward, and I see by the twinkle in her eye how pleased she is to see the men so cheery. Dan, the Sussex lad, can't get on at all, and he expects me to right him every moment, and to rescue his great fingers from marvellous knots and tangles, while Willie's hands are too weak to do it at all. Jim is hopeless: he is a ploughboy, and does not “see” it. He cuts large, *round* holes, round which he works grandly in a style of his own. Robert, the apprentice, does fairly nice work, which is passed all round for approval.

Though not successful, as far as success goes—for none have succeeded—we have had a merry time and happy chat, and at bed-time Dan slyly remarks to me, “You know there are other button-holes besides these.” What the young fellow means I do not know, and I leave his bedside, thinking.

In the morning, as I am busying about, there are hushed whispers between the other Nurses, and quiet laughs with sly looks towards me. I overhear, “She little knows,” and lose the rest. Whatever can this be? Is anything wrong that I have done? Is more work going to be expected of me? or what can they mean?

By ten o'clock I am due to sweep and dust the

men's two Wards. Is it likely there is a secret there? I think there may be, and become terribly shy as the clock is nearing the hour. It is a quiet day in the Hospital. No one from outside is expected who might bring a merciful interruption. I shall have to be brave and enter the Ward, for work must be done, and so, in cold blood, clasping broom and duster, and in great expectation, I open the door.

A bright corner of the world this Ward is, with its graceful palms and plants at the further end, bright drapery, and streaming sunshine. No sooner does Nurse Rachel appear in the doorway, than happy laughing faces, who also had been watching the clock, greet me with, “Here you are, Nurse,” holding out gay flowers—“here are your button-holes;” and as I go round I get from each bed a bunch, a lovely bunch, of fresh flowers tied up with string. I cannot thank them—I do not know how—but I love them all. Into my apron bib I fasten them all for the present. There are six bunches. Ever since five o'clock this morning, these men, the Nurses tell me, have each been preparing for me their gift for a button-hole, and thus my class has had a strange but charming ending. It was Dan and George who planned this courteous and kind token.

The little scene was very pleasantly enacted, and though it stands as but one among many Hospital episodes, it is graven on my memory for ever.

HOSPITAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOR two reasons my notes this week will be brief, the first being that demands upon the space of the *Record* in the present issue are more than ordinary; the *second*, that everything in the Hospital world appears to be almost in a state of *statu quo*.

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THE eleventh Congress, 1889, of the Sanitary Institute will be held at Worcester, from Sept. 24 to Sept. 28. Congress tickets will be issued entitling the holder to the use of the reception room; to admission to the presidential and other addresses; to all meetings; to the exhibition of the Institute; and to any conversation given by the Institute. The price of the congress tickets will be half-a-guinea each. A reception room will be opened at the Guildhall, on Monday, Sept. 23, at one p.m., and on the following days at nine a.m., for the issue of congress tickets, which may also be obtained previous to the congress on application to the secretary of the Institute, or to the honorary local secretaries, Worcester. The inaugural address of the President and the lectures to the congress will be given in the Guild-

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