

not be conveniently forgotten for ten weeks at a stretch; if my toe aches the Senior Surgeon will himself inspect the limb. Oh! dear, dear; why did I not think of you before? But somehow it never struck me that you were in the least the sort of person to inspire awe; and yet, dear old fellow! it is impossible not to admire a man who can knot a tie as you can, and whose boots—” Then we cease chaffing, and talk of home and the dear old Dad and pleasant things, whilst time flies, and too soon a rasping voice calling “Probationer Graham” breaks in upon our *tête-a-tête*, and Sister Matthew swoops down upon us. We hastily bid one another farewell, indulging in a good hug and a hearty resounding kiss (smack, more accurate) in full view of Dr. Gray Mather and his satellites, as they cross the lobby and enter the Ward.

It is infinitely refreshing to be natural, if only for a moment, at the expense of appearing ridiculous.

“Don't come and see me here again,” I gasp. “Love to Kate.”

I pick up the basin, soap, and towel, and patiently trot after Sister and the Staff from bed to bed; and, perceiving no ardent desire on the part of the Doctor to wash his hands, refrain

from presenting the tepid water to his notice, after two futile attempts.

“Bet you don't make him wash his hands,” a rosy, boy student whispers in my ear.

“Done,” I whisper back, without turning my head.

This little passage of arms has been overheard.. The class is now all excitement—not roused to interest over laconic words of wisdom which drop like pebbles, singly and slow, from out the mouth of the Professor, who always appears to address his conversation to his boots; but whether or no there exists a “Pro” with sufficient tenacity of purpose to make him wash his hands in the little blue and white basin with which generations of Nurses have pursued him to no purpose from time immemorial.

I am on my mettle.

At last my chance comes; I grasp it. We arrive in due course at the bedside of my friend with the “unique” disease. The Professor beams upon him, and asks, thirstily for symptoms. They become absorbed in cause and effect. Presently my heart gives a great bound—I see my patient nodding and smiling towards me.

“There she stands!” he exclaims, waving his hand towards me. “She pointed it all out to

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