

cool. One thing is sure—I will take no blame, nor permit Nurse Ross to suffer *unjustly*; and I feel that if I am weak we shall certainly go to the wall.

I dress quickly and kneel down before my open window. It is an exquisite spring morning. Even here, in this grim city, the trees are shimmering with tender green, and the sparrows chirping in mischief and joy—a morning in which grief should play no part. The beauty of it sinks into my soul and gives me courage.

I review my facts, and determine on my line of action. Of course I shall be sent for, by the Matron, and interviewed. There must be no hesitation on my part, no half measures. Personally, I cannot be blamed, as I neither measured nor injected the drug; but as an eye-witness, knowing the truth, I must support Nurse Ross, who, I know, will be totally incapable of supporting herself.

Coming away from breakfast, a thought flashes into my mind. *Morphia!* Ah! is it possible?

A moment later, I am flying along the corridor; in a few minutes, find myself in Porter Ward. I find the Day Nurse in the lobby. I cross towards the window, near which is placed a table on which the lamp, &c., for the Night Nurses' use, are kept, and on which I see a small

red-labelled bottle. In breathless haste, I put out my hand and grasp it, and hold it towards the light. The label is blurred and smirched, and the writing is almost illegible, but I dimly make out the words, "*one in six solution.*" My heart gives a great leap. I turn to the Nurse, and ask her if this is the bottle from which Nurse Ross was supplied with ergotine last night. She answers, "Yes!" "Please look carefully at it," I say. She does so, and then I walk away, tightly grasping my precious piece of evidence.

"You can tell Sister," I remark coolly (one must be cool in this hot-bed of subterfuge), "that I took away this bottle, as an accident has occurred in Matthew Ward, and I require it in self-defence."

No time for more to-day.—Your loving
PHYLLIS.

"No, darling," said a mother to her sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you."

"Then, mamma," begged the little girl, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

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