

are groceries and "crocks," the last-named including the all important tea-pot. Our good folks here do not make, they *dash* their tea, and on the afternoon of our visit this delicate task was entrusted to a convalescent who, in working dress, and his head done up in a bandage involving one eye—may we call him a Ward "masher"?—was going about from bed to bed to collect the tea-pots, some two and twenty in number, and as he had about an equal number of different instructions with respect to the "mashing," it required an amount of diplomacy to please *everybody* that would do honour to an attaché to a first-class embassy.

This motley collection of tea-pots of the most varying sizes and diverse materials, though the homely Delf greatly predominated, many of them showing signs "of the wear and tear of life" about the spouts, were placed round the Ward hearth to draw the tea. The writer took a sympathetic interest in them, and with the humility that becomes "an outdoor worker," ventures to say that her professional experience of tea-pots is scarcely less varied and extensive than that of Sister (6) herself, and it seemed to her—we are all apt to make mistakes sometimes—that in one at least of the two and twenty teapots she recognised an old acquaintance.

Next to the "mashing," the butter question comes to the fore at tea-time, for the patients are allowed to have it brought to them and to keep it in their respective lockers, the Nurses having to cut the bread and butter, and it requires no small amount of tact and experience to avoid getting the "butters" mixed, spreading A.'s (perchance fresh), for instance, upon B.'s bread, poor B. having nothing better than margarine! Mr. Dorsett will call me to account for this aspersion on his commodities—"Pride of the Vale," I mean—to lubricate his "lengths." Our working friends here never have *slices* of

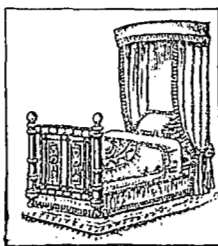
bread. Some years ago, the Matron told me, bread used to be kept in the lockers—so many lockers so many loaves to each Ward, sent up every day; but this plan was neither economical nor desirable, so it was abandoned. Leaving the patients in the full enjoyment of their tea, and again put ourselves under the guidance of our hostess, Miss Busby, we just take a brief look at the Women's Ward (I think Surgical) close by, just as cheerful-looking as the men's, and gay with spring flowers which the Sister has arranged very prettily, some on stands near the women's beds, so that they can enjoy their perfume as well as admire their fresh beauty. What a pleasant resource woman's needle is to her in her sickness, or the busy knitting-pin or crochet-hook can be called into requisition to beguile the tedious hours away. Men have only their books and papers, but women, sick or well, are ever doing something useful for the good of others. We leave the Ward and get back to the corridor (left), passing by the way the chapel, where are two services on week-days and one on Sundays. The rector of St. George's, in whose parish the Hospital stands, officiates as chaplain.

We descend to the Nurses' dining hall, a basement room large and comfortable-looking, but low pitched, lighted by deeply-recessed windows looking into the courtyard at the back of the Hospital. Altogether the room reminded me of the dining-saloon of a passenger steamer. There was a piano at one end of the room, modestly screened off by some sort of drapery from the rest of the department. The Nursing strength of the Hospital is sixty Nurses, and there are twenty-three "charges."

We ascend a staircase and again return to the left corridor we first entered, and pursuing our way over the upper part of the entrance hall, we notice a line of mural inscriptions, setting forth in gilt letters the names

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