

time. The Night Sister has been round, and it is long ago.

But dear me! the scene has shifted. A summer afternoon now, and the sweet music of the tram bells (Oh, yes, I mean it) comes in at the open window. The soft air stirs the corn-coloured hair of dying Johnny and fans his tired blue eyes.

The grave physician is going his rounds attended by the Sister (Ah, myself! how the time has flown), whose heart is really with Johnny, though she listens with apparently closest attention, as No. 6 assures his doctor that he has great flirtations in his inside. That plaintive voice from 24? Yes, I remember now, a mere lad, dying by his own hand, and the stalwart form beside him, the policeman on duty. The irony of it (he used to sweep the ward for us)! A gentle heart beats beneath the dread blue uniform, he is tenderer than a woman to his helpless prisoner, and the plaintive voice is a request for 25 to lift him up in bed.

Dear little Dick, stretching out coaxing arms, and wheedling, "I pour out tea, eh, sister."

Hush! evening now; the chaplain leaves his game of chess with 9, and gives out my favourite hymn, I can hardly bear to listen. Good night Sister, good night Nurse, good night 4, and so on.

Dear, dear, they seem to be coming helter skelter now.

Was I *really* once the Mentor of unruly house surgeons?

Did naughty Mr. — really excuse his flirtations with the pros. on the ground that "bless them, he loved them all." He *couldn't* have been so audacious. Of *course* not. Here you come, my dear old nurses and pros. How gratefully I see one bright face after another look out of the fire to smile and nod at me.

Scattered though you are far and wide, I can still thank God for your unstinted service.

Some have folded for ever their busy hands on their kind hearts, but out of the embers "their angel faces smile."

Kind ghosts ye are that trouble not,
Nor fright nor sadden,
But wake fond memories half forgot
And thoughts that gladden.

HENRIETTA J. HAWKINS.

A lecture was last week given at the rooms of the Irish Nurses' Association, 86, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin, by Mr. W. J. De C. Wheeler, M.D., F.R.C.S., visiting surgeon to Mercer's Hospital, on points connected with the nursing of surgical cases. The very illuminating lecture was listened to throughout with closest attention by a large audience,

Resignations.

The resignation of Miss Katherine Monk of the position of Sister-Matron at King's College Hospital involves a great loss to that institution, where, for the last quarter of a century, she has been a most efficient and conscientious officer, and has organised and superintended its nurse training school with great ability, bringing to her work that devotion and interest which, though outside the limits of any official contract, are of inestimable value in any Matron.

We have always regarded it as a real loss to the profession at large that Miss Monk has not extended her sympathies to its broader issues, and placed at its disposal, in relation to nursing organisation as a whole, those gifts which have been so conspicuously apparent in the management of the nursing school at King's College Hospital. The system there is excellent, and there is very little which the most stringent Nursing Council could desire to have altered.

Nevertheless, Miss Monk's colleagues, who have regretted that she has stood aside from the work of the organisation of the nursing profession, have realised that her attitude was inspired by conscientious conviction, and she is sincerely respected by the nursing world, which will learn with regret that her resignation is due to ill health.

In her long and honourable nursing career Miss Monk has accomplished much good work, both as Matron of King's, and, within the last few years, on the Nursing Board of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

Miss Monk was one of the first certificated pupils of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and is a member of its Nurses' League.

The retirement of Miss E. C. Shannon, R.R.C., from the Matronship of the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, which institution she has now left, will be received with general regret. Miss Shannon was trained at the Western Infirmary, and, after holding other positions, returned there as Night Superintendent, a position she resigned to undertake the position of Superintendent of the Scottish Red Cross Hospital during the South African War, subsequently receiving the distinction of the Royal Red Cross for her work in this connection.

It will be remembered that Miss Shannon gave valuable evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Registration of Nurses, being the only Scotch Matron who offered such evidence. Her moral courage in so doing will be appreciated by all who know the circumstances under which she has worked,

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