

sistently or a conceited siren hoots its charge with too much vigour up Southampton Water, or the early goods train rattles with unwonted energy, and I wake, wide awake, sleeplessly awake, to be acutely aware of two well-known beings, imps, call them what you like, seated by either ear on my pillow, Conscience and Care, trying individuals, both of them. "Wake up," cries Care, "and attend to me. How about the laundry? You know your laundry has broken down; you have no boiler, no machinery, no hot water, no steam, no anything—it is the week before Christmas—what do you mean to do? Did you mutter send it to the Town steam laundry? Do you think for one moment they will *take* it the week before Christmas? Let me just remind you that there are six hundred sheets, sixty quilts, fifty blankets, the aprons for the whole nursing and domestic staff down in that laundry besides all other details, and no steam, no steam, no steam, and not the faintest chance of getting it. Leave it till the morning! Not me! It's my duty to worry you *now!* Broken-down laundry, and all the washing waiting to be done—nice sort of Matron you are!" Round I roll, but Conscience is at me—

"With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,"

not forgetting those of my riper age, pricking me with recollections of undelivered scoldings, unanswered letters, high standards allowed to sink; dear me, I might enumerate any amount of trenchant remarks Conscience makes to me, only I have the very human desire not to "give myself away," but I assure you she gives me a bad time, whilst my bed becomes like a hayrick from my efforts to escape Care and the broken-down laundry on the one side, Conscience and unfulfilled duties on the other: "Let me go to sleep," I plead feebly; "just let me go to sleep now and I will attend to everything in the morning." But my mentors are relentless, all the difficulties that wait to be solved on the morrow assume such gigantic proportions that I feel like a wearied and over-weighted Atlas, until at last, firm and desperate, I seize my friendly bell-rope and ring vigorously, and there arrives a kind of angelic relief in the shape of the Night Sister. She tells me that Mrs. Jones is sleeping peacefully, that Brown has had a hypodermic and is quite comfortable, that the pneumonia baby's temperature is coming down, and other soothing practical details. Then she brings me cocoa and hot-buttered toast and I read peacefully, whilst Commonsense drives away Care and Conscience.

After all the world is not such a bad place

to sleep in, I feel confident of being able to tackle the laundry question in the morning, and that Conscience had no reason for being so wearily persistent, my sins of omission were due solely to my infinite tact, and of commission, well, there is really nothing to make a fuss about. I lay down my book with a happy sigh and sleep the sleep of the just until 7.30 a.m. brings my hot water, and the grey morning calls me to my daily round.

"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul."

M. MOLLETT.

Being a Brief Account of the Formation of the Society of the Teresians.*

Every now and then in the necessarily somewhat straight and narrow road of training school education, we have come unexpectedly to a delightful by-path leading into pleasant fields filled with all manner of surprises and enchanting discoveries. To the most fascinating of all these by-paths we have recently been led, and it is now being explored with a great deal of pleasure and not a little profit.

This brief sketch of the Society of the Teresians is taken from the Secretary's report of the first meeting.

On December 13th the head nurses and senior students of the Johns Hopkins Training School were called together to consider the advisability of forming a society for the study of "the history of nursing." At this meeting, to which every one came with some curiosity, Miss Nutting explained the purposes of the new society. She called attention to the great amount of interesting information to be found in the history of nursing, which far from being a modern product, is one of the most ancient and honoured of all callings. Historical records carry us back beyond the Christian era, and from the early days of Christianity there may be found an unbroken record of deaconesses, sisterhoods and nursing orders, culminating in the modern system of nursing which the last half of the nineteenth century has brought forth. The province of the new society, Miss Nutting explained, was to be the careful study of this interesting history, and the bringing to light the historical associations that have clustered round the work of men and women from the earliest times in ordered and unordered efforts concerning the

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