

fort and counsel to the visitors. Often she has to tell sad news glibly, it may be, of the almost hopelessness of the illness of a dear little child, of a husband, or of a wife. She does not give up all hope; Sister is very slow to do that; but there are times when she is obliged to admit that there is not room for much hope, times when she knows she is acting a kind part by admitting it.

In the morning, the evening, and in some cases at other more frequent times, Sister takes, or causes her Nurse to take, the clinical temperatures, and neatly records them. She makes out her patients' diet list; sees all properly and comfortably settled for the night; allowing no unnecessary jugs to remain, and seeing that those patients who need drink, have such drinks within their reach as they are allowed to have. In hospitals where public prayer is allowed in the wards, one of Sister's most pleasant daily duties is to conduct evening prayer. The majority of the patients, in their sickness, and by the humanising and elevating influences in the wards, feel prayer to be suitable and right, even if they do not feel it to be a positive duty or pleasure. The roughest men, and sometimes the roughest women, feel the influence, and rise a little from the low depths to which some of them have descended; and when they go away from the hospital, they leave with new thoughts, new habits, and, let us hope, with new resolutions, and with some new strength with which to combat old bad habits.

Certain days, in each week, bring Sister special work. One day, she makes a complete list of all ward and kitchen linen sent to the laundry; another day, if the linen be returned to her, she counts the things, noting whether all are returned, and laying on one side those that need to be repaired; another day, she makes a list of everything, in the way of domestic ward stores, she needs for the coming week, from matches and pins upwards, and of flannel, calico, muslin, and it may be of plasters, lint, &c., &c. She notes, too, the breakages, and things out of repair. Sister is economical and judges carefully, and when she receives her stores, she looks them through and puts them away, giving them out only when they are needed.

Sister becomes so far intimate with her patients and with her Nurses, that they feel her to be a sympathising friend. She is fair and just whenever occasion arises for the settling of small differences. She is never apparently in a hurry, but goes quietly about in her ward, showing gentle interest, and giving a ready smile and word; whatever interests her patients, interests her too; it may be the little baby left at home, the newspaper article just read, the letter received this morning, or the game of draughts being played.

When Sister must find fault, she does it gently and in private. She does her own work, and sees that all under her, do theirs; she remembers that

Nurses, like soldiers, are trained to obedience; this obedience she maintains.

The Sister is the head, the heart, the brain, and the skilful fingers of her wards. To her, turn the doctors, the Matron, the Nurses, and the patients, for the well-doing and well-being of all in her ward. She is an efficient Nurse, and, in the best meaning of the word, a gentlewoman. She is, indeed, in her wards, what the Matron is, in her larger sphere—the mother, the head, the over-looker, the teacher, the adviser, the reprover, the counsellor, the comforter, the upholder of authority, the sympathiser. Sometimes the wards are, too much, the Sister's world. She works and rests, works and rests; to go out walking requires exertion which she shirks when she can. This should not be, for she needs relaxation of mind, and contact with the outer world; she must not narrow her sympathies to just the hospital walls.

The Staff Nurse, as the Sister's right hand, is her stay and helper—a capable Nurse and woman who has had two years' training, and is pressing onwards towards efficiency. She is next to the Sister in command, and able to take the Sister's place in her absence. The Probationer, is the earnest, careful learner, the willing, pleasant helper, whose intelligent attention to the instruction given her in the ward by the Sister and by the Staff Nurse, and whose conscientious carefulness about carrying out their instructions, repays the care and trouble they take with her training; or she is the hopeless, heedless, careless, untrustworthy "trial" about whom a bad report must be given to the Matron, and who must be got rid of, as soon as is possible. But we will suppose we have an efficient Sister, a trustworthy, capable Staff Nurse, and an earnest, truthful Probationer. Let us spend a day with them in hospital, and see the work they do, and how they do it.

Six sonorous strokes ring out from the tower clock of one of our large hospitals, and immediately a loud bell clangs, in the Nurses' home close by, its abrupt summons of six o'clock, and time to rise. The morning is dark and cold. A dreary wind is tearing round the great buildings, and driving the rain with sullen force. Early rising is not exactly comfortable under such circumstances; but habit and duty overcome disinclination, and the forty or so warm beds are quickly exchanged for cold rooms and rapid toilets. Happily, each Nurse and Probationer has her own little room, and there is comfort in this. The minutes fly quickly; it is half-past six; and another bell is heard, which speaks of hot tea and coffee (not always as hot as it might be), bread and butter, and, perhaps, a little piece of bacon, or an egg. Soon, the tables in the Nurses' Hall have a cheerful, eager band of women round them, some talking about their pleasant holiday yesterday, but more wondering, whether such and such a patient be better, or even still alive. Nurses

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