

each Probationer, for her term of probation is to test her fitness to become a member of a family seeking its happiness in the culture of the highest virtues, as well as her fitness for a sick Nurse. Yet with all its exaction the Probationer is well cared for by the Hospital. In the case of her falling ill or requiring change of air, sea bathing and careful Nursing will be provided for her, quite free of charge, and without any regard to the length of time she may have served, though, of course, she must have brought a certificate of health on entering into training.

After the preliminary trial is passed the Probationer becomes a "Novice." That the years of training are not made easy for the Novice is proved by the fact that in spite of the many advantages offered by the "Mother-house" to her children, many women give up after a short trial, and there are fewer Sisters than there is need for, and the hope that more Christian maidens and women may join the Institution is constantly being expressed, although not a hair's breadth are any of the regulations changed on that account.

Few can be expected to hold principles as noble, and do work requiring such infinite tact, as that done by the Sisters of the Henriettenstift. For they do not alone profess to minister to the body, but to the soul as well; and their preaching is to be silently expressed in their lives. "By their works ye shall know them." For nowise are they to force religious or moral instruction upon their patients,—but if called for, it is to be given, in all humility and charity, "as brethren journeying up a stony hill-side together aid each other."

"Sisters of Mercy are in nowise better than other Christians," remarked a brave old Sister, who had served the sick in war and peace, "but they stand in constant danger of being worse. For men will give praise to us who deserve none (seeing we have received all as a free gift), thereby leading us into danger of falling into pride and forgetting that our own strength is weakness, and our safeguard, watchful prayer."

The consecration of the Novices to the dignity of "Sisters," is celebrated with much ceremony. In the earliest infancy of the Hospital, it was Queen Marie of Hanover, the Patroness of the Institution, who presented the "cross of the Sisters" to the two first Probationers that had passed the years of training, but after the war of 1866—when the House of Guelph left Hanover—an ambassadress of the Queen undertook the office, and performed it year after year, amid a growing number of Novices, "in the Queen's name." This wonderful old lady, Generaliss von Hartmann, died a few years ago at the age of 96, having presented the crosses as usual, with an impressive little speech, a few months before her death.

The consecration takes place in the chapel, which lies in the centre of the building. The choir of Sisters (trained and led on by the same defatigable Sister A., of the workroom,) never sing more sweetly and enthusiastically than at these times.

The clergyman of the House exhorts the Novices with all the eloquence in his power to do justice to the work they have chosen,—to hold fast the faith, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world. Many of the Novices are in tears and their friends weep in sympathy. A real German likes to weep on such occasions. But theirs are happy tears, for the new Sisters love their vocation, and have passed through no small trials to prove themselves worthy of it; and, as the splendid voice of Sister A. rings out triumphant amid all that choir of lovely voices (in a land where lovely voices are common), they too raise theirs in gladness, and join in the strains of the grand old hymn, that after all expresses all they strive for, and sums up all their gratitude and exultation of success—"Allein Gott in des Höh, sei Ehr, und Dank für Seine Gnade."

## HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

### I.—"FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

FROM all that is written now-a-days about Probationers, their disappointments and their grievances, upon first entering hospital life, I imagine that my own experiences must have been exceptional, as I went to bed after my first few hours on duty, with a sense of absolute pleasure at the prospect of the life before me. I therefore venture to give an account of my reception, which may have had much to do with my subsequent satisfaction and peace of mind. From the time I left school until I was of age, it had been my ardent desire to become a Hospital Nurse. I pictured to myself a life of untold hardship and self-sacrifice—only to be compensated for by a sense of duty well done. I was quite resigned to my fate; no more purple and fine linen and dainty fare, no more rolling in easy chairs with Mudie's "latest," for the future, my path would be strewn with thorns, an unbecoming garb, plain food, weary feet, and improving literature.

Thus I anticipated with pleasurable dread my Hospital career, as I arrived in a modest four-wheeler, my worldly goods contained in one small box, before one of our largest county Infirmaries. To my surprise I received my first kindly greeting from the gate-porter, who it appeared looked upon all "Pros." as his own especial property, one of his duties being to book them in, and out, of the gate." He "even knowed them by their backs,"

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