

he informed me later, when we were on still more intimate terms.

I was then conducted straight to the Lady Superintendent's room, who, as she came forward to meet me, struck me as being far too young and bright and beautiful for her position, an illusion which her stately grace entirely dispelled upon further acquaintance. A Clumber spaniel, on the hearth-rug, turned his great pathetic eyes upon me, and wagged his tail, intimating distinctly by these two friendly signs that he, too, was glad I had come; and then a soft young voice bid me welcome, two very blue eyes smiled down upon me, and I felt at home—a rare and enviable sensation in a strange house. The voice next suggested “weariness after a long journey,” “kettle always on the boil,” “all good nurses love tea,” and other simple home truths, and presently a maiden appeared and showed me to my room, gave me food, and imparted an enormous amount of information meanwhile. From her I heard that “new Pros.” always arrived on a Thursday afternoon, which was Home Sisters’ afternoon “off,” and when Matron was always at home to receive them herself. That “Matron was a *very* particular lady,” possessed of “a hey, that she was,” but also “large hearted,” and had an unerring sense of justice—three invaluable characteristics, as I found in my future experience of her wise autocratic rule. That “Matron always took new Pros. into the wards herself between seven and nine in the evening, and introduced them to the Sister and let ‘em loose there a bit, so as they shouldn’t go on duty for the first time on scrubbing morning, before Sister was up, and when the nurses was busy and apt to be sharp.”

This all happened in due course.

By and bye Matron sent for me, and together we traversed passages, and mounted stone stairs and entered the Royal Ward, down which she swept with measured tread, I following in her wake. We found the Sister at her linen cupboard, counting out clean sheets to be aired by the Night Nurse, ready for to-morrow’s use. I noticed that she handled them caressingly, smoothing out each tuck and wrinkle with the utmost care. Matron noticed it too.

“Petting your linen, Sister,” she remarked, with a smile. “I believe you love it as I do my dog. I have brought you a new Probationer just in time to carry your sheets to the lobby fire. Now be useful immediately.” she added, turning to me with mock severity, and with this she nodded a bright good night to me, and sailed away, Sister following, and chatting with that unaffected kindness, which never degenerated into familiarity. I watched her graceful figure till it disappeared out of the ward, and came to the conclusion that

“our Matron” was a very fascinating and unusual person. Then I did as I was told, and tried to be “useful immediately,” received from the Sister a few simple directions concerning my morning duties, was placed by her under the wing of Nurse Royal, the staff nurse of the ward, or Deborah as she was called by her fellow nurses, a veritable mother in Israel, of whose patience and goodness I shall retain the liveliest recollection as long as I live.

So far so good. I do not say that my probationary days were altogether devoid of trials and disappointments, but I can honestly say that they were the happiest days of my life, and that I found every duty a pleasure, from scrubbing a locker, to passing a theoretical examination. But I cannot say, because words fail me, how much we all owed to the excellent disciplinarian whom we all recognised without hesitation as our “head,” whom the few adored, and all respected, and who exacted the most loyal obedience from old and young, simply through the force of her own exceptional individuality.

#### FEVER NURSING.—IV.

BY MISS HARRIS.

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##### CHICKEN-POX.

**V**ARICELLA, commonly called chicken-pox, is a complaint requiring little special treatment or Nursing, and is attended with no danger to the person attacked by it. It attacks children mainly, yet adults are by no means exempt. Varicella has been often confounded with small-pox, of which it has been regarded as a modified variety; of the perfect distinction of the two, however, there can be no doubt, since the one disease never imparts the other, and they occur in independent epidemics; moreover, the one disease is not protective against the other.

The invasion of chicken-pox is marked by febrile symptoms, which are sometimes severe, but present no distinctive character, and which generally, in a few hours, are followed by the appearance of the rash. This consists in the first instance of a number of rose-coloured spots appearing first on the chest, and then on the face, trunk, and limbs. In the course of a day or two, these spots become distinct vesicles containing a transparent fluid, and in this stage they greatly resemble small-pox vesicles. They never, however, become pustular, but after a day or two break or dry up, and small dark-coloured scabs result. The formation of these scabs is complete at the end of a week from the first sign of illness, and they remain

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