

A task it will be no longer, if she brings into it the true love of children—not a “passionate attachment,” that will quickly cool in the prosaic round of the Hospital day, or “the dotting fondness,” that will spoil the patient, whilst ignoring the responsibility; neither of these qualifications need be sought in the sick child’s Nurse. They who put their hand to this work need the spirit of love, to guide through the sorrows and disappointments of the life; the faith that can wait and trust, until the end; and a spirit of reverence, as in the presence of a great mystery.

NURSE BAYLISS.

WE have much pleasure in publishing the following, which we received last week too late for insertion:—

“20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.,
Sept. 12, 1888.

“Sir,—I have to thank you for your kindness in inserting my letter in your valuable journal, in which I appealed to Nurses to subscribe to a Fund to replace the watch lost by Nurse Bayliss in the Wigmore Street fire, when she so narrowly escaped losing her life. My proposal arose out of the generous and kindly letter sent on her behalf to the lay press by the Rev. Mr. Brindley, the Chaplain of the Middlesex Hospital, and was intended more to elicit some professional sympathy, than attempt to raise a large sum of money, or interfere in any way with Mr. Brindley’s thoughtful provision for her needs. I have, therefore, specially asked for only small subscriptions. As I have already received more than sufficient for the purpose in view, may I trespass on your kindness once more, and ask you to announce that the Fund is now closed, and that the following is the list of the subscriptions I have received? How it is expended, perhaps you will permit me hereafter to tell.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ETHEL GORDON FENWICK.”

	£	s.	d.
T. S.	5	0	0
Miss Douglas Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. Bedford Fenwick	0	10	6
Nursing Staff, Jaffray Hospital, Birmingham	0	10	6
Miss Victoria Jones, Matron, Guy’s Hospital	0	10	0
Nursing Staff, Ladies’ Charity and Lying-in Hospital, Liverpool	0	10	0
Nursing Staff, Private Nursing Institution, Lincoln (per Nurse Naomi)	0	7	0
Nursing Staff, Maternity Hospital, Manchester (per Lady Superintendent)	0	6	0
Miss Elcock, Matron, Jaffray Hospital, Birmingham	0	5	0
Miss Alicia Browne, Lady Superintendent, Royal Infirmary, Manchester	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Catherine Wood... ..	0	5	0
Miss Whitfield	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Storer	0	5	0
Miss Myers	0	5	0
Miss Emmie Briggs	0	5	0
Miss Babbington	0	5	0
Per Miss East, Lady Superintendent, National Hospital, Queen Square	0	4	6
Members, British Nurses’ Association, the Infirmary, Leicester (per Miss H. Ellis)	0	4	0
Sister Clara, Dr. Barnardo’s Infirmary	0	2	6
Sister Mary, Dr. Barnardo’s Infirmary	0	2	6
Miss M. Magee, The Infirmary, Leicester	0	2	6
Miss Mary Lock	0	2	6
Miss Annesley Kenealy	0	2	6
Miss Homersham	0	2	6
Mrs. Myers	0	2	6
Mrs. Jessop	0	2	6
Miss Mackie	0	2	6
Miss Meyrick	0	2	6
Miss Miriam Ridley	0	2	0
Miss Frances Buchanan-Riddell	0	2	0
A Country Lady Superintendent	0	1	6
Miss Courtney Smith, St. Bartholomew’s Hospital	0	1	0
Miss Mary Fowler, St. Bartholomew’s Hospital	0	1	0
Miss Georgina Turner	0	1	0
Miss Bowen, St. Bartholomew’s Hospital	0	1	0
Miss Margaret Brey	0	1	0
Miss Mollett, Matron, Chelsea Infirmary	0	1	0
A Lady Superintendent	0	1	0
Miss Cureton, Matron, Addenbrooke’s Hospital, Cambridge	0	1	0
Miss Pell-Smith, Matron, Mansfield Woodhouse Hospital	0	1	0
Miss Jacobs, County Hospital, Lincoln	0	1	0
Mrs. Attwood	0	1	0
Sister Damian	0	1	0
Sister Doris	0	1	0

THE SILENT MEMBER.

PERHAPS, to an anxious inquirer after truth, my heading is hardly satisfactory. Most of us have experienced a fleeting sense of alarm, when, as we sit whist and reverent in the sermon, when a dramatic lull heralds in a tableau on the Thespian boards, or the master violin has a solo, unaccompanied save by

“The grace, that somehow slips

Still from one’s soulless finger tips,”

someone seizes the fateful silence, to wield a handkerchief with sonorous energy. Nevertheless, I am right in the main; it is a member that is hardly appreciated as it deserves, for its ceaseless and valuable aid to our race; and even when noticed, it is only as a subject for ridicule. Everything else has a votary or a poet, or both: the eyes, the “shell-like ear,” the mouth, the curl on the temple, the very turn of the head, have been sung again and again, with varying excellence; but the nose, beyond being a theme for witticism when the owner has an attack of

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