

needing and deserving class. I think the Hospitals would gain, rather than lose, by giving the help I suggest.

I think, too, that those Hospitals that charge large fees for the services of their private Nurses, lessen their usefulness, and forget the large middle-class who support them. To make money should not be the main object in sending out private Nurses from charitable public institutions.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.—No. 7.

"BETTINA."

IF there is one person in her Ward more devoted to Sister Damian than another, it is her Ward Maid. I remember well the advent of "Betsy Ann." It was during a period of unusual pressure of work, when several Maids fell ill at the same time, and their places had to be filled at a moment's notice. Matron sent her into Damian Ward, to fill a gap, remarking to Sister, "that she feared the girl would require a great deal of supervision. She seemed rather rough and uncouth, but Patience is a good polisher, and she knew Sister Damian had a proverbial reputation for 'making Ward Maids.'"

Now, this same power of "making Ward Maids," or, in fact, of making any person skilful in the performance of their duties—be they never so humble—of what does it consist? First, I think, in the possession of knowledge; secondly, in possessing the power of imparting that self-same knowledge to another; and there is no doubt that these faculties are both largely developed in the character of Sister Damian. We were together when "Betsy Ann" made her first appearance, in the doorway of Sister Damian's room, without any preliminary intimation, such as a knock at the door.

"I've coomed," she informed us, stolidly, standing there with her arms akimbo; two bright eyes looking at us straight and honestly from under an entanglement of fuzzy hair, made all the more mop-like, by a vain endeavour having been made to hide it away under a cap.

"That's right," answers Damian, cheerily. "I am very thankful to see you. A good Ward Maid is a most important person in the routine of Hospital Ward work; and if you are willing to learn, we are willing to teach. Is that a bargain?" she adds, smiling up at the new Maid in that beguiling manner of hers, which wins for her so many hearts, with so little effort.

"I ain't slow, when I ain't stunt," the girl answers, heaving a sigh which seems to originate in the door mat, upon which she stands; "and if

you'll only be missus from the fust, I'll hurry up; see if I don't."

Damian breaks into one of her merry laughs. "I'll be missus—that I can promise you," she answers, brightly; "and if you are in any difficulties, come at once and tell me. We'll soon put things straight without any stuntiness; all tempers have to be tightly bottled up in this Ward—labelled poison and put on the shelf. Now come and look at yourself in the glass," she continues, rising and placing herself behind the girl, with her hands on her shoulders. "What do you think of that apparition?"

A sudden humorous grin, spreading from ear to ear, illuminates the face of "Betsy Ann." "Agin you I ain't no beauty, anyhow," she says, calmly, turning her eyes up archly towards the sweet face above her.

"From a classical point of view, possibly not," remarks Sister Damian, smiling; "but do you know, Bettina—I shall call you Bettina, for the future—I feel convinced that Providence intended you to be a very different looking little person to what you are. Let me see," and she takes the girl's face between her hands, and gazes critically down upon it, "I think it was intended, first of all, that your face should be polished bright and clean, with soap and water, more than once a day; that the forehead should be exposed to view, and not disfigured by little poodle-like curls, which look as if they had not been combed out for a week; that you should be a rosy and trim little person, busy and cheerful, and not dirty and untidy and 'stunt.' What do you think? Shall we begin the change from to-day?"

A variety of expressions chase one another across poor Bettina's face, during these observations. Then she steps aside, and bursts out passionately, "I ain't like you; I ain't had no chance. I'm a poor mean thing; you can't make nowt of me. If you know'd what it was to be clammed, you wouldn't be so precious clean. Let me go; I ain't fit to be here."

Sister Damian flashes an expressive glance at me, intimating without words, her pleasure in the encounter. It also says plainly, "Here is a creature with *feeling*; she shall be cared for, and she will respond. You shall see what I will make of this wild Bettina."

To the girl she turns and says gently, "You are mistaken; you have no idea how much we are in need of you. Your chance has come; grasp it. Come with me into the kitchen, and I will tell you something of your duties; and let me advise you to look upon everything you have to do—even to washing up greasy dinner-tins—as a duty, and not a labour, and you've no notion how brightly you will make them shine."

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