

all the more so, perhaps, from the very fact of her being accustomed to endure fatigue—and I am sure she will find it a means of getting much enjoyment, and a fresh supply of those gifts with which Nature is so lavish, to strengthen and invigorate her for another year of work. She will be able to enter into Wordsworth's pure delight in every side of Nature, and to understand him when he says :

“ My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die ! ”

In order to prove my point, and to show beyond a doubt that a walking tour is a charming and profitable way for a Nurse to spend a part of her holiday, I think I cannot do better than give a short account of a ten days' walking tour, taken this summer on Dartmoor, by two Nurses, which proved most successful in every way. They started, worn out, tired, pale, and weary—the one, worn out and weary with all the cares and anxieties attendant upon a high position in the Nursing world ; the other, pale and tired from close attendance in a sick room. They returned, refreshed and brown and vigorous ; their hands laden with ferns and flowers, and their minds stored with all the beauties they had seen, from cultivated, wooded vales, and rippling merry brooks, to bleak and barren moorland, on to the glorious deep blue sea dashing against the Cornish coast.

“ They roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,
With their accustomed load ; in heat and cold,
Through many a wood, and many an open ground,
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall ;
Their best companions now the driving winds,
And now the ' trotting brooks ' and whispering trees,
And now the music of their own sad steps, (?)
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,
And disappeared.”

They had not met for nearly three years, but in spite of the altered costume from that of the Nurse to that of the walker, they did not fail to recognize each other at the station of a small and picturesque old town in Devon, where they had previously arranged to meet, and where they took up their abode for the first night, before starting on their projected tour. They spent the first evening in studying maps and guide books, making a rough plan of what they would endeavour to accomplish, without, however, tying themselves down too closely, so that they could alter their route at their pleasure as they went on.

The next morning, after packing their knapsacks, they started on their way, but, feeling a little shy of wearing them on their backs, they decided to carry them in their hands until they were well out of the little town of Totnes ; but they

soon found that the natural way was far less tiring, and quickly getting over any feeling of awkwardness, they learned to carry them with ease. The first day's walk was through beautiful wooded scenery, following for some way the course of the much-admired river Dart, with flowers and ferns growing on each side in abundance, with trees shading them overhead, and soft springy turf under foot, when everything went brightly and smoothly, and talk flowed freely of remembrances of the past, and of hopes for the future, when poet after poet was aptly quoted by the one, and listened to with rapt attention by the other.

But all this ease, and pleasure, and delight, must at length be left for the sake of the much-despised, hot and dusty, yet withal useful Queen's highway, which would lead them to another small town of Devon—Buckfastleigh by name. Before that desired haven was reached, however, there were ominous signs of limping feet, telling of coming blisters, which must be fought against and overcome at the very onset, if the walk was to be a success ; so the aid of that common, but useful plant, the rumex, or dock, was called into requisition, and the walk was resumed with comfort, without any aid from Chemist's shop or Doctor's dispensary—so ever ready is Nature to supply our needs, if we can bring knowledge to put it to the proof.

Very soon the characteristic, tall, and ugly chimney at Buckfastleigh, speaking of the manufactory of serge, for which the place is noted, came in sight to gladden the eyes and quicken the feet of the weary travellers ; for, though the aforesaid chimney might speak to the inhabitants of serge, to them it spoke of approaching lunch, of rest, and of shade ; for the whole of the morning had been very hot, and they had walked steadily from ten o'clock to 1.30. The little town reached, they gained their desired objects, and after rest and refreshment, they decided that this Buckfastleigh, small as it is, was far too large and ordinary a place for them to remain in until the next day, especially as it was completely shut in by hills on all sides ; and as they were pining for what they had gone for—the fresh air of the moorland—they decided to go on to a small village nearer the moor, where they could breathe freely, and where they might hope to find an inn and shelter for the night. So they shouldered their knapsacks, consulted their map, and started again, “ all fresh for the fray,” and went on in high spirits for some two miles, when, alas ! what should they find, on arriving at a sign-post, but that they were walking direct for Plymouth, exactly in the opposite direction to Holne, the village for which they were aiming.

This mistake arose purely from pride, and too

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