

and dutiful, running wild in the streets, boys loitering on errands, daughters gossiping with undesirable companions at the corners of the roads for want of the cheerful presence indoors. "The wife is the house's key"; and mother's chair is empty, father's hearth unswept and cold. Well for you, little household, if, however long mother tarry with us, she return to you at all.

It is not to be wondered at if one's male patients, who go out into the world, who see the papers, and discuss and settle to their satisfaction questions of greater moment than the "Manual of Domestic Management," which interests the housewife at home, often amuse one with very quaint speeches. Counterbalancing the proportion of our population who abide with us only a few days or weeks—those with no ailments beyond a simply fractured arm or leg, whose stay has no complications beyond a bilious attack half-way, resulting from plenty of good food and no exercise—are those whose weeks glide into months, spent within the *Hotel Dieu*; those whom one learns to know thoroughly and to understand their ways; and on their side a very few days teach them the ropes of the ship, and how much may or may not be done. Very soon they fall into our quiet orderly ways, take a pride in being a credit to the Ward, and rarely need a "refresher" of Bob Acre's opinion of strong language. Sometimes the refresher comes from an unexpected quarter. One of our best and most grateful patients was an old bargee, whom tradition taught one to expect as steeped to the lips in profanity. Yet the only time I ever heard his voice raised above its usual quiet, rather confidential pitch, was to administer a rebuke to a rough newcomer—a rebuke so fitting and to the point, that No. Three subsided promptly, remembered and profited by it, and allowed his varied selection of expletives to sink into well-merited oblivion. But they very seldom wrangled. On the contrary, they were generally on excellent terms with each other; always ready for a friendly gossip, or to fetch a chair for a neighbour newly ordered up; to share books and papers willingly, or any little delicacy at meal-times, when it needs the sharpest eyes to be widely open, to see that nothing finds its way from the convalescents' table, with the best possible intentions, to some one eminently unsuited for its reception.

Among medical patients, where diet plays so important a part, one has to be Argus-eyed; but in simple surgical cases, I once heard of a novel remedy for depression of spirits, administered through the medium of an "extra" on a patient's diet-sheet. The benefactor in this case was a coachman, nearly well from the bad effects of a horse's kick. Fourteen enjoyed the lofty distinction of an egg for breakfast and tea. A

very cheerful, helpful patient was he, and exceedingly popular and orderly. One of the others, about the least ill of any, in every one's opinion but his own, was a very good and estimable workman with a broken leg. But Nineteen, unused to idleness or illness, looked on his symptoms with awe and consternation, declined to believe that a headache might be caused by nothing more serious than his dinner beer, and viewed the effects of the indigestion which afflicted him for a day or two—as it does most people suddenly reduced from activity to utter quiescence—as the premonitory pangs of approaching dissolution. One afternoon, when he had been particularly doleful, I noticed in a "tea-patrol" round the camp, to see that teas were all progressing comfortably, that Fourteen's egg was not on the table, where I had placed it myself not long before.

"Number Fourteen," remarked I, promptly, "I hope I didn't overboil your egg *this* time; or was it a bad one?"

"Well, Nurse, you see," said Fourteen, in a confidential undertone, looking nearly as comfortable as if I had caught him robbing the hen-roost, whence once, presumably, his egg came—"you see, Nineteen's low, and I thought a egg would cheer him up. It's a wonderful comforting thing is a egg; and he's low, Nurse, and there's nothing like a egg when you're low, you see."

Nurse saw—rather more than the egg—and wondered, as she wonders still, whether this simple and efficacious remedy for melancholy might, if put into general practice, revolutionise that portion of society which, in search of an exhilarant, flies to something less innocent than "a egg." Perhaps the spirit in which this particular remedy was applied had something to do with the effect. There is a spirit which not only recognises the "duty towards its neighbour," but recognises *who* is the neighbour, among more than our flotsam and jetsam—outside, as well as inside, the sheltering harbour gates of the *Hotel Dieu*.

R. OLIVER.

NURSING ECHOES.

** Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.

"In a little notice headed 'The Nursing Sisters in India,'" says a writer in our interesting contemporary, the *Queen*, "I was struck by reading that the Officers' Hospital at Murree, attached to the Lady Roberts' Home, was put in charge of a Lady Superintendent and two Nursing Sisters of St. Denys' Sisterhood, who, for their maintenance,

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