

woollen dresses, four caps, six collars, six pairs of cuffs (if they are worn), and twelve aprons—the last item is replenished as the aprons wear out.

Nurses and Probationers each three print dresses, three caps, six collars, six pairs of cuffs (if they are worn), eight aprons the first year, four added the second year; the number to be kept at twelve as they wear out.

So Sisters each receive annually sixteen or eighteen yards of woollen dress material, five yards of lining, two dozen buttons, four caps, six collars, six pairs cuffs, aprons kept up to twelve, operation dress when needed.

Nurses and Probationers each receive yearly twenty-four or twenty-seven yards of print, or linen, seven and a-half of lining, three dozen buttons, three caps, six collars, eight aprons the first year, four added the second year; the number afterwards is kept at twelve.

In Hospitals where the Sister is called Head Nurse, and where she takes a share of Ward work, blue and white striped galatea makes a useful and pretty uniform. It "sets" better than print, wears better, and washes quite as well.

Nurses usually have to make their uniforms. Caps and aprons are cut out ready. It is difficult to say what is the best material for caps; whatever is used requires careful and skilful treatment by the laundress. Victoria lawn wears well, but it is hot and impervious. Muslin is cooler, but not good to get up, nor lasting. Perhaps spotted net, at about a shilling a yard, and a lace or quilting at two and threepence per dozen, make the most durable caps; but these—indeed all caps—need to be nicely got up and arranged, and neatly put on: three conditions that are not always found together.

If I say one word against cap strings, I shall be thought a Goth indeed. Cap strings are becoming; they are also muffling in hot weather. In cold weather they are comfortable, but unless Nurses wear bonnet strings when they go out, they miss the cap strings and catch cold.

I do not wish to be too severe, or to recommend quite the Quaker style, that Addison describes as "trimmed close, and almost cut to the quick"; but rather to draw attention to the great Apostle's advice: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." St. Peter does not prohibit the plaiting of the hair, the wearing of gold, and the putting on of apparel, but he desires precedence be given to higher and better things. I have read somewhere that "our God is the great artist, that we are to observe how He delights in beauty. He dresses the flowers in the most lovely

and varied colours; He fashions the leaf, and twines the tendrils, and blends the hues of the trees, until the whole scene is made a source of exquisite pleasure to the eye. He would have us delight in beauty also, and show attention to the comeliness of outward things, that we may be in harmony with the Divine mind. If He cares so much for beauty, it cannot be that His children are to care nothing for suitable, seemly, and even beautiful dress."

"Ladies, well I deem, delight
In comely tire to move;
Soft, and delicate, and bright
Are the robes they love.
Silks whose hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarves, and mantles gay,
Gold and gems, and crisped hair,
Fling their light o'er lady fair.
'Tis not waste, nor sinful pride—
Name them not—nor fault beside,
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress;
While her holy thoughts still roam
'Mid birth-friends and scenes of home."

DREAM FACES.

TWILIGHT is fading into dusk, the lamps are lighted, and casting on the pavement silhouettes, that, running round the side of passengers, grow into long fantastic shapes, longer and longer, until the next lamp makes them drop suddenly behind, to come round as before. Alone, with feet on a bright bar that skirts the tessellated hearth and stone, I sit gazing into the glowing coal with eyes that see no fire, only the "Dream Faces" that follow in rapid succession, and sometimes crowd one another out, just when I would bid them stay. What odd pictures they make! Young men and maidens, old men and children, eager for the life before them, and weary with the life behind: Hospital faces all of them, linked in one long train of reverie, though not all Hospital patients.

A white, thin face comes oftenest, and with it comes a dry rusty voice, complaining that "the bread is dry and hard." I tell it always that I was hurried, and the bread was changed; but the large, sunken eyes still look reproachfully, and hurt me, that it is no longer possible to change their look.

The face passes, pushed on by the sturdy figure of an old man, and a sturdy voice says, "Miss, I've brought my arm to see if you can put it on;" and the figure, with one sleeve hanging limp, holds a horribly suggestive *something*, wrapped in a cloth. I start up, startled by the apparent fact, before reason asserts her sway, but it is still with a confused feeling that I open the parcel, and

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