

Dick any more; someone else, who did not call him "Dick Turpin," tried to make him well. There are many more faces: the girl whose head would not keep still, and whose mouth jerked away from the feeder just at the wrong time; Jessie, Kitten, and Flo; the boy who bit the end off the thermometer, and was better from that hour; the old man who insisted, if his arm were amputated, he would take it home in a box. A woman's face comes next, pleasant and kindly, that seems to be saying, "You must have a cup of tea, Nurse," and while I see the face, I almost taste the tea.

But the faces are crowding too quickly, and growing confused. I can scarcely define the beautiful, calm one that seems to preside over all, and comes in amongst the old men and the children, night as well as day. Suddenly there are no more, only a sense of rest and warmth; and I think I must have been asleep, for someone touches me on the arm, and scolds me for dreaming in the darkness all alone, not knowing how many have been with me, and how the darkness has been full of light and sound; how the faces hold their poor hands once more, turn the hot pillows, and tell them of the time when there will be neither pain, nor sickness, for sin will have passed away. I question if to the immaculate there come not sometimes "Dream Faces," with seemingly reproachful eyes; only the reproach is not indigenous, but the transplant of a sensitive metaphysician, devoid of the confidence of "Old Father William," proverbial for the ability of regulating the present by the inscrutable art of "remembering" the future.

A. B.

### NURSING ECHOES.

\* \* \* (Annotations (only unabbreviated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.)

Dick any more; someone else, who did not call him "Dick Turpin," tried to make him well. There are many more faces: the girl whose head would not keep still, and whose mouth jerked away from the feeder just at the wrong time; Jessie, Kitten, and Flo; the boy who bit the end off the thermometer, and was better from that hour; the old man who insisted, if his arm were amputated, he would take it home in a box. A woman's face comes next, pleasant and kindly, that seems to be saying, "You must have a cup of tea, Nurse," and while I see the face, I almost taste the tea.

But the faces are crowding too quickly, and growing confused. I can scarcely define the beautiful, calm one that seems to preside over all, and comes in amongst the old men and the children, night as well as day. Suddenly there are no more, only a sense of rest and warmth; and I think I must have been asleep, for someone touches me on the arm, and scolds me for dreaming in the darkness all alone, not knowing how many have been with me, and how the darkness has been full of light and sound; how the faces hold their poor hands once more, turn the hot pillows, and tell them of the time when there will be neither pain, nor sickness, for sin will have passed away. I question if to the immaculate there come not sometimes "Dream Faces," with seemingly reproachful eyes; only the reproach is not indigenous, but the transplant of a sensitive metaphysician, devoid of the confidence of "Old Father William," proverbial for the ability of regulating the present by the inscrutable art of "remembering" the future.

A. B.

**NURSING ECHOES.**

\* \* \* (Annotations (only unabbreviated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.)

The excitement in Nursing circles about the forthcoming *Conversation* of the British Nurses' Association grows apace. Everyone, of course, feels the importance of the event, not only because it is the first time Nurses have ever had such an affair arranged altogether for their own particular pleasure, nor even because it is being organised on such a grand scale, but chiefly because it proves so clearly what a wonderful success the Association has in these short nine months achieved, and how completely this action upon its part refutes the ridiculous prognostications in which its few enemies indulged. I have had an opportunity this week of obtaining a good deal of

information about the Association and this *Conversation* upon the best authority, all of which will, I am sure, be most interesting to my readers.

I was told that the Association has now nearly fifteen hundred members enrolled. In other words, since the great meeting in St. George's Hall on February 13 of this year—that is, in little over nine months—nearly one-tenth of the estimated number of Nurses in this country have joined this new body. Everyone admits that this is quite unprecedented success for a purely professional Association. But I have heard it said, that probably this rapid accession of members is due to the fact that all Nurses who had little education and no social position, would hasten to join such a body as this, to acquire thereby a distinct status which they could not otherwise obtain. It is therefore a most important fact, that not only have the Matrons of nearly half the Hospitals and Infirmarys in the Kingdom already joined, but others are joining every week; so that it is computed that in another eight months, the Matron of nearly every English, Scotch, and Irish Hospital, will be a member!

I was told another most significant fact, that, with very few exceptions, the ladies who have in the last three or four months been appointed to vacant Matronships were already then Members of the British Nurses' Association, showing most clearly what class of Nurses have been the first to join that body. Lastly, I was told that Members from the United Kingdom are now being enrolled at the rate of two hundred per month, while equally encouraging accounts are coming of activity in the Colonies. One thing is quite certain, therefore, that in a very short time every Nurse of any standing will be a Member of the Association.

But about the *Conversation* I heard that the beautiful exhibition of Pastel paintings will, of course, be on view, with the additional advantage of the electric light; and that several large London and Provincial Hospitals have sought for space to exhibit their special Nursing appliances; and that prominence will be given to several most useful machines invented by Nurses. I hear that many distinguished people are expected to be present, and well believe it, for the gathering will certainly be of the "most picturesque" character. The handsome galleries, the soft but powerful lights, the large number of different and graceful uniforms—all together will go to make up a scene which will not easily be forgotten by those who are fortunate enough to be present.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)