

him at home, and hearing about the District Nurses, asked the Doctor to send for one.

At our first visit we had put the room into Nursing order, so now it looked like the small Ward of a Hospital. There was no carpet on the floor, no valences on the bed, no unnecessary furniture; the window opened at the top; a temperature chart was pinned on the wall, just above the patient's bed. All this we had done on our first visit.

Nurse proceeded to sponge the patient carefully between blankets with vinegar and water, made the bed without removing him, took precautions against bed-sores, took the temperature, pulse, and respiration, which she recorded for the Doctor on the chart. Then she tidied the room, wiped over the floor with carbolic and water, and, after washing and disinfecting her hands, we were off to the next patient, who was a poor young woman, suffering from rheumatic fever, complicated with heart disease.

"Only Nurse knows how to move me," she said. "The pain is so great at times, I hardly know how to bear it."

Very soon the poor swollen joints were bathed in hot water, packed in wadding and flannel bandages, the bed made comfortable, and the patient looking a different being to what she was when we entered.

On we hurried again, through narrow streets, alleys and courts, and at the top of a high house we came to the next patient—a poor miserable little specimen of humanity; and yet few look forward with greater pleasure to Nurse's visits than Johnny.

He is really twelve, but, except for his weird little face, might be taken for four years old. He fell when he was two years old, and injured his spine. Nurse washed his poor deformed little frame, dressed his wounds, all the while the poor little fellow chatting away and relating his experiences when *he* was in Hospital.

Three more cases—one a poor woman suffering from paralysis and bed-sores; and a man with a badly ulcerated leg; and a child with a scalded foot—and then we turned our steps homeward, the morning work being over.

At one o'clock all the Nurses meet at luncheon. "Cases" are not discussed; the topics of the day, books, music, are the subjects for conversation.

From two to four the Nurses may be found studying for the Lectures, which are given at stated times by eminent Medical men. After a cup of tea at four o'clock, they sally forth again for their evening round in the district. They visit again the acute and fever cases, and any chronic cases for which they have not had time in the morning.

At half-past seven, the dinner hour, the work of

the day is over as a rule. Uniforms are set aside, ordinary evening dress put on, and the few short hours that remain of the day are spent in quiet and restful enjoyment.

Such is the day of our District Nurses, and from it may be gathered the tenor of their lives, with the exception that when, once having passed through the training school, she has no more lectures to attend, and in consequence the two hours before spent in studying are then her own free time.

Some people think the life of a District Nurse a hard one, and in some ways they are right. But it may also be a very happy one.

Sound health of body and mind is absolutely essential. The Nurse must be prepared to face all weathers—pouring rain, snow, sleet, wind, as well as the burning heat of summer.

She must have enthusiasm, energy, and the spirit that will not shrink when difficulties arise.

Many come to the work with grand and high-flown ideas. For a time they seem to enter into it, but when they find that the work is of an exceedingly practical character, the novelty wears away and their interest fails. These do not make good District Nurses.

What we want are good women, with earnestness and steadfastness of purpose. Women prepared to throw their whole heart into the work. These have their reward in the results of their efforts.

They leave their patients in a more wholesome atmosphere, morally as well as physically, than they found them.

The seeds of cleanliness and self-respect have been sown, and a wish for better things inculcated. On more than one occasion a drunken husband has been persuaded by the Nurse to give up drink, and an untidy slatternly wife to make a comfortable bright home for the husband, who before spent his evenings and, needless to add, his money in the public-house.

REJOICE!

BY MISS M. MOLLETT,
Matron of the Chelsea Infirmary.

"REJOICE! AGAIN I SAY UNTO YOU, REJOICE!"

THE present is distinctly an age of pessimism—the age when people are "bored" by everything; in which they care, or pretend to care, for few things; love, or pretend to love, no one; believe, or think they believe, in nothing. These lines, which contain an obvious though lugubrious truism,

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,"

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