

Brantford, Guelph, Brockville, Collingwood (Canada), Jamestown, N.Y., Saginaw (Michigan), and many others, are superintended by graduates from this School; three are engaged in foreign mission work in China, and one in India; while many others are employed in Hospitals and private families, both in Canada and the United States.

Many graduates prefer Hospital work, and these, if engaged as Head Nurses, &c., receive twenty dollars per month, while those who practice Private Nursing find constant employment at twelve dollars and fourteen dollars per week.

In conclusion, let me call your attention to the following, which appeared in *The Canadian Practitioner*, Oct. 16:—

"The success which has attended the Training School for Nurses in the Toronto General Hospital has been as remarkable as it has been gratifying to those who have watched its progress. The course of instruction in the different varieties of nursing is thorough and complete. The Nurses before graduating are compelled to pass two rigid examinations—one at the end of the first year, and the other at the completion of the second year. At the last examination, written and oral, conducted by Drs. Cameron, Grasett and Wright, the eight successful candidates obtained an average percentage of seventy-nine, the individual percentages ranging from seventy to eighty-five. The success of the School is chiefly due to the untiring efforts of the capable superintendent, Miss Snively, the Matron of the Hospital, whose report at the recent 'Convocation,' held in the Hospital theatre, presented some interesting facts. From it we learn that the total number of graduates is now eighty-six; and of these four are foreign missionaries, and fifteen are in charge of Hospitals in various parts of Canada and the United States. Two of this year's graduates are now *en route* for the China Inland Mission."

A. B.

PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.—XIV.

No. 1.—How I Spent One Christmas.

By MISS E. T. KNIGHT, M.B.N.A.

(First Prize Winner).

WE were Pros. in those happy days, long ago; none of the many anxieties of supervision ruffled us; we only grumbled occasionally at those watchful eyes, that never gave us an opportunity of enjoying ourselves, owned by those same "Sisters-in-charge," who always "did as they pleased themselves," or so it seemed to us then.

And it was Christmas Eve, in the morning, only five o'clock, and we four (we were friends, too, who occupied the several cubicles of our joint room) were chattering like magpies, and dressing in greater haste than usual, if that were possible. Getting up willingly too, as you might tell by the subdued laughter, subdued because the Lady Superintendent slept below, and we dared not wake her even on this busy morning.

Very soon we were noiselessly creeping down the stairs, and out of the house, bound for Covent Garden Market. After a very quick walk—we had very little time to spare—we reached our destination, and were soon busy making the very best bargains we could, and got back in time for our 6.30 breakfast, laden with various treasures for the beautifying of our various Wards. Christmas cherry was my favourite then; it made such a nice spot of colour on the white table-cloths provided for the Wards, and matched the scarlet nightingales (all new) for the season, which were folded in a particular pattern, which was a dreadful stumbling block to new probationers, on the foot of each bed. We all took great pride in having them all exactly right too.

We had plenty to do that day—all the ordinary work to be got through and a great deal of extra ordinary. A porter arrives after dinner, and says, "All go to the hall." There is immediately a rush for that desirable place; even the Sisters get excited and implore us to be quick, for there we find the Matron presiding over piles and piles of lovely holly, ivy and other less favourite green things, and it is first come best served; and everyone knows there is a good deal of friendly rivalry as to whose Ward looks the best in the end, for all visitors on Christmas day make a procession round the Hospital to inspect the various devices; so there we are eagerly contending for this or that which strikes us as most useful for our work in hand. Back we fly, and devote ourselves to making wreaths, mottoes, and the hundred and one things, beautiful and otherwise, that go to make up that comprehensive word—decoration.

After tea (the patients must be fed, poor things, although their interest is certainly absorbed in the various preparations going on, and some of them are very useful too, sewing together leaves, &c.) we are reinforced by some of the Resident Medical Officers, who bring with them a step ladder to help in putting up all the bravery now ready.

The consternation when one motto, "Happy may all be this Christmastide," read "Harpy may all be," the dejected face of the offender changing to joy when the gentle-faced Sister cut off the obtrusive "r" and had a "p" in its place in no time.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)