

are entirely unmanageable: under such circumstances, take the Doctor into your confidence, report the state of matters to him, and leave him to put them right.

As a rule, in Hospital you make your report to the Doctor at the bedside, but under any other circumstances don't talk within hearing of the patient about his condition, and carefully avoid expressing your opinion to anxious and inquiring friends as to the condition of the patient.

(c.) As I am speaking mainly to Probationers, I may say there is another person you will be brought into most intimate relation with, namely, the Staff Nurse or Sister of your Ward. All, or almost all, your Ward work you will learn from her, subject, of course, to direction and assistance from the Medical Staff. Implicit obedience on your part to these instructors is necessary, and to the Staff Nurses I would say, in dealing with the Probationers, the utmost kindness and forbearance and patience is needed, and no pains should be spared by you in effectively performing your part in the course of training laid down for the Probationers.

(d.) Then there are your *duties towards yourselves and each other*. Don't be quarrelsome amongst yourselves, or complaining, or jealous of each other. Try and live amicably together. Carefully attend to all matters pertaining to your own health—cleanliness, the morning bath, frequent changes of linen, and daily exercise in the open air, with such innocent amusements as may be permitted to you. Don't be gloomy, and, if you have a vein of fun, let it have fair play, only remember there is a proper time for everything.

Of course it is scarcely necessary for me to say that so long as you are here you are entirely under the authority of the *Matron*—not only with the *Matron*, but with all those who are in authority over you. I would add one particular caution: Never, under any circumstances, let the saying, "When the cats are away the mice are at play," be applicable to any one of you.

And further, in your intercourse with others, and in general conversation, never speak disparagingly or disrespectfully of those placed over you; you may take my word for it, that if you do this before patients, they will have but little respect for you and your authority. *Learn to be thoroughly loyal* at all times.

Remember, above all things, that PERFECTION consists, to a large extent, in attention to *trivial things*—little things which, in themselves, are apt to be thought lightly of. This, to me, is a mere truism, but it is astonishing how little most people realize it. There is a story told of Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, which illustrates what I am saying. A friend called upon Michael

Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time after he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I retouched this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend; "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

"Think nothing trifling, tho' it small appears;
Sands make the mountains, moments make the years,
And trifles—life."

Book to study: Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."

A NOVEL HOME FOR NURSES.

BY ADA BEATRICE TYSON.

OH! if I were very rich what would I not do? How often such a thought passes through the brain of a would be philanthropist; but, alas! on this earth we can do very little in the way of worldly matters without plenty of cash, so if we have not a fortune to spend on the good of others, we can only build castles in the air of what we will do if ever the cash should fall from the skies.

My castle is a novel home for Nurses needing rest for a few weeks, and I am going to tantalise the Nurses who read my short paper by trying to lead their thoughts to a sunny little house—if I can, make them believe they are enjoying the rest and comfort—and then tell them at the end that it is only a dream, and, so far as I know, there is no such place.

To commence my sketch, will you come with me out of dusty London to Chislehurst? You will say, "What an expensive place to choose!" My answer is, "Very healthy place, dear friends, and please to remember I have plenty of cash!" About ten minutes' walk from the railway station and we have reached our destination. Before us stands a double-fronted villa, red bricks; these can hardly be seen, as the house is not high, and one side of the front is covered with ivy and the other Virginia creeper. A long garden, well laid out with beds of flowers, leads to the front door, which has a charming little porch covered nearly all round with winter jasmine—of course in bloom the day you visit the house. On the door is painted in small gold letters, "The Retreat." Shall I ring the bell before I leave

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)