

but a bell ringing reminds you it must be tea time, and you open your door and go downstairs, at the foot of which a worker in the same cause as yourself meets you, and taking you into a good-sized room on the left of the front door, introduces you to the rest of the "family."

Tea over—a very welcome meal to you after your journey, short though it was—No. 1 comes forward, and says, "Nurse, I think you will feel more at home if I show you the remaining portion of the house;" and thanking her, she leads you across the hall into a splendidly large room, which you quickly see is the one on the right of the front door. This is the sitting room, "and very pretty it is in the summer and very cosy in the winter, as you see," the Matron says. It is entirely carpeted, and indeed exactly what a sitting-room should be, with flowers and ferns about in pots, which quickly reminds you of your uncharitable thought, and you hasten to say, "Thank you for such a kind thought of yours—viz., placing such nice flowers in my room," and the answer you get is a smile, a nod, and "Come along, you have a little more to see yet."

Up another flight of stairs (not the same as you went to your room, but on the other side of the house) you go, and see the same number and size rooms as your own, but everything about them is pink, and after going into all three you exclaim, "How nice! I see each room looks on to a different side of the house, and three of us are on each side; but where do you sleep, Matron, and how can you keep it so clean, so beautifully nice?"

"Oh!" she replies, "upstairs are two attics; both are a fairly good size—one is used by the two servants, and the other is quite good enough for me; and now come downstairs into the study, and I will tell you a little about how this house was commenced and is conducted."

"Well," you think, "it seems to me I am No. 1," and regret your thoughts again when you hear your Matron talk of an attic for herself.

However, making up your mind you are in kind hands for a month, and having by this time got comfortably seated in the study by the fire, Matron begins:—

"This home was started by a wealthy lady, who having bought the house for 99 years, furnished it exactly as you see it.

"Once furnished, she commenced three years ago by receiving three overworked Nurses like yourself, from a period ranging from three weeks to five weeks, at the same time requesting in many different ways the public to come forward and support the same, with the result that in this short space of time the public annually give in

small and large donations enough to keep the home going, and on an average one hundred Nurses rest and change during a period of twelve months. Of course this is only a *very* small number compared with the hundreds of applications, but we have a great deal to be thankful for; and we hope by God's blessing to enlarge the house as years go on. And now, Nurse, you wonder how I manage to keep it all so tidy and clean. 'Order and method,' viz., 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.' It is not my duty to say too much about how I manage; but with two servants I find plenty to do, and I daresay you know my services here are given. So much as is necessary is given me for house-keeping, and the remaining portion of funds is under the management of a committee of gentlemen. And now I must not keep you any longer, Nurse, except to say I hope under God's blessing you may return to your work refreshed, and be able to continue it nobly, and to the best of your ability."

Need I say you leave the Matron for the night, thanking her for her kindness, and fully realizing her responsible position?

And now my sketch is finished; and I have only to add there is no such Paradise for you so far as I know, but don't you sometimes wish there was? Though not a Nurse, but only a looker on, I do; and taking for my motto, "Never despair," I say the same to you, and trust you are not *very* tired with my "castle in the air."

NURSING ECHOES.

*** *Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.*

THE Meeting of the B.N.A. last Friday was, like all its predecessors, very interesting. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick read a paper on the reasons for, and against, Registration, which, it is needless to say, was most excellent in style and matter, and elicited much applause. It was explained that the gentleman who was to have given a paper had been



unexpectedly obliged to leave town, and that Mrs. Fenwick had, at a few days' notice, prepared her essay to fill the gap. Everyone was naturally greatly interested in her account of the method in which Registration is being carried

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