

whose paramount duty would be to succour the sick. They alluded to St. Bartholomew's as the "first Royal Hospital," whose Matron was required to uphold the honour and dignity of her great office. She must be an "ensample" in all things.

I left the room greatly impressed with the benevolence of these honourable men.

Each of the candidates having been seen, a message was conveyed to us that the appointment would not be made that day, and we were invited to attend the Committee on the following Thursday. This we did, and this time I went alone. We waited in the Prince's Room, and no doubt silently summed one another up. I came to the conclusion that I had but one powerful competitor.

This was a very slim and elegant woman, who, seated in a lounge chair near the window, calmly read a book. As her little hand regularly turned its pages I was lost in admiration of a temperament so equable or so perfectly controlled.

A sweet grey lady—not that she had beauty—it was charm, just charm, which set her apart.

Little wonder. It was Alice Fisher!

Twenty years later I stood by her honoured grave in the beautiful cemetery at Philadelphia, to which many American nurses make pilgrimage.

Once again, one by one we were escorted to the Board Room, and one by one we re-ascended the eighteenth century stairway to the Prince's Room, and awaited our fate.

We were not kept long in suspense.

Suddenly the door opened and a messenger said politely:

"Miss C—, will you please to step this way?"

Down dropped my heart like a stone in a deep, deep well.

Miss C— arose and nimbly disappeared, but the messenger still stood within. He then named each candidate excepting myself, and like shadows they rose and passed away. He followed, and I was alone.

Two minutes passed. I heard footsteps without. This time the door was opened wide, and in quite the grand manner this veritable Mercury of the gods, smiling, bowed low, and said:

"And now, Miss."

"Oh! you don't mean to say I have got it?" I questioned eagerly, as I followed him downstairs.

Wilson replied with dignity:

"I believe, Miss, it is the intention of the Treasurer and Almoners to appoint you Matron of this 'orspital."

For the third time I found myself in the Board Room.

What passed there can never be written—language is still, and will ever remain, a crude mode of expression. Suffice it to say that with solemnity and a mutual sense of responsibility I was elected on probation Matron and Superintendent of Nursing of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Smithfield, and that I received the kindly congratulations of those who had done me this honour.

Poets and pessimists have told us that happiness is an elusive element, for ever evading the grasp of humanity. Believe me, this is not so.

Under the archway of that historic hospital, as I lingered for a minute, on that beauteous April day, catching to the left a glimpse of playing fountains and tender green trees, to the right beyond the Gate a sight of the very spot where courage had always conquered hell's fire, I came upon happiness, *and I held it close.*

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

Mr. George Smalley, no doubt on good authority, states in his "Life of Sir Sydney Waterlow," that the late Mrs. W. E. Gladstone "strongly recommended" me to him for the position of Matron to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

This comes of entertaining angels unawares.

One day soon after my appointment as Sister of Charlotte Ward, London Hospital, there came a tap on my sitting-room door, and there on the mat stood a tall, sweet-faced, very untidy lady. She greeted me with charming old-world courtesy:

"Are you the new Sister Charlotte?" she inquired; "I am Mrs. Gladstone. Will you be kind to me? Your predecessor always took care of my coat and things during Committee" (the Woodford Convalescent Home).

I, of course, invited her in with pleasure, relieved her of sundry parcels, one glove, and a veritable gamp, and helped her to divest herself of a very seedy sealskin coat, a garment which as it came away in my hands revealed a lining of purple wadding, devoid of any protecting satin. As she slipped off her goloshes I spied a pair of elastic side boots and white cotton stockings!

For these little services rendered I received the smiling thanks of this most unaffected and unconventional wife of a Liberal Premier, who in youth had been the lovely heiress, Miss Catherine Glynne, of Hawarden Castle. She was lovely still, as innate beauty has so little to do with age and clothes.

Mrs. Gladstone's visits to the ward were few

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