

adore the Child Jesus, "who for us and for our salvation came down from Heaven, and was made Man." That fact alone should fill us with gladness and thankfulness. And all day long we may be sharing our joy with someone. After church, there will be Christmas dinner to think of; I am going to take mine to a very poor patient who is a chronic invalid. It will have to be quite a Benjamin's portion, this dinner of mine, as six persons are to partake of it: the invalid, her four children, and myself. I shall love to see her smile when I lay the snow-white cloth and place on the table no end of good things, and make it all pretty with flowers, and holly, and mistletoe; never will they have had such a feast! And then her surprise and joy when she sees I am remaining for the dinner, that I am going to be her guest! What fun it will be! I can scarcely wait till Christmas morning. In the afternoon, when I leave this happy family, I am going to the Hospital, where long ago I was a timid little "Pro.," to help with the Christmas tree and hear the kiddies' screams of delight as their toys are presented to them, and see the ward where I first learnt to use a broom and wash cups and saucers, make a poultice, dress wounds, and learned a multitude of other useful things, one of which was that "pros." might be seen but not heard—they were *very* "small potatoes" when I was a "pro." When the tree is stripped of most of its beautiful attire of toys and tinsel, there will be such a tea for everyone, after which some of the students and nurses will act and sing and amuse everybody generally, and when we have all enjoyed ourselves so much and feel that we just love everyone and are glad to be alive, and so sorry that Christmas Day is nearly over, we shall wander round the wards again before taking our departure, and if you listen quietly you will hear the women and children talking things over; they'll all be saying what a happy day they've had, and how the music made them forget their pain. The old Irish woman will be there, and you'll hear her exclaim: "Shure, an' oi niver had such a day in all me loife, I felt as if Our Blessed Lady was with me all the toime," and the little boy who was "run over," why, he'll say: "Why do Christmas only come but once a year? I hope I gits run over agin next Christmas, so I can come to Hospital Christmas tree agin."

The lights are low, the patients are all in bed. Let us sing them to sleep:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings."

Tell me, was Christmas Day "wretched"? Was it only for kiddies? I think you will all say you had a great share of happiness in it; if not, then let me speak to you in the words of Owen Seaman:

"Come now, I'll cure your case, and ask no fee:
Make others' happiness this once your own:
All else may pass; that joy can never be
outgrown!"

SISTER MARIE.

IMPRESSIONS ON NURSING IN THE UNITED STATES.

No. I.

My chief mission in the States being that of a beggar, there was regrettably little time left for the study of questions of interest to us nurses. Indeed, one felt day by day what magnificent opportunities were being thrown away wholesale.

For the freemasonry of our profession is nowhere more emphasized than in America. The words "A nurse from Ireland" opened not only every nursing door, but apparently also every nursing heart. Our friends of triennial Congresses, Miss Dock and Miss Nutting, leading the van as usual, spread before my hungering mind feasts of knowledge and instruction quite impossible of digestion in the one hasty meal, a month only in length, in which I endeavoured to assimilate them. One had the happy sense of being made to feel at home because one was a colleague. That was my first lesson, and one that I shall not soon forget.

Yet hurried, and necessarily superficial, as observation under such circumstances as mine must be, I am surprised, now that I sit at home once more in my dear little kitchen—very smoky this evening, owing to a north wind—how vivid and how definite an impression the nursing minds and methods of the States have made upon me.

It must be freely admitted from the outset that day by day the things which pertain to health, and therefore to godliness, are becoming more generally recognized over there, both by Governments and by individuals, than is the case amongst ourselves. Hygienic wants and necessities are coming to the front as accepted facts, instead of being put in the corner and discreetly covered up, to breed disease and misery. "In this State no public drinking-cups are allowed" is the legend in certain stations. Many now carry their own cups, often collapsible, in consequence. In the long-distance trains going West from New York an attendant comes through the cars at frequent intervals *to sweep up the dust*.

In the same trains you can obtain from the attendant a paper cover for the seat of the w.c., which you fold up and retain for the journey.

Spitting on either the railway or trolley cars, and, indeed, also on the sidewalks, which we call pavements, is strictly forbidden.

Even the Department of Agriculture views its responsibility in this matter broadly. In its list of Farmers' Bulletins occur some twenty

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