

And after all, Nurses are only ordinary women, although they *are* spoken of so often as being angels in time of sickness. At one time of my life, I spent several months in a Hospital home, and among the many Nurses that I came across during that time, there were only a few whom I considered at all approaching the angelic stage. Not but that they were all good, and each one had some particularly charming characteristic, but, as everyone knows, it is impossible to live for long under the same roof with people without finding out their weak points. It is very easy to discern the good points in a person's character, but it is only after being continually with anyone that their faults begin to show themselves.

As I am writing a case comes into my mind concerning one of the Nurses. It is but a very trivial incident that I am about to relate, but I recollect it impressed me very much at the time it happened.

It was a few days before the time arranged for my leaving, and one of the Nurses in the Ward was sitting working near my bed. She was a tall, elegant-looking girl, and when she chose could be excessively amiable and obliging. We were talking of the time when I should be going, and she said she should miss me, as I had been with them so long, but at the same time she said:—

"You know I enjoy talking to you, but I should not like to have to nurse you, for one particular reason."

Need I say that of course I wanted to know her reason? At first she refused to tell me, for fear of my taking offence, but after gaining my repeated assurances that I should not be annoyed, she replied, "Well, you are such a dreadful fidget; you are always wanting something or the other."

I answered that it was quite right for her to say what she really thought, but I could not help wondering at her remark, so much so, that when my own Nurse came back on duty I told her what Nurse Beresford had said, and asked her if she had found me a fidget too.

Now this is one of the Nurses whom I do consider is angelic. I had been her patient for over four months, and I am perfectly aware that at times I must have been most irritating and trying, but the reply she made me showed what a kind woman she was, for she only said, as she smiled pleasantly—

"No, dear; I don't think so. When one is ill and helpless, like yourself, there are so many little attentions one wants. I do not think you are a bit more fidgety than any of my other patients, but you must remember Nurse Beresford has only lately left a Male Ward, and men are

not supposed to be nearly so fussy when they are ill as we women are."

It was very honest of Nurse Beresford to tell me her candid opinion, but I should like her to know that often I have gone without things I really wanted sooner than trouble a Nurse to rise if she was sitting down in the Ward. Many a time I have written my letters home in pencil because I could not reach the pen and ink. My family used to complain that my letters were unreadable, being almost effaced by the time they reached their destination. They thought it was laziness, but patients do now and again try to save their Nurses unnecessary trouble, although they seldom get the credit of doing so.

A day or so after the above incident had occurred I was out-of-doors in one of those luxurious wheeled chairs to be found in every Hospital nowadays. Not being very strong, I easily got tired, and wanted to go back to bed. I wheeled myself back into the Ward, but seeing that only Nurse Beresford was on duty, I determined to do without her assistance. To tell the truth, I was a little offended at her remark, although at the time I assured her I did not mind at all. I had just got the chair opposite my bed, and was wondering how I could manage, for I could only just stand for a few minutes by myself, when Nurse Beresford came quickly towards me.

"Do you want to go back to bed?" she asked.

I answered, "Yes"; but added, "I need not trouble you, Nurse. I am sure I can manage quite well by myself."

There was just the shadow of a smile on her face as she answered, "You know that is impossible. You must let me help you."

And so she settled me comfortably back in my bed, and after our slight passage-at-arms we were very good friends. Indeed, during the short time that I remained there afterwards she went out of her way to be especially kind to me, and I am certain that under her somewhat stern manner a very kind heart lies hidden. She told me that once, when she was working in the General Hospital, one of her patients, a repulsive-looking old woman, put up her face to be kissed. As a matter of fact, unlike most of our sex, Nurse Beresford had a great objection to kissing, but she said she really hadn't the heart to refuse the poor old creature, so she bent down and kissed her.

But to return to my own Nurse, who was so kind to me all the time I was ill. She was one of the nicest women I have ever met in my life. It was a perfect wonder to me how she could possibly look always so happy as she did. There was never the slightest suspicion of a frown on her

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