

face, and she never answered crossly when I worried her with my innumerable questions. Once or twice she was ill and off duty for a day or so. How we all missed her! The day seemed longer than ever without her bright presence, and how glad we were when she came back to us again! When I woke in the morning my first question to the Night Nurse was, "Do you know whether my Nurse is coming back to-day?" The other Nurses thought she made too much of her patients, or, as they expressed it, coddled us. But coddling certainly answers in a Nurse. It is worth while to coddle anyone, to be loved as we loved our Nurse, and to be missed as we missed her when she was absent, even for a few hours.

Being among Nurses teaches one many lessons, and one lesson I learnt was not to judge people by the expression of their faces. There was a Nurse in the Ward I knew slightly, but I used to think as she passed by my bed, "I should not like to be nursed by that Nurse; she looks so severe and cross." In course of time I became acquainted with her, and she proved to be most tender and sweet-tempered. When I told her that at one time I was rather afraid of her, she laughed so, as she answered, "Afraid of me, dearie? Oh, I don't think you have any need to be!" She was so affectionate to me afterwards whenever she saw me; but she left the Ward to go on special duty, so we did not meet as often as I should have wished. Now and then, when there was extra work to do in the Ward, strange Nurses would come for a week or so to assist. There was one, such a pretty girl, who told me she felt so strange away from her own Hospital; but she soon became a great favourite with everyone on account of her willing manner.

Our Night Nurse, too, was most charming. She would have made such a lovely picture in her Nurse's dress for an artist to paint. After being up all night, she would look as fresh and pretty in the early morning as if she had been asleep, instead of attending to us all; and she was so quiet and active in her movements. It was really difficult to tell whether she was in the Ward or not, as she moved about so softly; but if we called her, even in the lowest whisper, she was at hand in an instant to know what was wanted.

The more I look back upon my experiences in the Hospital, the more certain I am that kindness and gentleness of manner are the two most essential requirements to make a good Nurse. The word "nurse" is partly derived from the Hebrew "natar" (to guard); but does guarding a person mean being hard and unnecessarily strict? Patients ought never to be afraid of a Nurse; but it sometimes happens that such is the case.

I was talking to a young girl once, in one of the General Wards of a Hospital, and she said, "I never think of calling for a drink or anything at night as long as Nurse Farrell is on duty. I'm so afraid of her." And another patient in that same Ward (a middle-aged woman) was telling me one day what a fear she had of being paralysed. She said her hands felt so lifeless. I tried to comfort her as well as I could, and answered, "Why do you not tell Nurse Farrell?" "Oh, I did this morning," the woman replied; "but she never took the slightest notice; but when I mentioned it to Nurse Harrison, she was so kind and quite cheered me up."

There was the difference between a Nurse who was heart and soul in her work, and one who had not the time, or the will, to waste upon the imaginations of a poor sick woman.

It seems so terribly wrong for a Nurse to be rough to a patient, and it must make her own life very miserable to think that she is a source of fear instead of comfort to those under her charge. It is only now and then that a Nurse of this disposition is to be found; but it is a sad drawback to the patients getting well, if they have much to do with such a woman.

"It is only her manner," some kind Nurse informed me; but it is a manner which does not answer, and a manner that she should try to change—that is, if she wants to be loved by her patients.

God blesses all of us when we ask Him, and gives us the strength to overcome our faults; but I think that He must, in an especial manner, bless those Nurses who are working so earnestly in the allotted portion of His vineyard.

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If we stopped to think how every word spoken in the presence of a little child affects its future for good or evil, we would all be far more considerate in our speech. It is astonishing how children will ponder for days a careless word or sentence which no one supposed they had even heard, and at some critical moment use it themselves with a most startling and horrifying effect. Then, alas, we see and deplore its real deformity, and realise how potent is our influence over these observant innocents!

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THE *Nursing Record* is an excellent periodical, containing a quantity of bright, chatty information, interesting and useful to Nurses and all who are connected professionally with the treatment of the sick. It is published at St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
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