

bread, fresh butter, potted meat, and marmalade, and is busily stirring cocoa on the fire.

"Stir this till it boils," she says. "I am going to deposit your dinner in the Matron's office."

When she returns she is all that a gracious hostess should be, pressing all her simple dainties upon me; and you would have been surprised to see how that loaf and pat after pat of butter disappeared—I was famished. Nothing further is said about that awful mutton; but it is impossible to think of it without a shudder. This fastidious taste comes of the Dad's proclivities for a first-class cook. How I wish I had been brought up on sour crout or haggis!

The great excitement of the day occurs at two o'clock. The Ward has been re-swept, re-dusted, and everything put in apple-pie order. Sister waits, with the cleanest of towels over her arm, and the brightest of ink-pots in her hand; her cap and apron, cuffs and collars, are exquisitely speckless. All her Nurses have followed her example, and appear in starched and spotless array. A distant tramp, tramp, as of a regiment on the march is heard, the door of the Ward bursts open, and a middle-aged gentleman of debonair mien, swings down the Ward, followed by a horde of men and boys, like a comet and its tail. I count seventy, and then give it up, and wonder where it is possible out of a

village shop to procure such a supply of clumping boots. How they stream through the Ward. I am thankful to say my patient does not seem in the least disturbed by the entrance of the multitude.

The great man is one of the Visiting Physicians, and he is evidently in a very great hurry. He comes, led by Dr. Fulton, straight up to No. 26 bed. Sister slides in at the head of the bed, and the tail curls round. Sir Davidson Douglas touches the pulse with a grand air, and throws his head back with a leonine gesture, glancing round his class through gold-rimmed *pince-nez*.

"A marked improvement here, Dr. Fulton; temperature lower, pulse quieter. I think, gentlemen, this patient will recover."

"Ah! his poor mother will rejoice when she hears your opinion," I chime in guilelessly; "he is her only son."

(Jean, you have never seen a shell burst, or even imagined to yourself the electrifying effect of such a catastrophe. *I have experienced the shock.*)

Sir Davidson stops short in his observations, and turns his *pince-nez* directly upon my crimson countenance; Sister gives me a warning glance; and the crowd titters audibly—all the result of a breach of Hospital etiquette. Through my confusion I hear the kindly voice of the great physician:—

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