

the rules about the fee; people are always so unbusiness like when sickness is in the house."

Worm!

An hour later I arrive at my destination. The footman's face is a shock to me—he has been crying. He heaves a deep sigh of relief at the sight of me, and accosts me with familiarity—

"We're so thankful you've come."

He hurries me upstairs with extreme velocity, and when I have put on my cap and apron, ushers me into a spacious and beautiful room, evidently a day nursery, and there a lady awaits me.

The mother—no need of a second look in her eyes to know it. She comes quickly towards me and takes my hand—

"What a relief to see you! Somehow, with all one's love, one loses confidence in oneself at these terrible moments. He is my only little child. He is in terrible suffering; it wrings my heart. Help me to save him."

Good God! what am I to do? An hour ago, I felt a fraud; now I feel a *criminal*. But how can I add to her sorrow by undermining her confidence?

"I will do all I can," I say from my heart.

Together we pass into the night nursery, another beautiful and spacious chamber, and in the little gold and white cot I see my little patient. His nurse is kneeling by his bedside, with his little hand clasped between her own faithful hands.

No place here for the "hired Nurse." Sonnie turns his great brown eyes upon me—ireful, unfriendly eyes.

"Go away," he says, hoarsely, clasping his arms round the neck of his devoted Nana.

*He sees through me.*

I pass out of his sight, and seat myself in the shade, and he falls into a troubled doze, starting up, from time to time, with little cries, and asks for his "vilots." The hours pass; days and nights pass. I have no knowledge of time. Face to face with the grim spectre of Death, all my being knit up in intense antagonism to him, I seem to stand through the passing hours with my hands outstretched in deadly conflict with him, wrestling in spirit and in flesh to sustain the flickering life in this frail, beautiful little body. The child is delirious now, so he resents no longer strange, cold hands.

"Grant me this one single, little life," I say to God.

The fifth day dawns. Great physicians come and go. They look at him, prescribe for him, grieve for him, and one mentions the horrible word tracheotomy. Then I bow my head. How can I, how *dare* I, stay longer here?

I will be brave; I will speak out. I follow Sir Douglas to the outer room.

"Perhaps," I begin, "someone—someone more experienced than I—"

He turns from me, and waves his hand airily.

"My dear young lady, I have perfect faith in our good Matron. I asked for a thoroughly trained Nurse. So far your work has been admirable. Do not give way. In case an operation is necessary, have everything in readiness. *After* the operation everything depends on the Nursing. Good-day."

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