

cupboards were locked up, and the night draughts must all wait till Sister returned), she was going to Porter Ward to borrow some. In a few minutes, she returned, saying the Nurse had half filled her bottle (all the Sisters are off duty daily, during the same hours, which is a very bad system, as in their absence the greater part of the Hospital is, therefore, left in the charge of very inexperienced Nurses). She at once carefully measured the four minims and injected it into No. 9's back. When we went off duty, an hour later, he was sleeping soundly.

I must have been asleep several hours, when I awoke with a start in answer to someone whispering my name, and found the Night Sister stroking my hand.

"Oh! me dear!" she said, "wake up! I've just been terribly oneasy. I've come to tell you bad news. No. 9's dead. He's had an overdose of morphia and you're getting the blame, and I just thought I'd come and warn you."

I was wide awake in a moment, horribly shocked, as you can imagine. Poor, poor fellow! only last night—so grateful and patient. An overdose of *morphia*—impossible. Did I not see Nurse Ross measure the ergotine most carefully? But protestations are of no avail; this kind little Irish woman just repeats—

"The simtims, me dear—just think of the simtims; I was with him all the time. Everything was done to save him, and restore him to consciousness, but of no avail. Think of the coroner—Oh! he's just got his knife into this Institution. What with deaths on the table, and so on, he's that suspicious, and just worries into matters like a ferret; and there's no hushing up matters at all—at all."

"Why should matters be hushed up?" I cry passionately; "the more that this wretched mismanagement is exposed the better it will be, and I can swear on my oath only four minims of ergotine were given."

"Yes, me dear, you can swear; but no one will believe you. The poor fellow is dead." And then she sobs boisterously for five minutes, calling upon me to join in her lamentations; then dries her eyes and seems better.

"Let me break this to Nurse Ross," I say, "the poor girl is quite broken down as it is. I quite fear how she may be affected by this shock, and I'm going to see her through this trouble."

The grief I feel for the death of my poor patient—(somehow, sick people seem to cling to me, and to know instinctively I care for them)—does not move me to tears. This is a very serious business, Jean, and I must keep my head

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