to the minutiæ and rules of his art, that his success will be ultimately ensured.

So a woman may be gifted with genius for Nursing, she may be devoted to her work, dextrous and untiring, yet it is only by *training* her abilities, by the most conscientious attention to the minute details of her duties, as well as to the broad principles which govern the laws of health, that she can hope to attain to any perfection in her art.

I do not mean to imply that in Nursing, training is everything and natural aptitude nothing. It is only when Nature has implanted the faculty that there can be any hope of development. Therefore, a woman must possess a large share of fine sympathy, clear judgment, and ready tact, before she attempts a study which will exercise and tax the higher mental qualities called into activity under the pressure of the keenest physical strain. Yet these qualifications must not only be *innate* but *cultivated*. For to attain even the virtues of usefulness and skilled helpfulness, and to reach even the semblance of perfection in actual practice, the most gifted woman requires to be trained in a thoroughly skilled knowledge of every detail that will relieve sickness or pain.

Although it is not until within the last thirty years, that the art of sick Nursing, based on scientific principles, has been systematically studied, yet from the earliest ages of which we have any historical record, the sick have been tended, and the art of healing has been practiced.

The names of the celebrated Greek physicians are handed down to us, side by side with those of the great warriors and poets. Humanity does not begin its era with Christianity. Hospitals, built by the Buddhist kings of Ceylon and Cashmere, existed for centuries before the birth of Christ. The Hindoos raised their "sick houses" for animals as well as men, centuries before the first Christian Zenadochium.

The Spaniards are said to have found hospitals when they conquered Mexico; for wherever civilization has knit men together in communities, I think we shall find some provision made for warding off, to the best of men's abilities, the grim approach of death, and his heralds, sickness and pain. The instinctive desire to do something to alleviate suffering exists in the veriest savage, who calls in the "medicine man" to jabber round his dying child.

To the ancient Greeks indeed, at least in poetry and theory, the prolonging of life beyond a certain limit seemed but a doubtful blessing. Æsculapius is beneficent in hemlock, and malignantly thunder-struck by Jove, when he obstructs the paths of mortals to the Styx.

In spite of the celebrity of the ancient Physicians, we find little mention of special buildings for the sick among the classical nations of antiquity. There were apartments connected with the temples of Æsculapius for the sick who worshipped at his shrine. Separate tents were provided for the wounded Roman soldiers; there were houses for sick slaves; but, beyond these, there were no buildings analagous to our modern Hospitals — so far as Nursing matters are concerned.

The nations of antiquity were hospitable, with an Eastern magnificence, to strangers and guests; but the care of the sick, poor and rich, was left to their own households, and it was the Christian religion that placed the absolute Nursing of the sick on another basis. Compassion had existed before. It had always been "pleasing to the gods" to succour the friendless; but the Christian carried out in his deeds of mercy the spirit of the great parable that is carved above so many Hospital doors, and which teaches us that he that hath need of us is our brother.

The early Christian loved his patient, though to our modern notions the feeling was exaggerated when he kissed the loathsome sores he came to bind; yet it was the spirit of universal brotherhood that could stoop to reverence the Saviour's image, in the lowest forms, that carried the early Church through the first centuries of her career. Thus, in early Christian history, when the Church was poor and persecuted, and knitted into closest fellowship by a sense of danger, the care of the sick and poor was in the hands of the people of the community themselves, who, under the Bishops—men little, if at all, superior in station to their flocks—chose deacons and formed sisterhoods of deaconesses, who ministered to the necessitous.

But soon Christianity became the religion of the State. Emperors and kings founded Hospitals; ladies and nobles of high rank nursed and fed lepers and beggars; knights formed themselves into orders for the protection of poor and sick pilgrims. But the true spirit of charity in which the work was begun too soon died away, and the Church and the great nobles appropriated revenues intended for the poor.

In the towns, the citizens who gradually acquired the management of the Hospitals often so maladministered their trust, that the surest way to shorten the sick man's life was to send him to a Hospital, where he might lie on straw, without the common necessaries of life, till death released him.

The earliest houses founded by the Christians for the destitute were called *Xenadochia, i.e.*, strangers' or guests' houses. They were generally built outside the gates, or along the main street of

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