Disciplined Sympathy.

By LINA MOLLETT.

(Concluded from page 162.)

'N some classes of society a Nurse's merit seems to be measured by the amount of personal discomfort she imposes upon herself in the discharge of her duties. Who has not heard a cottage-mother boast that, while nursing Tom or Dickie through the scalet fever (or some other ailment), she "never took off her clothes day nor night; no, nor lay down on her bed, neither. That she didn't!" She will make this statement with a thrill of pride, and a look that seems to say, as plainly as words, "There, now; you will call that good nursing, I suppose?" Possibly popular lectures, with their usual hints and advice to Nurses on personal cleanliness and necessary rest, will gradually lessen this "pride of self-neglect."

Prompt courage (or pluck) is as often an outcome of education as of constitution. Habits of helpfulness may become so natural that danger is overlooked or not considered, if it happens to come in connection with daily duties.

A few years ago a naturally-reserved young lady

astonished her acquaintances and herself, and became the heroine of the hour, by rendering prompt assistance in a street accident in Edinburgh, that, as medical authorities asserted, would have terminated fatally but for her timely and intelligent measures. The heroine, who had for some time been attending excellent ambulance classes, confessed to her friends that her first impulse had been "to get out of the way." "But," she continued, "*I couldn't*. I had to go and help the man!" She went on to say that, once occupied with her case, dread vanished, and she forgot her surroundings.

Eight years ago the heavy floods of spring had changed the little river Wera into a raging torrent. Some of the inhabitants of Wehr (a small town in the Black Forest, not far from Bâle) had assembled to watch the inevitable destruction of the wooden bridge, which was rocking and tottering as the masses of foaming water hurled boulders of rock against its frail posts. Just then the Doctor of Wehr rode up, on his way to a patient on the other side of the river. A dozen voices were raised to warn him. "It is impossible, Herr Doctor; quite impossible! The bridge may be down at any moment! It is risking your life to venture on it." "Let me pass," replied the Doctor, unhesitat-





