

makers, as well as the law-keepers of this great Empire. With this power will surely come to nurses the desire for the best form of professional education, and so we shall see order arising out of disorder, symmetry evolving from chaos. A minimum curriculum of education will be laid down, and we foresee that the probationer of the future, in common with the aspirants for all other professions, will have to produce evidence of general education from some examining educational body. Then only will she be eligible for preliminary training for her chosen work in the College of Nursing which will then exist, not only in dreams, but in solid masonry. Its classrooms will be hives of busy industry, where sweet-voiced professors of the science of nursing, whose experience has been gained by practical work, will lecture. If the embryo probationer succeeds in satisfactorily passing through this preliminary training, then she will pass on to her practical work in the hospital ward. Her examination, prior to obtaining its coveted Diploma of Nursing, will also be conducted by examiners appointed by the College, and without this Diploma no one will be recognized by the State as a trained nurse, for the ranks of the nursing profession will no longer be swollen by every ignorant woman who sees fit to don a uniform, the rejected probationer, and the unscrupulous adventuress. And is it not possible that the College or Colleges of Nursing will not only be educational centres to nurses during their undergraduate career, but that classes will also be arranged for graduate nurses so that they may perfect themselves in the special branches of their profession and so gradually add to their qualifications. Again, graduate nurses who aspire to become Superintendents of Training Schools will here be able to receive the education as *teachers*, which will be held a necessary qualification for appointments as Superintendents. Expert teaching in the best methods of performing the various duties pertaining to the office of the Superintendent of a Training School will be given, and the embryo *teacher* will learn how to instruct her pupils.

When the pupil teacher is proficient in this work, then she will receive the certificate of the College stating that she is qualified to instruct others. Lastly, will not our Colleges of Nursing be connected with Universities which will give a degree in nursing to those who satisfactorily pass through the prescribed curriculum, and so place the coping stone on the fair edifice of nursing education?

Surely the new century must bring all these good things to nurses. Shall we live to see them? We do not know. It matters little. Let each do her part.

### Mrs. Wier:

#### A BRAVE WOMAN, AND A VICTIM OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

It is not possible for History to seek out and describe all the noble unselfishness of brave men, and women, connected with this sad war. Because however, "foot prints on the sands of time" help others to take heart, the following description of the efforts of one victim of the war is given. She was not one to seek her own fame, but now that she has passed away, it seems right that her country should know of her goodness and bravery.

Mrs. Wier, a kindly Scotchwoman, and a grandmother too, was the daughter of a sea-captain, and, as a child, had travelled the world with him; this had given her a knowledge of the world and a fearlessness that nothing but travel can give.

She was a nurse for years attached to a British regiment, and after many travellings again, she married and settled in Zululand. Here she had to face and bear the great sorrow of her life—the death of her only daughter, who died within the year of her marriage, leaving a baby girl. The farm in which she then lived was near Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift, and the daughter was buried close to the graves of some of our heroes lost in these battles. These graves were cared for and looked after by Mrs. Wier as long as she remained there.

In connection with this war, Mrs. Wier first comes before us at Talana Hill. She had, with all her savings, settled in Dundee, and started a Nursing Home. That she could be of use in this way was the dream of her life. Great was her pride in this Home, which was the realization of all her hopes. Even the prospect of war only made her doubly glad that she had got it ready in time. Her husband at this time joined the "Imperial Light Horse," and has been with that regiment at the front all through the war.

Then all at once war was declared, and quiet little Dundee suddenly became the tented field of over two thousand men, which at that time seemed a great army. Newcastle was not to be defended. The Boers were rushing into Natal. Clearly Dundee, our most advanced position, would be the scene of fighting, and Mrs. Wier determined that she would be of use to "her boys." At last the eve of the battle came, and she spent the night preparing those things that suggested themselves to her as useful to take right to the fighting line if possible. She had buckets of beef-tea and coffee, and with a couple of feeding cups in her pocket, she made her way to the foot of Talana Hill, and managed to get

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