

fever in Nature's school of experience; that all these are the price we pay for the evil of centralization of numbers—no, not the price, that is paid in coin that never comes back, in the greatest of God's blessings which, once paid away, never returns, search for it as we will—*Health*. Life is worth nothing without it; with it, privations and hard work count for little, when we have learnt to estimate and keep it duly. And one of our greatest helpers to that most desirable end is—the Silent Member.

R. OLIVER.

THE HAPPINESS OF NURSING.

TO enjoy the possession of a thing, we must know what it is to do without it. "One must have been poor," says George Eliot, "to enjoy the luxury of giving."

The keenest pleasure comes, not from having the possession of it thrust upon us, but from having waited for—from having earned it.

"I never knew before the pleasure there was in sitting down," says poor Pro., as, after a long and heavy day, in which the feet have been "quite miles" up and down the Ward, she sinks at last with a sigh of bliss on to the nearest chair (no matter how hard), and has an all-over feeling of weariness and satisfaction, which is not often experienced by the occupant of the easiest of easy chairs in any drawing-room in the kingdom.

Who can know the utter delight of going to bed, except a Night Nurse, who, through the long dark hours has ceaselessly and silently ministered to the wants of a large Ward; who has struggled against the deadly drowsiness which creeps over the eyes when the day begins to dawn; who from four or five o'clock in the morning, until the hour of release at nine or thereabouts, has toiled as hard as any "slavey" in the United Kingdom, doing real, down-right hard work—bed-making, sweeping, washing patients, dusting, and all the details included in "morning work"?

Then after the Nurse has had the morning meal, a stern wise rule forbids her resting until she has had an hour's exercise.

At last, when the clock points to noon, bed-time comes, and while the rest of the world are in "full swing" of work, the weary Night Nurse lies down, with such a vivid appreciation of the blessings of rest and sleep, as is not to be experienced by those who, after a day of "inglorious ease," go to bed "because it is bed-time."

Do people who have nothing to do ever realise what a holiday is—a well-earned, much-looked-forward-to holiday; a time when you can get up when you wish, or—crowning mercy!—lie in bed all day if you feel inclined; when you may dawdle

over your meals, go out without a pass, and dare to come in at whatever hour seems good to you, with no fear of a dread obligation to report yourself if you are late, before your eyes? This is a holiday indeed, a carnival of good things, a feast for which long abstinence has whetted the appetite.

Who can say that there is no happiness here, or that such pleasures have been bought too dearly? Happiness has been defined as a state in which our desires are satisfied. The fewer and simpler our desires, the greater chance there is of obtaining that much sought for, but seldom discovered, treasure. If our desires are limited to a wish to find our own happiness, in promoting that of others, then the unselfish, devoted life of a *real* Nurse affords opportunity, which is not often to be met with elsewhere.

Surely they who lose their happiness for the sake of others shall find it. They who seek for their own happiness only, shall as surely fail in the end.

Archbishop Trench, writing of that just retribution of selfishness, says:—

Oh, righteous doom! that they who make
Pleasure their only end;
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Lose that whereto they tend.
While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow—they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.

Mr. Ruskin, speaking about the weary, unsatisfying lives of many girls, "who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly," most beautifully adds: "You will find girls like these, when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the Great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood, but through a deed. . . . Give such a girl any fine work which will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace." DAGMAR.

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.—There's truth in these old adages. If you have fifty letters to answer, don't waste time in looking over to find which should be noticed first; answer the one you first lay your hands on, and then go through the list. Some begin a thing and leave it partially completed, and hurry off to something else. Complete whatever you undertake before you leave it, and be thorough in everything; it is the going back from one thing to another that wastes time.

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