A clever woman who has only half observed some symptoms, or a part of some convulsions or a fit, might easily complete the report—often a good, fairly truthful, and interesting one—from her knowledge of what probably took place, from various collateral circumstances. An honourable woman always gives the actual observation and her suggestions separately. She gives as really observed no more than she can answer for.

"Some truths," says old Sir Thomas Browne, "seem almost falsehoods, and some falsehoods almost truths: wherein falsehood and truth seem almost æquilibriously stated, and but a few grains of distinction to bear down the balance." To the nurse with the fine sense of honour the "few grains of distinction" are always in the right scale; to such characters half-lights in truth are not, their course is clear, that which is right is honourable and is their duty.

There are people who think and speak as if women, apart from the honour which belongs to a woman's modesty, were incapable of acting according to high ideas of right and truth, were never actuated by such considerations, but always by lower or more emotional feelings. Such a view is unjust. Women have a keen natural sense of principle, to which they are capable of making great sacrifices, of doing what they consider their duty at any cost, of acting on principles of honour, pure and simple. It is that sense of honour which ennobles the simplest work and adds dignity to the most homely and unpretending character, that should be a fundamental principle in every sick nurse worthy of the name. Without it she lacks the most essential quality of her profession, the corner-stone on which the whole structure of her training is raised, whose absence will mar the character of her entire work as nothing else can do. No cleverness, no aptitude, no deft-handedness will ever supply a lack of honour. It is not a showy quality, but it is one that will wear well and ensure thoroughness in her work, carried into its minutest details, above all into the nursing of the critical case, where life and death depend upon the nurse's implicit loyalty, it will raise the tone of her ward, and the standard of excellence of all around her, while adding strength and dignity to her own character.

It is more easy for a nurse to be careful of every detail when an interesting case is hovering between life and death, to be entirely punctilious about the preparations for some operation or dressing at which the chief surgeon and all his "tail" will be present; it is no great merit to prepare the ward and patients with scrupulous care when she is sure of the daily visit, and when the comparison between her ward and those of other sisters and nurses excites to a natural and wholesome spirit of emulation. It is more difficult to nurse with equal zeal and bestow equal care and attention on wards and patients in some country hospital or infirmary where there are few to see or appreciate her efforts, and little to stimulate her ambition; to attend with the same care those chronic cases whose recovery is impossible, and who often receive attentions with the ceaseless grumbling of confirmed ill-health or querulous old age; to dress daily with the same precautions the old ulcerated legs that "never will heal" that she would bestow on the most brilliant and successful operation.

Then the nurse's honour comes to the front, and requires from her the same careful and entire fulfilment of her duty under depressing surroundings, as she gave in the wards of the world-famed London hospital, under the eyes of the sharpest critics.

Many a nurse who has done well while her work was congenial and exciting—when stimulated by ambition, the pleasure of seeing good results and of aiding in a scientific struggle with disease—flags and fails when that stimulus is withdrawn, and neglects and slurs over her duties now that there are few or none to criticise or appreciate.

But the nurse who has been accustomed to follow honour, and not ambition, as her guide, who has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled all her duties while they were pleasant, is equal to the occasion now that a sterner call is made upon her. No second course but her *best* is possible to such a woman; with the same devotion, the same absolute obedience to her duty, does she now carry out the details of her profession, however dull and uninteresting they may seem. Seeking no reward, expecting no acknowledgment, she goes the round of her daily work, supported in all she does by that safest and most reliable of earthly supports—her honour.

## THE "DAILY NEWS" ON NURSING.

THOUGH Mrs. Gamp is becoming a rare specimen, and schools for nurses threaten to banish her and her sisters for ever, there are hundreds of ill-educated nurses left whose one idea of conversation is to detail their experiences with other patients. Out of the fulness of their heart they inflict upon the helpless invalid long accounts of the maladies of other sufferers, not sparing them a single horror, and dwelling with loving minuteness on such things as accidents and operations. The effect of their ghastly tales upon their victim they regard as a tribute to their own eloquence, and the more horrified the countenance, the more pleading the tone of "Oh, don't, nurse!" the better inspired are they to pursue the account into all the details of death and burial, and to begin again with some other terrible story at the very first opportunity. Their thoughts dwell, naturally enough, upon their own experiences in a profession that cannot be called cheerful, and

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