

Not at leisure from work, nor from care and anxiety, nor from responsibility and worry, but simply from *self*.

In some cases of private nursing, the nurse will have to take quite a subordinate position in the sick-room. The wife or mother of the patient may be the one to whom he looks and has always looked for everything, who perfectly understands him, who is a good nurse herself; but she needs help, and she naturally looks for it from a trained and educated woman, and surely she should be able to find it. We shall in no way advance the profession by enforcing trained nursing as opposed to untrained but loving care upon such a patient, but it will require much tact and absolute self-forgetfulness to learn how best to meet such difficulties for the ultimate good of all, and this again can only, I think, be acquired by some practice in private nursing.

We have now gone through from the commencement the training that is necessary and the best materials with which to work, in order to shew what *does* constitute an efficient nurse at the end of her training, which by our shewing would take not less than five years, and would end therefore about the time when a woman is at her prime of strength and vigour of character; for if the training has been complete from beginning to end, we not only now have the efficient nurse, but at the same time the noble and efficient woman.

How few are there who are equal to these requirements, which are now asked for and expected by the world at large from the whole of the nursing sisterhood!

How then can we help individually to comply with these demands, how can we uphold and maintain the position the nursing profession has already attained by the help of those who have gone before us, how can we promote its further advancement and complete development?

Only by aiming at the very highest standard of efficiency, even if there may seem but little hope of our ever reaching it; only by doing our *very* best at all times, whether our work be seen and appreciated or not; only by making "honour the foundation stone of our profession"; for as has been well said, "it is a profession that no one who has not the keenest sense of honour should ever undertake."

This is, then, indeed a sacred calling to which *we* are called, one not to be entered upon lightly, nor with unworthy motives; for it asks of us great things and high and noble aspirations; it asks us to live entirely for others, to forget self altogether, to use our hard-worked brains, our active bodies, our cultured minds, and our well-stored memories, all for others; and it asks of us yet more—for honour, for purity, for love, and possibly for life itself. It expects from us the power of putting ourselves in another's place, not merely that we should do to them as we would wish them to do to us, but rather that we

should be able to feel their feelings and experience their weakness and their wants. In order to do this effectually, it is almost necessary that we should ourselves have been a patient at some time of our life, as well as a nurse, for then we shall know by experience what it is to be tended by loving hands, to be nursed with thoughtful care and with never tiring patience; or we shall have experienced exactly the reverse, and have suffered accordingly. We shall perhaps know what it is to have had our aching, throbbing heads distracted by a heavy tread, by noisy high-heeled shoes, by a harsh and untuned voice, or a grating and unfeeling laugh. We may know what it is to have a painful limb handled roughly and unskilfully, or a simple want unattended to.

If such had been our experience, we could never speak or even think of any patient as "an uninteresting *case*," we could never sacrifice the feelings of a fellow creature for the sake of our further experience, neither could we make light of their ailments, because they might happen to be uninteresting to us personally. We shall then know that in sickness it is not only the body that needs attention and thought and care; that if the body is weak and suffering, the mind and brain can be very active, and will need soothing and calming before the body can regain its normal strength and health. And if that were so with us under such circumstances, why is it not also the case with our patients in the hospital or in the district?

I have heard it argued, that the poor are quite different, that they have never been accustomed to refinement or delicacy or over much feeling. That certainly is not true of all, nor even of the greater number; and even if it were, would it not be well that they should at a time of sickness, when they are particularly open to good impressions, learn to appreciate these great influences, and take some knowledge of them back to their homes as a loving legacy from the hospital?

It is the one means a hospital nurse has of influencing for good the world at large, by sending out from her ward each patient as he is discharged all the purer, the better, the more loving, and the more unselfish for having been under her care; so that not only he himself, but his home, his wife, his children, and even his neighbours, shall be swayed in future for good by what he learnt in his time of illness from the life and example of his truly efficient nurse, who had learnt the divine lesson, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." M. C. Loch.

ON Wednesday evening, June 6, a concert will be held at Dudley House, by the kind permission of the Countess of Dudley, on behalf of the Sanatorium for Diseases of the Heart, Belgrave House, Rochester Gardens, Brighton.

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