

and its treatment, it cannot be long before the best Nurses are required to assist them. The idea that any one at all is good enough for a Nurse in a Hospital for the Insane seems to me preposterous, and I hope the day will soon come when the State will recognise this, and will demand ability and training of its Nurses for the insane, and will pay to get it. It is interesting to note that hand in hand with the increasing belief in the physical basis of insanity, there has been a decrease in the physical treatment of it; a steady elevation of the service has been going on, both on the part of the medical attendants and Nurses. And surely, if our mind be our highest possession, does it not seem reasonable that disorders and diseases which affect its functions, should command the best and most intelligent service? Nurses for the insane have not only their own thinking to do, but must think for their patients as well. A Nurse for the insane should, therefore, have double the thinking capacity of ordinary mortals.

The day when the insane were regarded as possessed of the devil has happily gone by, and we know now that if any one was possessed of the devil it was those who made such cruel and unreasonable charges, and subjected the victims to such inhuman treatment. But there seems still to be a lingering of the devil hypothesis in some quarters, manifesting itself in the idea that it is degrading and not altogether the thing to have too much to do with an Insane Asylum. The only way to clean out these cob-webby remnants of mediæval superstition is to get fearless, progressive men, devoted to science and humanity, at the head of such institutions, and then to put the whole Nursing service upon the same elevated, scientific, humane basis. That is what you have begun to do here, and you are to be congratulated upon it, and it is to be hoped you will succeed so far as to make your Nursing service a lever by which to raise public opinion in this State to the proper level on this subject.

Another point to which I wish to call your attention is this: You are Nurses in a *Hospital* for the insane. There is a great difference between an insane asylum and a hospital for the insane. The people about here, as you know, generally call it the *Insane Asylum*, but notice that by the officials of the institution it is always called and written, the *State Hospital*. Now there is a reason for this. The *Asylum* represents the old ideas about the treatment of the insane, when people said: Stow away these unfortunates to get rid of them, keep them behind bars and don't let us see anything more of them. The name *Hospital* stands for the new idea. It is a place for treating the mentally diseased, a place for curing the mentally diseased. The superintendent tells me that about 50 per cent. of the annual admissions are dismissed. This is certainly enough to justify the name hospital and all that it implies, and there is no reason why this percentage should not be largely increased as the various forms of mental disorder and their immediate causes become better known. There is no reason why not even the percentage of incurable congenital cases should be decreased, for the knowledge of the conditions producing these effects will give us the power to obviate, or at least modify them. There ought to be a great deal of encouragement and inspiration to you in the thought that for each hopeless imbecile or idiot, whose path to the grave you are strewn with the flowers of sympathy and service, there are others whom you may

help back to the highway of health and sound reason, restoring them to their responsibilities and privileges as members of society.

Allow me to draw your attention to another point. If the standing of Nurses in hospitals like this is ever to become what it ought to be, they must learn to consider their work as a *calling* and not as a *job*. There is entirely too much job-hunting and job-doing in our country. The roots of this lie perhaps in our political system, where all the politicians of the party that is in are fattening on a job or looking for one, and all the politicians of the party that is out are out of a job. There is a great difference between a job and a calling. A job is a piece of work requiring no special training, and done for the sake of the money there is in it. A calling implies special fitness, special training, continuance in the same line of work, and, above all, work done for the sake of the work, and not primarily for the money there is in it. It is a great misfortune for our country that its public affairs are managed so largely on the job system, because where that prevails it is impossible to get the best work done. Any kind of work can be made a calling, and can be performed in the spirit of a calling. It is only a question whether it is worth while. Now is there any question that it is worth while here? Is there any question that the work of Nurses in a Hospital for the Insane should have the dignity of a high and noble calling? Ought it not to require special training and be looked upon as a regular, permanent sphere of work? There is no reason why the Nurses that come here should not come to stay, and take the full course of training provided for them. There is no reason why the ranks of the physicians should not be recruited from the ranks of the Nurses. It is more than a summer's employment; it is more than a berth for the winter to enter this hospital as a Nurse. It ought to be looked upon as the taking up of a noble calling of love and self-sacrifice.

These, after all, form the necessary foundation of all successful work in your line. It is good and necessary to go through a regular course of training, but without the underlying spirit of love and self-sacrifice all else is nought, and you are simply performing an external hand service—external, barren, and meagre enough in its returns to you. Do not think that I am advocating a sentimentality. The true sympathy for suffering humanity does not show itself in spasmodic bursts of emotion and expressions of pity. The surgeon coolly plying his knife, the Nurse quietly binding up a wound that would cause her weaker sister to faint, the physician making his diagnosis and giving his orders amid sighs and sounds of woe and agony, may seem hard and unfeeling and callous, even to themselves, but their energy, their long devotion to their calling is fed by subterranean springs of sympathy and love for the suffering, springs that lie too deep, it is true, for surface ripples and intermittent gushes, but that, nevertheless, do flow and make these lives rich with a spirit of service and devotion. It is from these sources that your calling must derive its true inspiration and its best strength. And you will find that in giving yourselves for others you have enriched yourselves, and found the deepest joy that this life is capable of affording, for this it is which the Saviour meant when he said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

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