not from necessity, not as an escape from idleness, but solely because it affords opportunities for usefulness to others not elsewhere to be found. Whatever your motive, you came here because you wanted to master the technique of the occupation you had chosen, to learn how to do the work in the best way, to acquire accuracy, precision, and familiarity with detail.

You have passed through the curriculum and have learned these things. But now, as the course is finished, and you are about to go forth into the world to engage in the work for which you have been trained, looking back over this period of training, you realize that you have learned much more than the mere matters of practical application which you had in mind at the start. Those of you who are best trained realize this most fully. You have not only learned how to do thus and so, but you have to a great extent also learned why you do it. It is the knowledge which has so often seemed to you not very practical, not immediately applicable to your every day work, that underlies the very important *why* things are to be done thus and so. And this is the secret of the difference between the trained worker and the amateur—a difference to be seen in every walk of life. No native tact, no self-sacrifice—it is hard to say it—not even love can take the place of training.

Happy is he who is able to know the causes of things! As you look back upon your days passed here, and compare your intentions then with your aspirations now, you find that you have learned more than you expected or hoped to learn. You have acquired an art, more or less fully it is true, but practice and experience will improve that art. You have gone much further. You have learned something of the principles which underlie that art. Without these principles the art is mere imitation and knack, with them it is the practice of a profession. But more than this. There is another sort of knowledge that you owe to your systematic training. I am not sure that all of you are conscious of its possession. It is a sign of mental health not to think too much of what we know and do not know, just as it is a sign of physical health not to be conscious of the workings of our vitals. "I have never thought about thinking," said the wise Goethe. The special knowledge to which I refer has come to you little by little, day by day, insensibly. You are scarcely aware of its existence, much less that it has become an important part of your equipment for work and a large factor in your future success and happiness. It is more important to you than the skill you have acquired in the art of nursing, more valuable than all the facts you have learned, simply because it enables you to make the best use of both. This acquisition, this result of your training, I shall speak of, for the want of a better term, as the Professional Idea.

You entered the school to acquire a handicraft; you are leaving it to join the ranks of a profession. It is of vital importance to hold firmly to this thought. It will bring you and keep you in true relation to your work. I am fully aware there are restless opponents to this view. There are persons who maintain that nursing is not a profession at all—that the nurse occupies a position much the same as a housemaid or a cook, a little more important than the former, because she has to know how to do more things and to drop medicines; not quite so important as the latter because instead of made dishes and puddings she simply has to prepare slops for the sick room. A few days ago I heard an English physician express himself much to this effect. He gravely stated his opinion that after all, what is wanted in the nurse is a sort of superior lady's maid or valet who has been taught to make poultices and keep the bed clean. He averred, with emphasis, that in England the trained nurse had already become a nuisance, that she takes the house of the sick man by storm, and turns it topsy-turvey, and in doing so plays havoc with the family physician, for whose knowledge and experience she sometimes by inuendo, more times openly, expresses a lofty contempt. "Indeed," continued this critic, "we are approaching the time when, by reason of my lady nurse, over-trained and undisciplined, there will be no more general practitioners, but only trained nurses and specialists. 'Ah!' says the nurse, entering with a flourish, 'It is scarcely necessary to trouble the poor old doctor to come daily to see a case like this. I understand it perfectly, and if anything goes wrong we can send to London for Sir William this or that, the celebrated specialist, who can operate at once.'" And to this twaddle I took it upon myself to reply:—"If all this be true, I am sorry for both the doctors and the people in England. You have missed the essential thing in the whole matter. Whether your nurses are under-trained or over-trained they are trained altogether wrong, for they have not got the Professional Idea."

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

You ask me, what is the professional idea upon which I set so great store? A direct, explicit reply is not easy. Ideas, powerful as they may be, constantly elude our efforts to clothe them in words. We do our best, but the proper words are difficult to find, and at last something important is left unsaid. It has been said that the difference between professional men and others, is that the former work for fees, while the latter work for wages. This is not even a half-truth. It is no truth at all. Others work for money. In most of the avocations of life, work is done for gain, for a pecuniary reward. In the professions the work is done for its own sake. Pay is incidental. This is not a mere fancy on my part. Professional people must live. Those whose profession is medicine