

never could learn anything I did not see a reason for, or in that I did not see reason."

She was a born nurse. At nine she bandaged her sister's knee, and authorities on the subject affirm the bandage was scientifically correct.

And wherever there was a sickness in the family circle there she was to the front, armed (if not with scientific knowledge) with at least three genuine qualities for a nurse—sympathy, courage, and patience.

The study of natural science in every form fascinated her as a child, and became a passion to the woman.

She decided to study medicine, to be a doctor, to devote her life to the investigation of those scientific facts through the knowledge of which she might become an alleviatress of suffering, and last (not least) to teaching her countrywomen the rules of hygiene, in order to avert disease.

She was scarcely seventeen when she took this resolution, when bowed down with grief at the loss of her idolised father.

Realising for the first time in her young life the meaning of bitter pain and vain regret, her suffering ennobled her. From her own sorrows she reaped a broad compassion for the sorrows of others, and an intense desire to alleviate and help.

At this critical time of her psychical development her logical and scientific training gave her enthusiasm the right bent and saved her from sentimentalism, turning her energies to work—real hard, honest, clear-cut work—as the only desirable road to success.

It required courage—more courage than the general run of home-biding Englishwomen can easily realise—to put her plan into practical execution. She was beautiful and greatly admired; she lived in a country where the working-woman of gentle birth was, and is, an eccentricity, and the domestic circle considered the only safe shrine for virtue and spotless fame; but none of these considerations daunted her.

With clear eyes fixed straight on her goal, she pushed straight forward, aided and encouraged by her no less valorous mother, who, with seven children to educate and much need for economy, found time to animate and sympathise with the intellectual studies of her talented daughters.*

Her final examination brilliantly accomplished, Miss Quezada was free to practise surgery and medicine among her compatriots.

She devoted herself with enthusiasm to the task, choosing as her speciality the diseases of women and children.

An excellent and most painstaking physician, she thoroughly recognises the value of good nursing, and in time of need does not hesitate to care for any domestic or personal minutiae that can add to the comfort of her patient.

In her eagerness to do so at any cost Miss Quezada's generosity is almost unbusiness-like, and, as a natural consequence, a large number of her patients pay her with prayers and with the comforting Chilean assurance: *Dios lo pague!*

If the rainy season happens to be unusually chilly

* N.B.—Miss Quezada's no less gifted sister studied with her, but was married before the conclusion of her studies.

and warm blankets are the best remedy, Miss Quezada does not stop at advising them gratis. She provides the remedy herself, robbing her own bed, if need be.

"But if it was necessary!" she retorted impatiently when someone suggested she had been doing too much for an aged and impecunious patient.

But for all her patients, rich or poor, young or old, Miss Quezada herself, apart from all scientific ability, is the best remedy.

The personification of self-possession and good-will, she enters the sick-room with the decision of a *deus ex machina*.

"I come; all is right," is her wordless assertion, and the nervous patient grows tranquil, the fretful child is quiet. "Do not bother to think; I will think for you," is the next impression her patients receive, and as to a Pallas Athena they render up their will to hers.

And then, with the inimitable courtesy of the well-bred Chilean, she lets them feel that their interests are hers, that trifles are not trivial to her, that she sympathises and understands them, and can and will help. Indifferent if the patient be an old charwoman suffering from rheumatics or an anæmic girl, or a rickety child, Miss Quezada has a personal affection over and above her scientific interest for her patients.

And perhaps this contributes in no small degree to the quickness and correctness of her diagnosis.

But the ideal of Miss Quezada (as of most modern physicians) is to avert disease by preventive measures, rather than to cure what might have been prevented.

There is no better and more popular lecturer on hygiene and natural science in all Chile than Miss Quezada.

And, being wise, she chooses to teach the young and innocent, who have as yet no passions and vices to regret, how they may avoid pitfalls and unseen dangers and serve their country in beauty and strength.

In the best and most perfectly organised girls' college in Chile, the Liceo No. 1 de Niñas de Santiago—a Government establishment, directed by a famous German pedagogue, Miss Jane Gremler—Miss Quezada is one of the most esteemed professors.

I can imagine no more charming picture than this noble and beautiful woman represents as, standing before a class of pretty young girls (and children of the Chilean upper classes are singularly charming); she teaches and questions them. The folding doors are wide open to a patio full of palms and bamboos, roofed over by a brilliant blue sky. There is a wealth of colour and of sunlight and of life as only southern spring-time knows. Birds unknown in England chirp and flutter like winged symbols of vitality, while within the lofty class young creatures in the spring-time of vitality learn the meaning of life.

A short time ago Miss Quezada published a guide-book of hygiene for the use of her pupils. I know of no book so well calculated to instil rational ideas on the subject, and so suitable for the study of a young girl who is preparing for her probationership in a hospital. The language is simple; the subjects treated are clearly explained; there is no attempt to force serious matter into a popular form, and yet there is a happy absence of pedantry.

The book at once became a valued book of reference and study.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)