

geons, said that in him "pity had died as an emotion, but remained as a motive." I thank Dr. John Brown for that sentence. It has often stood me in good stead and been a comfort to me, and I know to many others also. We are not to think that because the emotion of pity is wanting, that, therefore, pity itself is wanting. It may remain in us as a most inspiring motive.

I would plead on behalf of those who cannot plead for themselves for your reverent pity in the handling of the dead; and my first point is this. Do not forget that you represent the nearest and dearest of that dead body that is before you when you have to deal with it. Do not forget that you have put out of the room, after a sufficient interval and as gently and kindly as you can, the nearest and dearest of the one who has died, and are left alone with their dead. Remember that they trust you to do for them what they themselves would do if they could—if they had the necessary self-command. My word to you would be this—please always deserve the confidence that people have placed in you. Never do anything that could in any way undermine that most precious confidence. That would be indeed a most serious loss.

My second point is this: we give reverence to symbols—a flag, for instance. No doubt you have noticed that when the Guard passes through the streets the people raise their hats to do homage to the colours, and it is a joy to them to do it. You know what the colours stand to represent, and how people have laid down their lives for the symbol. Now, the dead with whom I have to deal are not a symbol; they are a great reality, and represent to us the battlefield. In that body has been fought out some great life issue; there good and evil, light and darkness, have met with varying successes; sometimes the good was victorious, sometimes the evil, and you have before you the result, the fruit which has been moulded and modelled by that means. You are in the presence of the battlefield and the remains of that great and often most pathetic life struggle.

It becomes your duty to deal with that body with the utmost reverence. A piece of advice once given to a young musician was: "Play always as if you were in the presence of a master." That is to say, never jingle a piece of music on the piano, always feel that there is a master there; then play your instrument. That, I think, is an excellent rule for all kinds of arts besides music—for the art of nursing as well as other arts. Do your work as if a master were in the room, and do it in the way that he would approve.

We are carried beyond this when we come into the region of faith. Our eyes see the pathetic record of the life struggle of the body that is before us; our faith carries us deeper than that, and beyond that; and bids us recognise in that body the temple of the Holy Ghost, one whom God has redeemed, a body for whom God has done much, and has fed, indeed, with His Own most precious Body and Blood. That body through life was a member of Christ, and has about it memories of the Christ. In serving that body in life Christ did you serve Him; surely no less should you serve Him through that body in death, and what you do for that body you do for Christ.

And that brings me in thought to the foot of the Cross. You remember how the Lord Himself died upon the Cross, and that His Blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross cared for His Body, and did for it all that needed to be done. And you will find in what Mary did for the Body of Jesus the very ideal of that which Christian nurses should do for every body that is committed to their trust and care.

Well, now, what have I to say in the matter of the practice? But very little. I have dealt rather with the principles that are all-important to the heart rather than with the actual knowledge you bring to bear in that room where the dead person lies, and I plead, first of all, that what is done should be done in silence. There are those who have ready in their minds some thoughts and words in which, and by which, they can lift up their hearts to God before they begin this sacred task of caring for the dead. Let the words be few, and only the most necessary ones.

And then, further, surely you would do all you could to make the whole aspect of the dead, and the aspect of the room in which the dead is lying, as full of peace and as helpful to the friends as it can possibly be.

All this should surely be taught where the other lessons of the nurse's life are taught, in the hospital. But it will never be taught in the hospitals so long as there are in them some such mortuaries as we know, alas, still exist. Thank God, there are many hospitals where the mortuary is all one could wish it to be. But there are hospitals in which to enter the mortuary is a positive humiliation. I will not mention the name, but I had occasion to visit a mortuary at a hospital with the friends of a dead person, and I was absolutely ashamed. We stood there in the cellar impressed with every mark of disregard and dishonour, gloomy and forbidding, and we hurried away as quickly as we could.

It would be a most admirable fruit of this gathering if those present were to take up with

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