

others for the work. I think sometimes, too, that her anxiety to do greater things blinds her partially to the exceeding responsibility of hospital work. There may be observed, on the part of those training for foreign mission work, an impatience with the minor details of ward nursing in their own hospital, a lack of thoroughness over little things, an eagerness, not to *do* the work, but to have *finished* doing it, just as though attention to detail would not be quite as necessary in a foreign mission hospital as in Great Britain. Gazing too far off may well cause us to stumble over small obstacles in our immediate path. A beacon light ahead is good to steer one's course by, but the light on deck helps to keep the ship off the rocks.

The spirit of vocation is just as much needed in our home hospitals as in those of the foreign mission field, and there exist the same opportunities of exhibiting it to-day as ever there were in 1854. Nurses who join the various Missionary Societies and offer for foreign work, think they ought not to do so without a definite call to such service. Well, they are quite right, but would there were more who waited for the same definite "call" before they offered for nursing service at home! Nursing in foreign countries is only a development of the same work at home, only another branch of the same service. It ought not to be regarded in a completely different light. You can be quite as good a missionary nurse in London as in Central Africa. I repeat, nursing is a mission; and wherever it is done, it needs the same spirit of true vocation to do it well and to persevere in spite of difficulties.

There would be fewer restless, discontented nurses; if each one possessed the spirit of vocation. It is a spirit that gives one the calm, quiet feeling of being in the only possible place, and doing the only possible work. It stirs in one a large-hearted charity towards all such as be sorrowful, sick, or poor. It makes one feel "Well, whoever fails, I must not," and helps wonderfully when things are crooked and the work is hard or in itself, uninteresting. It gives one the same pleasure and pride in doing things as well as one possibly can, as the boy feels carving his first boat out of a rough block of wood. One simply can't help making things look nice, or doing that little extra bit which just makes all the difference. It isn't a hardship. It is a pleasure. So many nurses, young ones especially, seem to think of vocation as belonging only to the saints of old, to gloomy and cheerless people, or to impossible ideals set forth by enthusiasts who do not know what they are talking about. As Mrs. Ewing says, "We speak of saints and enthusiasts for good

as if some special gifts were made to them in middle age which are withheld from other men. Is it not rather that some few souls keep alive the lamp of zeal and high desire which God lights for most of us while life is young."

The rapidly-receding past has its lessons for us; the present, its ever-widening, golden opportunities; the shadowy future, its great responsibilities of living, and possibilities of doing good.

Learning from all, let us go on bravely, with this prayer upon our lips:

"For strength we ask
For the ten thousand times repeated task,
The endless smallnesses of every day.
No, not to lay
My life down in the cause I cherish most,
That were too easy, but whate'er it cost,
To fail no more
In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor
In love toward the unlovely, and to give
Each day I live,
To every hour with outstretched hand its
 meed
Of not-to-be-regretted thought or deed."

The Re-Incarnation of Sairy Gamp.

BY BEATRICE KENT.

Mrs. Weakling had her quiver full. If you are disposed to quarrel with the term, I surrender to you, because, as a matter of fact,—and I am dealing with facts—a quiver holds but three, whereas Mrs. Weakling had six, and the seventh was hourly expected.

The fulness of time was a week hence, and had the impetuous infant kept time her mother would not have been put to the inconvenience and annoyance of engaging a strange nurse who had so many "new-fangled ways."

Mrs. Little had seen Mrs. Weakling "through her trouble" with all the previous confinements, and was to have been in attendance on the present memorable occasion. Dealing as I am with facts, as I have already observed, I use the term *in attendance* advisedly, as being more suitable to the occasion.

Nurse Dale was a small neatly built woman, and as good things are often wrapped up in small parcels, you may take it from me—for I know her well—that she was a good nurse, fully trained, highly certificated, and highly conscientious; and you read in her humorous face determination and strength of character. To crown all, she possessed a magnetic attraction for the babes; she charmed them into sleep and peacefulness, when other nurses with

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