

a passionate love for God and our fellow men have carried ourselves out, over our hedges, and consecrated us to the service of mankind.

If Ideals can, as they do, and have done and ever will do, keep men and women pure and constant and courageous, throughout what we call Life, they cannot be otherwise than nobly progressive, for Life lets no man stand still, least of all the Idealist. The cry of the age is "Forward!"

We Idealists have, each one of us, a little secret kingdom all our own, very lovely, very perfect, into which no other than ourselves can enter. Within it we are safe—Peace is its king and Happiness its cloudless æther. The mistake with most of us lies in entering in so rarely, in realising so imperfectly the joy of our precious Ideals, of what they are to us, of what they may mean to other wayfarers in the outer worlds, alike to those who have, alas! no inner kingdom, and to those whose key lies in their fingers, but who fear to turn it in its wards.

Yes, and we Idealists of Nursing need this kingdom and its secret sweetness and strength, more urgently than most of our fellow wayfarers. I am not speaking of the *ideal* nurse, who always seems to me to be summed up in the words of St. James on Wisdom:—"The Nurse that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, without hypocrisy"—but of the Idealist Nurse whom, from the hour of its birth, a quarter of a century ago, our BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING has held before our eyes. Our Ideals have taught us to look over our hedges of professional incompetence on the one side, of national prejudices on the other. They have inspired and are inspiring us daily with courage to stand forth and fight not only the forces of disease, but the hideousness of vice, the ignorance of the uncaring, the criminal indifference of the "touch-me-not-lest-you-soil-my-garments" sensitive darling of Society, the puny selfishness of the keep-in-office-at-all-costs politician.

We, of all the wayfarers, most need our ideals, because our way can never lie down "What Everybody Does" Street, and if we hang up our hats in any hall in that street, the great hedges will close in upon us, and we shall become either Mrs. Devil-may-Care or Mrs. Nobody-at-All. We need our ideals to make of us sweet women and strong, to strengthen us to be progressive reformers of the most advanced type, to help us to forgive, with gentle patience, whilst we oppose with unflinching courage, the well-meaning hinderers of our

great work for Humanity, to make us big enough and sunny enough and wise enough to cope with even the dreariness of a hopeless chronic case, to help us to realise continuously the dignity and the joy of service.

Once more let me close as I began, with the words of President Woodrow Wilson, the Idealist:—

"You never can stand it unless you have some imperishable food within you upon which to sustain life and courage, the food of those visions of the spirit where a table is set before us laden with palatable fruits, the fruits of hope, the fruits of imagination, those invisible things of the spirit which are the only things upon which we can sustain ourselves through this weary world without fainting."

ALBINIA BRODRICK.

THE SOCIETY FOR STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the office, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., on Thursday, the 8th inst. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick presided.

Letters were read from Miss Crosby, President of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario, thanking the Society for its message of congratulation on the attainment of Registration of Nurses in the Province, and from Mrs. Cunningham, Corresponding Secretary of the State Association of Delaware, expressing its thanks for the same reason.

The President then made a report on the Deputation received by the Prime Minister from the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses on April 28th, asking for facilities for the second reading of the Nurses' Registration Bill now before the House of Commons, when the Premier again brought forward the Anti-Registration Protest signed by individuals—purporting to be "brought up to date," but which Mr. Holland, the organizer of the opposition, had since acknowledged in the press to be the identical list signed four years ago, and "it is true that in four years some of those who signed the protest have disappeared."

The opposition of an economic character which is fighting, not the compiling of a register, but the united demand of the organised doctors and nurses to systematise professional education, a degree of self-government by members of the nursing profession, and legal status for them, brought forward no argument worth consideration

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