

for a special branch of nursing of which there is so little, and leave the other branches unprovided for, when one person might be employed who would be able to cover the whole field.

The experiences of other countries again tell us that midwives congregate in cities and congested parts of the country, avoiding the isolated districts.

Now, what are my suggestions to Canada in this connection? (1) Bury the word "midwife"—and bury it deep; (2) Wipe out the idea of the midwife as we know her; (3) Take steps to improve the education of the doctors and nurses in obstetrical practice; (4) Establish good maternity hospitals, where full training in all that pertains to the subject of obstetrics may be given doctors and nurses; (5) Establish dispensaries with pre-natal departments. By thus improving the training of the doctors in this branch, it will gain in dignity, and more doctors will consider it worthy of their best efforts. The training of the nurses in this branch will have a similar effect in them.

With regard to the shortage of doctors and nurses in the rural districts, a great deal may be done in the way of more even distribution—there are too many doctors and nurses—I am not, of course, speaking of war conditions—in our cities and larger towns, and not enough in the rural parts. The Government should take steps to make the country practice more enticing for doctors and nurses. That may be done by providing better living quarters and by supplementing their earnings, until the country becomes more densely populated. The need is for more and better trained people, and that need, I am confident, can be met if the doctors and nurses get together and decide on what is best to be done. No shiploads of Old Country midwives, who are not wanted in their own land, no half-baked nurses, no well-meaning but ignorant and bungling voluntary workers will ever solve the problem of caring for the splendid people who are scattered over the plains and prairies of our beautiful Canadian West.

And now, one word more for this Association specially. The nurses of Canada are not the force they should be—the nurses are to blame and also the country. Nurses must assert themselves; they must show the public that they are in earnest, that they have ideals above the gathering in of the babies, and that they are anxious to help solve problems whose solution will mean the better safe-guarding of the health of the nation. There are two problems knocking very insistently to be heard: (1) How to provide nursing care for the people of moderate means who need a continuous service; and (2) the one I have already referred to—how to provide nursing care for the people in the isolated parts of the Dominion.

The public are looking to the nurses to suggest solutions, and if those are not forthcoming, the problems will be solved without their aid, and the chances are the solutions will not be the best, progress will be retarded, the country left so much the poorer, and the profession less of a force than ever in its own branch of service.

I have emphasised the fact that the fully trained woman only will solve the problem in the rural parts, not because I hold a brief for the trained nurse—I hold a brief for no one—but because I wish the people in those districts to receive adequate care, and I am fully convinced that that care can be given only by the trained woman—the woman with the trained head and hand and heart.

The problem, however, is not whether or not we are slavishly to permit the Old Country people who know nothing of our conditions to dictate a solution of our problems by dumping on to our prairies people they wish to get rid of (that is a serious enough question, but it will rectify itself in time), but the problem goes deeper than that—it is how soon will Canada get down to work and provide reasonably safe care for obstetrical patients, and in that connection the prayer of each one of us, followed up by work, should be that Canada may never tolerate within her confines that destroyer of obstetrical ideals—the midwife.

MARY ARD MACKENZIE.

A ROYAL APPEAL.

The exquisite Appeal to her People by the Queen of Rumania, published in the *Weekly Dispatch*, should be read in its entirety; only so can one fully realize the high courage, the noble consideration for others, that gave her strength when her heart was breaking at leaving dearly-loved Bucharest.

"Yes, I left thee—and from one, one only did I take leave! But that one was so small and so silent that never will he relate what his mother said to him in that hour before her flight!

"It was evening—the shadows were already stealing into the church, and with them I slipped into the sanctuary where a heap of white flowers spread a mystic light. And there beside that grave but so recently closed I tore from me the mask that all day I had worn, and cried out my pain to the little one, lying beneath the stones.

"I confessed to him that I was going—going, not knowing when I would come back. I asked him to forgive me for forsaking him, to forgive his mother for taking the five others with her, while she left him lonely, he who was smallest of all!

"Perhaps it was so that some vital part of my being should remain in our capital even after our retreat that I was destined to leave my youngest there beneath the cold slabs of the church. Did perchance God tear him from us as a sign that all this sorrow, all this sacrifice, is but a passing horror, that because Mircea lies there awaiting my return, that surely, surely I must come back?

"But this one boon do I ask of my people—that if my feet should not enter the dear city with you, carry all the flowers that you would have given me to the church where my little one lies, carry them there to his grave, heap them in masses above him, fill the whole church with flowers, so that he who so long was lonely should have share in your songs of praise!"

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