

may be dealt with by direct attack. Capacities must be recognized before they may be developed properly into power. It cannot be maintained that, without fail, psychology will transform the student into a scientific observer of herself or of others, but as demonstrated, more than any other study, it will help to bring this about.

THE VERY HEART OF DEVELOPMENT.

"Merely telling a nurse that she should not do this or that is unsatisfactory in bringing about desirable results in development. She may listen attentively to the list of her shortcomings as her superior sees them. She may even reach the point where she feels no resentment at this recital—but this method of getting a nurse to realize her faults *will never take the place of self criticism*. The active habit of taking stock of one's own self is the very heart of development. Obviously, to get this power of self-analysis the nurse must first *understand* her mental life. Before she can set about to control her mind she must comprehend the *means* of control. She must become acquainted with the reasons for mental facts. Once aware of herself, considering herself impersonally, understanding what is to be done, naturally she feels that she has a big task before her. To avoid discouragement at this point she needs to comprehend the *possibilities* of controlled power. If she can picture vividly the scope of her re-educated self, this will be incentive enough. It is too often a fact that the nurse has no well-defined conception of how gloriously her every-day life would be altered by the process of re-education. . . . To obviate this possible state she must have the vision to see the possible new self in what is truly another world. The possibilities, once grasped, cannot fail to kindle her desire, to strengthen her will.

"How is psychology to help the nurse in this making over process?"

"Suppose she has never mastered bodily control? Much of the fatigue of nursing may be obviated by physical power, based upon the laws of co-ordination. The performance of nursing procedures is harmful to the nurse only if the body is not moving in harmony with the laws governing bodily control. In John Dewey's words:

"True spontaneity is not a birthright, but the last term, the consummated conquest of an art—the art of conscious control."

"The knowledge of such co-ordination cannot be complete without a basis of certain psychological facts."

It will be realized that no light task is set before the probationer entering upon her training, and nothing could be more calculated to make her realize the responsibilities she is assuming on entering the nursing profession than this insistence that she shall, as one of the most important parts of her training, take herself in hand, and re-educate herself in order that she may be "a perfect instrument of service." This is a lesson which comes opportunely at the present day when the pendulum has swung from the days when nurses

were so ruthlessly overworked that many broke down under the strain, to a time when the outlook is in many instances how to put in as short a time on duty as possible, and how to have as good a time off duty as may be—not, in many instances, we fear, how to become "a perfect instrument of service." The book comes opportunely, now that nursing education is being organized in this country, to emphasise the fact that nursing is not and can never be a trade, but a profession touching the fundamentals of humanity—body, soul and spirit. It should have a sobering, steadying, uplifting influence upon the nurse herself, and, as we shall see in the future, should immensely increase her nursing efficiency and show why she needs psychology for her patient's sake. "Minus the revealing laws of the mind the nurse cannot meet adequately the constantly varying problems she has in dealing with her patients. Without this science she can never attain the most satisfactory professional relationships."

(To be continued.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"RICH RELATIVES."*

Mr. Compton Mackenzie gives us a story of a young orphan girl brought up in Italy with her artist father, and now left penniless is driven to eat the bread of charity under the various roof-trees of her rich relatives.

They are many in number and of various degrees of pomposity and arrogance, and her experience during her brief sojourn with each, is described with the humour for which the author is noted.

The description of her arrival at York station on Sunday is really masterly in its achievement, bringing into actuality the depressing atmosphere of the circumstance, time, and place.

Although the news of having to wait nearly five hours for the train to Spaborough had brought tears of disappointment into her eyes, and although the appeal of tears had been spoilt by their being rubbed off with the back of a dusty glove, Jasmine's beauty was there all the time. Something she had of a young cypress in the moonlight; but for the porter she was something of a nuisance; and when she began to lament again the long wait, he broke in rudely:

"Now its not a bit of good you nagging at me, Miss. If the 4.42 goes at 4.42, I can't make it go before 4.42, can I? I suppose the next thing is you'll be wanting to put your luggage in the cloak-room!"

He spoke with a sense of sacrilege, as if Jasmine had suggested laying her luggage on the high altar of the Minster.

Somewhere outside in the sheepish sunlight of England an engine screamed with delight at having escaped from the station; somewhere, deep in

* By Compton Mackenzie. Martin Secker.

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