

just imagine what it means, from their point of view, to have someone in the house who knows what to do and how to do it? Who will never get rattled and lose her head? Yea! whose very presence allays anxiety and fear? I always count this the special secondary privilege of the private nursing sister, and take some pains to be all those dear people think *we are*. Don't let us get exclusive and imagine we possess the sum of human knowledge because we are trained nurses and State Registered at that! Life is a school, and each passing phase has its lesson. The greatest humility is that allied to knowledge. The public are like dear, confiding children, pouring out their woes to the nurse. Don't let us spoil that beautiful trust by autocratic professional superiority. Think rather of the mutual joy when the patient is recovering, and day by day he grows better and better. Isn't it just grand that halcyon night when he takes his old place again at the dinner table and the champagne is cracked in his honour? There was a mist before our eyes as we "clinked glasses" in the toast of good health and good luck! As in a flash the memory of the crisis came back. 'Tis gone in a moment, and the joy in his restored health remains. A word here about the domestic staff. Never let us forget their need. Sicknes and nurses in the house mean extra work for them, which should never be increased by a jot or tittle unwittingly. The man who oils the engine is just as necessary in the scheme of life as the captain on the bridge. Years ago an old trusty servant—"Martha"—said at parting: "Sister, this 'ouse won't be like the same without ye, and whatever Missus will do I can't think!" Good, kind Martha; careful and troubled about everything and serving with a devotion which made her honoured and loved.

'Tis the privilege of the private nurse to work with many of the leading men in the medical profession, and their due appreciation of her work is a thing worth striving for. There is a sense of comradeship, too, in facing together the graver issues of life and death.

Another advantage to the private nursing sister is that she often goes far afield in her own country and forth of it, and if she is a lover of nature and interested in places, the experience is alike pleasurable and educative. Paris, in its loveliness and charm—gay, dilettante Paris, with its care free people. Switzerland, wrapped in its garment of snow in winter, and luxurious in miles and miles of vineyards in summer. Quiet, inoffensive people the Swiss peasants, not unlike our Highland Scot. The rugged grandeur of our stern Scottish Highlands, and the more graceful beauty and warmth of the South. Ireland, too! Storm-tossed Ireland, where elemental beauty and warm-hearted irresponsibility attract the visitor. "'Tis Scotch ye are, bedad! Thin we must be friends," said one of those hefty Irishmen, with a hearty grip that made one's fingers tingle. Spontaneous and forthcoming, generous in his impulses, yet ready as tinder to the flame to blaze up in the cause of Ould Oireland!

A sense of humour is *always* a saving grace in one's work, and in life generally, and is a perennial spring of refreshment. "A happy countenance doeth good like medicine," said the sage. Aye! and sometimes much more effectual, adds the nurse.

One day a patient was hunting about in his room for something he had lost. "Whatever are you looking for?" asked the nurse. "I am looking for a girl," he replied, "with never a smile."

Don't be deluded, however, colleagues and friends, into the idea that the life of a private nursing sister is "all beer and skittles"; it isn't. There are difficult economic conditions in the homes of the people to-day, which are far from helpful. There are long weary hours, often unrelieved, in the sick room. There is living in one's boxes, and therefore never able to find what one wants in a hurry. And many other disadvantages if you are out to criticise.

To the cheery optimist, however, who does her best as well as she knows how, private nursing is a high adventure. And each case, as it comes along, a fresh revelation for study.

Vision is followed by call. So if you feel you "ought" then you "can," and our job is to realise our power and train and direct it, so that our fellows will benefit.

A simile in closing: The hydrant hose-pipe of the fire engine, we are told, has two streams—an outer and an inner channel, through which the water is propelled. The outer stream plays on the lower floors of the burning building, but when the inner stream is turned on its increased pressure and volume reaches the third, fourth and fifth floors, carrying the outer stream with it. Enthusiasm and zeal is the inner stream which carries all before it. A. E. M.

## —◆◆◆— NIGHTINGALE SCHOLARSHIPS. —◆◆◆—

The Nightingale Fund offers scholarships, not exceeding three in number, tenable for one year at King's College for Women, Campden Hill, London, beginning in October next.

The scholarships, including board and residence at the College, will be of the value of one hundred and thirty guineas each and a further payment of £30 towards expenses will be made to each of the scholars.

The intention of these scholarships is to assist their holders in qualifying for higher posts in the nursing profession.

The scholarships are open to any nurse trained in the Nightingale School who possesses its certificate.

Intending candidates must send in their names to the Matron, St. Thomas's Hospital, on or before June 30th, 1923, and all applications must state the age of the candidate, the date of the certificate held, together with a statement of the nature of the work the applicant has been engaged on since the date of the certificate.

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