

suppressing beggars, and bishops preach against indiscriminate almsgiving? The privilege of showing practical sympathy with the sick is laboriously earned by those who minister to them in the palaces of cleanliness and science voluntary gifts erect and support, and great has lately been the clamour raised by some leading spirits against "undertrained" Nurses. Enthusiasm and vocation go for nothing where practical knowledge and regulated effort are wanted, and sympathy must be disciplined to pass muster at the tribunal of common-sense.

"When I get a Probationer with a vocation," remarked a well-known Matron, "I set her to scald milk-cans, or clean out grates, until she has got rid of the 'vocation'; then she may turn out a good Nurse."

Society has decided that the sick in our public Institutions should have scientific Nursing; and the medical world has made Nursing a profession, that compels the respect and confidence of our century.

Now Society is anxiously asking "How about those other sick—the sick that cannot be nursed in Hospitals, that have no trained Nurses to tend them; that, in country places, at a distance from medical aid, are suddenly stricken by sickness or accident, requiring prompt treatment"?

Our daily papers furnish daily answers to a good many of these questionings—not reassuring answers! You may read there of burnt children, who *might* have escaped frightful deaths if some one had only rolled them in the hearth-rug or bed-quilt, instead of running for water, while they were rushing about and fanning the flames into hopeless strength. You may read of accidental poisoning, or suffocation, that were fatal, because no one knew what to do before the Doctor came. Indeed, you may read of sufficient avoidable disasters to sadden you into not caring for the account of the successful Board School or Oxford Exam. on the same page. You may even be inclined to ask bitterly: "Why Life's young sailors are taught to trim their vessel so bravely, and stow so fine a cargo, without being trained to navigate their ship in a storm?"

Ambulance classes, Nursing classes, popular lectures on the treatment of the sick, and simple rules of health are doing much; but none of them can take the place of organised drilling. They cannot give the perspicacity—or the "habit of observing without effort"—which is the result of training.

The adage, "Every woman is a born Nurse," might be modified into "Every woman *thinks* she is a born Nurse." "Every woman *ought* to be a good Nurse" would be more to the point.

Algebra and model drawing afford as wholesome mental and ocular training as elegant oratory and tapestry did of yore (though I confess to a weakness for the delicate sampler of my grandmother); but no right have we to boast of progress, if girls of the period promise to be less practically useful women than their great grandmothers.

"He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into *living* peace," says Ruskin.

Is there anything more petrifying to a generous nature than to find that its efforts of helpfulness were ill-advised, and did more harm than good? Can any education be wasted that gives ability to meet danger, and to ward it off from our fellow-men? Would it be impossible to make it *more general*, to start girls in life with a simple, but thorough, knowledge of the duties of a Nurse in ordinary cases of illness, and to instil into their minds very *decided* notions of the duty of human beings to one another in cases of accident?

In time of need the calm of assurance may well fail an ordinary girl of seventeen, who has been hurried through six lectures on "Home Nursing." The lectures may have been excellent, but they have not the pacifying, and yet bracing, effect of regular, oft-repeated drill in the subjects they have treated with. Spread the contents of those six lectures over two years; give two or three facts, with practical demonstrations, once or twice a week. However meagre the instruction given, let it be solid and useful—not resembling flimsy patchwork. Let every practical demonstration be exercised repeatedly by the pupil. Let her make beds, lay fires, ventilate and dust sick rooms, make poultices and bandages in a given time and as a regular lesson, to be followed by regular examinations in what she has learnt; and let no teacher feel satisfied that the lesson *has* been learnt till the work can be done by her pupils mechanically—as "matter of routine." America has worked classes for young girls on these principles, and they were deservedly popular.

I remember a Scotch nursing class of this description—it was held in a small sea-side town. If the success of a work depend on the interest taken in it, the teacher of this class was assuredly a successful woman. She made use of a very hideous lay-figure, on which to demonstrate and allow her pupils to practice bandaging, &c. On one occasion the lay-figure personified an apparently drowned seaman, and the lesson was on "Restoring Animation." If energy and application could have made that seaman's wooden bosom heave, those girls would have brought it

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