

ing about a certain Nurse who had succeeded another one in the nursing of a patient, I was told, "Oh, she is doing well, and they like her so much, *she is so professional!*" "So professional!" The expression struck me at once, and I immediately tried to discover what this meant as compared with the conduct of the first Nurse. They were both Trained Nurses. I found out that the first Nurse had been in the habit of kissing her patient (a *lady patient*) occasionally, that she had gossiped about former patients and their ailments, and the Physicians for whom she had nursed, and had talked about other Nurses and their conduct in such and such a case. She also made a great show of her records of the case, and great pretensions as to her own ideas with reference to the case, and so on. While liked by the family, and esteemed a good Nurse by the patient, they felt that something was wrong about the Nurse's conduct, but they could not tell just what. When the second Nurse came, however, and attended strictly to business, treating her patient with all kindness, but without any familiarity, helpful, and always alert to the affairs which belonged to her position, it was discovered that a Nurse could be "*professional*," and that was what was wanting in the first one.

The medical is a dignified profession. As I said a little while ago, there is no place in the profession of Nursing for a trifle or frivolous person. It is an intensely earnest profession. Unbending and recreation are not only proper; they are necessary for a Nurse; but duty brooks neither the one nor the other. You will be estimated and valued according as you esteem your own dignity. Be "*professional*," therefore, and beware of levity.

You occupy to-day a most interesting position. The terms of Bunyan's grand old allegory are particularly appropriate to you and your situation, and, indeed, to the Nurse's career generally. You have been admitted at the "Narrow Gate," have passed through the "Slough of Despond," and, though deviating now and then, have nevertheless, with your "burden," reached the Interpreter's House. You have been shown the several chambers, had the several mysteries of these chambers explained to you, have been counselled as to your future way, and have been warned of the dangers that still beset the path. You have been regaled, and to-day you set out on your further journey. Be very sure you earnestly ask for Great Heart to guide you; for the "Valley of Humiliation," "Doubting Castle," "Vanity Fair"—yes, and the "Valley of the Shadow of Death"—

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are before you. Will you reach the "Delectable Mountains" and the "Land of Beulah"? God knows. Is there amongst you one "Much Afraid," one "Faint Heart," or one "Ready to Halt"? Do not give up. Beware of "Giant Despair," and his wife "Diffidence." Turn not aside for an easy path, but toil up the Hill of Difficulty; for do you not remember that the House Beautiful is just beyond!

As members of the medical profession, you have continually to deal with that mysterious something we call *life*. The conservation and preservation of life—that is your mission. "The Highest cannot be spoken of in words," said Goethe, "and probably the ultimate secret of the universe is beyond either our powers of conceiving or expressing." A recent writer on this great subject has borrowed from the East a conception and grafted upon it modern thought and Christian philosophy, and it seems to me to sum up, as nearly as we can think, a proper conception of life. "Why, or how, or whence, life comes to us we do not know now, but the transcendent miracle is ever before our eyes; infinitely rich and free, life is filling, thrilling, surcharging every molecule of matter, to which with wondrous power and ingenuity, it can gain access. . . . Just as matter and force are indestructible, various forms of force being interchangeable, so must it be with life. There must be a conservatism of life energy, just as rigid, and this truth must remake and remould the whole conception of immortality. When mechanical force disappears in one phase, it at once reappears in another aspect. So vegetable, animal, and mental life are but different aspects of life force, and suffer no loss when transformed one into the other, or when the body disappears altogether. And, as it is the inherent nature of force never to rest, so there is no rest for life."

Take this conception of life with you in your work, and as the same writer truly says, "Every day you have a hundred opportunities to give, without lessening your own supply, some of your own life, to increase the quantity and to elevate the quality of the general stock of the world's life."

Act out your mission as true women, and medical women; "Help the young; they inherit the world, and will use it well or ill according to your teaching and example. Stop cruelty to animals: they are your brothers, filled with the same life as your own. Discourage war and intemperance, and lessen the tyranny of the strong and wealthy."

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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)