

useful to you. The second and third of these are but special examples of the first.

First, as my old pupils know, I preach economy to a feckless generation that despises it. It was instilled into me early in life. A boy of 8, I was walking with my uncle across the Cotswolds from Cheltenham to Winchcombe. Descending a hill he looked at my feet. "Are those your new boots?" "Yes, Uncle." "Then take longer steps."

To the unmarried woman here who wishes to be married I commend the old Gloucestershire story—told also in many other shires—of the farmer who went out to seek a wife and dined where there were three daughters. The first cut the rind from her cheese—that was wasteful, the second ate it—that was nasty, the third scraped it, and that one he married.

Second. All worry is waste—waste of time, waste of energy, waste of the useful teaching of experience. You cannot bend the past out of its eternal shape, but you can use it to build a better structure in the future. When you are worrying about what may happen the old Cornish woman's saying is worth remembering: "I have had much trouble in my life, and most of it never happened."

Third. Laziness is waste of opportunity. In the early days of the French Revolution there was a famous trio of whom it was said, "The first thinks it, the second speaks it, the third does it." It is given to few to combine the three functions, but we can all do something.

I envy you your youth, yet when I remember what England was like in my youth, I pity you for some things. Then the roads and lanes of England were a joy to walk on, now they are black and ugly level crossings on which every day you kill 20 and mutilate 800. There were in Fulham untouched meadows and woodlands close to our own doors. Now you will be lucky if, even in your holidays, you can find a lane where the hedges meet overhead.

But this generation has an advantage over mine. We were born into a world where science was cocksure and materialistic, when everything, even our own will and emotions, were explained in terms of the Atom and its movements. To-day science has become mystical and metaphysical and humble. When it tells us that time and space are one and that matter is a series of waves, then we can turn with relief to the simplicity of the Apostles' Creed and the idealism of Plato and Bishop Berkeley.

My last words are to those who have gained their certificate of training and whose tutelage in the School is over.

The School is built of the memories of those it formed, who have carried its fame to all the corners of the world.

St. Ignatius wrote in the Directory to his Spiritual Exercises, "He who begins them ought to be educated and capable, free and fit for the Company."

That is what the School has done for you. It has made you educated and capable, free and fit for the Company of the School. Those who have gone before you have set you a big standard, the School expects you to maintain it and increase its fame by your deeds.

The entrance to Repton School is through an old gateway, and the school has for its Motto three Latin words meaning "The gate is free from blame." The full passage is "The gate is free from blame, but pass not through it, it bears an evil omen because through it the 300 Fabii went out to defeat and death"; so if you fail the school, it may be free from blame, but your failure will reflect upon it. But note this—it was the Romans who called the defeat of the Fabii an evil omen, the gate itself was proud of them and their gallant death in defeat. So the School will judge you, not by your success or your failure, but by your endeavour, and will be proud so long as you keep alive within you that spark of the Divine which God planted in you when He made you in His Image. The School asks the best from you and believes that you will give it. In the years you

have spent within its walls it has moulded you and taken seizin of you. Though you eat of the oak and the ash and the thorn and forget all things, the memories of your days of training will linger to the last.

In the name of the School I wish you God Speed.

At the conclusion of his address Dr. Parsons made the following presentations:

CERTIFICATES.

Awarded to nurses who have completed the period of training and passed the Final Examination of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales.

S. AVEDISSIAN	A. K. MARTIN
M. GUERIN	M. MCAULIFFE
B. HAMILL	B. PRITCHARD
E. G. HYLAND	M. WOODCOCK

PRIZES.

Medical Superintendent's prizes for senior nurses:—
M. GUERIN, N. RUMBOLD.

Matron's prizes for second-year nurses:—
P. BROWN, F. GRIGGS.

Sister Tutor's prizes for junior nurses:—
J. MARTIN, K. KIERAN.

At the conclusion of the proceedings a cordial vote of thanks to Dr. Parsons was proposed by Mr. C. Lancaster, L.C.C., seconded by Miss Sketchley, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman by Mrs. E. M. Wilmot, seconded by Sir Thomas Richardson.

Tea was then served in the recreation room, and was, as always, a most enjoyable function, affording a welcome opportunity for past and present members of the Nursing Staff and other friends to meet and discuss the past, present and future.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF NURSING EDUCATION.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

The National League of Nursing Education in the United States of America, which last April held its fortieth Annual Convention at Washington D.C., under the presidency of Miss Effie J. Taylor, is an expert and professional body whose meetings are always of interest and importance.

The report of the Proceedings of the Washington Convention has just reached us, and the work it got through is amazing. No less than 22 Committees—all important—presented Reports in addition to that of the Executive Secretary, Miss Claribel A. Wheeler who told the Convention: "Interesting and stimulating have been the activities at Headquarters (50 West 50th Street, New York) since my report was given last June. There has not been a dull or an idle moment for any one of us. There is so much that needs to be done, so many challenging avenues opening up through which we catch vistas of the great possibilities for our organisation, that we become almost impatient at our inability to progress faster."

Space only permits us to make one quotation. It is from the address of the President on "Of what is the nature of Nursing?"

"The prevailing concept of nursing is practical, even sometimes commonplace and literal, but how little of nursing can be explained in these terms. The real depths of nursing can only be made known through ideals, love, sympathy, knowledge and culture, and expressed through the practice of artistic procedures and relationships. Nursing is 'a chapter in the book of life'—human, real, and akin to brotherly love. The nurse is in very truth her 'brother's keeper.' She knows his strength and his weakness. She shares his hopes and his fears. She feels his elations and his depressions. She listens to the whisper from his innermost soul. Nursing shares in life's prosaic gloom, but also it shares in life's poetic beauty. Of such is the nature and the spirit of nursing."

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