

LIFT HIGH THE ROYAL BANNER OF NURSING.

We have been privileged to read a letter from Miss Florence Nightingale, dated May 28th, 1900, addressed "To All Our Nurses," "by one who received it," from which we quote as follows:

"My dear Children,

"You have called me your Mother-chief; it is an honour to me, and a great honour, to call you my children. Always keep up the honour of this honourable profession. I thank you—may I say our Heavenly Father thanks you—for *what you do*. Lift high the royal banner.

"It shall not suffer loss, the royal banner of Nursing. It should gain through every one of you—it has gained through you immediately.

"The old Romans were, in some respects I think, superior to us; but they had no idea of being good to the sick and weak. That came in with Christianity. Christ was the author of our profession. We honour Christ when we are good nurses. We dishonour Him when we are bad or careless nurses. We dishonour Him when we do not do our best to relieve suffering—even in the meanest creature. Kindness to sick man, woman and child came in with Christ. They used to be left on the banks of the great rivers to starve or drown themselves.

"Lepers were kept apart. The nation did not try to avert or cure leprosy. There have been lepers in *England*. Now it is a thing almost, if not quite, unknown. There have been great, I may say, discoveries in *Nursing*. A very remarkable doctor, a great friend of mine, now dead, introduced new ideas about consumption, which might then be called the curse of England.

"His own wife was what was called 'consumptive,' *i.e.*, she had tubercular disease in her lungs. He said to her: 'Now you have to choose; either you must spend the next six months in your room, or you must garden; you must dig—get your feet wet every day.'

"She chose the latter . . . and lived to be old.

"The change in the treatment of pneumonia—disease of the lungs is complete. I myself saw a doctor take up a child sufferer, which seemed as if it could hardly breathe—carry it to the window, open it at the top and hold it up there. The nurse positively yelled with horror. He only said: 'When my patient can breathe but little air, I like that little good.' The child recovered and lived to old age.

"*Nursing* is become a profession. Trained Nursing no longer an object but a fact."

Miss Nightingale then exclaims: "But oh! If *Home Nursing* could become an everyday fact in this big city of London . . . but here feeding, a most important branch of it . . . if you ask a mother, who has brought you a sick child to 'look at,' 'What have you given it to eat?' she answers triumphantly: 'Oh, it has the same as we have!' Yes, often including the gin. This in a city where milk and good milk is now easier to get than in the country.

"A sick child has been sent to hospital (and recovered). You ask what it had. 'Oh, they gave it nothing—nothing.' It is true they gave it nothing but milk. Milk is nothing, milk the most nourishing

of all things, and sick men have recovered and lived upon milk. . . .

"The 19th century. There was a tradition it was to be the Century of Woman. How true that legendary prophecy has been! Woman was the home drudge. Now she is the teacher. Let her not forget it by being the arrogant the 'Equal with men.' She does not forfeit it by being the help 'meet.' . . .

"Now, will you let me try to thank you, though words cannot express my thankfulness, for all your kind thoughts, for your beautiful Book and basket of flowers and kind wishes.

"God bless you all and me, your Mother-chief, as you are good enough to call me.

"My dear Children,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

Let us take the following words to heart:

- (1) "Always keep up the honour of this honourable profession."
- (2) "Lift high the royal banner of Nursing . . . it shall not suffer loss."
- (3) "We honour Christ when we are good nurses . . . we dishonour Him when we do not do our best to relieve suffering."
- (4) "There have been great discoveries in Nursing."
- (5) "Nursing has become a Profession. Trained Nursing is no longer an object, but a fact."
- (6) "The 19th century has to be the Century of Woman . . . Woman was the home drudge, now she is the teacher."

THE BIRTHDAY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A beautiful and impressive service is held annually in Liverpool Cathedral on the Sunday nearest to the birthday of Florence Nightingale—May 12th. On May 7th, the *Liverpool Daily Post* states:—

"Prim in their uniforms and starched headdresses, one hundred representatives of Liverpool hospitals attended the service for nurses in time of war at Liverpool Cathedral. Among them were matrons, sisters, nurses and probationers, and while the processional hymn was sung they marched behind the cross from the sanctuary.

The Dean of Liverpool (Dr. F. W. Dwelly) conducted the service, and for his sermon took as text the verse: 'Honour to whom honour is due.' He paid tribute to the work being done in these difficult times by the staffs of all hospitals, and said no matter how perfectly surgeons did their work, the success of healing depended upon those who nursed the patient. As a nurse prepared herself for duty, so should a Christian prepare himself for the act of worship."

LORD CHATFIELD'S CALL FOR ONE SHRINE.

At a Conference held recently at the Royal Society of Arts on War Memorials, Lord Chatfield suggested that London should have a National shrine—an Imperial centre to which pilgrims would come from all quarters of the Empire, and which would embrace all other memorials, including those to the fighting forces. A site could, of course, be found, perhaps on the Embankment. Our valiant nurses who have died gloriously for their country would no doubt be specially honoured in any such memorial.

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