

feeling, I would ask him to labour rather with the happy consciousness that he is labouring to cultivate and raise that which in the human mind is natural instinct. The very thought would help him to make his work beautiful.

How fortunate for the world was it that the wife and children of Correggio were beautiful; for what lofty intelligence, when unstained by the gross passions of earth, breathes through the spirit of beauty! Oh, those unimportant influences of the world! those numberless unnoticed and despised agents of all that is great and good! How loudly do they tell us that genius—art—belongs to us all! And we should remember—all of us—that to aspire, to solace, to appreciate, is as much the province of art as the handling of the chisel or the mastery of the lyre. Monopolised by no especial climate, country, or complexion, it belongs to no particular class. Thus am I, as quietly I sit musing thereon, watching through the varying watches of the night by the sick bed of a "lord" of the earth, all unconsciously led to the conclusion that professional Nursing should—in all its branches—ultimately develop into a very fine art.

"What, have you seen any artist Nurses?" methinks I hear some wearied sister say. "Yes, my dear sister," I would answer; "I have seen many such Nurses." And although no two persons will, perhaps, unite in any precise definition of it, yet I believe it is agreed on all hands that genius is but a name given to the power of excelling in some one way. Will my inquiring sister kindly remember this? As thus understood, it will be difficult to deny the possession of this gift to any body of workers; and however we may dignify the exercise of certain pursuits, it would be premature, if not unjust, to call the application of this power in *any* individual unimportant.

And what shall we say concerning our great discoveries? Are not these the bequests of genius, followed by some apparently unimportant cause? Then there are our inventions, without which the world could not exist, are they not the results of *perseverance*? The law of gravitation and the history of the steam engine are familiar examples, and it is not the less true of literature.

Again, in the capacity of District Nurse I have had formerly the opportunity of entering the homes of thousands of our working men. There I have observed that the veriest boor does something cleverly; give him his opportunity and he becomes famous. If this truth, Sir, were but believed and trusted in, it would, indeed, make the "whole world kin"; it would unite the Apollo with Cyclops, and where all had a common interest in its discovery, all would straightway recognise its power. And were this age of barbarism, comparatively speaking, gone, we should hear no more of unassisted merit, of unaided genius; we should have fewer Kirke Whites, but we should have more Tennysons. Amen! God speed the happy time.

In those happy days the artisan, likewise, who beheld in himself the respected creator of some new comfort; the mechanic, who in himself saw the esteemed originator of some new application of science, would gladly hail the thought; and the labourer, unweaving the tangled thread of idea, would find pleasure in wielding his potent influence, or guiding the passions into their healthful and natural course. And the Nursing profession would talk no more of "cheap philanthropy," &c., in such a time as this.

And would rank or wealth suffer in this universal appreciation of the intellect? Assuredly not. As the man who can make the laws of a "lord" of the earth, and can make or give of his riches with a dignity belonging to a steward of God, is no common man. For, believe me, the practice of the virtues requires as much mind, however different in quality, as the creation of a beautiful thought, either in marble or sound. The straw of Galileo has as high a value as the lever of Archimedes.

Hear what St. Paul saith: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou

sowest thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." As in the natural world there must be death before life, so is it in the spiritual world; the new life *must* rise upon the ruins of the old. Before we can do any great work in life, work whereby we can benefit our fellows, self must needs be crucified. This is inevitable. And the name of yonder citizen of the world who can, if needs be, place his vested interests, ground-rents, freeholds, monopolies, &c., upon the no mean altar of the "common weal" is surely destined to be had in *everlasting* remembrance.

As a contemporary writer observes, "The doubts and dissents from *old opinions* do not change or destroy in one iota the spiritual life that throbs at the heart of humanity. The time has come for *all* earnest men of *every* creed to give the wealth of their intellects to the study of 'how man may become divine!'" Who would not vie for the honour of bequeathing such an evergreen and imperishable memorial to his posterity?

Pausing briefly to review the programme of a recent meeting of the B.N.A., let me highly commend the capital idea of "specialists" which then came on the tapis. How to *judiciously* classify this idea raises another question altogether. And it is a devoutly to be wished for consummation that the day is not far distant when the Association in question will be able to see its way to founding or adopting a journal of its "very own." Then such matters might be even more freely ventilated than they are now. Meanwhile, let us one and all wish it "God speed" in its deliberations.

But what shall we say concerning the proposed periodical return of the Private Nurse to the Hospital? If introduced, could it be made to work without a considerable and an objectionable amount of friction? I trow not. Think how absolutely different the two phases of Nursing aforesaid are, and you will see what I mean. Perchance the proposed Exhibition at the rooms of the B.N.A. might yet supersede this strangely novel idea, and be made to "go" better. At any rate, we shall be able to think the matter out as time rolls on.

One thing is clear—viz., that it is high time the Nursing profession were taking its place as a distinct and independent department of labour. And although it is the handmaid, or twin sister, of the Medical profession, its special mission is so vastly different, that, in my opinion, it could not be gracefully drafted into "specialist" departments upon just the same lines. Then, again, the Medical profession moves (as you will doubtless agree) in a distinct groove of its own, and apart from the Nursing profession; yet the true interests of both professions are identical. This being the case, how is it, I wonder, that one hears in certain quarters so many oblique, vague and uncharitable remarks from time to time respecting the Nurse doing the Doctor's work, and the Doctor cavilling because it is so? To every such Doctor, Sir, I should like to administer on my own account, and also in the best interests of the Medical and the Nursing professions, a timely word of friendly counsel—viz., "Be manly, not only in physical strength, but in moral courage, and tell us plainly what we are to understand by all such oblique thrusts." Certain it is that some of our Doctors have been known to forfeit the confidence of their patients before they would acknowledge themselves in the wrong in this matter. The Doctor and the Nurse, be it remembered, are alike the servants of the people; and "the people" have a just right to "a hearing," and they *will* have a hearing. The popular Doctor and the popular Nurse of the future will be the Doctor and the Nurse which first realises the world's great need, and rises equal to it. For whom shall we formulate a "code of professional etiquette"? Echo answers, For whom?

It should be distinctly understood that "Morality means regulating our lives by the highest standard of duty, and recognising the obligation of living one's life in conformity

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