

Spirit of Pentecost.

THE GLORIES OF THIS LOVELY Springtide are still with us. The young tenderness of the green leaves and the fluffiness of the exquisite blossoms are fading, giving place to spreading leafy trees ready to shade us from the heat of the summer's sun. The melodious, full-throated song of the birds serenades the hours of sunshine and it is truly good to be in England now that Spring is here.

It was in such a tender Springtime in far-away Palestine, almost two thousand years ago that a breathtaking and miraculous event occurred which shook the complacency of the Jewish leaders of that time. A marvellous and revivifying Power came for the first time to this earth in such a supernatural and spectacular way that there could be no denying that it came from Heaven. This wondrous gift of "Wisdom" or the "Holy Ghost" was poured in abundance upon twelve illiterate fishermen, gathered together in a small upper room, so that "they began to speak in divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."

Just think of the stir that would be caused today if a similar occurrence were to take place in this country or in the United States of America! Think of twelve rough-tongued, poorly equipped fishermen sitting disconsolately in a tiny locked room, sharing gloomy reminiscences about a dearly-loved and permanently absent friend and leader, and wondering how on earth they were going to get through life without him. Suddenly, whilst filled with self-pity and misery there comes a mighty whirlwind in their midst, filling the whole house where they are meeting. Visible, parted tongues of fire rest upon the head of each of those weak and miserable creatures. Instantly they are filled with a new power and they rise up strong men; capable, intellectual and spiritual leaders, speaking all languages as easily as their mother-tongue, whilst retaining the dialect common to their birthplace.

What would happen if such an event were to occur today? Would the men be asked to broadcast; would they be televised and asked to appear at important functions and speak from public platforms? Would they have honours heaped upon them; or would they again be prosecuted for envy of their great gifts? History has an uncommon knack of repeating itself.

This gift of Wisdom, so freely bestowed upon the Apostles (and upon us in a lesser degree in confirmation), was foreshadowed centuries before Christ by the Prophets of the Old Law. One of them spoke in prophetic and poetical phrases of it as follows: "Wherefore I wished; and understanding was given to me... and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me. And I preferred Her before Kingdoms and Treasures, and esteemed all riches as nothing in comparison to Her. Neither did I prefer unto Her any precious stone: for all gold in comparison of Her is as a little sound: and silver in respect of Her shall be counted as clay.

"And I loved Her above health and beauty and chose to have Her instead of light: for Her light cannot be put out. Now all good things came to me together with Her and innumerable riches through Her hands. And I rejoiced in all these: for this Wisdom went before me, and I knew not that She was the Mother of them all."

Such are the glowing phrases, speaking lovingly of the beauty of Wisdom which was to gladden and evince

the minds of discerning men on the first Pentecostal visitation and on until the end of time.

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And now, nineteen hundred and fifty-two years after the event, we still celebrate annually with high festival the coming of Wisdom, in many and various ways. We are tempted to wonder whether the Holy Ghost feels cherished and loved—particularly on the day set apart especially for Him. Does he feel honoured in the crowded and noisy roads, choc-a-bloc with cars speeding away to even more crowded beaches, or to stuffy and jazzily filled dance-halls? It is possible that He may—for Wisdom is Love and tired men must seek relaxation and air. Perhaps he is more saddened by serious neglect of His Wisdom; for He would wish to be invoked in the Council Chambers of the United Nations; in the palaces of the great before important business is begun; and in the less important deliberations of smaller organisations and trades unions. Was Wisdom invoked before the terrible weapons of war, with which we are now familiar—were created—especially the atom bomb and other unspeakable horrors?

Would Wisdom be happy walking the wards of our present-day hospitals and sitting at the committee meetings of our Nursing Organisations? Who is to say? Such browsings and reflections come seldom and they are sobering.

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The summer holiday season is now in full swing. Glorious and enchanted days stretch ahead of us, and we love to make plans and imagine ourselves in some delectable spot far away from the madding crowds. Gaily coloured travel brochures litter the carpets and we cannot quite make up our minds just where we shall go.

Golden sands and cliff-bound select little Cornish coves attract us greatly. Evening walks by moonlit waters and lazy sun-drenched naps by the lapping waves delight our memories. To others the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and the languorous warmth of the South of France call insistently. Wherever we go and whatever we do; whether we are serenaded by cuckoos or enticed by the song of the nightingales at twilight; whether we are lulled to sleep by the gentle lapping of the waves or called early on the farms by cock-crow; may our days of leisure bring us joy and gladness, health and energy, and send us back to work refreshed and healed in mind and body.

And may the gentle Spirit of Wisdom accompany us in all our travels and give us joy.

G. M. H.

Appointments.

Queen Elizabeth's Colonial Nursing Service

Miss I. M. Whittington, S.R.N., S.C.M., has been appointed as Health Sister in Nigeria.

She was trained at the Leith General Hospital, the Dundee Royal Infirmary, and in the Glasgow Public Health Service. She holds the Health Visitors' Certificate of the Scottish Royal Sanitary Association.

Miss M. F. McMullan, R.G.N., S.C.M., has been appointed a Nursing Sister in Tanganyika.

She was trained at the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, at the Ayrshire Central Maternity Hospital, and at the Thornhill Maternity Hospital, near Paisley.

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