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"VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA yields a maximum proportion of the valuable food constituents of the bean....easy of assimilation and digestion."

THE Nursing Record

EVERY SATURDAY
ONE PENNY.

AND

The Hospital World.

"QUI NON
PROFICIT DEFICIT."

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Editorial.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

"CHRISTMAS in Hospital"! The phrase conveys pleasure or sorrow according to the point of view. The patients think of home and children and sigh to remember that they are away from both. The new pro gulps down her sorrow at the thought that on this day of days she will be absent from the family circle, and turns a brave face to the ward, so that no one may guess how the *heimweh* overpowers her in this new strange life; and the Matron, Sisters, and Staff Nurses, with the memories of past Christmases upon them, feel the burden of responsibility, for this Christmas must surpass all previous ones and this they well know will be no easy matter. So it comes to pass that there are many consultations and discussions. Afternoons spent in shopping are succeeded by mysterious conclaves, distant echoes of Christmas carols reach the wards after duty hours, until even the patients begin to realise that preparations for the eventful day are being made on a scale unknown to them before, and to look forward with expectancy to the dawn of Christmas morning.

"A good old English Christmas" is the ideal of the nursing staff, and although they sigh somewhat to think of the delights of past days, when every one, the medical staff included, beamed approval upon the festoons of evergreens, and no one gave a thought to the germs they harboured, yet still much may be done to make the ward "Christmassy." Bowls and vases at least can be filled with berried holly and mistletoe, and friends in the country are pressed into the service to provide the necessary supplies. The chief factor in the happiness of Christmas Day in Hospital is, however, the peace and goodwill which envelop everything and everybody. The nursing staff put aside completely ideas of personal enjoyment, and devote themselves to making the day a red letter one in the lives of their patients. The result is that when the last patient has been "settled" for the night, and, murmuring that he "feels all over alike," goes to sleep, with a sigh of content, to dream of the shawl for the "missus," and the toys for the "kiddies" packed snugly away in his locker, there is but one opinion expressed by the tired nurses, namely, that a hospital is *the* place of all others in which to spend a happy Christmas Day.

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