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Editorial.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The season of Christmas is one of goodwill—a time when we count up our friends, and our hearts go out to them with every good wish for their happiness and prosperity. Far and wide indeed are the friends of this Journal scattered. Its readers are to be found not only in all parts of the United Kingdom, and of our Dominions beyond the seas, but in the countries of the Continent of Europe, in the United States of America, in Cuba, South America, in the great African continent, in the vast and teeming countries of Asia, and in the far islands of Japan. In all these the incoming mail is awaited the more eagerly because THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, speeding across the ocean, will bring news of the nursing world at home and abroad, and no one can be lonesome, even if the expected home letters do not arrive, when the Journal is a big letter, telling all that a nurse thousands of miles from the mother country most wants to know. This assurance has many times been given us, and it is one of our greatest pleasures to be thus united with the brave workers who in the outposts of Empire, in countries where nursing is still in its infancy, fight the brave fight against prejudice, ignorance, and disease, who are perhaps laying the foundation of reforms as great as those initiated by our revered "Lady of the Law" in this country half a century ago, and who quietly and cheerily live sparely and hardly, and brave disease and death, so that they may spread far and wide the comfort and healing which a knowledge of nursing brings, and train probationers—black, red, brown, and yellow, and all the shades between—who will hand on to their children's children the lessons

they have learnt from women who endured much to light for them the lamp of knowledge—lessons not in technical skill alone, but in high courage, dogged endurance, and gaiety of heart under most adverse circumstances. There are many such, and for these brave comrades we keep a special niche in our private temple of fame. There are other nurses who, at the bidding of King and country, go wherever the British flag floats, and sick sailors and soldiers are to be found under its shadow. We salute them.

And there are many nearer home, working in hospitals and infirmaries, in the homes of the poor, amongst the children in our schools, striving to raise the standard of the national health, undertaking the most responsible and onerous duties for the meagre salaries considered ample for women workers.

We must also add a word of special greeting to the night nurses, both in public institutions, and private houses—an army of alert and tireless workers, who mount guard at the bedside of the sick, the suffering, and the dying while the rest of the community sleeps.

And, again, we greet the many midwives, doing preventive work of utmost value for mothers and babes, perchance like one who paid ten visits to a case three miles distant for a fee of 2s. 6d., thus walking sixty miles, and rendering responsible service daily, for this miserable recompense.

All these are included in our Christmas good wishes, which we hope may be communicated to them by some Marconi-like thought-wave, whether Christmas Day finds them at work under a tropical sun, in the guardianship of "our lady of the snows," or in the rush of work at home. Wherever good nurses and true are to be found, "A Merry Christmas" to one and all.

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