

telling of good methods to learn, and of bad methods to avoid, in our work; to steadily continue to add to our knowledge and efficiency by endeavouring every day to be better nurses than we were yesterday, remembering that as children grow older they learn to take up larger and more important duties; to day by day and every day do our best work, as service unto our Lord, knowing that He will accept it as unto Himself; to remember that "he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Our Colours: Crimson and Dark Blue.

Our Emblem: The Maple Seed in June, vital with the flowing sap, winged, developing, preparing to find its place, and grow in due time into a worthy tree.

Our Motto: Faithfulness, Hopefulness, Helpfulness.

Our Prayer:

"O Master, let me work with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening ray;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, dear Master, let me live."

Our Meetings: To be held once a year, if possible in June.

Our Question Box: For questions which any graduate nurse wishes to ask and answer or have answered for the benefit of herself or the Association; such questions should be written and sent to the Secretary, Nurses' Alumnae Association, Severance Hospital, Seoul.

Our Officers: President, vice-president, secretary (corresponding and recording), and treasurer.

WHO WILL HELP?

The Editor wishes to express her thanks to all those subscribers to the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING who, by their support, have done much to retain a professional—as apart from a commercial—journal for trained nurses in this country, where, unlike the majority of countries where trained nursing exists, the legitimate profits of their corporate life are monopolised by lay publishers. This proves that nurses have much to learn of business methods in conducting their affairs; but we want them to realise that by supporting the only journal which voices, and fights for, their professional needs—educational and economic—they are each individually doing something, not only for their own benefit, but, what is of greater importance, for the benefit of their beloved profession as a whole. Under these circumstances we invite every subscriber who values THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING to obtain at least one new subscriber for the coming year. A form will be found on page xii.

THE SEVENTH MARCHIONESS OF RIVIÈRE.

THE CYCLE OF "THE STILL."

(Continued from page 520.)

Childhood having passed away we find Andrea, in her sixteenth year, an unusually self-reliant woman. There never appears to have been a time when she felt the need of props. Much advice, wise and otherwise, was directed into her little pink ears, but, as it trickled in at one, so it evaporated through the other, leaving but little permanent impression on her logical brain; and yet she was of those who heard and listened eagerly to the teaching of the wordless "voices." Inspired by all the wisdom of all the ages, the voices never led her astray. They taught that this world beautiful, and the universe of worlds glorious, are the heritage of the clean and the strong.

If the "voices" loved justice, they also pleaded for mercy. They taught: Thou shalt not crush the violet with dancing feet (when the orchard is purple), nor gather the blossom of fruit (with the nest in the tree). Thou shalt train thine ear to the language of the eye (so to have understanding of the tragedy of the d c g), to the under-current of the waters (so thou be not shipwrecked by the way). To penetrate space—seize thou the message of the flying winds, as they pass from afar to afar. Deal tenderly with grief—yet linger not in her grey shadow.

Always there is Glory.

Reverence Life.

The flowers and the trees, the birds and the beasts—they also learned of the "voices"; they lived in the light—and, although it is written that the heart of man "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," the "voices" taught quite otherwise.

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All the tragedy and comedy, the grace and the grossness of human life, were to be found in the little rose-red houses and thatched mud cottages at Carillon. No need to seek them in the slum of the city.

When there was flinching of the flesh, then it was Andrea knew that she was gifted with the power of healing the wounded spirit.

"Send for Miss Andrie; she'll understand."

Indeed, poor Mrs. Martin, whose manners mama maintained would grace any Court, in a dread hour sent her first-born with the verbal intimation (no doubt had calling cards been in vogue in her circle, she would have written the message): "Please, Miss Andrie, mother's humble duty, and father's hanged himself—and is he to be cut down afore the doctor cooms?"

Thus also Mrs. Kent, left to starve with a young family of seven—Kent, meanwhile, "doing time" in the county jail for snaring pheasants.

"Please, Miss Andrie, mother hears as you're going to S——, and she'll take it kindly if

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