

of conscience without which it is impossible to perform our public duty and to fulfil our honourable contract with the sick.

"It is for these reasons that the appreciation expressed for the work of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING is specially gratifying to me.

"During recent years in which women have been fighting valiantly for the right to be self-respecting, honourable citizens, the progress of the International Council of Nurses has given me unqualified satisfaction. Inspired by great enthusiasm, cordiality, and unity, it has more than fulfilled the aspirations of those who founded it.

"The strife in the nursing profession in this country, fomented by the reactionary spirit of inordinate love of power over women, intolerance and greed, against which we have striven, has been taken to heart by our colleagues all over the world.

"As a relaxation from the long-sustained conflict at home, it appealed to me to seek the sympathy and co-operation of the nurses of the world, so that in peace, harmony and concord we might together build up such a powerful organisation that no evil influence could affect it. The extraordinary response to this appeal has been amply demonstrated by the magnificent meetings of the nurses of the world in Buffalo, Berlin, Paris, London, and Cologne, where the unity of spirit has proved that the future of the Council is safe in the keeping of the splendid groups of women, who are successfully moulding the nursing profession, all inspired by the same high professional ideals through which the Council sprang into being.

"These ideals have no narrow basis; we women claim, in the performance of our public duty, the liberties and rights of those who serve the human Empire. We have no need, therefore, to be discouraged. Therefore, let each one of us leave this hall to-night inspired with a sense of public and professional responsibility, determined to demand recognition for the splendid efforts which the nurses of this country are devoting to the happiness of mankind, because such recognition will enable them to do their work in the best possible way.

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,

Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise;

Stand to your work and be wise, certain of sword and of pen,

Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."

THE DOMINANT NOTE.

The dominant note of the evening was unquestionably the deep feeling of affection and admiration for the woman whom the Dinner was designed to honour. It was a spontaneous recognition of which the Guest of Honour might justly be proud.

MARGARET BREAY.

FEVER NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

The following nurses, having successfully passed the October examination, were granted the "Certificate of Fever Training issued by the Association":—

Fever Hospital, Plaistow, E.—Grace Emily Broughton, Elizabeth Mary Hughes, Grace Head, and Nancy O'Donoghue.

City Hospital, Lodge Moor, Sheffield.—Alice Mabel Adams, Frances Eliza Fry, Mary Galavan, and Susan Elizabeth Longmate.

Isolation Hospital, Willesden.—Flossie Llewellyn, Elsie Marie Baldwin, and Annie Evans.

Ilford Isolation Hospital, Chadwell Heath, Essex.—Winifred Beale.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

By JESSIE CARGILL BEGG.

"No, I don't believe in Christmas angels—never did," remarked Mrs. Potts to the ward in general. She gave one of her characteristic jolly laughs.

"I've never seed one myself," said the little woman in the next bed.

"I'd call up the 'ouse surgeon if I did," exclaimed Mrs. Potts with mock ferocity.

The occupants of the ward tittered.

Mrs. Potts's comical face, with her upturned nose and beady eyes, was sufficient to provoke a smile.

"I'd 'ave up the 'ole staff!" shouted another woman.

"I've seed plenty of 'em on cards," said Mrs. Potts solemnly, "they was only in a nightgown. If I could dress as cheap as an angel I wouldn't be 'ere now, I can tell you. I'd be lyin' on a frilled piller with an iderydown spread over me."

"That wouldn't 'elp you to get better," retorted number six.

"No, but it's a leg up; takin' my milk out of a feeder with a broken spout 'as threw me back lots." She winked knowingly.

There was an explosion of mirth at this, which Mrs. Potts quite anticipated. She knew when she had made a brilliant sally.

"To go back to these angels," she remarked with a long-drawn sigh, "accordin' to Nurse May the 'ole ward will be alive with 'em to-night being Christmas Eve, busy puttin' "

"Nice thoughts into people's heads," said Nurse May, who seemed to spring up from nowhere.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)