

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD
EDITED BY MRS BEDFORD FENWICK

No. 1,342

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1913.

Vol. LI.

EDITORIAL.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE.

"I ween that never
That carol on earth shall cease
Glory to God in the highest
On earth good-will and peace."

Fifty green and gold volumes in a row, and in five and twenty of them a Christmas greeting to our readers. What can we say this year, that has not been said many times before, which will convey to them the friendship and goodwill felt by an editor to those comrades who, week by week, seek information, news, and professional inspiration in the familiar pages of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING?

And yet, why try to find a new greeting, for, the message of Christmas, ever old, is—paradoxical as it may seem—ever new, and the Christmas bells, as they peal through the clear midnight air, convey the same message that we heard first in our childhood—on earth peace good will towards men.

As the years go by we are conscious of a deeper meaning, there are tones in them to which we were deaf in our happy childish days, there are even, it may be, minor chords in their changing harmonies, but still the bells ring true, and the message they bring is a message of peace.

Each year the circle of our readers widens, and if our Christmas greetings were to be conveyed to all whom the JOURNAL reaches at Christmas time, they should have started round the world at least six weeks ago; but this issue carries far and wide good wishes for a Merry Christmas to all our readers within a week's journey of London, and, while the New Year is still young, it will convey to many friends on the other side of the world our heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year, and for the fulfilment of their heart's desire.

Probably the people most to be envied on Christmas Day are the nurses in hospitals and infirmaries throughout the kingdom, as, footsore and tired, but strangely light-hearted they move about the busy wards, their first care the acutely sick, but, scarcely less near to their hearts, those who—only a short time ago may be—hung between life and death, and who having turned the corner, are looking forward, a little ruefully, to spending Christmas in hospital. No shopping in the bright highways with the wife, and, for a special treat, the children, in the glare of the naphtha lights; no search for bargains on the well filled barrows on which the goods of the season are displayed in such tempting array. Nurse's smile is very tender as she determines that those in hospital for Christmas shall have a splendid time, and she sighs a little wistfully as she thinks of her minute salary and the many claims upon it. If only—but being a practical person she pulls herself up, and plans carefully how she can lay out to the best advantage such proportion as she can spare, and the welcome gifts kind friends have sent her, and a surprising amount of pleasure results from a very modest outlay. For the children a Christmas tree, gold and silver spangles judiciously placed, electric lights, a fairy at the top, and a real live Father Christmas to crack jokes, and distribute the "rare and refreshing fruit" and heigh presto they are off to fairy land, aches and pains forgotten, to live in a world of enchantment and delight. It takes so little to make a child happy, the price of a theatre ticket or two, or of a dinner party, will secure such a Christmas as they have never known before to a whole ward full of children. To all far and near who are helping to make the season a happy one for others we heartily wish a very happy Christmas and New Year.

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