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## EDITORIAL.

### "ON EARTH PEACE."

Once again the JOURNAL goes forth with its Christmas message of goodwill to all its readers. Yet many of us are tempted to ask how can we keep the festival this year? How carol of peace on earth, when there is not peace but a sword?

Perchance Nature, whose lessons are at once simple and profound, may provide an allegory, and resolve the secret.

"The winds are raging o'er the upper ocean  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.  
Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,  
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea."

Our surface gaiety may be sobered this Christmastide, but perhaps, for that reason, we may hear more clearly the message of the angels—"on earth peace to men of goodwill."

Christmas is a season when we specially think of absent friends, and this year there will be many, on whose presence we usually count to add to the joy of our Christmas, who will be reckoned amongst them. Brave men who on the high seas, in the trenches, and on many battle fields are defending the liberties of the land of their birth, and the right of small nations to their priceless heritage of freedom with almost incredible valour. Others, for the time being, are in hospital. Yet others are prisoners of war, and to none of our absent friends will our hearts go out in greater love and sympathy than to those in a foreign land in the hands of an enemy who has proved himself implacable and relentless towards the prisoner at his mercy.

And there are few this Christmas who will not carry in their hearts the memory of those who, having fought the good fight,

have laid down their lives for King and Country. Young, gallant, beloved, with lives full of promise before them, they have responded to the call of duty and it has led them to "death the gate of life."

"Dear dead! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven like home  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces."

There are many who know of a surety that their dead are not far from them, but from their place in the Paradise of God are stretching out helping hands to raise those whom they love into heavenly places.

So, even in the midst of strife, of anxiety, pain, and sorrow shall the Christmas peace enfold us and those whom we love.

Listen to a message from the trenches—a prayer written by Lance-Corporal George Sedding (a nephew of the late Dr. Oswald Brown, well known to many nurses), who died of wounds in October last; written because "there are such a lot of stray bullets about that you want something of the sort to repeat and think of on occasions"—

"Under the shadow of Thy wings,  
O Christ, shall I rest in peace.

"For as in love they enfold me, I will look up and behold their shining glory, arched in a vault of dusky gold, gleaming with rainbow hues.

"Gold for sovereignty and power, with all the wondrous graces, Charity and Love, that colour Thy Divinity.

"So shall I rest in peace.

"And at my death, O Light of lights, give me grace to come without the shadows, and to look upon Thy most Holy Face."

Before another Christmas dawns may the nations of the world be at peace.

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