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## EDITORIAL:

### KEEP CHEERFUL.

Carry on! Carry on!

Fight the good fight and true;  
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;  
There's big work to do, and that's why you are  
here.

Carry on! Carry on!

Let the world be the better for you;  
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:  
*Carry on, my soul! Carry on!*

—Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

The shadow of war lies chill across the Christmas season. Nevertheless, the words of Sir William Robertson, "Keep cheerful," should be in the hearts, and on the lips, of all of us, for private troubles must now, more than ever, be secondary to public duty, and our public duty is to turn a brave and smiling face to the world, to inspire others with courage and fortitude, and this we cannot do if we are depressed and despondent. To "greet life with a cheer" is a contribution to the public welfare which all of us can make, and it is no small one, indeed it may rise to the standard of heroism. Listen to what Ralph Waldo Emerson says of heroes—

"That which takes my fancy most in the heroic class is the good humour and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness . . . The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary . . . Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own game in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws of the world; and such would appear,

could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though to the eyes of mankind at large they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences."

To achieve cheerfulness and gaiety of heart is, therefore, no small thing, and should take its place as one of the virtues which we set before ourselves for attainment.

When we are members of a large community, the duty of cheerfulness is doubly incumbent upon us, for there is nothing more infectious than depression. Probably all of us can call to mind some nurse whose presence seemed to act as a wet blanket on those around her—laughter died away, and the most buoyant amongst us felt it difficult to keep up our spirits. She might be the incarnation of most of the virtues, but we felt we would gladly barter all the rest if she would cultivate the grace of cheerfulness.

And we can recollect others—not perhaps very wise or brilliant—who, because of their sunny dispositions, were beloved by colleagues and patients alike. Children turned to them as flowers to the sun. The wards in which they worked seemed infected with their own gaiety. And yet that gaiety by no means signified freedom from trouble, but only that they had learnt the truth of the noble words of Robert W. Service (the Canadian Kipling)—

And so in the strife of the battle of life  
It's easy to fight when you're winning;  
It's easy to slave, and starve, and be brave  
When the dawn of success is beginning.  
But the man who can meet despair and defeat  
With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing;  
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height  
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

To all our readers, and very specially to all such brave souls, we wish a happy Christmas.

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