

A LEGEND OF SANTA CLAUS FOR 1919.

When some of us were younger wights
 By thirty years and more,
 We hung *our* stockings out those nights
 When legend said, between the lights
 Saint Noel passed the door!
 From endless lengths of wool and thread
 We spun all day, and oft
 When night was purpling overhead
 To get those hosen perfected,
 Some rough, some fleecy soft!
 Some were strong-knit, for hustling feet
 To scale big heights, and some
 Would speed along the sordid street
 Where sun and joy so seldom meet,
 And fairies never come.
 And as we hung our stockings out
 Hope in each heart flamed high,
 We never had a single doubt
 The friendly Saint would search about
 For *us* as he went by!
 But many Yuletides came and sped
 Tho' still to Hope we clung;
 Good Nicholas just past us fled,
 And shunned the foot of any bed
 Where our poor stockings hung!
 Custom lives on like Persian laws!
 A month of years all told
 We wondered still if Santa Claus
 Beside our doors would ever pause
 Or pass them as of old?
 When Hope was nearly out of sight
 And Patience stood at bay,
 We reached the point, so short of light,
 The gruesome, blackest hour of night
 Close to the dawn of day!
 When, lo! to one who vigil kept
 The Birthday watch to share,
 Silent—to waken none who slept—
 A sudden vision forward stepped
 And *Santa Claus was there!*
 He took each stocking from its post
 And filled it to the brim;
 'Twas Father Noel's kindly boast,
 He'd brought us all we wanted most,
 Who'd watched so long for him.
 * * * * *
 "How looked he ere he vanishèd,
 And did you hear his voice?"
 "A veil was wrapped about his head,
 But 'twas no old man's voice which said
 'Daughter of Mine, Rejoice.'"

C. B. M.

December 25th, 1919.

COMING EVENTS.

January 3rd.—Irish Nurses' Association Meeting,
 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.
 January 8th.—Society for the State Registration
 of Trained Nurses. General Meeting of Members,
 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.
 4 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Every soldier has a share in the honour of the
 victory.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

SEEN FROM THE CRIMSON BENCHES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I read Miss Kent's delightful article with very great pleasure in last week's Journal, and agree with her that we have reason to be proud of the traditions of the "People's House," but as one of those nurses permitted to sit upon the "Crimson Benches" on the floor of the House of Lords, on the historic occasion when the King's Assent was given to the Nursing Acts, I claim we have an equal right to be proud of the House of Lords; and having from this most honourable coign of vantage been privileged to witness the Prorogation of Parliament by Royal Commission—a most beautiful and imposing ceremony, I hope it may be many a long day before this fine symbolism in our Parliamentary procedure is disregarded.

It was with silent satisfaction I noted the glistening "bauble" (the mace) borne before the Lord Chancellor, when accompanied by the four Royal Commissioners, wearing their gorgeous scarlet ermine trimmed robes, they entered the House and seated themselves upon a bench before the uncovered Throne.

Then the interesting pageant began. The Lord Chancellor, young, handsome and dignified, directed the Yeoman Usher, Captain Sir T. D. Butler, to summon the "faithful Commons" to the Bar of the House of Lords to hear the Royal Commission read. The feat of walking backwards for the whole length of the House, bowing three times to the Throne, was faultlessly performed by this representative of Black Rod, and we waited in silence until, in response to the summons, the Speaker attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, together with Mr. Bonar Law and other members of the House of Commons (amongst them Lady Astor) appeared at the Bar.

When the Lord Chancellor addressed those present as "My Lords and Members of the House of Commons," instead of in the form used for centuries as "My Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons," we realised a significant alteration in the phraseology, made to include women as Members of Parliament.

The Royal Commission was then read and the Royal Assent given to forty-five Bills, one Clerk at the table reading the name of the Bill, the other exclaiming "Le Roy le Veult," both then turning and bowing with the utmost ceremony to the Throne.

Bill after Bill was assented to, and then—never to be forgotten moment—we heard those named for which we had been anxiously waiting—The Nurses' Registration Bill. "Le Roy le Veult"—

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