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EDITORIAL.

THE MESSAGE OF HOPE.

Easter Eve, the date of which is borne by this issue of the Journal, is a day beloved by many people throughout the world, and not least by nurses, for its message is the message of hope. The climax of Good Friday is past; we await the brightness of the Resurrection morning, and the lesson of the garden, in which there was a new sepulchre hewn out of a rock, is a lesson which we learn anew from our gardens each year. The long dark days of winter are over, the sap is in the trees, the spring flowers are pushing their heads above the brown earth, the birds fill the early morning with their song, "all the air is thrilling with the spring." In a little while the gorse will cover the countryside with its golden glory and sweet perfume, on all sides nature unfolds the lesson of resurrection.

It is a lesson specially sweet, and perhaps specially necessary, to nurses saddened with the sorrow and suffering of the world, and we are wise if from time to time we go back to "nature the kind old nurse," and re-learn the lessons she is so willing to teach.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

Are we ever tempted to despair for our work, our patients, ourselves? Let us listen to the teaching of nature, and she will tell us of hope

for the most hopeless of causes, of recovery for the sick, of restoration where hope seems vain, and those nurses are most successful who while they are obedient and devoted disciples of science, ally themselves with nature, realising that when science has come to an end of its resources, nature will have the last word, and that the power of recuperation which is in her hands to bestow is perhaps the strongest in the world. If we study her methods and bend our minds to furthering them, we shall best aid those whom it is our duty and our pleasure to serve. The change of scene, so often prescribed after a serious illness, is advised not only in order that the patient may benefit from a more bracing environment, but that he may get close to the heart of Nature and drink deep of her wisdom.

In the same way those who have suffered a great bereavement are wise if they seek renewed strength among the beauty of the everlasting hills, with their steadying, uplifting influence. And if nature holds a message of hope for us in this world, she has the same message for the future. It was a great lover of nature—Charles Kingsley—who wrote: "The world which shall be hereafter—ay, which shall be! Believe it, toil-worn worker—God made you love beautiful things only because He intends to give you your fill of them." And concerning pictures in the National Gallery, he wrote: "Those landscapes—painted by loving, wise, old Claude 200 years ago, are still as fresh as ever. How still the meadows are! how pure and free that vault of deep blue sky . . . Ah! but gayer meadows and bluer skies await thee in the world to come, that fairyland made real, 'the new heavens and the new earth' which God has prepared for the pure and loving, the just and brave, who have conquered in the sore fight of life."

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