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EDITORIAL.

RADIATING HAPPINESS.

We have received from a reader of "our beloved Journal" some "off-duty thoughts," which we pass on to other nurses for their consideration, so that each may determine for herself how she can best "radiate happiness" in a world in which sorrow, unrest and selfishness seem for the moment to predominate.

"How very unhappy all the world seems! Everyone is suffering from the strikes. How hard to think out the end of it all, and what is best for us. How beautiful if the love of God would suddenly enter *everyone's* heart!—then things would settle themselves. Everyone would think of the happiness of everyone else. Rich folk would only think of the obligations of riches—masters would only think of the happiness of their men—men would think of their duty to their masters. Oh, dear! Even the dirty, lazy housewife would work with a will and make her house the abode of happiness and comfort which it should be—the dear, clean, hardworking wife would be appreciated by her husband, and so all homes, whether rich or poor, would radiate happiness. We could go on telling of alterations for good. It is imagination, of course, but still we can help. There is no greater scope for well-doing than the life of a nurse. Perhaps some of us are only in a very small circle; well we know that dear little hymn which is for children and grown-ups alike:—

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night."

"Well, now, our world is very dark just now—can we nurses not all light our candles and shine, giving light around us by our lives? We know lots of lives that have burnt big, bright lights. Just now in our village we mourn the loss of a doctor who was devoted to duty; he gave a bright light to all by his kind-

ness of heart and care for young and old, rich and poor alike. Then we think of lots of brave lives of nurses we have known. We think, too, of the dear lady who has retired from her post of Matron and now enjoys a well-earned rest. Such a number of nurses will think of her Christian life and example. And so we could go on telling of the shining lights in our beloved profession. But let all of us nurses, with our skill, and our opportunities to do good, just make the most of them, and shed light in this sad world, because even *candles*, in *thousands*, will give a great light, before which darkness, which consists of sin and ignorance, will flee away."

The writer of these inspiring words is right. The unhappiness of the world has its root in personal selfishness, and most of us can call to mind instances in which selfishness is the direct cause of unhappiness in others; and perhaps, if we are honest, we shall even own that we, ourselves, are not blameless.

Again, do we not know houses in which we seem enveloped in an atmosphere of peace as soon as we cross the threshold, and others pervaded by the spirit of unrest? Both conditions undoubtedly emanate from their occupants.

Let nurses, on whose personality the happiness, or otherwise, of others so much depends, try the simple system advocated by our correspondent. They will be surprised at the results.

And do not let us underestimate the power of kindness to radiate happiness. "Kind words are the music of the world, they have a power which seems to lie beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do—soften the hard and angry hearts of men." It is Wordsworth—wise with the wisdom learnt from the everlasting hills—who describes as the "best portion of a good man's life, his little nameless, unremembered acts, of kindness and of love."

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