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**EDITORIAL.**

**A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.**

Like the clown in the pantomime of our childish days, Christmas seems to be always repeating, "Here we are again." Each year it comes to us with a shock of the surprise of finding ourselves once more on its threshold. Once again we are caught in the whirlwind of preparation, clean contrary to our resolution, too, of defying custom and refusing to be slaves to convention.

No, jolly Old Father Christmas can never become a Convention. In spite of the pessimists and the Scrooges, whose grouches perhaps influence us, say, in October, and even in November, December finds us following on with the countless thousands of happiness hunters.

Our pessimism has delayed the mixing of the historic pudding, has resulted in our having to take the leavings of the greeting cards, but we get into our stride in the end and catch up as best we may. It has to be done, and we can't escape it, and, what's more, we really have no wish to.

Of course, we can't afford it, but we plunge recklessly: we are not really safe to be trusted out alone. We juggle with our addition and multiplication; we wilfully deceive ourselves as to our balance at the bank. We justify purchases that have no justification, except that they are the overflow of "goodwill towards men." All that is the sweet and tender side of Christmas: all the thought and work and self-sacrifice are expended for the sole reason of giving pleasure to others. That is why, century after century, it never loses or can lose its fragrance. Whoever heard of a selfish Christmas? There can be no such thing, for

it is the Christ Mass. If this is true of people in general, it certainly applies to nurses in particular.

The Ward Sister, giving up her needed rest, her own private calls, spends anxious thought—yes, and money—in devising ways and means to give her patients the maximum of pleasure on Christmas Day. Home ties, selfish plans, are put aside; she is the Sister before everything—and what the Sister is the probationers are. They learn, perhaps for the first time, the joy of renunciation.

The District Nurse, in a slum district, where heart-breaking poverty hampers her work, is not daunted—not she. Many a poor home is brightened by some little gift—a stocking filled with little nothings for a sick child, and so forth.

The Private Nurse, with cheery word and self-forgetfulness, is doing her best to soothe what may be the last Christmas for her patient, and to bring comfort to the other members of the family, who are, perhaps, shrinking from the Shadow of Death.

The Nurses overseas, thinking with longing hearts of the Old Mother Country, which they left at the call of duty.

What a grand and noble army they are if they are true to their vocation.

The Editor wishes them, one and all, from those at the tip-top to the youngest pro., a very happy Christmas. And what is more, she knows they will have it; for He who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven, and was made Man, at this Holy Season, once more wanders in the cold of this world, seeking shelter as of old; and those who minister to the Holy Child in the person of His suffering brothers and sisters must surely be the special objects of His love, and will know the meaning of a Happy Christmas.

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