

# Royal British Nurses' Association.

(Incorporated by



Royal Charter.)

THIS SUPPLEMENT BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

We offer to all Members of the Association our good wishes for a happy Christmas, and hope that the New Year holds, for them all, much prosperity and happiness. We trust that many of them will find time to pay a visit to their "home from home" during the Christmas week, even if it may not be possible for them to be with us on Christmas Day. It has been suggested that several may wish to eat their Christmas dinner at the Club, and we shall be very glad if we can have, before 23rd inst., the names of those who propose to join us then, as well as any proposals for helping to make our first Christmas Day in the new Club one which all will remember with pleasure.

## ROMAN HYACINTHS.

Gathered somewhere from the breast of Mother Earth, a thing of no comeliness, no beauty to make it desirable, but linked to it in a way unknown, were great cosmic forces, hidden within it, from seership and from science, lay the Secret of Life. And, because of this, they had wrapped it about with a handful of earth in a rough, red bowl of clay. And the dynamic forces of the Secret played about it, Light called it to stream upward in its passionless purity to worship the Sun God, so that, from the vessel of clay and the handful of earth, there had arisen a miracle of delicate beauty, a fragrance faint and elusive, too subtle almost to reach the senses. But "the heart of a friend" had found in this fragrance, in the dainty perfection of white bells clinging to slender stalks, some kinship with the feeling that prompted her to lay on life's rough pathway an offering of love.

And so there lies among dull parchments, in the litter of the world's affairs, this bit of the writing of God, this living loveliness with its mysterious lessons of growth and decay, its deep unspeakable messages from within the veil, lifting one for moments into the mountain, far from those things that lie scattered about and which belong but to time, guiding us to touch, as it were with our finger tips, the things that are of eternity; from the finite it would lead us to glimpses of the infinite, from the known to the fringes of the unknown. For matter holds imprisoned in this

frail loveliness of the flowers, majestic thoughts, majestic secrets, majestic aspirations, and a glory veiled by the finiteness of the human mind. Yet clear, none the less, comes the message of the friend who has chosen the writing of God to bring me a Christmas-time greeting, and from the white bells, hanging with dainty grace to the fragile stalks, there rings out, into the harmony of the spheres, the old, old message of goodwill to men, the message two thousand years long, telling how the Christ has descended to stretch himself upon the cross of matter, and, with hands up-raised in benediction, to spread throughout the world, throughout the ages, the power that lies hidden deep in the love of a surrendered life.

## TRAINED NURSES' ANNUITY FUND. SALE OF WORK.

On the afternoon of Friday, 9th inst., we held our Annual Sale on behalf of the Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund. We are unable, before going to press, to arrive at a definite calculation of the net result of this Sale, as there have been one or two expenses, in connection with it, of which we have not ascertained the full amount. The profit, arising from the Sale, will, however, be something over £100.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian arrived punctually at noon to open the Sale of Work, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mrs. Rice-Oxley, Mayoress of Kensington, Mrs. Hayes Palmer (who presented Her Royal Highness with a beautiful sheaf of chrysanthemums), Mrs. Charles Balfour, and several of the nurses. Mr. Price gave a short report of the year's work, and then in a few words Her Royal Highness declared the Sale open and expressed her good wishes for its success. The following letter was then read from the brother of the late Miss Amy Elizabeth Good:—

Bantry,  
December 7th, 1921.

DEAR MISS MACDONALD,— I am afraid that I can only very inadequately express my gratitude to you and to each Member of the Royal British Nurses' Association for the touching references to my sister contained in your letters and in the Journal you were so kind as to send me.

It was the greatest consolation to me to learn

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