

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD

EDITED BY MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK, REGISTERED NURSE.

No. 1,796.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1922.

Vol. LXIX

EDITORIAL.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

The coming of September warns us to make the most of the golden days which it so often brings in its train, for soon the touch of frost in the air will warn us of the approach of winter. We are wise if we gather to ourselves in these summer months mental pictures which we can carry with us through the years, which we can bring out of our storehouse for our refreshment and pleasure when once again the life of cities has absorbed us.

And, indeed, such pictures are not far to seek. Whichever way duty or pleasure leads us in this "precious isle set in a silver sea," whether it takes us north, south, east or west, it leads into scenes of loveliness, each with its own special characteristics and charm which, to the lover of nature, provide rare enjoyment both at the time and in retrospect. And if England and Wales are beautiful, so are the islands which encompass them. The Isle of Man, so full of lovely spots that it seems invidious to mention any one of them; but cross the island to Port Erin, and see how glorious the combination of sea and sky and heather-clad hills can be. The Channel Islands, and especially Sark, are dreams of loveliness. Store your memory with the exquisite colouring of this favoured isle, the beauty of its flowers, the wonders of its caves, they will come back to you again, as a refreshing memory at some unexpected moment. The Isle of Wight—the Garden of England—at all times a gracious vision of beauty, is, perhaps, most beautiful in spring, when it is starred with primroses and scented with sweet-smelling violets.

We have spoken of England and Wales, and, indeed, they are all full of gracious memories. But "Bonnie Scotland" are words to conjure with. What memories of happy holidays they bring into our line of vision. Given only the "eyes to see," we shall not have a dull moment in whichever direction we decide to go, and we shall return to take up our life's work refreshed in body and mind, and with our storehouse of memories enlarged and enriched.

And if an Autumn holiday is glorious, what shall we say of an English spring? Follow the guidance of Canon Rawnsley, that lover and exponent of the beauties of the English lakes, as he shows you the blue bell wonder of the lower reaches of the Duddon.

"Those of us who had visited Duddon in daffodil time had seen the innumerable tufts of blue bell in the thickets by the waterside, and had been told that, glorious as the daffodils were, the blue bells were more marvellous in their beauty. So we set off to the Duddon. Through the low bushes of the hazel swamp, where a few weeks since, daffodils had sheeted the ground, were now to be seen the blue bell myriads in open patches; not with such purple lustre as I have seen in Kentish woods, but blue-grey as is the northern sky. You scarce could distinguish at a distance the pools of blue water from the pools of sky blue blossoms. Fancy heard a fairy music from innumerable bells, and ever as we passed along, when the flowers were hidden from our sight by wall or shrub, their fragrance fills the air."

Surely healing for mind and body are to be found with nature by those who submit themselves to her gracious influences, and who have "eyes to see and love a world so fair."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)