

throughout the Scandinavian countries, she would still have stood forth as a leader. Distinguished above others by efficiency, strength, wisdom and a sense that she was filled with human sympathetic feeling and understanding, that endeared her to all. Miss Enid Newton, the new President of the European Council for Nursing Education, gained the admiration and respect of all by her frankness, her fairness, her tact, and her ability to look beyond the harassing problems of the week into the clear and promising future of the Council. Her strong personality and her sense of humour won all our hearts.

Membership was eagerly sought and many applications were received, but owing to the necessity of making certain changes, if possible to formulate an organisation coincident with and in co-operation with the International Council of Nurses, no action will be taken immediately upon membership applications received.

A great many concrete problems for solution were presented, and ranged from the problems of the schoolroom to those of an organisation best fitted to allow fair, open discussions on all the vexed questions.

Perhaps this organisation will never make a greater contribution to nursing than to have crystallised this vague group consciousness. It may well serve during these uncertain times as the medium through which we, who are interested in nursing, can think and work together. It has already been a clearing house for our ideas and a forerunner of our discussions. In our enquiry as to the apparent and special need for this organisation, let us first consider its particular make-up.

It holds a unique position as a voluntary body of the workers in the field, democratically organised and representative of all parts of Europe, all varied types of nurses; it exists alike for all, to serve each and any group in so far as its funds and its policies, which should be passed upon by all, permit.

In other words, here is the official body, representing experts working in the field of nursing, to be consulted by all and developing itself to provide a particular service that will benefit all groups interested in nursing.

At present there is in Europe no other organisation of this type to which individual nurses or people interested in nursing can belong.

The International Council of Nurses is a goal toward which organised nursing councils in countries advanced in nursing can and should aspire, but it is to the European Council that nurses and individuals struggling towards developing nursing in its infancy, can turn for encouragement and help. The members are for the most part pioneers in nursing in countries where there are few nurses and no national organisation where nursing standards depend not upon legislation or public opinion, but upon the initiative, the intelligence, and the fortitude of perhaps but a few people.

It is to these people, some of whom are nurses, others Red Cross workers, physicians, health,

educational or government authorities, but all advocates of nursing standards, high or low, that the European Council for Nursing Education can best fulfil the task it has set itself to do.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON "ENGLAND" AT THE GUILDHALL.

We know what "England" means, we know what England has been, still is, and please God, always will be, so long as men continue to use that word. There is no better place, and if any of us have to leave it we are not really happy until we get back again. . . . There is one attribute of England that I want to touch on this evening, although it is rather difficult to express in words. I mean all the associations that are bound up in that essentially English word "home." . . . Whenever I hear that word "home," I think of England just in the same way as all Britishers of English descent do. And I can assure you that throughout the world these Britishers of English descent speak of England as home wherever they may happen to have been born.

THE FIRST FOLIO.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays began in London last Saturday with a number of memorial gatherings. The anniversary of the poet's death was observed generally on Sunday.

The importance of the First Folio, and the world's indebtedness to its editors, Heminge and Condell, lie in the fact that it saved from the destruction the greater number of the plays, which had previously existed only in manuscript. There are some forty-three copies still in private ownership in this country.

An exhibition worthy even of Shakespeare is open to the public in the King's Library of the British Museum. It comprises three hundred books, documents, and maps contained in twenty-six show cases.

All who can should see this exhibition.

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From Ben Jonson's Panegyric in the First Folio
*To the memory of my beloved, the Author, and
what he has left us.*

. . . . Soul of the Age,
The applause, delight and wonder of our stage!
. . . . how far thou didst our Lyly outshine
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line,
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us. . . .
Triumph, my Britain! Thou has one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an Age but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury charm.

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