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EDITORIAL.

GREETINGS NEAR AND FAR.

Once again our Christmas Number carries far and wide our greetings to an ever-increasing circle of readers and friends. At home to those affiliated together in the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, which now includes the British College of Nurses, which must, however, have a very special greeting of its own, and to the members of the Royal British Nurses Association, for to all these THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING stands in a special relation as their official organ.

To many others the JOURNAL carries greetings. To the members of the Naval, Military, and Air Force Nursing Services, to Queen's Nurses who uphold the best traditions of our profession, to the School Nurses and Public Health Nurses of Great Britain who are doing such splendid preventive work, as well as giving nursing care, and to all those who are caring for the sick in mind in our mental hospitals and in private houses, to those in the great infectious hospitals throughout the country, and in the Prison Nursing Service, to private nurses, often fighting sickness and death single handed, to all those colleagues at home to whom we are bound by so many ties of friendship and goodwill, to one and all we wish the joy and peace which the Christmas atmosphere radiates.

And to our friends Overseas, this JOURNAL brings warm greetings first wherever the British flag floats to the farthest bounds of Empire; and then to those to whom through the International Council of Nurses we are bound by ties of intimacy and friendship formed and strengthened at successive Congresses, at which we have proved the truth of the words, that there is no nationality in Nursing, and that our problems, our difficulties, our ideals, and our aspirations, are the same.

We have only to mention the magic words Geneva, Helsingfors, Copenhagen, to go no further back, to visualise many colleagues, whose acquaintance it was joy to make, and the memory of whom enriches our lives. To these also we wish every happiness.

We think too, with special sympathy, of our Canadian sisters whose organisations from the Atlantic to the Pacific sent so cordial an invitation to the International Council of Nurses to meet at Montreal in July-August, 1929—an invitation accepted by the Board of Directors, at Geneva, last July, whose decision was warmly acclaimed by the members of the International Conference.

With tragic suddenness the beloved President of the Canadian Nurses Association, Miss Flora M. Shaw, who, fresh from the meetings of the Board of Directors, and full of plans for the success of the meeting of the I.C.N.

in Canada, was on the eve of returning home when she was called to her rest. Still the Canadian Nurses Association is planning the Meeting and Congress, and we owe it gratitude and thanks. We wish its members a Happy Christmas, and feel sure that they will share in its blessings.

It is, indeed, a posy of sweet flowerets which, if we will, we may pluck at this season:—

“Love Divine, all Loves excelling.”

“Joy of Heaven to Earth come down.”

“Peace on Earth to men of Goodwill.”

Especially now does this restless world need the blessing of Peace.

“Drop Thy still dews of quietness,

Till all our strivings cease;

Take from our souls the strain and stress,

And let our ordered lives confess,

The beauty of Thy peace.”

Do we not all know some who radiate Peace? They are of those who are filled with the “Beauty of Holiness.”

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

Christmas is especially the Children's Festival, and we count those happy who have children in their family circle on Christmas Day. After weeks of keen anticipation Christmas Eve comes at last and excited little people hang up limp stockings with a strange mixture of belief and disbelief that Father Christmas will fill them while they are asleep, a condition which becomes wholly belief when, in the early hours of Christmas Day, with a whoop of joy, they descend upon the stockings bulging and bulky now, and find that Father Christmas has divined, and left with them, all the things they most desired.

From that time onwards, from the early morning carols, to the time for the “Tuck-me up Book” at night, the day is one long gladness.

In thinking of the Children's Christmas this year, our thoughts inevitably turn to the children we saw at Leysin, in charge of Dr. Rollier, in July. No need to wish them a Merry Christmas. They carry happiness in their hearts and on their faces, Their laughter is surely echoing round the mountains, almost we hear it across the Channel. Its secret is the sunlight and fresh air in which they live and move and have their being. If the effect of these is to produce such results in children so handicapped, surely the condition of many children to-day is due to man's bungling. Let us then, in the New Year, make it our duty and endeavour, to see that all children get a fair share of these free gifts of God to man.

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