

## THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

Major-General J. E. B. Seely, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, has received the following letter from the Privy Purse Office:—

"I have submitted to the King your letter of the 9th instant, together with the copy of the appeal which Princess Beatrice has issued in aid of the Royal Isle of Wight County Hospital Reconstruction Fund. Of course, it would be impossible for his Majesty to subscribe to all the hospitals in the United Kingdom, but the King has decided to make a special exception in this case, in view of the fact that Princess Beatrice issued the appeal. I am commanded by the King to send the enclosed cheque for £100 as a contribution from his Majesty to the Fund which her Royal Highness is raising in aid of the Isle of Wight County Hospital."

King Edward's Hospital Fund for London has received a gift of £10,000 from an anonymous donor, subject to special trusts to be exercised by the King's Fund in their discretion, and under certain conditions, which will be communicated in due course to the Hospital, or Hospitals, concerned.

The Paramount Philanthropic Society, which has distributed nearly £6,000 to some eighty-four hospitals and kindred institutions since it was founded about three years ago in North London, has provided a memorial tablet in honour of its first patron, the late Viscount Knutsford, over the bed at the London Hospital which it endowed.

Christmas at St. Mary's Hospital, Eastbourne, has been an exceedingly happy time. Christmas Day and Boxing Day were devoted entirely to the patients. The Nurses, headed by Matron (Miss Letheren), sang carols in all the wards on Christmas Eve. The presentation of toys, by the Mayor, to the Children's Ward on Christmas morning caused great excitement. The role of Santa Claus was very well carried out by the Medical Officer. Dinner for the patients consisted of turkey, chicken, Christmas pudding, and port wine. The wards were beautifully decorated "Holland," "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Moonlight and Roses," and "Springtime in Japan," the last-named deserves special mention, having won the first prize (the provincial section) as offered by Messrs. Victacrepe. The Sister responsible for the decorations was Sister S. Stoneham, M.B.C.N.

## LEGACIES TO NURSES.

Mrs. Helen Gwatkin, of Hove, Sussex, left £300 to Nurse Nellie Smith if in her employ at her death.

Mr. Robert Clement Owst, of St. Albans, left £500 to his "faithful friend and nurse," Rachel Fiddy.

Colonel Louis Faulkner Brown, R.E. (retired), of Fal-mouth, left £400 to his "devoted" nurse, Christina Moore, if in his service at his death.

Mr. Abel Heywood, of Prestwich Park, near Manchester, left £700, a further legacy of £100 for each subsequent anniversary of his birthday from the date of his will (April 26th, 1927) to the date of his death, and £8 for each calendar month less than a year since the last anniversary of his birthday to his nurse and attendant, Eunice Barlow, if in his service at his death and not under notice either given or received.

Mr. Thomas (or Tomás) Winstanley, of Southport, left £1,000 to his nurse, Miss Ann Thirkell, whether still in his service or not.

Mr. John Inman, of Norbury and formerly of Hastings, left two-thirds of the residue of his £22,279 estate to Nurse Ethel Mary Moore. He also left her £200, the contents of his house, and the use of his house for six months.

## "BEHOLD I SHEW YOU A MYSTERY."

*"Christians hymn the Incarnation  
Of the Incarnate Son of God."*

On Sunday evening, December 20th, members of the Nursing Staff of St. Thomas' Hospital gave, in the Governors' Hall of the Hospital, a supremely beautiful "Mystery Play in honour of the Nativity of Our Lord," by Robert Hugh Benson, with impressive dignity and reverence.

Before the curtain rose, we heard softly sung the carol—

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
Remember Christ our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas Day."

Then appeared the Herald in a soft and simple robe of creamy satin ornamented with gold braid, and clearly and beautifully spoke the Prologue—

"Good Christians, now the time is near,  
When long ago our Saviour dear  
Came hither from His heavenly hall,  
To teach and help and save us all—  
To this same God the whole world wide  
Bows and adores at Christmastide.  
We, therefore, too, with good intent,  
The simple story here present.  
Here sheep and shepherds shall you see,  
The Holy Child and sweet Mary,  
Great angels and good Joseph, too,  
Merchants and simple folks like you,  
The sturdy landlord of the inn,  
Cold snow without and fire within—  
All shall be shown as best we can,  
In praise of Jesus, God and man."

The first scene of the Play is laid in a road outside Bethlehem, where "an old and ancient man," and three merchants, men of Israel, who have lost their way, are proceeding to Bethlehem from Galilee for the "enrolling." Having obtained the direction they needed from the old man, they haughtily pass on, in spite of his entreaty that one of them "for the love of God" will help him on his way, and Zachary, the old man, limping back to a stump, says:—

"Now, God have mercy! But I'm wearied sore—  
So wearied I have never been before."

He must have died in the snow had not two children roused him. Then across the stage there come an old man and a maid—Joseph and Mary—and she sinks on to the tree, Joseph supporting her. In the background, the invisible choir sing—

"A Virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold,  
Should bring forth a Saviour which now we behold.  
Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,  
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide."

Mary opens her eyes and, all kneeling before her, lays a hand on the head of either child and then both on Zachary's. All kiss her hands. Then they begin to go out, and as they disappear there enter four angels who pass across the stage after them.

Then we see the arrival of the arrogant merchants at the Inn in Bethlehem, who, having with difficulty secured lodging, food and drink for themselves, in the absence of the landlord, haughtily turn Mary and Joseph away.

"No, no! No room! Not here, nor—anywhere!  
I tell you, No! There's not a bed to spare—"

Kinder hearted than his guests, Tobias, the landlord, on his return, says:—

"It surely were unkind  
To turn a dog away on such a night.  
Where are they gone? Here, David, bring a light—  
Eh? Eh? What is't you see?"

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