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EDITORIAL.

ALL THE AIR IS THRILLING WITH THE SPRING.

"The winter is past—the flowers appear on the earth;
the time of singing birds is come."

Once again the thrill of Spring is in the air. In London the bulbs in the parks are pushing up their spikes through the brown earth, and the flower sellers are making the streets gay with the baskets of flowers that we love, the snowdrops, violets, and primroses, which turn their innocent faces to us with irresistible appeal, so that we fill our hands with them and carry them home, that we may rejoice in their beauty. Some of the fairest blossoms we set apart that we may take them to the bedside of sick folk, if perchance we may bring them pleasure and so lighten their burden for a brief season.

For those whose lot is cast in the country the unfolding of Springtime is a rare delight. On the hills, on the downs, in the vales and the woods, everywhere one senses life renewed. We search the sheltered nooks, and are rewarded by the vision of the early and most beautiful wild flowers. By and by we know our commons will be resplendent with the wondrous gorse which spreads its sheets of gold for miles over the countryside and fills the air with its fragrance, while under the fresh green of oaks and beech, and between the slender stems of silver birches, and the deeper tones of the fir trees—their trunks touched to red gold by the sunshine which infiltrates the woods—a mist of blue—the rare blue of the wild hyacinth—the pure white of the fragile wood anemones, and the pale yellow of the primroses, over a carpet of fallen pine needles, are a vision of entrancing beauty. So we pass into the open meadows, to gather the golden cowslips, and, if we are fortunate, find a copper beech, the dark, handsome, colourful leaves of which set off their bright loveliness to perfection.

In the gardens we shall find in the near future a wealth of flowering shrubs. Pink and white hawthorns, laburnums, rhododendrons of every imaginable hue, and loveliness of form, and groupings, and the spikes of the chestnuts and the delicate apple blossoms; for background the swelling downs, or may be the indescribable grandeur of mountains and lakes, until, our hearts surcharged with the splendour of the picture spread out before us, we exclaim:

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love a world so fair,
Give me a heart to search out Thee,
And find Thee everywhere.

It is well that in the Springtime of the year the Church should keep its greatest Festival.

It is well that it is ordained that Easter shall be a national holiday, for bodies need bracing after the storm and stress of the winter months, brains which have become somewhat stale and dull, need the revivifying influences of sea and mountain air. As we are an island Nation, the sea has charms for many, and, happily, it is within easy reach of most of our great cities, which this year, by train, motor, and car have discharged thousands upon thousands to the seashore to delight in the sun which has shone gloriously and contributed so much to the joy of the holiday makers, and to inhale the salt breezes which have had an invigorating tang; and sent them back to their temporary quarters to heartily enjoy the good fare which has been planned and prepared for them, and so to enjoy the sound and refreshing sleep which shall fit them to work with less strain and greater pleasure, than has been the case with most of us of recent weeks.

We English pride ourselves on our national sanity, and in no way do we demonstrate it more thoroughly than in the provision for national holidays from time to time during the year. True it is that it is tiresome to break off work, to disrupt our arrangements, to alter our ways, but the more intensely we feel this, the more certain it is that the break is wholesome, and that if we use these holidays aright we shall be the better in body, mind and spirit, for the opportunities of enjoyment and refreshment which they afford.

For those for whom life is all holiday, if indeed there be any such nowadays, the holiday season affords special opportunities for the discharge of duties and responsibilities. For there are many in our midst for whom, whether from ill-health or poverty or other reasons, no holiday is possible. To bring some brightness into dull, sad, or invalid lives is the opportunity, and the special privilege of those endowed with means and leisure.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give help;
Give love, give tears, and give thyself;
The more we give, the more we live.

To bring some joy into the lives of others is indeed the surest way of lightening the burden which all, even those apparently most favoured, must bear in some degree.

"Study the book of Nature that God hath spread out before thee, and so wilt store up knowledge in thy brain, and peace within thy heart."—*Euripides*.

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