

the high schools, where hundreds of fine-looking young people are being educated. One missionary told us of 27 new churches opened in his district within recent years, and all of them have been built entirely by the Korean people, and are self-supporting.

From beautiful Korea we crossed to Japan, and visited Kyoto, Nara, Tokyo and Nikko. Japan has two kinds of nurses' training, one in the Red Cross hospitals, which is up to standard. The nurses in them are high school girls who are given a proper three years' course of training, and their superintendent is a woman and a nurse. Tokyo Red Cross Hospital has the most elaborate teaching unit for nurses I have ever seen. Beside the usual equipment for a nurses' demonstration room, they had a whole surgical set-up, including a set of modern sterilisation, fumigator, and instruments of all kinds, merely for teaching purposes. A wonderful lecture-hall contained up-to-date motion-picture equipment.

While being shown around this hospital by Miss Inouye, whom we had met at the Paris Congress, we noticed the photograph of Florence Nightingale, given by the Nightingale School of Nursing, and Miss Inouye told us of Miss Gullan's visit a few months ago. (These Japanese nurses also told us of the death of Miss Clara Noyes, head of the Red Cross Nursing Service in the U.S.A., and that a cable of sympathy had been sent from Japan.)

The second kind of nurses' training is that of the Imperial University hospitals, or Government hospitals, as they are called. They give only two years' training, although the nurses are kept on the staff for two more years. Doctors are in charge of these schools, and it is evident that the training is of an inferior kind. We asked the doctor in charge of the school in one of these hospitals that we visited, why they did not have a woman who was a nurse in charge, as in other countries. He replied, "Oh, we do not train nurses. We only train doctors' assistants. The Red Cross hospitals train nurses, and they have nurses in charge."

We were entertained at the beautiful College of Nursing of St. Luke's International Medical Centre while in Tokyo. This hospital was built by the American Church Mission, but the College of Nursing was built and endowed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

It is officially stated that clinical medicine in Japan suffers for lack of first-class nursing, and so the Foundation is assisting St. Luke's to supply this need. The nurses' home and teaching unit is very complete and beautiful, and it was a great pleasure to see the nurses at work in several departments.

St. Luke's also has an excellent Public Health centre, with a staff of 25 nurses who hold a Public Health diploma, working in one of the districts of Tokyo. We attended a meeting for mothers and heard the woman doctor give them a talk on summer hygiene for children. There was a very fine food exhibit, and tables containing a baby's layette. One item in the meeting was a most intriguing puppet show, showing how flies distributed germs, and how it was that children developed dysentery and other diseases, all skilfully done by the Japanese nurses.

The nurses of St. Luke's are planning ways and means to raise funds to enable them to send a Japanese delegate to the International Congress of Nurses in London next year. Korea hopes also that one of her nurses may accompany Japan's delegate, to represent the "Land of Morning Calm."

#### WORD FOR THE MONTH.

"Necessitous men are not free men." Liberty requires the opportunity to make a living—a living decent according to the standard of the Time, a living which gives a man not only enough to live by, but enough to live for.—*An old English Judge.*

### THE DIVINE OFFICE OF THE KITCHEN.

"God walks among the pots and pipkins."

SAINT TERESA.

Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I have no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things and vigiling with Thee,  
By watching in the twilight dawn, and storming Heaven's  
gates—

Make me a saint by getting meals and washing up the plates !

Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls  
The tiresomeness of tea-leaves, and the sticky porridge  
bowls !

Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,  
But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.

Accept my roughened hands because I made them so for  
Thee !

Pretend my dishmop is a bow, which heavenly harmony  
Makes on a fiddle frying-pan ; it is so hard to clean,  
And ah ! so horrid ! Hear, dear Lord, the music that I  
mean !

Although I must have Martha hands, I have a Mary mind ;  
And when I black the boots, I try Thy Sandals, Lord, to find.  
I think of how they trod our earth, what time I scrub the  
floor.

Accept this meditation when I haven't time for more !

Vespers and Compline come to pass by washing supper  
things.

And mostly I am very tired ; and all the heart that sings  
About the morning's work is gone, before me into bed.

Lend me, dear Lord, Thy Tireless Heart, to work in me  
instead !

My Matins are said overnight to praise and bless Thy Name  
Beforehand for to-morrow's work, which will be just the  
same ;

So that it seems I go to bed still in my working dress.  
Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heavenly Princess !

Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and light it with  
Thy Peace !

Forgive the worrying, and make the grumbling words to  
cease.

Lord, Who laid breakfast on the shore, forgive the world  
which saith

"Can any good thing come to God out of poor Nazareth ?"  
CECILY HALLACK.

#### THE STORY OF THE ABOVE VERSES.

We publish the above beautiful poem, which is copyright to the author, by permission, and with sincere thanks. Its story is an interesting one. It was originally written to console a violinist who was spoiling her hands with kitchen work during the Great War, and was published by the author in an Irish monthly, and thence was copied by some who knew little of the law of copyright. It began to appear in religious periodicals of every denomination as "the work of a servant maid in the north of England." It had so taken the fancy of a little maid—so the author tells us—that she began to believe that she had composed it.

It has by now been published by permission (and without) in periodicals of every English-speaking country. John Rockefeller, senior, is said by the American Press to give away copies with his famous "dime" gratuities.

The verses, printed on a card with charming illustrations, may be obtained, price 6d. net, or 7d. post free, from Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 43, Newgate Street, E.C.1.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)