

## THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF NURSES.

The Council has recently met twice and has been engaged in urgent business occasioned by the terrible loss of two of its chief and most devoted officers—the Treasurer and First Vice-President—which in this time of distressful dislocation of nursing service, necessitates much careful consideration. In the meanwhile the Council is deeply grateful for the prompt payment by Fellows and Members of their subscriptions, and for their kind and encouraging letters. "I stand and will stand" might well be adopted by this progressive and courageous group of Registered Nurses.

The Office at 19, Queen's Gate is open daily from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and callers are always welcome. The charming house does not appear too inhospitable, although many of the beautiful "trimmings" are hidden away.

### A PRIVILEGE.

The very beautiful crucifix of ebony and silver (a real work of art) and the old oak *prie-dieu* belonging to Margaret Breay has been secured as a small memorial to her, by the British College of Nurses; where it will be added to the history section. We feel sure a few of those who loved her will consider it a privilege to be associated with this sacred memento—and small gifts of one or two shillings may be sent to the Secretary at No. 19, Queen's Gate, for this purpose. It is intended to have a small illuminated inscription framed and placed on the wall over the gift, on which the names of the donors will be associated with that of the beloved friend they have lost.

### "MORE THINGS ARE WROUGHT BY PRAYER THAN THIS WORLD DREAMS OF."

The College is to be enriched by what should be its most valued possession—the place of retreat where Margaret Breay drew her high inspirations and her marvellous endurance during a long period of trial—ill health, personal bereavement and mental exhaustion.

Can it be doubted that from this spot went up continual intercession for the cause that was written on her heart?—the uplift and consecration of the Nursing Profession to its highest ideals spiritual and temporal.

One marvelled at the calm with which she bore the "whips and scorns of time—the insolence of office," professional disappointment, and private sorrow, the unselfish courage which refused to let these things obstruct the course of her life's work.

Bitterest of all was the trial she was called on to bear in the closing months of her life, when she was fully conscious that her work was done and that she had laid down her inspired pen never to wield its power again.

From whence came the source of this unique character?

The answer is surely to be suggested by the beautiful memorial that has been acquired by the College.

The relics of the Saints are preserved and venerated in many parts of the Church as something holy, something precious, something dear.

The College will have in its midst for perpetuity the relic of their own particular Saint, her house of prayer, her place of retreat, her refuge from the storms of life, that otherwise would have overwhelmed her.

In the Figure of her Crucified Lord she drew her example; in His weary footsteps she placed hers and was thus enabled to toil on.

May His Gracious Presence and her steadfast example shed their beneficent influence on the College and inspire each and all to go and do likewise.

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Does the labour last the whole long day?

The whole long day, my friend." H. H.

## "THE SONG OF THE NURSES."

Finland, whatever betides, is on the crest of the wave, and its nurses are eligible for rank in "God's Chivalry."

We have been refreshing our memory with reading the late Miss Breay's vivid report of the meeting of the International Council of Nurses, at Helsingfors, which appears in the issue of this journal, September, 1925, and which proves how happy and progressive was the nursing world in Finland at that time. It is well to recall it at this season of sorrow.

### The Luncheon given by the National League of the Trained Nurses of Finland.

One of the most enjoyable of the many delightful entertainments given for us during our sojourn in Helsingfors was the Luncheon of the National League of Trained Nurses of Finland.

It was held in the large and handsome hall of the University, which had been converted into a perfect Fairyland! Tables running the whole length of the hall, profusely decorated with flowers, at each guest's place a special flower was laid.

A platform at the far end was a mass of greenery and flowers; we looked into a veritable vista of beauty. From this platform the famous choir, "Suomen Laulu" sang to us at intervals, and the effect was altogether enchanting.

After the quaint fashion of the Northern Countries there were speeches during our repast.

A very warm welcome was given us by Miss Lylli Hagan, President of the National League of Trained Nurses of Finland; nothing could have been kinder than what she said. Miss Kyllikki Pohjala also spoke and told us of the beautiful song that had been specially written for nurses, called "The Song of the Nurses."

It was hoped that this song might become a universal one for nurses; the words have been translated from the Finnish into seven other languages. It was most beautifully rendered by the Suomen Laulu, the first time it had been sung in public, so we felt greatly honoured . . . on leaving the hall we were each presented with a copy of the song, with both words and music.

The following are the words:

#### Verse I.

We know the dread chambers where pain doth dwell and  
suffering sharpens the breath.  
We are the last outpost, upon the earth, guard the line,  
wherein life meets death.  
Our eyes keep watch through night's long hours. Shine on,  
oh lamp! Shine brightly!  
To ease the burdens of pain is ours, and help to bear it  
lightly.

#### Verse II.

In human agony's desert land, the live seed of hope we  
offer;  
Both man and woman will bless our hand when the goblet  
of comfort we proffer.  
Up, Sisters to work; preserve good cheer; with pain,  
heart and hand ever cope!  
We stand, the very last outpost here; illumine the night,  
lamp of hope!

YRJO KILPINEN.

That thick, black night, which mankind fear'd, is torn  
By troops of stars . . .

Some bid their dead "Good night!"; but I will say  
"Good morrow!" . . . for it is day.

*Thalia Rediviva*, 17th century.

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