

approved by the respective state boards of nurse examiners. We call it the *Journal's* birthday gift to them, thus reversing the usual procedure.

You cannot possibly know how often you are personally in my thoughts, as are so many of my friends in your heroic country. We are filled with admiration of the great leadership you enjoy and the magnificent unity of purpose with which you seem to be accepting that leadership, as well as the leadership of your own individual and zealous spirits. The people of Britain have the respectful homage of all of us and the affection, as well, of those of us who enjoy the privilege of really knowing some of you.

Last night Miss Julia C. Stimson, President of the American Nurses' Association, addressed the great assemblage in attendance at our convention of the American Red Cross. She quoted from records of the heroism of some of London's nurses with magnificent effect. Truly a very great example has been set before us.—Faithfully yours,

MARY M. ROBERTS, R.N., *Editor.*

#### OBITUARY.

THE WAR OFFICE, LONDON, S.W.1.

June, 1941.

We regret to announce the following deaths: On April 23rd, 1941, of Miss Emma Cicely Elizabeth Parks, who served during the late War with the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve and was also a Member of the Permanent Reserve of the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service from November, 1920, until August, 1930.

On June 7th, 1941, at 5, Knoyle Road, Brighton, of Miss Ethel Maude Rentsch, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service (retired), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rentsch, of Earl's Court, London, S.W.5.

#### A TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

##### Saint Zita.

Z for Saint Zita, the good kitchen-maid ;  
She prayed, and she prayed, and she prayed, and she prayed ;

One morning, she got so absorbed in her prayers,  
She simply neglected her household affairs ;  
Too late she remembered 'twas bread-making day,  
And she trembled to think what her mistress would say.

She flew to the oven, looked in it, and cried,  
" Glory be to the Lord ! the bread's ready inside ! "

The Angels had kneaded it, raised it with yeast,  
Made the fire, put the pans in the oven—at least  
I can only suppose that is how it was done,

For the bread was all baked by a quarter to one.

To pray like Saint Zita, but not to be late,  
Is the way to be good, and (if possible) great.

REGINALD BALFOUR.

#### VISION.

THOS. NASH.

Each time that man makes larger glass  
With which to scan the blue  
Into his vision old stars pass  
Which he calls new.

Where ere men dig and churn the earth  
With eyes that search the mold  
Into his vision comes new birth  
Which he calls old.

Behind each star are other lights  
Beneath each age, an age  
As man can read the finger writes  
Upon the page.

The compass of the whole is that  
Which he has learned to see  
With knowledge yet he may look at  
Eternity.

*The Canadian Nurse.*

## HOSPITAL OF UNIVERSAL LOVE, HANKOW, CHINA.

### HANKOW UNITED SCHOOL OF NURSING.

In our last issue we published the Matron's Report of the wonderful progress of the Hankow United School of Nursing, and now with pleasure quote the School Report for the year, in which many readers are interested.

#### SCHOOL REPORT FOR THE YEAR.

The keynote of the School of Nursing this past year has very literally been " God who causeth us to triumph."

Nineteen thirty-eight was a very troubled year of air raids, destruction and loss of life around us. The hospital was crowded with injured victims as well as wounded from the battle front. Yet along with this extra pressure of work we became more and more understaffed. Three doctors left us and some of the Nurses went to Free China with the wounded. Others left as opportunity arose to secure transport to other parts of China.

Day by day the better-class families crowded all available trains, steamers, and motor vehicles leaving the city, until very few folk were left. At the same time refugees poured in from other places down river many of them sick and needing hospital treatment.

Under the stress of these circumstances we gladly accepted the help of volunteers to assist with the nursing in the wards, though many were not up to the standard to allow them to be trained as nurses. This continued through 1939, as the city settled down to its conditions as an occupied area, and it began to look as though recovery of the School of Nursing might be a far-off future event. There were no educated girls available to fill up the depleted ranks of nurses, and few trained nurses to take the place of our ward sisters.

Our beautiful new School and Hostel building, started in days of peace, had just reached to its roof when the city fell. It had escaped all damage during the bombing, but its inner walls, windows, floors, etc., were unfinished, the workman had fled and there were no materials to complete the work. All we could do was to carry on in this crippled manner we thought, and wait for days of peace.

But our glorious Lord, Who is always better than our fears, had many glad surprises in store for us. First of all, some of the workmen slipped back again; then little by little materials were obtained to continue the finishing of the building. It began to dawn upon us that God meant us to have the new building to use even while the war was raging. By the time I had returned from furlough the building stood a joy to behold, and the grounds were being cleaned up around it. Inside, the furnishing went on apace, and on July 2nd, 1940, the building was at last opened and occupied. It was just three years exactly since it was begun, three very grim years, yet the Lord had brought us safely through them all.

Now, with this extra accommodation, we made plans to draw in a new class of nurses to train. Friends warned us that we would be disappointed; there were no suitable girls available, nor could any there might be afford to come for a nursing education. However, we hoped for 20, and to our delight at least 30 applied; nor did they make any difficulty about fees. Twenty-one of these were accepted after physical examinations and examinations in written work. With what joy we took possession of our new lecture hall, the science classroom, and the library!

The Union Hospital sent over their quota of new students and we began the preliminary course with a real sense of triumph in God. Lectures in Anatomy and Physiology, Bacteriology, Materia Medica, Nursing History and Nursing Ethics, Nursing Theory and Technique. English, and Sociology filled up the days. The hospital day begins

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