

THE PASSING BELL.

MR. ERNEST J. SWIFT.

We learned of the death, which took place in Washington, of Mr. Ernest J. Swift, Vice-Chairman in charge of Insular and Foreign Operations of the American Red Cross, with very sincere regret. Our association with him, of a very friendly nature, was in connection with the organisation of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation, which materialised from our proposal that an International Memorial to Miss Florence Nightingale should be organised, when the I.C.N. was convened at Cologne in 1912, a proposal seconded most eloquently by Miss M. Adelaide Nutting, then Dean of Teachers College, New York. It was not until 1933, at the I.C.N. Congress in Paris, that our proposal materialised, when, largely through the sympathy and good offices of Mr. Ernest J. Swift, then Secretary-General of the League of Red Cross Societies, it was agreed that in the creation of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation it should take over the International Courses in Public Health for Nurses instituted by the League in 1920. Of the success of this combination the subsequent work at Florence Nightingale House, 15, Manchester Square, London, was acknowledged throughout the Nursing world at home and abroad, and we record with gratitude the debt owed in its connection to the late Mr. Ernest J. Swift, who after his return to the United States, where his work for the welfare of humanity became proverbial, he still retained a warm corner in his heart for the work of the Florence Nightingale Memorial, now, so far as bricks and mortar are concerned, derelict and deserted, but even in ruins reminding us who pass by that the time will come when homage will again be offered, we hope, in educational form, to the memory of one of the most splendid spirits which ever inspired a human being. We offer with sincerity our personal gratitude for the part taken by the late Mr. Ernest J. Swift in the recognition of a woman's genius through the Florence Nightingale International Memorial.—E. G. F.

GREATLY BELOVED.

The obituary of Miss Mary Gladys Allbutt, S.R.N., written by Miss Isabel Macdonald, S.R.N., which was published in this Journal last September, was much appreciated by her numerous friends at home and abroad. Indeed, she was greatly beloved. In a recent letter from Miss Pearl P. Morrison, of Toronto, we note the following appreciation.

Miss Morrison writes: "I was very shocked to read of the death of Miss Allbutt recently; I consider her going a real personal loss. She was so very kind to me when I was in England, and since this war started wrote to say: Should I come over on military duty I would know I could spend any leave with her. I should have loved just that: her gracious hospitality to me before will not easily be forgotten. . . . I always heard from Miss Allbutt at Christmas. I shall miss her always—happiness just knowing she was there."

HEROISM OF NURSES IN HONG KONG.

It is reported that bands of nurses working in Hong Kong refused to leave their duty and patients, when they might have done so, included all military nurses, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and others. We all value their heroism.

We deeply regret to note that Miss Rosemary Henry (24), hospital sister, lost her life in an accident at Strathbungo L.M.S. Station, Glasgow, on January 24th. Accompanied by another nurse, she slipped between the platform and the carriage step. She was killed instantaneously.

CHIVALRY IN MINIATURE.

Image of the Holy Virgin.

General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, recently presented the Queen with an image of the Holy Virgin embossed on a metal shield, as a gift from the officers of the division of the new Polish army now being formed in Russia. The shield was usually worn by Polish knights on their breasts over the armour as a protection against missiles, or was fixed to the colours and carried in front of a regiment in battle.

ROMANCE IN MINIATURE.

"Douce Chérie."

It was her first ball. Dressed in a cloud of white tulle and pearls.

A young man in Lancer's uniform smiled down upon her, and, with consent, gathered her in his arms to be whirled away into the empyrean to the emotional harmony of the "Blue Danube."

"Douce chérie," he whispered, "I love you."

In the early hours of another day the band crashed out "God Save the King."

A lingering farewell—and he was gone. Light went with him.

They never met again in this world.

Honour claimed his life in battle in a savage land. The desert was his grave; only the great stars acclaimed his glory, penetrating with shafts of silver the sands which veiled his ravaged mortality.

Sixty years on she cast a few letters into the flames, and slipped a little Ball programme into an envelope, on which she wrote: "To be placed over my heart in my coffin. 'Douce chérie.'"

At the place assigned to happy souls after death they would meet and be together for ever and ever. K. D.

WHAT TO READ.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

"Memory Hold-the-Door." The Autobiography of John Buchan.

"The Pool of Memory." The Memoirs of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

"Not Such a Bad Life." Sidney Dark.

FICTION.

"Owen Glendower." John Cowper Powys.

"Spring Breaks Through." Hilary Sheppard.

"Love Wore a Cloak." Kathleen Burke.

"Columbus." Rafael Sabatini.

"Pied Piper." Nevil Shute.

"Forest Silver." E. M. Ward.

"In This Our Life." Ellen Glasgow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Russia Fights On." Maurice Hindus.

"I Find Treason." Richard Rollins.

"Besides Churchill—Who?" Captain Cunningham-Reid, D.F.C., M.P.

"Greece Against the Axis." Stanley Casson.

"Briton against Napoleon." Carola Oman.

A WORD FOR THE MONTH.

There are, if I may say so, three powerful spirits, which have from time to time moved on the face of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty of religion, and of honour.—Hallam, "Europe in the Middle Ages."

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