

THE WAR.

R.I.P.

Triumphant hosts of England's best
Who come no more again,
God's Peace enfold your honoured rest
Beyond the end of pain.

And you, who ventured fearlessly,
Dear life upon the deep,
God rest you where He knows you be
'Neath all the seas asleep.

He marks each quiet resting-place
Oh! patient waiting Dead,
The lonely and the signless space
O'er each heroic head.

God crown with His eternal bliss
The selfless path you trod;
None e'er "had greater love than this"
For land, for friend, for God.

Clara Belasyse Myers.

Our Lion Hearts.

Our sympathy with those of our "Lion Hearts" who in the hour of battle have been taken prisoners and have languished in semi-starvation in German and Italian prison camps has always been vitally sympathetic—constitutionally antipathetic as we are to bolts and bars. It would seem that no punishment could equal such restriction when eager to fight and die for one's country. In wakeful watches of the night we longed for their escape.

To realise, therefore, that some 5,000 of our prisoners were free, that good ships had brought them home, was the first real joy in this war. In Scotland and England these men came ashore—to say that their reception was inspired by exultation says little.

The King and Queen welcomed them home with words of deep and affectionate sympathy, re-echoed by crowds on every stage on which they stepped ashore.

Home! indeed the word meant Heaven! At Leith "His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily," called from the braes and lochs of bonnie Scotland. At Liverpool "The young men well nigh wept, and e'en the wise thought they had reached the Gate of Paradise." Such joy was made possible by suffering, and those who left us in the spring-tide of youth and health who have returned with light extinguished and vigour crippled, are the nation's sons for life. Everything must and will be done to brighten life, the nation's sons must find in Great Britain a mother determined to lavish every care and reward possible to mitigate the loss of years which the locusts have eaten.

We wish to hear no Parliamentary debates on the matter; whatever it costs, the price must be paid; it is a debt of honour.

Our damaged prisoners must be made to realise that—
"Round the hearthstone of home, in the land of our birth,
Is the holiest spot on the face of the earth."

In Japanese Hands.

After 15 months without word, news has been received by her father in Saddell that Nurse Jenny McAllister is a prisoner of war in Japanese hands.

Miss McAllister was employed as a nurse, under the Government, in Malaya, when Japan declared war, and after the Japanese had overrun the Malayan peninsula nothing was heard of her.

PENNY A WEEK FUND.

Can this wonderful Fund be increased? We think it can. We hear of dear doggies being enlisted. They pay a penny a week as one of the family, and quite understand all about it.

COMING WHITE PAPER.

The majority of the medical profession having taken a firm stand concerning a National Health Service, the Minister of Health has considerably modified his demands. A White Paper is to be issued by the Ministry of Health at an early date dealing with the health and hospital services of the country. This is what should have been done with nursing conditions—instead of sweeping away our standards without our consent.

AN HISTORICAL ERROR.

We note that an old error concerning the foundation of the International Council of Nurses is, no doubt unintentionally, repeated in the *American Journal of Nursing* in referring to the Historical Exhibit which formed so interesting an item of the recent Chicago Conference.

It is stated that: "It will be remembered that the steps which eventually led to the organisation of the International Council of Nurses were first taken by way of affiliation with the International Council of Women."

This is an error which the recorded proceedings in connection with the International Council of Nurses at a Meeting of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland held in London on July 1st, 1899, disproves.

In support of truth and accuracy, we therefore propose to publish at an early date a page of nursing history hitherto unrevealed in connection with the matter.

At this date, 1899, the late Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen, was President of the International Council of Women, and as her attitude towards the leaders of nursing reform in England was very inimical, our proposal to found an International Council of Nurses was never publicly revealed until it was an accomplished fact.

The report of its foundation is verified in the opening chapter of the "History of the International Council of Nurses, 1899-1925," by Margaret Breay and its Founder, reprinted from the then *Nursing Record*.

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "The Letters of George S. Gordon, 1902-1942."
- "General Smuts." R. H. Kiernan.
- "The Life and Teaching of Sir William Macewen." Dr. A. K. Bowman.
- "The Man Ribbentrop: His Life and Times." Dr. Paul Schwarz.
- "Sir Walter Raleigh." Milton Waldman.
- "Papers of a Pioneer." Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones.

FICTION.

- "The Least of These." Celia Dale.
- "A Little Season." Diana Patrick.
- "Down the Wide Stream." John Paddy Carstairs.
- "Veils." Robert Hichens.
- "The Benefactor." J. D. Beresford.
- "Lady in a Veil." George R. Preedy.
- "Canon Brett." Mary Badger Wilson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "The Corner Doctor." George Wonsou Vandegraft, M.D.
- "25 Years of Soviet Power." Emelyan Yaroslavsky.
- "Trinity College: An Historical Sketch." G. M. Trevelyan.
- "Mother Russia." Maurice Hindus.
- "My Friend Flicka." Mary O'Hara.
- "Battle of the Oceans." Warren Armstrong.
- "Lest We Regret." Douglas Reed.
- "The French Revolution." J. M. Thompson.

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