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## EDITORIAL.

### CHRISTMAS IN VICTORY.

Once upon a time, nearly two thousand years ago, when the deep peace of a quiet night enfolded the little town of Bethlehem of Judea, a tiny Babe was born.

Wondrous events heralded that miraculous Birth. A large and luminous star arose high in the night sky, and awe-struck shepherds were startled in their fields by the exquisite notes of heavenly music, sung by an angelic choir: "Glory to God on high and PEACE on earth to all men of good will," was the theme of their song.

Little lambs stirred drowsily in their sleep, and wide-eyed cattle stared lazily into the skies. "Fear not," commanded the angels to the shepherds, "and go—follow the star." Each with their crook and a young lamb, they quietly obeyed the heavenly visitants, and followed the beckoning star.

We do not know of their midnight journey; whether it took them over rough and dangerous paths, or through sweet and peaceful valleys, but we know that it eventually brought them to a cold and comfortless manger, transformed by the loveliness of its shelterers to the beauty and warmth of a palace.

Their wondering and unbelieving eyes beheld a lovely Baby lying upon the straw, and His beautiful Mother kneeling close by in adoration. A noble and dignified old man stood reverently in the background; and a suffused radiance shed a mystic light around. A cheeky robin hopped boldly on to the straw, and a few stray cattle lay at the back basking in the unearthly warmth.

The shepherds placed their lambs at the foot of the Babe and knelt in awe and reverence. Heavenly music, piercingly sweet, held them spellbound, and we leave them enraptured by the fading strains of: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Venite Adoramus Dominum."

*"Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Venite Adoramus Dominum."*

Down through the fleeting years we move, and we halt on the eve of December 24th, 1945! The agony of a global war is spent. Murders, killings, tortures in camps, and other atrocities have mercifully ceased. Ear-splitting crashes and crumps from exploding shells and bombs no longer fill our nights with fear, dread and hate. Might we, after all our sufferings, hear again the wondrous music of that heavenly night? Will strikes abate and cease? Will the dross and tinsel of worthless personal gain be abandoned to give place to the search for the gold of service and freedom? Are we weary of proffering the "cup of cold water," and anxious to

drain the wine-cups of pleasure ourselves? Not so—for our Nurses with U.N.R.R.A. still hold aloft the flaming torch of charity; they feed the hungry, clothe the naked, rescue the babies and care for the sick. Our Naval Sisters and Q.A.'s, with our Air Force Service Nurses, are now returning from battle-fronts abroad, bringing glowing records of heroism and endurance and work well done.

And we at home? Yes, we too have endured. We have striven to hold together the edifice of professional integrity, and to preserve intact the high calling of our way of life. We are not yet victorious; we have lost much; but with our proud and glorious history, the Nursing Profession need not despair.

And now Christmas—that lovely Feast of Love and Hope—is here again. Melodious carols will be sung throughout the land, and if we listen carefully and quietly, we may even catch the haunting strains of straying angels; then we shall know that all will be well for 1946!

G. M. H.

### THE ANGELS.

What are the Angels like?  
Have mortals seen  
The shadow of their wings about the sky?  
And used those shadows to assist the thoughts  
Which fain would upward fly?

What are the Angels like?  
I cannot tell.  
No vision lifts the dullness of my prayers.  
I only hear the echoes of my house,  
The whisper on the stairs.

What are the Angels like?  
Ah! they can tell,  
Those friends who slip so quietly away,  
Who cross death's threshold on their road from night,  
Who climb from star to star the heaven's height,  
And meet them on the way.

A. M. Morgan.

### TO THE NEW YEAR HAIL.

Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light bringers!  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;  
A glory shines before me  
Of what mankind shall be:  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.  
Ring bells in unrequited steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples!

Whittier.

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