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## EDITORIAL.

### A STORY OF HEROISM

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*Mrs. George Adams.*

"When the *Titanic* took her final plunge the band lined up on deck, playing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

In sudden crises unsuspected depths of heroism are revealed, and to the honour of those on board the ill-fated *Titanic* it is recorded that, "with the knowledge of their deadly peril gaining greater power each moment over those men and women, the nobility of the greater part, both among the cabin passengers, the officers, crew, and steerage, asserted itself."

Of all the stories of heroism told by the survivors, none has more deeply touched the world than that of the ship's band, who, well knowing that their moments were numbered, gathered together playing "Nearer my God to Thee." It sounded the passing bell of many souls besides their own, and who shall say how many stricken souls it comforted, how many last thoughts were directed in their last moments to things Divine, as the sweet familiar melody, with its message of faith and hope, floated over the dark waters in which men and women made a brave struggle for life till the icy hand of death touched them and gave them merciful unconsciousness. No nobler service could have been rendered by men in their last moments than that of the band of the *Titanic*, not only to the dying, but to the forlorn company in the sixteen life boats—all too few for the needs of the

monster liner when calamity overtook her—the boats where "women wept for their lost husbands and sons, and sailors sobbed for the ship which had been their pride, while men choked back their tears and sought to cheer the widowed." As the melody ceased on earth, and the instruments lay inert in hands stiffening in death, did it echo for them in Paradise, in harmonies surpassing all they had ever imagined? Surely the Master's greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant," welcomed those heroes to "the joy of their Lord."

Of the disaster itself it is difficult to write, at present, we are crushed by its magnitude appalled by its horror. The bright lining of the dark cloud is found in the many stories of heroism both of men and women, beginning with the Captain, who when washed off the bridge swam back to his post and died as men and women would wish to die—on duty.

No class of the community will sympathize more keenly with the survivors, and with the widows and orphans of the dead, than the trained nurses of the world, for by reason of their profession, they are able to visualize more accurately than most, the sorrows and suffering the disaster entails, and it is certain that by none will assistance be more willingly rendered, than by nurses both in this country and in the United States of America, if they are able to shew their sympathy in a practical form.

To the relatives of some of those whose graves are in the deep Atlantic it may seem an added grief that they may not lay their loved ones to rest in their native land. Yet no grave is more secure than that is the bed of the deep ocean, where "peaceful stillness reigneth evermore."

"Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,  
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea."

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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)