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EDITORIAL.

FORTITUDE.

Any one passing up Brooke Street, Holborn, last Monday evening would have been immediately aware that something out of the ordinary was afoot. A guard of honour of embryo sailors was formed up outside St. Alban's Church, and expectation was in the air. London's Bishop was coming to preach to the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, and nowhere is he held in greater affection in his diocese than in the poorer neighbourhoods where he is recognized as the true and sympathetic friend of every man, woman and child.

Inside the church there was gathered a great congregation of nurses, who also regard the Bishop as their special friend. The central figure in a service characterized by all the beauty of music and ceremonial which every slum dweller in the neighbourhood has come to recognize as the heritage and right of the poorest member of the Catholic Church, the Bishop justified the faith of the nurses by his comprehension of their special needs, and those of their patients.

With the pathos of the battlefields of France fresh in his memory he gave a message to nerve his hearers for the work before them, not only that they might be strong themselves, but that they might nerve and strengthen their patients, not so much by what they said, but by what they were. Many a wounded man, he said, looked to his nurse for strength of mind as well as for the care of his body.

So the message he gave was a message of unlimited strength: "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." In the midst of overwork they only had to lean back. "Think of that, overtired nurse," said the Bishop. He gave that message on Palm Sunday at the Front at the first service which he took, when the

congregation was composed of airmen who were soon to be over the German lines, with the shrapnel bursting around them; and, even as he spoke, a man was summoned by telephone, and before the service ended he was on duty in the air.

At the present time, some people were asking and wondering, why God permitted this terrible war. The answer to that was that never did the world seem so helpless as on the first Good Friday, but God was only holding back his strength, and on Easter Day He stretched out His arm and Christ arose. Christ died for honour, for freedom, for chivalry, and those who were nursing our wounded could, when so doing, remember that they were the same things for which their patients had fought and suffered.

Speaking of the tragedy of the war and of the deaths of so many brave men full of youth and strength, the Bishop said that it was a mistake to look on death as a great calamity. We had invented a cold, ghost-like life on the other side. Had we really so little faith or imagination? If life on this side of the veil held so many good things, why should we imagine that they were limited to this life? When a star shot into the spiritual world it was perfectly certain that it was in an environment in which development could best take place.

The Bishop said that he had been much criticised as to what he had said about Zeppelins. What he had said was, that it was a good thing to have a little danger in London. It would prove our mettle to bear danger unmoved. He emphasized the need for fortitude. He had, he said, had that word written over Fulham in letters of gold:

The result of a life of prayer and fortitude would be peace, the peace of God which passes all understanding—and hope, enabling men and women to strongly live and bravely die.

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