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In Memoriam

**W**HILST others slept, with angels guarding them,  
He, Who Himself "keeps watch with those that wake,"  
Came to the cell, where Edith waited Him.  
"Fear not," said He, "them who thy body kill  
And after, have no more that they can do."  
Then by that Blessed Food, which is Himself,  
His own high Courage did to her impart,  
And ever and anon, when spirit quailed,  
He blessed her with the blessings of the poor  
Whom oft her tender hands had comforted.  
"Blest one! In them thou did'st it unto Me,  
For this, thy Passing I will share with thee."  
Then, on that Via Dolorosa short,  
Hand clasped in hand, Master and servant fared.  
"Come close, nay closer still, and trust in Me,  
Mark well My steps, I went this way before."  
"Dear Lord, I thought my eyes were bound and blind,  
But I can see a wondrous, glorious light;  
Why is this prison yard all rose-bedecked?  
What means this tender pressure on my brow?"  
"My child, it is My gift, thy Martyr's Crown,  
Lie down—Hold tight My Piercéd Hand.

Well done!"

HENRIETTA J. HAWKINS,  
*National Council of Trained Nurses of  
Great Britain and Ireland.*

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)