

# THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
THE NURSING RECORD

EDITED BY MRS BEDFORD FENWICK

No. 1,440

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

Vol. LV.

## "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

A morning of clear shining after rain—Nature in harmony with the purpose which inspired British people from far and near on Friday, October 29th, to share, if they might, in the service arranged to commemorate Edith Cavell—the trained nurse who had fearlessly done her duty, as she understood it, faithful unto death—and if not, then to honour her memory by assembling in thousands outside the Metropolitan Cathedral; on which, raised aloft and pointing skyward, touched with sunlight, gleamed the great golden cross, while within the congregation made their thanksgiving for her life, and prayed in the matchless Liturgy of the saintly St. Chrysostom, the heritage of the faithful through the ages, from the days of the undivided Church, "Give rest, O Christ, to Thy servant with the saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting."

Long before the doors of the Cathedral were opened, St. Paul's Churchyard was filled with an orderly crowd, and on the stroke of ten they surged in and quietly took their places, till within a few minutes not a seat open to the public remained vacant.

Through the kindness of the Dean of St. Paul's, 600 seats under the Dome were allotted to the members of the nursing profession, and these had been thoughtfully numbered, as nurses have little time to spare from duty, and this arrangement enabled them to be sure of their places.

Quite rightly, in these times, the front seats were filled by members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service and its Reserve, and the Territorial Force Nursing Service, who came up from all parts of the country, their grey and scarlet uniforms giving a note of colour to the congregation, which, except for the scarlet robes of state of the Lord Mayor and the members of his procession, the khaki of the band of the 1st Life Guards, and the diverse uniforms of the nurses, was for the most part in mourning.

From St. Bartholomew's, the great City hospital so closely associated with St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Thomas', Guy's, the London, King's, Charing Cross, St. George's, St. Mary's, Westminster, University, the Royal Free, Middlesex and other hospitals, Matrons, Sisters, and Nurses came. The Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute was represented by the General Superintendent, and others of a fine type, whose professional appearance always commands respect; near by were the President and representatives of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, the Superintendent of the London County Council School Nurses—the one great public nursing service in the City of London. Matrons from Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals, members of the Registered Nurses' Society, the Nurses' Co-operation, and St. John House, were also amongst those present, while from Overseas the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and South African Military Nursing Services were represented.

Other reserved seats were filled by a distinguished company. The representatives of the King and Queen, the Prime Minister, and other members of the Government, and Members of Parliament, Army officials, and others were present, and in the Choir, observed by few, was Queen Alexandra, who ever closely identifies herself with the nation's sorrows and joys.

Although the greater part of the congregation were in their places nearly two hours before that appointed for the service, the time passed quickly. The band of the 1st Life Guards from time to time played exquisitely, Verdi's *Joan of Arc*, and Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*, heart-piercing and melodious, being amongst the music chosen, which lifted the minds of the waiting people into heavenly places.

On the stroke of twelve, the procession of clergy, including the Bishop of London, entered the choir, and softly the sweet notes of "Abide with me" floated through the Cathedral, carrying the thoughts of those present almost too poignantly to the prison cell in Brussels, where a British Chaplain repeated the hymn, which has so often comforted and strengthened the

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