

dying, to a condemned woman, who joined softly in the last words.

As the flute-like voices of one of the finest choirs in Christendom joining in the triumphant crescendo, "Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me," soared upwards in the great Dome, surely the voices of celestial choirs took up the strain, so that it re-echoed through the courts of Heaven, till the refrain sung by the heavenly voices was heard on earth, as the concluding notes died away.

The Psalms chosen seemed singularly appropriate; the "De Profundis" with its confident

and the service ended on a note that was almost triumphal.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

The Benediction was given by the Bishop, and then a hush fell on the great congregation, and for a space there was silence, before it rose



By courtesy of the "Daily Mail."

TERRITORIAL FORCE NURSING SISTERS WAITING TO ENTER ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

faith, "My soul fleeth unto the Lord, before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch," and the twenty-third, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."

After the Lesson the whole congregation rose while the Dead March in Saul, never heard to such advantage as in St. Paul's, reverberated through the Cathedral, at first with the majestic roll of drums, a wailing dirge, and ending as a pæan of praise.

The Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, sung to the haunting music of the Kieff chant, sweet and piercing, penetrated to the furthest limits of the great building. Then followed the prayers,

once more, to sing with heart and voice "God save the King."

Beyond the veil—that veil which at times seems so impenetrable, and just now so transparent, so often is it drawn aside as brave men and women pass through—there is, we believe, granted to our Sister that rest of which we know, from her own lips, she had little during a strenuous life. As she made the weeks of her imprisonment a time of retreat, so, in the Paradise of God, will she learn more perfectly to do His will.

"Eternal Rest grant her, O Lord,
And let light perpetual shine upon her."
M. B.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)