

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SISTER CAVELL.

It was as Sister Cavell I knew her—the title comes readier to my mind than any other—and, amongst all the members of our fraternity one in the course of work must of necessity meet, she stands out in my memory, the ideal Sister.

It was in 1901, as one of sixty probationer-nurses, I, in common with the rest, was interested in the coming of two new Night Sisters, one of whom was Sister Cavell, whose name during the past fortnight has become familiar in every country in the world.

When coming on duty the first time she ran the gauntlet of a good many pairs of eyes, and only a heightened flush showed she was not altogether injured to new experiences.

I see her yet; slightly built, of average height, neat and trim in appearance, her brown hair tidily tucked away under the Sister Dora cap, beneath which the eyes looked out with a clear, steady gaze, betokening a quiet determination which should carry her far. She had a sweet, kind face, which at once inspired confidence. She did not look strong, and this, combined with her sensitive features, made one feel one would like to shield her from all unpleasant things.

After a lapse of fourteen years, which in a busy nurse's life is full of incident, the happenings of so long ago have faded from the mind, and only generalities stand out, but the memories that remain are altogether pleasant, and life is richer for them.

Probationer-nurses—like other people in the initial stage of knowledge, who have yet to buy life's experience—are apt to discuss and criticise their superiors, and calmly settle matters of discipline, ward-management, diagnosis, and treatment which puzzle much wiser heads; but I never heard Sister Cavell adversely discussed. Somehow she did not give anyone the opportunity; she lived on too high a level, and was so conscientious in all the details of her life and work that one could only admire and wish to emulate. Hers was no assumed interest; she always remembered anything we told her about our patients, and was ever ready with helpful suggestions for their comfort. To the nurses she was a true friend; in her manner there was just that touch of aloofness which perhaps in the interest of discipline is advisable; but withal she was very approachable, and so ready and able to give us information about anything we wanted to know.

We all thought her very clever; she had the gift of imparting knowledge, and in my probationer days was the only Sister who lectured to the nurses. She gave up a good deal of what would have been her leisure to help the senior probationers in their preparation for examination. I have still by me some test papers which Sister Cavell gave me to answer, and which, after examining, she initialled and returned with some added notes of her own.

These are a few recollections, imperfectly given, of a sweet, lovable woman, who did life's work actuated by the highest motives, and who in her lifetime was unknown outside her immediate circle. Yet in that life she accomplished much, for I am sure many, like myself, feel they owe a very great deal to her quiet influence, and have always remembered her with much affection and respect.

By her death she has become an inspiration to the world, and has led and will yet lead many to a higher level by way of service, suffering and sacrifice, the path she herself so heroically trod.

MARY CAROLINE DAY.

FRENCH NURSES HONOUR SISTER CAVELL.

CHÈRE MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK.—L'École des Infirmières de l'Assistance Publique est encore sous la cruelle impression du martyre de Miss Cavell, et je viens vous prier de transmettre à toutes les Nurses d'Angleterre l'expression de ses très douloureuses sympathies.

L'admirable souvenir de Miss Cavell restera à jamais gravé dans le cœur de chaque Elève, et l'exemple de ses nobles qualités viendra fortifier les résolutions, les efforts et la volonté de chacune.

Pour manifester publiquement son admiration et vivre plus étroitement encore avec la mémoire de Miss Cavell, l'École demande que l'Amphithéâtre des Cours où les Elèves se réunissent journellement, porte le nom glorieux de la martyre, nom qui symbolisera à tout jamais pour les générations futures de l'École toutes les vertus de l'Infirmière.

Nos plus sympathiques condoléances se joignent à notre admiration et vont vers la mère qui pleure l'héroïque Miss Cavell.

Je vous remets sous ce pli la note parue dans la presse française, et vous remercie de vouloir bien être notre interprète auprès de toutes nos vaillantes sœurs d'Angleterre, en cette triste circonstance.

Je garde le meilleur souvenir de votre dernière visite, et vous prie de croire, chère Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, à ma respectueuse sympathie.

C. CLÉMENCE,

École des Infirmières *Surveillante Générale*
de l'Assistance Publique, Paris.

The following is a translation of the notice which has appeared in the French papers, and which Mlle. Clémence asks us to translate:—

"The pupils of the Nursing School of the *Assistance Publique*, in Paris, associate themselves with the universal indignation called forth by the assassination of their sister, Miss Edith Cavell, and offer to their English colleagues their sorrowful sympathy for the martyrdom of the most courageous, the purest, and the most noble victim of Prussian cruelty.

"In order to honour her memory for ever, they ask that the great Lecture Amphitheatre of the School of the Salpêtrière shall henceforth bear the name of 'Edith Cavell.'"

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