

A LAST MESSAGE FROM EDITH CAVELL.

The following "Message," written the night before her execution by Edith Cavell, was addressed to her Belgian nurses. It was translated from the French and sent by Miss Van der Hoek, a Dutch nurse, who had been one of her pupils, and printed in the *Alumnæ News*, the organ of the New York Hospital Nurses' Association, and reaches the European nursing world as a reprint in the *American Journal of Nursing* by special request.

MY DEAR NURSES: I am writing to you in this sad hour to bid you farewell. You remember that the 17th of September brought to an end my eight years as directress of the Training School. I have been extremely happy to be called to aid in the direction of the work which our committee has founded. On October 1st, 1907, there were only four young pupils. You are now already quite numerous, I believe fifty including those who graduated. I have told you on different occasions about the difficulties attending our start, even in such details as the choice of words to communicate the hours of service, off duty, &c. All these conditions were new to the profession in Belgium. Little by little one service after another was established; graduate nurses to do private nursing, pupil nurses were assigned to the Hospital of St. Giles, also the Institute of Dr. Depage, the Institute of Beysinghen, the Clinic of Dr. Mayer, and at present, many are being called, as you all will likely be later, to take care of the brave soldiers wounded in the war. During the past year our work has diminished, owing to the sad experience we are having, but in happier days to come our duties will increase with new vigour, and with beneficial results.

If I speak concerning the past it is because it is sometimes wise to look behind on the road we have travelled, and to take account of our errors as well as our progress. In your beautiful Institute you will have a greater number of patients and also all you will need both for their comfort and your own. To my great regret, I have not always had an opportunity to confer with you in person. You know what a burden I carry.

I hope you will never forget our evening talks. I told you that your devotion would bring true happiness, and that the thought that you have done your duty before God and your own conscience will be your greatest support in the trying periods of life, and in the face of death.

Two or three of you will remember our little intimate talks. Do not forget them. Having arrived at mature age, I have perhaps been able to see more clearly than you, and point out the straight path.

One word more. Beware of uncharitable speech. Can I say—loving your country as I do—that it is your greatest weakness? I have seen many

unfortunate occurrences in these years that might have been avoided or lessened if certain little insinuations had not been expressed, oftentimes doubtless without any evil intention, but resulting in ruined reputation, happiness, perhaps even the life of some one. My nurses should remember this fact, and try to cultivate loyalty and esprit de corps.

Should any of you have a grievance against me, I pray for your pardon. I may sometimes have been too severe, but never voluntarily unjust, and I have loved you all, much more than you realise.

My good wishes for the happiness of all my young girls, those who have graduated as well as those who are still in the Institution, and thank you for all the kindness you have always shown me.

Your devoted Directress,

E. CAVELL.

October 11th, 1915.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

The King and Queen spent Friday afternoon in last week in visiting the wards of the Bethnal Green Military Hospital and talking with the patients under treatment there. The visit was quite informal, and was not generally expected, but by the time Their Majesties left a crowd had collected near the exit, and the King and Queen were cheered as they took their departure. The Royal visitors spoke approvingly of the general arrangements of the hospital, which have been very well organised and where the result of good discipline is apparent. The patients, on their part, greatly appreciated the visit, and the many evidences connected with it of the kindness and sympathy of Their Majesties.

Friday, April 13th, is to be Mesopotamia Day. On that day collections will be made throughout London in aid of the fund for supplying comforts to the British troops with the victorious army of the Tigris and Baghdad. Several emblems appropriate to the occasion will be sold in the streets. The badges given to donors will include myrtle leaves, emblematic of Baghdad, medallions in metal, brooches with Arab designs, and a small badge in colours, depicting an oasis in the desert. At present the chief need of the organiser, Miss Stella Maude, is a large number of sellers for these things; 5,000 are wanted, and they should enrol at once at 26, Regent Street, for selling emblems on Mesopotamia Day. The discomforts cheerfully endured by the troops must be experienced to be realised and everything which adds to their well-being should be forthcoming in abundance. Patent trouser buttons, body belts, braces, boot-laces, and socks and shirts can all be set down as the most absolute necessities. In the food section there are such things as cocoa, coffee, meat extract, sauce, tinned bacon, ham and tongues, sweets, condensed milk, cakes and chocolates.

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