

British nurses are trained had been established in Paris and through the Vicomtesse de la Panouse, the President of the British Branch of the Croix Rouge Francaise, had sent the following message: "The Edith Cavell Hospital School, commemorating the second anniversary of the death of the heroine, begs you to express to her family and to the British Red Cross their profound sympathy."

That was the message from our great Ally and neighbour which had founded a School of Nursing named after an English nurse.

English nurses are familiar with the main facts of the arrest, trial, condemnation, and execution of Edith Cavell, but they gained an added poignancy when vividly narrated by the chivalrous Belgian gentleman so intimately associated with those dramatic hours and who, in the short time that intervened between the admission of the German authorities, that the death sentence had been pronounced, and its fulfilment, strained every nerve to obtain its remission regardless of the possible consequences to himself of such championship.

M. de Leval said that when we think of war we think only of the soldiers risking their lives. He would not say a single word to take away their halo, but when he thought of the splendid work of nurses, he remembered them as having in their hearts exactly the same courage that the soldier shows. They had proved also that they could die as a soldier can die.

Almost all her life Miss Cavell had done nothing else but care for others, her execution was a stain on the German name which nothing would ever efface. M. de Leval told how she came over to Belgium in 1906, and there, in the nursing home founded by Dr. Depage, taught young Belgian girls the art of nursing. To-day, in that home, in Brussels, there was a niche waiting for a statue of Nurse Cavell when the war was over.

Miss Cavell knew Belgium well. She had seen the streams of soldiers flocking to the stations, had seen the little army never hesitating for a moment to take up arms against a great military power, whose soldiers for two days and nights had streamed through Brussels, while the poor Belgians looked on silent. She had seen the refugees—children half dead, poor old men and women starving with nowhere to go, women who had perhaps left their husbands behind them dead. Edith Cavell had seen all that. Her heart was bleeding, and she asked herself what can I do to save these poor people—other people—from suffering? How could a woman with her splendid qualities not do what she did? She gave help and shelter and money to English and Belgian soldiers. She was no spy. She belonged to no organisation, but Belgian people who knew her good heart directed those in trouble to her.

One day a Polish man disguised as an English or Belgian soldier asked her help. Miss Cavell had immense qualities, but she was not a detective. She replied at once that he was perfectly safe, that

she would give him shelter and money. After that the police came. A few of those she had helped gave her timely warning, but with 37 other men and women she was arrested and cross-examined. A lawyer would have warned her that she was not obliged to answer, but she had no legal adviser, and she was a good woman, a Puritan woman, and when accused of helping soldiers she replied, "Yes, surely I did. How would you expect me to do otherwise?" "Why did you do it?" "I knew that you had shot Englishmen. You can't expect an Englishwoman—an English nurse—to hand over to you men you are going to shoot."

But harbouring refugees was not a capital offence and the Germans, who knew she was a good woman and who wanted an English victim, laid traps for her. They said, "These men would not thank you for what you did, they are ungrateful," and Miss Cavell replied, "You must not say they are unthankful. English soldiers are very thankful. They have written to me from England thanking me." That signed her death warrant.

"I pray you to believe," said M. de Leval, "that most of the information obtained by the German authorities was obtained from one of the accused who spoke in her dreams. They mesmerised her and obtained from her what they wanted to know. Of course, they could not rely in court on such proof, but they found out where to go for the information they wanted."

Miss Cavell was not guilty of the "crime" of which she was accused, *i.e.*, of "conducting soldiers to the enemy." She nursed, fed, clothed them and gave them money, but she did not "conduct" them. Legally and technically she should not have been sentenced, and the Germans themselves gave the best proof of this, for they made a new law providing that those who nursed, fed and helped soldiers would be sentenced to death for treason.

The representatives of the American Legation pointed out to Baron von Lancken how Miss Cavell had nursed a large number of German soldiers at the beginning of the war. They urged, too, what the Americans had done for Germany, but no Germans, he said, were thankful for anything, and he was obdurate.

Miss Cavell did not faint at the last. She was not the woman to faint. She stood erect to meet her fate and died at 7 o'clock on the morning of October 12th.

Before she died she wrote a cheque for her mother, and enclosed it "with love to my mother. E. Cavell."

WEDDING BELLS.

On October 11th at St. Paul's Church, Winchmore Hill, Miss L. A. Morgan, Matron of the Northern Hospital, was married to the Rev. D. D. F. Macdonald, M.A., of Swinton, Berwickshire.

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