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## EDITORIAL.

### THE CITY OF HOLY MEMORIES.

In the history of the world certain places have always been regarded as sacred because they enshrine certain objects, or are connected with events which command the reverence of humanity. Of all of these, reverence, romance, adoration, affection, centre pre-eminently round Jerusalem, and a thrill of joy—joy which the shadow of war cannot damp, but rather accentuates—throbs through Christendom that after centuries of Ottoman misrule and oppression a British Army has had the honour of securing its liberation, and a British General, standing at the base of the Tower of David in Mount Zion, in the presence of Italian, French and Russian Attachés and members of the General Staff proclaimed its charter of liberty.

Not only the British Empire whose traditions he has so splendidly upheld, but the Faithful throughout the world will be grateful to Sir William Allenby for the manner of his entry into the Holy City. At the moment of his supreme triumph the Commander-in-Chief entered the City, without blare of trumpets, or personal honour, on his right the Commander of the French, on his left the Commander of the Italian Detachment.

He was received outside the Jaffa Gate by the Military Governor, and a guard of honour, on the right composed of men from English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh counties, and opposite them, on foot, men representing the Australian and New Zealand horsemen, who throughout the period of the war have been serving in the Sinai Peninsula and Palestine, and so with modesty, simplicity and dignity he passed on foot inside the gate, where were gathered representatives of the French and Italian troops.

Did the inhabitants, whose welcome was real and sincere, think of the entry of the Kaiser twenty years ago, through a breach made in the walls near that self-same gate, that he might enter the city in pomp, mounted on a white charger and enveloped in a white mantle. The victorious entry by General Allenby of the city which the World's Redeemer entered "meek and sitting upon an ass," was on foot. Thus he associated himself with the noble army of those who, throughout the centuries which have elapsed since then, have approached it in a spirit of humble devotion.

The Emperor Constantine and his mother, Helena, built shelters by the way for strangers and pilgrims, and the Empress Helena, herself the first woman to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, built her church within its walls. Paula also, as a result of her pilgrimage, built a series of hospitals that "no one need suffer for lack of shelter on the road where Mary the mother of Christ had no refuge but a stable," and Baldwin of Flanders, to mention but one other, refused to wear a crown of gold in the place where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns.

Once again the City of holy memories is in Christian hands. Is it fanciful to think that an invisible host from the noble army of martyrs, who lavishly gave health, wealth and life in the days of the Crusades, to rescue it from the control of the Infidel, looked on as Sir William Allenby proclaimed the day of its redemption?

Associated, and especially just now, with Jerusalem, in our minds is the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, and, with the Wise Men, at this Holy Season we go in thought even unto Bethlehem—

Lo at the Manger Throne we bend  
We worship and adore;  
And feel no bliss can ours transcend  
No rapture keen before.

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