

## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR NURSES AT ST. PAUL'S.

### "WE SALUTE YOU."

Those who attended the Memorial Service at St. Paul's on April 10th for the 350 nurses included in the Roll of Honour of those who have fallen in the war, will not soon forget its stately simplicity. Long before the appointed hour the Cathedral was crowded with nurses, between 4,000 and 5,000 having foregathered; conspicuous amongst the uniforms were those of Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval and Imperial Military Nursing Services and their Reserves, the Territorial Force Nursing Service, the Canadian, South African, Australian, and New Zealand Nursing Services, and the dark blue uniform of the American nurses. Noticeable under the Dome directing the nurses to their seats were the Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S., and Miss M. C. Macdonald, Matron-in-Chief of the Canadian Contingents.

Under the direction of Major J. Mackenzie-Rogan, M.V.O., the band of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, in full uniform, played, while the great congregation was assembling, Arthur Somervell's Elegy, "Killed in Action," Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's Overture, "In Memoriam."

At 2.15 the Cathedral clergy proceeded to the west door, where they received Queen Alexandra, President of the Imperial Nursing Services, and Princess Victoria, and other members of the Royal Family.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state.

Ambassadors, High Commissioners, Agents-General, and Foreign Ministers, and many other representative persons were also present.

The first hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was accompanied by the Coldstream Guards, and the simple service included the beautiful lesson from the Book of Wisdom beginning, "But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God," read by Canon Newbolt, and the prayer, "We commend to Thy loving kindness the souls of all the Nurses who have given their lives for their country: Accept, O Lord, the offering of their self-sacrifice, and grant to them with all Thy faithful servants a place of refreshment and peace, where the light of Thy countenance shines for ever, and where all tears are wiped away."

The hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save," was poignant with memories of the 50 nurses drowned through the malice of a foe who spares neither women nor wounded.

### NOT ONE OF THEM IS FORGOTTEN BEFORE GOD.

The Archdeacon of London, the Ven. E. E. Holmes, B.D., took as his text St. Luke vi. 12, "Not one of them is forgotten before God." Those 70 Nurses of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, the four heroic women of the Royal Naval Nursing Service, worthy nurses of a Sea King's daughter, those eight with their Matron on the *Glenart Castle*, the Nurses of the Territorial Force Nursing Service, of the Overseas Military Nursing Services, of the Red Cross, the White Cross, and the 183 V.A.D.'s, stormed at by shot and shell, bombed from above, and torpedoed from below, not one of them was forgotten before God, and their names were written in the Golden Obituary of the Nation. Each had her own personal life, each was known by one or more of the thousands of nurses assembled in the Cathedral, each was remembered in some English home, in some English school. Each as she had dropped in her place had cried like the legendary lover, "Forget me not," and to each by spiritual telepathy would flit up the message that not one of them would be forgotten. It was well that the Empire's Nurses, from all parts of the Colonies and Dominions, should meet in what had been called the parish church of the British Empire to remember their dead before England's great high altar, the altar where was offered the One Great Sacrifice, and in the crypt of which was a memorial to Florence Nightingale, the first woman, and the first nurse, to have a memorial in St. Paul's. It was well to come to make an act of thanksgiving for those who had won the right to die, because they had done their duty unto death.

And if we had a message to send to them, they also had one for us, "Fill up the ranks. Carry on." "You would not, said the Archdeacon, wish me to punish you with praise, or to insult you with flattery. I am not going to call you ministering angels. You are women, far higher than the angels, some of whom have made mistakes, some of whom may have lowered the lofty ideals of a noble profession, women full of excitement, and of the reaction from excitement, but, as a body, grand women, women who have taught us what women can be, what God means them to be. You have had your chance," he continued, "and you have taken it"—women who would be remembered with the soldiers in a never-to-be-forgotten page of English history, women who

"Tend the men, mend the men, help them  
to Carry on."

Women and nurses who at least have shamed that she-devil—neither nurse nor woman—who

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