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EDITORIAL.

A GREAT ENGLISHWOMAN.

She was more than a nurse. She was a symbol of sacrifice, of duty to the last.

—M. GASTON DE LEVAL.

The service in Westminster Abbey on May 15th, when the mortal remains of Edith Cavell were borne with pride on the shoulders of comrades of the men she died to save, while Royalty, statesmen, public men, and members of her own profession, including Belgian nurses, assembled to do her honour, was not only a beautiful religious ceremony, but the verdict of history on a great Englishwoman.

As she lay on the catafalque under the glorious lantern, the coffin hidden by the folds of the British flag, on which lay a cross of white and red carnations and arum lilies, sent by Queen Alexandra, and surrounded by the tall lighted tapers—symbol of immortality—we realised that the universal homage paid to Edith Cavell was accorded her because, in quiet, uneventful days her character had taken deep root, and been developed, in honour, patriotism, and faith, and when the test came she exhibited qualities which, for all time, have placed her amongst the great ones of the earth.

In the full realization of the risk she was running she gave shelter and help to British and Belgian soldiers, believing that death was the alternative for them, and willing, if need be, to give her life for theirs. When this penalty was demanded of her she made no complaint, but met death unflinchingly, and it is because she showed to the world that an Englishwoman knows how to die, with dignity and courage, when subjected to the most ruthless sentence ever passed by an implacable foe, that wherever her name is spoken it is honoured and revered.

It was fitting, therefore, that before being

laid to rest in "Life's Green," a quaint little plot under the shadow of Norwich Cathedral, where fragrant English flowers may bloom upon her grave, her body should rest for a while before the altar of the Abbey where Kings and Queens have been crowned, and where many of the Empire's greatest dead are laid, while lovely music, and the consoling words of the burial service, and of the lesson read by the Dean (who, with the other officiating clergy, was vested in a cope of black velvet richly embroidered), found echo in many a heart.

Most poignant were the words of the concluding hymn, "Abide with me," and vivid was the remembrance of the nurse waiting her doom, sitting in her cell in the prison of St. Jules, and quietly repeating:—

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

"Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies:

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

There was no one to observe the pious Christian custom, and hold the emblem of salvation before the eyes of the dying woman, even had they not been already bandaged by her executioners, but who shall doubt that to her inner vision the Cross shone through the gloom and pointed to the skies as Edith Cavell laid down the burden of life on earth?

The service concluded with the Dead March in "Saul," the "Last Post," penetrating with piercing sweetness to the furthest recesses of the Abbey, and the Reveillé sounded by the buglers. Then down the nave they bore her once more, while the great congregation stood in reverent silence, and wounded soldiers in

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