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EDITORIAL.

REVERENT REMEMBRANCE OF THE GLORIOUS DEAD.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old.

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON in the *Times*.

The message issued by the King "To All My People," inviting them to join in a special celebration of the first anniversary of the cessation of war, met with universal response, for His Majesty's invitation was the outcome of his knowledge of the desires of his subjects, gained by himself and the Queen through their close and sympathetic identification with the sorrows of the nation during the years of agony of the Great War.

THE KING'S MESSAGE. TO ALL MY PEOPLE.

Tuesday next, November 11th, is the first anniversary of the Armistice, which stayed the world-wide carnage of the four preceding years, and marked the victory of Right and Freedom. I believe that My people in every part of the Empire fervently wish to perpetuate the memory of that Great Deliverance and of those who laid down their lives to achieve it.

To afford an opportunity for the universal expression of this feeling it is my desire and hope that at the hour when the Armistice came into force, the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, there may be, for the brief space of two minutes, a complete suspension of all our normal activities. During that time, except in the rare cases where this

may be impracticable, all work, all sound, and all locomotion should cease, so that, in perfect stillness, the thoughts of everyone may be concentrated on reverent remembrance of the Glorious Dead.

No elaborate organisation appears to be necessary. At a given signal, which can be easily arranged to suit the circumstances of each locality, I believe that we shall all gladly interrupt our business and pleasure, whatever it may be, and unite in this simple service of Silence and Remembrance.

GEORGE, R.I.

Throughout the kingdom, and in many instances to the far-flung bounds of Empire the King's wish was observed. In London, where services were held at St. Paul's Cathedral and in many other Churches, a great silence fell as the message of the maroons was hushed, traffic stopped, trains came to a standstill, hands to the salute, while thoughts were concentrated on reverent remembrance of the Glorious Dead.

For the dominant note of the simple services which followed the Silence was one of proud thanksgiving for the splendour of the lives so freely offered for the Empire, and the exultation found expression in psalms and hymns of praise, concluding with the National Anthem.

To the laurel-crowned Cenotaph in Whitehall, over which was laid the Flag which the heroic dead had defended with their lives, tens of thousands converged. In the place of honour was the wreath of laurels and yellow immortelles, tied with a broad crimson ribbon, bearing in the King's handwriting the inscription:

"In Memory of the Glorious Dead."—From
the King and Queen. Nov. 11, 1919.

Piled high around were gifts of distinguished statesmen, sailors, soldiers, civilians, nurses, kinsmen, friends, and little children—tokens of honour, gratitude and affection "In Remembrance."

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