

never been born. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise."

As we listened we thought of all the noble men and women upon whose work and example the traditions of the Nursing Profession of to-day have been built up. Not to go back further than the Christian Era, of the Deaconesses of the Early Church, typified by Phœbe of Cenchræa, of whom St. Paul said that she was "a succourer of many and of myself also." Of the Military Nursing Orders of the Middle Ages, of which we still have in this country the direct descendant in the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, located at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; of the Religious Orders, such as the Augustinians, who nursed the patients of St. Bartholomew's Hospital until the dissolution of the Religious Houses by Henry VIII; and to come nearer to our own times, of Friedrike Fliedner, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Agnes Jones, Isla Stewart, Isabel Hampton Robb, Edith Cavell, who have "left a name behind them that their praises might be reported," and of countless others, faithful servants of the sick, "which have no memorial," but who held aloft the torch of high traditions which have been handed down to our own times.

Then came the hymn, "Praise my Soul the King of Heaven, To His feet thy tribute bring," with the exultant refrain at the end of each verse,

Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,
Praise the Everlasting King.

THE ADDRESS.

Mr. Robinson, who was in sympathetic touch with his congregation, said that in the course of his ministerial duties he had worked for a time in a large London Infirmary, and he considered it one of the greatest privileges of his life to have been allowed to learn something of the difficulties, the joys, and the opportunities which presented themselves to nurses in their service of humanity and of Christ.

Now the State had recognised that great service by raising Nursing to the status of a profession, and it was that fact which had called those present together, in this Service of Thanksgiving. The Nation had recognised the value of the wonderful and faithful service which nurses had rendered for so many years. Recently he had been reading "A History of Nursing," from which he had learnt a great deal. Even outsiders knew what an enormous change for the better had taken place in the nursing world since Dickens had drawn a picture of the nurse of his day in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Such an improvement and advance could only be attributed to the working of the Spirit of God, and that advance had now been recognised by the State.

In the diverse work of nurses there were great opportunities in all directions. The preacher referred to the work of nurses during the war, and the courage shown not only by those on active service but at home, instancing the work of district nurses in some parts of London. During

the air-raids, they bravely carried on, visiting their patients, when necessary, in spite of the personal dangers they incurred.

A CALL TO RE-DEDICATION.

The public recognition now made should be not only for the purpose of giving thanks, but also a call to re-dedication. Fresh opportunities entailed fresh responsibility, and those who served the sick should bind themselves extraordinarily closely to the service of God.

In the story of our Lord's treatment of the leper, nurses had an indication of the way in which their work should be done. "Jesus moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him." The touch of compassion should always be associated with professional skill. We must learn how to deal with humanity, remembering always the nobility of the person as he or she might have been. If we asked ourselves what it was God saw in that person, we should be moved with compassion, with the enthusiasm of humanity.

Let each one go forth offering the highest possible thanks, of service done to the persons of the sick as the service of Christ. Let it be the aspiration of each to render still higher service in the future than in the past, to see in each sick person to whom she ministers—Christ, and so to act that her patients may see Christ in her.

Then followed that great Christian hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving, "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and Special and General Thanksgivings.

SPECIAL THANKSGIVINGS.

For the recognition by the Nation—in the passing of the Acts for the Registration of Nurses for the Sick—of the necessity and nobility of their service.

For all the earnest work of many kinds, and continuing through many years, which has produced this result.

For the lives of all those faithful workers in and for the Nursing Profession who have passed to their rest before this event was brought about.

Here were specially remembered by name—

Isla Stewart,
Louisa Stevenson,
Victor Horsley and
Daisy Robins.

For all who have been steadfast in face of trial and disappointment.

For all who have had clear and constant vision.

For all selfless work for the community.

For all faithful service of every kind.

The lovely hymn, "At even ere the sun was set," tranquilising and uplifting, was sung while the offertory was collected by trained nurses. The Benediction ended with Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen" gradually rising in volume and dying away to a whisper, and the service concluded on a note of triumph with the hymn—

Now thank we all our God.

Then followed a verse of the National Anthem. As we "came down from the mountain" and passed out into the work-a-day world, one and all felt that it had been "good for us to be here."

It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God. M. B.

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