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EDITORIAL.

"THE MAN WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR."

Those who were privileged to witness the spectacle of the home coming of the "Unknown Warrior" on the Feast of St. Martin the soldier-saint, will cherish its recollection so long as life shall last.

A truly moving and majestic scene, it reflected immense credit on those whose inspired imagination conceived and carried it out.

The procession of that simple coffin containing the body, not of a warrior, but of *the* warrior—the representative of the million others who made the great sacrifice—covered with the glorious flag of Ypres, crowned with a tin hat, and his Sovereign's sword—flanked by great men whose names make history, preceded by the bands of four regiments, followed by his King as chief mourner, and royal princes, by representatives of the three services—can never be outdone in the pages of history, past or future.

Above the wail of the pipes and the roll of the drums, one heard again in imagination the haunting air of "When the boys come home," and the vision arose of brave lads as they marched whistling to their death. One of them! To the women who thronged the windows of Whitehall—women dressed in mourning, with pictured boyish faces on their breasts—the wives and mothers of the fallen—the boy of each one had come home in the person of the "Unknown." One of them! Which one?

Sublime was the scene within the Abbey after the funeral ceremonies were completed.

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

In the ancient church of our heritage, saturated with memories of the past, among the great ones of the earth, rests this weary body, his resting place covered with the gorgeous silken pall belonging to the Abbey, surmounted by the still more gorgeous flag of Ypres, which had veiled so many tortured bodies on the way to the grave—crowned by the simple laurel wreath, "the King's Tribute." At the foot lies another chaplet, culled from the neighbourhood of the battlefield.

Four tall funeral tapers flicker round the bier, and at the head stands the Cross, typifying that sacrifice by virtue of which all human sacrifices are accepted in the Beloved. Tread softly round this honoured bier. Do homage on bended knee to the glorious dead. 'Twas for you he laid down his life. Greater love hath no man than this.

Sweetly through the solemn stillness steals the notes of the organ playing softly—"Jesu Lover of my Soul." Its pathos catches at the heart. What are the words that haunt our memory as we turn for a last lingering look? "Rest after toil. After pain, ease.

Port after stormy seas, doth greatly please."

Surely it is good for us to be here, by the grave of this simple great man and compare the poverty of our offering with his, yet we must pass out through the peaceful cloister into the feverish selfish world beyond.

Women staring absorbed into shop windows seem curiously remote; the man blinded in the trenches, selling postcards in the pouring rain—an outrage on decency.

Weep not for the glorious dead, for they rest from their labours and their deeds follow after them; but weep sore for the ingratitude of a nation that seems to have forgotten its debt, and has added to so many wounded bodies the bitterness of a wounded spirit.

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