

Sir Francis Davies, in unveiling the memorial, said this nurses' Memorial was peculiar, because it was not put up to the fighting forces. It was put up to those wearers of that red and grey uniform which all soldiers knew and loved so well. These ladies had not earned their crown in the day of battle. They earned it in the patient discharge of their duty—some actually killed by the enemy's action, unresisting victims of the malice of our foes. It was only fit and proper that, as representing the Army in Scotland, he should pay tribute to the service these nurses had rendered to the Army, they and their comrades. The Army knew, and would never forget, what the Nursing Service meant to it. They all knew what it was even in peace to have the attentions of a skilled nurse; but only those who had been in a hospital on active service could know what that attention meant to the wounded and the sick soldier. The skill was not the only benefit; there was also the presence of that ministering angel who added to her skill the sympathy and the magic touch of a woman of their own race. This Memorial would serve to remind future generations of those dear ladies of the Scottish nation who laid down their lives in that great Service to which they belonged, and he felt sure it would serve as an inspiration to those who came after.

At the conclusion of the service the "Last Post" was sounded, and after the National Anthem had been sung, the haunting lament, "The Flowers o' the Forest," was played on the pipes.

Amongst the large assembly which filled the Cathedral there were present, the Lord Provost and Mrs. Hutchison, Lady Davies, Colonel Stathan representing Sir John Goodwin, Director-General of the Army Medical Service; Sir Joseph and Lady Fayrer, Lady Findlay, Sir James Affleck, Major-General J. C. Culling, C.B.; Miss Beadsmore Smith, C.B.E., Matron-in-Chief of the Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Dame Maud M'Carthy, D.B.E., Matron-in-Chief of the T.A.N.S.; Miss Gill, R.R.C.; Miss Gregory Smith, R.R.C.; Miss Milligan, R.R.C.; Miss Palin, Matron-in-Chief of Pensions; Miss Clay and Miss Pagan, R.R.C.

AN IMPRESSION.

BY ONE WHO HAD THE HONOUR TO BE PRESENT.

With solemn pomp and ceremonial, within the precincts of our grand old Cathedral of St. Giles', Edinburgh, there was dedicated, on Thursday last, the Scottish Nurses' War Memorial. Elsewhere the Memorial and the Unveiling Ceremony are described, together with the honoured names of those who gave their lives in Freedom's Cause. We listened in awed silence to the solemn words—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

High in the vaulted roof of the Cathedral hang flags from bye-gone battles, rent and riddled by shot and shell. On tablets and tombs all around one read of those who had given their lives for King and Country; or who, by deeds of philanthropy and of service, had made their names immortal. Surely, 'mid such surroundings,

as the organ pealed forth Chopin's "Funeral March," one felt one's spirit lifted to a higher plane, mingling somewhere, somehow, with the spirits of those brave and noble women whose memory will ever remain green to the Scottish nation who gave them birth. With dauntless courage they ministered, and with splendid heroism "passed on"; for theirs was not death but transition: "Where beyond those voices there is peace." Surely, they, too, joined in those repeated "Hallelujahs" for "All the Saints who from their labours rest"—

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,

Thro' gates of pearl streams in the countless host;
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost—

Hallelujah!

"Grant us their memory may evermore be precious to us" was the burden of the beautiful dedication prayer offered up by the Rev. Dr. A. Wallace Williamson. "Guide and guard us 'mid all the troubles and perplexities of this life, till we are re-united with those who have gone before. Amen!"

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high;
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

The trumpet sounding "The Last Post" rang through the vaulted arches of the ancient Cathedral calling us to take up the work that had fallen from their hands, and carry on.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true,
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, that's why you are here.

Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die,
Let this be your cry,

Carry on! My soul! Carry on!

A. E. M.

THE COLLEGE OF NURSING, LTD.

LECTURES FOR TRAINED NURSES.

A Course of Lectures to Trained Nurses are being given on Tuesdays, at 5.30 p.m., at St. Thomas's Hospital, arranged by the College of Nursing, Ltd.

Miss D. Coode opened the Course with the "History of Nursing," on November 8th, and many interesting subjects have been chosen. Tickets cost 5s. for the Course of nineteen lectures, or 1s. each Lecture.

THE SHEFFIELD CENTRE.

The attention of the members is drawn to the following dates. It is hoped every member will do her best to be present at each function:—

Tuesday, November 15th.—General Meeting at the Royal Hospital, at 7.30 p.m. Members of the local Centre only.

Monday, November 28th.—Lecture at the University at 7.30 p.m. by Mr. A. Peters, F.R.G.S., illustrated by lantern slides, entitled "America

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)