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EDITORIAL.

ALEXANDRA THE LOVELY.

When it became known that the precious life of the Queen-Mother—Alexandra the Lovely and Beloved—was ebbing away, the Nation had a sense of personal bereavement. Her grace and charm, her queenly and loving nature, her simplicity and kindness, had won the hearts of all classes, so that, respectfully, they sorrowed in unison with their King and her living children, as the Angel of Death drew near the loved Home where she had known so many joys and sorrows, and claimed her gentle spirit.

Tenderly the tenantry who loved her accompanied her on the first stage of the sad journey, and then other hands received and guarded her till she rested for a while, in all circumstance and honour, under the shadow of her stately London Home, until she passed on, to pause briefly within the great Abbey, which enshrines so many of our Kings and Queens. There the Great Ones of the earth, and the humblest of this Realm assembled to pay her their last homage of devotion ere they carried her forth for the final ceremony in Royal Windsor.

"Snow had fallen, snow on snow," before Alexandra the Lovely made her Passing.

Dull must they be of soul who could remain unmoved by this unique experience.

The beautiful girl, who in the heyday of her youth and joyousness, landed on these shores in the season of bursting bud and blossom, made in

the winter of her age her mute "adieu" to the Nation whose imagination and affection she had conquered, with Nature once more in accordance.

She—"A King's daughter all glorious within"—with kindly thoughts, gentle deeds, the *noblesse oblige* of her exalted position—a King's faithful and stately Consort—the mother of a King who walked simply and sorrowing behind his Mother's bier—was fitly provided with a pall of a royal ermine, which clothed every part of her last journey through the dense crowds of the people who loved her. For the first time since her advent she made her royal progress in silence, save for the solemn booming of the minute guns, and the poignancy of the Funeral March.

One came from that moving spectacle convinced that an atmosphere radiated from that simple bier, which was not born of temporal greatness, but of lineage that is not of this world.

"Full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee for ever."



QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
TAKEN AT THE OPENING OF KING EDWARD
VII'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.

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