

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

The authorities of St. George's Hospital did wisely to make their appeal on St. George's Day, as the man-in-the-street, if he knew nothing of the hospital, was alive to the significance of St. George's Day—and it is to be hoped that the collection was a success. Quite early a flock of nurses issued forth with their trays of roses and invited the public to buy a red rose—an appeal very difficult to refuse. Situated at Hyde Park Corner, one of the most dangerous spots on earth where traffic is concerned, St. George's Hospital admits hundreds of accidents annually, and should it ever be moved from its priceless site, surely a dressing station would be needed quite near to save life.

GOD, KING AND COUNTRY.

There is no more stately and imposing ceremony than the annual service of the Order of St. Michael and

Sir Francis Bell was represented by the Earl of Liverpool, and a Squire bearing the banner of the new Knight Grand Cross preceded him.

At the end of the procession came the officers of the Order with the King of Arms (Sir Frank Swettenham), and the Chancellor (the Earl of Buxton). As the procession passed the Knights' Chapel the dead Knights' banners were brought out to be laid by the Prelate on the altar.

Then there rang through the Cathedral the voice of the Registrar, who read the roll of names of members of the Order who have passed away since the last service. There were over a hundred of these, including such famous names as those of King Feisal of Irak, the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, and Viscount Novar.

There followed a moment's silence, after which the congregation remained standing while Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" was played on the great organ, a fitting mark of respect to the deceased Knights in whose names the banners under which they had loyally served their



BUY A ROSE.

Members of Nursing Staff leaving St. George's Hospital to sell roses on behalf of the St. George's Day charity collection.

St. George in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was held this year on St. George's Day, April 23rd. The ceremonial included the removal from the Knights' Chapel of the banners of the two Knights Grand Cross who have died during the year, Viscount Novar, to whom the nursing profession owes so lasting a debt of gratitude, and Major-General Sir George Makins, and the affixing in the Chapel of the banner of Sir Francis Bell, a distinguished statesman, formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand.

The impressive service began with the procession of Knights and Commanders led by the Cathedral Choir and Clergy in their robes. Then came the Bishop of Salisbury, Prelate of the Order, in a cope of cloth of gold. Immediately behind him were the Companions of the Order, and the Knights Commanders in the full uniform of the Navy, Army and Air Force, or levee dress, a splendid pageant of colour—followed by the Knights Grand Cross, resplendent in Saxon blue mantles.

God, King and Country were now surrendered with all circumstance and honour.

LE TEMPS A LAISSÉ SON MANTEAU.

By CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

(Translated by B. C. Boulter.)

The Year has cast his cloak away
Of cold and rain and wild winds blowing :
His new embroidered coat he's showing
Of gleaming sunshine clear and gay :
Hark, all the beasts and birds to-day
Are singing, bleating, neighing, lowing.
The Year has cast his cloak away
Of cold and rain and wild winds blowing.
Rivers and streams without delay
In fairest livery are flowing,
With silver drops and jewels glowing :
The world's all clad in new array :
The Year has cast his cloak away.

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