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## EDITORIAL.

### ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

*And let it be thy final page of glory  
That all men's hearts, O England, turn to thee.*

On April 23, England's patron saint, was honoured throughout the land—his flag flew gaily on Churches and public buildings, and the Royal Society of St. George held its annual service in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, Lord Queenborough, President of the Society, attended by many loyal members, was at their head.

Officers and men of each of the fighting services were among the congregation, and some of them, especially welcomed on this St. George's Day, were men from the Empire oversea. Contingents of sea cadets, air training units, and Army cadets were among the younger people at the service, and with them came warriors of an older generation, members of the Old Contemptibles' Association and of the British Legion.

Prayers of praise and thanksgiving for the life and death of St. George had their place in this service, together with the Hymn of St. George and that other hymn "This England," by Canon Alexander, who was present with the clergy and to whom the Dean referred affectionately as "our own poet" when he quoted the lines:—

"And let it be thy final page of glory  
That all men's hearts, O England, turn to thee."

#### Patriotism in its Highest Form.

The Dean of St. Paul's, in his sermon, as reported in *The Times*, said that the Royal Society of St. George existed to cultivate the virtue of patriotism in its highest form. Never had there been a time when the call was so insistent and the response so magnificent. Many, who in times of security, had little or nothing to say in praise of their country now felt stirring within them an emotion deeper than reason and more primitive than affection. This instinctive impulse to serve and defend the homeland was strengthened and confirmed by reflection. The cause of England was the cause of justice and the sense of a righteous cause was the source of our greatest strength.

We were (he continued) living through dark hours for our people. The figure of our patron saint was vivid for us now, and we knew that the vigorous group of St. George and the dragon was the symbol of the age-long struggle against evil. The dragon was the elemental force of destruction and corruption which attacked all

that was splendid in the life and soul of man. We were fighting against the dragon, against spiritual wickedness in high places. There were many fronts in this war. Not least important was the spiritual front, by which we retained our souls true to the deepest springs of our national life and our national honour, and through which we acquired strength through dedication and the knowledge of our divine vocation.

### HONOUR SHOULD BE OUR GUIDE.

The Prime Minister in a recent broadcast said nothing happening now was comparable in gravity with the dangers of last year, and he proceeded to inspire, as he usually does, the whole nation with his deathless courage.

Mr. Churchill said:—

I was asked last week whether I was aware of some uneasiness which it was said existed in the country on account of the gravity, as it was described, of the war situation. So I thought it would be a good thing to go and see for myself what this uneasiness amounted to, and I went to some of our great cities and seaports which had been most heavily bombed and to some of the places where the poorest people had got it worst.

I have come back not only reassured but refreshed. To leave the offices in Whitehall, with their ceaseless hum of activity and stress, and to go out to the front, by which I mean the streets and wharves of London or Liverpool, Manchester, Cardiff, Swansea, or Bristol, is like going out of a hothouse on to the bridge of a fighting ship.

It is a tonic which I should recommend any who are suffering from fretfulness to take in strong doses when they have need of it.

It is quite true that I have seen many painful scenes of havoc and of fine buildings and acres of cottage homes blasted into heaps of rubble, but it is just in those very places where the malice of the savage enemy has done its worst, and where the ordeal of the men, women, and children has been most severe, that I have found their moral most high and splendid.

Indeed, I feel encompassed by an exaltation of spirit in the people which seems to lift mankind and its problems above the level of material facts—into that joyous serenity we think belongs to a better world than this.

Of their kindness to me I cannot speak, because I never sought it or dreamt of it, and can never deserve it. I can only assure you that I and my colleagues—or comrades rather, for that is what they are—will toil with every scrap of life and strength according to the

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