

executioners, apparently in the hope of concealing their intentions from us, went into her cell and there, behind locked doors, pronounced sentence upon her. It is all of a piece with the other things they have done.

Last night Mr. Gahan got a pass and was admitted to see Miss Cavell shortly before she was taken out and shot. He said she was calm and prepared and faced the ordeal without a tremor. She was a tiny thing that looked as though she could be blown away with a breath, but she had a great spirit. She told Mr. Gahan that soldiers had come to her and asked to be helped to the frontier; that knowing the risks they ran and the risks she took, she had helped them. She said she had nothing to regret, no complaint to make, and that if she had it all to do over again, she would change nothing. And most pathetic of all was her statement that she thanked God for the six weeks she had passed in prison—the nearest approach to rest she had known for years.

They partook together of the Holy Communion, and she who had so little need of preparation was prepared for death. She was free from resentment and said: "I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one."

She was taken out and shot before daybreak.

She was denied the support of her own clergyman at the end, but a German military chaplain stayed with her and gave her burial within the precincts of the prison. He did not conceal his admiration and said: "She was courageous to the end. She professed her Christian faith and said that she was glad to die for her country. She died like a heroine."

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