

Died
Thursday May 17th 1917

I mentioned sometime ago that we had a fellow very ill in the hospital. He has now passed away, & yesterday morning he was buried in the Friends Burial ground here. He was called Mr. James & came from Scrubbs here about 10 weeks ago & went straight into ^{the} hospital, being in a far developed stage of consumption. There is no doubt he has been killed before his time by the trial that many of us have passed through, & when a speaker at the Memorial Service said we honoured him as the second mart of our cause a murmur of approval swept over an otherwise silent meeting. At 10.30 a.m. we ceased work, & filed out mostly in our shoddy rags & mufflers & lined both sides of Love Lane & stood bare-headed whilst the body of James passed slowly down.

His poor mother was broken down & his brother deeply moved as he saw the long line of his brothers C.B. mates. He & his sister are left to his mother - a widow, & she, all honour to him, wore the uniform of the Flying Corps.

His mother has been some weeks here & the Friends have helped to support her so that she might be with her boy at the last, & I believe it was only last week we had another collection to help her.

The memorial service in the Prison Chapel was I should think, the most remarkable of any service held there or elsewhere. For an hour it was every shade of opinion & every class of man. Every shade of Religious belief was represented, as well as men classing themselves as Atheists & Agnostics. On the platform was a member of the

Church of Christ (an extreme evangelical body) a friend & a man of I believe agnostic tendency

The first hymn was "Jesus Lover of my soul" to that Welsh tune. Then a reading by the I.B.S.A. man "Remember now thy creator" 1st Chap. of John & 23rd Psalm. W. W. Read sang a "Litany for the dead" & another friend read some extracts from Tennyson.

Mr. Cooper (Quaker) made some very fine remarks based on a passage in Buddha's life & then the Dead March rolled forth from the organ. It was a wonderful meeting, & we were all reminded of the high ideals & determinations we held when we decided to fight for Peace & maybe - who know - it was necessary for this solemn passing to save us from moral degeneration & give us strength & grit for the future.

W. Varley