

She was ready to depart. As in a will she writes in the last pages of her diary: "Where Thy love is not, what we build falls to pieces, for it does not stand on the true foundation. Fill us all with Thy love that Thy spiritual body may be built. Why do many suffer? Show them why they suffer. Grant that they may not be biting one another and envying each other's gifts, striving to be greater the one than the other. Lord, grant that we take a lowly place and do not strive after high things, for Thou, Lord, dost withstand the proud. It is a plant that is planted by the Lord without our efforts, He preserves it from frost and heat, gives rain at the right time, and cherishes it unwearingly. For this must we love Him. Now the plant must become a tree, everything injurious shall be removed; that it may not be crooked the heavenly gardener begins to cut it, which gives pain. All that is of self must die for the plant to be green and live. He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.

"I have gone through a hard week. Yes, it is a bitter cross to the flesh, to the Spirit an easy burden."

She concludes: No peace and rest is to be thought of in this life. Our inheritance is in the Fatherland above. I greet all, all, with fervent love! May the Lord preserve us in Christ Jesus. Yea, Lord, give unto us all Thy peace. Receive me into Thy Kingdom by Thy grace, dear Jesu! Amen."

Monday, April 18th, 1842, she fell ill.

The following Wednesday was the day of confession and prayer. Fliedner had preached about Jesus's visit to Martha and Mary. Sitting by her bedside he told her, at her request, his chief thoughts on the subject.

"Yes," she said, "self-denial, that is the one thing necessary."

On the 22nd she was delivered of a child dead, and one hour after she fell asleep.

On the morning of her death the song was sung that she specially loved, "Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen," &c.

"She died first of all the Deaconesses," cried her husband, "as she was the first to bring her spiritual children into life so was she in death their forerunner." He gave her hymn-book, the day after her death, to the youngest daughter with this dedication: "Take this hymn-book of your departed mother as a remembrance of her going Home to her Saviour. Read with prayer and learn how to praise the Lord Jesus as your mother did."

"They who seek Me early shall find Me." So did she, and so she found Him; He was her Shepherd, and led her into green pastures and

remained with her in the dark valley of death, yea, led her into His heavenly paradise, where she now stands before His throne clad in a white robe and palms in her hands, to praise and serve Him evermore.

Your sorrowing, but yet praising father,
Theodore Fliedner."

Trained Nurses Annuity Fund Concert.

On Tuesday, July 10th, a splendid concert was given in the Picture Gallery at Bridgewater House, the beautiful residence of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, so that the audience had a double treat in listening to the music and enjoying the beautiful pictures of the old masters.

H.R.H. Princess Christian, who is President, and several other royalties were present, showing their sympathy in the scheme.

The platform, which was covered with red cloth, was most beautifully decorated with palms and hydrangeas, whilst large pillars of ices were wreathed and festooned with smilax and pink roses, which looked as though they thoroughly enjoyed their cool resting place.

The music was perfect, M. Hollman's solos on the violoncello, Mme. Ada Crossley's, Madame Suzanne Adams', and Mr. Maguire's songs were loudly encored and applauded, as were a harp and a piano solo, by Miss Eissler and Mademoiselle Ella Spravka.

As a result of the concert £340 was raised for the fund, which grants free annuities to disabled nurses seventy-five years old and upwards, while those less advanced in years are required to subscribe towards their annuities a sum which diminishes with increasing age. The fund has been in existence thirty-one years and has distributed nearly £4,000. It has made remarkable progress of late, the subscribers having more than doubled in three years, but the income is still far from adequate, and it is stated that in the past ten years four nurses approved and waiting their turn have been compelled to enter the workhouse.

Nurses have written to us, objecting to being made objects of charity through the Trained Nurses Annuity Fund and the Royal National Pension Fund, but so long as it is possible for these workers in their old age, through misfortune, to be compelled to end their days in the workhouse, it is well that help should be given them. A future generation of nurses, let us hope, will be able to earn a living wage, which means surplus wage for old age, so that the humiliation of accepting charity will not be their sad lot.

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