

was built by the late Sir William Roberts-Austen, and the rich internal decoration is a memorial to him. The walls are covered with marble and frescoes, the latter of unusual interest, executed by Mrs. Lea Merritt, by the method known as "silicate painting," examples of which are rare in this country. They preserve their freshness perfectly. These exquisite works of art depict incidents in the life of our Lord, and with the gold screen, beautiful altar piece, and painted ceiling, complete a scheme of decoration gorgeous and perfect of its kind.

During the service sunshine flooded the little chapel, and from the heath beyond full throated wild birds sent their triumphant singing to the sun. In jubilant chorus they flung forth their pæon, "Oh, Death where is thy sting. Oh! grave where is thy victory?"

Nothing could have been in sweeter harmony. All Nature rejoicing, and so on into the Golden Light.

E. G. F.

#### AT MOFFAT.

It was my sad privilege to attend the funeral of Miss Isla Stewart at Moffat, as the representative of the Matrons' Council. The train left Euston a little before midnight, and members of the medical staff of St. Bartholomew's as well as Sisters in deep mourning were gathered on the platform to wish their Matron God-speed on her last journey to the hills. The coffin, placed in a large special van, was covered and surrounded by a gorgeous wealth of flowers that bore witness to the affection and esteem with which she was regarded. There was something peculiarly touching in this departure in state and silence to the spot where she had spent so many happy hours, and from which she would never return.

The train arrived at Moffat a little before eight in the morning, and the coffin was at once taken to the Episcopal church and placed in the chancel to wait the service and funeral which had been fixed for the afternoon. On the coffin itself were placed the flowers from the nearest relatives and friends, surmounted by the shield of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in white and purple flowers sent by the Sisters. Across the entrance to the chancel were grouped the wreaths and symbolic floral tokens from representative bodies. At the foot of the coffin lay the cushion of white with the purple monogram across it, sent by the nurses who had left the hospital and married, and the

handsome wreath with the brilliant tricolour riband from the Assistance Publique of Paris. On either side were displayed the scarlet and white anchor of the League of St. Bartholomew's Nurses, the orange wreath of the private nurses, the white cross of the nurses of the hospital, the harp in white stocks and purple orchids from the Matrons' Council, wreaths from the Leicester Infirmary Nurses' League, from the senior and junior staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and from the various nursing societies with which she was connected or that wished to show her their respect. Bunches of roses, carnations, lilies, and wreaths from private friends filled the upper end of the little church. It was the silent coffin, with no pall but the amazing quantity of lovely flowers round it, that made the scene impressive, for the church itself is only a temporary structure of corrugated iron lined with wood.

Moffat itself, lying amongst the hills, with its grey modern houses, has a handsome high street, whose remarkable breadth bears witness to the fact that once the old coaching road passed through it; now it is the terminus of a small local line. There is a stream called Moffat Water running swiftly alongside the little town, and on the hills the golf course was pointed out to me where Miss Stewart used to play.

It was a regular March day—sunshine and wind in the morning, rain and wind and grey scudding clouds in the afternoon, with occasional breaks of sunshine; a bleak day.

The service in the church was held at 2 p.m., and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Leuthwaite and the Rev. John Malony. It was quiet and reverent; no address was given. The little church was filled with mourners—her relations and friends in the town—and those who had come from a distance. In addition to the near relatives, there were present Miss Cox-Davies, Matron of the Royal Free Hospital, and President of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, which she represented; Miss Cutler, Deputy Matron, St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Miss Borthwick (Sister Lawrence); Miss Burleigh, and Miss Hurlston, from Edinburgh; Dr. Foord Caiger, Dr. Bruce, Sir Rudolph and Lady Hampden Smith, and Mr. Herbert Pollitt. It was especially appropriate that Dr. Caiger and Dr. Bruce should be there, as they have known her since the days when she was a Matron under the Metropolitan Asylums Board. The "Dead March in Saul" was played, and the hymn chosen by her sister, "Abide with Me," was sung. From the church

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)