

Mother and sisters stripped their own blankets for the poor sufferers, but work and deny themselves as they might they felt powerless before the gigantic task they had undertaken.

Regardless of themselves, fearless of danger, they pressed on calmly, perseveringly, patiently, to succour the many sad, heart-rending cases they had to deal with.

A story is told of a drunken undertaker coming to a house where one child lay dead, and another child and mother stricken, of his taking the living child and placing it in the coffin, and only the presence of a Sister prevented a horrible catastrophe.

Another incident was of an undertaker who refused to enter the infected house, and of the Sister carrying the dead man into the street where the coffin was awaiting the body.

The Clerk of the Vestry wrote that they were deeply moved by such spontaneous acts of truly Christian duty and generous devotion to the claims of suffering humanity.

Fifty years afterwards we find the same unselfish devotion during the Great War.

Mother Kate was accorded the Golden Palm of the Order of the Crown by the King of the Belgians, for her work for the wounded soldiers in her men's Hostel at Brighton.

A smart official himself fastened the medal to Mother Kate's brown habit—two golden palms attached to a purple and white ribbon. "She will take rank in the Order from this day forward. Our Minister of Foreign Affairs is charged to see that this order is carried out."

Perhaps her crowning act of unselfishness was the bestowal of her cherished hoard of money collected to build a much-longed-for new chapel, on the poor people rendered homeless by the terrible air raid in her neighbourhood.

Has not a fadeless palm bestowed by the King of Kings rewarded that act of self-sacrifice?

The sight of her Promised Land she denied herself during her earthly pilgrimage, but it is proposed to erect a new chapel to her much-loved memory for which subscriptions are gratefully received by the Sisters.

It is recorded of her that she had all the sensitive delight in beauty of a true artist, and one who is himself an artist has written since her death: "She was a natural genius of a very high order, both as regards taste and also as an executant. As a colourist she was in the first rank, and was never at fault. Colour was a heaven-born gift with her, and her touch was always firm and strong to a degree." He speaks of her designs as containing "all the charming wit of the best mediæval work" and remarks with amazement how, "with no early art training whatever, she would dash off a charming decoration which would have been a credit to a William Morris." He then adds: "And, of course, as might be looked for, her humility was wonderful. Bold and humble in her work, Mother Kate was a great artist."

She lay in her last sleep in her simple room with her beautiful hands which had done so much for others folded on her cross. On the wall behind her hung her great crucifix and a picture of her favourite saint, and characteristically close to this the old leather collar of her favourite dog friend.

As she lay there serene, strong, and at peace, she recalled the thought of her crusading ancestors, a Christian warrior at rest, one who had battled and come through all "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

"Said Jesus (on Whom be peace!): The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopes for an hour hopes for an eternity. The world is but an hour; spend it in devotion, the rest is unseen."

—Akkar, 1602.

## NURSING ECHOES.

To judge from all the kind expressions of appreciation received at the Editorial Office, the make-up of our first monthly issue of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING has met with universal approval. This is very gratifying, but just think what the Journal might be if our readers would double its circulation. That would mean more influence in every direction, and greatly increased influence for the Registered Nurses' professional voice in the press. Do not let us forget that it is our only professional organ in Great Britain and Ireland, as it is the only nurses' journal edited and controlled by Registered Nurses. With a little expenditure of practical goodwill and personal trouble, our circulation could be widely extended. Let every subscriber who really values the work of the Journal make up her mind to secure another, and see what an enormous "snowball" of professional influence would roll up. At present we are more commercially exploited in the press than any other professional class, and every type of journalistic parasite battens upon us, to our serious detriment. No profession excepting our own is run by the laity as a commercial asset, and in no other country is this degrading exploitation encouraged excepting in our own.

Take a walk down Piccadilly and you will see innumerable posters advertising the Fancy Dress Ball in "support" of the Nation's Fund for Nurses—miserable mendicants! What a scandal it is that *nouveaux riches* like Lady Cowdray should be permitted to drag our honourable profession in the gutter, begging in our name, and holding us up to obloquy. It is time someone hammered metaphorically on the door of No. 16, Carlton House Terrace, and gave her to understand, now that we have a Labour Government in power, she must cease her reprehensible method of interfering with our economic status and honourable work.

We also invite the members of the Royal Family who have no doubt unwittingly been persuaded to give their patronage to this Olympian kick-up, to make searching inquiries into the financial management of the Nation's Fund for Nurses, and also to inquire who are the "professional" charity organisers of this function, and what they are getting out of it. On all sides the Nursing Profession is exploited for society climbers, needy charity mongers, and others. We have suffered degradation enough. Now it must stop. May this paragraph meet the eye of those in high places, and may we hope they will sympathise with those of us who desire to pursue our work by dignified methods, as we have a right to do.

The Parliamentary Election in the City of London, which takes place this week, is occasioning much interest beyond the City boundaries, both because of its importance, and also because the vacancy is caused by the removal of Sir Frederick Banbury to the House of Lords, a fact which gives unqualified pleasure to many nurses, as his influence in the House of Commons was usually inimical to their interests.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)