

be three days, now it may be three months, but you are not to regret, from the oldest of us down to the youngest probationer, there is not one who has not learnt from you."

One of her last acts, only indeed a few days before her death, was to fill in her application form for a Foundation Fellowship of the British College of Nurses. It gave her intense pleasure; indeed, she told a relative that it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life, and she expressed the hope that if the Diploma of the College were awarded her it might pass into the custody of a young relative. Her nurses said that her delight was most wonderful and touching, and she expressed the belief that she had "lived for this."

The service at St. Pancras Church was impressively conducted by the Rev. Prebendary Metcalfe, the lesson being read by the Rev. W. E. Kingsbury, Secretary of the Actors' Union, who also said the committal prayers at the Highgate Cemetery.

Those present in the church included Mr. John MacCallum (brother) and Miss Stevens (cousin), Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, representing the British College of Nurses, Miss E. M. Musson (Chairman), Miss A. M. Bushby, and Miss G. Bremner (General Nursing Council for England and Wales). The President and Members of the Professional Union of Trained Nurses, Miss Hale (Matron of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital) and Sisters and Nurses, Mr. Herbert J. Paterson, and Miss A. Cattell (Hon. Secretaries), and Miss Isabel Macdonald (Secretary, Royal British Nurses Association), Miss Margaret Breay, Mr. Theodore Goddard (her solicitor), and many others.

Before the service the voluntary "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was of appealing sweetness and, as the coffin was borne into the church, the congregation joined in singing the hymn "O God our help in ages past."

The flowers from Mr. John MacCallum, the brother to whom she was devoted, beautiful pink carnations, were within the coffin, along the top lay a sheaf of Madonna lilies, which in their fresh loveliness looked almost as if they had the morning's dew upon them; resting also on the coffin was one of crimson roses from Miss Isabel Macdonald, and another of pink roses tied with silver ribbon "in loving remembrance from the nurses who tended her at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital," also pink carnations with maiden hair fern sent by Miss H. Curd, formerly Assistant at the P.U.T.N. office. Suspended at the head was a wreath of white carnations, Madonna lilies and maiden hair fern "with heartfelt sympathy from Major Sir Richard Barnett, M.P." (who also personally took flowers to her while in the hospital). Suspended at the lower end, "in loving remembrance from the P.U.T.N." and tied with its colours, was a laurel wreath with roses.

There was also a wreath from Miss Beatrice Kent "in loving memory of my dear brave friend Maude." A sheaf of mauve and white stock from Miss Bryson, on behalf of the Fever Section of the Registered Nurses' Parliamentary Council; crimson and white carnations with asparagus fern from Mrs. Northwood, purple iris and white stock from Miss A. Cattell, and more lovely wreaths and flowers from Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. Clifford Ashdown, and others.

As we stood by the graveside at the Highgate Cemetery the sun shone brightly, a bird in a tree near by sang a joyful hymn to Heaven. When the coffin had been lowered all that was mortal of Maude MacCallum lay with crimson roses from Mrs. Bedford Fenwick at its head, white roses from Miss Margaret Breay at its foot, and, in between, blue violets scattered there by Miss Isabel Macdonald, while the wreaths and other flowers were laid at the graveside. So we left her, resting from her labours, "delivered from the burden of the flesh, and in joy and felicity," her body in the grave, but her brave soul marching on.

E.G.F. and M.B.

## GUILD OF ST. BARNABAS.

### ANNUAL MEETING AND JUBILEE CELEBRATION. JUNE 11th, 1926.

As might have been expected, the Jubilee Gathering of members of the Guild of St. Barnabas was a record attendance. Eight hundred "discs" were issued from the office, which appeared fully to represent the members present.

As usual the arrangements for tea were admirable, and a constant stream of nurses went in and out of Holborn Hall between 4 and 6, to take "a cup of that which cheers, but not inebriates," and incidentally to enjoy a chat with friends.

By the courtesy of the Benchers of Gray's Inn, their glorious garden was thrown open to the members of the G.S.B. "only," where an hour or more was enjoyably spent before and after tea. The noise of the traffic was scarcely heard in this beauty spot, and the majestic plane trees were in all the freshness of early summer, their lovely avenue presented the unusual scene of hundreds of women walking up and down, while the lady in the shelter was kept busy dispensing ices to the 800!

The brilliant colours of the rhododendron shrubs which bordered the Terrace, contrasted with the vivid green of the grass, and the general beauty of it all recalled to our mind appropriately the following lines:—

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth,  
One is nearer God's Heart in a garden,  
Than anywhere else on earth."

By six o'clock, the Church of St. Alban's, Holborn, was packed, and for an hour we listened to the sweet music of the organ played by the young organist. The order of the Service was simple:—The *Veni Creator* sung kneeling, followed by a few prayers, and the sermon preached by Bishop Gore, from the text I Samuel, xvi, 7: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." He emphasised certain points as applicable to a Nurse's life, which must have impressed the audience. "You know how high a standard is required of you—self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. The older I get, the more I am convinced, that the only thing worth while, is to know ourselves as God knows us. A Nurse's standard is very exacting, she is required to become more and more efficient. Father Russell was full of zeal, he desired that you should rise to the full height of the requirements of your profession, the incomparable standard of the inward life, is to be called to co-operate with God."

The Bishop's reference to St. Catherine of Genoa, was of special interest. One of the greatest Saints, he said, of the 15th century; she became a Nurse, and showed extraordinary efficiency in nursing the victims of the Plague of Genoa. "You might conceivably," he remarked, "have chosen her as your Patron Saint." After the singing of two hymns, including of course "The Son of Consolation," and a Procession, the *Te Deum* brought this memorable Service to a close. The Bishop of London—Patron of the Guild (as is also Bishop Gore)—presided at the Holborn Hall meeting afterwards. He made a humorous speech on cheerfulness, "I hope" he said, "you will always be cheerful, a gloomy Nurse is worse than a gloomy Dean." In a grave vein, he spoke of the essential attribute of sympathy in a Nurse, saying:—"You cannot be sympathetic, without the Grace of God, gained day by day by prayer." The Vicar of St. Alban's—the Rev. H. Ross—acting Chaplain-General, outlined the present and general position of the Guild, and announced that he was unable yet to give a definite reply to the invitation of the Council to become the Chaplain-General. Sounding the same note as the Bishop, he stressed the necessity of cheerfulness, not only on the occasion of the Jubilee celebration, but in honour of the memory of Father Russell, whose spirit was cheerfulness.

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