



"A Nightingale Sang . . ."

By DOROTHY BERNARD

Government in opening up beauty spots. Glover Walk is named after her, and Mt. Margaret is a reminder of her niece. Doctors came to "Kerami," and professors from the University, taking over the whole house in vacation time.

After seven years, Sister Glover returned to town, to become the first Managing Director of the Trained Nurses' Club in Lonsdale-street, with Sister Thomas as its first Superintendent. War had just broken out, and there were busy years, with nurses going to the war all the time. Sister Glover became one of the founders of the R.V.T.N.A. and of the Talbot Epileptic Colony; a foundation member of the Edith Cavell Trust, and of the Austral Salon.

Time passed by, and they went to Ballarat, where Margaret Thomas married Thomas Glover, nephew of Sister Elizabeth Glover, on his return from the war. Thus their association brought lovely fulfilment into the life of Sister Glover's dearest friend.

"I met my husband through my friendship with her," says Mrs. Thomas Glover to-day, "and he has been wonderful, helping me right through."

Now the three of them went to a Rutherglen vineyard, where they remained for five years. (Thomas Glover has a war legacy of asthma and bronchitis.) Then they came to town, and took over "Gracedale" at Healesville. In the charming front room of the homely, welcoming cottage where I chatted with Mrs. Glover, there is a beautiful picture of "Gracedale," painted by Maude Glover Fleay, a niece of Miss Glover's, and mother of David Fleay, of the Healesville Sanctuary.

It was during the time that the Glovers were at "Gracedale" that Fr. W. P. Hackett, S.J., took over the whole house for a retreat for the Business and Professional Men of Melbourne, given by Fr. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

Actually, largely through her niece, Sister Elizabeth Glover had, through the years, many Catholic contacts. The late Mgr. Barry Doyle, Mgr. Lynch and Mgr. Collins were all personal friends of hers. (Sister Glover had herself been brought up in the Church of England.) Only once or twice during her 50 years in Australia did she nurse private cases: one was a Presentation Sister, the other a Jewish Rabbi.

Mother Lawrence, of the Sisters of Charity, who has just celebrated her diamond jubilee, was a great personal friend, and visited her in her Gardenvale home during her last illness. Another mutual friend of aunt and niece was Mother Mary Berchmans, foundress of St. Vincent's Hospital. Sister Glover, always a generous donor, was a life member of both St. Vincent's and the Royal Melbourne Hospitals. Throughout her life, she

took a keen and practical interest in the welfare of nurses.

Energetic, keen, mild of manner, and retiring, Sister Glover was loyal and just in every way.

Says her niece:

"She would never do a thing that she was not absolutely convinced was the right thing. Nobody would ever dream of saying to her: 'Will you do this or that?'"

Finally, the Glovers returned to town, and Sister Glover bought a comfortable cottage, set in an old-world garden, in Martin-street, Gardenvale. Primulas, lavender and fuschias grow in that garden.

"She loved Nature: old-fashioned flowers, shrubs, trees."

The friendly front room, with its bay window, looks onto that garden. In a vase near the



MRS. THOMAS GLOVER

window is pussy willow, her little desk nearby. There are chippendale chairs, dainty ornaments, lovely paintings, and some of the china still that she brought out with her from England.

Sister Glover was a great reader.

"She read everything she could lay her hands on," smiled her niece, and the packed bookshelves mutely echo her words.

About five years ago, Sister Glover suffered a severe heart attack. She was never afterwards able to leave her bed. There were to be 20 attacks in all, through all of which she was devotedly nursed by her niece; her nephew helping his wife to care for the aunt they both loved so dearly. About two years ago, there was a particularly severe attack.

"Would you like to see a Minister?" asked Mrs. Glover then.

"I would like to see Fr. Fennessy," said Sister Glover quietly.

Fr. Edward Fennessy is the parish priest of St. James's Church, Gardenvale.

"It was the surprise of my life. Although all our best friends were Catholics, she had never once hinted that she had any idea of becoming a Catholic herself."

When the priest came, Sister Glover said she would like to be instructed.

"The Catholic Faith is the Faith to die in," she quoted from something she had once read.

Mrs. Glover told me that her aunt had been greatly impressed by Fr. Henry Johnston's *Plain Talks on the Catholic Religion*. And one day, delving into a volume of sermons, she discovered one by Fr. Eustace Boylan, S.J., on *The Real Presence*, the memory of which had always remained with her.

She made her First Holy Communion at the age of 89. On her 90th birthday, his Grace Archbishop Mannix came to the little old-world cottage and confirmed her.

"This is a holy room," said her niece, as we entered that bedroom so lately left. "She received all her Sacraments here."

On the mantelpiece stood a picture of the Sacred Heart. There was another of Our Lady of Dolours, to whom the nonagenarian convert was greatly devoted. And there was a statue of St. Anthony.

Her niece looked at it and smiled:

"She bought that statue of St. Anthony long before she became a Catholic."

Sister Glover was enrolled in the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and wore it always, exchanging it for the Brown Habit when she died.

The nightingale's song was nearly ended now. Aunt and niece said their Rosary together every night. The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph came to see her; the Presentation Sisters also helped by their prayers. The parishioners of St. James's were constant visitors, and a great source of comfort.

On July 23, Elizabeth Glover died, a very holy and happy death.

By a lovely coincidence, Requiem Mass could not be offered for her on the day that she took her last journey to St. Kilda. It was the Feast day of St. James, Patron of the Parish Church, and everything was bright. The flowers she had loved in life surrounded her in death.

Her song is ended now—but the melody lingers on.

This is the story of another nursing Nightingale, whose song was one of selfless service. The song began in England more than 90 years ago. It ended, very sweetly, under Australian skies, as lately as last month. To this greatly gifted woman God gave, in her 90th year, the greatest gift of all—the gift of Faith.

ELIZABETH GLOVER was the youngest of thirteen children. Educated for a teacher, she became a governess in families of title. But nursing was the choice of her heart, so presently she trained at Winchester and Queen Charlotte's Hospitals, where her record was a brilliant one.

One of her sisters was already in Australia, and soon Elizabeth Glover decided to join her. On arrival, she went to St. Kilda, taking charge of the Nurses' Home there. St. Kilda is also her last resting-place. She specially asked that she might be buried there, and, the other day, the prayers at her graveside were read by the Chaplain-General of the Australian Forces, Rev. T. McCarthy. It was a fitting finale for the noble woman who had been Superintendent of the 1st Australian Army Nursing Reserve.

In between the first and the last coming to St. Kilda lay 50 golden years, of which I heard the story from her devoted lifelong friend and niece-by-marriage, Mrs. Glover. They had spent the greater number of those golden years together, in a perfect partnership, ever since their first meeting, about the year 1897. The present Mrs. Thomas Glover was Sister Margaret Thomas then, and, after com-

pleting her training at St. Vincent's Hospital, she joined Sister Glover when the latter, who was endowed with exceptional organising ability, took Mena House, previously a private house, and converted it to a hospital. There they remained for two or three years; then went on and converted St. Ives (another private home), which soon became a leading hospital, where the important people of Melbourne went. Doctors attending there were Sir Henry Maudsley, Sir Charles Ryan, Dr. Rothwell Adam, and others equally notable.

It was while she was at St. Ives that Sister Glover, who held her Diploma of Cookery under the Education Department was asked to form the Australian Army Nursing Reserve. Long before the actual outbreak of war, in the hospital kitchen of an evening, she taught cooking to men who were to serve during the 1914-18 War. Many of them later wrote her a little note of thanks, saying how useful her training was proving to them. Sister Margaret Thomas was head nurse and theatre sister at St. Ives. More than this: she has been a daily Communicant all her life long.

As the years went by, Sister Glover, who had been frail in early life, but grown stronger in middle-age, was made aware of the necessity for taking some care of her own health. So with Sister Thomas, she went to Marysville, where her organising ability still found scope in running the up-to-date guest house, "Kerami." She loved nature, and was now thoroughly in, her element. The Cathedral Range was right opposite "Kerami," and she soon interested the

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