

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
IN THANKFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

ANNIE YELLAND

FRIEND, GUIDE, AND HELPER
MISTRESS IN THIS SCHOOL 1898-1901
AND HEAD MISTRESS 1901-1916

WHOSE LIFE ON EARTH
FILLED WITH THE LOVE OF GOD
WAS SPENT IN
SERVING HIS CHILDREN

B. 18 APR. 1866; D. 1 APR. 1916

MEMORIAL TABLET.

The tablet was given to the hall by the staff and children of the School.

On Thursday, December 14th, it was unveiled.

The School assembled for School Opening as usual, and then passed on to the little service of thanksgiving which preceded the unveiling. In this service joined many parents, many friends of the School, and many Old Froebelians. The Pilgrim Hymn was sung first, and then Mr. Montefiore spoke to the children, appealing to the oldest and youngest alike. When Phyllis March and Sidnie Manton drew aside the veil, Mr. Mackail read the words engraved on the tablet, that those who were too far away to see them, might have them in their hearts. He then addressed the parents, paying tribute from a parent's point of view. The prayer was read by Canon A. W. Robinson, D.D., and then all sang again, first a school hymn "Father of men," and then the School "Carmen."

"Our school has been the home
Of great and noble thought,
Oh may we seek her fame to build
By deeds as nobly wrought." AY.

ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE CHILDREN BY
MR. MONTEFIORE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1916.

We are met to-day for a special purpose. We are met to do honour to, and to think lovingly about, the memory of one who was very dear to us: one who was especially dear to all the boys and girls in this School, and to whom they and this School, and all that concerns them and this School, were very near and dear.

Miss Yelland had been a mistress in this School for 18 years, and for 16 years she was its Head.

During those years she had helped a large number of girls and boys who, we believe, are now, and will always be, the better for all she did for them, and for all she was to them—just as I think that those girls and boys here to-day will also be the better for her, and that they feel this themselves. I am sure many can truly say, "We are grateful that we knew her and were with her."

Though I knew her all the years she was here, I could not, in one way, know her so well as her colleagues or as the girls and boys. But I have been asked to speak of her to you to-day, and I do so gladly, if with some hesitation.

And, girls and boys, I would first of all say this: She would not wish us to be too sad this morning. We cannot help feeling sad just now as we speak of her, for we know that she has left us, and that, while we live on earth, we shall not see her again, but when we go from this hall to our work and our play, she would not wish us to be sad. She would, I think, like us to work all the better, and even to play all the better, because we have been talking and thinking of her, but not to be sad. And you, who loved her and honoured her, will *wish* to do what she would have *liked* you to do. As it says on this tablet, we are thankful for having known her: thankful to her, thankful to God. And thankfulness should rather make us joyful than sad. Joy goes with thankfulness, and happiness goes with honest work, and with unselfishness, and with trying to do and to be our best, and it is good, honest work, and unselfishness, and trying to do and to be our best, which she wanted from us all, and tried to produce or increase in us all.

The Tablet calls her "Friend, guide and helper." Many here, both children and grown-ups, would agree to that description.

And many could tell stories how, in very different ways, and with wonderful sympathy for very different troubles and difficulties, or again with understanding and sympathy for very different aspirations and interests and endeavours, she had been a friend and guide and helper to many. And yet many could *not* tell us such stories, partly because they were often helped quietly, silently, they hardly themselves knew, or knew how, and partly because there are many stories too intimate to tell, where the help was a secret, a good and sacred secret, between the Friend and them. And this sort of help I believe often happened, and was the most precious, and perhaps the most lasting, of all.

Our dear Friend would not have liked me to praise her. Yet I do not think she would have objected to my speaking of her work for the School, because she was *so* intensely keen about its welfare, and about the welfare of all who are connected with it, that she would have let me talk about her, if, by so doing, I could give any help or pleasure to her colleagues or to her pupils.

Perhaps the one thing in which it would not be right for her colleagues to imitate her was that she worked all too hard. She had an ardent spirit, but she had not a very strong body, and I fear that she not only spent her life on, but gave her life for, the School. There is something solemn about this; something which, if any boy or girl thought of it, who was inclined to be slack, or to shirk, or to scamp any lesson, should quickly prevent the shirking or the scamping. There is something *solemn* about it, but, again, we must not be too *sad* about it. The greatness, the beauty, the worth and the nobility of a life are not measured by its length. In her fifteen years headship she did perhaps more for the School than, if she had spared herself more, she could have done in thirty years. We cannot judge these things: we know, at any rate, that she was ready for the great change—though always growing, she was yet ripe and rich in noble character; and the rest we will leave humbly to God.

The tablet says truly that her life was spent in service. The word is much used just now, for our Country is in great need, and she requires the service of us all. We cannot all give such important service as she gave: yet the memory of her service may help *us* in our *humbler* service. Of what sort was her service? It was a generous service. Not only because she gave her best, and gave ungrudgingly, but because she was so keen and so loving. She did not think the dullest boy or girl—for after all

there must be *some* dull ones among so many—as not worth her care. She did not think the dullest detail of her work not worth doing well. She looked for, and, I think, she found, points to like and love in every single child. She despaired of none. She saw good in all, and she tried to increase it. She expected all the boys and girls, in one way or another, to be worthy and useful—of value to the whole, to the Commonwealth, (for is not a School a Commonwealth?) of which they formed a part—and this very expectation of hers, this generosity gave them a power; it helped them to justify her expectation. I hope that, and I believe, many a boy and girl here will try to make his or her life a better service, a more dedicated service, more loving, more gentle, more brave, more tireless, when he thinks of her. She was the head of the School; yet she *served*, and was very *obedient*: obedient to her conscience, obedient to the highest she knew: obedient to the will of God. So can her life teach us what the old Greeks knew, that he who would rule must also obey, and that in service lies freedom.

Those who drew up the phrases upon the tablet used twice a short, but mighty, word. They twice speak of God, and rightly. For our friend's work was all done with a profound faith in God, with a deep sense of His presence, and with a great love for Him. It was that love which gave its *character* to her service. For from that love it issued, and to that love it returned. Some of you here may have heard her speak about God in the Bible lessons which she gave throughout the School. Perhaps some of you may have dimly felt what God meant for her, and perhaps some of you will try, by your own faithful service, by doing and being and giving your best, as well as by humble and earnest prayer, gradually to feel about Him and to love Him in the same sort of way, if not to the same degree, as she did. She would surely then have said that her service—her life and her death—had found its best reward.

And the tablet says that it has been erected to the glory of God. May it indeed be so. As I said in the beginning, our friend would not wish us to be sad. I hope that you will *often* think of her, but without *sadness*. For though she is withdrawn from our sight, we believe that her spirit is nearer, even than it was on earth, to the unseen Master whom she served, and in that greater nearness there must be for her a greater joy. Nor would she wish us to be more sad than we can help even for *ourselves*. But

I think I know what she *would* wish. If any boy or girl here, or any of her old pupils, were, by the thought of her, kept back from doing a shabby deed, or saying an unkind word, still more, if, by the thought of her, they were urged to do some helpful service, to finish a bit of work more perfectly, to grapple more boldly with some disagreeable job or difficulty, not only to resist some bad temptation but also to make some useful sacrifice, whether small or big, to accomplish some act of friendship or love—*that*, I think, would be the way in which they could best honour her memory, and remember her as she would wish. And if any of these things were to happen because of her—and I think they will—we should all feel that, in some special sense, she was still near to us, and that this tablet, which we will now unveil, had indeed been placed within our hall to high and noble purpose, and to the true glory of God.