

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HONORIA AT WORK.



The engagement Janey had hinted at was a visit she had arranged to pay to Honoria.
“Come and see me,” Honoria had said when they parted after that interview already described, and Janey had promised gladly. Hitherto the contemplation of her own needs had completely absorbed her, but now that the difficulties were cleared from her path she had time and thoughts to spare for larger

interests. Charlie's letter gave her the deciding impulse. She could leave Allie now, and accordingly on the following morning, commending her to the professor's care, she set out.

Honorina was about to start on her morning's round when the visitor got to the house, but she drew Janey in to rest a moment.

"The worst is over," she said, "there is not nearly so much sickness as there was last week, so I am not in such haste."

"But you have been dreadfully overworked, Honorina; you look as if you ought to be in bed."

"Oh, I am very well," said Honorina easily. "I have always been strong, and I am used to late hours. It is quite as easy to sit by a sick bed as to dance all night."

She looked well though she was paler than usual, and her face had a serene brightness that it had never worn in the days of dancing. She had thrown all the energy of her will into the task of helping, and the larger claims that had been made of late upon her time and sympathy only stirred her enthusiasm to fresh vigour.

A strong, helpful and beautiful woman she looked in spite of the rigid plainness of her dress, a woman to lean on and to trust. Her face was rather sad when in repose and grave in its curves, but her rare smile had the effect of sunshine. She had gained a surer footing now, saw her way more clearly, walked in it more calmly.

"Rest and tell me everything," she said, untying Janey's bonnet strings. "I have so often been wondering how it has gone with you."

So Janey unfolded her burden of cares. She touched lightly enough upon those days of stress and darkness that had already begun to wear the remoteness of a half-forgotten dream, and she described gaily the shower of fairy gifts that had descended on the professor and in which she and Allie were allowed to share; but when she spoke of Charlie, her voice broke.

"Did you know that the money was paid Honorina?"

"I did not know."

"You think that he ought to have paid it himself? It would be a long time before he could do that, and now he will be able to come back. I think this time—I feel almost sure—that he will repay it when he can. He is changed, Honorina; but until it was paid he could not return. Your father could only ignore his offence while he remained hidden."

"Yes, I am very glad for that reason. I have heard from Jim, and they are coming home together." She hesitated whether to tell Janey of the new beginning Charlie meant to make; then she decided that it would be best for him to break the tidings himself.

"Jim rejoins his regiment at once. There are rumours of disturbances in the Soudan and he expects to be sent out there."

Janey looked up startled.

"That will be a new trouble for you and Mr. Vivian."

"Yes, poor papa"—Honorina spoke with a new gravity—"I am afraid he will feel it keenly. When Jim became a soldier we knew that we

must some day give him for our country, but it seems harder when the call comes."

"He has given both of you," Janey thought; for was not Honorina a soldier too, a standard bearer leaping into the breach?

"We have improved the house a little since you saw it," Honorina said, presently, "will you come and see it? Miss Lemming has been sitting up all night with a bad case and is resting now; but if we go softly we shall not disturb her. See, here is our night room." She opened the door of a large, clean room fitted with benches and with the remains of a generous fire still burning in the grate. "They crowd in here, poor girls, on cold nights, glad of warmth and shelter. We found it best not to provide anything more luxurious than those benches, but they can rest there better than on a doorstep. We make tea and coffee for them, and have a little chat with them in the morning before they go. Upstairs there are one or two rooms for those who are too ill to be nursed in their own homes; the beds were all filled last week."

"Is that girl whom you had in your own room when I saw you last—is she better?"

A shadow crossed Honorina's face.

"Yes, she is better, she is well in health; she has left us. One must have patience and faith. You know the lost sheep was found, Janey, though the shepherd had to seek it in the wilderness."

"This is our lending closet," she said, regaining her cheerfulness.

She showed a goodly supply of rough blankets and underclothing.

"Jim got me the blankets, they are such as are used in the army, and are both warm and light. And here is the rag cupboard," she laughed, "and you don't know what a struggle I have to keep it filled! Poultrice rags ought to be burned, you know, Janey. That is a nursing rule that was impressed on me with iteration. But we do want so many!"

"I don't know anything, not even about poultrice rags, but you will show me."

"I'm afraid you won't like it," said Honorina thoughtfully, as she picked up her basket, and they set out. "It does require one to be used to it to see the sufferings of the sick poor. I saw a good deal in the hospital, but that scarcely prepares one, the surroundings here are so different. But that only makes it easier in one way," she ended simply.

"Do you work here all alone?"

"The Nursing Association has not taken up this corner, and they have made it over to me. I am afraid they think me rather self-willed and conceited because I have not joined them. I don't want to be self-willed, but——"

"Oh, I understand," said Janey playfully, "you want to impose a few more hardships on yourself than they would allow. You have a keener taste for self-martyrdom."

"Indeed, I haven't!" said Honorina emphatically. "That would be foolish, spending all one's strength in the beginning of a race and giving in half way. Besides, Miss Lemming would not allow it, even if I wished; she besets me with

cares and kindnesses. This is my first case, Janey: come slowly after me, for the stairs are broken and dark. We are going to see an old woman who fell on the fire last week and burnt herself, but she is recovering."

Janey stumbled upwards, holding on to Honoria's cloak, for she could not see a step before her. The room they entered seemed comparatively light after the outer erebus; it was very small, but tolerably clean.

An old woman with a pale, pinched face lay on a bed in one corner.

"Good morning, nurse," she called out when the visitors entered, "I thought you was never coming to see me no more."

"Have I been so long, Mrs. Smith?" Honoria spoke cheerfully. "Well, I have brought you a visitor to make up."

"Be she a nurse too?"

"Nothing so good," said Janey answering for herself, "I'm afraid you wouldn't like me to dress your wounds."

"That I wouldn't!" the patient assented with emphasis. "It isn't everybody I would let wash me neither. I ain't 'ad what you may call a wash all over these two 'ear—not since I brought them dreadful pains on with using water too free."

"Well, you've had no rheumatism this time," said Honoria brightly, going on all the while with her task of dressing the sores; "and we are going to get you round nicely. And when you are well, you will do the washing yourself."

"I ain't said as I would."

"Oh, I think you will to please me."

"Don't come too near," she whispered. So Janey held a little aloof, but she could not but notice with what skill and tenderness Honoria performed her task. The wisdom of her hospital training came out in this for even the utmost willingness avails little where the fingers are unskilled.

"Do they all mistrust soap and water?" Janey asked when they had stumbled downstairs again.

"Most of them," said Honoria smiling. "They seem to look on dirt as a sort of extra garment to protect them from the cold. I had to do Mrs. Smith in little bits at a time just as she would let me, but she is tolerably clean now. When they've been ill for a good while, and have had some experience of the virtues of water, they begin to like it. One poor young collier who, I verily believe, had never seen soap since his birth, was so proud of his arm when we got it white that he wouldn't keep it under the bed-clothes!"

"They may get to like it, but how can you endure to do it?" cried Janey with shrinking repugnance. "Is it necessary for you to do it?"

"It is necessary for some one to do it, and why not I? It often makes all the difference between getting well and remaining ill; I fancy there is more in the proverb about cleanliness being next to godliness than we think. Outward and inward purity have a close kinship; the one at least helps the desire for the other. Have you ever noticed how many passages there are in the Bible

about washing and cleansing? I often think of them when I am with the poor people. We can only touch on the outside, it is the blood of Jesus Christ alone that can make them 'whiter than snow' within."

Janey said nothing; how could she assent when her own heart remained cold? But in the very next house they came to, she was destined to have another illustration of the way in which Honoria fulfilled her task.

"This is a very dirty place," she said, pausing hesitatingly. "I think you had better not come up."

"I mean to come," said Janey shortly.

"Well then, don't be persuaded to sit on the bed, or to sit anywhere if you can help it."

There was not much choice to offer temptation, Janey thought. A chair without a back, and an upturned beer-barrel seemed to be the sole furnishing of the room, except a miserable pallet in one corner on which a young lad lay with an injured foot. An elderly woman was coaxing an unwilling fire to light, and two or three children played listlessly in a corner with a half-starved cat. The woman, whose rough, unkempt head and ragged dress were in keeping with the general squalor and dirt, turned a good-natured plaintive face on their entrance.

"I couldn't help it, nurse," she began, anticipating reproaches, "I'm that toiled and miled what with them children, and a bit of charing as was give me—and 'as got to be done this very day too, which there isn't a minute left to clear up."

"Do you mean that you have work to-day, Mrs. Barnet?"

Mrs. Barnet was understood to say—though she took a volume to say it—that she had the offer of cleaning a hall required for a charitable purpose, "and which two shillings was to be paid for the job."

"Charity ought to have begun at home," said Honoria shaking her head, "but you mustn't lose the chance of a day's work; I'll see what can be done to make Tom a little more comfortable. Here, Lucy"—she turned to one of the children who had ceased her listless play to creep nearer the visitor—"will you run and ask Mrs. Brown if she will please let nurse have a pail of hot water as soon as she can?"

She was stripping herself of cloak and bonnet as she spoke, and tying on a coarse apron which she drew from her basket.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Janey, who had been making difficult talk with the sick lad, for Honoria had taken a piece of soap and flannel from her basket, and was turning up her cuffs in a business-like way.

"A little cleaning," Honoria answered smiling. "Indeed," she said, meeting the remonstrance on Janey's face, "I can do it very well, as you will see, and I should be unhappy not to do it. If you care to help me, Janey, will you take the children out into the passage for half an hour? If you could tell them a story—or sing to them, perhaps. You may safely sit on the opposite steps, Mrs. Brown is a very clean woman."

Janey did as she was bid, subdued by the look

on Honoria's face. Honoria had still the power to compel others to her will, though she exercised it with perfect gentleness. "She shuts my mouth, and makes me ashamed to want to thwart her," Janey would say. "I think it is her goodness that overawes me."

But her heart was hot and sore as she sat on the steps with the submissive, staring children, trying very ineffectually to tell them a story. Poor little waifs; their imaginations had had no training in the fairy lore that delights other children, or else it may have been that Janey did her part but indifferent well.

She did not bring any ardour to it, for her ear was bent all the while to catch the swish of Honoria's flannel on the boards, and her mind was given to rebellion.

"Is this needful?" she was asking herself, "is it not a waste of so rare and fine a nature to put it to such base uses? Any one can wash a floor." She forgot that the act may be made "fine" if it is done for God. What was it she would have had Honoria do? Sit apart and smile on them, or come down into the common, dusty ways and bear their burdens with them? She knew with the compunction that was a growing force in her, that she could not sympathise with the energetic impulse that made the meanest task easy to Honoria, so long as it could help to lift the general life. Janey, practical and clever as she was, had no innate taste for nursing the sick and caring for ragged, dirty people; it would have been a distasteful task to her and at no time welcome or easy, even if she could have sanctified it by doing it for the love of Christ. And it was the love of Christ that sustained Honoria and exalted the poorest little duty, the most menial service done in His name.

But presently she shook herself.

"You poor little creatures," she said, "you are having a fine time of it, aren't you? I believe that miserable cat understands as much of my story as you do. Come, shall I sing to you instead?"

Janey had a clear and sweet voice and a well-stored memory, so that she did not require in young lady fashion to carry her "pieces" with her, and was independent of instrumental accompaniment. Perhaps we may allow that this is the most useful sort of singing after all. It roused the children, anyhow; they drew a little nearer her on the step which they shared, and she held that an excellent sign of their appreciation. Presently her audience increased. The door at the top of the steps was opened, and a trim, tidy figure appeared there. Honoria peeped out from the opposite door and smiled upon the group; she left it ajar so that Janey could see the eager face of the sick lad turned towards her, drinking in every note. Great power of music, stirring and compelling all hearts!

"Go on," cried a voice from below, in rough, imperious command, and after a startled pause she obeyed. She sang homely, simple things, most of them rigorously cheerful—there being heaviness and sadness enough in the lives of her audience.

Presently the boy beckoned to one of the children who rose and crept up to his bed.

"Tell her to sing 'Chrissen soljers,'" he whispered, for the ringing refrain of that battle-cry heard who knows where, had caught his fancy.

Janey hung her head and blushed as this message was brought out to her.

"Tell him I can't," she said. Then she suddenly recalled the child: "Tell him I will learn it and come another day and sing it to him."

"What a beautiful voice you have, Janey," said Honoria with ungrudging admiration when they had left the house, the room clean and sweet and the invalid made comfortable. "I have always been so sorry that I am voiceless. It is a great gift to be able to sing as you do, and such a help, for the poor people do love it, and a hymn is sometimes far better than a sermon."

"It is my one talent and I have been quite content to bury it," she said with a touch of bitterness. "Shall I disinter it and come and sing hymns to your poor people? But I shall have to learn them first."

"It will be very good of you if you will come, and you will give a great deal of pleasure."

"I am to sing while you wash floors and clean windows and make poultices."

Honoria turned on her and smiled gently.

"Dear Janey, that is a very easy part of it—so easy that I sometimes feel afraid that I may lean too much on it and forget the higher task. Oh, the difficult thing is to find the right word—not to repel them, but to lead them and entreat them. There is so much that wrings one's heart, and one loses faith, and so much that tries one, and one loses patience; and to seem to be doing nothing and to be content to wait God's time, that is hardest of all."

Was she doing nothing? Surely her efforts were not all in vain.

As Janey followed her in that morning of ministrations, even she, with the sadness of her creed, could not believe that so many beautiful, loving deeds would count for naught.

As she passed in and out among them, Janey noticed that the people respected her; some there were who were gruff and rude, but there were many more who greeted her with kindness and even with affection, recognising the goodness of her will towards them, and wherever she passed she carried some help or comfort with her. The most loathsome complaints only moved her to a greater tenderness and pity. For all real suffering she had a keenly vibrating fibre, but she had the intelligence, too, not to allow herself to be imposed on.

Janey was prepared to watch her with a hostile criticism quickly enough on the alert for blemishes.

"There is a great deal too much drivelling sentimentality," she said in her blunt way, "in the fashion in which we approach the poor, and they are the first to know and trade on it." But she was compelled to own that Honoria's impulses, high and noble as they were, had their sane and wholesome restrictions.

In the next place they visited there was a

woman dying of cancer—most terrible of all the diseases that afflict the poor. She was incurably ill and Honoria was using what influence she could command to get her admitted to the hospital which receives such cases.

"Don't come beyond the door," she said to Janey; and the girl, faint and weary by this time, and full of a shuddering distaste for the whole business, obeyed. But she could see all that went on in the room, the woman in her extremity over whom Honoria was bending, doing what she could to relieve her, and a man sitting by the embers of a fire smoking. He was ragged, and dirty, and he wore an evil scowl on his ugly countenance. He was one of that large band of the unemployed for whom one's sympathies are not easily stirred.

When Honoria turned to go after a few low-voiced words of comfort, he made an appeal to her for money. He neither rose nor took the pipe from his lips, and though he began with a whine, his voice rose before her unbroken silence into a threat.

"I will give you nothing," she said with decision. "I helped you to get work last week, why are you idle to-day? It is because you like idleness best, and you hope to live on my charity, but I have no charity for such as you."

The man muttered something about his wife starving; he was cowed by her look, to Janey the old proud Honoria who claimed submission from all men seemed to have come back.

"No," she said, "she shall not suffer because of your misdeeds, but neither will you profit by her misfortune. You are strong enough to work, and there is work for you to do—go and do it."

She passed by him with a calm, dignified step, neither hastening nor afraid, but she sighed when she and Janey were once more on the pavement.

"That is the kind of person who tries me much," she said, "and then—I am ashamed to find how easily my patience fails. That is a truth that is always coming home to one unpleasantly."

"I should be ashamed of you if you had patience with a scoundrel and a bully like that," said Janey impulsively.

If Honoria had yielded either out of fear or of foolishness she would have lost something in Janey's regard. Honoria who had been clever at everything in her other life, whether at enter-

taining, when she chose, at breaking in a restive horse, at dancing, at books and men, did not lose her common-sense or her quick intuition when she brought them into this new field. Janey was forced to give an unwilling admiration to the deftness with which she remade a bed without disturbing the patient, or took a temperature, or applied a bandage or concocted a cup of beef-tea.

It is an enormous mistake—though it is a commonly enough accepted mistake—to think that one who sets himself or herself to do Christ's work can afford to ignore or despise details such as these. The better the training the higher the service, and our Saviour who made wine for the feasters at the marriage and multiplied the loaves and fishes, and Himself became flesh, taught us by His divine example that the care of the body may be quite as much a Christian duty as the care of the soul. A cup of cold water, in His name—is not this to make "drudgery divine?"

"And are you never tired, do you never feel weary of it all and want to give it up and—go back?" asked Janey when the long day of helping and cheering and soothing was over, and the two sat for a few quiet moments in Honoria's little room.

"Give it up," her face brightened with a strange enthusiasm—"ah, no, never. It is only the very beginning, just the mere outer edge one has touched, and there is so much to do. And I don't think I could go back—unless there were some great call," her voice grew subdued—"it might be a duty, and then I hope I should be helped to choose rightly—"

"But do you really love the work?" persisted Janey, still groping with her own perplexities.

"Yes, I love it, it has been my rescue, and it grows dearer every day. Can't you believe that it is interesting, Janey?" she asked wistfully. "One gets so near to the pulse of life, and the great human drama, and to feel that you are striving, even if ever so feebly, to lift the world higher, it is a great incentive. And it has its bright side," she went on cheerfully, "there is a great deal of submission and patience among the poor, and even the sense of fun is not all crushed out. One gets glimpses of it that lighten the way. Yes, I love the work, Janey, and I thank God for giving it to me."

"I believe you do," said Janey conquered at last, "and so I suppose I must not grudge you to it any more."

SOME PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND," ETC.

IN PERSECUTING TIMES.

IT is well known how treacherously the Presbyterians of Scotland were treated by Charles II. They had done a great deal for him; they had espoused his cause when Cromwell was carrying all before him, and at Scone they had crowned him king. A famous preacher,

Robert Douglas, a man of great weight and influence, had preached a very long sermon to him on that occasion, strongly counselling him to stand fast by the cause of God, and inasmuch as many difficult questions would come before him in his royal capacity, urging him to set

apart hours for prayer and meditation on the Scriptures, that he might become such a prince as Hezekiah, and an equal blessing to his country. On his part, the king had taken the covenants, he had renounced prelacy and popery, and when urged not to commit himself to the Presbyterian cause, unless he was thoroughly satisfied in his conscience, he had emphatically declared that he was satisfied, fully satisfied. Yet hardly was he on the throne, at his restoration, when his bitter hostility to the Presbyterians broke out, and not only the measures he devised, but the relentless way in which they were carried out, seemed to say that he was determined to have his revenge for the interminable lectures and exhortations to which he had been compelled to listen. An Act was passed in 1662, the consequence of which was the expulsion, under pressure of their consciences, of three hundred ministers from their charges, the number being afterwards increased to about four hundred. The parliament by which this Act was passed is known historically as "the drunken parliament of Middleton." Its members had given themselves up to sheer drinking and debauchery; as Burnet remarks, "it was a maddening time; when the men of affairs were perpetually drunk." Not only were the ministers driven from their charges, but they were debarred from preaching or in any other way ministering to their former flocks. A court was set up to watch their proceedings. "Conventicles" were declared to be unlawful; and all manner of penalties,—fines, imprisonment, banishment and death itself were authorized against any of the people who should be so wicked as to countenance them.

But many of the more resolute and earnest both of the ministers and the people were determined that neither debauched kings nor drunken parliaments should turn them from the path of duty. In many parts of Scotland, especially the south and south-west, the covenanter feeling was intensely strong among the laity, and fair means and foul were alike powerless to overcome it. The hurricane was so violent that only "the fittest" survived, preachers of high gifts and dauntless courage were alone able to withstand it. The preachers that did withstand it were held in extraordinary reverence among the people. The very fact of their preaching at the peril of their lives had a wonderful effect both on them and on their hearers. It gave a remarkable stimulus to themselves; made them speak like men inspired, and sent many a thrill of sympathy and many a courageous impulse through their audiences. There can be no reasonable doubt that their main object was to exalt Christ, and commend Him in all His saving grace to the people. No doubt they brought in what we should deem some very subordinate questions, and invested them with a character of sacred importance. But, in the main, they were ambassadors for Christ, beseeching men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. They by no means took for granted that the multitudes who flocked to them in the wilderness were all on the Lord's side. Many an earnest personal appeal was made even to those whose blood, if the dragoons came upon them, might in a few

minutes be crimsoning the sod. The whole circumstances of the case were marvellously fitted to rouse men's souls. The preachers, who in an especial manner were marks for the enemy to strike at, gained a place of unprecedented regard. Hunted from parish to parish, often with a price on their heads, enduring extraordinary hardships, yet never failing to appear though at the peril of their lives, wherever there were hungry souls eager for the bread of life, they won a place in the hearts of their people which is hardly ever reached in times like our own, when all sit calmly under their vine and under their fig-tree.

Very odd spectacles these preachers must have been. Of clerical coats and white ties they were supremely innocent. Not even the dark suit appropriate to a Scottish minister would often be seen on the mountains or the moorlands. It was their policy to appear as like the peasantry as possible. Often and often they escaped the dragoons, just because there was no vestige of the preacher in their appearance. With homespun grey on their backs, and the broad, blue bonnet on their heads, travel-stained and weather-battered, they would stand up among the people and invite them to join in the worship of God. As likely as not, the preacher spent last night in a cave, and if a friendly cottar should take care of him the following night, he might have to stow him away in some obscure corner of an outhouse, in case of a sudden visit from the dragoons. Many a morning had to be spent without breakfast; many a night without supper. Rheumatism, ague, and dysentery had left their mark on most of them. Yet it was remarked that they were usually cheerful and bright. The joys of faith became very real; the promises of God were felt to be most sweet; and while flesh and heart failed, God was consciously the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever.

Among the most picturesque, though not the most eloquent of the field preachers, was Alexander Peden, often called "Peden the prophet." He was emphatically "a character," even in times when marked individuality was more common than it is now. In his later days he would sometimes call himself "old Sandy," and that even in prayer, thus encouraging others to be familiar with his name. In his youth he was minister of Old Luce in Galloway, and when obliged to leave his church in 1662, he knocked three times on the door of the pulpit, charging it in his Master's name to let no man enter it but such as came in by the door as he had done. He had not the flow of some popular preachers, but a quaint way of uttering particular things that stuck to people's memories, and were often quoted as what Mr. Peden said. He was one of the preachers that had a wonderful knack of making their escape from the dragoons. Once, when riding with two friends, they were unexpectedly met by a company of them. The sudden terror made one of the friends faint, but Peden was cool and undaunted. The dragoons had lost their way, and not suspecting anything, asked the three gentlemen if they could point it out to them. Peden insisted on going with them

to show them the ford of the neighbouring stream. When he returned, his friends asked why he had risked going with them himself, instead of sending their servant. "Because," he said, "they might have asked questions of the lad, and he might have let us be known; but, as for me, I knew they would be like the dogs of Egypt. They could not move a tongue against me, because my time was not come."

Peden was very strong in presentiment, and "second sight." That this was the result of supernatural influence was the firm conviction of his friends. Others may believe that his natural sagacity, coupled with his dauntless faith in the word and promises of God, may explain the prophecies that were very freely ascribed to him. In 1678 he was taken and committed to captivity in the fortress of the Bass Rock, that remarkable precipitous crag that rises abruptly out of the ocean near the entrance to the Firth of Forth. It was a most dreary and cheerless captivity, lasting for five years, and must have been intensely trying to a man of Peden's roaming habits, and very social character. We do not wonder at his envying the birds of the island, the solan geese, that haunt the rocks in thousands, careering in all the freedom of their lofty flight, while he and his companions were doomed to their lonely bondage. At last he was let out, but with a sentence of life banishment from Scotland. He and a number of others were sent to London, the master of the ship having instructions to transfer them to another vessel that would carry them to the American colonies. "The ship is not built yet," said Peden, "that will take me to Virginia." And so it turned out. When the master of the American vessel ascertained that it was ministers of the Gospel and other godly men that he was to dispose of there, he refused to have anything to do with them. He thought the cargo had been thieves and miscreants, whom he might have sold to better advantage than psalm-singing covenanters. And as neither ship would have them, Peden and his friends escaped. Returning to Scotland, he led the life of an outlaw preacher, greatly relished by the people.

Here is the description which a popular writer gives, in the words of a supposed hearer, of the man and of his meetings:—"I was just thinking on the many sweet days we have had at the conventicles, and how the hand of the Lord has been seen many a time in warding off danger. I remember the meetings at Friar Minion, when Mr. Peden preached. It was in the high days of summer, and a large company had collected on the bonny green by the burn-side. The lark was singing high in the air, and the cheery sun shone without a cloud. We were a happy company, met afar in the wilderness to worship God—the God of our salvation, whatever might betide. But though no dragoons had been near, danger seemed to arise from another quarter. The early morning had been clear and somewhat cold, and by midday a dark thunder-cloud began to gather on the lofty top of Mount Stewart, near the wilds of Hyndbottom, and in a short time it became terrible to look on. Being

on the hill straight above us, it began to move in our direction. The thunder was beginning to mutter in its bosom, and some of the heavy rain-drops were falling. The people crept close together, and gathered their plaids over their heads, and tried to listen to what the man of God was saying. Mr. Peden observed the confusion, and seeing the fearful cloud gradually descending and growing darker and darker, he paused in his discourse and said: 'I see, sirs, that ye are put about, and there is cause for it. I never saw a heavier cloud hang over our heads in these deserts before, and I have preached in many a storm both in summer and in winter, but the Lord is the Hearer of prayer, and let us pray to Him who is able to screen us in the day of His fierce tempest.' He then poured out a prayer, the like of which for fervour of spirit and confidence in God I scarcely ever listened to. When he ended, the people were greatly composed, and sat down patiently to wait the result, and Mr. Peden went on with his discourse. In a short time the cloud began to move, and crept from one hillside to another, till, gathering in great bulk, it rested over the heights of Penbreck and Cairntable, when it poured out its waters in such gushing torrents that all the hills were white with foam, and all the streams flooded from bank to brae. The thunder was fearful, and resounded from height to height like the loud cannon of the battlefield. The lightning tore up the bent, and splintered the rocks on the hills. We regarded our deliverance as an answer to prayer, and Mr. Peden improved the occasion in an address that went to the hearts of us all. And a shower of another kind from that which we dreaded came upon us; for the great Master of assemblies shed down His holy Spirit to revive our hearts, and quicken us in our religious exercises, so that in spirit we were wafted away heavenwards, to be fed with heavenly manna, and to draw water out of the wells of salvation. John Weir, that old experienced Christian, used to say that he never enjoyed the gracious presence of God so manifestly as on that occasion."

Once in his old age, when pressed by the dragoons, Peden, who was on horseback, ventured to cross a dangerous stream at such palpable risk that the dragoons were frightened and gave up the chase. Another time he was obliged to dash into a dangerous bog; a dragoon followed, plunged into one of the soft parts, and was speedily engulfed, and he and his horse heard of no more. Another time, on foot, when hard pressed, he and his friends got on a little height, and betook themselves to prayer. He told the Lord that they were utterly spent and helpless; it was their enemy's hour and power, but had the Lord no other work for these enemies but to destroy them? "Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over old Sandy and these poor things, and save us this one time." A cloud sprang up between them, and by and by word came to the dragoons that they were to go in search of another offender.

There is a touching story of Peden visiting Airmoss after the death of Richard Cameron, and sobbing out at his grave, "Oh, to be with

thee, Richie!" The manner of his own death was also very touching. Close to his brother's house he had a cave dug for him in a gravel pit, well concealed from inquisitive eyes, where he lay in his last illness. Feeling his end approaching, and knowing that his place of retreat was discovered, he crawled to the house and was laid on a bed. The dragoons, disappointed at not finding him in the cave, searched the house, but through some means overlooked the place where he lay. In a few hours he ended his pilgrimage and was buried. Unable to arrest him while living, the dragoons wreaked their vengeance on his dead body, which they disinterred and hung in chains at Cumnock. At last his remains were buried there, at the foot of the gallows. Recently a monument has been erected to his memory.

Another conspicuous name among the noted preachers of the day was that of John Blackader, ejected minister of Troquhair in Galloway, the representative of the ancient family of Blackader of Tulliallan. He was of a much more staid and subdued character than Peden, but not a whit behind in courage and devotion. Like him he had for a long time remarkable success in eluding the dragoons, but at last he was caught, and in 1681 committed to the Bass. After years of bondage, health gave way. He petitioned the Council that he might have leave to go to Edinburgh, and die beside his wife and children. The Council graciously allowed him to leave the Bass and enter himself a prisoner either in the prison of Dunbar or Haddington, and bind himself to return to the Bass on a certain day thereafter! He declined a change which would be no relief, and would not bring him the benefit of Edinburgh physicians, and petitioned again. Leave was granted on condition that he would give a bond of five thousand marks, binding himself not to leave the town of Edinburgh. But by this time he was on the eve of a more glorious deliverance; death gave him what the Council had refused, as it is expressed in an epitaph over his grave in the churchyard of North Berwick—

Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and by angels led,
Entered the mansions of eternal joy.
Blest soul! thy warfare's done; praise, love, enjoy.

Blackader was one of the chief organizers of the conventicle, especially in the county of Fife. The term etymologically denotes a little meeting, but under Blackader it grew to extraordinary proportions. Lady Balcanquhal had engaged him to preach in her house—hitherto the only kind of meetings held; but public announcement was boldly made of the unlawful gathering, and the multitude that came was far too numerous for the house. Mr. Blackader stood on a little platform in the stackyard with his back to a stack, and this occasioned the first field meeting that had been held in Fife. It proved a means of great and manifold impression. It was followed by a more famous gathering on the hill of Beath,

above Dunfermline, of which Mr. Blackader himself has left a full account. He had been induced to run the great risk from what he had heard of the ignorance and profanity of the people in the neighbourhood. The people began to assemble on the Saturday night. On the Sunday morning Mr. Dickson preached, and Mr. Blackader on the afternoon. It was a strange time, for soldiers on horseback were hovering round the place, as if some attack was to be made on the people. Once Mr. Blackader had to stop in the middle of his sermon, to settle a quarrel respecting one of these horsemen, who wished to get away, but whom the people would not let leave. It was evident that the soldiers were somehow cowed, and compelled to let the meeting go on. After service, the fear was that the ministers would be apprehended. Mr. Blackader rode off and tried to get across the Firth, but no boat was available. He had to ride all the way to Stirling, where he was nearly imprisoned, and from that onwards to Edinburgh, which he reached on the Monday morning. The party of Mr. Blackader were amazed at the want of opposition. The whole seemed like a divine interposition; friends were inspired by it with new hope and encouragement. In London, where religious meetings had been stopped, they revived and became more frequent than ever. Public thanks were given in the Scotch church of Rotterdam for the victory over usurped supremacy. But the covenanting cause received a remarkable impulse. The two ministers were at length summoned before the council, but failed to appear. Mr. Blackader had to hide in Edinburgh, but his house being searched, he escaped to the Merse. Their opponents became only the more extreme in their measures. Heavy fines were imposed on some who had attended the meeting. Ten were banished to the plantations and laid in irons. One of them requested permission to bid adieu to his wife and family. Lauderdale scornfully refused—"You shall never see your home again. *This will be a testimony to the cause.*" Through a singular combination of events the sentence was not carried into effect. Some of the ten made their escape, and the others were ultimately set at liberty.

There were many signs of great spiritual impression at these conventicles. Men felt that God was present, and that His blessing accompanied the message. And indeed it was this conviction that constrained both minister and people to brave all risks and continue to hold them, let the consequences be what they might. The hearts of many were profoundly impressed by spiritual things. To many an eye heaven was opened, and a vision given of the King in His glory. It was hard to part with meetings where such things were experienced. To many it seemed that to surrender gatherings where they had such foretastes of heaven would be equivalent to surrendering heaven itself.

But the furnace as yet was comparatively mild. In another paper we shall pass on to "the killing time," when it was heated seven times more.



"Stay Thou with me."

(From the German of Julius Sturm.)

STAY Thou with me; soon will the night be
come,

E'en now the sun has set behind the hill;
The hind has led his weary cattle home,
And the loud busy day at last is still.

Come, Lord, and bending from Thy glorious throne
Greet me this evening with Thine own bequest—
Thy promised peace; in Thee, in Thee alone,
Can my heart find a sweet and holy rest.

Ah, Lord, Thou comest from my father-land,
My home-sick longings are not hid from Thee;
Bring me some tidings from that sacred strand,
Give me the eyes of faith my home to see!

E'en while I wait, listening to hear Thy voice,
I feel my heart enkindled by Thy love:
A ray of glory makes my soul rejoice—
A gracious token from my home above.

F. B.

THE BATAHNS OF SUMATRA.

A NEW CHAPTER IN MISSIONARY ANNALS.

v.

FOR nine long years so far as I can trace events—Battahland remained without a ray of light in its gross darkness. We may be quite certain, however, that the courageous journeys and zealous labours of the missionaries whose names we have recorded have had a share in the influences which have brought about the occurrences which have yet to be related.

On the 9th of June, 1832, four missionaries belonging to the American Baptist Missionary Society sailed from Boston for the Eastern tropics. Two of these eventually found their way to Siam, and the other two, Munson and Lyman, remained at Batavia, which the four together reached after a voyage of over three months. Discouraged in their work in Java, the two brethren resolved on finding a new sphere in Sumatra. In 1834 they embarked in a small over-crowded vessel, and after a tempestuous voyage landed at Padang. There they found Mr. Ward, and, no doubt, after receiving information and counsel from him, they undertook to enter Battahland.

Sailing from Padang, they soon reach the bay of Tapanuli, and, landing at Siboga, resolve on penetrating into the very heart of the country. But not knowing the language, nor aware of conflicts prevailing among the people, and especially of the fact that Moslem zeal had been endeavouring to enforce the adoption of Islamism, they enter the region under circumstances of great disadvantage. Their destruction is resolved upon. As they are approaching the valley of Silindung, an ambush is planned to intercept them. On reaching the guarded spot they are suddenly attacked. The carriers drop their burdens and flee; the guide and interpreter abandons them; only two of their followers, one a servant who had come with them from Java, remain. The natives soon surround them with angry looks and sounds. To show that their intentions are peaceable the missionaries give up their arms. But in vain; Lyman is shot by his own gun, and Manson speared, and both are eaten! The German narrator adds: "In the year 1841 a traveller on reaching the spot found only a few miserable hovels where there had been a large and prosperous village."

It is right that I should add that I cannot find evidence of any other Europeans having been similarly treated. Two Roman Catholic missionaries were poisoned in Pulo Nias, and attempts to poison the Protestant missionaries in Battahland have been made; but the fact that poison was used is proof that in these instances there was no thought of gratifying the ghastly passion for human flesh.

I have found a memorandum of a narrative which apparently was published in the "London

Quarterly Journal," vol. ii. p. 172, containing a thrilling story relating to the mother of one of these missionary martyrs—Henry Lyman. Dr. McClure tells it (May, 1836): "This woman gave the son of her love to be a missionary to the heathen; and a noble youth he was. Well I knew him—a companion of my early studies. . . . Who was to break the sad news to that poor mother? . . . You who are mothers will believe that for a moment her soul was overwhelmed, and she buried her face, while her heart was convulsed with grief. But it was a passing shock. With astonishing calmness and resolution in another moment she added: 'Oh, that I had another son ready to go and take the place of my dear Henry, to tell them of that Saviour who hath so loved them!'" The fate of these two devoted men seems, however, to have caused general alarm, and the cessation of all effort to carry Christian civilisation to this strange people.

Meanwhile the rule of the Dutch Government was quietly extending itself. As has been intimated, this was not in consequence of conquest and annexation, but in response to the spontaneous and urgent appeals of the Battah communities themselves. About twelve years after the tragic event described, the government commissioned Dr. Franz Junghung, an enterprising German scholar, to visit the people, and the report of his investigations, published in 1847, constitutes the basis of our most trustworthy accounts of them.

Then came a distinctly religious mission, the honour of which belongs to the Netherlands Bible Society. This was in the person of an eminent Dutch man of letters, Dr. H. R. Van der Tunk, who was sent by the society to Battahland, and prepared a grammar and dictionary of the language, and various translations which have proved of eminent service to the missionaries who have followed him. Very interesting is the origin of their entrance upon the work. A Dutch pastor became so deeply interested and moved by what he had read and heard of the people that he personally persuaded and engaged two earnest men to go forth and preach the gospel to them. Finally these two men, with another from Borneo, and a fourth specially sent from Germany, formed, in the year 1862, the first missionary staff of the Rhenish Missionary Society in its great work in Battahland. No doubt, from the very beginning of this successful mission, the readiness of the Batahns to receive Christianity is to be largely explained by the knowledge that the Dutch Government, whose authority is so welcomed by them, has the missionaries under its protection and patronage.

This authority and Christian influence move

step by step together in their advance. The missionaries find it necessary themselves to form communities, and over these the Government appoints chiefs belonging to them. This connection of church and state is not without its disadvantages. The ambitious hope for chieftainship through the good offices of the missionary, and, failing to secure it, show their resentment by forsaking the missionaries, and sometimes, out of jealousy and hostility towards the chief-appointed, will not attend the same church, and even set up religious services of their own. These periods of excitement seen, however, generally to end in reconciliation and restoration. And there is another disadvantage; just as Christianity moves with each advance of Government rule, so does the faith of Mohammed. And thus a new element of difficulty and antagonism has to be confronted by the missionary in his Christian labour.

The missionaries are much to be commended for training the communities they gather into habits of self-government and self-support. As far as possible, they get the people to profess the new faith as families, postponing their admission into the Christian community till the husband is ready as well as the wife, with their children. Though at first the community is managed by the missionary, he at once trains it to elect its own elders, teachers, and pastors, and to supply the means of their support.

We read, therefore, in the Reports of sites being given, and of schools and churches and mansees being built by the people, and of Sunday offerings and systematised contributions. One missionary writes of receiving twenty-four in one day into the community. Another celebrates Christmas Day by baptising sixty-seven people. Another gives details of a missionary tour from community to community. "This place," he writes, "is the highest inhabited point in our Battah Mission, and from it one enjoys a splendid view of the entire Tobah Lake and of Silindung. The nights are very cold. Through my five weeks' stay here I had on Sundays from one hundred and fifty to two hundred natives in my congregation, one third of whom are regarded by the local Evangelist as ready for baptism." Of another visitation he says, "I met with a very kind reception. Until late at night a number of chiefs and other men remained assembled at the house of the chief with whom I lodged, and all sorts of questions concerning heathen and Christian customs were talked over. The next morning it was resolved at once to begin the building of a school and a teacher's house. Eleven families presented themselves for instruction." Moving to another place, he remarks—

"A number of adults and children accompanied me, and, amid the sounds of trumpets and singing, we arrived at the house of the Evangelist. They have here a large mission building, comprising a dwelling-place for the teacher, a church, and a spacious room which serves as a residence for the visiting missionary. The people are yet independent, and are constantly quarrelling and fighting, so that their attention cannot be gained for religion. A few, however, have regularly attended divine service for two years, and some for four, and there are thirty of whom the teacher

speaks confidently. Others come to church, but irregularly. The teacher is well spoken of by every one, and I have learned to respect and to like him."

Moving on to another station, he says—

"I only remained at the station itself for a few hours. The teacher, who was educated at Depok [this is the missionary seminary near Batavia, in Java: the native assistants pass through two courses of training, first for two years in a seminary in the valley of Silindung, and thence they proceed to the institution at Depok] is an energetic man, but has scarcely any work to do. The station has been occupied five years, but he has only seven pupils. I sent out invitations to all the chiefs, principal and subordinate, for a consultation at the teacher's house. Only one came. The next day I repeated my invitation, and none came. After that I visited every one of the eighteen villages, which are about a mile and a half apart, and again invited the chiefs to meet me on the next day. The fact that I came myself and asked them for the third time made them ashamed, and they all came, excepting one who left home to avoid coming. When I had them collected around me, I asked them direct whether they would now begin to learn. Their answers to this question occupied from six to eight hours. Most objected, and only three poor fathers of families had themselves registered. I declared that I was not satisfied, and should remove the teacher. On this they looked grave, consulted each other for a long time, and finally asked for three weeks' consideration, which I granted. One of the chiefs asked me to dinner, but I told him that after his doubtful answer I had no desire to accept his invitation, and so dismissed him. In the night, while I was asleep, he knocked at my door, and said, "I am Ompu-Radja-Deak. I will learn. Will you come to my dinner now?" "Certainly," I replied; "I will come to you tomorrow." At the time appointed I went to his house, found it neatly prepared for me, and about eighty persons present, to whom I preached a short sermon. After that about forty-three persons had themselves registered for instruction. Unfortunately these people, with the exception of the three poor families first mentioned, have become uncertain again."

The missionary notes of his "favourite" station that he has "a congregation of two hundred and thirty-three pupils." The foregoing extracts are given as illustrations of the native characteristics, and of the methods of operation adopted by the missionaries. In one of the Reports there is an important summary of results:—

"During our twenty years' labours among the people, about seven thousand five hundred have been baptised, and there are besides two thousand catechumens. The principal places in which Christianity has become a kind of power are Siperok, where, out of six thousand inhabitants, one thousand two hundred have become Christians, and Silindung, where, out of a population of twenty-five thousand, six thousand have been baptised, including catechumens. The most gratifying feature is that the people have not only been baptised, but have already formed themselves into communities, which are in a fair way of becoming self-supporting. These communities have for their centre the large church erected at the principal station. There the Holy Communion is celebrated, and meetings of the elders are held. In other respects each community stands by itself. At their head they have teachers or evangelists who have been educated at our seminaries, whose principal work is to teach the children of

the Christians. It is of the greatest importance that the number of these native helps should be multiplied, and that they should be maintained by the communities. This aim has been in part attained, as more than half the sum necessary for the forty teachers is contributed by the Battah Christians. The elders, who number over one hundred and twenty, are unpaid. In all the communities strict church discipline is maintained, and misdemeanours are punished according to their magnitude, by temporary or entire exclusion from the community, or, as the case may be, by refusal of the Holy Communion. In the communities belonging to the station of Pia Radja there were no exclusions during the last year amongst the three thousand three hundred and twenty members. In many families, though not in all, family devotions are held, and the number of those who can read the word of God for themselves is ever increasing. The schools contain one thousand one hundred and fifty pupils. During the time the Batahs were heathen they showed little aptitude for singing, but since becoming Christian a decided taste for it has been developed, and the two Battah hymn-books contain already a large number of beautiful hymns."

According to the last figures supplied to me by the Secretary of the Rhenish Missionary Society (Rev. A. Schreiber, D.D., of Barmen), the number of European missionaries is fifteen, of European female missionaries thirteen, of paid native assistants sixty-four, and one hundred and fifty-six unpaid. There are three ordained native pastors, eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-five baptised, of whom two thousand four hundred and forty-three are communicants, and the number of children in the day schools is about one thousand five hundred. He adds, "Some of the churches are already self-supporting, and the work growing, by God's grace, every year."

As I pen my closing words, I see it announced in an English missionary periodical that at the last annual meeting of the Rhenish Missionary Society a Dutch gentleman, who had been travelling for four years in the Dutch East Indies, gave striking testimony to the reality of the Christian work which is being done among

the Batahs. He stated that he went to look at it with a strong prejudice against missionaries and their operations. His views were completely altered by a personal visitation of the stations in Battahland. "The results of the mission to them," he declared, "are so striking that the worst enemy of missions must be compelled to rejoice in them." He visited the picturesque valley of Silindung, with its winding river, studded with islands, and its groups of houses and numerous church towers, and pronounces the Tobah Lake, with its surrounding rice fields, background of hills, and numerous villages, and on an eminence the church tower of Balige, as "one of the loveliest sights he beheld in all his Indian travels." At Balige his tour ended, where, as he drew near to it, his ear caught the sounds of sacred music. He was "welcomed in the land of cannibals by children singing hymns!" Here there are twenty-two church elders zealously at work in visiting and teaching the people, and persons are coming forward in hundreds to be baptised. This station, and that of Si-Gumpar (where the poor girl was rescued from the knives of cannibals—see Chapter No. II.), have become a base of operations for evangelistic work in districts which lie around and beyond the lake—districts containing populations much larger than had been supposed, which as being still intensely heathen, and at the same time free from the antagonistic elements of the faith of Mohammed, present claims most urgent for the extension of the mission, and give bright promise of rapid and widespread success. Let me earnestly express the hope that it will be remembered that to my revered father belongs the sacred honour of having baptised the first Battah convert—the "first fruits" of the spiritual harvest of Battahland.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

JOHN T. BEIGHTON.

WORKHOUSE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY MRS. BREWER, AUTHOR OF "HOSPITAL SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD."

V.—MARYLEBONE INFIRMARY AND NURSES' HOME.

THE Marylebone Infirmary is situated in the parish of North Kensington, near to Wormwood Scrubs, about half an hour's drive from the workhouse proper.

It is an imposing collection of red-brick pavilions guarded by iron gates, and a porter's lodge. The main building is on the right of the entrance and the Nurses' Home on the left.

This last was built later than the infirmary, and was opened in 1884 by Princess Christian, who, for a long time past, has thrown her whole

energy and interest into the subject of nurses and nurses' homes.

This special home, which is a training-school for nurses, was the first of its kind attached to a poor-law infirmary, and it is carried on under the combined direction of the Nightingale and Infirmary Committees.

It is hardly a digression to state that this home affords a grand opportunity to Protestant ladies who are desirous of becoming nurses. The training obtained here is quite as extensive

and varied as in any of our London hospitals ; and it will probably be considered a privilege that the nurses attached to this infirmary are not required to do any housework, their duties being confined strictly to nursing. Ladies offering themselves to the infirmary are of the same class, if not of a higher, than those in the hospitals. The matron told me that, roughly speaking, she has three hundred applications in a year.

There are sixty-six nurses and probationers, whose salaries are paid by the Nightingale Fund, and twenty-four staff-nurses and five sisters in the infirmary, all of whom were trained here.

The probationers start with a salary of 10*l.* and the gift of a uniform. After being trained for a year they, in due course, become nurses and ward-nurses in the infirmary, which means a transfer of themselves to the Local Government Board, which henceforth pays the salaries. Each one so passed on to the infirmary leaves a vacancy in the home.

About fifteen probationers are trained here yearly, and are much sought after. One is now at the Paddington Infirmary, a second at Southampton, and others in various places. It is very desirable that all coming for training should remain three years. Efficiency cannot be obtained without it.

This home is three stories high, and contains forty rooms, one of which is a large and airy sitting-room, and well fitted-up as a lecture-room.

Its chief attraction lies in its cupboard well-stocked with specimens, and containing a large lay-figure¹ for experiments and demonstration. The table-drawers again are filled with numbered divisions, occupied by bones, for the clearer and better understanding of the lectures which are given frequently by the medical superintendent, and twice a week by the assistant matron. Here too the nurses are taught bandaging, and the position of the main arteries, and how to apply pressure for the preservation of life, which, the matron said, had been done successfully by several of them.

Whether probationer or nurse, each has a simply-furnished, clean, and airy bedroom. The only difference between one and another is in the personal belongings scattered about.

The fourteen night nurses are separated from the day nurses and probationers by a red baize door, and great care is taken not to disturb their rest which is taken between half-past eleven and seven.

There is a small sitting and bedroom, set apart for the use of any nurse or probationer who may break down in her work and require special care. Both doctor and matron said that so much depended upon the nurses, it was needful to take great care of them, for many broke down in hospitals, not because they had been reared in luxurious homes, but because they worked beyond their strength.

The dress of both nurses and probationers is a bluish grey gingham, a quaint white cap, something like the Sister Dora cap, and a brown

holland apron for the nurses, and a cheque cotton for the probationers.

The home is warmed by hot-water pipes and is well ventilated ; and the fire-hose in the passages simply arranged and quite easy to set in motion.

By those who have not gone into the matter thoroughly, it has been thought that trained nurses are an extra expense and mean a heavier burden on the ratepayers, but it has been proved to be quite the opposite, owing to the quicker and more thorough cure of the sick in the unions.

We now crossed the road and entered the main building through an archway. It is considered a very perfect specimen of what an infirmary should be. The cost of building, fittings, etc., was 143,000*l.*, that is to say, about 192*l.* per bed (seven hundred and forty-four beds).

On either side of the archway is a receiving-room, one for men and the other for women, with a bath attached, where the patients, if not too ill, are bathed before inspection. These rooms are under the care of a man and his wife and are kept scrupulously clean.

We come next to the medical superintendent's office or library, an interesting room full of books and papers, among others a register of all the acute cases within the last six months, the nurses' reports, notes, and temperature charts, for to take these correctly is part of their training. These charts, taken every four hours, look so pretty with their small squares, dots, and fine lines, that they might be termed the fancy work of a nurse's occupation. On one side of this room there are several pigeon-holes for giving out papers, books, and notices for the various wards, for no nurse, under any pretence whatever, is allowed to enter either this or the dispensing room.

We next go into the steward's room, with its lining of lockers and huge tins. This officer controls all the stores, whether of food, furniture, or material.

Everything is found in the house, and everything must be accounted for: thus so many yards of calico, given from this room, must make so many garments, which, when made, must be brought here, entered, and stored till wanted.

The matron withdraws all worn out clothes two or three times a year ; tells the steward how many new ones she requires, and receives them from him direct.

No nurse can obtain any article for the patients, not even food, without a written order, defining size, amount, quantity ; this card, being first checked off in the library, is brought to the steward and entered on a large sheet neatly divided and subdivided, showing the material used, the quantity and value. This is signed by the doctor, the steward, the nurse, and the clerk. These sheets are bound up into a book and are so clearly and beautifully kept that even an unpractised eye can see the amount and cost of any special article used in a year. I never saw such clearness and neatness, except in the papers kept by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in the Milan hospital.

We cross the passage and pass into the kitchen —an immense place worked by a female cook and

¹ Half the expense of this was borne by Miss Nightingale.

four assistants. There is only one gas-stove, all the rest being ordinary coal grates. They send out from here every day seven hundred dinners of meat, potatoes, and rice pudding, seventy fish diets—eight ounces making one diet—and hash for one block, beside a large quantity of broth and beef-tea. Breakfast and tea are prepared in the wards. The first meal is taken at seven o'clock, lunch at ten, and dinner from twelve to one, tea and bread and butter at half-past four, and supper at seven. The food is carried to the various wards on large hot-water tins, having many divisions, so that the patients get it hot and appetising.

The meat comes in fresh every morning from the market, and the bread is made and baked in the house. The oven is immense, and well it may be, for eleven sacks of flour are made up every week.

The amount of milk which comes in twice a day is sixty-nine bar¹ gallons, and it is kept in a cool pleasant dairy lined with white tiles and provided with slate shelves.

We now go to the engine-room in the basement to see the three twenty-four horse-power engines, which supply all the water used in the infirmary. The amount used daily is fifty-five thousand gallons, and it is supplied by an artesian well, five hundred and two feet deep.

From here we pass through one passage where the oil stores are kept, into another devoted to mustard, salt and such-like articles, on to a room used for the storage of household goods in the shape of brooms, brushes, pans, pails, crockery and glass. Nothing is given out but in exchange, that is to say, the old broom or brush must be brought back before a new one goes out, and if the bristles are gone, the handle must be given in, and the same with all articles required. The last room in the basement was occupied by soap, huge columns of which were stacked from floor to ceiling. It struck me as good management so to utilise all the space underground.

We next come to the laundry, a very important department, and managed with the same care and efficiency as marked the rest of the infirmary. It is worked by a head laundress, two laundry-maids and eighteen women helpers from outside.²

Fourteen to fifteen thousand pieces of linen are washed here every week. The dirty linen is washed in an upper room, just under the water tower; it is then sent down a shaft to the open-air drying-ground, which occupies three sides of a square, also high up in the building, from whence one obtains a splendid and extensive view.

From here it is sent down a shaft again to the mangling, ironing, and sorting rooms. When sorted it is packed into large square baskets and run on trollies to the various wards. The drying presses are on the same principles as those we are accustomed to, but they are deficient in number.

Having seen with what care and good management the necessities of the sick are con-

sidered, we proceed to the apartments of those who devote their young lives to them.

The nurses' lavatories, provided with swing basins, and hot and cold water, are excellent. Their dining-room, and that for the sisters, which is separate, are large, airy, and cheerful.

The recreation-room is a bright and pleasant apartment, looking out on a garden, and it is supplied with pictures, piano, and American organ.

Next let us look into the dispensary, which is supplied by contract.

The stock mixtures, or those most generally needed, are kept in a row of neat shining barrels, each with a little white cup underneath to catch the drops. There is a small glass aquarium containing leeches; and a huge tub of linseed meal. There is one dispenser; and as no nurse is allowed inside the dispensary, a window with a sliding glass shutter is provided where medicines can be asked for and obtained.

In an inner room the laughing-gas is kept, and, here, also, in a cupboard lined with green baize, are rows upon rows of terrible looking shining surgical instruments.

Beside it hangs a card, whereon can be seen at a glance, if and where any instrument has been taken for operations. Here, as elsewhere, the most perfect order prevails.

And now through the well-warmed passages we pass into one of the wards with twenty-eight beds. Noticing the quantity of flowers and plants we heard that a small sum is allowed for them, but this is supplemented out of the sisters' and nurses' own pockets, who take a pride in their wards. Last Christmas some gentleman gave ten pounds' worth to the infirmary.

Pictures and engravings adorn the walls, and are the gifts of friends who take an interest in the poor.

The committee allow the daily papers and books in the wards, so we found many of the patients sitting up in bed reading, particularly on the men's side. The women were occupied for the most part with various kinds of needlework; and we were told by the matron that every garment, sheet, and pillow-case used in the infirmary is cut out and made up by the nurses and patients.

One old woman has the privilege of darning all the stockings, which she does beautifully.

Some of the men also were doing needlework, putting in gathers in a wonderful way.

It is easy to see, in passing from bed to bed, that the diseases of the people admitted here are, as a rule, of a chronic character.

In the centre of each ward is a stove with fire back and front, and a vase on the top containing water, which being warmed a slight vapour arises and moistens the air. The flues from each stove descend and pass right and left under the floors to the outer walls, in which they are continued to the chimney-shafts above the roof. It seems an exceedingly clever arrangement.¹

We found in each ward several pretty bright screens made by the nurses, and covered with Christmas pictures and cards.

¹ A bar gallon contains sixteen pints.

² Speaking of paid labour from outside, thirty-five scrubbers are employed in the Infirmary from seven till eleven o'clock daily.

¹ The invention of Saxon Snell the architect.

Wheel-chairs are provided for those who cannot otherwise get about. Patients, who feel sufficiently well, are allowed to clear away the meals and help wash up in the little scullery attached to the ward. It both amuses and occupies them.

The pottery used in the infirmary is white; that for the patients has a blue badge, and that for the nurses a red one.

On each floor is a bandage-cupboard, full of the neat little rolls with which, by this time, we are familiar, and each ward has its own inventory.

It has, too, its own medicine-cupboard with the POISON shelf clearly marked to prevent mistakes.

There are smaller wards for the more serious cases, containing only two or three beds, where the patients can have special attention.

The male patients, who are well enough to get up, have a recreation-room, in which they can sit and read, and a garden also, where they are allowed to smoke.

The male and female wards are in all respects the same; the latter, perhaps, looked brighter, because of the red shawls wrapped round those who were sitting up. There is no special ward for the children who are scattered about among the adults. One poor little girl of twelve or thirteen, we saw, who is paralysed, and who will never be able to sit up or walk all her life.

The eye-ward was darkened with green curtains.

Lady visitors are permitted in the wards, and are a comfort to the patients. Many were looking for scripture references, and trying to find answers to questions put by the ladies in their last visit.

The women convalescents have a garden, which looked gay with the children in red hoods and the women in red shawls. They have also a day-room, where they sit and work or read.

There is a corridor, which connects two portions of the building, over which is an open balcony, making a pleasant promenade for the old people in summer.

The chapel is a beautiful building, in which services are held both on Sunday and week days; but why it has been placed so high I cannot imagine. It is reached only by a high flight of stone steps, which to the sick and weary must indeed be a penance; it seats two hundred. The handsome lectern was given by Mr. Debenham, and the nurses subscribed for the stand to match. The chaplain attends daily, holding Bible-classes and services in the wards beside those in the chapel.

The Roman Catholics have their service in the wards.

We asked the matron as we came away if there was any special thing she needed for the inmates. Her answer was that she would be thankful for story-books in Moon's type for the blind patients.

The amount of valuable knowledge to be gained in an infirmary like this, and of a character not to be found even in hospitals, makes one sorry that medical students are not admitted as in hospitals, but perhaps this will come later.

The order, control, and discipline, which pervades every corner of this large infirmary should be a matter of deep thankfulness to the rate-payers in the metropolis. The old and the sick are cared for, neither pampered nor neglected.

RAYNHAM FARM.

CHAPTER III.



HE harvest had been very scanty at Raynham that year, owing to the cold wet summer, and now, after a brief spell of bright weather and welcome sunshine, the clouds returned again. Day after day broke cold and stormy, and the children were kept indoors, the farmer him-

self going restlessly in and out, fretting at the delay in his autumn wheat-sowing, and dreading, more than even his wife knew, the effect of the long-continued rains.

Below the garden a long piece of pasture stretched down to the waste land bordering the river, and on this waste a low embankment had been made generations before to break the force of the tide.

It stretched for miles on either hand and kept back a great deal of the floods, though the cottagers in Farleigh village, a mile distant, often had to make private embankments at their own doors in stormy weather.

But there was special cause for anxiety just now, for a very high tide was expected, every brook and watercourse,

far and near, was filled to overflowing and still the rain came down day after day and the wind was rising.

"It'll be despart bad to-night, I'm thinking, maister," said Grantie, leaning heavily on his stick as he stood one morning at the gate of the fold.

"And I heard tell down at the cross roads last night, as how the 'bankment weren't none so strong as it used to be, and as there was signs of a yielding in more places than one, and if that be so, these here beasts had better be got to the upper fold and the sheep fetched in from the close. Leastways, I should be for doing it; I shall get my pigs into the garret before night."

Grantie was too old and crippled with rheumatics to work now, but the kind-hearted farmer knew it would almost break his heart to be sent away from the old place, so he stayed on, just pottering about as he said, and "giving an eye to them cowboys as needed such a sight o' looking after, and putting maister in mind o' things now and again."

To tell the truth, the master was not always an attentive listener, but this morning he was ready to take alarm and immediately set all hands to work.

With a few words of command, Bruce was sent to bring home the sheep, and the clever animal soon had them in

good marching order, and they were removed safely to higher ground. Pigs and cows were made to move home also, the fowls, to their astonishment and alarm, were shut up in new quarters, and after a few hours of hard work, in which Tom, glad of an excuse to stay from school, had a good share, all the stock was removed to a place of safety and all possible preparations made for the unwelcome tide.

In the house itself, which was much higher than the farmyard, no special precautions were taken, and after school the children were free to find their own amusement.

The rain had almost ceased, but the wind eddied round the house in gusts that made doors and windows rattle.

The excitement of the morning had raised Tom's spirits to the highest pitch, and he was ready for any convenient mischief as the day wore on.

A raid was made on the kitchen, and Bidy's wrath aroused at sundry performances there.

Then the cat was caught and with trouble worthy of a better cause arrayed in one of Elsie's discarded pinafores, and set free to undress herself as she could.

Presently, getting tired of such small diversions, he proposed a game of ball in the long passage upstairs, and all the children, glad of a good game, joined in and their merry voices echoed up and down the house.

All went well for a time until Tom thought himself cheated by Caryl and called out "That's not fair, it's my turn now."

Caryl knew herself in the right and did not feel disposed to give in at first, and Jessie sided with her, Norah giving her vote for Tom, and soon there was a clamour of voices.

"Give me the ball," he said triumphantly. "I will have it." But, half in mischief and half in anger, Caryl tossed it quickly across to Jessie, and she, by a side turn, sent it spinning down the whole length of the gallery.

"Give in, Cary," said Hugh, "and let him go on, it really doesn't matter, you know," and his pleading look made her feel ashamed.

"But I won't play any more," cried Tom, furious with passion, "she can have it, and she shall," and catching up the ball he threw it with all his force at Caryl.

His aim was not very good, fortunately, but it grazed her cheek and struck the wall behind her heavily.

"What is all this about, what are you doing, sir?" said his father, whose step on the stairs had been unheard.

"Did I see you fling that at your cousin?"

"Papa, he's always teasing them," said Jessie, indignantly, "and there is no pleasure in playing with him; he wants his own way in everything."

"He won't have it in one thing, then, to-day," said Mr. Raynham turning to the author of the quarrel.

"You talked of going to Farleigh, at tide-time this evening. Now, listen my boy, you will not leave the house at all to-day, and you need not let me see you at tea-time."

"But, father, I must go," said Tom hurriedly, sorry now for the passion which had brought such a penalty. "Mother said she had an errand to Farleigh if the rain cleared, and I promised Morris and Harley to meet them on the cliff at tide-time."

And the tears of disappointment which, boy-like, he tried to hide, came in earnest as he saw his father's unrelenting face.

"There is no help for it, my boy, you cannot go. Norah and Jessie can take the message, there is no rain now. No, Caryl, you need not look at me like that; I shall not let him off this time. Put on your things at once, girls, and go to your mother. She is lying down with a bad headache, and all this noise hasn't done it any good. Make haste before dark, and you, Caryl and Hugh, had better go down to the fire and amuse yourselves there."

Left alone with Tom, Mr. Raynham talked to him very

seriously about the folly of indulging in such jealousy and ill-temper, but he said nothing of the only true way of self-conquest, and the higher help which is never denied to those who seek it. Tom listened in sullen silence, for he knew well it would be useless to make further excuses, but a storm of angry feeling, more fierce and dangerous than the winds outside, was all the while raging in his heart.

From the hall, Mr. Raynham called back to him, "Tom, you did not give me back the pocket-rule I lent you the other day. Put it on the desk in my room; I shall want it to-night." Then the door shut and he was gone. Minutes passed, and Tom heard his sisters go out also, and then began sulkily to search for the rule.

But no pocket revealed it, and for a minute or two he was puzzled to remember where he had last seen it. With the remembrance came another prompting, hard and revengeful, as all his thoughts were just then, and though just at first he shrank from it, the thought of "paying back" Hugh and Caryl for his disappointment was too sweet to be resisted, and the plan became more and more easy as he listened to the tempter.

"If only that little meddler, Elsie, is safe with Bidy, I'll do it," he said to himself, "and teach them not to spoil my day again."

Going quietly down the stairs he went to the best parlour, and found, as he had expected, his cousins there together, for a fire had been lighted there on account of the damp.

Hugh had taken a book of travels on his knee, but he was not reading much, and Caryl was not even pretending to work, and both were thinking sadly how difficult it was to keep the law of love at Raynham.

Tom did not deign to speak to either at first, but going to the table began to move the books and papers ostentatiously, as if in search of something.

Unsuccessful, he went to the whatnot and moved the things noisily, till Caryl could keep silent no longer.

"What is it, Tom, can we help you?" she asked, glad to do anything towards healing the new breach between them.

"No business of yours," was the ungracious reply and then, as if ashamed of his rudeness, he added, "At least you won't know anything about it. I've lost the rule father lent me, and he wants it to-night."

"Why, Tom, you had it in the secret room the last time we were there," cried Hugh, "don't you remember measuring the book chest in the corner, and wondering how they got it up the narrow stairs?"

"Oh, to be sure I did, and most likely it is there now. I must have left it there."

"We'll come and help look for it," said Caryl eagerly, as the panelled door slid back at Tom's touch, and up the steep stairway all three went together.

A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. V.

1. A remarkable miracle took place there.
2. A parable was spoken there.
3. Two friends went there together.
4. A rich man lived there.
5. A prophecy in connection with this city was fulfilled in the time of Ahab.¹
6. King Zedekiah was captured close to it.
7. It was remarkable for its beautiful trees.
8. Some "feeble" captives were brought there on asses.
9. It was visited by our Lord.
10. It is mentioned in the epistle to the Hebrews.

L. T.