

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



3 1822 00802 3566

ALICE MAXWELL
DEACONESS



MRS. HORATIO MACRAE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



3 1822 00802 3566

Belmont

Innocent

Annex
B1
4425
M39
M3
1919

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

ALICE MAXWELL



MISS ALICE MAXWELL.

Frontispiece.

1/5-her

ALICE MAXWELL

DEACONESS

BY

HER SISTER

MRS. HORATIO MACRAE

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

TO
MY GUILD SISTERS
IN LOVING MEMORY OF ONE OF OUR
FIRST AND BEST
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

IN Mr. Livingstone's Life of Mary Slessor he quotes her words : " There is nothing small or trivial, for God is ready to take every act and motive and work through them to the formation of character and the development of holy and useful lives that will convey grace to the world." And then he adds : " It was so in her case, and hence the value of her example, and the warrant for telling the story of her life so that others may be influenced to follow aims as noble and to strive, if not always in the same manner, at least with a like courage, and in the same patient and indomitable spirit."

This must be my warrant for the story I have tried to write of a consecrated and noble life given wholly to God, her country, and her Church. It has been written through days of deep anxiety and great sorrow, and I have often felt wholly unworthy and unable to carry out such a task ; but it has been a labour of love, and if in any way it is of use in deepening the spiritual life and raising the high aims of our Guild members I shall greatly rejoice.

I cannot omit a word of special thanks for the free use I have been allowed to make of the past volumes of the *Life and Work Magazine*. They contain a full and consecutive account of the Woman's Guild and Diaconate of the Church of Scotland. Written at the time the events occurred, they give a doubly vivid and correct view of what was undertaken, and for that reason I have introduced many of the accounts almost word for word. I should also like to thank many kind friends for their loving interest and prayers, and Miss Maxwell's old residents for the many notes they have written to help me, telling of their devotion to her and their happy, helpful time of training at the Deaconess House with her. My grateful thanks are also due to my kind friend, Mrs. Fraser of Reelig, whose encouragement and helpful interest have been unflinching; to the Rev. L. MacLean Watt for many useful suggestions; to Mr. John Oxenham for his generous permission to quote several of his poems, and to Messrs. Blackwood & Sons for allowing me to insert Dr. Matheson's beautiful hymn "O, make my clouds Thy chariots" at the beginning of the tenth chapter of the book.

June 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD'S SURROUNDINGS AND INFLUENCES	1
Dalskairth—Whateroft—Cardoness—Colonel William Maxwell and Covenanting traditions—Tour in the Highlands.	

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE	23
Sunday School and Parish work—Expedition to Isle of Man—Death of her Father in 1886.	

CHAPTER III

PREPARATION	43
Tour to Australia—Visits to Mildmay, Rochester, and Kilburn.	

CHAPTER IV

GUILDS AND DEACONESS ORDER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND	67
--	----

CHAPTER V

DEACONESS HOUSE AND TRAINING 79

Mayfield Gardens — George Square — Deaconess House life—Setting apart of Lady Grisell Baillie, Miss Davidson, and Miss Alice Maxwell as Deaconesses of the Church of Scotland.

CHAPTER VI

MISSIONARY TRAINING AND DISTRICT WORK 97

Missionary teaching — Deaconess dress — *Woman's Guild Supplement*—Kitchen Prayer Meetings—Men's Sunday Bible Reading—Christmas and New Year meetings and arrangements—Temperance work.

CHAPTER VII

MISSION PREMISES AND DEACONESS HOSPITAL 121

Ems — Schwalbach — Mission premises opened — First Woman's Guild Conference — Sunday Home — Sunday Meetings — Deaconess Hospital opened.

CHAPTER VIII

WOMAN'S GUILD CONFERENCES AND OTHER WORK 147

General Assembly — Dr. Charteris, Moderator — Woman's Guild Conference at Aberdeen — Annual Conference of Deaconesses at Deaconess House — Country produce hampers — Winter in Canary Islands.

CHAPTER IX

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS 173

Woman's Guild Conferences at Dundee, Stirling, Glasgow, and Inverness — Temperance Tent — Additions to Hospital and Mission — Charteris Memorial Church — Deaconess Rest.

CONTENTS

xi

CHAPTER X

WORK IN GENERAL 197

Death of Dr. Charteris—Edinburgh Conference—The influence of Christian^s hope—List of classes for session 1909-10—Scottish Women's Protestant Union—Prayer—World Missionary Conference—Failing health.

CHAPTER XI

LAST YEARS 219

Operation on eyes—Presentation—Miss Sophie Lamond—increasing weakness—Homegoing.

CHAPTER XII

POSSIBILITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE GUILD . 233

APPENDICES

- A. EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF JOHN BELL OF WHITESIDE
IN THE OLD ANWOTH CHURCHYARD 243
- B. ADDRESS ON PRAYER BY MISS MAXWELL GIVEN TO
HER RESIDENTS 244
- C. EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY DR. CHARTERIS . 254

ILLUSTRATIONS

Miss Alice Maxwell	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	TO FACE PAGE
Old Cardoness House	5
Picture of Miss Alice Maxwell as a Child	20
Rev. Professor Charteris, D.D.	70
Lady Grisell Baillie, first Deaconess of the Church of Scotland	93
Miss Alice Maxwell, D.C.S., first Superintendent of the Deaconess House	100
Miss Ella Pirrie, D.C.S., first Matron of the Deaconess Hospital	140
View of Kalimpong Mission	183
Mission Hall and Deaconess Hospital	191
Charteris Memorial Church and Mission Hall	223

**CHILDHOOD'S SURROUNDINGS AND
INFLUENCES**

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear.
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh ! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens
In Immanuel's Land.

.
The little birds of Anwoth
I used to count them blest.
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest !
O'er them there broods no silence
No graves around them stand,
For glory deathless dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

A. R. C.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD'S SURROUNDINGS AND INFLUENCES

God's Angels of Life and Death, of Gladness and Sorrow, often seem to keep step strangely and mysteriously on the pathways of His world. A new life with all its possibilities of joy and usefulness is born into the world and the home is filled with rejoicing, but the Angel of Death may also come, bringing sorrow and separation in his train.

Alice Maud Maxwell, the youngest daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Cardoness, was born on the 17th of November 1856 at Dalskairth, near Dumfries, where her parents were living before her father succeeded to the family title and property of Cardoness. Five days after, the beautiful young mother passed across the River to wait in the gladness of the Father's Presence for the little ones she had trusted to His care. Her sweet brown eyes and bright complexion were her legacy to her youngest child.

Alice, though a healthy, was never a very strong child. When only a few weeks old a violent attack of whooping-cough seemed as if it would snap the frail young life, but the love and devoted care of her nurse, Sarah Burns, under God's blessing,

brought her safely through the ordeal, and she gradually regained health and strength. She was the special care of her Nannie, whose devotion to her young mistress was transferred very specially to the little motherless child left in her charge.

Their mother's old home, Whatcroft Hall, near Northwich, in Cheshire, was always like a second home to her children, and the annual visit there in spring one of the great joys and excitements of the year. The letter which they knew would come in April was eagerly looked for, and the delight great when the well-known handwriting was recognised and they saw the packing and arrangements for the journey south beginning. Their grandfather was a younger brother of Sir Charles Shakerley of Somerford Park, Cheshire, and their grandmother a daughter of the Reverend James Webster of Ashfield, County Longford, Ireland. The weeks spent at Whatcroft were a great joy to the children. The loving interest and care of the dear grandmother and the companionship of the five young aunts—some of them still girls in the schoolroom—who were both mothers and playmates to the children of the sister they had loved so deeply, were a great and lasting influence in the children's lives. Those spring weeks were always kept specially free for the children's visit, and rambles in the fields, primrose and cowslip gathering, and in the forget-me-not wood, where the beautiful little blue flowers peeped up through the leaves making a sheen of blue all round, are among the happy memories of their childhood.

Mr. Shakerley himself was an ideal example of



OLD CARDONESS HOUSE.

To face page 5.

a fine old English country gentleman. He was for some years Master of the Cheshire Hounds, and when he gave up the post knew the roads and bypaths of Cheshire as few others did. He was often annoyed in consequence by the crowds who, knowing his good leadership, insisted on following close behind him. One day, much pestered by their attentions, he rode into a farmyard, straight up to the pig-sties, whither they all followed him in hot haste. Then turning round he said, "A fine set of pigs, gentlemen," and looked with much amusement at the dismayed faces of his pursuers. For some time afterwards the attentions of that portion of the field were less insistent.

On Sunday Mrs. Shakerley and some of her daughters always left home directly after breakfast for Shurlach, a distant part of the parish which they considered their special charge, and where they had a Sunday School. As it was too far to come home and return again they spent most of the day there, Mrs. Shakerley reading the morning service with the children in school, and one of the curates conducting the afternoon service in the little church close by. The grandchildren often drove to the afternoon service in the carriage that brought their grandmother back, or walked part of the way along the straight Roman road to meet the aunts on their return. Sometimes, on other days, they went with them to visit the people and leave books and papers at their homes.

When Alice was about three years old the family moved to Cardoness, as Sir David Maxwell was in failing health and wished to have his son,

her father, with him. It was a big undertaking to move from the house that had been the home of the father and his seven children for so many years. The two schoolboy brothers and the eldest sister, Mary, who afterwards married Sir William Gordon of Earlston, were the children of their father by his first wife, Miss Sprout. David, the eldest of the family, entered the 15th (King's) Hussars, where his bright genial temper made him a universal favourite. But he died at Folkestone in 1876 on his way to rejoin his regiment in India at the early age of thirty-three. The illness had been a weary and trying one, borne patiently in a strength higher than his own, and he knew when God took him it was to His "Far Better." A monument put up by his brother officers in the Parish Church of Anwoth tells of their love and sorrow, and the little Cottage Hospital at Anwoth, built by his widow in fond memory of their two short earthly years of love and happiness together, still keeps his memory green in the home he loved. The second brother, William Francis, succeeded his father in 1886, and is the present Baronet.

The four younger children carried away few remembrances of the Dalskairth days, but Cardoness, their new home, was an ideal one for children. The sandy beach was a perfect playground, and on warm sunny days the waves lapped gently over the sand till the temperature became like that of tepid water. The woods came down to the shore in many places, and in others bold rocky cliffs added to the beauty around. Her home, with its surroundings of shore, mountain, and glen,

was very dear to Alice, and she loved to come back to it when the calls of her busy after-life made this possible. Coaches still ran in those early days, and carried with them the clash of the countryside. The coach from Portpatrick to Dumfries, and later on, when railways appeared, to Castle-Douglas, still rattled along the road with its three horses yoked in unicorn fashion, and its red-coated driver and Sandy, the guard, sounding his shrill horn as they went along. Sandy was a well-known character. Once when the driver lost his balance and fell head foremost among the horses' legs, just managing to keep himself from reaching the ground by clinging on to the foot-board with his feet, the horses bolted, but Sandy, scrambling over the pile of luggage on the coach, contrived to catch hold of the reins, keep his feet on the driver's and stop the frightened steeds. What might have been a very bad accident was averted, and the thankful passengers willingly subscribed a sum of money which was presented to Sandy in token of their gratitude. When railways made coaches unnecessary the daily excitement of their arrival was missed by many. One old farmer used dolefully to maintain that the country "was no place ava'" since the coach stopped running.

Inside and outside the house there were many memories of old days. Samuel Rutherford's Monument was seen from all parts of the surrounding country, and the traditions of his saintliness, and of others who had laid down their lives for God and their country, still lingered among the people.

The ivy-covered walls of the old church, where Rutherford used to preach to the crowds that came to hear him, were still standing. Beside it were the grave of William Bell of Whiteside,¹ with its sad and quaint inscription, and the tomb where her own ancestors had been laid for many generations. The Parish Church, where the family worshipped, had been built at a short distance from the older site, and Alice was seldom absent from its services.

The portraits of Queen Mary and William III., presented to Colonel William Maxwell in recognition of brave service rendered in troublous and dangerous times, were among the most valued family treasures. Colonel Maxwell's own portrait, with its strong, true face, looked down upon her from the old walls of her home. He was the founder of the Cardoness family, born in 1663, and has always been held in deep reverence by them. His father was the Reverend William Maxwell, M.A., of the University of Glasgow, minister of the Parish of Minnigaff, and great-grandson of Sir Gavin Maxwell of Calderwood. He felt he could not conform to the requirements of those who were trying to force Episcopacy again on an unwilling people, and in 1662 he was deprived of his living after a ministry of twenty-five years among his people, and died soon after, before he had reached the age of sixty.

Three weeks later the little son, who seems to have been the special treasure of his mother's heart, was born. With self-sacrificing devotion, which

¹ See Appendix A, p. 243.

was tenderly returned by her boy, she made her home in Glasgow when he was about twelve years of age, that he might have a thorough and suitable education in the High School there, and later enter his father's University. It must have been a time of straitened means and many difficulties to the brave and devoted mother, but her lad could write thankfully afterwards of how "in straits" they had been "provided for, in sickness supported, with gospel mercies trusted, yet in nothing that I, or the family I belonged to stood in need of, but timeous supply was given." The promise was kept true to them as to all God's trusting children: "Bread shall be given them and their water shall be sure." His mother's great desire seems to have been that he should enter the ministry of the Church of his father, but many difficulties were in the way. The second short Episcopate had then been forced on the country, and its ministry was hampered with terms to which the son of the martyred minister of Minnigaff felt he could not agree. At eighteen years of age he had definitely chosen the service of God as the great end and aim of his life, and in the choice of an earthly profession this was his first thought. "It's the Lord's call I desire chiefly to look to. Let the Lord dispose upon me as He pleases so that I may be most serviceable to Him," he writes in a diary which, like many others of his time, he kept during the greater part of his life.

Those were dark days for Scotland. Fines, imprisonment, torture, and often death, were the penalites inflicted on all who refused to yield

both body and conscience to the unjust demands of the Government. The Test Act had not been withdrawn in 1681. It required all who held any public office to acknowledge the King to be supreme over all persons, and in all causes, both civil and ecclesiastical, promise never to discuss any matters of State without His Majesty's express permission or command, and never to endeavour to make any alteration in the government of the country. This was demanded from all privy councillors, ministers, or excisemen, and often asked even from women and young girls. Of course such a pledge meant death to the freedom and manhood of any nation, and in spite of the years of cruel persecution and bloodshed there were still hearts in Scotland brave enough, and so truly loyal to the ancient throne of their country, that they refused to be bound by such an Act. The Earl of Argyll, one of the leaders of the Covenanting party, and a member of the Privy Council, delayed as long as possible taking the Test, and when he took it, made a statement that he only took it in so far as it was consistent with itself and with the Protestant religion, and that he did not understand it as precluding him from attempting, in a lawful way, any alteration in Church or State which might be in accordance with his loyalty and religion. This explanation at first seemed to be accepted by the authorities; but a few days after Argyll was made prisoner, and committed to the Castle of Edinburgh charged with treason, and found guilty. With difficulty he succeeded in making his escape in the disguise of a page holding up the train of his stepdaughter,

Lady Sophia Lindsay, and fled to Holland. The abuse of the law in this case made a deep impression on the public mind, even in those corrupt days. "I know nothing of the Scottish law," Halifax is said to have exclaimed to King Charles, "but this I know, that we should not hang a dog here on the grounds on which my Lord Argyll has been sentenced."

During these years William Maxwell was growing up to manhood, his strong, tender character deepened, not embittered, by the strife around him. But he could not watch the oppression of his country unmoved, or refuse to stand by her in her need. The Earl of Argyll, outlawed like many of Scotland's bravest sons, had spoken with other patriots in Holland of the oppression of the Privy Council, and the travesty of justice in the land, and they felt that armed resistance could alone save their country. After much discussion a plan of operation was agreed on, and Argyll landed in Scotland in June 1685. His faithful clansmen gathered round him, but the rest of his countrymen, broken in spirit, for the moment, by the tyranny under which they were suffering, kept apart. Dissensions broke out among them, and Argyll was taken prisoner when attempting to return to the Islands, and carried back to Edinburgh. No mercy was likely to be shown to him after taking up arms, but he had counted the cost, and calmly awaited his end. "I am now loosed from you and all earthly satisfaction and long to be with Christ which is far better," he said to his sister, Lady Lothian, who was taking a sad and

loving farewell of him. "It seems the Lord thought me not fit to be an instrument in His work, but I die in the faith of it. I hear they cannot agree about the manner of my death; but I am assured of my salvation. As for my body, I care not what they do with it." And then as he thought of the loneliness and hardships that might be round his poor wife he added, "Sister, be kind to my Jeanie." About an hour before his execution he lay down and slept so calmly that one of his enemies exclaimed in astonishment, "Argyll within an hour of eternity and sleeping like a child!"

William Maxwell's deep patriotism could not remain unaffected while these things were going on. On June 30, the day of the Earl's execution, he writes: "This day spent with much grief, not wanting reason when the people of God have been trysted with so great a loss this day by the suffering of Archibald, Earl of Argyll, one of the best, yea soundest Protestants in Europe." Unmoved by the danger to himself he obtained leave to visit the Earl in prison, accompanied him, and stood by him all the time on the scaffold, and then went with the sorrowing little company who bore away the body and laid it reverently on a table which is still shown in the little Magdalen Chapel close by the Grassmarket. William Maxwell was only twenty-two years of age at that time, and it must have needed a courage very deep and steadfast in one so young to take such a stand in those days. But for some time no danger seems to have threatened Maxwell himself, and he writes trust-

fully: "But although things have a formidable aspect, yet our God lives, and will bring all about to His Glory"; and again: "Renewing my resolution to embrace Christ through weal and through woe upon whatsoever hazard, choosing to quit with all in the world rather than to quit with Him. He is an all-sufficient rock to His own in a day of distress such as this."

He felt now that some definite work should be undertaken, and in March 1686, with earnest prayer and consideration, he sought God's guidance as to the profession he should choose. "Truly," he writes in his diary, "it is a quiet life I have still desired, and which I think most agreeable to my nature"; but still above the desire for the quiet life rose the desire to live for God and His people, and "being willing to be at God's disposal in whatsoever He shall determine, my heart did beg God's counsel and determination to that state of life which should be most to His glory and my soul's comfort, even to take myself to some employment wherein I might serve the Lord (and O that I might still eye that as my greatest business!) and be useful in my generation; for certainly the Lord calls me that I should not live an idle life, but work where He calls me." The ministry of the Church he felt was "the most honourable employment in the world,—to be an ambassador for Jesus Christ, O how desirable! No honour in the world to be compared to this, no service or work like this; to be a servant, even if it be one of the meanest servants of His house, is far beyond what I can speak or think of." But in the distress of those days, that

course seemed shut against him, and he turned to the study of medicine. "That I might be useful in my generation has been my desire, but here in this land I cannot see how in any other way I can be so, for all doors for other callings are shut upon me. I hope by the Lord's strength not to sacrifice my conscience to the will of man for any worldly advantages. These reasons, therefore, giving me clearness to this work, I'll desire to embrace it, hoping that the Lord will give His assistance, for it's His Glory I desire to aim at." In April of that year he moved into Edinburgh, where he is thought to have studied under Professor Robert Sibbald, of whose kindness and talents he writes in his journal with deep gratitude. But he never forgot the loving hand of His God upon him, and in June he writes: "The Lord's way of dealing with His own is wonderful. Some He makes to lead their life with pleasure, enjoying much of the comforts of this world. Others He makes to lead their lives through many difficulties and troubles, with many tossings and wanderings here and there in their pilgrimage, giving them much of His presence—and yet does the Lord wonderfully provide for and preserve them."

But the quiet life he desired was not to be his at that time, for he was too true and brave a man to escape the jealous observations of the authorities. He must have attended the meetings of the Presbyterian Ministers in and near Edinburgh, and on January 23, 1687, he was suddenly arrested and confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. But the steadfast spirit was not daunted, and his diary

during those five weeks of imprisonment reads like a page out of Samuel Rutherford's letters. "O! how shall I bless Him! O that my soul and all that is within me were magnifying His Holy Name for this great token of His love He has carved out unto me! As the love of God has been unspeakably great towards me throughout the whole course of my time, so is it not wanting in my present lot every way." "Surely I have great reason to bless His holy Name . . . that He is still continuing such manifestations of His love that I can scarce call it a prison. Yea, I dare not call it a prison; for surely where the Lord gives His presence to any of His followers, in whatever place it be, even though it be a dungeon, that is more comfortable to the follower of Christ, yea he will find more real solace, joy, and satisfaction than in the best palaces of the world however so gorgeously adorned. The love and care of God towards me since I came to this place have been very great. O how has He been pleased to give me health and strength, keeping me from fainting or wearying, or being in the least cast down, all which are tokens of God's Fatherly love much to be admired; and O that I could walk thankful of such great mercies while I have a being in time that so I may be always blessing and praising His Holy Name, who has esteemed me worthy of such an honour as to suffer for Him, and that He has not left me to myself under my sufferings. O praise, praise be unto Him." But William Maxwell knew well the danger he was in, and again he writes: "Blessed be His Name who has not been absent from me even while called before great

ones; so that though I may have given them offence (but without any just ground), yet I desire to hope I did not offend God. . . . Let the Lord dispose of me as He pleases, whether to liberty or to further trial. I desire strength to submit even if it were for the natural life. I should heartily think myself willing to render it up through His strength bearing me up. I desire to commit myself wholly on His care that all may be for His Glory and good of our souls and comfort of His followers."

But God had much work for His servant to do still, and an Act of Toleration being proclaimed by James VII. soon after his accession, Maxwell was released from prison. He felt, however, as many others did, and their fears proved only too true, that this Act of Toleration was only a plan to enable James to rivet the chains of popery more securely on the nation at a later date, and thought it wiser to go over to Holland, as many others had done, and finish his course of study at the University of Leyden. Mr. William Carstairs joined him there afterwards, and he much enjoyed his ministrations. His mother died while he was at Leyden, and with very deep grief he mentions his loss of "a parent whose love and affection towards me and the rest of her children was so very great," and yet he writes: "I dare not grudge or repine, for it is the Lord, the holy and wise God that hath done it. My loss is her unspeakable gain."

Other troubles weighed on him and on the band of patriots gathered together in Holland. James had by that time thrown off the mask, and there could be no doubt of his determination to destroy

the Protestantism of the country with the help of Louis XIV. of France. William of Orange and his Queen were asked to take the crown, and in October 1688 William raised an army in defence of his co-religionists and sailed for England. After earnest prayer and consideration the young Scotch student decided to join the expeditionary force and entered as an ensign in the Earl of Leven's regiment. He gives his reasons in these words: "It is true the Lord may call His people to appear for His interest and let them fall before His enemies, yet ought not the call to be neglected. The call seems to be such that all Protestants have this day to appear for the Protestant Religion in so great distress that I dare not but embrace it. Should I now neglect this opportunity what peace could I have? Would it not be a turning my back on the interest of Christ that seems now to be as it were at the stake? For the world I could not adventure to do it. The work in hand is great. O that my walk were suitable thereto." From this time the army became his vocation, and his gallant and devoted conduct soon earned him promotion. He was present in the battles of the Boyne and of Killiecrankie and at the Battle of Landen in Flanders and had many narrow escapes. King William formed a deep attachment to him, and presented him with a ring containing His Majesty's hair as well as portraits of himself and Queen Mary.

At this time the deepest of all earthly joys entered into his life, and, as always, he sought for His Heavenly Master's guidance and to know His

will for him. Though now a distinguished soldier he was far from being a rich man, and though his heart's affection was given to Nicholas Stewart, a granddaughter of the Earl of Galloway and, through her mother, heiress to the lands of Cardoness, he felt, with his usual modest estimation of himself, "the unreasonableness of my affections in soaring so high"; but both Mistress Nicholas and her family had a different estimate of the gallant young soldier, and she was married to him in 1696, after Colonel William Maxwell's return from his first period of active service in Flanders. They were one in their love to a common Lord and Master, and their marriage seems to have been one of unclouded blessing and joy. "If I should have sat down and thought for many years how to be happy in a wife what could I have thought on that I have not got," the devoted husband writes afterwards in his diary. In 1702 he was returned as Member of Parliament, and in 1715 took command of the defence of Glasgow against an attack of James's adherents. He stayed there for some months, and in gratitude for his services was made a "Burgis and Guild brother of this Burgh," and presented with some valuable pieces of plate by the citizens.

After a second short campaign in Flanders he felt now that he might with a clear conscience settle down to the quiet life he had wished for in earlier days and built the house of Cardoness, which, though it has undergone many changes since those old days, still stands on the same site. Five sons and nine daughters were given to him,

and he lived to the ripe old age of eighty-nine, like Mordecai of old, "seeking the wealth of his people and speaking peace to all his seed." The ruins of a little summer-house are still standing where Colonel William Maxwell used to retire for prayer and meditation. They had been the great influences and guiding stars of his life, and as he passed those last quiet years, as his nephew Dr. Gartshore writes, with "Exemplary piety, constant and true patriotism, with zeal, activity, and fidelity, highly respected and much beloved, in most perfect health by strict temperance" surely he could say with deeper knowledge and more adoring love than ever, "The love of God towards me has been very great. O that I may walk thankful of such great mercies, and be always blessing and praising His Holy Name. O praise, praise be unto Him."

A few years ago a copy of the National Covenant was discovered among the family papers in the Charter chest at Cardoness with some of the signatures written in blood. Was it brought away from the old Manse at Minnigaff in those days long ago when death or dishonour faced some of Scotland's noblest sons?

We often wonder how much old memories and surroundings such as these affect the character of a child, but in a strong deep nature like Alice Maxwell's they could hardly have been without an influence. It was an influence which only deepened as the years went on, and its outcome was shown in her loyal and devoted work for God, her country, and her Church.

Alice, like all her sisters, was brought up at

home with some months spent occasionally in Edinburgh for masters. She was a very beautiful child. The almost perfect child's features, the bright complexion, the dark tresses of long hair and the soft brown eyes, made a lovely picture. Country dinner parties were much in vogue in those days, and there are still some who can remember as a beautiful dream the little white-robed child as she sat after dinner on the knee of their friend, Lady Lifford, herself the personification of gentle gracious motherhood. In later days some of the features of her face were too strongly marked for perfect beauty, but the sweet tender expression which bespoke her character never left her. Her father, Sir William Maxwell, was seldom from home. He was a staunch Conservative and Unionist. He took a deep interest in all county and parish matters and in looking after the affairs of his own property. The many improvements he made on the farm-houses, offices, and cottages were carried out with great care and wise discrimination. His children often took walks over the property with him or rode with him on more distant errands. His character was deeply affectionate, though reserved and very sensitive. To some he seemed stern, but he was just and upright, pure in word and deed, and his motherless children had a very tender place in his heart.

When Alice was about twelve years old he took his four younger daughters for a tour in the Highlands, as he wished to show them something of the beautiful scenery of their own country. A very happy party started on their travels on a



MISS ALICE MAXWELL AS A CHILD.

To face page 20.

bright morning in September. They went first to Balloch and steamed up Loch Lomond to Tarbet, where they stayed for a few days. From there they sailed up to the further end of Loch Lomond and took a "machine" across the wild moor of Rannoch. But by this time the weather had broken, and in a fierce storm of wind and rain they drove along the steep road down Glencoe to Ballachulish. Sir William sat on the box himself and hoped a closed carriage would be proof against the storm, but the elements were too much for the rather ancient conveyance, and at last, in the vain hope of keeping themselves dry, the travellers put up umbrellas inside the carriage. Glencoe was certainly looking its wildest.

The storm had cleared next morning and the country was beautiful in its freshness and bright sunshine. It had a special interest for them as they knew their grandfather, Mr. Shakerley, had taken the house and shootings of Ballachulish many years before, and their mother had stayed there with the rest of her family. From Ballachulish they went to Fort William and up the Caledonian Canal to Inverness with Thomas Carlyle as a fellow-passenger. He was travelling in the grey Inverness cape we know so well in some of his portraits, his eyes still keen and clear, looking out under his soft cap, but in failing health, old and rugged and not pleased with a gloomy day of rain which hid much of the scenery from his view. On their way south the travellers stopped at Pitlochry and Dunkeld, making expeditions from there to Killiecrankie, the falls of Tummel, the

ruined Cathedral of Dunkeld, and other places. After a fortnight's tour in glorious weather except for the two stormy days at Glencoe and on the Caledonian Canal, they ended their journey at Milrig in Ayrshire, the house of their mother's kind old friends, Captain and Mrs. Tait.

HOME LIFE

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low ;
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go.

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE

IT is often difficult to mark the first workings of God's Spirit in any human soul. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit" were the Master's words.

Some come to Him out of the fiery trial of sorrow or from the fierce battle of unbelief and sin and shame, and can tell the day and hour when they first learnt to trust a Saviour's love; but others are drawn by the sweet constraint of His gentleness and cannot tell the day when His love was "as a strange thing" to them or His care unknown. Alice had naturally a very loving clinging nature, and the knowledge and power of God seemed to open out to her gradually as the years went on. God's Word had always been set before her as the Guide of her life, and she loved its pages. When about fourteen years of age she asked to be allowed to join the Communion of the Supper of her Lord and realised the deep significance of the step she was taking.

In schoolroom days she learnt to make clothes

for the poor and visited in their homes ; and when she grew up it was a great joy, in spite of social duties and calls, which were not forgotten, to feel she had more time to give to what was the first and dearest object of her life.

A Sunday School had been started for the children round Cardoness and a Christmas Tree and tea were given to them every Christmas. Alice did not take a class at that time, but always supplied the place of any sister who was from home. The Christmas Tree was a great joy to the children, and the games often left their young teachers stiff for many days after. It was a question of cubic capacity for the teachers when the smallest child dropped her handkerchief and rushed with mischievous glee under the arms of the next two smallest she could find, expecting her tall pursuer to follow. Alice writes to her sister, Mrs. Stewart, who had gone to Australia with her husband to see about their property, of the cold winter of 1874 : " Our Christmas Tree was a great success. The snow was on the ground, so snow-balling was our best game. *We* came off very badly, but the children enjoyed it very much, all the more, I daresay, from having such harmless foes."

Later on a suggestion was made that Alice should join the Stewarts in Australia for a short time, but as they found they could return home sooner than they at first expected the plan was not carried out. Alice wrote to her sister on October 14 : " Papa does not quite like my joining you in Australia, and perhaps, as you are coming

home so soon, in spite of all our misgivings it is as well. If you were not leaving I should have tried harder, but I should rather pay you a visit in this country if I had the chance. You will get this about Christmas. I do wish you both a very happy Xmas and New Year. The thought of having you with us will make this look ever so much brighter than last. I use your concordance every Saturday getting ready for school. What do you teach your gins, and do they take in pictures ? ”

About this time the old minister of Anwoth died. Sir William Maxwell had been patron of the living, but the Act for the abolition of Patronage had been passed in 1874 and the new regulations then came into force for the first time in Anwoth. The candidates who came to preach were all invited to stay at Cardoness, and Alice, always deeply interested in the highest welfare of the parish, took a keen interest in all that was done. Voting was not such a common thing for women in any circumstances at that time, and though Alice's deep sense of reverence was hurt by the Church being used for any sort of meeting except a strictly religious one, she gives an amusing account of her experience on this occasion :

“ Willie and Tissie came back from Riddell just in time for the Election yesterday. I wish they would not have large meetings like that in the Kirk ; it seems making such a wrong use of it. We all went to Church yesterday at 12 o'clock. Mr. Jack as Moderator was there to carry on everything. First of all there was a very nice prayer asking for

light and help. Then the election began by his asking all who approved of what had been done to stand up and hold up their right hand, which we and everybody else except a few did. Then Stark read the names of all the voters from the Roll that had been made up some time before, and as our names were called we got out of the seat, stalked up the church, got a little bit of paper from Papa with his initials in the corner of it, went into the square pew on the left hand side of the pulpit, wrote Mr. Black's name, gave it to Mr. Jack to put into the Ballot Box after we had folded it up so that nobody could see whose name was on it, and then stalked down again to our seat. Poor little C—— wanted to do it well, so he added his own name, his wife's name and the place where he lived; and after that they thought it better to turn him over to Hume who stayed in the Manse pew to help those who could not do it for themselves. I did not mind it so much the first time, but as I was about half-way between the pulpit and the door coming back, I caught Willie's eye a mixture of gravity, amusement, and mischief, which quite overthrew my gravity. Then I was so shocked with myself and found so many pairs of eyes looking at me that I felt horrid, got red and scuttled down the aisle feeling very glad when I got to the end at last. There were only one or two who seemed set upon a quarrel, but they were suppressed without much difficulty, and on the whole anywhere but in a Church it would have been very good and quiet. It was about three when we came home glad to think we would not have to go out of 'Woman

vocation' again for some time. Last week, papa, Loui and I went up to Cassencarie for dinner. Mr. Bright was there, and Loui sat between him and Major Hannay, and made herself very delightful.

"*October 26.*—Loui and I drove over to bring A. H. back to lunch in the gadabout. She brought such a queer little piece of music by Mozart to show me. All the treble is played with one finger of your right hand. It sounds rather like a musical box, but I am going to write for it, so you will see it when you come back. I have been busy learning that pastoral symphony of Beethoven's to play with Loui. Papa and the others are going to dine at Cally to-morrow night, and the next night three of us are going to Kirkdale. I am getting very stupid and tired of the house. A stupid cold has taken my voice away, or rather turned it into a croak for the last week or ten days. I have tried everybody's remedies, and at last it seems to be thinking of going.

"*November 26.*—I hope you enjoyed reading the Prince Consort's Life as much as I did. I am reading *Thoughts for the Age* by the author of *Amy Herbert* now, and I think it is the nicest sermon book I ever read. My birthday verse for this year is the twenty-fourth verse of Jude. Don't you like it very much? Mr. Black is not to leave America till the 4th of next month, so they think it will be the New Year before he can be inducted and settled down in the Parish. Tissie is still at Davenham Cottage. She is going to Eaton and Belmont, and Aunt Georgina wants her to go to London, so I don't know when she will be home. We are busy with our Christmas

Tree things. I am getting brown tweed petticoats from P. Jones for my girls, and Loui is making red flannel shirts for her boys, and what Tissie is doing for her thirteen little ones I don't know."

In January of the next year the first, and till Alice herself was called to God's higher service above thirty-nine years afterwards, the only break in the band of brothers and sisters occurred, and David, the eldest and beloved brother, passed home to God. Arrangements for giving dinner to the Presbytery, and others who had attended the induction service of the new minister at Anwoth were in preparation at Cardoness when the telegram with its sad news arrived and Sir William had to leave at once for Folkestone. Alice felt the blank deeply, and her loving sympathy and aid were a comfort to the young widow when she went to stay with her shortly afterwards, and help her in the sad task of settling into Castramont, a house near Cardoness which Major Maxwell had taken a few weeks before his death.

But life's work and duties must be carried on in clouded as well as in brighter days, and on May 18 Alice writes :

"The primroses are coming out and look so lovely. There is a bazaar for the Zenana Mission in July, and Mr. Black has asked us to work for it. The new schoolhouse at Skyreburn was to be opened to-day. I am sure the Starks must be glad of the change; their old house is so bad. I went to see Mrs. O'Hara and the M'Croskies last Monday. They have gone into their new cottages and look so comfortable."

A Library of interesting and suitable books had been collected for circulating among the people on the estate, and each family was personally visited once every four or six weeks, and the books changed. If trouble or sickness was in the houses the visits were more frequent, but the books always made an object for a visit, and were much valued by the people. They often gave an opportunity for talk about higher and deeper things, and gave rise to many kindly feelings. Mrs. O'Hara was one of Alice's special friends. She was a Roman Catholic, and Alice had visited her and brought help and comfort to her when she was in great grief over the loss of a little baby. Often afterwards she read the Bible to her, and made her a present of a Douai version for her own reading.

Her home and the work round it was always the first and deepest interest of Alice's life, but visits to the country houses near, to her married sisters, and English relations generally took up some part of the year, though she once wrote in a letter in 1876: "I have promised to go to Earlston, and as I have been at home straight on for nearly a year with only three days out of it, I think I may leave people and things to look after themselves with a clear conscience." In March 1877 she went up to London to stay with her aunt, and writes of a concert in the Albert Hall: "The band of the Royal Irish Rifles was there, and as it was St. Patrick's Day the songs were mostly Irish. I did so enjoy it. Yesterday afternoon we had a long drive. They have just got such a good earnest clergyman, Mr. M'Gall, at the Kensington

Presbyterian Church. He has such nice prayer meetings on Wednesdays. We were at a Blue Ribbon Meeting the other night and heard Mr. Stevenson Blackworth speak so well. Mr. Noble, I believe spoke after we left. I was sorry not to hear him, but we could not stay. You will have heard all the plans at home. I should enjoy going to Heathfield and Butterton if I am not wanted at home, but hope for a letter to-morrow."

The distant view of the Isle of Man is one of the most beautiful features of the Cardoness shore. Alice and her sisters had watched it in all its varying phases from their childhood, sometimes dim and indistinct in the misty days, sometimes looming thin and shadowy on the horizon, and at other times so clear that the woods and fields seemed almost visible. They had often wished to visit it, and in the warm summer days in July plans were made for a three days' expedition to the Island. The married sisters and their husbands, Sir William and Lady Gordon, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart met Alice and her sister Letitia at the little moorland station of Dromore. From there they went by train to Wigtown, and as the water was too shallow for the old steamboat, the *Countess of Galloway*, to come in, they boarded her from a fishing-boat. The old ship was still strong and serviceable, but railways had drawn away the passengers and traffic, and she was less trim than she had been twenty years before when she carried them from Kirkcudbright to Liverpool for the yearly visit to their grandparents. The day was clear and bright, though the sea was inclined to be a little rough, but

Alice, who was an excellent sailor, walked the deck with the two brothers-in-law, throwing many good-natured taunts at the less energetic members of the party as they passed them. The steep rocky cliffs of the Island looked beautiful in the soft sunset glow and deepening twilight as they sailed along it, and lights were twinkling in the town when they reached Douglas Harbour. The ubiquitous German waiter was to be found everywhere in those days, and the travellers were much amused when, after vain attempts to obtain some of the cherry tart written down on the menu for dinner, one of the waiters came and announced in a hushed lugubrious voice "Cherry Tart is no more."

Next day the party discovered, much to their delight, that quite unintentionally, but most happily, they had chosen *the* day of the year for seeing the Island. It was the day, the 5th of July, when the quaint old ceremony of the Tynwald, the pride and joy of the Manxman's heart, was to be held. With natural pride they boast that this is the oldest Parliament in the British Islands, a system brought from Iceland by their Scandinavian conquerors more than a thousand years ago, and carried on with slight alterations ever since.

The sun was shining gloriously as the little party of travellers entered the train which ran through the soft green undulations of the Island to St. John's station, quite close to the sacred old Tynwald Mount. The crowd had already begun to collect. It was the fête day of the Island, and from all parts, by rail, in brakes and carriages and on foot, the crowds gathered and picnicked, and

bargained, and chaffed each other as the day wore on. The Manx men and women in their holiday garb, the merry tones of the children, the good-natured jollity of the crowd everywhere, and the loud cries of the hawkers proclaiming their goods, made a bright scene on that sunny July day. In the fifteenth century among the quaint directions given to Sir John Stanley as to how he should comport himself on this important day, he was told that, "You shall come hither in your Royal array as a King ought to do by the prerogatives and royalties of the Land of Man, and upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire with a royal cloathe and cushions, and your visage unto the Earl and your sword before you holden with the point upward." Not perhaps in such royal array, but in his most gorgeous attire, the Lieutenant-Governor appears in these days. The Church of St. John—a modern edifice—built on the site, is about 100 yards from Tynwald Hill or mound. The date of the Mound itself is not certain, but it is very ancient. Tradition says it represents the work of the Isle of Man, as it was made up of earth brought from all the seventeen parishes into which the Island is divided. It is quite round, about 250 feet at the base, and is formed of four tiers, each three feet higher than the last. Following ancient precedent it was thickly strewn with green rushes gathered from the marsh lands of the Curragh hard by.

The great function of the day began with a sermon in St. John's Church, after which the Governor, preceded by the Bishop in his robes, the rest of the Clergy, the Keys and other officials of

the Island, and the bearer of the ancient and much-valued sword of state, walked along the path then kept open by soldiers stationed in the Island, and took his seat with the Bishop on the chairs placed for them under the canopy on the summit of the Mound. After they were seated the Court was fenced. This is a sort of warning off—a threat of dire penalty to any one who should try to disturb the peace. In the old days the whole of the new laws were read over in English and in Manx, but at that time it was only the title of the Acts with short recapitulatory notices, after each of which the words *Oyez, Oyez, Oyez*, were called out. When the business on the hill was completed the procession formed and returned to the church again, this time the Governor going first. The Acts are then attested and the work of the Court is finished for the year unless some important business calls it together again in less festive array before the next 5th of July. The Acts must have the King's signature before being promulgated, but no English Act of Parliament, unless it is specifically stated, applies to the little Island, and no law is of any account there till it has been proclaimed from Tynwald Hill. It had been a great pleasure to the travellers to see the quaint, interesting, old ceremony, and no one can wonder that it appeals so strongly to the heart of the Manx people.

After it was over they went on to see the old Castle and fishing town of Peel. Some fishing-boats with their brown sails were coming in, looking as if they would be dashed to pieces in the narrow inlet between the rock and the harbour, but always

waiting for the right moment, and sailing in swiftly and securely like great brown birds on the wing. Next morning the travellers steamed across to Barrow and went over the large iron-works there. In after days when teaching her class, Alice spoke to them of God's all-loving purpose in their times of deepest sorrow and suffering, and told them of the purified dazzling stream that had flowed down like liquid golden fire from the thrice-heated furnaces at Barrow. Afterwards the beautiful ruins of Furness Abbey were visited, and Earlston was reached about twelve o'clock on Saturday night. But Alice would not give up her large infant class at the Sunday School on the following day. She had arranged that the little pony-cart from Cardoness should drive over for her, and by ten o'clock she was in her place ready for the children. The Sunday School at Cardoness had been closed by that time, as many of the children had grown up, and the church seemed a better centre. Alice had undertaken the charge of the large infant class. It was a most difficult matter to keep fifteen or sixteen little tots from five to seven years of age quiet and good for an hour in the old-fashioned, high, stiff pews which filled the church, the only place in that part of the parish large enough to hold the children. But their teacher understood children thoroughly and loved them, and under her firm but kind and gentle rule the most complete order was kept. The reverently closed eyes of the little ones at prayer and the happy earnest faces showed how well the short school hours were being used. Her minister, Mr.

Black, often spoke gratefully of her as "his right-hand man" in the parish; and one of her fellow-teachers still writes of how "faithfully, lovingly, and tactfully she managed her large and happy infant class for so many years, and how much sympathetic visiting of their homes increased the influence she exerted on the children."

Mrs. Black came as the minister's young bride to Anwoth a few years after he was settled in the parish, and she and Alice became fast friends. Speaking of her memories of those days she says: "I am sorry I have no letters of Alice's; we did not often exchange letters. I do know that I can never forget all that her sympathy and help meant to my husband and later to myself. The starting of the Mothers' Meetings was quite an event in the parish, and I am sure the warm response to them was largely due to Alice's magnetic influence. She gave such helpful little talks, and I can see the faces of the mothers as they listened to her earnest words, speaking the message of the Saviour's love and of its sufficiency for their every need. The day of the Mothers' Meeting was always a happy one for them and for us. She was the life and soul of the missionary work-party at the Manse. All she did was so whole-hearted, you felt it was 'unto the Lord' all through. Strength and sweetness were beautifully combined in her character, and I am always thankful to have known and loved her. She was so loving and true as a friend."

Sometimes tinkers with their carts and wares and thin decrepit-looking horses wandered round by the coast road that ran past Cardoness. They

were a rough set, but not irresponsible to the touch of kindness. One Saturday evening a band camped on a piece of waste ground on the shore, and through the night a fresh life was added to their number. Alice went next day to see if anything could be done for the mother and her child, and as the men gathered round her afterwards she spoke to them of God's yearning love for them. Tears rolled down the rough face of one of the men as perhaps for the first time he heard in gentle tones the story of his Saviour's love and sacrifice.

During the latter years of his life, especially the last two years, Sir William Maxwell suffered much from heart trouble and gout. As he was most abstemious in his habits, and seldom touched wine or spirits of any kind, the doctor pronounced it a clear case of poor man's gout. His two unmarried daughters nursed him devotedly. They were seldom from home, and never at the same time during those last years. In May 1886 Alice went to Edinburgh, and writes from Melville Street, May 24: "You see I am away from home, but hope Father and Loui will follow me here soon. Now that he can bear a soft boot on his foot it makes him much more independent and able to get about. Yesterday I went to St. Bernard's in the afternoon to hear the Innellan clergyman, Dr. Matheson. It was such a beautiful sermon upon 'Love' with a great many bits of his 'Aspirations' coming in all through it. This afternoon Tissie and I have been busy getting ourselves and her little Alec clothes. He enjoyed his drive and trying on hats extremely! In the evening we went to see the Exhibition

lighted up. The part called 'Old Edinburgh' is wonderful, all made of wood that looks exactly like stone. We did not spend much time on the pictures as we hope to go again some day in daylight; but I believe there are some very good ones among them. I have not been at the Assembly yet, but am going up with Tissie to-day as we hear 'Home Mission,' and 'Life and Work,' are the subjects. The subject of Deaconesses is to be brought up, and I am anxious to hear what is said about it. . . . I dined at Gloucester Place last night. Mr. and Mrs. Scott (Blantyre) and some other people were there."

"*Thursday.*—Father and Loui arrived here all right yesterday. Father had been wonderfully bright and active at getting in and out of the train, and was very talkative all the evening after they arrived, first to Willie and then to Tissie and Horatio, and, after tea, to me in spite of our efforts to make him rest. Of course he is very tired this morning and has been lying on the sofa doing nothing, and watching what passes in the street in a dreamy comfortable kind of way. On the whole he is better than I expected, but it is difficult to tell the first day after his journey. His gout does not seem to interfere with his walking in the house, but he still wears the cloth boots."

The change to the bracing air of Edinburgh seemed to do her father much good, and as his doctor did not see any cause for special anxiety at the time, Alice accepted an invitation to pay some visits in England. But a weak heart is never safe. Only a short time after she left, the sad news

reached her that her Father had fallen down dead in the street on Sunday, on his way to the afternoon service in St. George's Church. It was a great shock to Alice ; and a great sorrow that, after so many years of tender, loving nursing, she should not have been beside him at the last. But she knew he was ready for the Master's call, and felt that, as he had always had a natural shrinking from the thoughts of death, God's love had spared him much that might have been painful and trying to him.

His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maxwell, wrote the following lines after his death :

He thought to hear the word, perchance some token,
From earthly lips to bid his heart rejoice.
He heard the message, but the words were spoken
In the sweet accents of the Master's voice.

He thought to praise Thee in an earthly throng,
And swell the chorus of an earthly choir,
But he was called to learn the glad new song,
Which Thy redeemed ones sing and never tire.

His feeble footsteps failed to reach the portal
And cross the threshold of the house of prayer,
But his freed spirit winged its flight immortal
Unchecked, unhindered to Thy temple there.

Very lovingly he was taken back to the old home, and laid beside his forebears in the family tomb at Anwoth.

It was the breaking up of the old home ties ; and, though the love and warm welcome of the dear ones still there always made Cardoness a place of very sweet rest to her, Alice felt a new life must be begun, and looked forth bravely to see what God

would have her to do. There had been no great excitement in her home life, but it had been a healthy life, full of useful and helpful interest and influence. The daily round of duty had been made beautiful with God's presence, and gladly and faithfully performed for the Master's sake. Amid the strength and beauty and pathos of her Galloway hills and glens she had learnt life's first and grandest lesson, and knew that life is not ease or pleasure or even outward success, but the doing of God's most Holy Will in acts of loving devotion to Him and the souls Christ died to redeem.

PREPARATION

CREDO

Not what, but Whom, I do believe,
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give ;—

Not what, but Whom !

For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.

Not what I do believe, but Whom !

Who walks beside me in the gloom ?
Who shares the burden wearisome ?
Who all the dim way doth illumine,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live ?—

Not what I do believe,
But Whom !

Not what,
But Whom !

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER III

PREPARATION

ALICE MAXWELL had not cavilled at the quietness of life in those early days at Cardoness when she knew that was God's place for her ; but now the anchors had been lifted and she felt she was free from all the old home ties to go to any fresh sphere to which her Heavenly Master called her. Some about her had seen the work of those home days, and felt she was fitted for a larger and more responsible call. Mr. Black, minister of Anwoth, met Dr. Charteris at the November Church Meetings in Edinburgh in 1886, and heard from him how keenly he wished to start a house for the training of Deaconesses, and of his great desire to find the right head which he felt in such a work was all important. " I can tell you where to try," he said. " Ask Miss Alice Maxwell, and if she consents the success of the house will be secured." After further inquiry Dr. Charteris felt that Miss Maxwell was the right person for the post : " God's gift to the Church of Scotland," an earnest worker once said of her ; and he asked her to take charge of the work. It was not in any way the plan she had made for

her own life. Her character was always unassertive in spite of her capable businesslike mind. She had never wished to take the first place, but always been ready to fill in the gaps and give help wherever it was needed. In the diversity of gifts "Helpfulness" seemed the gift most characteristic of her in the old home life, and by which she glorified her Lord most; and in her room the words with the Master's prayer were always before her, "Father, glorify Thy name." She had never lived in Institutions or had any opportunity of studying their work. Her own health was never robust, and when Dr. Charteris's proposal reached her, she thought there must be others much more fitted than herself to undertake such an important charge. She offered to go as a resident, not as head; but Dr. Charteris felt God was guiding his decision, and that her willingness to take the second place only made her more fit to take the first. He still pressed his point, and after very earnest thought and prayer she consented on condition that eighteen months were given to her to prepare, physically and mentally, for the task before her.¹

Her relations felt that she needed a thorough rest, and were very anxious she should spend the following winter in a warmer climate. Mr. and

¹ A slight mistake has been made in a letter of Dr. Charteris, quoted in the *Life of Archibald Hamilton Charteris*, p. 365, where he writes: "Our Miss Maxwell was stopped on her way to Mildmay." Miss Alice Maxwell never thought of going to Mildmay except to gain the experience and help which were most kindly and generously given when she had consented to take the post of Head of the Deaconess House in Edinburgh. Her heart was always in her own country and in her own Church.

Mrs. Stewart were starting on a six months' expedition to Australia that winter, and she was strongly urged to accompany them, as the long voyage and the warm climate of Australia seemed just what she required. She very gladly arranged to do this, and in January 1887 they started in the P. & O. s.s. *Carthage* for their long voyage. The weather was rough as they passed down the Channel, and in the Bay of Biscay; but Alice's usual good fortune followed her, and made her the envy of many of her more experienced but less happy fellow-voyagers. Outside conditions were pleasant when they reached the Mediterranean, and on January 24, after passing through the Suez Canal, she writes: "We really are having hot weather now, but not at all too much so on deck. Our cabins are decidedly close at night and the punkahs going at meals in the saloon. Our Astronomy class has grown and we always spend our evenings on deck. The stars are lovely, and we have a wise friend, Mr. Drummond, who can tell us about them. We have had some entertainments since we left Suez. Athletic sports which lasted three afternoons, and left the young men on board more or less stiff. The only thing Georgie and I joined in was the 'Ladies' tug' between England and Australia. In the first we English had ordinary shoes on and were pulled over easily I am sorry to say; but the second try we fought with our neighbours' goods and pulled the others over. The deciding tug is still to be fought. There are some weighty Australians to counterbalance Georgie and me, so it was a long hard tug and very amusing.

We have had a lovely breeze all the way, and every one says they never knew a voyage pass so quickly. I am glad you have been to Belmont and seen Grannie. We want so much to hear how you found her. We have not made any decided plans for Colombo, but we certainly intend to go to Candy early on Wednesday morning if not tomorrow night. The Captain means to start again on Thursday morning, so we shall not have very much time." The hurried visit to Candy was carried out, and very much enjoyed in spite of the short time at the travellers' disposal.

MELBOURNE, *February 18*.—Mrs. Stewart wrote : " It is very nice to have a fortnight's rest here after six weeks at sea. We had a very good time on the *Carthage*, but after two days on shore we went to a farewell luncheon on board and to say good-bye to the Captain, and then watched the *Carthage* start for Sydney without any regret that we were left behind. We intend to go by the next P. & O., the *Massilia*, to Sydney on 1st March. Lady Manning has asked us to stay at Wallaroy, which will be very nice. I don't like the idea of Robert going to Queensland without us, but he thinks it will fit better if we follow in a few weeks when the rush of the work is over. All the same if we are left we intend to enjoy ourselves as much as possible, and I mean to try and show Alice a great deal of Australia. This is my idea. A fortnight at Wallaroy, the Blue Mountains, a week, then to Brisbane and Toowoomba for about ten days. Am I not lucky to have Alice to play about with instead of being left alone ? I am glad we have

come to Melbourne first as it is a capital place for her to get her first impression of Australia. This hotel is on the highest ground, and from the top of the terrace we have a lovely view of the whole town. We intend to go and stay with the Greens at their country place next week from Wednesday to Saturday. It is a pretty place and a very good specimen of a Victorian Station."

February 29.—Miss Maxwell writes : " We start again on our sea travels to-morrow, so I must write to you to-day. We have had an extremely nice time here. Robert has been in the thick of station talk with all kinds of people, so has not found the time hang heavy on his hands, and Georgie and I have been doing all sorts of things together. We have been to tea or luncheon in most of the suburbs, so should know Melbourne and its surroundings well. One day we were at Toorak, where a brother of Sir William Baillie lives ; such a nice house with a garden all round it. Last Wednesday we had a very busy day. In the morning Mr. Barrows, who came out in the *Carthage* with us, made up a party and took us all over his sugar-plum manufactory. Then we went to lunch with a Mrs. Rowan who paints flowers perfectly beautifully. After that we caught an afternoon train and went up to Greystones to stay with the Greens for a few days. It is about forty miles up country, but the railway goes to within six miles of them. As Greystones is a large stone house done up in ' high art style ' with all kinds of luxuries, and a lovely garden and grounds all round, it did not feel at all like the bush. They drove us over to a station with a real

station house on it, one day, which gave me a better idea of such places. Generally, of course, the roads were traeks with many holes and ruts. Our visit came to an end on Saturday after a tremendous thunderstorm, or rather we drove through it to the station. Our luggage had gone on in advance and we were met half-way with the report that the road was flooded. Fortunately Mr. Green was driving us himself and he took us to another station to pick up the train, but as we had to go through water as fast as possible regardless of holes, etc., you may imagine we were neither very clean nor very dry when we got to the end of our drive. We had a long expedition another day from here to a place called Fern Tree Gully, by train and coach (an Australian coach!). It was lovely when we got there, with the tree ferns over our heads and the water at our feet and the sun shining through the fronds on to the water. But we all agreed it was hardly worth the long journey. We had started at half-past seven in the morning, lunched at a little wayside inn, and we did not get back till late in the evening. Last night we went to see the fireworks in the cricket ground. A very good band played for an hour before, and you know I always love a band. Another evening we went to a Girls' Friendly Society work-party. There was such a nice bright-looking set of girls at it, and they were very pleased to hear of their Sister Friendlies in Scotland. There is a nice little Lodge, and it has one rather large room (a reading-room) where there are classes and the girls can go and sit at any time, a kitchen where they can have their meals, one

bedroom for them and another for the matron who takes charge.

“ We have not had anything special in the way of Sunday services here. It is *very* sad to see so much doubting and questioning both among men and women, and it seems to come out in preaching as well as in talking to people. You must pray for us that we may ‘hold fast’ and have the right word to give to those who ask for it.”

Rather serious dissensions had broken out between the Presbytery and the Scots Church in Melbourne, which must have impaired the usefulness and vitality of the Church at that time, and may have accounted for some of the indifference and want of vital religion which Miss Maxwell notices with so much sadness. Later on the Rev. James Cameron Lees, D.D., was sent out by the Church of Scotland on a mission of helpfulness, and by his wise tactfulness and earnest devotion succeeded in putting matters on a much better footing. The congregation is now a large and flourishing one and doing good work in Melbourne.

The Blue Mountains, about forty miles from Sydney, contain some of the most beautiful scenery in the Colony. The blue halo covering the country like a thin transparent veil softens the outlines and deepens the beauty of its many hills and valleys and gives its name to the district. The sisters went there from Sydney, and much enjoyed the ten days they spent among the mountains.

March 21.—Mrs. Stewart writes: “ We stayed with the Mannings at Wallaroy till last Friday and then came up here, about a four hours’ journey

from Sydney by rail. It was very hot in Sydney, so it was a great change coming to these higher regions. We are so glad we came here instead of to the hotel. We are having a kind of very clean, luxurious roughing. A small house close to the road, tiny clean bedrooms, and a little sitting-room with a high white-washed hearth and wood fires; a wholly amiable landlady who was a servant in a large house. She is a very good cook and we are very cosy. Saturday and Sunday were very wet, but we did not mind as we want to get on with our Hughenden Bazaar things and have done so little since we left home. On Sunday we went in water-proofs to a very small church where there was a very 'warm' service. The clergyman stopped us and spoke to us as we came out. He seemed a very good man, and has promised to spend a day this week showing us all the lions of the place, which we shall like. We had about a mile to walk, and fled home through the wet and darkness hoping we should not meet any tipsy bushmen. Mrs. Gibson, our landlady, has offered us her young man as an escort next Sunday! She keeps no maids, and does all the work herself with the assistance of her 'young man.'

"There was a communion service in the evening, and a sermon on the text 'Unto Him that loved us and "loosed" us from our sins be glory.' 'Loosed' is the translation in the Revised Version. I like to take it with that verse in Acts, 'God sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities.'

"This is a most lovely morning fortunately, for

Nellie Manning joins us at midday, and we start on a three or four days' expedition to see some wonderful caves about thirty miles from here. They are troublesome to get at, but every one tells us well worth the trouble. The photographs look something like Staffa. We intend to stay here till the end of next week, then back to Wallaroy, and on April 5th by sea to Brisbane."

The expedition was made most successfully, and the travellers felt they were well repaid by the beauty of the sight for any amount of trouble.

The Jenolan Caves are among the most curious and beautiful works of Nature. They extend for some miles through the mountainous limestone formation of that part of the country. Their size is gigantic, and the different combinations of various mysterious shapes and colour seem endless. Every sort of object is represented by the beautiful stalactites that hang down from the ceiling—sometimes spread out like the soft billowy folds of shawls or curtains, sometimes in thick or delicate columns of glistening purity or showers of daintiest tracery, or again rising up from the ground in the shape of graceful column or minaret or cathedral arch, or strewn on the surface like the wreck of a ruined city. Their names, such as the Cathedral, Shawl, Snowball, Jewelled Casket, and Crystal Fountain, describe the special beauties of many of the caves.

A few weeks afterwards were spent at Brisbane, and at the end of April the party started on their return journey.

"S.S. *Gwalior*, June 5.—Here we are on our way from Alexandria to Venice in the *Gwalior*, a very

nice comfortable ship and not too crowded to be pleasant. We left Australia in the *Shannon* on April 27 as we intended, and had not a good time on board. Nearly every one was more or less wretched. We were told that the ship rolled badly, and quite agreed as to the truth of the fact except when she stopped to pitch instead. However all survived, and the last two days were very pleasant. The Red Sea was much cooler than we expected. We ought to reach Venice on Thursday or Friday, and expect to be in London a fortnight later. There are a great many Italians on board and also a Siamese Prince."

"LANDECK, TYROL, *June 17.*—We left Venice on Monday. It is a most lovely place, and we spent a great deal of our time gliding through the canals in gondolas in a most restful fashion. Then we went to Botzen, a beautiful little place nestling among the Tyrol Alps. The next day to Meran, one of the grape-cure places. There we hired a carriage and drove in a most luxurious style for the last three days through the Tyrol. We drove up to Trafoi at the foot of the Ortler Spitz, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and walked 2000 feet up the Stelvio Pass, so we had a lovely view of the mountains and their snowy tops. The Stelvio Pass is very high, and there is too much snow to get over it as yet. Yesterday we came here from Spendingning, forty miles over the Finstermatz Pass. A lovely, lovely drive! This morning we start for Paris, and hope to arrive about 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, spend Sunday there, and cross over to Folkestone from Boulogne on Monday."

The travellers arrived in London on June 20 as arranged, with bright and happy memories of the many interesting sights they had seen and the time they had spent together.

It was Miss Maxwell's only visit to Australia, but in after days even in that far-off land the example of her deep devotion and wise helpfulness were lovingly remembered. Mrs. Stewart returned to Australia for some months in 1896. She met one of the residents who, after her course of training at the Deaconess House in George Square, had settled at Brisbane for family reasons. She was busy working for God in her Queensland home, and spoke with enthusiastic love of all she owed to Miss Maxwell, and of the spiritual help her time at George Square had been to her. Africans have been known after passing through hardships and dangers while on long journeys in the interior to kneel and kiss the sands when they returned, for joy at their homecoming. "So," she said, "there is a stone at the entrance door of the Deaconess House in George Square that I fee! I should like to kneel and kiss if I ever visited George Square again." Sometimes when a difficult duty faced her and she was tempted to shirk it, she just whispered to herself "Miss Maxwell," and took fresh courage to fulfil the task.

After her return from Australia, Miss Alice Maxwell spent some time visiting her relations, and early in November 1887 went up to London to begin her six months' round of the Deaconess Institutions in England. Miss K. H. Davidson had most kindly consented to take charge of the

work in Edinburgh during the winter, and the Church of Scotland Deaconess House was temporarily opened on the 16th of November at 33 Mayfield Gardens, a house generously offered to Dr. Charteris by friends interested in the movement.

In the meanwhile Miss Alice Maxwell had settled at Mildmay and threw herself heartily into the work that was going on there. On November 7 she writes: "My darling L., I must write to you to-night, for after this I am to go for a week to each of the Missions worked from this centre; and as Miss Agar said just now, that means being out pretty well all day, and evening too. These missions are at different points where there is a mission house, where the Deaconesses have their meals, and stay on Saturday night to be ready for Sunday classes and meetings; other nights they come back here, but late, after the others have gone to bed. Meantime they visit that part and have meetings and classes in the hall. This week I have been shown into things here, and intend to inquire still further as time goes on; there are so many things done. I rather grieve over not being allowed to teach in the night school, but I am told they cannot be combined, and I was given my choice of school or missions, and thought the last the most useful for future days. I spent yesterday evening in the school looking on, and Miss Green, who manages it, took me round the classes and explained all the ins and outs, so that was better than nothing. It was so very nice getting your letter and blessing just after I got here, and I like to think that you

are following through this time with me. Georgie will have told you that they have put me in the 'Guest Chamber,' such a dear little room. It looks so cosy with all my photographs about it, and I have given myself a fern (plant) so that I may have a green thing to love and refresh my country eyes. Miss Henksmann, the house Deaconess, had put flowers and a text on my dressing-table to greet me when I arrived—was it not nice of her? I am not wearing the regular dress, but a between. With the bonnet and long fur cloak I look half a hundred at least! A bell rings and we get up at seven o'clock. Another bell at eight and down to breakfast. After that we come up to another room and have prayers, which a clergyman, a Mr. Thompson, comes in for. Hymn, a few verses of the Bible followed by remarks and a prayer, about half an hour, and very nice. After that 'the silent hour' till a quarter past ten in our rooms, and then the work of the day begins and all scatter. For those who come back in time there are evening prayers a little before nine, very short, supper at nine, and bed as soon as you like. Loui came to see me this afternoon and we had a cosy hour together. Miss Coventry keeps capital order and Miss Agar mothers you. There certainly is a very kindly feeling all round. Yesterday afternoon I was sent to see Mrs. Pennefather, and received a very kindly welcome from her. She told me that they began with three deaconesses and seventeen in the High School; now I suppose over a hundred of the first, and between five and six hundred in the school. What

a lot about what I do, but I have written as much to Georgie for herself and Mary, so need not do it again, or would soon begin to think I was the world."

"*December 12, Saturday night.*—What a nice long letter you wrote me sometime ago, so I must make sure of your getting an answer by writing to-night. You asked how my throat was getting on; quite beautifully, and the worst of the fogs seem to be over now for the present. My employments this week have been scattered, not all at one Mission, but much the same except on Wednesday, when I was sent to Walton-on-Thames to have luncheon with a Mrs. Ballard, and take a ladies' Bible reading afterwards. The thought of it was rather alarming, but there were only about seventeen of us, and I tried to forget that they were most of them old enough to be my grandmothers, and ought to have talked to me instead!

"Dr. Thompson, who used to take charge of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, lives near here and comes in three times a week for morning prayers, and his little address helps me more than anything else, I think. There is always something so practical and to the point in them. Did I give you Dr. Thompson's dear little bit about service? 'Remember God does not demand of His children to be perfectly successful but perfectly faithful.' It has been such a real help to me with all I have had to do since I came here, and I mean to hold it tight in Edinburgh when I go there. No, darling, these meetings and things are not easy to me as you ask me; but I want to learn to do it, as I believe it is His work for me.

“ I think I told you I intend going to the Windsor Hotel from Saturday to Monday or Tuesday. It is not very far from St. Thomas,¹ so Loui and I count upon going to Church together on Christmas Day. I am afraid I shall not get much more of her, but this will be better than nothing. They have had their yearly three days’ Sale here this week. There was a lot of pottery, and needless to say my spendings mostly went to that, except a scribe’s ink thing (like Willie’s) which, much to every one’s surprise, I bought. I like looking at it, for it feels like a bit of home. How any one can like London I can’t imagine ; it does seem such a very horrid place to me the more I am in it ! All the same I am very happy and like the work.”

“ *January 6, 1888.*—I have just got your letter as I made up my mind to write to you. I had a very nice time indeed with Uncle H. and Aunt A. I liked their party very much for it was very unball like. Major E. used to know our Mother, when a boy at Whatcroft ; of course much younger than she was. He and Uncle H. were very envious of me staying at home instead of going to the ball. Since I came back I have only had one day at the Mission, for Miss Agar has gone away for ten days and I have been partly turned into her. That means having her keys and giving out the Mission cards, books, etc., writing any special letters for Miss Coventry, always being on the spot to receive questions and messages, taking her young servants’ class on Sunday afternoon and her Mothers’ Meet-

¹ The Hospital where her sister, Miss Louisa Maxwell, was then training as a nurse.

ing on Monday. Later I hope to go to stay at Brixton for a fortnight. It is a Branch of this, but, of course, on a much smaller scale, so will perhaps let me see more in some ways."

"*January 9.*—To-day is Miss Agar's Mothers' Meeting; about two hundred on the books, but I fancy much fewer appear. This evening I have my own class in the Night School. My throat is not very flourishing, but once over to-day it will have a rest, for 'being Miss Agar,' means much running up and down stairs, but not much speaking. They are all so nice to me when I have to speak of any rule not being attended to, and so anxious to do all for me in the way of little attentions that they do for Miss Agar."

About the beginning of February it seemed doubtful whether Miss Davidson would be able to remain on for the six months at Mayfield Gardens; yet Miss Maxwell felt the great importance of gathering all the knowledge and experience that was possible before taking charge herself, and therefore urged very strongly that the six months, which seemed all too short a time to her, should not be curtailed. Very greatly to her relief, Miss Davidson found she could make arrangements to remain and the difficulty passed away.

On February 9 she writes: "Many thanks for your last letter. I feel quite safe now about Miss Davidson's remaining and am very grateful. Dr. Charteris wrote me a very decided letter in answer to mine."

Towards the middle of the month Miss Maxwell moved on to the Rochester Deaconess Institution,

6 Park Hill, Clappenham Park, for a fortnight, and writes: "I came here to-day. Three things—a chair, a box of china, and a box with pictures—were to be sent off to Edinburgh this afternoon, and I hope will not be very much in your way. How I shall love to follow them and be with you! They have all received me very kindly here. The Bishop told them the Scotch Church was very near his heart and they were to make me as happy as possible. From what I hear it seems mostly nursing out-patients, but I will see as time goes on. (Hour for getting up 6.30, worse than Mildmay! H. will feel for me.) The manner of life here is something like this. Bell for rising, 6.30. Private Meditation, 7.30 (in Chapel). Breakfast, 8. Doing our room and bed, 8.30. Meditation, 9. Work of the day begins, 9.30. Start for the district about 10. Tea, 5. Evening prayer, 5.30. Silence, 6 to 7.30. Supper, 8. Recreation, 8.30 to 9.45. Prayer and to bed, lights out, 10.30. But Mrs. Gilmour gave me the rules and told me to keep what I liked; ¹ so, as long as I don't interfere with others I don't feel strictly bound except in Chapel times. She reads prayers herself, and there are only three visitors, one probationer and herself in the house as yet. They are visitors till tested."

"*February 16.*—Yesterday Mrs. Gilmour took me with her; the others go and visit and tell her of any case of illness in their district; then she, having gone through a year's training at Guy's

¹ As Miss Maxwell was only there for a fortnight she was of course in a different position from those who were staying for a longer period.

Hospital, goes to look after it, and gets the doctor to attend if beyond her. It was very interesting going the round with her both before luncheon and after. She is so busy. The different tone of work here from Mildmay is so striking. There it was 'instant in season and out of season.' Here makes one think more of 'Patient continuance in well doing.' Of course both principles are in both places, but the one side is brought out so much more strongly in the different places. This principle fits in with my Scotch nature, but, as Miss Coventry said the other day to me, 'I know what you mean for I feel the same (she tries rather to hold some back); but we must watch over what fits into our natures or it will go too far.' So true, was it not? There is no fear of what is uncongenial getting ahead of us, is there? I sometimes wish there were! We saw Loui for a few minutes. She certainly is looking better, and I am thankful to say a good deal of satisfaction has been expressed over her care of a special case, which is encouraging for her."

From Rochester Miss Maxwell went on for ten days to Kilburn. She was as kindly received there, and the same generous assistance given to her as at the other Institutions; but of course the arrangements at meals, etc., were quite different and were not likely to appeal to her so strongly as at Mildmay and Rochester. She writes:

"THE ORPHANAGE OF MERCY, KILBURN, LONDON, *March 1.*—I came here as I intended on Tuesday. Of course there are no end of services in the Chapel, but visitors are not expected to

attend any unless they like. Sister Caroline, who has charge of us visitors, comes and sits in our sitting-room sometimes and is very nice indeed. The rest look very nice too, but as silence in the passages and at meals also, where we have a separate table, is the rule, acquaintance with them is rather impossible. Under these circumstances one knows nothing of their life, but that would be no help to us, and I did not expect it. Any I have come across helping in the work are very pleasant and have lots to say. I am downstairs by 8.10 when there is 'Terce' in the Chapel, mostly singing psalms and a few prayers, lasting ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Breakfast is at 8.30, during which we are read to by one of the Novices. For the other meals we take a book with us. Supper is at 9 o'clock, and after that we are expected to retire to our rooms and have all lights out by 10.30. The rooms are heated with pipes, and we each have a bath and large can of hot water waiting for us when we go up. Plenty of Orphans to do all in our rooms, so we are told, and we feel very luxurious. I have been helping at the Children's Halfpenny Dinners, three hundred of them. They get bread and milk or soup and a hunch of bread and jam, a good deal for a halfpenny. Also Men's free dinners, pea soup and the third of a loaf of bread. There are eight or nine hundred of these, very poor and unemployed, fed every day. One is rather afraid that it might be abused, but they look dreadfully wretched at any rate."

"*March 2.*—Now for how I spent yesterday. In the morning went to Shoreditch with some of

the other visitors at about eleven, carried dinner all over the place to sick, deaf, and blind people till about half-past two, had a picnic dinner in the kitchen, then to a Mothers' Meeting, and back here about half-past six or seven. This morning Sister Frances has taken me all over the Orphanage; the arrangements are as Dr. Charteris said, 'Very very nice.' The Sister was very bright and good-natured, and so ready to let me stop and ask as many questions 'as ever I liked.' Now I am going to do some folding up, etc., at the office for them, and after dinner I expect Georgie and Maggie, who are coming first to see the place and secondly to see me!"

"KILBURN, *March 4.*—I heard from Dr. Charteris the other day, when he suggested my being with the Edinburgh Deaconesses by the middle of April, but I wrote back to say that May (the first if they liked) would suit me much better, for having been asked to come at that time I had made all my arrangements accordingly. I rather read between the lines of his letter that it was not very important. My cold is as good as gone, but I am so stupid with my back and throat when I begin to do work that it seems as if it would be wiser to have a month's rest before setting to work in earnest. I thought those few days with Georgie had cured all my ills and am rather disappointed. If I should be really wanted before May I would ask you to let me go to you sooner, as it would be necessary to pay the place many visits as a looker-on before taking charge, just to take people and things in a bit. Of course I would *far* rather go any time sooner than

let the work suffer, and after this will leave it to you to settle with Dr. Charteris as you think right, and remember for me that 'God's biddings are God's enablings,' and don't settle too tenderly, darling. Also don't imagine me going about with a woebegone face, for I am not, and my energy is much envied by the other visitors here. It is rather wasted, for I am doing so little here all the same. I am going to see the Boys' Orphanage this afternoon with another visitor. It is some distance from here, so will take us the greater part of the afternoon. On Monday I have settled to go and lunch with Mrs. Davidson at Hampstead Heath. We have made so many attempts to meet that I hope to carry this one out."

Kilburn was the last Institution Miss Maxwell visited. She always felt the great gain it had been to her to visit these Institutions and see, even for a few months, how the different phases of work were carried on in them, and was deeply grateful for the kind welcome and willing assistance she had received everywhere.

**GUILDS AND DEACONESS ORDER OF
THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND**

Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly.
Make haste, O man, to live !

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live—
Make haste, O man, to live !

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies ;
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live !

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
Oh ! sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.
Make haste, O man, to live !

HORATIUS BONAR

CHAPTER IV

GUILDS AND DEACONESS ORDER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

ON the tombstone of Dr. Charteris in the little churchyard at Wamphray these words are inscribed: "Through his efforts, the Order of Deaconesses in the Church of Scotland was restored and the Guilds of the Church were instituted." Of all the great and valuable work Dr. Charteris carried out for his Church, perhaps none was better known or will be longer remembered than that connected with the Guilds and the organisation of Women's Work. He felt there was an immense amount of latent power in the Church, sometimes deflected into other channels, too often lying dormant in spite of the crying need of workers everywhere. The Life and Work Committee was an attempt to rouse and invite the Church to an effort to meet the need, and the Young Men's Guild, inaugurated with the approval of the Assembly, a further development. A few years later the Woman's Guild was started to include women of all ages, and organise them for work under the superintendence of the Church. Some opposition was at first met with in the

Assembly by those who feared the scheme might be developed on non-Protestant lines; but Dr. Charteris had the members as a whole at his back, and a most loyal and enthusiastic Committee to help him to carry out his plans.

The Congregation was to be the basis of the Guild Organisation. "Parishes and Congregations," he writes in a letter to Workers in 1890, "are beginning to see that Chalmers and James Robertson were right in arguing that the only way for a Christian congregation to improve its talents aright is to organise itself for aggressive work upon the churchless around, upon the heathen abroad, and on behalf of the poor and needy and deserving in their own parish and elsewhere in our own land. No human being can read the accounts of the work of the early Church recorded in the New Testament or consider the nature of the manifold gifts of the Holy Spirit enumerated in the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, and Ephesians without seeing that Christian believers cannot delegate to any one their gifts. They have to exercise those gifts themselves. Men must speak to men, women to women, the strong must find out the weak and help them, they that are whole must minister to the sick, and all who believe must ask the doubter and the careless to accept their testimony to the power of a living faith. This means careful organisation in a congregation lest precious talents be buried in a conventual napkin of diffidence, beneath the dust of generations of neglected duty." Again at a large meeting in Glasgow Dr. Charteris explained his ideals for women's work in the



REV. PROFESSOR CHARTERIS, D.D.

To face page 70.

Church. "We begin with the Woman's Guild. Here we have chiefly two classes in view: (1) The girls and young women; and (2) those of greater experience who can guide them. The first class are those who have left the Sunday School and are entering on independent life; whose plastic minds and lives are open to influences; whose hearts crave social intercourse, friendship, and companionship; whose sympathies lead them to activity, but who are often left unbefriended by their Christian neighbours. We would fain within the congregation find guides for their life, friendships to elevate them through their social instincts, objects of sympathy that will make their activity Christlike in doing good to their fellow-creatures, and so we would invite them to join the Woman's Guild, where they will find teaching for themselves, work they can do for others, friends in those above them in social rank, ahead of them in the experiences of life, and especially of Christian life. For we invite also to the Woman's Guild those who constitute the second class—the matrons, the single woman who has position and time, the Christian woman to whom God has given the wonderful gift of influence. We invite these last that we may remind them of the manifold activities of the members of Christ; and encourage them to take those young people by the hand and teach them, train them, advise them, lead them in the ways of well-doing.

"We see how such Societies flourish and do good that have not the advantage of connection with a congregation, that are not part of the

organisation of a Church—the Girls' Friendly Society, the Y.W.C. Association, the Haddo House Union, and many more. There the lady has her friends whom she cares for. But there is no such close bond between the two classes as we have in the Church; they have not the same pews, the same services each Sunday, the same Communion Table, the common interest in the Minister, the worship, and the Missions. In the old time—it came from St. Paul downwards—the Christian women of experience were set apart to attend to the women of the congregation as distinctly as men, elders and deacons, to attend to the men. Those Societies have done good when Churches were not alive to their responsibility. God forbid that we should forget how much they did to supply a great want. They will still do good as furnishing a common rallying-ground for those of all Churches who have kindred aims. But I claim for the Church of Christ that *it* is Christ's Body, called and appointed and empowered to do His work upon the earth. I claim that it shall be free to consecrate its members to that blessed function of well-doing to the souls and bodies of men, whereby it shall make up that which is still behind of the sufferings of Christ. I do not confine Christian work to Church work: there is much Christian work well worthy of the name which the Church has lost the chance of doing, but which, thank God, is done by individual Christians.

“ Yet let us hold firmly the great New Testament principle, which will not indeed grudge to recognise Christian work anywhere, but will widely

extend the sphere of the work of the Church of Christ. The Church is the Society formed and maintained by the Saviour to do His work in the world, and as a Society it has a right to call on its members that they who are strong bear the infirmities of the weak. This is to be like Him. He came to do the Will of Him that sent Him into the world and to finish *His* work. And He said, 'As Thou hast sent Me into the world, so have I also sent them into the world.'

"And as all God's commands are inspirations and all His calls come with power given to obey them—calls to men to leave all and follow Him or to come forth from the grave itself—this call of His to us, to bear each other's burdens, can be obeyed, and is best obeyed to the full, when we act as Members of His Body—as in and of His Church. I fully claim for our Woman's Guild that it makes it possible for a woman to do a woman's work as no other Union can."

As the apex, the coping-stone of the whole structure or organisation, Dr. Charteris wished to see the Order of Deaconesses restored. He looked upon it as one of the most ancient Orders of the Church, and maintained that the sentence in Romans xvi. 1 should be translated "Phoebe, the Deaconess of the Church," instead of "the Servant of the Church." But he always pressed those who undertook this office to remember that Deaconess meant a female servant, not a servant of Christ only but of Christ's Church also. The Deaconesses of the early Church were busy workers and earnest labourers who took their share in the outward life

and active ministries of the Church. Phoebe must have travelled from Cenchrea to Rome on Church business and taken her part in the important affairs connected with the Churches, as St. Paul exhorts his converts at Rome to receive her in the Lord and assist her "in whatsoever business" she had need of them. It was only in later days that the office of Deaconess was absorbed in convents and nunneries and fenced round with laws which enforced celibacy and, in many cases, forbade its votaries to mix in the outside business and companionships of the Church and Congregation.

Dr. Charteris was anxious to study the principles and investigate the different plans carried out by other Protestant Churches for restoring this Order. In company with the Rev. John M'Murtrie, D.D., also greatly interested in the development of this work in the Church of Scotland, he visited the large Deaconess Institute at Mildmay, Hurley House (Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Quinn), Tottenham (Dr. Laseron), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the London Bible Women's Mission, the Orphanage of Mercy, Kilburn; and the City Mission Work of Deaconesses in Manchester—the last under the superintendence of Mr. MacGill, an old member of the Life and Work Committee. He had before gone over some of the best Deaconess establishments in Germany, and seen the work carried on in the Hospital at Alexandria, which had greatly impressed him. Everywhere the visitors were received with the greatest kindness and all possible information given to them.

But in one important point Dr. Charteris

considered there had been a decline from the standpoint of the early Church. The Deaconess Institutions he had visited were all the results of individual effort, and though valued and encouraged had not, as in the earliest days, the imprimatur of the Church resting on them. Dr. Charteris and his Committee were anxious that the Order of Deaconesses in Scotland should be begun with the approval of the Church and under the direction of the General Assembly. It was with very great thankfulness they found that there was not a dissentient voice when in 1888 the Regulations they had drawn up were proposed and adopted by the Assembly.

There was much discussion whether Deaconesses should be set apart by Presbyteries or Kirk-Sessions, but, by a majority of the Assembly, the decision was in favour of Kirk-Sessions. Application for the office of a Deaconess was to be made to the Kirk-Session of the parish in which the applicant had resided for six months immediately preceding that application. Those who were admitted to the office of Deaconess were to promise to devote themselves as long as they held such office to Christian work in connection with the Church as the chief object of their life, and to be subject to the Courts of the Church, and in particular to the Kirk-Session of the parish in which they worked. Along with the application, a certificate was to be sent from a Committee of the General Assembly entrusted with this duty, stating that candidates were qualified in respect of education, and that they had had experience in Christian work, or training in the Deaconess Institution and Train-

ing Home to the extent required by the General Assembly. Deaconesses were to be set apart at a public religious service, the time and place to be appointed and duly intimated by the Kirk-Session of their parish. A Deaconess might resign the office of Deaconess by giving intimation to the Kirk-Session of the parish in which she worked. Kirk-Sessions were to have the power of depriving any person of the office of Deaconess on sufficient cause shown, provided the consent of the Presbytery had been first obtained and that the resolution to apply for that consent had been intimated to the Committee of the Assembly charged with the oversight of the work.

Three questions, to each of which they answered "I do," were asked of Deaconesses at the service in which they were set apart.

"Do you desire to be set apart as a Deaconess, and as such to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in the Church which is His Body?"

"Do you promise, as a Deaconess of the Church of Scotland, to work in connection with that Church, subject to its Courts, and in particular to the Kirk-Session of the Parish in which you work?"

"Do you humbly engage, in the strength and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master, faithfully and prayerfully to discharge the duties of this office?"

Dr. Charteris did not expect a very large number to be enrolled in the office of Deaconess. There were comparatively few whose circumstance made it possible for them "to devote themselves to Christian work connected with the Church as the

chief object of their life," and yet they seemed the only women whom it was desirable to set apart as Deaconesses. For the numerous earnest and valued workers whose ordinary household and family duties prevented them making Church work, so called, the chief object of their life, the grade of the Women Workers was provided in the Guild.

Deaconesses were intended to have a great field of usefulness and to introduce a new standard of work. It may mean a good deal to those who add the care of a score or even a dozen families to their home work, and yet it often amounts to very little. Deaconesses would be able to show how powerful persistent attention to the poor and forlorn and disheartened is; and, in countless ways, it was hoped they would prove an uplifting influence to the people among whom they laboured. Prayer for one another, for their own Church, and for the increase of God's Kingdom throughout the world, service for their Lord, or preparation for it, and when possible meetings for prayer and Bible study, healthy social intercourse and annual conferences were to be the links to bind the different Branches and members of the Woman's Guild together.

The true watchword of the whole Guild, especially of the Order of Deaconesses, might be written in the Bible words, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." The ideal of its founders was very high. Their dream and their faith was that with the blessing and favour of God, the life of the Church, and through it of the country, would be deepened and spiritualised—a Training Home carried on where women workers both for

Home and Foreign fields could be trained and tested for at least one year, or two when possible; where those who wished for a shorter period of training to increase their usefulness in their home and parishes might come as visitors; and where all Christian workers would find sympathy and welcome. A Deaconess Hospital was also contemplated, with many other schemes to perfect and complete the life-giving agencies of the Church. It was to do her part in helping to carry out these ideals that Alice Maxwell henceforth gave all the strength and devotion of her character.

DEACONESS HOUSE AND TRAINING

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift ;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it—
 'Tis God's Gift.

WHITTIER.

For each man captains his own Soul,
 And chooses his own Crew,
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,
 And He will bring us through.

So—Ho for the Pilot's orders,
 Whatever course He makes !
For He sees beyond the sky-line,
 And He never makes mistakes.

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER V

DEACONESS HOUSE AND TRAINING

DR. CHARTERIS compared the Woman's Guild to a pyramid, the solid mass of earnest devoted Guild members as the basis of the structure; Guild leaders taking more important and responsible positions, and Deaconesses living themselves at the high level of Christian consecration, with time and God's all-sufficient grace to enable them to draw up other souls to their own high purpose of love and service.

In the July number of *Life and Work* of 1886, Dr. M'Murtrie had written under the heading of Deaconesses: "No part of the field is more important than this; and at the same time there is no part in which we are so entirely dependent on light and leading from God. There is ample authority for the office of Deaconess in the New Testament and in the practice of the early Church. We want neither a Romanist nor an Anglican but a truly Scottish and Scriptural Sisterhood. The Institution must be first of all a Home, from which those ladies may go forth to their labour near at hand or far away, in parishes which have requested

their services, and to which they may come back for rest and strength. It must also be a Training House. We have Deaconesses now in the Church of Scotland in everything but the name, and they should be accepted as they are; but none know better than they do, what a boon to them and to their work early training would have been. It must be a Probation House, where a lady giving herself to Christian work may find out what she is best fitted for, and where a wise kind overseer may distinguish between the passing fancy of a warm-hearted or disappointed girl and the genuine consecration which will prevent hard and commonplace work from becoming irksome. Moreover, it should belong to all the Guild as a centre from which instruction may be organised for those who are not Deaconesses. And it should prepare female missionaries for the Foreign field. It is not necessary that the Institution should be begun on a large scale. Let it be well planted and let it grow."

To try and fulfil these hopes, Alice Maxwell set herself with all the earnestness of a strong and steadfast purpose when she began her work as head of the Deaconess House, at Mayfield Gardens, on the first of May 1888. Looking back twenty-five years, another, who had worked under her and with her, says: "I can remember our beloved Head, young, enthusiastic, and always active beyond her strength. Those first years of the new movement could not have been easy. Miss Maxwell came from the ordinary life of a lady of that time in a large country house to the strenuous life of an

Institution, with its daily duties and its heavy responsibilities.

“The work of training Home and Foreign missionaries was then in its infancy, and much had to be learned by hard experience. Miss Maxwell faced the task with resolute courage, and gave all her devotion and energy to it. She believed in it, loved it, and the one impression of her that all received and that could not escape the dullest, was that whatever she did, she did literally with all her might. She never said or thought of anything, ‘That is good enough,’ or ‘That will do’; with her it was the very best, and she was not satisfied until the very best was given. Too often it was at the undue expenditure of health and strength. Those who benefited by her Bible Classes scarcely knew what trouble she took to prepare for them or to make them all she considered they ought to be. It did not matter what the work in hand was, Mothers’ Meeting address, Girls’ Bible Class lesson, or a lecture for her own residents, each received her whole attention and ability.”

But she realised very deeply the difficulties and perplexities that might surround the new effort, and the need of God’s special light and leading for every step of the way. Two illuminated cards with the words “Have faith in God,” “Is anything too hard for the Lord?”; and “Counsellor,” “The Lord shall guide thee continually,” “I have set the Lord alway before me,” always hung in her private sitting-room, where her eyes could constantly rest on them and draw from them the strength and courage that were so often needed.

For she was never strong, and few who saw her bright colour, too frequently the sign of over-exertion, not of health, and her cheery smile, could realise the constant effort and the brave endurance that were often needed to win through the day.

The house at Mayfield Gardens had only been taken for six months, but the kind friends to whom it belonged extended the time for a few months longer till more permanent quarters could be secured. There was much discussion over the best place for the Deaconess House. Some were anxious it should be on the outskirts of the town, away from the close atmosphere of crowded streets; but Miss Maxwell always felt, if the work of the district were to be done properly and the residents trained to take a true Christlike interest in the highest life of their people, that they must live near enough to be in close touch with them.

She appreciated the gain of every store of knowledge, of every talent and means that made Christ's children more able to glorify the Master and win gems for the Saviour's crown; but that was the great aim of life for her, and no thought of personal ease or pleasure was allowed to come in its way. One of her residents remembers in those early days how she had wished to give up a duty undertaken before, for a pleasure that had suddenly opened out to her. Very gently, very lovingly, but very firmly she was shown that duty must always take the first place in the life of God's children. It seemed impossible to put it anywhere else, as Miss Maxwell spoke of the joy of service and obedience

to the will of God. And how well that lesson was learned a holy, unselfish life is showing still.

The place finally decided on was 41 George Square, a roomy, well-built house, with some of the old Adam mantelpieces still intact and adding their touch of beauty and refinement to the rooms. In the quaint old Square, the earliest residence of the well-to-do inhabitants of Edinburgh when they moved from the closes of the High Street, many of the advantages of both town and suburb were combined. It was near the work of the district; a few minutes' walk took the workers to the homes of their people; the houses were well built and comfortable, and the beautiful Square garden a place of rest and refreshment to them at any leisure moments. The Deaconess Headquarters remained at 41 George Square for two years, and then moved to 27, which has been bought with the house adjoining, and is now the property of the Life and Work Committee of the Church of Scotland.

The move from Mayfield Gardens was made in September 1888, and by the end of the month Miss Maxwell was settled in George Square and ready to welcome her household and start the work of the new session. Her own sitting-room was filled with many treasures brought from the old home at Cardoness; and the large bookcase and comfortable arm-chairs and restful sofas in the drawing-room still speak of the kind interest of friends who gladly answered Mrs. Charteris' appeal in *Life and Work* for these things. "But most of all and very earnestly," she writes at the end of that appeal, "we ask for the prayers of all who are interested in this new

home, that God would abide in it and bless it and make it a blessing. Though we ask this last we ask it more than all."

There were not many rules in the Deaconess House, as Miss Maxwell always tried to make it as much of a Home as possible, but some were naturally indispensable in an Institution of that kind. At first a few rules were framed and hung up in one of the public rooms, but later on even this was dispensed with. Miss Maxwell kept the spirit of the rules loyally herself and expected others to do the same, and there were few who did not respond to her wise and loving influence. Some of her first students still speak even in those early days of her gentle authority which there seldom seemed any wish to dispute. It was never assertive, but seemed to come to her naturally, and she never asked from others a spirit of obedience or self-denial which she did not strive to carry out in her own life. She was "beautifully appreciative," one has written, of any true effort after a fuller and higher service, and those with her felt they could always count on her sympathy and help. In an Institution such as the Deaconess House, with so many different characters passing through it, it must have been difficult sometimes to keep free of the spirit of favouritism; but Miss Maxwell, whatever her personal feelings might be, never allowed herself to show it or be swayed by it in any way, and those who were trained by her could always rely on her absolute justice and fairness.

She deeply appreciated the love and devotion that were so often given to her, but her Heavenly

Master's honour was her first aim, and her work was done in the spirit of His words, "Call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ."

She longed to win those with her for Christ, not for herself; to lead them to rest, not on any human strength, but on the perfect and all-sufficient strength of Christ their Lord. One earnest worker wondered why Miss Maxwell urged her to remain a second year at the Deaconess House. Afterwards she recognised that she had been leaning too much on human strength, and could thank the wise, tender love that strove to hold her back till, in a strength drawn from God, she was ready to face the difficulties and problems of a missionary's life.

The day began at George Square with breakfast at half-past eight and prayers at nine. Prayers occupied quite a short time, but the quiet simple reverence with which they were conducted often brought God very close to the workers and made them understand, as they had never done before, the deep, wonderful meaning and power of prayer. There were books of family prayers at George Square, but for many years they were only used occasionally in the evening when the strain of the day had been unusually heavy. Generally, Miss Maxwell's prayers were extemporary both in the House and always in her district visiting.¹ The mothers in the midst of their often trying and weary life in the Pleasance felt the power and peace-giving influence of those prayers, and one mother in

¹ See Appendix B.

homely words, but in deepest reverence, said to a friend who was visiting her, "When Miss Maxwell says a prayer you just ken she is awfu' friends wi' God." The residents felt the same in the Deaconess House. One of them has written: "They made us feel that she walked with God. You felt that you were on holy ground when she prayed with or for you, and very near the presence of God who heareth prayer." Prayer was the great refuge and resource of her own life, and she longed for others to share in its joy and power. And she was very reverent, with the grand simple reverence of the best of her national traditions. Another has written: "She never could bear anything that savoured of being slipshod or slovenly in any sense, and especially in making arrangements for a religious service she was scrupulously anxious that all should be reverent and seemly. Before the Charteris Memorial Church was built, the preparations for the celebration of the Lord's Supper often had to be made from the Deaconess House. There were no bookboards in the Mission Hall on which the ordinary white communion cloths could be spread, but Miss Maxwell made use of a plan she had seen adopted on the Continent. Strips of clean white linen were neatly fastened to the tops of the wooden benches, and gave an additional touch of reverence and sacredness to the service. But she was broad-minded, and her own deep spirit of reverence never prevented her appreciating the real earnestness and devotion of others who might show it in other ways from her own." Services interrupted with loud hallelujahs and other

sounds which seemed to take away from their sacredness never appealed to her, but she could see the earnest love that so often lay beneath that outward expression, and rejoice in the work that was being done in the Master's love and in the Master's name.

Her day from breakfast at half-past eight till evening prayer at half-past nine was very full of work, but she was always ready to receive and help those who came to her, to her own private sitting-room for a quiet talk over their difficulties. Another of her residents has written: "Miss Maxwell took such infinite pains to help us, and it was wonderful how difficulties seemed to fly when taken to her. So skilfully and, oh, so gently she put her loving tender finger on the sore place or on the difficulty that was troubling us! We used to wonder at the absence of rush and flurry in such a strenuous life as hers, but all the ways of her household were so beautifully ordered and so methodically arranged. No simplest duty was forgot. 'Naught that could set one heart at ease was low esteemed in her eyes.' During the winter I was there the Deaconess House was filled to overflowing, yet she seemed to study and take special care of each one in it. She grudged no trouble for those who were not well, and would often be in their room at half-past seven in the morning, taking their temperature and making sure that they were able to get up. Even the meals were planned with consideration for those who might be suffering from some real delicacy, and for such a household as hers this was no slight labour."

A quiet hour was kept free for the residents from half-past nine to half-past ten for private Bible study, and kindly advice and encouragement was always ready for those to whom any real Bible study proved a new and difficult task.

Her own reverence and love for God's holy Word was deep and strong. She accepted it with simple faith as her guide in every perplexity and her stay in every hour of difficulty and sorrow. Her Bible readings and classes for the residents were generally held in the morning at eleven o'clock and were greatly valued. She spared no time or trouble to make them useful, interesting, and practical, and was rewarded by the new devotion to God's Word which was awakened in many hearts and deepened in others. To some the Bible became almost a new book as they began to learn its glorious message of salvation and hope and power from her lips and read it in her life. "Grateful indeed are the memories her pupils cherish of Miss Maxwell's Bible classes." "They were red-letter days in the lives of many of us residents," those who benefited by them have testified. The subjects taken were very varied. In the short time spent, sometimes not one year, never more than two years, at the Deaconess House, and the other subjects necessary for the equipment of a worker, it was not possible to go through the whole Bible even in a cursory way; but the Gospels, the Book of Acts, several of the Epistles, some books of the Old Testament and many of its outstanding characters were always studied.

One set of Bible readings was on "Prayer and

its Uses" by the different Persons of the Bible. Esther, who found prayer "a woman's great resource in a time of danger for herself, her relations, and her nation," was one of the subjects of this series.

"Some Old Testament Workers and their Work : its failures, its victories, and its lessons," was another series. Abel, Noah, and Joseph were among the characters chosen, and in the Notes on them we read :

"A clear sight of three things are needed, I think, to make an earnest worker for God :

"Sin—its danger—its remedy.

"In Noah we see very strongly the obedience of faith—a blind obedience. 'Noah being warned of God of things *not seen as yet*, prepared an ark to the saving of his house,' Heb. xi. 7. Would you and I lead lives of holy influence for Christ? Let us stand on the shedding of blood as Abel, Heb. ix. 22; on the obedience of faith as Noah, leaving to God the results, where, when, how.

"Joseph. A life with many trials, not imaginary, but very real ones. How were they met? Joseph was true under all circumstances, as Son, Slave, Prisoner, Ruler. The keynote of his life is in those words, 'He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' There was no question with him as with the Israelites at Rephidim, 'Is the Lord among us, or not?' Ex. xvii. 7. The perpetual sense of the presence of God kept him true, strong, and peaceful; Isa. xxvi. 3; xxviii. 16. Through it we see the strength and power of his witness for God. There was no kicking against God's plans, but a

steady settling down to fulfil present duties. He was serving God through his earthly masters, so that all acknowledged the Lord was with him: Gen. xxxix. 3, 5, 21, 23; xli. 38."

Dr. Charteris, the originator of the Life and Work Committee, whose efforts touch the life of the Church at so many points, and founder of the Church of Scotland Woman's Guild, with its different grades of Guild Members, Women Workers, and Deaconesses, was a frequent visitor at the Home and took an oversight of all the work. His words of earnest devotion and kind and tactful advice were a constant inspiration to those who learned and laboured there. "It is not a dream," he wrote, "though it is an ideal, the picture we would draw of trained women workers, of organised women's work. In life the real has its true basis in the ideal. A Church with no ideal, a Minister with none, has ceased to be Christian. Is not an ideal congregation, as a friend of mine lately sketched it, something to work up to, or even to work towards"? The Church, he felt, which should have most of such idealising congregations, which would bear the heaviest social burdens and help to solve most of the social problems, must gain the richest blessing for itself and the world; and he longed to see his own beloved Church leading in the van.

Dr. Charteris had a great power of lifting up those he was working with to his own high level, by his ready comradeship and quick acknowledgment of the best that was in them. His broad



LADY GRISELL BAILLIE,
FIRST DEACONESS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

To face page 93.

statesmanship and large ideals made him a true leader. Miss Maxwell looked on him in every way as head of the Deaconess movement, and admired his sound judgment and far-seeing vision. It was a pleasure to her to give her loyal support to his wishes and plans, but he was always ready to listen to her views on any subject and discuss the arrangements to be made with her. Many summer evenings were spent walking up and down the approach to Cameron House, near Edinburgh, or at Wamphray, and, still later, at Peebles, talking together over plans and means for carrying on God's work in the Church and land they both loved.

A great step forward in the organisation of Women's Work was taken when, on the ninth of December, in her own parish church, among the people who loved her and to whom she had ministered for so long, Lady Grisell Baillie was set apart as the first Deaconess of the Church of Scotland. It was with "joy and gladness" she answered the call of her country's Church, and wrote afterwards: "It was all joy to me. What an honour to be counted worthy of being an office-bearer in the Church of my Fathers. I thank God with all my heart." About a month afterwards, on the thirteenth January 1889, Miss K. H. Davidson and Miss Alice Maxwell were set apart with the same simple service in St. Cuthbert's Church. Dr. MacGregor gave an address on "Phoebe, the servant of the Church at Cenehrea," and gladly they too gave the promise, in the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ their Lord

and Master, to discharge the duties of their office. "These then," Dr. W. Robertson, ever a true and helpful friend of the movement, writes, "were our first Deaconesses. Each represents a different type of Deaconess work. Lady Grisell Baillie will continue as before her public ministries among the people of her own parish, ever gladly at the call of the Church's need there; Miss Davidson's mission is to be at the service of every minister who desires help in organising or carrying on work among the women of his parish, forming Branches of the Woman's Guild, or addressing meetings of women in connection with evangelistic and missionary work; while Miss Maxwell, in the Training House—with its classes, lectures, and missionary activities—is rearing a band of trained workers through whose life and labours the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ will be furthered both in our own land and in the Mission field." One regret was expressed which all must have shared, that Dr. Charteris, laid aside by illness and obliged to spend the winter abroad at Meran, could not be present to see in these services the realisation of so many hopes. But if not in person, he was certainly present in spirit, and the letter he wrote to Miss Maxwell is full of wise and sympathetic counsel:

"Our prayers will join with those rising up from grey old St. Cuthbert's. To yourself it is a marked epoch. If I had been at home I would have read you bits of the letter of your sole predecessor, Lady Grisell Baillie. You don't care much for words. You want to go to the heart

of things. But this thing itself, the recognition of a woman's Christian work as a part of the mission of the Church of Christ, is a very sacred step in advance. It is important for our dear old Kirk : it is very important for you. It gives you no new duty. It does lay a certain amount of new responsibility on you. But the responsibility is lightened by the claim you will therefore have upon the Church which has called you. You are henceforth no solitary volunteer : you are on the staff of the army, and you have a right to sympathy and support from all the others who are pledged to the Leader and Captain. In your own daily duty you have a considerable burden. You feel that you keep watch in the advance guard. 'Ye have need of patience.' We all need it in this work of yours : but you have identified yourself with the work so that, while others watch from amid their other special work, you have to watch at the work itself. You and the House are one. I have always felt that in our slow old Kirk and socially conservative country, it will be longer before training is recognised than before ordination of Deaconesses and organisation of ordinary workers is accepted. So that I know yours is the hardest task. It is some relief to you that the Home is the centre of outdoor work, and by and by you will have maidens round you all pressing to be servants of the Church as Phoebe was ; but meanwhile, just because you have the hardest task, you have also the fullest sympathy while you labour and wait at the head of our Home. And I wish I could tell you how

much I appreciate the way in which you have done all you had to do ; with your hand, your head, and your pen. Now God bless you and make you a blessing. I wish you were stronger : I pray you may be strengthened.”

MISSIONARY TRAINING AND
DISTRICT WORK

Go, labour on ; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray—
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

HORATIUS BONAR.

CHAPTER VI

MISSIONARY TRAINING AND DISTRICT WORK

CANDIDATES for both Home and Foreign Mission work were received into the House ; and some who had entered the Home doubtful as to their true vocation, heard God's call while training at the Deaconess House, and are now among our most earnest workers in the Foreign Mission fields.

Miss Maxwell always felt strongly the advantage of having Home and Foreign missionaries training together. It interested them in each other's work, and those who remained in parishes at home took away personal reminiscences of the missionary candidates trained with them which made the work of the Foreign field a very real fact to them. Her own interest in Foreign Missions was very keen. A series of Mission Lectures was always in the curriculum for the year, and visits from the missionaries on furlough were one of the great pleasures of the Deaconess House. Many were her own personal friends, and as the years went on, and those who had been trained went out to take up their work, there were few places in the Mission field of the Church of Scotland where the Training Home was

not represented in larger or smaller numbers. She had a great power of interesting both grown-up people and children in Missions, and in her own Bible Class for working-girls always had some days specially kept for them. When she went on visits, Mission post cards, booklets, and small interesting curios were always taken with her, and many interesting moments, sometimes half-hours, spent both for herself and others looking over them. She liked to remember those who had been with her at Christmas and the New Year, and even in her busiest years a card, with special words lovingly chosen for each, was sent out, and often proved a help and strength to a brave but weary worker. They were always posted in good time—not an easy thing to remember where foreign postage is concerned. She was punctual and methodical and always tidy herself; and much time was saved, as she always knew where to put her hand on the books and papers she needed. She realised the special advantage of these things in institution or any life where people are working together, and strove to impress the real need of them on all she was training.

One student, who had entered the Deaconess House undecided about her future and who afterwards became a most earnest missionary worker, writes that her most cherished memory of Miss Maxwell is at the time she confided to her her resolve to be a missionary to the heathen. The warm appreciation with which her decision was met, and the keen, ready sympathy shown in discussing all the details, left an impression on her mind



MISS ALICE MAXWELL, D.C.S.,
FIRST SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEACONESS HOUSE.

To face page 100

which can never be forgotten. Later on, the kind, helpful letters which followed her to the Mission field showed Miss Maxwell's constant loving interest in the work of an old probationer as well as her deep devotion to the cause of Foreign Missions.

The subjects of the lectures given at the Deaconess House were very varied, and ministers both of Edinburgh churches and country parishes were most kind in giving their help. The programme for the session of 1889-90 contained twelve lectures on Christian doctrines by Dr. Dodds of Corstorphine, Bible instruction by twelve other ministers, missionary addresses from twelve ladies and gentlemen, six of whom had been Foreign Missionaries and two who were Deaconesses, the Superintendent's Bible classes twice a week, and training in practical Home Mission work, such as Sunday Schools, children's meetings, Temperance work, medical hygiene, district visiting, reading aloud, visiting the sick, mothers' meetings, sewing-classes, singing, etc.

Many outside workers came to help in those agencies. Mrs. Graham Murray of Stenton for many years took charge of the Mothers' Meeting in the Pleasance, and by her genial kindness and wise, practical advice gave many a tried and weary mother new heart to face life's battle.

A large and isolated district of the Pleasance belonging to the old Parish of St. Cuthbert's, and containing about 3000 souls, was entrusted to the care of the Deaconess House for the training of its workers, under the direction of Dr. Charteris. It was a splendid field for the development of practical

Mission work. In old days, St. Cuthbert's had been the Church of the country district round Edinburgh, but as the town grew and new parishes were formed to meet the fresh needs of the inhabitants, the more distant part became divided from the old Parish Church and parochial work was much hampered. It was therefore a gain on both sides for this portion of the parish to be given over to the care of the Deaconess House workers and the "Brown Ladies," as the Deaconesses were sometimes called, and their helpers were soon well known on the stairs and in the homes of its people. Brown had been chosen for the colour of the Church of Scotland Deaconess dress ; and, with the simple brown bonnet and brown cloak or cape for outdoor wear, has been found a most practical and useful garb. It has proved a protection when working in rough and degraded places, for the dress has been recognised even when the faces were unknown, and the rude word or coarse jest has been checked as the speaker recognised the dress of those who were toiling with self-sacrificing love among them. In the House the white muslin cap, with its brown ribbon, and a muslin apron completed the uniform. There was nothing remarkable about the uniform, as the leaders of the Church of Scotland Deaconess movement wished to avoid anything exaggerated or peculiar ; but it was neat and serviceable, distinguishing those who wore it from others, but not so much as to prevent them mixing comfortably and pleasantly among their fellows.¹

The residents wore black dresses and black

¹ See Appendix C.

bonnets of the same shape as the Deaconesses. Great care was taken in the selection of districts for the younger and less experienced workers, and the few moments of earnest prayer spent together in Miss Maxwell's room before they started on their afternoon visiting was a great help and strength to those engaged in it.

By December 1890 over a hundred Branches of the Woman's Guild had been started in different parishes of the Church, and the work had grown in so many ways that the time seemed ripe for adding a Woman's Guild Supplement to the *Life and Work Magazine*, as well as the Young Men's Guild Supplement which had been begun some time before. Mrs. Charteris kindly consented to be Editor, and most interesting accounts of the work carried on at the Deaconess House and District and throughout the country were given in it.

In the first number Miss Maxwell describes the Stair or Kitchen Prayer Meetings, which the residents training in the Deaconess House conducted in their own special district :

“ For some years we have visited and held meetings of different kinds—Evangelistic Meetings, Mothers' Meetings, etc.—in the district of the Pleasance and the surrounding streets under the charge of our Deaconess Institution. These meetings are all carried on in our Mission room, but some months ago in conjunction with our other Mission work we began another kind of meeting carried on in another place—in the homes of our people—I mean what are called 'Stair or Kitchen Prayer Meetings.' Before we started these meetings

we were told by others how helpful they were, but the full extent of their helpfulness was hardly grasped till we saw how they were appreciated by the people themselves and how well it worked in every way both as regards visitor and visited. Our Mission-room meetings fulfil their own purposes, which are indeed of the highest, taking people right out of surroundings which are often evil and bringing them together to a place set apart for God's service. But we want more than that : we want to bring the influence of religion into the daily life of our people so that they may be lifted up. We would have them realise the fact that God's presence is in those rooms where they eat and drink, where they sleep and wake, where they are sad and glad ; also where there is sin and evil, that the restraining power of that just Presence may hold them back, while a Father's love may move them to lead better lives. We ourselves, knowing the blessedness of living a daily life with God, may well, ' God helping ' us, seek to bring that joy into the life of others, by kneeling side by side with them in their own homes where the circumstances and needs of each are most present to them. Having knelt together as fellow-sinners before the Saviour, we can go back to those homes and speak differently, for if we would be forgiven as fellow-sinners we should also seek to live as fellow-servants of God. Another reason why these little meetings are the means of special help in our Mission work is that the small number gives an opportunity of being very definite both in prayer and in speaking without being altogether personal.

Personal or individual dealing can, I think, only be fitting after we have learnt to know each other, and, as a rule, when quite alone with the one we would try to help in overcoming sin or difficulty of any kind.

“ We visitors find that the stair meeting creates a very close bond between us as friends, which leads to a greater degree of confidence. It is just the feeling conveyed so perfectly in the expression: they do ‘ lippen ’ to us so much more since we have met together in this way.

“ We found no difficulty in beginning, for any who could and were asked to do so were ready and kind in giving the use of their kitchens, and still further helpful in arranging chairs, etc., also in borrowing from neighbours when extra seats were required. The first thing to be done was to look out for suitable people and rooms—for both had to be considered—*i.e.* people who were willing to give a kindly welcome to all who came and who had a plain, simple room that none would hesitate to enter from a feeling of shyness.

“ More than one was wanted, for we were anxious to have those meetings all over our district. About a dozen such kitchens have been placed at our disposal for this purpose, and we are always adding to their number. So far the afternoon has been found most suitable, but the evening may perhaps be more so if the men wish to join with us. We change our place of meeting as much as possible, and great care is taken to consult the convenience of the person in whose house we are to meet some days previously, so that it may be arranged for

elsewhere if necessary. If we are told of any difficulty as to receiving us on a certain day, the request to come back another day is generally added, so we feel a welcome will still be waiting for us.

“ Our average number is fifteen or sixteen as the space is very limited in these small rooms, and the one hour spent in singing and prayer and a short address passes away very quickly, several of us taking part in the little homely service. As we come out a quiet word spoken by one of our friends has shown more than once that God’s message has gone home to some heart, and we hopefully pray that the influence of His presence which has been felt among us while together may remain there working in those hearts and homes, and that His light may come in and beautify those daily lives which are so often only too full of the darkness of sin.”

Another interesting account is given by a friend who was present at the Men’s Sunday Bible Reading conducted by Dr. Charteris :

“ I repaired next day at half-past two under the guidance of some of the workers to this rather unique service. It lasts exactly one hour, and is for the study of the Bible. A subject is selected and announced to the meeting the previous Sunday, and every one is expected to take part in the informal consideration of it, which is the object of the meeting. Some contribute by reading texts which bear upon the subject ; some by passages from other books which they have read, or sermons which they have heard ; and some by mentioning facts in their

own experience ; while the Chairman, assisted by the student-missionaries, explains the meaning of the various texts, and sums up and puts in a right light the information which has been gained.

“ This Bible reading is a new agency only lately set on foot by Dr. Charteris, in the hope—which is being realised to a gratifying degree—that working men may be won to the study of their Bibles and to thought about the things of God, by the unconventionality of a learners’ meeting in which they themselves either by question or by contribution are at liberty to take an active part.

“ On Sunday the 9th August the subject was, ‘ What is the World, and in what way are Christians bound to resist it ? ’ The subject, Professor Charteris began by saying, had been selected the week before when he was absent from home. It was one so full of difficulty that he did not think he would have selected it, and yet he believed it might be discussed so as to lead to our great profit. The first thing to settle was what *was* the world ? On this subject the Professor passing from bench to bench in regular order, calling on those present to say what light they had found through their home study, elicited a great number of texts, some irrelevant but the immense majority bearing strictly on the subject. The general feeling of the meeting seemed at first to be that ‘ the world ’ was all secular occupations and all unconverted men and women ; and that Christians were called on as far as possible to fight against and keep themselves separate from them.

“ But the Chairman gently showed that ‘ the

world' as mentioned in the Bible is a term rarely used in an evil sense. In the great majority of texts it means simply 'this present state of things'; in a great majority it means 'all men and women'; and only in a comparatively small number has it the evil sense of designating those who obey not and love not God. 'How,' he asked, 'in the many texts in which the world means simply "all men and women," can we think we are called on to hate and be separate from them, when we read that "God *so loved* the world that He gave His only begotten Son"?' So he led the little company to see for themselves, and from texts to prove for themselves, that while we must hate and separate ourselves from sin, we are to love and help, not hate the sinner; and that what we are to fight and hate is that particular evil within ourselves which separates us from God. He graphically showed—or rather led the people to see for themselves—that this 'world,' this evil thing which is in us, is not the same to everybody. 'One sin,' he said, 'may be to me "the world" which hides God and heaven from me; it may be quite another sin which is your barrier. Just as if both of us from different points are trying to see an object; one object may hide it from me, quite another may come in the way of your vision. So it is the sin in us which separates us from God that in each case is our "world." "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." So, then, we see we are not to hate our brethren whom we count as sinners; nor are we to hold ourselves ever aloof from any, as if we were better than they. We are

to hate and keep separate from the sin in them ; still more are we to hate the sin in ourselves ; but we are to love and help the sinner even as Christ, our Master, does. ' The world ' is to learn to know and believe that Christ is sent by God ; we are to aim at the conversion of the men and women who are the world (St. John xvii. 21-23).

" An interesting conversation followed, when many working-men came forward and said what was ' the world,' the stumbling-block which caused sin to them in their daily life. It was sad to hear the revelations, new to many of us, of the great dangers and temptations (especially from the free drinking) which strew the path of men engaged in breweries and distilleries. The earnest, though humble, avowal made by one or two that they had been enabled to break loose from this trade which had been ' the world ' of temptation to them, would, we are sure, be a help to others still struggling amid temptation. And the prayer at the end, that God would give us each grace to break with whatever in our daily life was to us ' the world,' which, because we love it, is keeping us away from Him, must have found an echo in many hearts."

Christmas and the New Year were busy times for those who remained at the Deaconess House. It was a season of special temptation to many of the people in the district. Evil influences and bad companions were always waiting to drag down those who were only beginning perhaps to think of better things, and the fight against temptation was often hard and bitter : sometimes they failed, but often

they laid hold on God's mighty strength, and came out more than conquerors through Him who loved them. Different opinions may always be held on such subjects, but Miss Maxwell felt very strongly that the presence of those who had cared for them and visited them should be a help and stay to struggling souls in such hours of sore temptation. Often she found that workers themselves, who had never realised in any true sense the awful strength of evil, gained their first real knowledge of its power as they stood beside their people and prayed with and for them in those days of trial. Life became a deeper and more earnest reality to them after such an experience.

Miss Maxwell was never absent from the Deaconess House herself at that season during the twenty-three years that she acted as Superintendent, except for the winter of 1897-98, when, on account of her health, a six months' furlough, which she spent at the Canary Islands, had been given to her, and on one other occasion. Her home affections were very strong. The pure joys and beautiful things of God's world became more beautiful, and the tender, sweet relationships of earthly life grew deeper because she received them "with gladness of heart" from the loving hands of her heavenly Father and praised Him for them. But she never allowed them to interfere with the call of duty or the work to which she had given the whole-hearted devotion of her life.

Sometimes her friends urged her to go about more. Personally, and in so far as it might have been an advantage to the work, she would have

enjoyed social functions, but her strength was limited, and in many instances it would have been a choice between outside engagements and faithfulness to her own special calling. In such cases there could be no question in her mind, and her work always took the first place. In the old home at Cardoness, where a loving welcome was always ready for her, she was often missed, but the only Christmas and New Year spent there after she began her work in Edinburgh was in 1907, when urgent family reasons made her break through her usual rule.

Thursday was a weekly holiday at the Deaconess House. Sunday was a day of worship and of holy, happy labour, with the glorious remembrance of the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, and all the love and power it has brought to light, gilding all its hours; but it could not be called a day of physical rest to the workers in the Pleasance. For Mission work carried out in the spirit of the Master even in its peace and joy must often prove trying and exhausting; and it was felt that one free day was necessary, and would only make the work of the other days better and truer.

Thursday was the day chosen. Saturday at that time did not prove a convenient day, as it would have interfered with the Temperance meeting held in the evening, and Miss Maxwell found that Saturday afternoon visits to the homes of their people often increased the helpful influence of the visitor, who then learnt to know the fathers as well as the mothers of the home.

A Christmas service and entertainment, a watch-

night service, and gatherings every night during the New Year week were always arranged for the people in the Pleasance, and no time or trouble was spared to make them helpful and induce the people to attend them. An interesting account of the Christmas meetings in 1890 is given by a resident then at the Deaconess House :

“ *Secret Prayer*, such was the title of a little book we found on our plate at breakfast on Christmas morning. We turned the leaves over and thanked the kind donor in true Christmas fashion, but did not take time to fully realise the value and meaning of the words till later in the day.

“ Shortly before noon we wended our way to our little Mission room, and were delighted to find so many well-known faces waiting to greet us. Very pleasant it was to find the room tastefully decorated, the bright holly berries and beaming white letters of a huge ‘ Welcome ’ and ‘ A Merry Christmas ’ showing off the dark evergreens to full advantage. All friends were heartily welcomed and the decorations much admired ; but our watches told us it was time to begin our little service, and how touching it was none can fully understand but those who have been absent for many years from their native land. We have heard ‘ the music swell and the praise go forth ’ that ‘ to us a Child is born,’ in many an ancient cathedral beneath many a stately dome ; but never did we so truly comprehend the beauty of the Message to those Eastern Shepherds on that glad morning so long ago as we did on this Christmas Day. And now the preacher tells the old, old story, always the same, yet always with a new

meaning. Sweet peace and goodwill seemed to reign on all, not only in the Mission room but even the usually noisy street was quiet, just as if it had been arranged. The one shadow was the absence of several friends, some by sickness, some by other duties, and alas! some by—shall we say neglect? Then the benediction was pronounced, and we parted with bright hopes for the meeting in the evening and a kindly invitation to our Pleasance Mothers to bring their husbands and their sons with them to it.

“But we had no idea what a treat was in store for us at this evening meeting. First of all a hearty Scotch tea was provided for our district friends, and, as we handed about the good things and listened to the homely exclamations of delight in the dear native tongue, we felt that our sixteen years of exile had not been passed in vain, if only to be able to thoroughly enjoy the delightful sensation of serving *our own people*. After tea Miss Maxwell gave a most beautiful and instructive lecture called ‘Candle Parables.’ It was illustrated by a large number of candles on the table before her of every kind and size, from the finest wax bougie to the commonest tallow dip, and of every variety of candlestick. We trust none present may forget the first great lesson of the many, taught us—that the candle of our human life can never shine whatever its circumstances or powers unless it is first lighted by Him who is the light of men. Then the parting hymn reminded us that Christmas for us in the Pleasance had come to an end. It was almost with a feeling akin to pain we said good-

night to many we had learnt to love, to many who had taken a deep place in our hearts during these last months of 1890. But as we walked homewards and looking up at the blue canopy overhead thought of friends far away and of God's everlasting love, the sad, sad realities of life were brought before us, for there, lying on the pathway, was the figure of a man. There was no need to ask how he came there, and our friend left us on her errand of love and mercy to try and find help for him.

“Sitting alone by the fire and musing over the events of the day, we wonder why some of the friends in the Pleasance whom we had greatly hoped for had not taken part in our service. Unconsciously we pick up our little Christmas gift and a still, small voice whispers to us, ‘Have you prayed long, earnestly, and secretly for those who disappointed you to-day?’ Very forcibly the words of an able minister of our Church, spoken some time ago, are brought home to us: ‘Effort without prayer is fanaticism, prayer without effort presumption, prayer and effort apart are sin, but the heart that worketh by prayer is carried through all, for united they are the power of God.’”

On New Year's Eve a watch-night service was held in the Mission Hall. A short address and prayer, then silent prayer as the old year passed away and the New Year began, a hymn and the benediction, and the brief, solemn service closed. A friend outside the Deaconess House, who loved when possible to attend these meetings, speaks still of their helpfulness, and of the restful

and beautiful atmosphere of peace and joy that seemed to pervade Miss Maxwell's life.

During the New Year week, meetings were held every night, lasting from seven in the evening till ten o'clock, by which time the public-houses were closed. It was a great help to many tempted ones to gather together in a safe place, where the warm interest and kindly cheerfulness shown, made them feel at home, and kept them apart from the evil influences outside.

Many friends helped in these entertainments. The pupils of the Blind Asylum always gave one concert, and boys from the Orphanage at Liberton often played the bagpipes, much to the delight of the audience, but sometimes with rather crushing effect to the ears of those who were sitting close beside them on the platform. After the meetings were over and the ordinary work of the House going on again as usual, Miss Maxwell generally took a short holiday herself.

Temperance work in the Pleasance was sorely needed, and the call met in many ways by Temperance meetings, Bands of Hope, constant visiting, and earnest and personal dealing with individual souls.

The following account of the Saturday evening Temperance meeting is given by a visitor to the Pleasance in 1891 :

“I was present at the Temperance meeting which every Saturday evening is held in the Pleasance, and seldom have I seen a service which interested me more. I wish I could convey an idea of the scene. The place of meeting—a

little humble room too small and too low in the roof for the crowd which overfilled it (for the new Mission Hall, which will be such a boon to the Pleasance, is not yet ready for occupation); the entertainments—if so they might be called—of the very simplest description; no lively songs, no jokes, or recitations, nothing that could have been expected to draw so large a number of people; the audience—for the most part dejected, weary, and poorly-clad men and women; many both old and young bearing traces of the cruel enemy who had brought them very low; yet all, without exception, earnest and attentive listeners,—all evidently brought together with no hope of amusement, but because in that place they trusted they might hear something which would do them good. ‘What,’ I asked myself, ‘could be the power which led so world-weary a throng to this quiet meeting?’ It was nothing new; they come with no outward attraction, Saturday after Saturday, through the winter’s rain and snow as well as on these warm sunny days, and the power that brings them is just the power of tried and trusted friendship, the certainty that the friends whom they meet there really love them for Christ’s sake, and desire nothing so much as their true and highest good. The friendly nods and hand-shakings as each came in; the long table in front of the platform covered with sweet flowers (kind gifts from many country gardens), ready made up into bouquets for distribution at the end; indeed everything about the meeting showed it was a gathering of friends.

“There was heartfelt and, in many cases, tearful singing of pathetic and appropriate hymns ; there was a story read of how the coming of a baby boy weaned the father from intemperate ways. Then the chapter from St. John’s Gospel about the Pool of Bethesda was read, and with breathless attention the audience listened while the speaker, whose youthful strength was an attraction to his worn and enfeebled hearers, after showing the resemblance between our gathering and that of Bethesda, all maimed in the battle with sin, halt and sorely withered from their early promise, ended by pointing out one blessed difference between our state and theirs. These Jews said, ‘Lord, we have *no man* to put us into the water’ ; but we have *the Man*, the blessed Sin-bearer—even Jesus Christ. Pointing all his hearers to Him, the young preacher sat down. Then the hymn was sung, ‘Only trust Him, only trust Him, only trust Him now,’ and the faces of many looked as if God were granting the prayer of their friends and helpers, and leading them to that blessed trust.

“Dr. Charteris had come in during the singing, and in a few earnest words asked them to remember as they looked on the flowers which Christian love had sent them, that each little flower had come to be what it was through the influence of God’s sun and air and rain ; and that if we but yielded ourselves as did the flowers, the blessed influences of His grace could make us fair and pure and sweet as they.

“Then there remained but the solemn giving

of the Temperance Pledge to those who, in many cases, very humbly and self-distrustingly, came to ask for it; and with an earnest prayer that each one might be kept by the almighty power of God, the meeting ended. But the workers, as was their custom, stayed yet a short time to pray together that those who had newly pledged themselves might have grace to stand, and then they too went their several ways. May their prayers be heard and their toil abundantly rewarded! In one case of which we know—a case which is demanding a struggle of whose violence most of us can hardly judge—we believe the victory will be given.

“May God grant that not in this case only but in many it may be to the glory of His grace.”

That prayer was abundantly answered and many drawn from the dark slippery paths of evil. One young girl, only fifteen years of age, appeared to most people fallen and degraded beyond hope. She seemed to have supernatural strength, and would struggle through the Pleasance and stand with her arms akimbo ready to fight man, woman, or child that offended her. But even in her the image of God had been covered and defiled but not wholly lost, and at last the loving hands and pitying hearts of His children were enabled to find the one tender spot and pluck her as a brand from the fire. Later on, assistance was given to her to go out to Canada, where she obtained a good situation and has done well ever since. It was difficult to believe that the photograph sent home of a young earnest-looking girl, in

her neat dress and white cap, was the same girl, who without the saving grace of God might still have been the terror of the Pleasance.

Another woman still thinks of the love and patience which seemed as if it would not let her go. She had been in a better position, but drink had enslaved her and she had fallen very low. But she hated while she loved her sin and longed to be freed from its power. Miss Maxwell found her in the Pleasance, and with patient, tender love, which refused to be baffled, strove to lift her up again. It was a hard struggle. Sin had bound her with iron chains and bad companions were all round her. The great hope seemed to be to remove her from their influence. At that time the Deaconess Institution had been moved from 42 to 27 George Square. The large back-green had been turned into a pleasant garden, where the yellow auricula, white pinks, ferns and green grass were a joy to many of the household. A small house at the end of the garden, originally a laundry, had been cleaned and painted, and was occasionally used as a quiet sitting-room. Miss Maxwell had a bed put in the upper room, and the poor tempted woman was persuaded to come and stay there for some time. She still remembers the comfort and cleanliness of that little room, the "beautiful hands" that brought her warm milk, the tactful wisdom that chose just the right books to lend her, the loving heart that thought of every means to win her, the strong gentleness that never scolded, *never* made light of the sin that crucified her Lord, but always seemed to have a word of help

and encouragement ready for her. Yet another woman, the wife of a respectable workman and mother of a large family, fell under the power of drink, to the bitter shame and grief of all her family ; but she too was helped, and is now leading an upright life, a power of good and not of evil to those she loves.

**MISSION PREMISES AND DEACONESS
HOSPITAL**

Be brave, my brother !
Fight the good fight of faith
With weapons proved and true ;
Be faithful and unshrinking to the death ;
Thy God will bear thee through ;
The strife is terrible,
Yet 'tis not, 'tis not long ;
The foe is not invincible,
Though fierce and strong.

Be brave, my brother !
Stint not the liberal hand,
Give, in the joy of love ;
So shall thy crown be bright, and great,
Thy recompense above ;
Reward,—not like the deed,
That poor weak deed of thine ;
But like the God Himself who gives,
Eternal and Divine.

The victory is ours !
For us in might came forth the Mighty One ;
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won,
The victory is ours !

HORATIUS BONAR.

CHAPTER VII

MISSION PREMISES AND DEACONESS HOSPITAL

THE Deaconess House was closed for about six weeks in summer, leaving a Deaconess or one of the more experienced residents, who then took her holiday later on, in charge of the district. The classes and meetings were given up, but she was able to visit any needy case and keep in touch with the people till the regular work began again in autumn.

Miss Maxwell spent her summer holiday in 1891 with her sister, Mrs. Macrae, at Ems. After the busy life in town the quiet, restful days spent together at Ems, where they took rooms in the comfortable Vier Thurme Hotel, were a great pleasure to the two sisters. Baths, reading, sitting in the gardens, and a few expeditions to the top of the Malzburg in the little caterpillar-like train that clawed its way straight up to the top of the hill, took up most of their time. In the end of July they were joined by Mr. Macrae, and went on together to Schwalbach. The bracing air and waters of Schwalbach suited Miss Maxwell and often did her good, but it was disappointing how quickly the little extra fillip seemed used up when

she began work again. Comfortable quarters were found at the Villa Scheurmann, where Miss G. Tufnell, now Lady Mount Stephen, and Madame Brecka had also taken rooms. Madame Brecka was secretary to the kind, large-hearted Duchess of Teck. She was a most devoted admirer of her royal mistress and of the "Princess May," now our Queen Mary, whom she had known for many years before her marriage to King George. To the loyal hearts of her hearers it was delightful to listen to her stories of the kindly deeds done by the Royal Household, and they joined very heartily in her indignation over those whose envy and malice made them misrepresent words and acts, and sometimes impute motives, which from her opportunities of personal knowledge she knew were false. She told them how carefully the young Princess had been trained to take a thoughtful interest in those around her and share in her mother's philanthropic work. Even in those early days unselfish devotion to the highest needs of the people, which has endeared her and King George so much to the hearts of their subjects through these trying years of war, was moulding her life and deepening her character. Little Prince Eddie, now Prince of Wales, but scarcely two years old at that time, was a great favourite.

By September, Miss Maxwell was back again at George Square ready to begin the winter's work. The Mission work of the district had been much hampered by the want of suitable premises. Two or three rooms had been taken at different times, and all that could be done for them by paint and

paper was done ; but it was impossible to prevent the close atmosphere of the low-roofed rooms when the people crowded into them, and the results, especially at lantern lectures, were often lamentable. One lecture came to an abrupt conclusion as the lantern, with admirable common sense, refused to work in such a vitiated atmosphere. Such conditions could not be allowed to continue. Miss Maxwell recognised what a boon proper Mission premises would be both to the district and to the workers. She used her influence and gave generously to help on the project ; and it was with great joy she saw the site purchased and the present Mission Buildings raised free of debt in the autumn of 1891. The sum of £3000 had been subscribed, and the large and convenient building, planted as a beacon light amid the dark stairs and close alleys of the Pleasance, became a centre of Christlike work and helpfulness. Now the Deaconess Hospital and Charteris Memorial Church surround it on three sides, but then the dark grimy dwellings of the district came close up to it and made the contrast all the stronger. A large cheerful Hall, open to the rafters, and clean pink walls never allowed to grow dirty for want of paint ; a platform and table, with a bright piece of carpet, and red tablecloth, and comfortable benches all down the Hall, took up a large part of the ground floor. But space was also found for a kitchen opening out of the Hall, rooms for a caretaker, and two or three smaller rooms which proved most useful for holding separate classes. On the upper floor there were rooms of different sizes,

suitable for Mothers' Meetings, Bible Classes, the Sunday Home, and other gatherings. "Christo in Pauperibus," "To Christ in His Poor," words Dr. Charteris had read over the door of a Swiss hospital, were remembered and written over the new Mission buildings of the Pleasance.

The Annual Conference of the Young Men's Guild had been held for several years in different places in Scotland. They had proved a most helpful influence and a great bond of union and strength between its members. In 1891 the first Woman's Guild Conference was held in Edinburgh on November 17 and 18. Careful preparations were made to ensure its success. Delegates were appointed by nearly all the Branches of the Guild throughout the country, and town members gladly opened their houses to receive country members coming from a distance. The Delegates were asked to arrive early on the 17th, and it was arranged to hold the first meeting, a meeting of welcome to them, in the new Mission premises in the Pleasance.

The following graphic account of this meeting was written for the Conference number of the *Woman's Guild Supplement* by one who was present :

"The place selected for the meeting of welcome to the Delegates, to which they were invited by the Committee of Life and Work and the Deaconesses of the Church, was the new Pleasance Mission House—St. Ninian's Mission House as it is to be called—the central premises of the Guild. There was a peculiar fitness that the first meeting of the first Conference should be held here, and great

were the exertions made that it should be ready in time. And ready it was—though, indeed, by the narrowest of shaves, for the day before, among other trifling deficiencies, there was no stove ready to boil the water on—rather awkward where tea was to be served on the morrow to 200 guests. But all these difficulties were triumphantly surmounted, and by half-past seven on Tuesday the 17th November, the beautiful spacious Hall—its rose-coloured walls flooded with brilliant light, each window-sill covered with ivy and evergreen, the table and platform bright with roses, chrysanthemums, and other flowers which brought summer back to us—was all in gay readiness for the expected guests. The Committee and Deaconesses were already there, and when the Delegates and their friends arrived they were received with the heartiest of welcomes. Then a short and fervent service of prayer and praise was held in the Hall, asking a blessing on this first gathering and all the work that was to be carried on in Christ's name in it; and the large company dispersed itself over the many bright rooms of the Mission House to inspect and admire, and enjoy the social tea and coffee provided in several of the rooms. The house has everything necessary for a thoroughly equipped centre of Mission work; and everything, from the beautiful large Mothers' Meeting and the Girls' Club room, with its rosy tinted walls and glass doors dividing it, to the upstairs floor of smaller rooms for carrying on a speciality of the Mission, the Sunday Home, was much admired.

“ In every room the mantelpiece was gay with

flowers and bright with a cheerful fire ; in many, carpets were laid down and easy chairs and sofas provided to do honour to the welcome guests, who passed up and down the wide staircase, with its large windows of tinted glass, greeting each other with happy smiles and cordial salutation.

“ The party consisted of the Delegates themselves, their kind Edinburgh entertainers, the Committee, and the Deaconesses who were the hosts for the evening. Each Delegate wore a badge of blue and white in token of her membership ; and this simple decoration proved, as was expected, a passport to instant acquaintance, more effective than any formal introductions could have been. Not one lonely or neglected person was to be seen in all the large gathering ; the flow of kindly talk seemed everywhere ; and when the bell summoned us again, it was a party of friends, who felt they knew each other and had sympathy with each other, who gathered in the Hall. Much as we had looked forward to our Guild Conference, I do not think any of us realised till the meeting took place how glad we should be to see each other face to face.”

The 17th of November was Miss Maxwell's birthday. No greater joy could have been granted to her than to see Mission premises for the work in which she was so intensely interested thus happily and successfully opened.

Lady Grisell Baillie, the first Deaconess of the Church of Scotland, presided next day at the first business meeting of the Conference. It was her first and last public appearance, for only five weeks

afterwards she was called home to her Father's House above.

"We enjoyed all the Conference," a young missionary from India said afterwards, "but it was the holy beauty on the face of the President that most of all impressed us." Those who loved her feared the exertion might be too much for her, but she was so happy, she said, at the Conference, so glad to be there, so thankful if God had made her of use to the women of the Union of her "own dear Church, the Church of her Fathers." One who was present and had lovingly watched her on that day wrote afterwards: "We wish every Guild sister in the land could have heard the opening address of our beloved and honoured first Deaconess. We grudged that only we, the three or four hundred whom the Hall could contain, were privileged to see the sweet, pleading earnestness of her beautiful face, and hear the ringing musical tones as of a silver trumpet in which she said in her own winning, imploring, most attractive way: 'Dear friends, God's message to us is, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard."' Those who heard it will not soon forget it, nor will they forget the tone in which later on she said, 'Jesus said, "Lovest thou Me? Feed my lambs." Oh, do as He asked us—feed His lambs.' I cannot here attempt to reproduce the address. I hope it will be printed later, but no printing can ever convey an idea of the loving, yearning desire which it breathed that the work of saving souls for which Christ died should be widely, abundantly, everywhere done, and done, too, through her own dear Church,

through the Guild of the women of our Church and Land. Surely no tenderer appeal was ever made than that in which she so humbly and earnestly, yet as chief of our Guild in age, position, and office, besought her Guild sisters to act upon the command—‘Go work to-day.’”

Miss Maxwell presided at the afternoon conference and spoke shortly on St. Paul’s words, “There are diversities of operations, but one Spirit.” “The meetings would soon be over,” she said, “and they must separate to their different work, but no servant of Christ need feel alone in work done for the Master. We had gathered together from many places, we had been considering many different kinds of work in town and country, among the young and the old, the sick and the strong, work at home and abroad. But it is all one work, having one end, done for one Master. And let us remember that not only our work is one, but that we ourselves, if His true followers, are all one in Christ Jesus.”

The large public meeting in the evening brought the first Woman’s Guild Conference to a close, and every heart in that large audience must surely have responded to the Rev. W. Robertson’s words as he said, “We have heard of the work this Guild may do. *Prosecute it* henceforth in your different homes and spheres of influence.”

This first Conference of the Woman’s Guild was universally felt to have been a true help and incentive to those who attended it, and for nearly twenty years after it a conference was regularly held in different parts of Scotland, and once in

London, with Pont Street Church as its centre. Under the war conditions of the past years, and with food and transport difficulties, it did not seem possible to organise meetings of this kind, but now that in God's great mercy Peace has been restored, we pray that our Guild members may meet again with an ever-deepening devotion and more steadfast purpose to win their country and the world for Christ their Lord.

As the Young Men's Guild Conference was held in autumn, it was found more convenient to have the Woman's Guild Conference in spring, and the beautiful spots where the members gathered among budding trees and spring flowers often helped to bring home to them the glorious resurrection message.

Miss Maxwell always attended the Guild Conferences herself and arranged for as many as possible of the residents at the Deaconess House, especially those who were going to work abroad, to be present. She knew the uplifting spiritual power of such meetings herself and the strength of realising that all work, even the humblest, truly carried on in God's name and in obedience to His will, was a link in His great purpose of love to a world for which Christ died. Sometimes she spoke on other subjects, but generally her part was to give an account of the Deaconess House and the work carried on in the Pleasance. At one of the Conferences she spoke of the Mission speciality, the "Sunday Home." Dr. Charteris felt deeply the advantage it would be to some of the children of the degraded homes in the Pleasance

if, even for a few hours, something of the true feeling of Home and of God's Sabbath peace and joy could be round them. Miss Maxwell, with the residents in the Deaconess House and some outside friends, undertook to carry out his plans, and a truly happy time was spent in the warm comfortable rooms of the Mission Hall by the children who seldom heard the tones of love or tenderness in their own homes. The Sunday Home lasted from 2.30 to 5.30, and about fifty of the poorest and most neglected children in the district came to it. They met in the Hall, and after a short bright service interspersed with many hymns, separated to their different rooms about three o'clock. Then first of all each "Mother" gathered her family round her for the home Bible lesson, Catechism, and singing. At four o'clock books were put away and all sorts of toys and occupations, but always of a distinctly Sunday character, were brought out, or sometimes they sat round the fire together for a cosy talk. The "Home" was meant for the younger children, but one "Mother" kept her thirteen boys so happily employed that it was always difficult to persuade them to leave. One boy of sixteen over six feet in height, and in the militia, remained till he had to be forced to go and leave room for younger children. The younger boys and girls were kept together, but it was thought wiser for the older boys and girls to be in separate rooms. At five o'clock they gathered round the table, and trays of hot tea and thick slices of bread and jam were brought in. Then grace was reverently

said, and each child received a mug of tea and a slice of bread and jam before leaving at 5.30. Miss Maxwell was deeply interested in the "Sunday Home" work. She often took the little service at the beginning and the general superintendence, ready to supply the place of any "Mother" who was obliged to be absent, or to give a short rest to any teacher who might be finding her ten untutored bairnies rather a handful for three consecutive hours. The "Mothers" were always glad to see Miss Maxwell. She understood children thoroughly, and they were always happy with her. One day she came into a room where a boy with a hot dirty face, which he was wiping with a still dirtier handkerchief, was looking much put out as he tried to put together the pieces of a Bible zigzag puzzle. "This is an awfu' job, Miss Maxwell," he said as she came into the room; but she sat down beside him and soon the puzzled little face became wreathed in smiles. The "awfu' job" was turned to a joy and zigzag puzzles became one of David's great delights henceforward. The children were devoted to their Sunday Home, and their interest in Missions was often awakened by the stories told to them of work for God in heathen lands. They learnt gentler ways and to reverence sacred things. One teacher on her return after an absence of some time says she can never forget listening to them again as they sang the hymn "There is a city bright." Little tots were there of only four or five years of age and older children of fourteen and fifteen. But they were all standing

singing quietly and most reverently as if they felt the sorrow of the words "Closed are its gates to sin"; the deep need of the prayer "Cleanse me and save me," and then with such a burst of gladness the final verse rang out :

Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

Many of the children of the "Sunday Home" are now doing well, some are married and have children of their own, some are in service, and one, who was sent to Canada, became a Wesleyan preacher. In token of his gratitude to those who had helped him so greatly, he used to send glass bottles full of maple sugar by post, and, marvellous to say, they generally arrived safely. Many others have fought bravely for their country, and often wrote gratefully, saying how those quiet happy hours had helped them. On the stricken fields of France four of the Sunday Home boys met each other and wrote a joint letter to say how they had been remembering and talking together over "the good old days at the Sunday Home."

Sunday was a very busy day for the workers at the Deaconess House. Miss Maxwell writes of it as to them "hardly a day of rest, rather a day of gladsome service, and good indeed it is to remember how many of God's servants everywhere are sharing in this joy of service on His own holy day. St. Ninian's Hall is in constant

use from day to day, but Sunday is the busiest day of all the week. A little time before 10.30 the children begin coming in by ones, twos, and threes for the children's service in the large Hall; there are ten classes taught by the different teachers till within about a quarter of an hour of the close of the service, when one of the teachers takes the given lesson for the day and speaks to the children for a few minutes from the platform; then the service closes with singing and prayer. Meantime, the little ones of seven years old and under have been gathered into a side room where they are taught simple hymns, verses, and Bible stories, with a good deal of singing at intervals, for it is hard to keep such little hands and feet quiet without constant change of occupation. Our round of St. Ninian's would not be quite complete if we forgot another small room opposite this one, where the 'Young Men's Guild' meets every Sunday morning at the same hour and the meeting is carried on by the Students of the University Association. All this is over by half-past eleven, and the next thought in our minds is the Family Service at twelve o'clock, when the parents and children are invited to come together. The ideal of this service, which is a short one, is that the older children should remain with their parents and so sanctify the family ties of parent and child by their worship together. The minister always makes the passage which is read in the children's service the subject of his address so that all the members of the different households are occupied with the same subject.

“At one o'clock the place is shut up for a short time, but at half-past two is open and busy again with the 'Sunday Home' for specially poor and uncared-for children of the district. At half-past five they leave, and the little feet have to make their way downstairs very quietly, for in the smaller Hall a girls' class is beginning, and one hears the bright singing going on, one hymn after another being chosen quickly by the girls themselves. Then the reading and talking, rather with them than to them, comes and the hour is soon passed.

“There is a small library, and any one who wishes can change one book for another as she passes out.

“Downstairs other things are going on. Formerly any who wished to sign the pledge could do so on Saturday at the Temperance meeting, but this was found not to answer. Sometimes those who asked to sign and stood in sore need of help were hardly fit for it; so now at the Temperance meeting they are invited to come on Sunday at six o'clock, when the minister has an opportunity of giving them a few words of quiet advice and getting any who come to join with him in asking that the pledge card may be the outside token of God-given grace to lead them to better things.

“At half-past six there is the Evening Service in the large Hall, where once again the old, old story is put before us all. At the close of that service the workers in the Mission remain behind, and before separating an earnest prayer goes

up to God that His blessing may follow all that has been done throughout the day.”

It certainly was a busy day, gladly looked forward to in the strength of a Risen Lord. Sunday, with its weekly commemoration of the glorious resurrection of her Lord, was a very sacred day to Miss Maxwell. It had been spent with no unhealthy restraint, but as a quiet and holy day of God, free from the common occupations and ordinary amusements of daily life in the old home at Cardoness, and she carried away the spirit of those days with her. She grieved over the carelessness and thoughtlessness of those who by their neglect of this Gift of God were depriving themselves and others of a joy and peace that might be theirs. Sunday trams were never used by her for any purpose, and she felt even more strongly on the subject after a conversation repeated to her by one of the residents in the Deaconess House. This resident had been visiting in her district and came across a man who worked on the trams. He seldom had a free Sunday, and when asked if he did not miss it he replied that he was so used to working on Sunday that he would hardly know how to use it even were he to have a free day now.

Are we realising what this means to us as a nation? Is it a false pride, or is it a realisation of the wonderful faithfulness of God which sometimes makes us recognise the place which Scotchmen, the people of a beautiful but of a small and in many parts a barren land, have been allowed to take in the affairs of the world? A missionary

in Korea, after the country had been seized by the Japanese, encouraged his converts by telling them what a power for good and what important positions the people of Scotland had held in the British Empire in spite of the smallness and insignificance of their land, and urged his hearers to make their influence as truly felt.

“If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride on the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy Father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it” (Isaiah lviii. 13, 14). Our fathers may have made mistakes, but in their Sabbath keeping there was an honest desire to fulfil God’s will, and they left a heritage of blessing to their children. Are we passing on the same heritage of blessing to those who will follow after us? Just before the war a lady went out to Canada with her son to settle him there. As they were waiting at a way-side station two men sat down near them. They were talking of Canada and the settlers there; and one man, who seemed to be collecting statistics for a book on Canada, said to the other, “You have the means of judging, and I want you to give me your honest opinion—English, Irish, and Scotchmen, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, and Poles come out here—which do you find get on best, which

make the best settlers?" "Scotchmen," was his answer. Then he waited a moment and added, "When they remember their Sabbaths." There is no need to point the moral. Our God has been faithful to His promise. Are our actions as a nation, as an Empire, making it possible for Him to prolong His blessing still?

One great desire still filled the heart of the Life and Work Committee of the Church. The Deaconess House had been purchased, the Mission premises built in the Pleasance, and all that was needed for carrying on Evangelical work in the district was complete. But the Master had sent forth His disciples not only to preach the Gospel but to heal the sick, and many felt that some knowledge of nursing would be a great assistance to all Mission workers in this country, and that a thorough training was absolutely necessary for all missionary nurses abroad. Many plans were discussed. A small Deaconess House was opened at 5 Berkeley Terrace in Glasgow, in 1890, under the superintendence of Miss K. Davidson and Miss Mary Lamond; and through the kindness of the Directors of the Royal Infirmary the residents were allowed to attend the lectures and take a course of nursing in its wards. In the severe winter of 1891 one of the rules was most considerably relaxed, and as the ladies had to walk from and to Berkeley Terrace, they were not asked to be at their posts till nine o'clock. Miss Pringle, Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, was also most kind and sympathetic and did all that was practicable to make it possible for the George

Square residents to attend the lectures and go through a course of nursing there.

But it was soon found that nursing and mission work together were too great a strain on their physical strength, and a scheme was started to raise funds to build a small Hospital, belonging to the Church of Scotland, where the doctoring and nursing should be of the best and the influence of the highest. Many feared for the success of the undertaking when they remembered the large sums that had already been given for the purchase of the Deaconess House and the building of the Pleasance Mission Hall. But Dr. Charteris and Miss Maxwell saw the need and advantages plainly, and both had too great a trust in the power and loyalty of the members of the Church to doubt their response. That trust was nobly met. A Hospital Fund was opened to which they both contributed largely; a site adjoining the Mission buildings was procured, and by the spring of 1894 the first stones of the Hospital were laid.

More important than all else perhaps, a lady of tried experience and earnest Christian devotion was found in Miss Ella Pirrie, who for twenty-one years worked unsparingly for the good of the Hospital, its nurses, and its patients. Very thankfully Mrs. Charteris writes of Miss Pirrie's appointment: "There had been no advertising, no candidates, no selection. It was heard that a lady of unusual qualifications and experience who had passed a full course of training in the great Liverpool Hospital, and had afterwards been placed by Mr. Bickersteth over his wards in that Hospital, was



MISS ELLA PIRRIE, D.C.S.,
FIRST MATRON OF THE DEACONESS HOSPITAL.

To face page 140.



willing because of her wish to aid in Deaconess work to come to us. And when last month Miss Pirrie came to Edinburgh to meet the Committee, she was unanimously and gratefully appointed to the post of Matron. We ought to have said that besides this early training under some of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons of Great Britain, Miss Pirrie, in her desire thoroughly to understand Deaconess nursing, spent some time with the Deaconesses in Berlin. They would fain have kept her, but she felt the claims of her own land and returned to take the head of a huge work-house infirmary in Belfast, with from eight hundred to one thousand patients. This arduous post she held for eight years, and only resigned it, to the grief of all concerned, because she felt she could no longer bear so heavy a strain. Is it not wonderful that we should in God's good providence reap the benefit of all this varied training which has fitted Miss Pirrie in such a remarkable degree for the post she has accepted? We are sure that all Guild members, recognising as they do that the Deaconess House and its organisations are the headquarters and the centre of the Guild, will share in the gladness with which all who have seen her are prepared to welcome the matron of the Lady Grisell Baillie Memorial Hospital."

It had been decided, with the cordial concurrence of her relations, that the name of the first Deaconess, so cherished by all the Diaconate, should be perpetuated in their Hospital. Many hospitals had been already built by individuals, societies, and communities to alleviate human

suffering, but this was the first Hospital erected by any Church as part of its necessary equipment for the work of Christ. At first it contained only room for the matron and her staff, a men's and a women's ward with ten beds each, and a small room with a single bed, where on the payment of a small sum sick workers might come and be lovingly nursed back to health and strength.

But all good things ought to grow. Now the number has risen to forty beds, a children's ward with sixteen cots and a beautiful Nurses' Home built behind the Hospital, where a row of small but quiet and comfortable bedrooms end in a larger sitting-room looking out upon the summit of Arthur's Seat and the rocky face of the Salisbury Crags.

Miss Pirrie arrived in Edinburgh in September and at once began her work, by her helpful supervision and advice about the different arrangements at the Hospital. She stayed for several weeks at the Deaconess House, and a warm friendship, which only increased as the years went on, began during that time between her and Miss Maxwell. Their work was intertwined in many parts, and the love and admiration they felt for each other was a great gain and pleasure to them both. The Edinburgh doctors and surgeons were most generous in the help they gave to the Hospital, and names such as those of Dr. George Gibson, Dr. George Mackay, Mr. Alexis Thomson, Dr. Logan Turner, and many others as consultants at once secured confidence in the methods and work carried on. Some of the most difficult and delicate operations in these days

of wonderful surgery have been successfully carried out in it, and countless numbers weary both in soul and body have found rest and healing within its walls.

By Thursday the 12th of October 1894 the Hospital was finished and the opening ceremony took place. In the bright autumn sunshine, the streets gay with interested visitors from many different parts of Scotland, and carriages rattling along the causeway, the old Pleasance must have felt as if some of its bygone splendours were returning. The inhabitants of the district looked on with keen interest at what they seemed quite to consider the completion of their own hospital. Over the door the honoured and cherished name of Lady Grisell Baillie was carved; and just inside a beautiful little alms-box, carved as a work of love by a friend of the Hospital, with the one simple word "Inasmuch" on it, showed the spirit of love in which all the work would be undertaken. The softly tinted walls of the wards were bright with rays of sunshine and flowers seemed everywhere. Many had come from the old home at Cardoness and been arranged by Miss Maxwell with that inimitable touch which seemed to bespeak the love she bore to God's sweet and beautiful gifts to man.

The ward on the second floor was prepared for the reception of the guests. The Rev. Sir James Cameron Lees, D.D., presided, and after the hymn "Thou to Whom the sick and dying" had been sung, dedicated the building and the work to be done there to the glory of God, and prayed that

His blessing might rest upon it and upon all within it. Then Mr. Miller, Chairman of the Hospital Board, who has since received the Victorian Order from the King in recognition of his services and has always taken, and continues to take, such a keen and unwearied interest in all that concerns the Hospital, told many interesting details about the work. Dr. Charteris, who though far from strong, had, to the great delight of himself and his friends, been allowed by his doctor to put off his journey to Meran till after the opening of his beloved Hospital, gave a most beautiful and encouraging address. Among other things he said he had believed till the day before that the Hospital was to be opened, not only free of debt, but with a good surplus. It had come on him like a blow that owing to the unlooked-for extras which so often ruin the rosiest forecasts it was instead £200 in debt. £100 had already been handed in. He believed the other hundred would be that day so would count it paid and consider the Hospital opened free of debt. Lord Polwarth declared the Hospital open, and the Right Rev. Dr. Story, Moderator that year of the General Assembly, formally accepted the building in the name of the Church.

The large upper ward was in readiness for the patients who were expected to arrive in four days, and looked a picture of rest and comfort with its tinted walls of sunny green, polished floors, large bright windows, comfortable beds with delightful little invalid tables whose legs reached the floor and could easily be moved up and down the bed

without disturbing the patient, and a Bible and hymn-book on each; easy basket chairs in cosy corners and flowers everywhere, some even scattered lightly on the ten pretty white beds. The guests wandered all over the building, and some climbed up the narrow stair to the little sky garden on the leads. Below and around there were roofs and chimneys, but towering close at hand Arthur's Seat and the grand Salisbury Crags, more beautiful than ever in the pink sunset glow, and to the left a soft blue haze, where on a clearer day the waters of the Firth of Forth and its shores could be seen—a place where, even on the sultriest of nights, a tired worker might come and be rested and refreshed as she looked on the everlasting hills and the quiet stars. Tea in the Mission Hall finished the function, and there Dr. Charteris met the guests with a radiant face and his hands full of bank notes. His optimism had not been disappointed; not £100 but £130 had been received, and the Hospital was opened free of debt and with a surplus!

WOMAN'S GUILD CONFERENCES
AND OTHER WORK

There cometh one saying to Him, Trouble not the Master.—ST. LUKE viii. 49.

Master, beloved Master,
Low at Thy feet I fall,
For I know that Thy word is changeless,
That Thy love embraces all.

For country, and Church, and kindred,
For all that my heart holds dear,
I know that Thou wouldst be troubled,
That Thou, my Lord, wilt hear.

L. M. M.

Strive for the stars !
Count nought well done but best.
Then, with brave patience, leave the rest
To Him who knows.

JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER VIII

WOMAN'S GUILD CONFERENCES AND OTHER WORK

THE meetings and discussions held during the sitting of the General Assembly were a great interest to Miss Maxwell, and she was seldom absent from her seat in the Gallery when the Annual Reports of Foreign Missions, the work of the Home Mission Committee, the Life and Work Committee, the Temperance Committee, and later of the Social Scheme of the Church of Scotland, were laid upon the table. The earnest soul-stirring addresses telling of the work and its further needs interested her deeply, and she arranged that the residents at the Deaconess House should have as full an opportunity of hearing them as was possible with the calls their own special work entailed on them. She felt that the knowledge of their own Church's work and true-hearted loyalty to it should only make them more deeply interested in the work of God's Kingdom throughout the world.

An "At Home" was always given at the Deaconess House during that time, and the list of guests to be invited made up with great care, so that as many as possible of those interested or

likely to be interested in the work might be present. Miss Maxwell's bright genial welcome made all feel at home, and it was a crowded and happy gathering. The tea-tables were generally gay with blue hyacinths from the Cardoness woods. Any guests who desired it were shown over the house, and a short address from Dr. Charteris or Dr. Robertson, giving some details of the work, was listened to with much interest.

In 1892 Dr. Charteris, the much loved leader of the Deaconess movement, was Moderator of the General Assembly, and this gave an additional interest in its meetings to the household at 27 George Square. His address at the closing of the Assembly of 1892 and his sermon in St. Giles at the opening of the General Assembly of 1893 were kept among Miss Maxwell's treasured papers, and their wise and earnest words seem still to voice the needs of the present day. "Surely now," he writes, "when man has none to compel him to believe or accept or acquiesce in anything human or divine, there is need for every influence that can introduce or attract him to that liberty wherewith God sets His people free. To lift the soul up from a mere material life into a serener existence, in which man walks in the light of God—this is the need of our day and generation. To show man that in all his human freedom there dwells inalienable responsibility to the God who made him and the Saviour who died for him; to remind him that, while he is free in this privileged epoch to stand on his feet and walk where he will, he is also bound to lift the fallen brother and to guide the weak and forlorn; that

not in strength but in tenderness is man likest God; that higher than our human rights are our human duties."

The Conference of the Woman's Guild held at Aberdeen in 1895 was a most helpful one, and Miss Maxwell writes of the kindness and hospitality shown to the delegates: "The Aberdeen people were very kind to their delegates, and had made excellent arrangements about everything. The Conference was very good and the discussions of real, practical use, and many said how much it had helped them. It is so nice having Miss Pirrie as a Deaconess at the head of our Hospital, and she is glad of it herself too." Miss Pirrie had not joined the Diaconate when she took up her work at the Deaconess Hospital, but she was in full sympathy with the movement, and it was a great pleasure to all interested, as well as to herself, when she was set apart in St. Cuthbert's Church as a Deaconess of the Church of Scotland.

At the Conference Miss Maxwell gave in her report of the Deaconess House, and told of mornings devoted to study, and afternoons and evenings spent in district visiting and in meetings. Her earnest words at the first meeting of the Guild Conference were on service. "In Exodus xxx. we read of a large meeting where emotions were stirred, but it did not stop there, for further on we see how the rulers brought their onyxes and precious stones, the poorer men skins and other things, and the women gave what they had, their time, and 'did spin with their hands.' Morning by morning this continued till there was much more than enough,

and then the words, 'So the people were restrained from giving,' close that splendid lesson of doing and giving which has been left us by those 'willing-hearted men and women.'

"Many with home ties, sacred because ordained of God, are doing their part as they have opportunity to strengthen and beautify the Woman's Guild. But some of us have not these ties, and are free to serve as Deaconesses and Parish Sisters. One shrinks from hearing this spoken of as if it were one profession or pastime among others, for God's work stands alone in its strength and glory. An open door is before us, and through it three voices are calling us: the voice of those who are weary and cast down with poverty, pain, and it may be with sin, crying to us to come and lift them up; the voice of the Church we belong to calling us to help it to meet this great demand; and, beyond all other voices, the voice of our God telling us to go in and take possession. Some have gone in, and their experience has been that the Presence of God went in with them, the Strength of God upheld them, and the Joy of God dwelt with them. The Presence, the Strength, and the Joy of God, are not these wonderful words? Perhaps we never understand them so completely as when we find ourselves face to face with a soul that is seeking after God, or still more when face to face with a soul that needs its God and does not know it. Then the question comes up before us in all its force, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Certainly not we ourselves, but only Christ, the Redeemer of the World, in us and through us."

A short Conference of Deaconesses, lasting only two days, was held annually at the Deaconess House, and proved a great bond of union and strength to the scattered members of the Diaconate. The first meeting took place in October 1894, but afterwards it was found more convenient to hold them in the beginning of September before the opening of the winter session. As many Deaconesses as possible were put up at the Deaconess House, and every arrangement made for their comfort. The Conference was greatly looked forward to by all, as it was the only time in the year they could meet together as a united band, and gave all the feeling of belonging to one corporate body which it was often difficult to realise in the scattered parishes where they worked. They could discuss together the difficulties, encouragements, and possible developments of their work. Many who came wearied and perhaps disappointed with the roughness of the way went back to their labours with new strength and hope. Miss Maxwell enjoyed the Conference greatly herself, and planned all the household arrangements so that her time might be as free and undisturbed as possible. The meals for each day were always written out and given to the cook beforehand, and everything done to deepen the spirit of fellowship and restfulness. Many have gratefully told how well she succeeded. Dr. Charteris was much interested in these gatherings, and his practical, helpful words spoken, or, if abroad written, to those attending them were never lacking.

“My motive,” he said at one, “in speaking is to

see my friends maintain a high ideal which after their time and mine may remain in power. Our blessed Lord is your Model. 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister.' Diaconate is just the Greek for ministry, and ministry means Service. It is an honourable and important post, this to which you are called. If you can rise above self and realise that you are instruments to be used by the Great Minister whose Body is the Church, you will be mighty because to you to live will be Christ. It is a tremendous thing to be chosen by His Church to be His Minister. Is it not grand? It can only be grand if you are humble in the sense of responsibility, and always abound in the work of the Lord. Remember that this work, direct ministry for Christ, is your life, not a thing superadded to your ordinary vocation, but your vocation. All else is auxiliary, subordinate to this life. Many doubt the possibility of such entire consecration of a life as that to which you are pledged, and it is yours to convince them. How much it means! What dependence on God, what prayers, what answers to prayer! It is impossible that any ordinary life can bear such trials as assail you. A mere plan or purpose or aspiration would wither and die; any human strength would be unable to keep you from accepting the customs and standards of ordinary social life. If your life is hid with Christ in God it will blossom and bear fruit abundantly. The Blessed One Himself is needed to feed the flame of your devotion as in Bunyan's dream.

"Realise the living Union with the Lord Him-

self. 'As thou hast sent me, even so have I also sent them into the world.' And how had the Father sent the Son? Surely in the full consciousness that He represented Him, with heavenly voices telling that He was well pleased with the work that was being done. One bitter hour He was forsaken—or His human soul thought He was, mystery of mysteries, but He has promised that such fate of forsakenness shall never be ours. 'Lo, I am with you always.' And it is when we are doing His work that He is with us. That is the condition of the promise. Why then should we fear? Who can be against us?

"No function can be too low. He washed the disciples' feet, He took children in His blessed arms. I do not believe they were beautiful, tidy, crowing babies; very likely they were untidy, suffering from ophthalmia, but He who laid His loving hand on a poor leper did not shrink from the children whose young hearts were like the angels in His loving and idealising eyes. From all fanciful fastidiousness, from all social sauciness, from all putting the road between you and the wounded in life's devil-haunted path, the good Lord deliver you."

From days of such restful fellowship and deep and practical teaching we cannot wonder that the workers went back to their different fields of labour full of renewed hope, and strengthened for new effort in their Master's service. To one, the head of the Deaconess House herself, no function was ever thought too low if it might help to draw a fallen child, still dear to the yearning love of the

Heavenly Father's heart, back to Him. She would lead a staggering woman back to her home, and help her to her bed with no harsh word but with sorrowing, Christ-like pity in her heart, hoping to save her from further temptation. Next day when the stupor of strong drink had worn away leaving the listlessness and wretchedness which are the Nemesis of such orgies, she would visit her, and, while she tried to bring her sin home to her, point her to the all-loving Saviour, who alone could cleanse her from her stains and give her strength to overcome. Both her words and her actions could be strong when necessary, for there was none of that self-indulgent weakness in her character that sometimes spoils good work, but towards the erring and sinful, who might be won back by love, her patience and tenderness never failed.

It had once been said by a President of the Guild, "Our Guild is not a guild for meetings but for service." Loving service should be the outcome of all Bible and prayer meetings; they can only be truly helpful if they fan and deepen the spirit and power of service, useless if they stop short in themselves, or lull the spirit of service to sleep.

Agencies of all kinds were set up in the Pleasance to see what would suit best and help the people most. A country produce stall was for some years a great boon to the people. This was suggested at a Woman's Guild Conference held in Glasgow after Miss Maxwell had given an account of District work in the Pleasance, so often carried on among dark and dismal surroundings. The country members took up the idea most heartily. A room was

secured, and for some years most delightful hampers of rhubarb, which was much appreciated, vegetables, fruit, flowers, eggs, and all sorts of country produce were sent in on Fridays and sold at a very moderate price to the people on Saturdays, or taken as a gift to the sick and to some of the aged and poorest in the district. After the small expense incurred had been met, the surplus, often not at all a despicable sum, was sent to some branch of the Church's work. One day a hamper with black-currants arrived; the children came flying from all directions, sent by their mothers to secure such an unheard-of luxury in the Pleasance, and a good measure was given for a penny. Another day a box with six or seven dozen beautiful large eggs, of a freshness not known in the district, arrived, and were distributed with equal gladness to giver and receiver. The flowers were specially valued by the sick and aged, and Miss Maxwell often pleaded for a constant supply to be sent. Their sweetness and beauty were a rest to many tired eyes. They awoke memories in some hearts which had seemed dead to every other softening influence, and even the dust-dimmed dwellings of the Pleasance could not diminish their brightness. A bunch of clove pinks was handed by a Parish Deaconess to a young girl whose past had been stained in many ways. All efforts to help her had failed before, but at the sight of the flowers her face softened. "We had twa borders of them at hame," she said. "I can almost see them noo." That night a letter was written to the old home where for four years no news of the wanderer had

come. An old blind woman was given a bunch of flowers chosen for their scent, and though she could not see them, the warm grasp of her hand showed how deeply they were valued. A Boys' Brigade and a Wood Carving Class, where very good work was done and many bright and healthful hours spent by the boys of the Pleasance, was also started under the superintendence of Miss Johnston, and a Sewing Class for the girls held once a week.

The children are met everywhere in the Pleasance, sometimes with bright sunny faces but often with wistful eyes and thin, hungry looks. A kind friend passing through the district on his way to see the Mission Hall, where so much good work was done, noticed the little ones with kindly interest and resolved to give them a treat. A tea was decided on and a substantial sum put into Miss Maxwell's hands to carry out the kind donor's wishes. It was a very happy party that assembled in the Hall one afternoon with their tin mugs and bright faces, ready to enjoy thoroughly the generous fare that had been provided for them. Only one band of children was debarred from it, not through the wishes of the kind friend or those who provided for them, but through the conscientious objections of their race. The little Jewish children in that quarter of the town were numerous, but, as it would have been against their parents' principles for them to eat meat killed by Christians, the mutton pies happily enjoyed by the others were forbidden luxuries to them. The Jewish Mission was always near Miss Maxwell's heart, and she longed for the glorious light of Christ's Gospel to

pierce the veil of unbelief which hid Him from the eyes of His chosen people, but she respected the prejudices which had been kept with such self-denying insistence through the centuries and resolved that the bright, dark-eyed children of Abraham should not miss the feast. Different food, to which their elders could take no possible objection, was provided for them; and it was delightful to watch the clean, tidily dressed, happy little party that gathered another afternoon to enjoy the treat loving Christian thoughtfulness had procured for them.

Many plans had been set on foot about that time for increasing the interest of the members of the Church in its Foreign Missions. One suggestion was that missionary garden parties, where stirring addresses on the subject might be given, should be arranged during the summer and autumn in different parts of the country. Miss Maxwell suggested that one should be held at Kilmorak Manse near Beaully, where she intended spending some weeks with a sister and brother-in-law who had taken the Manse for the month of August. Dr. Norman Macleod and Dr. Mitford Mitchell kindly gave their help, and the meeting was held on a bright autumn day in a field sloping gently down to the steep banks of the Beaully behind the Manse garden. Miss Maxwell helped in all the arrangements and was keenly interested in its success. Some tourists, who came up from Inverness that day to visit the beautiful falls of the river, saw the gathering, and heard the sound of the singing and of the earnest addresses from the

other side of the river but could not distinguish the words. Their knowledge of Highland customs was not very accurate, and they went back quite convinced they had been watching an open-air Highland Communion Service.

But the constant strain and effort entailed by the work itself, in which Miss Maxwell took her full share, as well as its supervision, began to tell seriously on a constitution at no time very robust, and though Miss Maxwell was always willing to work beyond her strength, a thorough rest in 1897 became imperative if she were not to break down altogether. A year's furlough was given to her, and Mrs. Edmonstone, a Deaconess who had stayed at the Deaconess House as a visitor some time before, agreed to take the superintendence of the House and work during her absence.

Miss Maxwell was advised to spend the winter in the Canary Islands, and in November started on her travels. The voyage out was fairly good, and after her arrival she writes from the Hotel Martianez, Orotava: "It was very fortunate I caught the *Orotava* and could come on the next day from Las Palmas. I did not go on board till after dinner, so had the whole day there to see a little of Grand Canary. It is bare and sandy, not pretty, and the people are not pleasant looking, quite different from here, but they say the old Guancha blood is much stronger there than here where there is more Spanish, and they have such nice gentle faces. I drove into the town in the afternoon. There are carriages something like victorias with canopies and three little horses

abreast. They are such wretched little animals that it is no wonder a good many are needed to pull one along. After afternoon tea I went up the hill behind the hotel and thought it rather pretty looking out to sea. When we arrived at Santa Cruz, Egger, the manager of this hotel, came on board and took us and our luggage in hand, so we had no trouble. Landing in little boats was quite easy, not like Las Palmas. The drive was long and not very interesting, as there are only about two different views all the way. First, when you start, the view looking up, and when you get to the top the view looking down; but I was lucky, for Egger had a carriage of his own, just done up with three good little horses, and he took me in and told me anything that was interesting as we came along. Once you arrive at Orotava it is quite different. The country is much more broken up and you get lots of lovely peeps. The view from my room is just lovely. The hotel is built in a long low square with a wide verandah on one side. My room is the end one upstairs and I walk straight out on the top of the verandah which is just as good as a sitting-room. It makes such a nice sitting-room for reading, etc., in the open air and for seeing any friends that I may have. The garden is just below me, and beyond some low, red-roofed houses, and beyond that again the blue, blue sea. To the right there is a view of the mountain coming right down to the sea. The place is not a bit like an hotel, so clean, cosy, quiet, and homelike in all its arrangements. How I wish some of you were here to enjoy it with me.

There are four Germans here, but beyond mutual bowings we have nothing to do with them as they sit at another table for meals."

"*November 29.*—I have not been very flourishing since I wrote home last, getting acclimatised the superior old residents say; but I am better and have proved two facts, the first, that if you are to be laid up this is the most perfect hotel I ever saw for it. I have such nice readings in the mornings with *Kirkpatrick on the Psalms*, and always feel so glad you gave me the book I use so much.

"I have just been watching Mrs. M'Neil start in a hammock so that I may know how to set about it gracefully if I want to use one at any time. They look very comfortable, but from the poor men's point of view a small person like Mrs. M'Neil must be a great advantage. I was down on the shore for a long time this morning. It is such a pretty sea to watch, the waves come in with such a wide sweep of pure white foam over the black sand. The coast is something like the rocks at Ravenshall on the other side of the little bay. The top of this house is quite flat from end to end, and the views from it so pretty. I like walking up there though I don't know enough Spanish to be led into doing what the women do here. They lean over the parapet and call down to their friends passing in the street to have a conversation with them.

"The postal arrangements are curious here. If anything looks interesting, officials take possession; if dull, it is left much to itself, but unimportant

things generally arrive in the end. Registered letters, they say, are very unsafe, and one man says he always has his bank-notes sent unregistered as it is so much safer!"

"*December 7.*—Thank you very much for your two letters. Every one is so good in writing to me. For the last ten days we have felt rather inclined to grumble at this superior climate for it has rained more or less every day. The warmth, of course, is greater than at home but not warm enough to enjoy sitting out for the whole morning as we did when I first arrived. I made an expedition up to the 'Villa' last Friday, about three miles off. It is about the same size as this part of the town, and certainly is a very picturesque place with its steep streets and old balconies, some of the last quite beautiful with carving. My driver knew no English nor where Miss Macdonald lived, so having asked the waiter here to give directions I started off to find her, and was put down as near the house as the carriage could go. The streets were too steep and too narrow to drive up to the door. Some jolly little boys were anxious to help me and took me safely to two wrong places. Happily I had put her card in my pocket before starting, so saw an intelligent-looking man who I thought ought to be able to read, and poked it at him with enquiring gesticulations and he showed me the house. Old Mrs. Smith lives close to this in such a pretty little house, and has asked me to go and sit in her garden with my books whenever I like. She is very amusing and gives you her opinion about things most clearly

and decidedly. She looks back longingly to the time when she first came here (twenty years ago) and things were primitive and quiet. Now, she says, we foreigners have spoilt it all with never-ending 'At Homes' and goings about.

"Sunshine again and it looks settled."

"*December 22.*—I am afraid my last letter to you was rather a grumble, so send another to-day to tell you I am getting on all right. I was rather disappointed to find I could not do more after the month of idleness at home before coming here, but, after all, I have nothing more to do this year than I can do easily and that is the thing, not my own pet plans of reading books, etc. The Bishop of Sierra Leone was here for Sunday and Monday, and preached so helpfully in the morning and evening on Sunday. The morning sermon was good to listen to, 'Be of Good Cheer,' and its four meanings—pardon, peace, power or victory, and praise or commendation (St. Matthew ix. 2, Acts xxiii. 11), God's praise to faithful workers giving them more work to do for Him. On Monday there was a gathering at the Parsonage to hear of the work in Sierra Leone. It was very interesting."

"*December 28.*—Our Christmas here was very nice indeed. A day or two before a Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh came to stay as they had not been well, and thought a change down here from their house on the upper regions would be good for them. They are youngish, bright, and the essence of friendliness, taking us all up on the spot as if they had known us all our lives. We could not have any service as the clergyman, Mr. Hannington, was

ill, and there was not time to arrange for any one else to take it. After breakfast I went to see my old lady, Mrs. Stirling, to wish her a happy Christmas. She has been rather dull here in her rooms by herself, and going in and out to see her has been one of my occupations. It rained after luncheon, but after tea I went out for a little. There were just eight of us at dinner. The table was simply lovely with smilax and roses laid on it, and wreaths of smilax stretching from one to another of the shaded candelabra. Such a happy, kindly friendliness all round that you would never have thought we had seen so little of each other. Mrs. M'Neil and I agreed that no other hotel in the place could have had such a quietly happy Christmas dinner as we had. Mrs. Stirling sent me a lovely almanac with quotations from Dean Farrar, and other people sent me cards. Really they are very good to strangers here."

"*January 1897.*—My New Year's dinner up at the Grand Hotel was rather too long and stately—fifteen courses and two hours' duration—to be very lively.

"A Gymkana got up by the American Committee came off ten days ago and was rather amusing. The weather was very Scotch. It began with a dangerously grey sky, then rain came and everybody took refuge in the hotel; then it got better, and we went out again in a dampish atmosphere to watch the games. After that we all sat on the lawn-tennis ground, drinking tea and eating cakes with cloaks on the seats to keep the wet off and little puddles that had been left by the rain all about us."

But her thoughts were full of the dear ones far away, and many loving words were written to them. To one she writes :

“ *January 5.*—I have many loving thoughts for you in my heart for this year. May it indeed be a happy one—full of faith and trust in Our Father who is so full of care for us, full of opportunities for serving Him, gladly taken up for His dear sake. That is something of what I would seek for those I love as well as for myself. Yet many things that we cannot put into words and hardly realise ourselves remain, but the fulness of His love is ready to supply those, too, to the hearts that ‘Wait on the Lord’ to receive them from His hands.”

In some ways these were trying weeks for her. The usually beautiful winter climate of the Canary Islands proved most disappointing that year, strength was not returning as quickly as she had hoped, and headaches still troubled her if she read much. But her trust in the wisdom and love of her Heavenly Father’s plan for her never faltered. “The essence of discipleship is acquiescence in the will of God” were the last words of a devoted minister just entering into his rest, and they seem a picture of her own mind at that time.

Christmas cards with pictures of places in the Islands and the words chosen and written in her own handwriting were sent to many she loved. For one who, she knew, was watching with anxious longing the result of her year’s rest she copied these words on a card :

My future I can leave safe in Thy care,
I place it in Thine hand and leave it there.

It is so sweet to feel, my whole life long,
Thy loving plan for me cannot go wrong.

I know that Thou wilt choose the best for me,
And I can be at rest and trust to Thee.

To another, with a picture showing "A pet view from my balcony," her chosen words were :

Broken vows, unanswered prayers,
Vain endeavours, sad despair,
Weary working, useless toil,
Fruitless sowing in earth's soil,
Plans o'erturned and wishes crossed,
Souls unsaved and labours lost,
Such, O Lord, my lot must be
If I work apart from Thee.

Help each step upon the way,
Strength sufficient for the day,
All things easy in Thy might,
Work for Thee a felt delight ;
Courage, patience, grace supplied,
All things needful at Thy side ;
Such my happy lot will be,
Working, dearest Lord, with Thee.

January 22, she writes : " Now that really nice weather has come I feel it is possible to see the comical side of the two last months, but, oh dear, it was not nice to sit in the house after coming so far with one's feet on a hot tin or hugging a hot-water bottle to get warm, and longing for a fire to sit over. The apologies of the residenters grew stale long ago ! However, the three last days have been

perfect, and any number of congratulations on sitting out basking in the sun will meet the fact if this continues, which it really does look like. It has been a great help having some one like Mrs. M'Neil to laugh with over our wet experiences. She and her hot-water bottle have sat, slept, and walked together."

"*January 27.*—We are very happy, for at last, after all these weeks of waiting, warm dry weather and sunshine have come. I had such a lovely drive round the coast with the Eveleighs on Monday. We went to Tchod where you have a much better view of the Peak than here. It was a long day from eight in the morning till after seven at night ; but well worth some after-effects of bed and neuralgia to get such a memory. I don't think I ever saw anything more grandly beautiful than at one place, where the broken ground stretched up to the dark pine forest, and the white snow-covered Peak rose so splendidly above it. One just thought how 'Mountains and all hills' do praise the Lord. The day was perfect, and the whole seen without a cloud, which is very unusual. Here you have no idea what the Peak is, for the view is so much intercepted.

"There are very few canaries wild here, I am told, and the wild ones are all green. The small number of birds of any kind strikes one, and none of them with very bright colouring."

"*February 18.*—Our last exceptional experience has been an African sand storm. Clothes, books, and everything was covered with fine white sand, and houses outside were seen through a thick mist.

I thought it was a thick fog till it was explained to me with the positive assurance that such a thing had not been known for years, and then only for one day. It was frightfully close and heavy while it lasted, and bad headaches all round were the result ; so we are glad it has passed off this morning. I am thinking of making a move to Guimar the middle or end of next month."

" We have had a very sad time lately with the poor T.'s. He died last Sunday night, and as she had none of her own people with her, Mrs. M'Neil and I did what we could. Her sister arrived on Thursday, and they left for England yesterday. There is to be a general break-up of our winter party next week."

" *April 1.*—A telegram from Guimar this morning saying they have a room for me. I expect great things from my time there, for the report is that there is bracing mountain air and really bright hot sunshine. I have just been up to Mrs. Smith to say good-bye, but found her out. I must try again for she has been good and sweet to me all the time I have been here. Egger, the manager, has been specially nice and obliging, and to-day is crowning all his past obligations by packing up a whole quantity of pottery that I have got for Mary, in a barrel of his own with packing stuff of his own, all for nothing. Do you remember the Gospels and books I brought with me ? A Miss Nicol I know here was so glad of them and only wishes I had more. It is nice to feel that they really have been of use after all."

" *April 6.* EL BIEN RETIRO, GUIMAR.—I came

here yesterday, and certainly the air is quite different from Orotava, much keener and fresher, and not too hot yet. This is a queer rambling sort of house, a kind of inside outside place, rooms and passages opening out quite indiscriminately, under the cover of a roof or the heavens themselves, as if a queer collection of lofts and outhouses had been put together and furnished as an hotel. My bedroom is quite nice, whitewashed walls and ceiling, a rough door painted blue, and blue shutters, the floor quite bare except a wee bit of carpet near my bed.

“ I expect to be very happy, for there are many nice things about the place. It is nicely managed by Miss Trew, who came originally with her sister, who is delicate. She is such a nice girl and everybody likes her. The country is quite different from Orotava, and there were some splendid bits of scenery on the way here from Laguna, where I stayed the night before last, so as to break the long drive.”

“ *April 20.*—This is such a lovely place on the side of the mountains, and such grand views all round. The sunshine is brilliant, but there is always a fresh wind. I always go out for a walk after four o'clock tea, and the sunset colouring is most beautiful. The lava is so dark and the ground in other places has such a rich red tone. It is wonderful how the self-sown fig-trees find nourishment enough to grow so large among the lava. There are hardly any other trees to be seen, but they are a beautiful green. The air here is doing me good, and the sun warms one through and through.

“ I intend to go to Reno di Oro on the 3rd of May so as to be in good time to meet the *Orotava* when it arrives on the 5th at Santa Cruz. I am told it is everything to be on the spot to seize upon the berths you want, for the ones you have taken are not otherwise always kept for you. This feels a very cramped-up little place after Martianez, but I am glad I came as it is nice seeing the different parts of the Island. The walks are very pretty, but of the roughest, and it is tiresome to have to look at your feet when you want to admire the view. However, having twisted my ankle jumping off a rock on to a piece of wood I have learnt wisdom.”

“ *April 29.*—A great many people left yesterday, among them a large party who had a perfect horror of fresh air. The mother and two boys—twelve and fourteen—started in lovely sunshine behind respirators to walk down the little hill to the closed carriage. One wonders what more can be done on the chilly days they are sure to meet on their way to England! Now they are away we are having a much better time with open windows, etc. Yesterday a Mr., Mrs., and Miss Woolley arrived. They are very nice and pleasant. The sister is a dear old person and reminded me of Miss Anderson, both inside and out, over and over again. She has just the same kind, good-natured way of helping people and talks as if it were nothing. The nicest person in the house is Miss Trew, the young lady housekeeper. She has such a burden of care with the hotel, and such anxiety about a very delicate sister who lives with

her and cannot be taken home to England because of the climate. She is so bright and brave about it all when she is among us, but the tears are very near the surface when she speaks of her sister or hears other people speak of going home."

"This Cuban War is bringing great distress among the people, for all the men are being called out, and the poor families left to shift very much for themselves.

"It feels delightful to be writing my last letters from over the sea and far away."

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS

He saved others ; Himself He cannot save.

ST. MARK XV. 31.

Saviour, the words were true
Though said in scorn
By one who dreamt not of the truth he spake.
He could not fathom, Lord,
That depth of love,
Which kept Thee bound
By chains more strong than earth's,
A willing sufferer on Thy bitter Cross.

L. M. M.

If good desires would save mankind it would surely have been delivered long ago. The difference between idle wishes and the deliberate heart choice of the world's true benefactor is, that the latter consents to pay the price which *some one has to pay.*—*Life of Mrs. Booth.*

CHAPTER IX

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS

AFTER her return to England Miss Maxwell spent some time with her relations in the country, and was ready in September to begin her work again at the Deaconess House. The year's rest had not done all that was hoped for her, but the Deaconess House Board valued her wise supervision of the House and work and her inspiring influence on those she was training too much to be willing to let her give up her post, even if she were not able herself to do the full work of other years. Some new arrangements were begun in the hope of making her own burden less heavy, and she cheerfully set to work again, knowing that strength needed for the Master's work could never fail her.

The winter was a busy one and the Deaconess House was full to overflowing. At the Conference at Dundee in 1899 she tells how the Committee had had to face a most delightful yet most puzzling problem—"how to put fourteen full-grown people into the space of eleven." The only way possible at that time was to take rooms for them in a boarding-house two doors off, where they could

sleep at night and spend all their time at the Deaconess House. But this was not a very satisfactory plan, and it was a great gain when in 1913 the house adjoining was bought, where the top rooms could be kept as additional quarters for the Deaconess House residents. During the winter session nineteen residents had been in training at the Deaconess House for longer or shorter periods : six training for the Foreign Mission field, six for Home Mission work, four who had not decided whether their call was to Home or Foreign Mission work, and three for work in their own homes.

And then longing to draw others to that holy, blessed work of self-sacrificing love which she had found so satisfying and full of joy, but felt it might not be possible for her to continue for a very much longer period, she said : " Lastly, I come to a point I should like to leave very distinctly before everybody's mind. Notwithstanding the increase in the number of those who have come to us for training and who have already gone out to prove valued workers for God, there is still a felt want, which there surely need not be in a Church like the Church of Scotland. In the first chapter of Acts we read of the early Christian Church as a small body, and yet we find many people of means who were willing to throw in their lot with others, giving themselves and all they possessed wholly and definitely to God's work. We do not find this the case in the Church of Scotland and yet it cannot be for lack of numbers. I have been told of an old Pastor who constantly reminded his Deaconesses that ' every community demands

sacrifices,' the sacrifice of give and take with its gentle restraint of self. That there is a certain pleasantness of liberty in individual work untrammelled by co-operation with a community one cannot help feeling and knowing perfectly well. Is it unwillingness to give up this independence that holds back some who could otherwise come forward and help us ?

“ Speaking of myself, I have certainly found it possible to do more in God’s great army of workers as a member of the Deaconess Band than I could ever have done as an independent worker, and I thank God for the opportunities and privileges of service which He has so put before me.

“ I would not press home my way of looking at work, for why should I ? But in a fair report one must give the shortcomings as well as the achievements, and I want to ask each one to settle the question for herself in view of this felt need.”

The Conference of Deaconesses was held as usual at the Deaconess House in September, and Dr. Charteris spoke earnestly of the advantage and wisdom of maintaining this time of mutual fellowship in full vigour. “ It is the only thing,” he said, “ except your dress which is an outward evidence of the bond which unites you.¹ You are scattered over the land—over the world indeed, and have no other opportunity of meeting your comrades in the Order. You also, by your coming, strengthen your union with the Deaconess House. It is not for every one of you the Mother House. But you are adopted children, if not born in the

¹ See Appendix C, p. 254.

family, and it is the only visible centre you have. It is of great importance for the future that this House should be regarded as the topmost stone of the Pyramid, whose broad base is the Woman's Guild in every Scottish parish, whose tapering point is the Deaconess Order seeming to ordinary Guild Members far up in the empyrean. This House and the Hospital are sisters, not quite twins, for this is the elder, but for ever inseparable.

“ You will need to keep before you, and try to bring before others, the original purpose of the Order. Your action when you became a Deaconess was the consecrating of yourself to the service of Christ in His Church. It was the dedication of yourself to Church work and not merely to a Christian life. To the Christian life you had been pledged at the Communion table, but to the work of the Church you took a new and further pledge on the day of your ordination. A mere occasional bit of service will not justify you in wearing your uniform. Your power of giving tone and character to the whole Deaconess movement is incalculable. ‘ There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all ’ (1 Cor. xii. 6). This is your hope : God has said, ‘ My Word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please.’ Not His servant's word, *His own Word*. If you covet earnestly the best gifts for *your* work you will get them ; and you will, moreover, find that you thus rise to ‘ the more excellent way ’ of Divine Charity or love of which the next chapter in 1 Cor. tells—full of hope but greater far than mere hope.

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS 179

“Your own experience will tell you whether I am right in your case, but I think the chief difficulty in Home Missions is to combine general with specific work. Our Lord went to and fro over the land, visiting all towns and cities, and yet how long time He gave to the individual case. Any individual could stop Him and receive all needed attention: the Nain funeral, the woman with the issue of blood, blind Bartimaeus, the Syrophenician woman. How can we reproduce that Divine Life of work which neglected neither the general nor the special, with neither rush nor rest? How, indeed, but by constant thought and prayer, so that the mind may be in us that was in Christ Jesus; so that we may find time to give special care to special cases and yet never forget that we have a message to all. Go round the whole—therefore am I sent; take time to help this one—for therefore am I stopped by him or her.”

A new development of Guild work was begun in 1900 through the loving energy of Mrs. Charteris, the Guild President; and Miss Maxwell always took a keen interest in its progress. The children of the Churches' missionaries, who had no relations of their own able to care for them in their parents' absence, and too often had to be left with those who had no interest in their highest welfare, were always near Mrs. Charteris' heart. By her earnest appeals in the *Woman's Guild Supplement* and among her personal friends she succeeded in collecting the sum of £3000, and in the spring of that year a suitable house with sufficient accommodation, a large old-fashioned garden behind, and

beautiful views and fresh air all round it, was bought for this purpose in the little country village of Duddingston, near Edinburgh. Some alterations were needed to make the old house suitable for the small family who were to fill it, but that was soon accomplished, and when the Home was opened on the 1st of June, with its bright airy rooms, freshly papered and painted, and in one a goodly supply of picture-books and toys, sent by the loving hearts of other little ones from their own nurseries, it looked, as it has proved, a most perfect home for the children. The Home-House is near enough for the children to attend school in Edinburgh, and the healthy country breezes and loving care which always surround them make doctors' visits very rarely necessary.

The Home is under the care of Miss Paterson, one of the Deaconesses of the Church. For many years she was assisted by her sister, Miss Minnie Paterson, who has left a beautiful and holy memory with the little ones she tended so gently and lovingly. The Aunties, as the children love to call the kind friends, who have done so much for them, can now claim nephews and nieces in many countries, and at almost every Mission station of the Church of Scotland. What it has meant to the hearts of many anxious parents in their distant spheres of work to feel that their little ones are being brought up among such healthy surroundings and under such wise and loving care it is difficult to say.

Miss Maxwell was a member of the Home-House Board of management. The children knew and

loved her, and her Christmas party for them, when the pink and white sugared cakes they looked forward to were never forgotten, and not one but three dips in the lucky-bag allowed for each child, and a drive home in cabs hired for them, ended a happy evening, was among their greatest annual treats.

One year, on account of the death of one of the Deaconess band on Christmas day, Miss Maxwell felt she could not have the party at the Deaconess House, but she did not wish to deprive the children of the pleasure she knew they were expecting. So a cab was sent for and Miss Maxwell appeared at the Home-House laden with the cakes, crackers, fruit, flowers, and presents she had prepared for them, and asked that they might be used to give them a thoroughly happy evening at the Home-House, as she could not invite them to the Deaconess House that year. Even in her last days of suffering, thoughts of the Home-House children were present to her, and though hardly conscious of what was passing round her she spoke of the tea she would like to be made ready for them.

With her busy days full of work connected with the Guilds and Deaconess House it was difficult for Miss Maxwell to find time for outside engagements, but about this time she was asked and consented to give an address, which was very much appreciated, to the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society workers. "We all work more or less," she said, "through the organisation of Churches, of Societies, and of Guilds, and rightly

so, I think, for the God whom we would seek to serve is a God of order. Besides there is a strength in organised work, though at times we may feel its restraint, which there can never be in individual work; the former has a strength of continuance, while the latter is apt to end with the life of the individual who first begins it. But at the same time organisation can never go deeper than the shell, and it is well for us to give ourselves time now and again to look inside the shell and weigh the life it holds.

“This I would do just now by suggesting three questions: What is my aim? What is my standard? and What is my sufficiency? for the two first would leave us in hopeless despair unless followed by the last.

“First, then, What is my aim? I think sometimes we are apt to confuse method with aim, whereas they are quite different. As Christian workers we may have many methods, according to character and circumstances. One of strong intellect may with clear terse arguments win souls for Christ; another, by the God-given talent of song, may do so; while yet another may draw them with the winsome fervour of a loving disposition. Then we hear of schemes for better housing and better clothing—all so good, for who does not long that each individual life and each family life should add its quota of beauty to God’s beautiful earth and not to the Devil’s wretched marring of it? But these are only methods, and may be innumerably multiplied by the workers of God.

“Not so the aim—for that surely must be



VIEW OF KALIMPONG MISSION.

single—to win souls for Christ. Many methods but one aim.

“At times it would be good for us to take, as it were, a measuring-line, and placing the one end on our method, carry it along the line of our thoughts and see where the other end rests. It may rest in three places,—love of self, with its self-glorification and self-will; love of philanthropy, with its desire after universal happiness and morality; or love of souls, with its intense longing to win them for Christ and Eternity. As workers for Christ we cannot rest satisfied with anything short of the last. Any method we may find best, but let us see that the other end reaches the right point; for the winning of souls is the one true aim of Christian work.

“Secondly, What is my standard? A worker was once walking along the street with a friend, who said, ‘I don’t know how you can go to places like this; it is very noble of you.’ The answer came quickly, ‘You would not say so if you remembered the One for Whom it is done.’ Yes, there is the Mainspring—the One for Whom it is done. As His followers we would see His Standard, and that is given to us very distinctly, not by one of His loving disciples, who stood in agony at the foot of the cross, but all unconsciously by one of the jeering crowd, ‘He saved others; Himself He cannot save.’ Yet how often our meagre service would apparently twist those words into something far, far different. ‘She saves others when herself she can save.’ We take our spare time, our spare money, our spare strength

that is over and above what we need for our own ease and offer it to God, and so the Standard of Christ is dragged in earth's dust and covered with the mire and the clay of a selfish, easygoing service.

“ Our Leader lifted His Standard of self-sacrifice on high, and looks to His followers to carry on His work with the same Standard—‘ He saved others ; Himself He cannot save.’

“ Do we say the aim is too single, the standard too high for human frailty ? Yes, it *is* far above us, and therefore my third question, ‘ What is my sufficiency ? ’

“ I was once visiting some friends, and one day when standing before the fire with the master of the house I saw a look of vexation pass over his face as he looked up at some beautiful little Dresden china figures which had been chipped. ‘ I never let the housemaid touch them,’ he said, ‘ for I remember the price I paid for them too well.’ Christ paid the price of His life's blood for souls and yet He trusts His servants to do their part in brushing off the dust of earth. Well may our work have the touch of reverence, for it is so high that it reaches far into Eternity ! Well may it have the touch of humility, for the instrument that works is so weak and foolish ! Yet we need not be fearful or dismayed, for the great Apostle who asks the question, ‘ Who is sufficient for these things ? ’ supplies us also with the answer, ‘ Not I, but the grace of God which was with Me.’ That same ‘ grace ’ is still in the world, ready and abundant for you and me ;

therefore, taking hold of that grace, let us not be discouraged, but go forward as workers for God, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

The Woman's Guild Conference was held at Stirling in 1901, and Miss Maxwell's words at it were on Prayer, its place in the Spiritual Life or Life of Holiness; for these are just two ways, she said, of speaking of the same thing, the Presence of the Holy Spirit within us creating and developing the holy graces of God in our hearts and lives. Prayer must be at the root and starting-point of every effort after perfection in the Christian life. The perfect ideal of personal holiness, of home life, of social life, of Christian life, can make no progress unless it is upheld by constant prayer!"

A most happy outcome of the Glasgow Conference next year was the inauguration of a Guild Temperance Tent, which could be moved to different parts of the country where shows were to be held or any public function taking place. It was to be worked by Guildswomen in the interest of Temperance, the expense of carriage and a small sum for its use being paid by those who applied for it. The thirty-seven pounds needed were collected without difficulty, and by June the tent was ready and began its round of useful and most helpful engagements at the St. Boswells Cattle Show. Then it went on to Kinross and Auldearn for country shows in both these places, and to Crossmichael and Stranraer for sales of work. At all it was found most useful, and the well-cooked food, and the cheery brightness of those who took

the management of it, made it a centre of much good at the local shows.

Other tents were afterwards started as the advantages of such efforts were recognised, and when well managed the tents more than paid their way. From St. Boswells a handsome donation was sent to the Committee, with the prayer that the tent might prove as great a blessing and success in other places as it had there. The work often made a heavy draw on the strength and business capacities of those in charge, but they gladly gave their help. At one of the Highland Agricultural Shows the drawings at the Temperance Tent amounted to £631, but the expenses included, among other items, 1500 lbs. of beef, 270 lbs. of salmon, 170 lbs. of butter, 1500 lbs. of strawberries, and a quarter of a ton of sugar! The takings more than covered the expenses, but these figures give an idea of the labour entailed on those who undertook the work.

Another Guild effort on Temperance lines was begun the following year, owing to the interest excited at the Guild Conference held that year in London, on the warm invitation of the Crown Court and Pont Street Church Guilds. Many Deaconesses and Parish Sisters labouring in poor districts and in prisons felt the need of some quiet place where those who had fallen under the bondage of strong drink could be helped and strengthened in the hard fight against temptation. They knew that the evil surroundings among which many of them lived made the struggle doubly hard, and that in many cases the only

hope of reformation seemed separation for a time from their homes and environments, in a place where they could be brought under healthful and Christian influences. The proposal to start such a home was made during the Conference, and at the business meeting the question was suddenly asked, "How much money do you want?" and acting on advice as suddenly given, the reply came, "One hundred pounds." That amount was afterwards found to be inadequate, but a sufficient sum was collected, and on March 26, 1904, the Home, under the name of the "Guild Cottage," was opened with a short service conducted by the Rev. Professor Kennedy and Dr. Robertson. Miss Maxwell was one of the many friends who were present. She was a member of the Committee, and always took a warm and helpful interest in the success of the scheme.

The first house taken was near Lasswade. A move was afterwards made to the neighbourhood of Polmont, but in 1910 a house, again near Lasswade, was rented, and the work of love and pity, which has rescued many sorely tempted ones from a life of degradation, carried on there. Sewing, laundry work, and poultry-keeping were among the occupations of the inmates, and the beautiful garden round the house was a means of healthy work and recreation, and a great pleasure and advantage to them. Miss Catherine Cowie was the first superintendent of the Home, and Miss Margaret Johnston later on spent many years of loving and helpful labour in its service.

The Woman's Guild Conference was held at

Galashiels in 1904. During its sitting Miss Maxwell made an earnest appeal for the money needed to complete the building of the Lady Teachers' House at Kalimpong, a mission which had been chosen as their special charge by the Woman's Guild, and in which she always took a deep interest. Her admiration for Dr. Graham, the head of the Mission, and for the splendid work carried on by him in the Colonial Homes for Eurasian children, was very great.

The year 1905 was a year of enlarged projects. In bright May weather the Woman's Guild Conference met in Inverness, "the beautiful capital of the north," as its votaries love to call it. Miss Maxwell gave a most interesting resumé of the work that had been done during the past years in the Deaconess House, District, and Hospital, and spoke of the fresh developments in view. "During the last year," she said, "fourteen residents have taken advantage of the training given at the Deaconess House. Two left last autumn for the Foreign Mission field, one for Calcutta, and one for Kalimpong, and two for work in the Home Mission field. Two passed on to the Hospital for their nursing training and seven still continue their training in the Deaconess House—three with a view to Home Mission work and four who look forward to working abroad. Lectures and classes were carried on as usual during the winter session, and the summer session is now going on. A large portion of the time allotted to lectures and classes is always devoted to Bible study, but besides this last winter we had lectures on the History of the

Church, on Christian Work, on Social Reform, and on the Foreign Missions of our Church.

“The summer session includes, besides Bible study, a class for sick and artisan cookery, a class for cutting out garments, and a course of Missionary addresses given by different missionaries, now at home on furlough.

“The various meetings and classes have been carried on in the Mission district of St. Ninian’s, but the great effort to teach our district people has, as always, been specially in the direction of house-to-house visitation, for in this way we meet with them individually. There is a wonderful craving in every heart for *individual* sympathy from the personal friend. It came out strangely the other day, when the visitor expressed surprise that a poor woman, who had seen better days, but had come down terribly, showed such gratitude for what she had done and yet had none for the far greater thing that Jesus had done. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘He did it for everybody, but what you have done has been *just for me.*’ Mistaken theology and a selfish mind were there to be enlightened and widened, but one saw that the craving for individual sympathy and recognition of personality had been met on a lower level, and prayed that the response might rise from there to the higher level of the Divine personal knowledge and love.

“And now of our Hospital with its busy life always going on. During the last year 341 patients have been treated in the wards, and our district nurses have attended 321 cases in their own homes,

many of these requiring daily attendance which brings up the number of visits paid to 4663. Besides the benefit which the patients derive from these visits the district nursing forms a most valuable part of the training, specially for those going abroad.

“The wards look very bright and cheerful with the flowers so constantly supplied by Guild Branches and individual friends, but one cannot help feeling sad as one looks at some of the beds. In one there is an old lady, very gentle and quiet, but ‘this pain’ she says, as the patient tears gather in her eyes, ‘it is always there’; and we know, though the arm has been removed, that it always will be, till she is taken to the Home where there is no more pain.

“But we would look forward, not merely look back. The very goodness of God, who has blessed us in the past, should spur us on to greater things. In 1887 we began our Mission work in a strange poky little mission place in St. Leonard’s Street, and it took several steps onwards and upwards before we arrived at the present St. Ninian’s Mission buildings. As regards the nursing training too, the Life and Work Committee did not jump to the conclusion that this branch of training was required and straightway build a Hospital. Experiments were tried in Glasgow in one of the large Infirmaries there, our probationers going backwards and forwards morning and evening, while sleeping in a Deaconess House of our own. This failed, and a similar experiment was tried in the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, with a like



MISSION HALL AND DEACONESS HOSPITAL.

To face page 191.

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS 191

result. The directors of these Institutions were most willing to help us, but none of these plans proved workable, and a Hospital of our own was found to be imperative.

“For some time back (two years, I think, at least) the call for further development has been before us. At present there are only twenty-eight beds in the Hospital, and less than forty is not technically qualifying; this prevents us training our own staff-nurses, while it puts all our fully trained and practically capable nurses at an unfair disadvantage when going out to Home or Foreign Missions. We would therefore increase the number of our beds to forty, and provide accommodation for the greater number of nurses that would of course be required in a Nurses’ Home.

“The time for further development in the Mission we think has also come. Hitherto we have had our Sunday services carried on and the Sacraments administered in our Mission Hall, where classes, services, concerts, and entertainments of all kinds are held. This makes it difficult to call out the reverence which is so desirable at such services. We want to build a place set apart for worship; no grand ornate church which would frighten our district people away, but a plain, simple building, where our two hundred communicants and our many adherents will feel at home, albeit reverent, when they meet to worship.

“A most suitable site, adjoining the Mission Buildings and Hospital, has been secured. It will require at least £10,000 to carry out these schemes of development, and we ask our Church to help

us, with good confidence because of past experience, and also because our work is no self-contained work, but one that touches the whole Church. The experienced workers found in St. Ninian's are very few; the beginners are many, the old giving place to the new and inexperienced ones each successive year, while the trained workers go out into the parishes of our Church—here, there, and everywhere; others go out qualified to work in the Foreign Mission field. Already about twenty have done so, and at present four in the Deaconess House and eight in the Deaconess Hospital are training with a view to the Foreign field. It has been said, as a reproach against our Church, that workers for our Foreign Missions had to be drawn from other Churches. I think the Deaconess House and Hospital have helped and are helping to lift this reproach from it.

“Whose, then, are these arms stretched out, in the name of the Saviour of the World, to meet the terrible need of our crowded city slums at home and the weary need of heathen and Jew abroad? The arms of our St. Ninian's Mission? Assuredly not, but the arms of the Church of Scotland by whom they are sent. So to that Church's congregations, Guilds, and members we turn and say, 'Help us to do your work.'

“We need the £10,000, so that we may have the means of providing fully qualified workers. We ask you very earnestly when you return home to your branches to tell them about this need, and ask them to do their bit as a branch of our Guild, and as members of the Church in helping to raise

NEW PROJECTS AND DEVELOPMENTS 193

that £10,000. It has been said of mercy—may it not be said of giving also?—‘It is twice blest; it blesses him that gives and him that takes.’ ”

Another project carried forward that year was a House of Rest for Deaconesses. Dr. Charteris had spoken of this at the Deaconess Conference of 1899, and the thought had for some time been simmering in many loving and thoughtful hearts. Five years before, £600 had been bequeathed for the purpose, the Life and Work Committee had voted £200, and, later on, a well-wisher, Miss Anderson, a Deaconess herself, had given £500 for the same object. The time seemed to have come when these plans should be carried out, and Dr. Charteris pleaded for the further sum needed to start the Home.

It was intended to be a house where Deaconesses, weakened in health from overwork and strain, might find rest and refreshment; where Deaconesses in old age could, if they wished, pass the evening of their life, still helping as they were able in the work of their Lord; and where Missionary ladies at home on furlough, or Home workers, primarily Deaconesses, should always find a welcome and a pleasant and restful Home. A very moderate charge was to be made towards meeting the expenses.

By the spring of 1907 the money needed was raised and the Home of Rest opened at Appin Lodge, Eskbank, much of the furniture being most generously given by Dr. and Mrs. Charteris from the old home at Wamphray. Appin Lodge was a comfortable old house with a beautiful garden

round it, and suitable in many ways; but Miss Maxwell, who took a keen interest in this, as she did in all Guild schemes, felt it was too far from Edinburgh, and that a house in the town would on the whole be more convenient for workers and more cheerful for the older residents. This was found to be the case, and eventually 28 George Square was bought and seems to answer all the proposed purposes. The large garden of the Square is a pleasant resort for those who need rest and quiet, and the constant tale of the Churches' work a never-failing interest to some who, though unable to continue their work as before, can still uphold their fellow-labourers by their prayers.

Though giving herself heart and soul to the work of her life, Miss Maxwell never forgot the old home ties. In the summer of 1907 her holidays were spent in Galloway, where she joined the family party at Cardoness to share in the happy festivities held in honour of the coming of age of her brother's only son, William Francis John Maxwell. Her two nephews, Alec Macrae and William Maxwell, were very dear to their Aunt's heart, and they warmly returned the affection. Both only sons, first cousins on both their father's and mother's side and with only a few months difference in age, they had been brought up almost as brothers and were deeply attached to each other, sharing one another's interests, and spending many of their holidays together.

The coming-of-age festivities had been put off for one year on account of the death of their Uncle, Sir William Gordon of Earlston; but on that fair

summer day a large party assembled, and bright, pure-hearted, and courteous, the two cousins moved among the guests, one with the deep, earnest look in his eyes which seemed to see beyond the ken of earthly things, the other with the keen, blue eye, the winning manner, and the sweet, radiant smile that brought joy to all that knew him.

Those who loved them best looked forward with thankful hearts to the lives of happiness and usefulness that lay before them. Now, for God and King and Country they have both made the great sacrifice, and have been laid to rest, one on the bleak shores of Gallipoli, the other on the blood-stained soil of France—the graves of so many of earth's brightest hopes and fairest dreams, but not of that glory that excelleth, the pleasures that are at His right hand for evermore. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift, the gift of His only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour. They are together now with the Aunt who loved them so tenderly, unraveling in the blessedness and glory of the Father's presence the mysteries that to our dim earthly eyes seem so dark and unfathomable. But to us, too, they will be made plain hereafter, as God reveals to His children in the ages to come "the exceeding riches of His grace" towards them in Christ Jesus their Lord.

WORK IN GENERAL

He maketh the clouds His chariots.—Ps. civ. 3.

Oh, make my clouds Thy chariots to bear my spirit home,
And let them lift me far aloft above the starry dome,
Above the host of seraphim, above the angel choir,
Into Thy presence face to face to find my heart's desire !

Oh, make my clouds Thy chariots, let them raise me from
the dust,
From the mean, and poor, and earthly, from the moth and
from the rust,
From the selfishness that wearies, from the vanity that
cloys,
To the love that passeth knowledge, to the peace that
passeth joys !

Oh, make my clouds Thy chariots, wherein this heart shall
run
To bind each broken life that bleeds beneath the circling
sun ;
To touch with kindred sympathy the woes the world hath
given ;
And on the wounds of earth to pour the healing balm of
heaven !

Oh, make my clouds Thy chariots ; so shall I learn to see
That the mist that dims the glory is itself a light from
Thee ;
For the shadows of the wilderness to me shall sing aloud
When I find Thy nearest coming in the advent of a cloud !

GEORGE MATHESON.

From *Sacred Songs*, published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

CHAPTER X

WORK IN GENERAL

THE year 1908 was marked by deep sorrow to those who had worked with and under Dr. Charteris in all the many plans started by him for the uplift and development of the agencies of the Church. Suddenly, with no previous warning and with no pain, while sitting quietly in their rooms in Melville Street, the call came, and with only time to say the words, "Oh! Katie," to her who had shared every thought and effort of those later years, he passed into the presence of the Master he had served so truly and faithfully. Miss Maxwell and Miss Pirrie hastened to Mrs. Charteris's side as soon as they heard of her sudden loss. They went with the mourners from Edinburgh to Wamphray, where his body was lovingly laid to rest in the churchyard of his boyhood's home. To Miss Maxwell the loss was very great. His comradeship and warm appreciation, and the inspiration of his holy and gifted life had done much to make a task which often seemed far beyond her physical strength possible for her.

At the Guild Conference held in Edinburgh next year many tributes were paid to his memory.

Dr. Wallace Williamson, speaking at the Reception of Delegates in St. Cuthbert's Hall, said: "From the very first in the mind of the Founder and in the mind of those who enrolled themselves as members of the Woman's Guild there was one note, and that note has been the distinguishing feature of the Guild all through. It has been the note of *Service*. What can we do for the Master? What can we do for our beloved Land? What can we do for those who have never heard the name of Christ? and I venture to say without exaggeration that it has been more present, more evident, and more powerful as a conscious motive of the Woman's Guild than it has been of any other organisation in connection with the Church. We cannot but refer to Dr. Charteris, because he has left a great blank in our hearts and a great blank in the hearts of the leaders of the Church. But I pass quickly from a note of sadness to a note of gladness, thanksgiving, and pride that God gave to the Church such a man, with pride that you can claim him to-day as the Founder of this magnificent organisation which has done so much for the Church and for Scotland, and is now only at the beginning of the magnificent service it is going to render in time to come."

At the Memorial Service in St. Cuthbert's Church the Rev. J. Robertson, D.D., of Whittingehame, gave a loving tribute based on long personal friendship to the strong and beautiful life that had passed so suddenly to its reward, and ended with these earnest words: "As I am addressing representatives of the Woman's Guild, and am reminded how great a number both of men and women throughout

our Church are taking an active part in Christian work of many kinds because of doors opened to them through the initiative of Dr. Charteris—so that he may be said to live and labour still all through our Church in and by them—I would end my address by reminding you that, greatly as he fought for organisation and for the right of the Church to add to or adapt its organisation to each new time and need, no one felt more than he that organisation without spiritual life is worse than useless, that service to God and man can be well rendered only if the worker's own life in Christ is true, and is continually replenished from the Great Source. The history of the Church in all ages is strewn with the record of spiritual movements which were powerful in their beginning because in the hearts of their first promoters there was a deep feeling of the human need to be met, a great sense of the task to be attempted, and a consciousness of personal weakness; but with this, faith in God and in the Lord Jesus, utter self-renunciation and consecration to Him. While all this marked the beginning of the movement, ere very long there came to be easy confidence in an organisation, weakened intensity of faith in God and of waiting upon Him, loss of personal humility, intrusion of individual jealousies—no fresh tide of the Spirit. Then the organisation cumbered the ground, became even an instrument of exclusiveness and tyranny.

“Is anything like this to be the history of the Woman's Guild of the Church of Scotland? It can be averted only by life truly from God and con-

tinually renewed. I speak thus plainly because I would fill you with fear lest the things I have pointed at should befall this organisation which we love for its works' sake, for the Church's sake, and for its Founder's sake; and I would count it a happy thing if, throughout your Conference now begun, every woman joined in the prayers with resolute, unsparing self-judgment: 'Lord, is it I?' with personal confession, with new self-consecration; and that you were able to say of this Conference when it is over, 'We think at least that we have gone low enough for a blessing.'"

Miss Maxwell was in the Chair at the Devotional Meeting in the evening, and spoke of Dr. Charteris in a few words of deep feeling. "We have had our Memorial Service this afternoon in memory of our dear Founder, Dr. Charteris, but I think we should not like to have our first diet of Conference without speaking of him too. We shall indeed miss that voice of strong faith that was always sounding in our ears. Many of us, almost all of us, after we have achieved anything, are apt to rest on our oars; but it was not so with him. After a thing was good he always said, 'Make it better'; and if it were as good as it could be in one direction then he said, 'Develop it in another.' It was never 'Stand still' with him, but always the forward note; and it was good to work with him because alongside of that strong faith there also went that deep, sympathetic comradeship that made one feel so brave and so glad to follow him.

"I think as we look at the numbers of delegates who have come together this evening we see that

the forward note is indeed sounding as far as our numbers go.

“But there are two other directions in which we long for it to sound even more fully—first, in the spiritual life of our Guild. At times we have had sadly to admit that in a religious movement the increase of numbers has been followed by the decrease of spiritual life, and if it is not to be so with our Guild as a whole, I think we must pray very much and watch very carefully over the personal individual life of each member. For one thing is very sure—that the spiritual life of the Guild as a whole will be according to the spiritual life of the individual Guildswoman.

“And, secondly, we must keep the forward note in our minds in regard to our work. I would like to close with some words I came across lately, ‘Brethren, be honest.’ The Church exists not to make a show but to do a great work. With the forward note ever sounding in our ears, and ever keeping in our hearts that thought of the spiritual life of the Guild and the practical life of the Guild, I think we may go forward with a strong faith and full of hope.”

“Full of hope.” Her own life was joyful and very full of hope founded on the Almighty power and love of the God she trusted. One of the last and most beautiful addresses she ever gave was on “Hope.”

The subject had been very much in her own mind before she spoke of it, and she felt how much the spiritual growth of God’s children and their power of service for their Lord and helpfulness to

others depended on the gift of Hope to inspire and to empower. A friend had met her in a car and told her of the effort he was making to help others, though he felt all the time it was a hopeless task.

“Impossible” it seemed to her for any true work to be done in that spirit, for, she asked in the address she gave, “On what ground do we base our Hope and claim to be the children of Hope, living in an atmosphere of Hope?”

“But one proviso must be made. Are we honestly and sincerely striving to make our wills one with God’s will, and weighing our purposes to see that they are in harmony with God’s purposes, for, otherwise, we certainly have no true foundation or just reason for Hope?”

“Then, if that question can be answered rightly, let us go on to see what is our ground of Hope.

“First, in our spiritual growth.

“Our God is the God of Hope because He is the Almighty God. *All* mighty; or do we think even if we do not say, *half* mighty?”

“We all desire keenly to be nobler, purer, holier. What does our Heavenly Father want? Surely far more keenly than we do He desires our growth in all that is highest, and with His desire is linked His Almighty power. He is able to save—to save us individually—‘Ye are the body of Christ and members in particular.’ So it is in co-operation with an *All*-mighty power that we are wrestling when we wrestle against besetting sins, wrestling truly but wrestling hopefully to win and overcome.

“And, secondly, the ground of our Hope in our service of helpfulness to others is the same *All*-

mighty power of the Heavenly Father. Jesus came to reveal that Father to us. His words to Philip were, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.'

"The eyes of the blind man were opened. 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I can see.' It was that *All*-mighty power.

"The crippled man 'had been now a long time in that case,' but immediately at the touch of Christ he was made whole. It was the same *All*-mighty power.

"The palsied man was healed and 'the people were all amazed and said, We never saw it in this fashion.' Again that *All*-mighty power.

"The devil-possessed man. The words of the fifth chapter of St. Mark show us the impotency of human effort alone to help either ourselves or others; but at the command of Christ he who was possessed with the devil and had the legion was found sitting and clothed and in his right mind at the feet of Christ. That same *All*-mighty power again.

"Yes; Hope looks for modern miracles wrought through His servants by the *All*-mighty power of God.

"In the Assembly it was said that Christianity was the only religion of Hope. Some false religion may hold up high ideals of life, but they can only be followed a short way. In human strength alone the attainment is hopeless.

"But it is not so with our God, the God of Hope. He gives His children the Triumph song now, 'Thanks be unto God who *giveth* us the victory,' and the Hope sure and steadfast of that

glorious, sinless life hereafter at home with God, which is 'far better.'

"Surely His children may go forward with gladness of heart as children of 'Hope.'"

Her hope for the needed additions to the Deaconess Hospital had been realised, and after speaking at the Guild Conference in Edinburgh of the work of the Deaconess House she went on to tell of the improvements being made at the Deaconess Hospital, "our own little Church Hospital."

"The alterations which have been so long contemplated are now almost completed. The primary idea of these alterations was to increase the number of beds to forty in order that we might train our own staff nurses and give our probationers certificates of technical value.

"But, besides this, there are many secondary advantages gained, and some of no small importance. Hitherto our probationers have had no proper training in the nursing of children; it was impossible with just an odd cot or two placed rather on sufferance in the adult wards. Now the children will have their own ward, with cots of different sizes, where all is arranged with a view to their requirements and their tastes. Such a bright, cheery place it is, with its pretty soft tints, and the Noah's Ark animals walking round the wall in a most delightful way; the children's hearts will just jump for joy when they look at them, unless their pain is too bad, poor wee mites!

"Then each of the two wards, men's and women's, have balconies, doubled in size and very different from the narrow cramped space of old days.

“And the nurses’ quarters! Some time ago the Committee bought some houses just behind the Hospital intending to turn them into nurses’ quarters; but this was found to be impossible owing to the state of the walls, and the building had to be pulled down. In its place there now stands a long low building with a red roof, forming a most cheerful feature in the midst of rather sombre surroundings. Inside, the place is quite delightful, with its long row of bright cosy little bedrooms, and, at the end of the passage upstairs, there is a sitting-room with a balcony looking out on to Arthur’s Seat where the nurses will be able to sit and rest undisturbed.

“All these improvements are desirable, and, in fact, there was not much choice about the matter, for forty beds had to come, and the training of our probationers was not complete so long as they had only adult nursing.

“But there is the other side, the side of pounds, shillings, and pence to keep up the extra beds; so we have to ask our kind friends to be kinder still. We are not afraid, for a child in pain and suffering is such a sad sight that it appeals to all, and we believe that many a kind thought will express itself in welcome gifts for the little ones.

“For many gifts received during the past year for the Hospital and Deaconess Mission we thank our sister Guildswomen most cordially. If it had not been for the flowers received, the wards would not have looked nearly so bright and pretty; if it had not been for eggs, scones, fruit, and many welcome gifts from our Guild Branches, the

appetites of the patients would not have been so easy to tempt with some unusual little delicacy.

“And so in our Deaconess House Mission and in our Deaconess Hospital we work on, looking forward to the day

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude hand deface no more
The Paradise of God.

“Meantime, by the grace of God we try to do our bit in lessening the world's sin and pain.”

To the great gratification of all interested in the work of the Hospital the alterations were completed and the new ward and Nurses' Home were opened during the sitting of the Assembly in May 1909.

In December 1908, under the notification of the Births Act of 1907, the first official Health Visitors had been appointed in Edinburgh. The Town Council accepted the offer of voluntary help to co-operate with the official efforts being made for the visitation of babies in all the areas where the death-rate was excessively high. With her great love for children the scheme appealed strongly to Miss Maxwell, and though at that time already overburdened with other duties she took from the first a deep and practical interest in its success. The secretaries of the Voluntary Health Visitors Department felt that, as the town was already divided into Church Districts, it would be best to ask the Churches to appoint suitable representatives to report on the infant life in each district; by degrees this scheme was carried out over the whole city.

Referring to Miss Maxwell's share in this work, Mrs. Somerville, Joint Hon. Secretary of the Voluntary Health Visitors, writes: "Miss Maxwell, as head of the Deaconess Mission in the Pleasance, took an active share in the organising of the visitation scheme. She believed, as the secretaries believed, that the physical health of the home and the moral well-being were so indissolubly united that the Town and the Church met on the same platform in seeking to lower the death-rate and to lessen the damage-rate among the children. Miss Maxwell came regularly to the fortnightly meetings held in the City Chambers. In the early days when difficult questions arose her advice was always sought. Her large experience and her whole-hearted devotion to the highest ideals made her judgement most valuable on all points. If she approved, the secretaries were sure that good results would follow; if she disapproved, further deliberation was found to be necessary. St. Ninian's district was organised by Miss Maxwell for baby visitation in 1909, and fortnightly reports given in with unfailing regularity. As long as strength permitted, Miss Maxwell took a considerable share herself in the baby visitation. She received the reports from the other visitors in her district, and from these reports filled in the forms for transmission to the Public Health Department. This secretarial work was faithfully performed by Miss Maxwell for some time after she was obliged, through weak health, to retire from the active work of the Deaconess Institution."

The list of classes for the winter session of 1909—

1910 show the varied and practical teaching given at the Deaconess Institution to those in training.

They comprise the following subjects: Twelve lessons on the Life of Christ, based mainly on the Gospel of St. Mark, and eight lessons on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and Philippians, by Miss Maxwell.

Twelve lessons on the Acts of the Apostles and eight on the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the Pastoral Epistles, by Miss A. F. Stevenson.

Twelve addresses by the Rev. G. Wilson on the Principles and Practice of Evangelistic Work, including the following subjects: New Testament principles and methods in dealing with individual souls; New Testament principles and methods in dealing with family and social life, New Testament principles and methods in evangelistic teaching and addresses, New Testament principles and methods of evangelistic work.

Eight addresses on Missions to the heathen, including Missionary responsibility and methods of discharging it; History and achievements of Christian Missions, types of Missions, the Missions of the Church of Scotland, their fields, methods, and work; Lessons from Missionary Biography, by the Rev. A. B. Wann, D.D.

Eight addresses on Home Missions, their methods, agencies, and requirements, by the Rev. R. H. Dunlop.

Outlines of Christian Doctrines—God, Man, Sin, The Person and Work of Christ, Salvation, the Holy Spirit, the Church, by the Rev. W. Cowan.

Homiletics and the Preparation of Addresses,

including the Expository Use of Scripture, by the Honourable and Reverend Arthur Gordon. In connection with this class residents were expected to prepare and give in from time to time notes of addresses on prescribed subjects.

A class for preparation of lessons to be taught in the Sunday School was held by Miss S. Lamond, D.C.S., for some months. A class for reading aloud was conducted by Miss Maxwell, and constant help and instruction given by both Miss Maxwell and Miss Lamond in district-visiting and dealing with individual cases in the district. A class for cutting out garments and similar work, with a view to training residents to superintend women's and girls' sewing classes, was also held.

Some notes which seem to have been written about this time show Miss Maxwell's views on several points.

"The reason for, or basis on which the Deaconess House was first started was—to train workers and be a rallying centre for the Diaconate.

"Essential that a Deaconess be in charge.

"The Diaconate requires a centre. At Kaiserswerth all, even foreign workers, meet every five years; others still more frequently.

"If the Deaconess House were to become merely a college for training, the Diaconate would have to appeal to its Committee for some rallying-point elsewhere.

"Instruction is a thing of the hour, while parish Mission work is an atmosphere.

"The harmfulness of the Mission as a whole being permanently removed from the Deaconess

House. In that case it is almost inevitable that the residents would merely become familiar with their own little bit of visiting and their own class; and that the whole relationship of parochial work would not be grasped, viz. relationship of one class to another, of one worker to another, and the relation in which they stand to the minister. Conversation at meal-times, etc., regarding any problem brought the whole before the residents, and they lived in the atmosphere of a common interest. This inevitable loss might not be serious, perhaps, for those going to the Foreign Mission field, but they come to us by ones and twos while there has always been a steady supply in numbers of eight or nine of those who are going out as parochial workers. The loss of this for them is a very grave thought.

“The practical work being so much cut down has made a difficulty, but if a separation of House and Mission is made permanently, I fear it will be impossible for the Board to send out parish workers with any grip of parish responsibilities and relationship, and they will have to learn it afterwards by their mistakes.”

The winter was cold. “This cold weather makes us all shiver,” Miss Maxwell wrote, and “the cupboards are bare!” An earnest appeal followed for clothes, new or old, for the poor of St. Ninian’s district, visited by the residents in the Deaconess House. Gifts of this kind proved a very valuable assistance to their Mission work, and were always distributed with care and wisdom, sometimes given free, but more frequently bought

for a small sum by those who needed them. As a rule it was found that the influence on the people was better and more care was taken of articles bought even for a small sum than of those given away.

About this time Miss Maxwell joined the Scottish Women's Protestant Union. The baneful effect of the *Ne Temere* Decree, issued by Pope Pius in 1907, grieved her deeply, and she heard with indignation of the havoc it was causing both in family and individual life. She was always ready to acknowledge the self-denying labours and splendid courage of some of the members of the Romish Church, but the sacerdotal claims of its priesthood, the slavery of its confessional, and the neglect and frequently absolute refusal to spread the life-giving word of God among its people made her long to free them from its trammels and bring them into a larger and fuller light.

Her own teaching was always deeply Evangelical and Protestant, as the following notes of one of the carefully prepared addresses found among her papers show. The address was on those beautiful words in Phil. iii. 10, "The *Fellowship* of His Sufferings."

" 'The Fellowship of His sufferings,' Phil. iii. 10, or Sharers. *One, alone* by Himself in the Sufferings of the Atonement. 'One Mediator,' 1 Tim. ii. 5.

" 'But, Labourers together with God,' 1 Cor. iii. 9.

" 'Workers together with Him,' 2 Cor. vi. 1.

"As we become 'Workers together with Him,' so we enter into the meaning of the words in 2 Cor. vi. 10. Slight religion often means slight suffering, deeper religion often deeper suffering. Are we ready?

“ If so let us remember—Deeper suffering with Christ means deeper joy with Christ also. ‘ Rejoice with me,’ St. Luke xv. On earth as well for St. John xv. 15.

“ Christ’s sufferings.

“ Through persecution and contempt, Isaiah liii. From the day of His birth to the day of His death He suffered both active persecution and contempt. Simon, St. Luke vii. 44, neglect ver. 39, ‘ within himself.’ Well-bred, quiet contempt. His people, too, may be called to suffer this in His service. Through misunderstanding, Psalms lxix. 20, St. Matthew xii. 46, Isaiah lix. 16. The loneliness and suffering of not being understood are often great. (But do not let us invent it, pose as martyrs through our own disagreeableness, want of tact, selfishness. Christ our Lord has no possible fellowship with that except to cure it.) Yet sometimes His followers, as their Master, are truly misunderstood.

“ Through necessities, St. Matthew viii. 20 ; St. Paul also, 2 Cor. xii. 10 and vi. 4. Christ knew the rasp that privations and want are apt to bring, but weary and hungry, yet gentle and helpful, He sat beside the well, St. John iv.

“ Through bodily physical pain. Being wearied, St. John iv. 6. The story of the cross, that terrible night of physical pain, the scourging, the thorns ; *not the deeper suffering of the atonement, only Christ Himself could know that.*

“ Through sympathy. St. Mark vii. 34, St. John xi. 35-38, St. Luke vii. 13.

The fellowship of His sufferings in soul seeking

and winning; *not soul-saving that Christ alone can do*, St. Luke xiii. 34, xix. 41. The yearning love that suffers and that acts. Christ proved this by His incarnation,—think what He left and what He came to. By His deeds—sufferings while casting out devils—‘The travail of His soul,’ Isaiah liii. 11. Do we know this?

“St. Matthew xi. 12, The violent or those in earnest (red hot for self and others). Christ, in St. Luke, is represented as seeking diligently. The highest and truest work always means a giving out of ourselves and suffering. But ‘By reason of the travail of His soul He shall be satisfied,’ Var. Bible. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, the servant as his lord, St. Matt. x. 25. So let us run with patience remembering the joy, Heb. xii. 1-2.”

A change was made in the plan of the Woman’s Guild Conference in 1910, and instead of one large Conference, several smaller local ones were held in different centres, lasting for only one day. The Conference held at Inverness was a most successful and helpful one, both the weather and the Hospitality Committee doing their best to make it a pleasant and refreshing time to those who had gathered in their beautiful town.

Miss Maxwell presided at the devotional meeting in the morning, and spoke earnestly on the need and value of prayer. “In the first days of early youth,” she said, “it was often felt, ‘If death should come, how sorry I should be that I had done so little,’ but as life went on, we often felt even more, ‘If death should come, how sorry

I should be that I had prayed so little.' Speaking in a human sense, God in His weakest is stronger than our strongest. Mere striving without prayer is a futile wasting of effort ; although it is necessary for us to put forth our very best efforts, for we owe that to our dear Master. But in work without prayer something is always lacking.

" A story showing the power of prayer was told me by a friend who did much work among soldiers. One man, who had been a terrible drunkard, and had been doing his best for some time with success to keep straight, was in the Soldiers' Home one evening when the terrible craving came on him, and he was determined to gratify it. The lady knew it was useless to try and keep him in, but she made up her mind to pray earnestly for him. Just after the man had left he suddenly turned and went back to the Home again, and entering the room, said imploringly to the lady : ' Oh ! miss, you *won't* pray for me, will you ? ' Well he knew that prayer had power, and dreaded at that moment lest it should keep him from gratifying the craving that assailed him so strongly."

She closed with an earnest appeal to Guild members to use this wonderful God-given power of prayer more fully.

The great World Missionary Conference was held in Edinburgh during the summer. Miss Maxwell was deeply interested in that most wonderful gathering, and attended as many of the meetings as possible, though any extra exertion told heavily on her at that time. The Deaconess House was thrown open to those attending it. Two ladies

from Canada took advantage of its hospitality, and the grateful letters of appreciation, written after their return home, showed how much they had valued the kindly welcome given, and the opportunity they had had of seeing the working of the Scottish Deaconess Institution in this intimate way.

But the burden of weak health was increasing, and greatly as she loved her work, Miss Maxwell felt it was impossible for her to carry it on longer. At the earnest request of the Committee she had gone on with it through those last years, but now eye trouble, the beginning of which she had felt even when in the Canary Islands thirteen years before, had developed into the more severe type of glaucoma, and the doctors said they could not answer for her sight unless she gave up her work altogether and went through an operation on her eyes as soon as possible. She sent in her resignation at the end of that year, but was persuaded to stay on till the spring that the Committee might not be hurried in their choice of a successor.

At the Woman's Guild Conference held at Dundee in 1911 she gave in her last report as Head of the Deaconess House and Mission, and with great sorrow her fellow-Guildswomen heard of her decision to give up her post. Her account of the good work carried on and her reminder of the great boon that the gifts of clothes, new and old, flowers, and country produce were to the Mission and also to the Hospital, met with a warm response. Once a present of twenty-four dozen eggs had been sent from a country branch, and she told of the

pleasure they had given in many of the poverty-tried homes of the Pleasance.

A very warm resolution was unanimously passed at the Conference expressing grateful recognition of the valuable services Miss Maxwell had rendered as Head of the Deaconess House for the last twenty-three years, and the hope that, though she was retiring on account of failing health, she might still have many years of service within the Guild, and in connection with the work to which she had devoted her life.

She was deeply touched with the warmth of love shown to her, and assured her fellow-workers that, though she had been obliged to resign her work as Head of the Deaconess House, she had not left the Guild, but hoped to be in it all her life, and still able to work for it, though it would be in a different way.

The following month Miss Mary Lamond, D.C.S., who had worked with Miss Maxwell in the Deaconess House, and for many years had acted as Secretary of the Guild, was asked to take the post of Superintendent of the Deaconess House. She was well known in all the parishes of the Church for her wise and kind helpfulness in assisting to form Branches of the Guild, and for the practical and inspiring addresses she had so often given.

The Committee felt the work would be carried on by her with earnestness and efficiency, and it was a great satisfaction to Miss Maxwell to know that an old co-worker had agreed to take her place. The doctors had become even more insistent, and at the end of May she handed over the charge of the Deaconess House, and felt that she could at last take the rest that was so urgently needed.

LAST YEARS

Bless'd be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
When from the dead He rais'd His Son
And call'd Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
Unfading in the skies.
Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come :
We walk by faith as strangers here ;
But Christ shall call us Home.

CHAPTER XI

LAST YEARS

AFTER leaving the Deaconess House, Miss Maxwell went at once into a nursing home for the operation on her eye, and found that the other eye had also been affected. The operation on both eyes was as successful as possible, and her patience and calmness did much to help her recovery; but though the results may be arrested, no cure has yet been found for glaucoma. In Miss Maxwell's case it had been brought on by overwork and strain, but she did not grudge the cost in the service of the Master she loved and trusted. She was content with her Heavenly Father's will, and looked round to see where His next work, even though it were sown in weakness, for her would be. Once, sitting with a friend in the old George Square Gardens, and looking back on life and its work, she said: "I think mine has been a very happy life." It had been a life very full of toil and strain, and sometimes keenly felt misunderstanding, but a life consecrated to God, and made strong and joyful with the gladness of His Presence.

An instance of her strong, uncomplaining forti-

tude and thoughtfulness for others occurred soon after she went into the nursing home. After the operation the pain in her eye was intense, but she had often felt it to a minor extent, and thought it was one of those things that were to be patiently endured. The bell was beside her and the night nurse ready to come at any moment, but she did not wish to give unnecessary trouble to those who, she felt, might be overburdened already, and waited patiently till her turn came round. Then deeply grieved at the pain that had been suffered so bravely, but unnecessarily, the nurse applied remedies which quickly soothed and relieved it.

Her thoughts even then were full of her district people, and of the yearning desire to bring them home to God. The darkness and degradation of the Pleasance lay heavily on her heart. A dream which came to her one night seemed like a pledge and promise of happier times, and was a joy to her. She did not speak of it to many. It seemed too sacred, but she thought she saw God's angels in the Pleasance, and as they worked she asked them why they were there, and they told her they had come to cleanse it from its vileness and its sin. If God's angels were there she felt she might leave it to them and to their Master.

To a friend she wrote later on from the country :
“ Your birthday to-morrow, so these flowers go to take my loving wishes. May your life ever grow richer in those high and holy things which bring the real, deep peace and joy into one's daily life, making one able to live above all the wee criss-crosses and sixes and sevens that must come and



CHARTERIS MEMORIAL CHURCH AND MISSION HALL.

To face page 223.

do give such tiring little aches. You have these even in such good places as ——, but do you know those lines which I like ?

Teach me Thy self ! for, Father, Thou hast patience
' Line upon line ' Thy precepts to convey ;
And Thou wilt wait that I may grasp Thy meaning
Nor turn in weariness from me away.

and with that Psalm cvii. 43—' Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the *loving kindness* of the Lord.' ”

Her wish for the full extension of St. Ninian's Mission was realised that year. It had been decided that the Church so greatly desired by Dr. Charteris to complete the equipment of the Mission as a training centre for workers intending to devote their lives to the service of the Church, and to provide church accommodation for the people of a densely crowded district, would be a fitting memorial to one who had done such splendid service in the organisation of Women's Work and on the Life and Work Committee. Most of the money needed had been subscribed, and on the 1st of June 1911, during the sitting of the Assembly, the foundation-stone of the beautiful little Church was laid by the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Glenconner, and the words of dedication spoken :
“ In the faith of Jesus Christ, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we lay this stone. In this place may the true faith flourish, the fear of God and the love of the brethren. Here may the voice of Prayer continually be heard, the voice of rejoicing and salvation,

and of praise to Thy glorious and holy Name, oh God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

It was a great pleasure to all her friends that Mrs. Charteris, though in feeble health, was able to be present at the bright dedication service of prayer and praise. Miss Maxwell could not join in it in person as the operation on her eyes still kept her in the nursing home, but in spirit she was there rejoicing with her fellow-workers in their joy.

After her long years of devoted service many felt they would like to offer her some tangible proof of their love and appreciation. At a meeting of Deaconesses, members of committee, and fellow-workers, held in the Deaconess House in June, she was presented with a beautiful silver tea-service, with the following words inscribed on the hot-water kettle: "Presented with silver tea-service to Miss A. M. Maxwell, Deaconess of the Church of Scotland, by sister-Deaconesses and other fellow-workers on her retirement from the position of Honorary Superintendent of the Deaconess House after twenty-three years of devoted service. June 1911."

Dr. Robertson of Coltness made the presentation, and in warm terms spoke of his long friendship with Miss Maxwell, and of the devotion and loyalty with which she had served the Church in many ways, but especially as the first Superintendent of the Deaconess House. She was deeply touched both by his words and the beautiful token of remembrance from her friends, and in very grateful terms thanked them for their lovely present.

“She had always thought,” she said, “of her opportunity of service at the Deaconess House as a most precious gift from God, and still looked forward to being able to work for the Church as a Deaconess.” Letter-writing had become a great difficulty owing to her weak eyesight, but as some who had contributed could not come to the presentation, Miss Maxwell wrote the following letter which was lithographed and sent to all the kind donors :

“MY DEAR FRIENDS—How am I to thank you for the lovely gift which was presented to me last Tuesday? The tea-kettle is so lovely, and the teapot, in addition to its beauty, is also the very shape that makes the best of tea—in fact the whole gift is really beautiful, and most heartily do I thank you all for it.

“When having it presented I was told that it was a token of appreciation; while I believe service such as ours should rather call, not for the praise of man, but for a song of thankful praise in our own hearts for the God-given honour and privilege of serving, yet I assure you that I am very grateful for the kind eyes that so see me and the generous hearts that so think of what I have tried to do.

“Well do I remember how fearful I was of undertaking it; and, looking back, I know I have only been able to do it by God’s grace and by the help of our dear founder, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Robertson, and the many, many sympathetic friends with whom God surrounded me when I

very prayerfully responded to His call twenty-three years ago.

“The brown handles of the kettle and teapot come to me as a glad symbol of the hope I have still to serve in the Church of my Fathers as a brown Deaconess, though obliged to resign my charge of the Deaconess House.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

“A. M. MAXWELL, *Deaconess.*”

George Square and its precincts had become very dear to her during those twenty-three years of work, and after leaving the Deaconess House she took rooms for a short time in Buccleuch Place; and later on moved into a flat in George Square.

She hoped still to be able, after some months of complete rest, to take an occasional meeting and be able to fill up gaps for other workers. One autumn she took charge of the St. Ninian's Mission District while the Deaconess household were absent on holiday. She was ever ready to welcome those who wished for a quiet helpful talk with her, though sometimes the strain on her strength was very great. Her patient fortitude and loving gentleness attracted many, and young people loved to pour out their troubles to her and always found her wise and loving sympathy ready for them.

One young wife, who, though no relation, always spoke of her as “Aunt Alice,” wrote :

“DARLING AUNT ALICE—Somehow I seem to have let far too long a time elapse without writing to you. I think the reason is that you are one of the people I always want to write sheets to and

put off doing so till I have the time—and that time never comes! The babies are all three in bed, and though it is nearly 10 o'clock I mean to write you, anyway, a line before going there myself. Even if I don't write I am always thinking of you and wondering how you are."

And another writes: "Just a line to say how glad I am to hear that you are feeling better. My thoughts are with you, and you are always in my love. . . ."

In 1912 she attended the local Woman's Guild Conference at Castle-Douglas, and gave her last beautiful address on the power and inspiration that true "Hope" can bring. She did not know how near she was herself to that "Far better" of which she spoke.

It was difficult for an active mind like hers to give up almost entirely what had been her constant thought for so many years, but gradually she found that her failing eyesight and heart weakness made the small amount of outside work she had hoped to be able to undertake impossible, and she bowed in loving obedience to the will of God.

Much of those last years had to be spent in bed or on a sofa, but sometimes in the warm summer days of 1913-14 she was able to take a drive and sit in the garden, where she loved to hear and see the children playing round her.

Miss Sophie Lamond, D.C.S., who had been her assistant in the Deaconess House for many years, came to share her home with her when she went to the flat in George Square. Miss S. Lamond

still had charge of the St. Ninian's Mission District. The accounts she brought back with her of the work going on there were a constant interest to Miss Maxwell, and her loving companionship and never-failing devotion did much to brighten those long days of weakness and often of suffering.

In the spring of 1914 she bought the main-door flat of 42 George Square, as it was the size of house she wished and seemed capable of being made suitable for her requirements in every way. Though many of the arrangements had to be made from her sick-bed, she set to work with her usual energy and interest; and with Miss Sophie Lamond's most efficient aid the furniture required was soon procured and the needed alterations carried out. She was not able to inspect the house herself for some time, but she had a power of imagination, and the rooms were pictured in her mind's eye, and the place of nearly every piece of furniture arranged before she had been inside the house. It was a great interest to her through the early spring months, and when she and Miss Lamond moved into their bright, comfortable little home in May, those who loved her trusted it might prove a peaceful resting-place to her for many years. Her own large bedroom at the back of the house caught every gleam of sunshine. It was always kept in the most beautiful order, with few signs of sickness in it, and bright with flowers sent by many friends.

She stood the move well, and through the summer seemed to be gaining strength; a very

happy time was spent in July when her sister, Mrs. Stewart, came to stay a month with her in her new home.

But by August a worse turn came on, and in spite of loving nursing and every care she was never able to leave her room again, though she lingered on bright and uncomplaining, but suffering, for six months.

The two nephews constantly looked in during those months from their rough war billets, glad of the comfortable meal and hot bath and warm welcome that were always ready for them, and one of her sisters was always with her. Miss S. Lamond could not of course neglect her work in the district, but her tender love and devotion never failed. The sickroom was a bright place; the sunshine seemed bent on flooding it even when it could not be found elsewhere, and the sweet patient look on the invalid's face, and the bright smile with which she greeted all who came to see her, showed that her heart had found its rest and peace beyond earth's bounds.

Her thoughts were constantly with others, entering into their joy even in her own weariness. "I love to hear those children," she once said of some happy bairns who were rushing in rampant spirits about the flat above her; "they sound as if they were having such a jolly time with their father." By December the painful breathlessness had become much worse, and her nights were very sleepless and full of suffering. Oxygen, which had given relief at first, had lost its power, but still loving plans were made for others, and many little

Christmas gifts purchased and sent with Miss Sophie Lamond's help. The children of the Home House were still in her heart, and almost unconsciously she spoke of the Christmas tea she wished to give them.

Once, shortly before the end, she seemed to wish to join again in the supper of her Lord, and as she turned over the pages of the Hymnary she stopped at the hymn beginning "Jerusalem, my happy home," but weakness and unconsciousness again came on and it was not possible. She was to drink that fruit of the vine new with her Saviour in the Kingdom of His Father.

But at length the call came, and on the evening of Friday, the 5th of February 1915, very gently she passed away to open her eyes in the painless peace and joy of the Father's Home and hear His voice saying to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The funeral service was held in the Charteris Memorial Church among the homes where so much of her life's work had been carried on, and the people gathered round with loving, sorrowing hearts. The twenty-third Psalm was sung to her favourite tune by the Pleasance choir, and very sweetly and tenderly the last lines seemed to linger on—

And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

She was laid to rest in the Dean Cemetery, and the words which speak the perfect end of every life of true love and faithful toil are written over her,

“ His servants shall serve Him and they shall see
His face.”

When with bowed heads
And silent streaming tears,
With mingled hopes and fears,
To earth we yield our dead ;
The Saints with clearer vision
Do cry in glad accord,
A soul released from prison
 Is risen, is risen,
Is risen to the glory of the Lord.

JOHN OXENHAM.

**POSSIBILITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES
OF THE GUILD**

He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims,
and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep
the way of the tree of life.—GEN. iii. 24.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river,
was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of
fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves
of the tree were for the healing of the nations.—REV.
xxii. 2.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light ;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—REV. xxii. 20.

CHAPTER XII

POSSIBILITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE GUILD

MANY tributes to the value of the life so nobly spent were sent to Miss Maxwell's relations from far and near.

An old resident at the Deaconess House wrote from Canada: "To-day as I opened my copy of *Life and Work* my eyes fell upon her well-known photo, and a thrill of memory ran through me as I looked back to those training days in the Deaconess House twenty years ago.

"Miss Maxwell has always seemed to me such a true example of an honourable Lady. She reminded me of the elect Lady in her fine courtesy, her sense of honour as applied to the details of daily life, her ready generosity, her absolute faithfulness to her Church. Her work must ever remain a fragrant memory with those who were trained under her. Her capacity for taking pains over the smallest detail influenced us. She took endless trouble in training her students, not always sparing our feelings in her desire to make of us the very best, but always appreciative, beautifully so at times, of any good efforts or work that appealed to her, and keen to mark improvement in those she

trained. Miss Maxwell took much personal supervision and trouble with her students, their methods, indeed all that concerned their future work. The district in the Pleasance was always to her a big responsibility. What kindly loving help she gave to all, never sparing her time nor her strength if she could bring help or comfort even to the most undeserving! She was one to whom one and all felt they might turn in times of sorrow, and she never failed them. Scotland contains one friend less because our friend and Superintendent has gone to much-needed rest and higher service. We to-day are poorer, but she is richer."

In the *Woman's Guild Supplement* of March 1915 these words tell of the deep love of her fellow-workers: "She leaves a blank in the ranks of valued workers which can never be filled. Those who knew her best loved her most. Among the slums of Edinburgh she has gone in and out, bringing help and succour. Her gentle, calm, Madonna-like face was known as that of a friend in many a humble home; her gifts to lighten the load of sickness, sorrow, and poverty were often known only to those who benefited by them and to the Divine Master in whose footprints she trod. Miss Maxwell has trained many a worker and left her imprint on many a soul. For such lives of devotion God be praised."

And yet another writes: "We, her sister Deaconesses, feel that the first chapter in the History of the Diaconate of the Church of Scotland is finished. It remains for us to write a second that will be worthy of its noble beginning."

That chapter is being written now, and opportunities such as never stood before the Diaconate and Guild Members of the Church of Scotland are opening out to them at the present time. Women have shown their power and capabilities in ways that were never thought of in former days, and won the gratitude of King and Country. In the fierce struggle they have not flinched, but now peace has been re-established and much of the special work that called out their energy and self-sacrifice is no longer necessary.

Is that energy and devotion to be allowed to wither? Christ and His Church are calling, and His world is needing all the strength and love of all its workers. Not for destruction, however necessary that may be at times, God's voice pleads with us, but for the nobler work of building up and winning back the world for Christ its King.

The life of our Guilds is making a new start, and work is ready and waiting for every member willing to face the fight. But it is only in that same spirit of splendid self-sacrifice and loving devotion to a high ideal that the work can be worthily done. The work of war days was often in itself dull and monotonous, but the goal made the toil beautiful and love triumphed over its weariness. The best and truest work was not done by those who strove for excitement and earthly applause, but often by the unknown toil, always by the unselfish efforts, of those who, through patient continuance in well-doing, sought the glory of God and the truest well-being of their fellow-men. They knew there might be dark days ahead, but they knew

with an even deeper certainty that God was on the throne, and though they could not tell how or when, the right must triumph, and falsehood and oppression be overcome.

Now the sword has been laid down, and though with thankful hearts we praise God for the peace that has been signed, the call to fight the greater battle against selfishness and impurity, against frivolity and indifference, seems louder than ever. The times and seasons for the working out of His own great plans of love and mercy are safe in the hands of the Almighty and All-loving Heavenly Father, but He still deigns to need His children as fellow-workers with Him.

The Guild "is now only at the beginning of the magnificent service it is going to render in times to come" were words spoken at the Conference, held the year after the death of its noble founder, by Dr. Wallace Williamson, as he thought of its splendid opportunities, and so of its great responsibilities.

How are they to be met as we who love our God, His world, our country, and our Guild long that they should be? None can take our individual responsibility from us, no earthly power can prevent even His called and chosen ones from shaming their Lord by their callousness and unbelief, unless a higher power than their own uphold them.

"The evening and the morning were the first day" we read in the first chapter of Genesis, not the bright day fading away into gloomy darkness, but the dim shadows of the night scattering before

the brightness of God's daylight. We cannot tell. It may be that gradually through the blessed influences of His Spirit the world may be brought back to God; but, to very many who prayerfully study His word, it seems as if the old sequence were to be followed and dark, murky midnight were coming before the glorious dawn, the fiercest struggle before the endless triumph of Christ and His redeemed. Daniel spoke of times of trouble that were coming to his nation when evil would seem victorious, and that which had no regard for God or man should exalt itself against God and prosper, when the rulers of this world should speak lies at one table and have power over the treasures of gold and silver, and a time of trouble come such as never was since there was a nation. Then the brightness of His coming, the everlasting glory of His Dominion when the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and Death itself be swallowed up in victory.

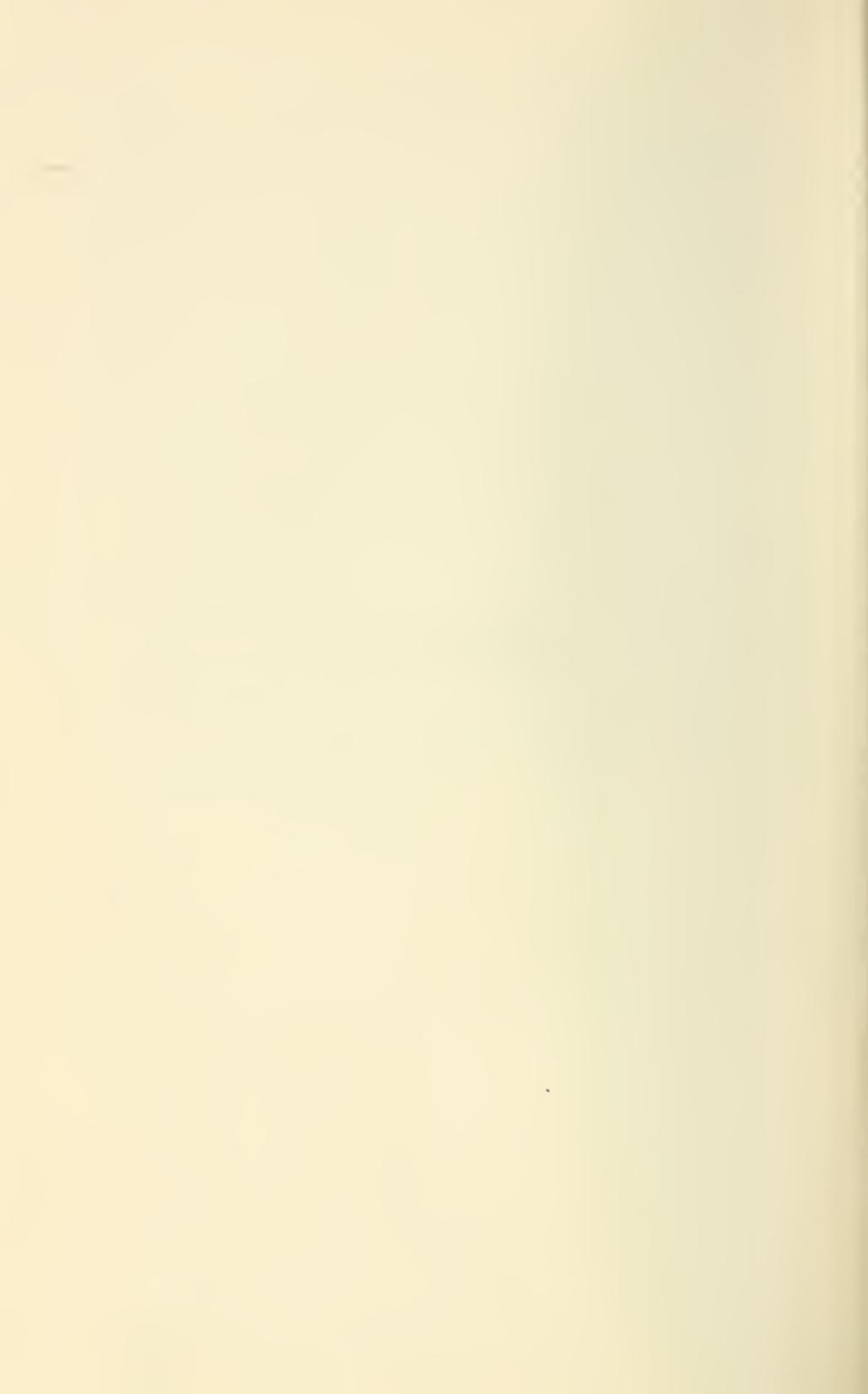
The old prophet knew how to prepare his people for that time of sifting when he said, "The people that do know their God shall be strong and shall do exploits." Must it not be the strength of our Guild workers too to "know" their God? To know both in bright and in dark days something of the exceeding greatness of His power to carry out His own perfect plan, of His love to watch over His children, and His grace to sanctify and strengthen them. They that know their God shall be strong, for none can doubt Him who know even a little of the true greatness of His love;

none can wish for any other service who know the sweetness of His yoke, the rest of His guidance. "Magnificent service" is waiting for Guild workers to-day in our Church, in our land, in the world Christ died to redeem. May many join its ranks, not in name only, but in true self-surrender and noble purpose! Of none may the Angel of the Lord be constrained to say as he said of Meroz, "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty."

May our Guild members be found when the Heavenly Master calls, just where their loving Lord decides, in the quiet places of the earth doing exploits, the greatness of which only God can measure and His judgement day will reveal, or holding high His standard amid the crowded ways and ceaseless goings of this restless world.

And having shared His cross they shall also share His crown.

APPENDICES



APPENDIX A

(See p. 8)

of Whitesyde who was barbarously shot to

This Monument shall tell posterity
That blessed Bell of Whitesyde here doth ly
Who at command of bloody Lag was shot
A Mrter strange which should not be forgot
Douglas of Merton did him quarters give
Yet cruel Lag would not let him survive
This Martyre sought some time to recomed
His soul to God befor his doyes did end
The Tyrant said what devl ye've pray'd enough
This long seven yeare on mountains and in cleugh
So instantly caus's him with other four
Be shot to death upon Kinconel moor
So this did end the lives of these deare saints
For there adherence to the covenants.

of Tongland at the command of Grierson of Lag.

Anno 1865. Here lyes John Bell

death in the Parish

Prayer

APPENDIX B

(See p. 87)

ADDRESS GIVEN BY MISS MAXWELL ON PRAYER AS
IT HAS TO DO WITH THE CHRISTIAN WORKER,
AND WITH HER VISITING AND MEETINGS.

A WIDE thought, for through it comes the power for every worker, and without it, or even with a bare measure of it, both the visiting and the meetings must fall very far short of what God means them to be. It helps us to grasp the power and possibilities that lie within our reach if we remember what prayer has worked in Bible times and in our own lives.

Prayer overcame a tyrant.—Ex. ii. 23.

Prayer overcame nature.—Ex. xiv. 10-22.

Prayer overcame an Army.—Ex. xvii. 10 and 11.

Hezekiah with prayer overcame the Host of Assyria.

—Isaiah xxxvii. 14.

Momentary prayers of Nehemiah and of St. Peter. Nehemiah's prayer worked wonders for a whole people. St. Peter's prayer (Lord save me) saved his life. Again, with Peter in prison (Acts xii.), prayer caused the chains to fall off him, men were held in deep sleep, the iron gate was opened.

For ourselves, prayer gains for us :

Life in death,

Wisdom in our foolishness,

Light in our perplexity,
Strength to overcome in spite of our weakness,
Confidence (God-given, not self-confidence) in spite
of our nervousness.

PRAYER AS A PREPARATION FOR OURSELVES

Much that hinders our work must be taken away. Each of us knows her own hindrances, and our God knows them still better. We need much of His work in us before we can do His work for others.

We need to be freed from all vanity, or the thoughts of self-confidence, that lead us to expect anything from our own powers of mind or body.

From all self-consciousness and nervousness that makes us too timid to do what God puts before us. Divine strength can be made perfect in human weakness. Let us ask that our whole minds be taken up with the great things we speak about and those to whom we say them.

From all faithlessness; for it is not we, but God working through us. (Our way is so often to ask without expecting; but God's way is "Ask and ye shall receive." Always, of course, with the understanding that the work we would do is brought about and carried on according to His will. It can never be "Ask and ye shall receive" when we ask contrary to God's will, either for ourselves or for others.)

Then two things to pray for—that we may be imbued with a yearning love for souls, and with the certainty that salvation can reach all; none too far down to be lifted up by the mercy of the God who sends us as His messengers.

We need prayer, not only as a preparation for ourselves, but as a preparation for meeting with others in our visiting and in our Meetings.

We should remember in prayer those we are going to see—their surroundings, temptations, cares, needs, sorrows, joys—any special thing we have to say, to advise about, or to urge upon some to give up because it is wrong. God's true messengers must not only give beautiful tidings of goodwill and peace but, sometimes, a message of judgement. How can we dare to take that to our fellow-sinners, whose wrong-doing has at times more excuse than our so-called small sins, unless we have held communion with God and the message has been laid upon us by Him? Then let us go in His strength because we are bound to do as He bids. I think the willing messenger of wrath, if such be possible, has need to look to herself and to find out wherein lies the willingness. Is it a lurking desire to prove our power and influence over others? A bit of temper because we have been put about by their wrong-doing? Is it a want of realising the hatefulness of sin and the awfulness of God's wrath? There is only one right way, because God tells us; so let us pray very humbly that we may be kept in the right spirit to give the message and they to receive it.

PRAYER IN REGARD TO VISITING

Momentary prayer at the door. I have heard of a young princess who always prayed before she opened the drawing-room door that she might give a blessing and receive a blessing before she came out. *Each* door, for our people must not be slumped either in thought or in prayer. They are individuals before God, and He will save them as such; for every soul has its own cry of need more or less known to themselves, but all open to God.

It is only through prayer and God's answering help

that it is possible for us in our ignorance to meet the particular need of each soul and help as we would help.

Prayer must not be left outside the door. We may find prayer with some one inside helpful; but don't let us go out visiting with our minds made up that we are the good people going down to make the bad people good like ourselves and to bring them up to our fixed standard of what is right. Rather let us go as those who, having realised God's standard to be far beyond anything we ourselves have reached, and owning our own wrong-doing in our hearts to God, persuade them as fellow-strivers against the wrong, and as fellow-seekers for strength to overcome. There are those in poor homes striving against sin and seeking for the needed strength, as we are ourselves. Prayer with them brings great blessing and mutual understanding.

But it cannot always be prayer with others; it may sometimes be prayer for others, and here I think a great difficulty comes in. There is the fear of some thinking it a beautiful thing but a kind of superstitious charm. Where two spirits join together in prayer it can never be a meaningless charm to either; but this is more likely to be the case when it is only a form with one. It does not seem to me that written prayers are suitable for visiting, for the great safeguard against this feeling is the talk with those visited and finding out what is nearest their hearts just at that time—the husband, the child, the sickness, the trouble, the joy, the want of work, the longing desire, even though it be for a temporal thing. To bring that to God for them will make prayer a reality, not merely a charm or a vague form. Every man and woman has a daily life that is very real, terribly real to those poor people, with its want and sin and misery staring

them in the face. Let us try to make prayer a reality to them through that daily life, and so God Himself will become a Reality, as they grasp the idea that He hears and knows and cares about this everyday life of theirs. In time they may be among those we can pray with, not only for, as they themselves learn to bring their daily life in prayer to God.

There may be prayer over some one. That seems almost too solemn to speak of, and yet, at times, it may be the only thing possible. As the angry, bitter, resentful words against God, or the words of stolid determination to go on and sin, fall from their lips it may be that God would have us call down His restraining and turning mercy to save them—not often, I think, for God's things are too holy to force on those who trample them under their feet. Yet often that violent determination to turn their backs on God and go on in sin is because they already feel His drawing power and are afraid of giving in. How blessed if the words of prayer should be the means of turning them from their wrong-doing! It has only come to me once or twice, and I thought it let one understand just a very little what the suffering of Christ must have been as He stood over those poor people possessed with devils, fiercely fighting the good, before they were obliged to give in.

PRAYER WITH THE SICK

I should like to speak of one or two simple rules. Let prayer be very short—for sick people are often weary with pain and too tired to listen long.

Very simple—for minds are clouded over with bodily weakness.

Very definite—for often they are in sore distress and need God's comfort.

Very clear in voice—so that there may be no needless strain in following; yet very soft, so as not to jar.

“ Make her very patient and brave and good,” with only a few words added, was a prayer at my sick-bed by one who understood prayer; and I have often gone back to that time and, having learnt the comfort and help of these things being asked for—simply, shortly, and gently—have tried to help others as I was helped.

If the sick person, as far as we can tell, does not know God, let us ask that they may know Him then, for that is the only stay and comfort; but do not let us use prayer as a means of preaching them a sermon. The greater number will probably not attempt to follow, close their eyes and go half asleep till we have done; the few who do try to follow will probably be too tired at the end with the effort of keeping up their attention to leave much room for the power of impression. A short prayer and a verse after it is best, for God’s word will come home when ours pass over their heads and leave no impression.

Momentary prayer, not only at the doors, but inside too. How are we to stop that bit of gossip, or the fretful murmuring that *has* some reason in it, or the constant begging that must not be and yet comes from desperate want, though they do bring it on themselves with drinking and other sins? How is this to be met? With a kindly sympathy, wise and firm, that can be, indeed must be, received from God. One moment of prayer in our hearts before we speak will save many blunders.

But perhaps the difficulties are what perplex us most; for there are some who wish to avoid prayer, and some are too eager for it. It has been asked sometimes, Is it a rule to pray in every house each time we visit there? I think the visitor should be known

as one who prays : as one who speaks often to her Father in Heaven. But it may not be possible at every visit to engage in prayer. Rather let us go in the spirit of prayer, which is the heart open towards God, and so be always ready when the opportunity comes. Very often it is our failure to use the opportunity, not the circumstances of the house visited. Still let us show that religion is a reasonable, sympathetic thing, that does not ignore the mother's care for the ailing, fretful child in her arms, or the household washing, or the preparation of the meals for husband or child. If they are to learn of God through our religion, let us strive to represent the true God in all His holy, reasonable, sympathetic goodness and kindness. Taet, sympathy, and putting ourselves in the place of others, will help to guide us about prayer.

This is not quite easy ; but perhaps another difficulty is comparatively greater. There are some who are not unwilling but over-willing, from mistaken motives and ideas. Sometimes it may be best to speak with them, and then, if there is another room, ask them to kneel down and pray for themselves, while we go and see the children, or to say that we will go home and pray for them while they kneel there and pray for themselves, or both to kneel down in silent prayer, and then to come away immediately after, so that any impression that has been made may not be lost. Anything to make them realise there is no human go-between, but that they themselves stand in God's presence and must not pray by proxy. How quiet and solemn that feeling makes both them and us.

So it may well be : Prayer before we start, Prayer before we enter any home, Prayer in the home, and not less Prayer when we return to our own homes, that

God will help each of those whom we have visited according to their individual need, and that He will prevent any harm coming from the unwise or tactless or impatient or unsympathetic words and deeds that we may have said or done. When it is too late we so often see how we might have done so much better.

PRAYER AT MEETINGS

There is less to say about this, for it is of necessity more general and outwardly more by order. It is not the individual thing that prayer is in visiting. Still it has its helps and hindrances.

The Voice.—At Mothers' Meetings, and at all meetings, some are sure to be more or less deaf. So let us keep our voices distinct, not letting them die away at the end of each petition. Do not let us kneel down and bury our faces in our hands if we are leading in prayer. If our voice is not clear and distinct it is very apt to soothe the poor tired people like a sleeping-draught, particularly if the hall is, as it should be, warm and cosy.

Let us remember that they are tired with hard work, and not blame them, but rather ourselves, for not managing better.

The Position.—This is often a great difficulty. When space and other circumstances allow, do let us try to kneel, for that seems so much the right position before God; but very often space makes it impossible in hall or kitchen.

I wish the old custom of standing at prayer had not gone out till we had room given us in our churches to kneel, for sitting so often turns prayer merely into careless gazing round. However, we must take things as they are and try to make the best use of them.

At Children's Meetings, or at any other time when it is possible, I would always make them stand at prayer. But at Kitchen Meetings the old people that come might find it hard, so we must be guided by the age of those present and be reasonable, but always keeping in view the advantage of giving room to kneel when it can be done at Meetings for Adults also. Standing generally seems to suit children best. Sometimes I find one can say, "Now shall we shut our eyes and speak to God for a little time," and a reverent hush seems to come even though we are obliged by age or space to remain sitting.

The Place.—Unless there is some special reason, I always like to let prayer follow a hymn or reading or speaking. The other day a meeting was begun with prayer and it gave me a feeling of being unprepared and unexpected.

Words and Phrases.—These must be according to the needs and capabilities of those attending the meeting. Very simple, if for little children; very homely for the poor and unlearned, but with definite thought and word, not vague meandering sentences strung together till we have made a long enough prayer. We must try to understand the daily lives, circumstances, and manner of conversation of those whom we are to lead in prayer, be they either rich or poor, and speak to God with them from their standpoint.

The Substance.—In visiting one has rather to go on moment by moment as conversation brings out the special family circumstances of the time. But at Meetings it is different. The subjects of prayer can be thought of and gone over beforehand, for it is general and collective, not individual. All the cares of the mothers for the husbands, sons, daughters, and

little ones; all the temptations that will have to be met; all the anxieties of poverty, sickness, and want of work in the district where we visit; the general need of greater Holiness and Purity, and the general desire to be better and to do better.

The moment—not longer—of silent prayer after the Benediction is a help, and gives time for any special impression that has been made to take root.

APPENDIX C

(See p. 102)

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS GIVEN BY DR. CHARTERIS.

ANOTHER and a trivial word on a perhaps dangerous theme. St. Paul spoke of woman's head-dress and the length of woman's hair; St. James dealt with goodly apparel; and St. Peter with pearls and costly array. Permit me a word on your distinctive dress. It is not a good sign of a minister when he is in haste to leave his clerical clothes and collars beside his pulpit gown, and to go in grey tweeds as a young commercial traveller might go to the fountains of Versailles or the Sunday cafés in Berlin. Neither is it a good sign of a Deaconess to fling off her garb, or any part of it, when she is on holiday. She loses a great opportunity of witness-bearing. At one time I thought little of this, and I turned off with a jest the query of the lady who presided over a large Deaconess House abroad, when I presented to her one of our Deaconesses. Why is there no distinctive garb? was her instantaneous question. I think more of it now than I did then. So you and I, when on holiday, have to remember that our taking to mufti may disparage our right to a uniform at other times. I am not to parade Princes Street or the Bois de Boulogne in my pulpit gown or my Moderator-buckles; nor are you

to keep your white cap and apron in the same places, or on a Channel steamer. But I think we are bound to ask ourselves whether we ought to have no distinctive dress whatever. We ministers have a very easy time of it. An all-round collar is supposed to be all we need to distinguish our calling. It is different, of course, with a woman's dress. Still I think that, without carrying about all your paraphernalia of gown, bonnet, and cloak, you should devise some light distinctive garb, or part of a garb, by which others would recognise you; and by which you yourselves also would be reminded of your abiding orders and commission. I may be reminded that we originally asked you only to wear uniform when on duty. I quote the words of a great statesman, and say, "A great deal has happened since then."

THE END

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 814 792 8

