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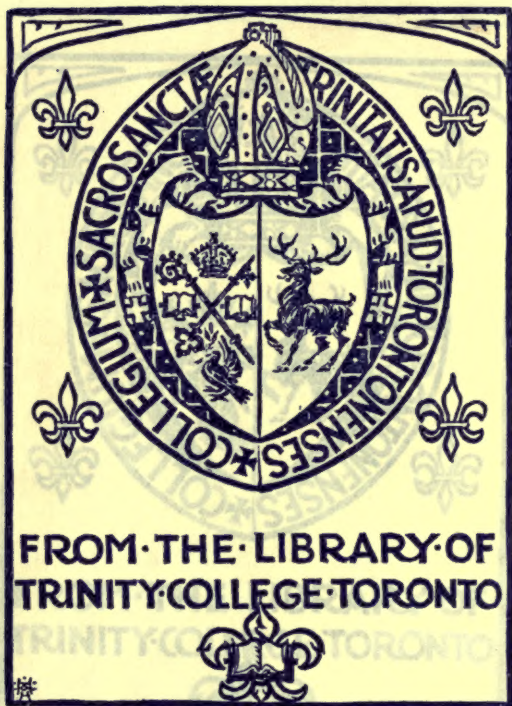

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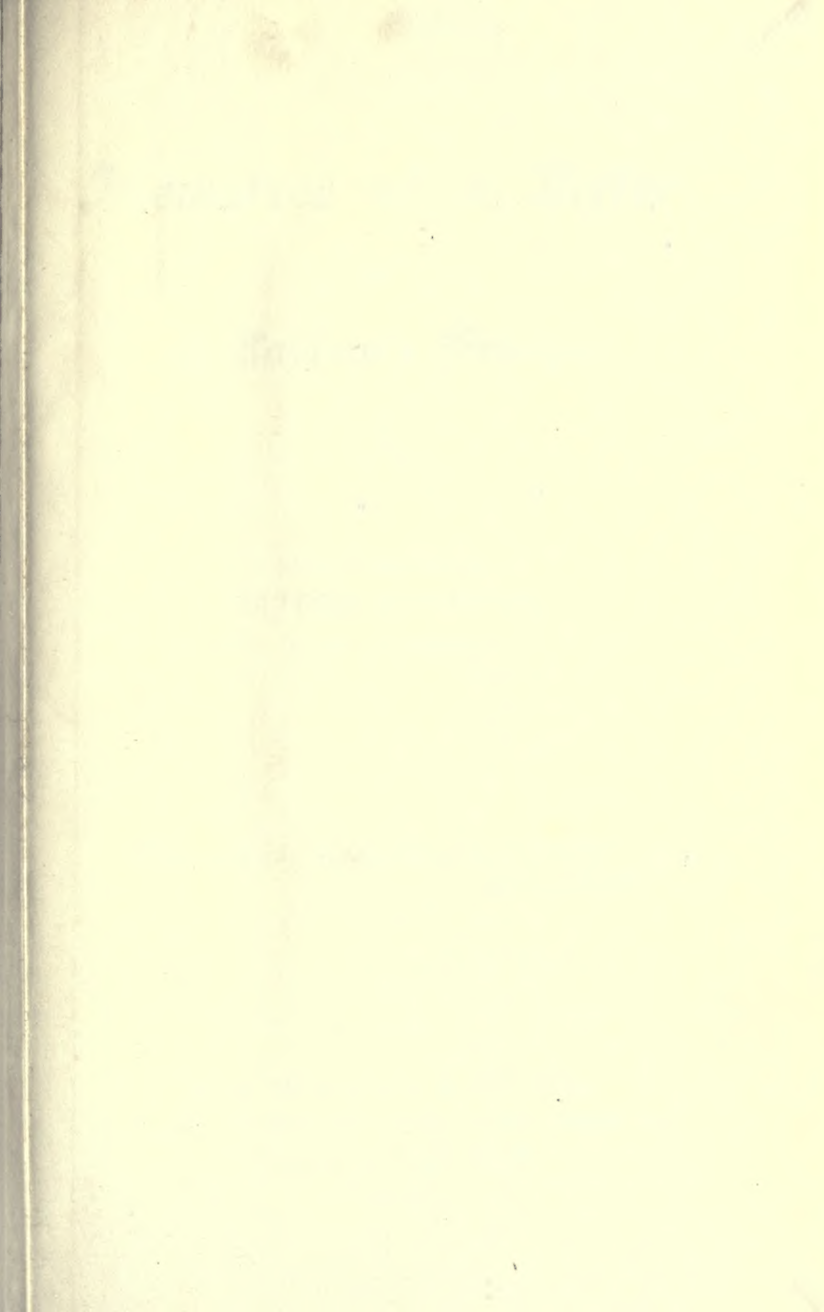

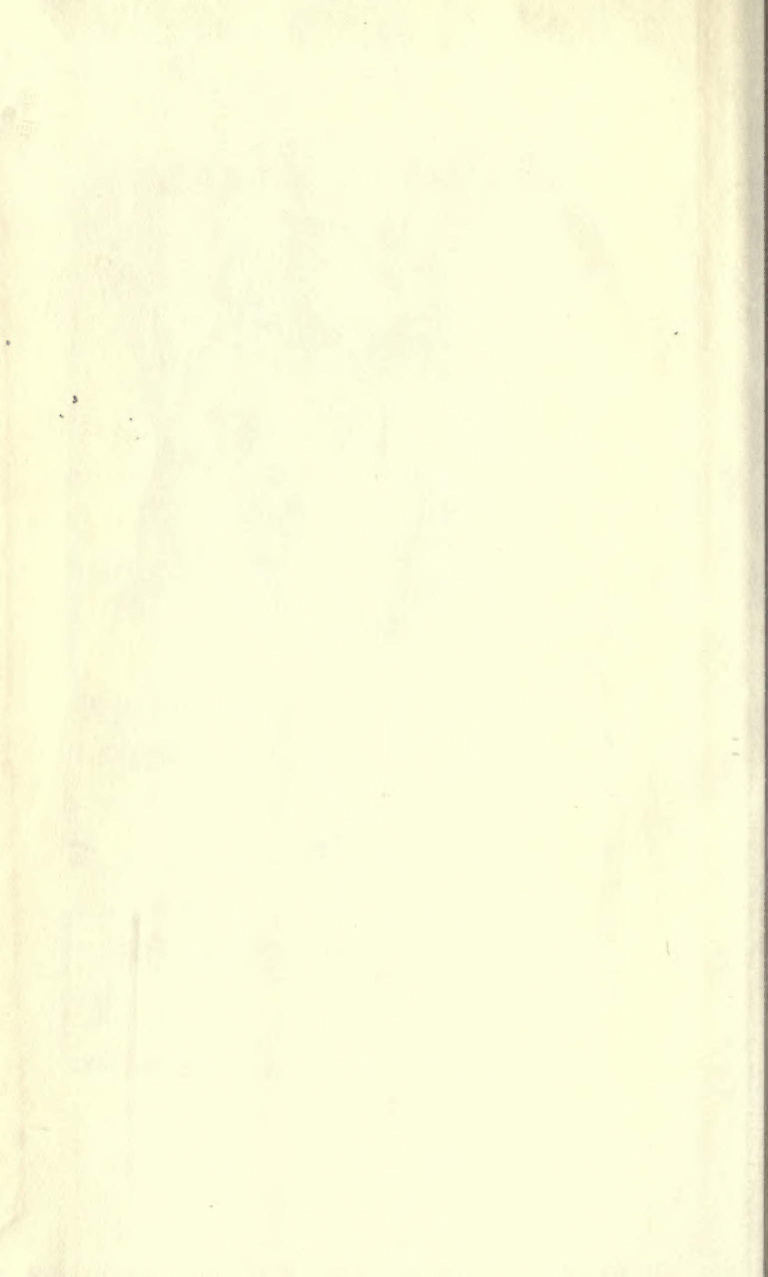

Memories of a Sister

of

S. Saviour's Priory.

WITH A PREFACE BY

FATHER STANTON,

S. Alban's, Holborn.

"Il y avait tant de soleil dans ses souvenirs."

Alphonse Daudet.

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I DEDICATE THIS BUNDLE OF MEMORIES

WITH AFFECTIONATE REGARD

TO MY OLD FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,

JOHN HENRY SKILBECK,

TREASURER OF S. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY;

AND TO OUR NEWER

BUT EQUALLY TRUE FRIEND

FATHER HOGG,

OUR CHAPLAIN.

Preface.

On the slopes that lie towards the setting sun many beautiful flowers are gathered that are to be found nowhere else, and for those who are watching the westering of the day towards the evening of life, there is no contemplation more pleasant than gathering together the memories of men and things gone by, "portions and parcels of the past," and holding them in reverend review.

And if pleasant, most assuredly it is profitable, for not only does it strengthen the cords of the mind, but also it makes the old heart beat again, as it did of yore, when it was young. For life is one and indivisible, and we live again in those who are gone before, and they in us.

> "He is not dead whose life raises thine on high :
> To live in those we leave behind is not to die."

And if they live in us, do not we live and live again in them now, as our hope is we shall live with them hereafter ?

"Memories of a Sister" is a book after this manner, going back to the fifties and sixties of the century that has just passed; it calls up out of the receding years "old familiar faces," and tells again the stories of the old struggles, hopes, and fears that

we had almost forgotten, but which made up for us the early experiences of that movement which has become history for men generally, and for us the story of what God did for us in the days of old. And for those who are coming on—not in the first rank to fall first, but who share with us the same hopes and fears, and are fighting the same battle, and feeling the strain and the heat of conflict—it may be as a "drink of the brook in the way," that they lift up their heads and look to "that which is beyond."

For surely nothing so strengthens the soul than the history of God's goodness in the past. That is a holy sanctuary, the lamp of which burns to the very end, lighting up the unknown future with undying hope.

Thus much to introduce "Memories of a Sister of S. Saviour's Priory," to its readers from one who enjoys the privilege of being one of the author's oldest friends.

A. H. S.

Avant Propos.

The following "Memories" are for the most part reprints of papers published from time to time in *The Orient*, the Quarterly Magazine of S. Saviour's Priory, with a few additions collected from old journals and letters.

I owe a great debt of thanks for much kindness from the Rev. E. F. Russell, of S. Alban's, Holborn, in reading proofs, and aiding me with suggestions for the first half of the book, which refers chiefly to the memories of people; and to the Rev. J. N. Burrows, of S. Augustine's, Haggerston, for doing the same by the recollections of East End life.

The whole has of necessity been roughly written in odds and ends of time, therefore the little book pleads, "Do not be hard upon me, or judge me critically, but *Prends moy telle que je suy*."

S. Saviour's Priory,
Haggerston,
Feast of S. John Baptist, 1903.

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Memories of a Sister.

The Forties and Fifties.

In old days—our old boy and girl days—it was a custom with us every evening to draw sketches of what had occurred during the day. Anything and everything that happened was drawn. One morning, riding to covert my uncle pointed out to my cousin—a boy home for the holidays—the beautiful effects of the sun shining on the dew in the ditches. This was heard by the groom behind, and when in the course of the day the boy got a fall, he said, with a grin, "I say, sir, did you see the Jew in the ditch when you fell in?" Needless to say, this was all drawn that night. As we grew up, we sketched more violently. I remember, especially, the long, cold, dreary winter of the Crimean war, how in the evenings we young ones sat round a lamp-lit table in a corner of the drawing-room, sketching our hardest—horses generally—and listening with bated breath to the sad, murmuring voices of the ladies and the guests, most of whom had relations out at the war, and who discussed sadly the news of the morning papers, or that rare event, a letter, while their fingers plied busily at the formation of woollen mitts and comforters to be sent

out to the seat of war. As in those bygone times one's pencil sketches depicted all the pains and pleasures of each day, to be referred to with regret or relief, so in one's life, since certain shadowy memories of the past are indelibly photographed on one's mind, as sorts of snap-shots here and there along the road side.

One's earliest memories are of a little Cheshire village on the banks of the Mersey, a small place, where the cottages were smothered in damson-trees—*damsels*, as the people called them—and where outlying farms stretched away over a wild Moss, redolent with sweet gale, to traverse which they had to put flat wooden clogs on the horses' feet, to prevent their sinking in the soft black peat. A lonely place, utterly cut off from the outer world; Cromwell might have been Protector, a Stuart, or an Orangeman might have reigned, and it was all the same to the inhabitants. The only means of communication with the world was by a steamer, which ran from Manchester to Liverpool, called the "Old Jack," or what was called a "Swift Boat," which was galloped by relays of horses along the Bridgewater Canal, some two miles distant. The old church, one of the few timber and plaster ones remaining, supported on solid oak pillars garnished with stag's tynes whereon to hang men's hats, and the Rectory, were on the site of a Premonstratensien Monastery of the thirteenth century, and stone coffins had been dug up in a field called the Abbey Croft. There were old men who could tell you how their fathers had seen Cumberland's troops ford the river on their way to fight Prince Charlie, and they themselves

had gruesome tales of a hunting Rector in the beginning of the last century, who, when the doctors came from Manchester to exhume bodies from the churchyard, gave them brandy after their hideous work, and people remembered seeing him take funerals with a surplice flung over his scarlet, and top boots, while his man held his horse at the gate on hunting days. There were many odd, old customs, such as the Rush-bearing, when there was a sort of Wake, and carts decorated with flowers went about, and people were more or less tipsy. This took place about the middle of August, and I suppose was a relic of the festivities on the Feast of the Assumption. On November 1st the wilder young men used to go about with lanterns at night, one wearing a horse's skull, which they called "Old Nobs," and went to the farmers' homes for drink or money. I recollect it coming into our kitchen and prancing about, much to the delight of the maids. That must have been the relic of the Soulers, being the eve of All Souls' Day. I was brought up in what is called High Church views. My father entered keenly into the Oxford Movement, and was thought a most extreme man of those days. He preached in a surplice, and used Gauntlett's Psalter, which I believe was a predecessor of Helmore's. For myself, I don't think Church matters ever entered my head. I loved to run wild about the garden with the dogs, and I cared more for horses than anything else in the world, a taste inherited from my mother, who came from the grass counties, had been taught to ride anything, and—as

the expression went—"hold on by her eyelids." An old clergyman has told me since, that when she came to Cheshire as a bride, her riding was the admiration of all the country-side. But the old Tractarians were made of stern stuff, and she and my father did not think it right that a Parson and his wife should go galloping about everywhere, added to which, money grew short, and the keeping of horses an impossibility.

As I said, things were very different in those days. *Autre temps, autres mœurs.* My grandfather, an old Peninsula officer, when he taught me riding, wore a high hat and blue coat with brass buttons, and I a blue plaid pelisse and large black beaver bonnet. Neither of my grandmothers, till the time of their death, ever sat otherwise than bolt upright—I suppose the result of the backboard in their early days—and both always wore thick stiff black silk gowns, which I should think would have stood by themselves when taken off. Gold, they pronounced *goold;* china, *chaney;* and an errand was an *arrant.* The cloth was removed for dessert, and the glasses used to look beautiful, reflected on the polished mahogany.

I have told you my father was a Tractarian, and we had been taught entirely on High Church lines, but matters in general were very different. Things which people now-a-days take as a matter of course, had then to be fought for, and the pioneers of those days were hard fighting men. No one would believe the storms elicited by preaching in a surplice! "Sacrament

Sundays" were very few and far between. Etiquette in many parishes prescribed that the squire, the parson, and other dignitaries, with their families, should communicate first, and then the common throng. I remember once what an uproar there was in a country village because a farmer's wife went up to the "First Table." All the gossips said, "They'd a thought the 'Second Table' was good enough for her!" The music and hymns were not much. In my father's church, being High, we used the metrical version of the Psalms, but his death, when I was nine years old, sent us away into the ordinary dreariness of church matters of the day. We sat under the dullest of sermons, enforced by pointings from a lavender gloved forefinger, and our hymnody was the "Mitre Collection," the only one of which I cared for was,

> "What hath GOD wrought, let Britain see,
> Freed from the Papal tyranny."

because it brought a bit of history into the dulness of the Sunday Service, gone through in a square green baize-lined pew. I believe our church was better than many others: I remember seeing one in South Wales where the wood was all rotten, the pew-doors off their hinges, and great yellow toads crawling in and out of the broken floor and wood work around the font; and there was another church where the men who played the violin, bass, and other instruments of music, all sat inside the altar-rails, using the altar itself for a table. Edmund Sedding's little collection of sketches, called *Deformation and Reformation*, published about 1859, showing how things

were, and how they ought to be, gives the best ideas of the then existent state of churches.

I remember, as a child of ten years old, during a brief residence in the old-fashioned town of Kettering, my intense delight at hearing one of the curates, an evangelical of the evangelicals, preach in a high, shrill voice on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, out of a mighty three-decker, gesticulating at every sentence, and pouring forth denunciations which echoed through the lofty church. I don't remember what he said, but I remember how he banged, and how I liked it. Of other clergy whom I came across in my early days, I don't recollect much individually. One was a very hard rider, and I remember my grandfather saying, "He bumped so high you could stick a quart bottle between him and the saddle every time he rose in his stirrups."

Young ladies never dreamed of the wider possibilities open to them now: there were no Ladies' Settlements, no Lady Nurses, no Girton, Newnham, S. Margaret's. They gardened, sketched, rode, went to archery meetings, and were just beginning to visit their poor and teach in the Sunday School. The emancipation of woman had not yet then arrived. Their horizon was then very *borné*. The more advanced of them had crosses on their Prayer Books, and when they had the opportunity went to daily Matins, but they were stigmatized as Puseyites. I remember—I was staying away from home—in 1858, when I first began to think seriously of things, buying a plaster crucifix from an Italian boy who came round with images, and keeping it hidden in a drawer among my

handkerchiefs lest any one should spy it out. I remember after a Confirmation, by the Bishop of Peterborough, in the same year, going to luncheon to meet him and the neighbouring clergy. One, who sat next me, a very admirable man, a good parish worker, and, like all Irishmen, a capital teller of stories, was saying how one of the candidates, coming out of All Saints', Northampton, had picked some one's pocket, and he added, "That shows ye, doesn't it, what nonsense it is that grace is given you in Confirmation."

But the Tractarian leaven was working, slowly but surely, and there was an universal feeling of awakening all around. A most wonderful episode was the story of the heroic deeds of the little band of Priests at S. Saviour's, Leeds, during the cholera visitation of 1849–50. In the following year I saw Canon Beckett, the only one of the company remaining, after the others joined the Roman Communion. He was a guest at Arley, a tall, thin, pale, closely shaven man, in a long coat touching his heels, and, child as I was, his devout, saintly appearance left a never-to-be-forgotten impression on my mind. Indeed, I am afraid the things I *did* forget were my manners, for I was so intent staring at him, and listening to him speak, that I fell into a grip, out of which he had to pull me. Sisterhoods were just making their first trial, and I recollect hearing a good deal about Miss Sellon and her work at Devonport; but I still repeat I took no interest in these things until the year 1857. Something suddenly seemed to come into my heart that

put everything in a different light before me. I can tell the very day, February 23rd; and the very place—I was out on the Mere in a boat with my cousins, pulling up weeds. I had heard about a wonderful Mission being carried on by a certain Rev. Henry Collins, a young enthusiastic Priest, in an out of the way part of London, among the roughest and the most sinful people at the London Docks. It all seemed to appeal to me at once. I wrote off at once to the Mission for two tracts of Mr. Collins' I had seen advertised. I had heard so much of the lives of him and his companions, which sounded like the stories of mediæval saints, how they lived together in great poverty—such great poverty that sometimes they had only bread for their dinner. Their clothes were ragged and patched, for they spent every penny they had upon their poor. A benevolent lady sent Henry Collins a violet velvet sermon case, after the fashion of the day. This was no use to him, who only preached extempore, so he mended a gap in his clothes with it. I never saw him in his mission work, but I believe there was a special love and earnestness in him which went straight to the hearts of the poor souls among whom he laboured. Anyhow, though I never saw him then, he influenced me inexpressibly, and this was accentuated by a letter of thanks he wrote when my brothers and I had given up some expedition and sent the money to him for his Mission. Like so many enthusiasts of that day, Mr. Collins and his little band were chilled and repressed by the coldness of Church authorities, and joined the Roman Communion. He became a Cistercian monk,

and years after he came to see me in Haggerston, and ask if he could not consummate what he had begun, and get me to follow him to Rome. But that could never be. He is chiefly given to literature now, and edits quaint and curious old books for the Ascetic Library, and he has written a most lovely and helpful book, called *Heaven Opened.*

Among the men of the day who helped on the Church upward movement to a very great extent, was Mr. Rowland Egerton Warburton, of Arley, Cheshire. "The Squire," as the late Bishop Wilberforce used to call him. And a veritable ideal squire he was, seeming, as Lord Halifax once said of him, to be a perfect combination of a good churchman, a good landlord, a keen sportsman, and a man of literary tastes. In the thirties, and early forties, when Keble, Pusey, and Newman tried to pull the Church out of the depths into which she had sunk, when laymen, as a rule, took very little part in Church matters, the young squire of Arley flung himself with the keenest interest into the Tractarian Movement. When he rebuilt the Hall, he attached a beautiful chapel to it. And in days when daily prayer was scarcely heard of, all the household assembled within its walls, and a surpliced choir chanted choral Matins. Never was the squire missing from his place, and on hunting mornings he always appeared in scarlet and buckskins. Right on in his old age, so long as he was able to get about, in spite of the blindness which came upon him during the last twenty years of his life, it was touching to see him kneeling still as he had done for past years, and when at last he was

no longer able to get about, he was carried downstairs and wheeled in a chair into chapel. He was one of the first members of the English Church Union. It is rarely so many different qualities have been united in one man as they were in him. A man of the most refined and elegant tastes, whatever he touched he improved and ennobled, and more than that, he had the gift of leaving his own special mark upon it. His love for and knowledge of architecture and archæology are visible in his own home of Arley Hall, and in the many model farms and cottages built scattered over his estate, both at Aston, Warburton, and Great Budworth. He always built them of red brick; he used to say he loved the harmony of red brick breaking the background of green trees. Some of these in Great Budworth have timbered upper stories, filled in with plaster, on which are traced the artistic designs of his son, the present Master of Arley. A great desire of his heart was accomplished a few years ago, and that was, a new church at Warburton, as the old one—one of the very few churches in England of timber and plaster—was too far from the village, and otherwise unsuitable for the people. He placed over the doorway the figure of S. Werburga, the patroness of Chester, looking southward over the wooded plains of fertile Cheshire.

As a landlord his whole heart was centred in the improvement of his estate and the well-being of his tenantry. He instituted the Arley Wakes on the 8th September, the annual anniversary of the dedication of the chapel, when the tenants met to enjoy the old

fashion of English sports and pastimes; and his May Day festivities were highly commended by the late Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, in his *Letters to my Children*. All these were going on, we must remember, long before it was the custom to think of helping to brighten the lives of our poorer friends, as, I am thankful to say, it is in the present day. He was a keen sportsman, a daring rider—"little Rowley the steeplechase rider," as he is described in a local song of some sixty years ago—and his own well-known volume of *Hunting Songs* may well claim him the title of Poet Laureate of the Hunting Field. He was gifted with a most intense sense of humour, thoroughly enjoying the point of a joke, and always seeing the humorous side of everything. He was a man of letters, well versed in literature, as may be seen from his library, among which are several rare and choice editions. And who can speak enough as to the purity of the noble Christian life which shone forth in the sacred inner circle of his own family? His kindliness, his thoughtfulness for all, in little and great ways, his loving sympathy—who, with whom he ever came in contact, but has felt all these?

His patience during the seventeen long years of his blindness was most beautiful, and the deprivation of sight to one so keenly interested in *seeing* and *doing* must have been, indeed, a very heavy cross! Over the fire-place of the gallery at Arley he had inscribed, "*Hope confidently; do valiantly; wait patiently*," and these words seem to have been the key-note of his whole life; and when the *hoping* of youth and the *doing* of manhood were

past and over, and the shadows of evening gathered around, he waited in uncomplaining *patience* till the day that the LORD should restore his sight, when his first vision was that of the King in His Beauty!

It was at Arley that I first met the Rev. Charles Gutch, afterwards Vicar of S. Cyprian's, Marylebone. In 1854 he temporarily took the chaplaincy there, and I remember at Christmas his bringing the choir boys in their white surplices, with lighted candles in their hands, to sing Dr. Neale's carols in the hall. He prepared me for Confirmation. I then lost sight of him for three years, till, as I said, Mr. Collins' influence induced me to think of becoming a Sister, and my choice would have been with Miss Neale's Sisterhood of the Holy Cross at Wapping. But Mr. Gutch, whose opinion was asked on the subject, objected that I was too young for such a work, and suggested my trying S. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

A Community in the heart of the country, was the last thing I naturally desired. Since I had been touched by religion I had studied Butler's *Lives of S. Francis Xavier and S. Charles Borromeo*, and only longed for Mission work to emulate those saints, and to feel I was a fellow-labourer of the Priests at S. George's Mission. However, *Tout vient à qui sait attendre.* I went to S. Margaret's, and the very year I went, Dr. Neale undertook London mission work, and I was one of those sent there.

S. Margaret's and Dr. Neale.

East Grinstead is in the most picturesque part of Sussex, within touch of Tunbridge Wells, Redhill, and Brighton, and within an easy distance of London. The town stands high, and the church tower is a landmark for all the country round. Sackville College, an old foundation of the De la Warr family, stands on an eminence eastward of the town. It was built some time about the seventeenth century, a quaint, beautiful building, consisting of a large hall, rooms for a warden, and a chapel, which occupy nearly three sides of a quadrangle; the fourth is for the reception of old people, who are called brethren and sisters. In the early forties it was a sleepy, old-fashioned place, deeply impregnated—as were most old country towns at that time—with its own conservative prejudices, manners, and customs. "Do as our fathers did," whether for good or for ill, was the prevalent feeling. Into this place, some time early in the forties, John Mason Neale was instituted as Warden of Sackville College. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, large-hearted, full of sympathy, a poet, a scholar, a student, and, to crown all, gifted with intense energy of purpose, never, to our judgment, did man seem more utterly out of place than was this young Priest, in the midst of these

surroundings. To our judgment it seems so, but God's ways are not as our ways—

> "He moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

And this highly wrought, highly gifted young man, seemingly utterly wasted and thrown away in this bucolic *entourage*, was to kindle a light which, by God's grace, has shone far and wide, and the grandchildren of those townspeople who set their faces as a flint against the Warden of the College, and the Founder of S. Margaret's, now love the institution which he had created, and reverence his memory through whose means it was created.

Now let us look back to the setting of the little germ which was in a few years to grow, thrive, and bear such fruit.

Running round the gable of the Warden's house, outside the college, is a flagged path, which commands a view of the whole countryside. Below the town lies a green belt of pasture-land, beyond which the great brown ridges of Ashdown Forest sweep the southern horizon, and on clear days the distant purple of Crowborough Beacon is visible. Away eastward, a richly wooded green country stretches away till it melts into the blue distances of Reigate and Dorking. Beautiful as this lovely view is to look at, scattered over the vast area, buried in the woods and out of the way wilds, were innumerable hamlets and isolated cottages, badly built, badly drained, far from human help and resource, when fever or any illness attacked the inmates. Day

after day, as he paced, as his custom was, up and down this terrace, and looked out over the fair scene, his heart burned within him at the thought of all the miseries of these wretched cottages hidden away among the wilds. Scholar, student, poetically imaginative man though he was, he was not one to simply sigh and sympathize, and then let things take their course. He no sooner felt an existent evil than he tried to find a remedy for it. And so it came to pass that God put it into his heart to try and form a Sisterhood, whose special object should be to go out into these poor cottages, to live with, and nurse the sufferers under their own roof. It seemed a wild idea, a hopelessly impracticable one. People were stiffer, and more set in their own special grooves than now-a-days, and society was more aghast at any departure from routine. Besides, the Bishop had inhibited him for having a Bible with a cross on the cover, and a cross and candlesticks on the Communion Table in the College Chapel. Did the very idea not seem utterly hopeless—that he, an inhibited Priest, should start a Sisterhood?

But his motto then, and all through his life, was: "What is Possible *may* be done; what is Impossible *must* be done."

Here is his own account of the origin of S. Margaret's, taken from a pamphlet he put out some few years later:

"Sackville College, in East Grinstead, stands on very high ground on the eastern edge of the town, itself 'a city set upon a hill,' and overlooks a vast, and, for the most part, wild extent of country. From the Surrey Hills, . . . round by Tunbridge Wells, . . . to Crow-

borough Beacon . . . and so right over to Ashdown Forest. . . . Ashdown Forest, once the iron mart of England, now, the trees recklessly felled for timber, a wild waste of heath and down, is, ecclesiastically speaking, dreary and frightful beyond most wilds. The parishes of East Grinstead, Hartfield, Withyham, Rotherfield, Buxted, Ardingley, West Hoathby, and one or two chapelries abut upon it, but can hardly be said to penetrate it. Scattered farms, lonely groups of two or three houses in an isolated green, 'ellenge' cottages, charcoal burners' huts, places four or five miles—and that of the worst lanes—from any church: how are the poor inhabitants to be attended to in this world, and prepared for the next?

"That question constantly repeated itself at every look from the study window of Sackville College, which commanded that view. The residing clergy, let their activity be what it might, could not penetrate those wild, far off cottages. Something like a body of preaching friars was needed for the task: could they be found, and, if not, what would come nearer to them?

"In the winter of 1854–5 two of his friends offered themselves to the Warden of Sackville College, to engage in any work of mercy, and to devote their lives to it. He explained to them the plan which he contemplated, and which will be presently set down at length, and it was determined, with God's help, to commence a Sisterhood on the principles there laid down.

"A few weeks later the daughter of the venerable Rector of Rotherfield, who had devoted her life to parish

work, offered her services, so far as the attendance necessary for her father would then permit it; it being understood, with his full and cheerful acquiescence, that whenever it should please God to call him to Himself, his daughter's partial offer should be changed into the devotion of her whole life.

"Things being in this state, a circular was pretty widely distributed in the spring of 1855. It was received with very considerable favour; contributions flowed in, if not lavishly, at least sufficiently to warrant the commencement of actual operations, and on February 15th, 1855, one of the future Sisters went for her training in Westminster Hospital.

"Till the end of 1855 the Sisters did not live in community. One was accommodated in Sackville College, the others in various ways at Rotherfield; and a second Sister having been trained in Westminster Hospital in the May and June of 1855, in the July of that year the operations of the Sisterhood began."

Such is the Founder's account of the beginning, and a wild venture it was. He himself was an inhibited Priest, the Sisters were ladies of limited means, their friends were few, and their endowment nil. But it was begun with perfect faith, earnest zeal, and entire trust in God. It makes one think of the foundations of Stephen Harding at Molesme, of the seraphic Francis at Assisi, and of Terèsa de Jèsus at Avila. In 1856 Miss Elizabeth Neale began a small Sisterhood at S. Georges-in-the-East, which has since developed into the Holy Cross Community. An Orphanage which she had at Brighton

was then removed to East Grinstead, and taken over by S. Margaret's Sisters. In the November of 1857, on the occasion of the funeral of one of the Sisters, a Miss Scobell, the brutal and ghastly affair called the Lewes Riots took place. The Sisters were assaulted by the mob in the churchyard, and in the darkness of the autumn afternoon were nearly pulled to pieces, and they, with Dr. Neale, had to be escorted to the railway station by the police. A Sister who was present on the occasion has since described to me the scene as one hideous beyond words to express.

And this brings us up to 1858, when my own connection with the Community began.

From childhood upwards Dr. Neale's *Stories of the Saints* had always appealed to one most specially; there was something so realistic, so life-like about them, they seemed to bridge over time, and make you feel fellows with the saints and martyrs. In the early part of 1858 a volume of *Sermons on the Canticles* appeared, which were a most fascinating departure from the beaten track of sermons, but not till the preliminary correspondence with Dr. Neale *in re* my going to S. Margaret's, did we know that they were his. I remember they were published by Painter, and favourably reviewed in the *Union*, which was the forerunner of the present *Church Times*, and there were many speculations as to the authorship. He also sent me a little book, compiled by himself from mediæval sources, called *Hours of the Passion*, which I have loved specially from that day to this; there is something so quaint, and old world, and

marvellously devotional about it. My mother wrote to Dr. Neale about my wish to become a Sister, as I was only eighteen at the time, and he sent the following reply :—

"SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
"*August 19, 1858.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Will the Thursday in next week be too early for you ? If you come that day, ——, besides the Sisters in the Orphanage, who are fixtures (but with whom your daughter's daily life would not be spent) and the Mother, one of our Sisters will be at home whom I should *most* gladly see with a fresh comer, she is so very gentle and so very good. All the others are out nursing, and if we wait much longer she may be so also. I can only most earnestly pray that her coming may be blessed to her and to us. If you knew how it pains me, conscious as I am of my own miserable failures and mistakes, to be written to, or thought of, as in your letter, you would have spoken differently. But I will not shrink from your trust, when our LORD is so present to help. And now I will add one line for your daughter.

"Believe me, yours most truly,
"J. M. NEALE."

"P.S.—Friday the Mother wishes to be the day for your daughter to come, so let it be Friday."

Oddly enough, everything I have begun all through my life has been begun on a Friday !

The Sister whom Dr. Neale specially mentioned as wishing me to know was our late dear Mother, then

Sister Alice. Here is his letter, enclosed in my mother's, for me:—

"SACKVILLE COLLEGE,

"*August 19, 1858.*

"MY DEAR MISS ——,

"I need not tell you with what deep interest I read your letter, and trust it may be GOD's answer to our earnest and repeated prayer for more help, and I shall make you the subject of special prayer, that you may be led to take the step that is best for you, that you may become a true and brave Sister in our dear LORD's work. You can hardly understand yet what is the closeness of the tie that binds those who are fighting this hard battle in common—I trust you may soon learn it.

"Before you come, I want you to be prepared for the difficulty and irksomeness of your work *at first.* It must be so: obedience to fixed rules, when we have not been used to them, is a very great trial at the commencement,—and we think, Why am I to be perpetually teased with them? You know very well what all the Saints have taught us about this obedience, and that without suffering we must not hope to be able to do any great thing for GOD.

"And now, the Sisters have a right, have they not? to ask for your prayers. You will soon join them in the difficult battle, to fight together, and you must help each other; may GOD give you grace to overcome each sin!

"Yours most faithfully in CHRIST,

"J. M. NEALE."

And so I set out to try my life there. I had never been so far south before, and was much struck by the prettily wooded country through which we passed. Dr. Neale met us at the station, and under his escort we walked up to S. Margaret's, in the glory of a golden summer evening. A funny little home it was, standing endwise to the road, approached by a flight of brick steps, shut in by a door from the causeway outside. Inside, a tiny hall, screened from the staircase by a red baize curtain; in the left the door opened into the Mother's room, which looked across the road on to the churchyard—an ecclesiastical-looking room, with texts and plainly framed prints on the coloured walls, for it was before the days of the plenitude of photography. The furniture was all of plain deal, stained dark brown, and cocoa-nut matting on the floor. Here Dr. Neale left us, and I was escorted to my room. This was one of four cubicles in what had, I believe, been an upper workshop annexed to the house, and of which a lower workshop served as the Oratory. I was perfectly fascinated with the little dormitory, with its buff-coloured plaster walls and partitions of dark stained wood, its little iron bedstead, wooden table with washing apparatus, and rough red earthenware pan for more extensive ablutions, and heavy stool, with four knotted wooden legs.

The refectory, a sort of semi-underground shed, took my fancy greatly. It was as plain as plain could be, with brick walls and floor and trestle tables. Joining on to S. Margaret's was the Orphanage, where a blue-frocked, white-capped, rosy little crew was presided over

by two of the Sisters. The Oratory, which connected S. Margaret's and the Orphanage, was a sweet little place, originally built, I believe, for a workshop. Long and narrow, with dark wooden desks on each side for the Sisters, and a sort of *parc*, shut off with wooden rails for the orphans. In this little Oratory the greater part of those marvellous sermons on the Religious life—the publication of which was such an addition to the treasury of the Church's literature—were given. Both in them, and in all his writings, it seemed, as it were, as if the gates of heaven were opened and revealed the company therein, with whom we could intermix, and feel the Saints to be real personal friends, and not a dry kalendar of names. The first Sunday he asked me to go and see Sackville College, and I remember walking with him on the flagged terrace which ran round it, while he put before me some of the duties of a Sister's life. Before us, stretched far away range after range of blue down towards Crowborough heights to the right, and a fair and wooded country between us and Reigate on the left. Behind were the gray and crumbling walls of the ancient college, over which scrambled tangled vines in all the glory of their summer foliage.

"You have read the *Penny Post*, have you not?" said he. I had. The *Penny Post* was then in its zenith as a Church organ. "You remember the story of *Gill's Lap?*" Yes; I did. "Well," pointing over the southern downs, pale in the mist of the August afternoon, "you see that little dark clump over there, that is Gill's Lap."

One *had* read the story of *Gill's Lap*, but never dreamed one would so shortly be standing side by side with the author having the identical spot pointed out to one, any more than when, as a little child, one had read and loved the *Forty Martyrs of Sebaste*, one would have thought that from the lips of the author one would have been taught that science of the Saints which enabled them to brave the cold and bitterness of that March night for the sake of the glory which should be revealed.

Dr. Neale's Bible Classes to the Sisters were most marvellous. He walked up and down the little Oratory, with his Bible in his hand, reading, explaining, asking questions, giving the key to the wonderful, mystical interpretation of the Old Testament, with quotations from the mediæval writers bearing on each subject, so that one saw CHRIST, and CHRIST only, in every chapter from Genesis to Revelation. The first class I ever heard him give was the first evening I was at S. Margaret's, and it was on one of the chapters of Joshua. As a rule, when it was possible, he came over to say Lauds and Matins for the Sisters, and in the saying of the Psalms it was curious how, now and again, a translation from the Vulgate slipped from his lips. One I specially remember in the 80th Psalm, 13th verse; instead of saying, "And the wild beasts of the field devour it," he nearly always said, "And the singular beast doth devour it." He was very particular about the singing of both Sisters and children in the Oratory, and always said his ambition was that one day S. Margaret's singing should be the admiration of the whole country side, and this, I

think, is fulfilled at the present day at S. Margaret's. He was most particular also about the children's dress. One day he met them out walking with a Sister, and sent a child back because it had on a pinafore that was not in uniform with the others; and once, when I had been at S. Margaret's a little longer, and was in charge of the Orphanage one afternoon, some ladies were shewn round, who found me presiding over what, I am afraid, was a state of great muddle. That same evening this note came over from Sackville College:—

"If you knew the pride and delight I take in S. Margaret's, you would be able to fancy the sad vexation and disappointment to me when strangers come into the Orphanage and find a place such as it was this afternoon. You may think all this very little and fidgetty, that it matters not at all that they find everything in disorder—a garment here, and something equally out of place there—but, unless you can do these little things well, you will never do anything great hereafter."

Dr. Neale planned out the disposition of my time at my first commencement at S. Margaret's. I had a certain portion allotted for the Oratory, private prayer, and reading, and there was to read a given number of pages in S. Augustine's *Commentary on the Psalms*, in English, and of Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History* in French, on which, once a month, I was to have a paper of questions, to which I was to give full written replies. I was to read daily to an old blind woman in Sackville College—I forget now what her name was—and in the afternoon the Mother sent me to visit some sick person,

generally in an outlying hamlet two or three miles off. What lovely walks those used to be in the autumn afternoons! All through the hilly Ashurst Wood, the ground thick with golden fern, the woods, clad in their autumn glories, towering up the hill side till the winding walk along the slope brought you to a clump of stone pines overhanging a tanpit in a hollow, and beyond that you emerged in the lonely hamlet—a few scattered cottages and a meeting house, but *no* church. Here lived a few labourers and their wives—some were pleasant, some otherwise. I always specially remember one poor young man, a hedger and ditcher, who was in consumption, and had a delicate wife and a family of pretty little children. I recollect they used to be very ragged, and I always went supplied with needle and thread, and used to mend their clothes while I talked to him. A portion of housework also fell to my lot, and I enjoyed the scrubbing most heartily, though it was some time before I accomplished laying a fire with satisfaction.

In 1858 appeared the splendid comet, and we used to walk in the autumn evenings under the elm trees in the college field and see it blazing in its terrible beauty across the skies, while Dr. Neale told us it was supposed to be the same comet which had appeared to Noah to foretell the flood.

I remember I was so much struck in one of his sermons; telling of how to utilize *every* gift for God's service, he cited, among others, the gift of personal beauty—a thing which, as a rule, I had always thought religious people taught one to despise. He counted it

as a gift which was given any person to use as much as they would the gift of eloquence, or drawing, music, or any other which would be of use to attract people to God. I remember one very good, but very plain lady who was present in the Oratory when it was preached, not being at all pleased with it. I suppose, like all poetic natures, he felt very keenly the charm of beauty. I remember his dismay when a visitor—whom he had fancied from her name would be good-looking—arrived, and was the very reverse. He said, "She is ugly; but ugly does not express it all—she is *oogly*."

In the November of that year Dr. Neale, being anxious to help girls of a rougher, more vitiated class than those in the Orphanage, planned what he called the *Red School*, who were to be under the Sisters' care, and yet kept apart from the orphans. Here is a bit of an old letter written at the time:—

"*November 16, 1858.*

"The Mother went yesterday to S. George's-in-the-East to fetch the two children, whom the S. George's Sisters are sending. They have been brought straight from a wretched home, all anyhow, and the Mother and I are hard at work making them clothes. So you see, the *Red School* is begun, and I am to have charge of it! They sleep in a room in a house opposite—a very large attic, hired over a shop, and I sleep with them. They are *very* dirty, and all alive! The children interest me immensely with their recital of Wapping life. I could write quite a nice little story out of all I have picked up from them, but it is all very dreadful—how their father

and some woman fight on the stairs, and he knocks her into the gutter; and how their brother George, just home from his first voyage, poured water on her face, and brought her round again; and how their father sat and *roared* because he could not get any more beer on trust; and, finally, how all the family disagreements had ended in a general street row. They are good girls, and both very fond of work. Mr. Neale brought them such a curious old French book of Bible pictures (time of Louis Quatorze) to shew them and explain to them, and it amuses me, too, the prints are so quaint."

It was not long before the children, in the pure atmosphere of East Grinstead, forgot all the horrors of their Wapping *entourage*, and Dr. Neale, not seeing his way to carrying on a separate school, merged the children into the Orphanage, where they grew up into good, steady women.

Here is another bit of an old letter:—

"*May 14, 1859.*

"I don't think I ever told you how we spent Good Friday here. There was silence all day, and no regular sit down meals except for the children. Cross buns and coffee were put in the refectory at 8 a.m., 1.30, and 5.30 p.m., and we each went in and had some, for Mr. Neale had told us we *must* eat, and not fast, as some of us wanted to till evening. We spent the whole day in the Oratory, the walls of which were stripped bare, and the windows closely curtained with black. The crucifix, too, was covered with black. At 11 a.m. we had the Gospel of the Passion, and then Mr. Neale stood on the

sanctuary steps, holding the crucifix, and, while the *Pange lingua* was being sung, each Sister in turn stepped from her place, and, kneeling before the crucifix, kissed its feet. In the p.m. was a sermon, then the children came in and we had the Stations. Evensong was at 8-30, and then we went to bed. The gloom and depression made one realize Good Friday as I had never done before.

"Easter Day was grand. The four vases of flowers—such *splendid* flowers!—on the altar, and Mr. Neale, swinging the censer till the sanctuary was full of sweet smoke, was delightful."

This account of how Good Friday was kept at S. Margaret's forty-four years ago is rather interesting, and it is interesting, too, to think that same Lent Mr. Mackonochie began the first "Three Hours" at S. Saviour's, Wellclose Square.

One more extract from a letter is here:—

"*December 13, 1859.*

"This is the Fair week here. Monday was the great day, and people come from all parts to it. The Welsh drovers, shouting in Welsh to their cattle, make such a bustle and confusion, and you hear nothing but that and the galloping of horses—for they try horses up and down the street, between the churchyard and S. Margaret's—*such* horses you never saw! Of all the old brutes picked up anywhere, this seems the greatest collection. Mr. Neale took the Red School children out to see the stalls, and by their account they got well stared at by the riff-raff round. About four weeks ago

a man came down from London to teach Sister Alice and me to print with the new press which has been given to us. He is a Mr. Cull, who printed Mr. Henry Collins' tracts, and all the things for S. George's Mission. Mr. Wagner, of S. Paul's, Brighton, sent us an order for two hundred copies of an Advent hymn, at five shillings a hundred, so we worked hard setting up the type and printing them off. We felt so proud! Mr. Neale corrected the proof. The new schoolrooms [1] are so nice—as nice to play in as to teach in, I find, for this evening the children begged me to have a good game with them, so we pushed aside the tables and had a capital game of blind man's buff.

"Will you tell A. L. that if she wants to go to the hospital she must go before she is a Sister, for Sister Martha cannot get admission into one on account of her cross, and Mr. Neale will not let her put it off. So you see there is no chance for me! If Mr. Neale could trust me, I was thinking how nice it would be to learn in one of the Belgian hospitals, under the Soeurs de Charité there. Sister Alice says he has often talked of it for some of the Sisters whom he could trust. They are more Jansenistical and less ultramontane than the French Sisters."

What I remember so specially about Dr. Neale is, the sort of energetic way in which he threw himself into all the active work of the Community, in all manner of ways, either big or little. If it was a fine, bright half-

[1] In an additional house, taken that autumn, and so completing the little quadrangle.

holiday, and he thought it would do the orphans good to take them for a ramble into some distant wood, or to see a quaint church in some outlying village, he organized a party, and escorted two Sisters and the older girls to view whatever might be the object of interest, and while pointing out all the beauties of a wooded glade, where the crisp young bronzy oaks stood knee deep in blue-bells, or some eminence which had been a Roman camp, or some soft gray distance from which rose the tower of some church, he intermingled with these, anecdotes of his travels in Dalmatia, Spain, and a hundred and one interesting places, full of stories of the Saints. We were most especially interested in what he told us of the Curé d'Ars, for it seemed to bring everything home to us, to feel there was an actual Saint on the earth at the same time as ourselves. The winter of 1860-61 was a bitterly cold one, and there was much distress among the poor cottagers. He organized a soup kitchen in the town, managed by the Sisters, but to which he always came himself and helped in giving out the soup. If a Sister was nursing in some lonely, out of the way hamlet, he would always find time to go and see her, at least once during the period of her nursing, and cheer her with news from home. Though so very particular about the neatness of the orphans' dress, and all the household arrangements of S. Margaret's, he never seemed to notice what he wore himself. His usual costume was a cassock, and white bands such as John Wesley's portraits have, and out of doors he invariably wore a college cap. But he was perfectly unconscious

of drops of wax from the candle being on his cassock, or of frayed and worn edges, and equally unconscious of it when a new one was provided for him. His own study was a marvellous place, literally lined with books —great folios, unsightly duodecimos, parchment bound, leather bound, every size, every variety, every age, every language—treating chiefly of Ecclesiastical History, Ecclesiology and Hagiography, thronged the shelves from floor to ceiling. And these were not enough; cross shelves filled up the middle of the room, packed and crowded with books, so that there was barely space to squeeze round from the door to the little fireplace in the corner, over which were hung strange and valuable ikons, brought from Russia and Greece. I was allowed to taste of some of the literary treasures, and revelled in some little clumsily leather-bound volumes of *Lettres curieuses et edifiantes*, being letters from French Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, full of faith and marvels, and of botanical and geographical discoveries, which to me were deeply interesting. Didron's *Iconographie Chretienne*, with its curious and wonderful pictures, was also a fascinating loan. It was a real treat to look round at these numberless tomes of every age and language, from the depths of which Dr. Neale drew the treasures which he gave forth to the world. It was his habit to dictate all his writings, and the late Mother of S. Margaret's, who was then Sister Alice, acted as his amanuensis, while he paced up and down the limited space not occupied by books, with his hands behind his back.

He was keenly interested in the bettering of women and girls, and strongly shared the feeling of the French Bishop who said, "The presence of a young girl purifies a house." But to exercise this influence, the young girl herself must be spotless, and a motto of Dr. Neale's was, "Prevention is better than cure." To effect this prevention, and to assist girls in the crowded and worst parts of London, he, in conjunction with the Rev. J. C. Chambers, founded the Guild of S. Michael and All Angels, which was inaugurated at S. Mary's, Soho, on the Michaelmas of 1863. It was to consist of women and girls—poor, working women and girls, all of them—who were, while living in the world, to try and keep themselves "unspotted from the world." Each member, in her own small circle, was to endeavour to evangelize humanity, and their object in life was to try and shew the true womanliness of womanhood, as the above quoted French Bishop expresses it—"To preserve the beauty and purity of home, to scatter the shadows of life, to support and raise man himself." Here is a quotation from a letter of his, written a week after the foundation of the Guild, to his great friend, the Rev. J. Haskoll:—

"*October 5, 1863.*

"We had a very interesting ceremony the other day. In our (Mission) House at Soho there is the same difficulty as everywhere else; the crowded houses render purity and modesty among the girls almost impossible. With Mr. Chambers' leave I devised what we call S. Michael's Association for Girls between fourteen and

twenty-four, being unmarried. The object: 'Mutual encouragement and assistance in the graces which become Christian women, and especially that of purity.' The rule: 'To say certain short prayers daily; to subscribe one halfpenny per week; when they hear any oaths, to make an ejaculation set down for them; so of any impure word.' There are honorary members, and by their means we hope, half-yearly, to give a handsome bonus. But now comes the important part. The Associates are divided into bands of ten (you will see S. Benedict's Denaries): over each is set a band-mistress in their own station of life. It is the business of any Associate if she is thrown into such circumstances as can scarcely co-exist with purity (*e.g.* suppose a lodger were taken into the one room), to ask her band-mistress what she had better do. If she can answer, well and good; if not, the band-mistresses meet at S. Mary's every Monday evening to lay their difficulties before the Sister Superior. If any of the Associates know that another has behaved unworthily of her rule, she tells the band-mistress, and so it goes up to the Sister Superior. At the next meeting, the name not being given, if the charge is true a majority of the band-mistresses can suspend her or can expel her. On this latter the Sister Superior has a vote, who also can herself suspend her. If she is expelled, her money is lost; if suspended, returned to her, and she begins all over again. They wear a cross as a badge. On Michaelmas night I preached at the opening; there were three bands and a half, and a crowded congregation. I can assure you I spoke pretty

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plainly, and felt the great advantage of confession, in supplying me with *useable* words. The clergy there liked the sermon very much."

He had never been strong, and towards the end of 1865 he failed very much. But even in his failing days, as a proof of his boundless energy, his desire of doing the utmost he could for every one, he organized Night Schools and Services, to be conducted by the Sisters, for the navvies who were working on the extension railway to Tunbridge Wells, and after that for the workmen employed on the building of the new S. Margaret's. That he was never to see in this world. He was present at the laying of the foundation stone on S. Margaret's Day, 1865, at which was a large gathering of friends, chiefly from S. Mary's, Soho, and a grand procession, when banners designed by Edmund and John Sedding were carried. During his illness, scarcely a day passed that he was not driven down to look at the progress of those walls which he, with earthly vision, was never to see completed. On August 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration, he was called home.

We of his children, who were in Haggerston, went down to take our last look at our Founder before he was laid in the grave. It was a hot August day, and as we passed up from the station the air was full of the scent of lilies in the cottage gardens, and the shadows of the great elm trees in the fields, by the cottage, lay pleasantly across the grass. The gray old walls were bathed in yellow sunshine as we crossed the quadrangle into the cool darkened room hallowed by the presence of

the dead. He lay, in his priest's vestments, with a peaceful smile on his calm face, and through the little lattice window, framed in by vine leaves, came glimpses of the blue heights of which he used to speak so lovingly as "The hills stand round about Jerusalem." The sad procession to the grave brought to one's memory the bright, happy July day of last year, when the festal procession, in all its brightness of white-robed choir and clergy, blue garbed orphans, and here and there the flash of crimson banners, wound across the sunny fields to the laying of the foundation stone of the building. What a wonderful life his was! What a wonderful work he had done for the Church in so many various ways! Apart from the foundation of S. Margaret's, he had marvellously enriched the Church by his writings, especially in the matter of the Holy Eastern Church, in which he was most deeply interested. The Rev. Eugene Popoff, a Russian Priest, was an intimate friend of his, and I remember his being present at Vespers in the Oratory at the same time as Mr. Ambrose Lisle Philips, the great Unity enthusiast, who had come to see S. Margaret's, and we all felt, as it were, a step somewhat nearer corporate re-union, when a Roman and a Greek assisted at the same Office.

Dr. Neale himself had not the very slightest Roman tastes or tendencies: no man less. All his interest and sympathy lay with the Holy Eastern Church. But when I went to S. Margaret's in 1858, I found the reserved Sacrament in the Oratory as a matter of course —I am not quite sure when the custom of reservation

began, but it was some time previous to that date. He was a great ecclesiologist, and I believe he and his friend, Mr. Benjamin Webbe, Vicar of S. Andrew's, Wells Street, and one of the founders of the Cambridge Camden Society, contributed together many articles on that subject to the magazines of the day. Mr. Webbe, I think, was his companion on the church tour of which he wrote an account called *Hierologus.* This had, from childhood, been a favourite of mine, and also another one published in 1847, called *The Unseen World*, a subject in which he took a very great interest. I first read it, as a child of twelve, in 1852. I had scorned and scoffed at the possibility of so-called "Ghost Stories" before, but this book took a powerful hold of me, and has made me from that day a most firm believer in visible communication with the unseen.

Report said Sackville College was haunted, and a lady who slept for a time in "the Earl's Chamber," told me that she several times has heard footsteps in the corridor outside, when there was nothing to be seen. I believe on one or two occasions Dr. Neale himself came in touch with the invisible, but I cannot speak with certainty. One rather curious thing I remember he told us, and that was the following dream:— He had been preaching somewhere, and had stated that from reports and collected facts, he had come to the conclusion that rescue work was most unsatisfactory and hopeless, as, judging by these, on an average only about one in every two hundred of fallen women was

truly penitent. That night he dreamed he was coming out of his study door into the quadrangle of the college. It was midnight, pitch dark, but he saw a great light before him, and there was our LORD standing, with a lantern in His hand, as Holman Hunt has painted Him as the Light of the World. In the halo cast by the lantern on the grass, he could see every little blade and herb quite distinctly. Our LORD said, "How many books have you written about the victories of My Saints?" He said that waking, he could not have recollected without much thought,—dreaming, he mentioned the exact number. Our LORD said, "And can you number all the deeds and triumphs of My Saints?" He said, "No, LORD; no man can." "Then," said our LORD, "how dare you, who cannot, limit the extent of My mercy?" and forthwith vanished out of his sight; and it was borne in upon him that this was a rebuke for the sermon he had preached limiting GOD's mercy in dealing with souls. To the day of his death, he said he always passed by that plot of grass where the blessed feet had stood with the utmost reverence.

His greatest talent was his marvellous gift of poetry—his verses went with such a swing—such rhythm, such a sweet smoothness, such *verve*. Here it is like the rippling of a little brook over the pebbles in a wooded hollow, now like a winter torrent dashing down the mountain side. Whether in its harmonious ripples, or its mighty waves, it carries you with it in perfect sympathy and harmony. He makes everything *tell*—he makes you realize the

intensity of the subject, and it is marvellous how smoothly he weaves in unmanageable, many syllabled words. For example—

> "Ridge of the mountain-wave,
> Lower thy crest!
> Wail of Euroclydon,
> Be thou at rest!"

Here is not a single unnecessary word—and yet how vividly you picture the whole scene! And how wonderfully that strange word *Euroclydon* harmonises with the whole—nay—more than harmonises—it gives the verse its special character. And his translations from the Latin and Greek have a power and majesty—especially the former—which makes them so far superior to other men's translations.

His rendering of Bernard of Morlaix's *Heavenly Country* reads like a foretaste of Paradise itself, and do not his Christmas Carols make you grasp the true feeling of Christmas most thoroughly? But his Easter Carols, to my mind, surpass all. Take that most lovely one—

> "There stood three Maries by the tomb
> On Easter morning, early,
> When day had scarcely chas'd the gloom,
> And dew lay white and pearly."

Can you not picture the intense stillness of the early morning, the spreading glow in the Eastern sky, and the dewdrops quivering silently on the almond blossoms? More than picturing, can you not *feel* it? And how vividly he paints the sweetness of our English spring in this—

> "S. Alice has her primrose gay,
> S. George's bells are gleaming."

He must have had before him the vision of those Sussex woods, with their delicate spring tints, with here and there rosettes of primroses peeping coyly forth from their shelter of crinkled emerald leaves, while the whole wood echoes with the songs of birds.

I remember being so forcibly struck with the grand ring of his "CHRIST'S own martyrs, valiant cohort," which he brought to S. Mary's, Soho, for All Saints' Day, in 1863. And during the last springtide of his life, in the failing days of his feebleness, he wrote some splendid verses on the cattle plague which was then raging throughout the country. His heart, like that of so many other saintly men, went out in deep love and sympathy to the dumb beasts. If I mistake not, the now popular hymn, "Art thou weary?" appeared about the same time, one, if not the very last, from his pen.

Through his whole life, whatever he took in hand, he did his *very* best with. In him there were no half-hearted measures or attempts—he gave his *very best*. And he expected those whom he trained to do the same, and to spare nothing, to keep back nothing, but to do their very best, to the utmost of their power, in all things. I remember so well these words he preached on my admission as a novice of S. Margaret's. "You know what you have to expect: a continual struggle with yourself, perpetual self-denial, continual hard work, a routine of prayer and toil which will often go sadly against flesh and blood. But you know to what all this leads. You know? Neither you nor I, nor the greatest

Saint that has not yet put off his earthly body, can tell!"

In conclusion, I think nothing so well expresses the whole keynote of Dr. Neale's life as these words from his own Seatonian Prize poem of *Egypt*.

"Go Forward!
Forward, when all seems lost, when the cause looks utterly hopeless:
Forward, when brave hearts fail, and to yield is the rede of the coward;
Forward, when friends fall off, and enemies gather around thee;
Thou, though alone with thy God, though alone in thy courage, go forward!
Nothing it is with Him to redeem by few or by many;
Help, though deferred, shall arrive; ere morn the night is the darkest."

S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho.

In the autumn of 1858, the Rev. J. C. Chambers, then Vicar (or, as it was called in those days, Perpetual Curate) of S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho, asked Dr. Neale for two Sisters to work in his very poor, crowded, and destitute parish. These two Sisters were granted; but one having to be recalled for urgent Home duties in a few weeks, I was sent to take her place.

People who pass in road cars and omnibuses down the wide, airy, magnificent Shaftesbury Avenue, would hardly realize what that neighbourhood was over forty years ago, before houses, courts, and alleys were pulled down to widen Crown Street into the spacious thoroughfare of which it constitutes a part. The parish of S. Mary's, Soho, abutted on the notorious Seven Dials and Great S. Andrew's Street, the time-famed repository for 'fancy" of every description. Fowls, singing birds, rabbits, vermin of all sorts, dog collars, etc., garnished the windows of every shop. Hard by were Dudley and Monmouth Streets, equally noted for their old clothes stores; indeed, it was difficult at times to walk along the streets for the rows of patched third and fourth hand boots exposed for sale at the entrance of the cellars, while frowsy garments of every description flapped and flopped in the doorways above. Out of Monmouth

Street a narrow filthy archway led into Monmouth Court, a vile den, where the last dying speeches of those hanged at Newgate were printed, on long slips of coarse paper, topped by a rude woodcut of the gallows bearing a pendant figure, and most execrable rhymes on topical (chiefly police news) subjects, and atheistical and revolutionary catechisms, printed in a similar manner, emanated from the same press, and were hawked about the streets and eagerly bought up by the boys. A few steps southward lay Newport Market, a sort of oblong square, inhabited by costermongers and thieves, while a large abattoir stood in the centre, from beneath the doors of which crimson streams flowed into the gutters. Further on lay the market, whence some courts debouched into Leicester Square, and a labyrinth of streets lay around, chiefly inhabited by foreigners.

Crown Street (which was the locality where the Church and Church House was situate), ran down south of Oxford Street, and the corner where it connected is historically remarkable for being the last place where the condemned stopped for a drink on their way to Tyburn. The public-house had been pulled down years before, and a butter shop occupied its site; but it was sadly interesting to think how many Captain Macheaths and Jack Sheppards must have halted there on their last journey, dressed in clean holland shirts, with a nosegay to smell, and the Ordinary seated beside them!

To the left lay old S. Giles' Church—*could* one credit it had ever been S. Giles-in-the-Fields? And yet it may

have been when Crown Street was called Hog Lane, and the pigs snouted along it for garbage beneath the hedges! Right over the doorway leading into S. Giles' crowded churchyard was a large carving of the Last Judgment. It seemed strange to see the awful scene cut in the solid stone slab, now grimed and black with the dust and dirt of years, looking down on the seething mass of humanity below, fighting, swearing, thieving, drinking, sinning against God and each other in every possible way.

Now of our own Church—S. Mary the Virgin. At the Five Dial end of Crown Street was a square of low one-storied alms-houses—built, it is believed, in Charles II. time—and in the centre (the east end being hidden from the street by the old Church House, evidently built about the same date) stood the church, a square, plain building, lighted by oblong square-headed windows some feet from the ground.

It had its historical associations, being the first church built in London for the worship of the Greeks, about 1677, and there was a Greek inscription over the west door to that effect. It subsequently fell into the hands of French Protestants, and from 1822 to 1849 into those of Dissenters, and when about to be sold as a dancing academy was rescued and consecrated by Bishop Blomfield. Mr. Archer Gurney held it previously to Mr. Chambers, and a rough lot of customers he must have found the denizens of the court and its purlieus. Many of the public-houses around were kept by ex-pugilists, and a great many "pugs" lived round about. There were legends extant of raids made by the roughs on the

Church door during Service time, and of Archer Gurney "breaking off his sermon, striding down the aisle, polishing off his man, returning and resuming the thread of his discourse."

Behind the altar rose a high flat wall with an arched ceiling, and a small door opened on the right into our part of the Church House, and a left-hand door led into the Schoolroom (a lean-to building running along the north side of the Church, and also opening into Chapel Place), and by a passage communicating with the loft containing the organ pipes, and, past that, with the larger portion of the Church House, which had the principal door opening into Crown Street, and was tenanted at that time by Dr. Littledale and his sister. After the first winter, the Doctor's sister marrying, and he seeing how much more space the Sisters needed, courteously gave up the Church House to them, and took the little slice they had at first occupied.

It would have been strange if, in an old house and church like these, there had not been some ghostly rumours, and report went that the Archbishop of Samos, who was buried under the altar, walked in all the state of rustling vestments round the church at night; also that the Dissenting minister, who, if I mistake not, was buried outside the chancel, contended the possession of the spot with him, and also walked. Anyhow, it was a weird, spectral place at night, with strange booms and echoes sounding in the old walls, and curious cracks, and footsteps, and *hishings* in the narrow passage that wound behind the altar and led into the house. Dr.

Littledale always affirmed he looked into the church one night and heard the organ playing, and a soft light shining from it, and as he stepped in, the light died, the melancholy notes ceased, and all was darkness, except for the candle he carried, and with which he investigated all round, and found the keyboard locked.

Well—to this place—so near to one's heart ever since, I went one gloomy December afternoon. I had left East Grinstead in one of those funny old-fashioned cattle trucks of a third class carriage, in company with a cheery party of Welsh drovers, all returning from the annual fair, and chattering away in a marvellous guttural language. The winter sun was shining brightly over the leaf-strewn fields and the yet red woods, but as I rolled into London Bridge the gas lamps twinkled in a gray, murky atmosphere. And grayer, and murkier, and darker, and gloomier it got, as we turned from the glare and bustle of Oxford Street, down the narrow, brown ill-lighted windings of Crown Street, and stopped at the door of the Church House. By the faint light of the lamp at the corner of Chapel Place, I could see it was a sort of a yellowy, drabby, dirty looking, one storied square house, with a heavy old fashioned door, and a window on each side. To the left, divided by iron railings from the street, was what I learned to call the *wide* court, which was flagged, with a gutter down the middle, a pump, some ragged, haggard women taking clothes off some lines, who when they were not gossiping to each other in loud, discordant voices, were cuffing and yelling at the half-clad squalid children playing with a

dead kitten in the gutter. To the right were two dirty little shops, built flush with the Church House, and leaning their backs against it as if for support, and at their corner was the *narrow* court which led to the schoolroom. People usually went down the wide court to church—besides being roomier, it was more respectable than the narrow side.

Our door was round the corner in the wide court—it admitted you into an exceptionally narrow passage, with a door to the left, leading into the church, and another to the right, into a large class-room, where the Guild of S. Alban used to hold their meetings, hence called the guild-room, and then by the long, winding, ghostly passage at the back of the Church into the schoolroom. We went up some very narrow stairs, in the pea-soup atmosphere which seemed to pervade everything, into the Sisters' abode, which was a long, narrow, old-fashioned room, running at the back of the church, with a window opening into the wide court; a check cotton curtain divided this half off as the living-room, behind the curtain was the sleeping portion. A tiny kitchen and servants' room opened out of it, and *voilà tout.*

It looked very pretty and snug, with the kettle singing on the hob, and tea laid out on a little table, and a few prints from Philp, in Oxford frames, hanging on the wall, and a small table in the corner, covered with red baize, whereon stood a black cross, and two or three devotional books.

After tea came night school. The schoolroom was,

as I said, a lean-to, reached by the narrow passage, It was lighted by sky-lights, and had been run up against the church, and the lower half of each of the north windows formed part of its wall.

I don't remember much of that night school; they were very thin, sallow, dirty, ragged, smelly girls of from eleven to fourteen.

At half-past eight we went to church.

Dear old church! There has been none ever like you to me in my whole life! Perfectly square, with tawny, discoloured walls, matchboarded a few feet up with stained wood; a chancel railed off, three sides of a square in front of the altar, which was raised on four steps and draped in violet, with a crown of thorns worked in white on the frontal, and heavy violet hangings, bordered with white stripes, behind; to the left, by the schoolroom door, the organ. A sort of gray fog seemed to float all round, amidst which the gas-lights burned dimly. There were no pillars or recesses in the building: all was perfectly square and funereally gray. The rattle of the vehicles passing to and fro in Crown Street, the scuttling of feet and shrieking of bigger lads, and girls romping and chasing each other round and round Chapel Place, with now and again a bang at the door, all vibrated through the edifice.

The choristers were all in black cassocks, and sung the *Dies Iræ* slowly and solemnly. The Priests were all men whose names have been since noted in the Church—John Charles Chambers, Richard Frederic

Littledale, and Malcolm MacColl. The former came up to us after Service, and greeted me kindly and pleasantly; Dr. Littledale also said a few kind words, and so ended my first evening in Soho.

How dark and gloomy the church looked the next morning at the early celebration at seven o'clock!—all the four corners and the body of the building shrouded in mysterious darkness; only the purple of the altar faintly showing by the dim light of the corona in the chancel. The echoing footsteps of the Priest who celebrated were heard coming from the vestry up the centre long before his white spectral form emerged from the darkness into the pale halo cast by the corona. The court outside was silent, for the Sohoites were late goers to bed, and consequently late risers; indeed, some nights it seemed they never went to bed at all, with the sound of thieves' whistles, policemen's rattles, running footsteps, odd scrambling sounds on the roofs, drunken shouting, catches of songs, women screaming, and the never-ceasing rattle of wheels.

School began at 9.30. I had always had in my own mind a *penchant* for rags and dirt, and so the appearance of the scholars was congenial: boys, girls, and infants mixed, in torn garments, and very short of garments at all, with white, thin, dirty, squalid faces and unkempt locks, but, oh! such keen, scrutinising, vigilant eyes—restless, irrepressible little beings, who seemed as if they *could not* sit still without twisting about and fidgetting up and down, and talking; and all seemed pervaded with an odd sort of odour, a combination of

tobacco, treacle, and dirt. School, with constantly varying lessons, and change of position, and a good deal of singing, which they all enjoyed, came to an end at twelve, when we had prayers and dismissal. Lots of the little white faces were held up to be kissed as they trooped out into Chapel Place, where an uncouth gang of big boys were leaning against the wall, chucking up knives, and tossing halfpence, and holloaing, "Hulloa, old Mother Nightcap!" as the Sister's head appeared at the door, till the echoing tramp of the policeman at the bottom of the court evoked the ejaculation of "Kool slop!" ("Look out for the policeman!") and they melted in every direction.

We dined when our flock had gone; then recommenced school at two, and dismissed them again at four. Dr. Littledale came in usually for afternoon prayers, and whenever I hear the Advent hymn, "Creator of the stars of night," the picture of those first winter afternoons in S. Mary's School always rises vividly to my memory—the room, veiled in the gray shades of the December evening, the rows of emaciated children, the bright eyes, and white faces, and little thin, white arms, shining out of the gloom, the white-capped, gray-robed Sister standing in front of them, and Dr. Littledale, with his calm, earnest face, at the end of the room, leading off the hymn!

Our routine for the day was pretty much the same, the evenings being sometimes occupied with night-school, sometimes with district visiting. The first house I ever entered was just at the corner of the court, over a

coal shop, No. 9, Crown Street, third floor front. It was a dark winter's evening, the gas was flaring in the shop to enable the good-tempered owner to preside over her stores of coal and greens, in which she was assisted by her husband, a square-built, short-set man of the coster type, very quiet ordinarily, but when his blood was up he could fight like—like old boots! His wife boasted it took ten policemen to hold him, and in after days I have myself seen him floor six when a row was going on in the street! But he was a good man to the Sisters, and would stand up for them through thick and thin, and so would his wife, with her jolly, smiling, rosy face, plentifully besmeared with coal dust. The swing door leading from the shop into the passage ushered us into total darkness, and we had to feel our way up the broken stairs by the greasy, sticky bannister, counting each landing as we reached it, to make sure we were on the right track. We nearly fell foul in the darkness of a small boy carrying a basin of dirty water to throw away below; but luckily the meeting took place on a landing, where a gleam of light from under one of the doors prevented us colliding.

This climb having been accomplished, we stumbled into a small, bare room, with yellow-washed walls, seamed with cracks, and smeared with dirt, and a flaring tallow candle in a bottle, showing that the only furniture the room contained was a wooden table, a red earthen pan full of water, and a heap of filthy rags in the corner, which served for the family bed. Here lived a husband, wife, and five children. He was a cabman,

and was out on duty; the wife—a very pretty, delicate-looking young woman—was sitting on the floor by the bed, where one of the children was recovering from typhoid fever. I believe originally he had been a gentleman's coachman, and she a servant in some good family; whether it was drink, or what, had brought them to this deplorable state I do not know. She seemed utterly hopeless and helpless, and the stench of the atmosphere was hardly endurable.

Thanks to Sister Mary's energetic measures, and the good food provided, the child recovered. The family moved away from Crown Street to Newport Market shortly after, and we were constantly in touch with the children. The eldest, a stout, sturdy fellow, rejoiced in the name of Punch, and when he was about twelve or thirteen was the terror of the Market, as he could lick any boy twice his size, and led a sort of lawless, predatory, guerilla life, in defiance of the whole world. If a policeman tried to take him, he had a way of running full butt into his middle, and half doubling him up, then dodged between his legs, and fled. "None of the slops can't ketch Punch!" was the admiring verdict of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Market.

In the Mission School in Newport Place a colleague of his had annoyed the teachers with blowing tobacco smoke through the keyhole, and holloaing certain reprehensible and objurgatory remarks anent both instructor and scholars, till the former, losing all patience, opened the door suddenly and dragged him in; immediately from round the corner appeared Master

Punch at the head of a semi-clothed gang, clasped the prisoner round the waist—clothes wouldn't do, they wouldn't hold—and made a sort of *queue* across the court, all pulling like the tug-of-war, till they rescued their man and fled. There was a younger brother, such a pretty-looking little fellow, with large violet eyes like his mother, and a face like a peach. He was a much less pronounced character than Punch. Oddly enough, after losing sight of their identity for five and twenty years, I find he—the younger brother—has become a great man in the pugilistic world, and a rich man, and his name is often mentioned in the sporting papers. I often wonder if he ever remembers the old court in Soho, and the Sisters who used to visit there!

In the spring of 1859, in consequence, as I said previously, of Dr. Littledale's sister leaving, to settle abroad, he proposed taking the small, back portion of the Church House for himself, and giving up the larger, front part, for the use of the Sisters and their work.

This caused an alteration in the *ménage* of both establishments, for he parted with a long-tongued old lady, who had acted as housekeeper, and who, when she was not talking scandal with the court ladies (as we named the inhabitants of Chapel Place), was making scarlet flannel collars for her many cats. The smaller portion of the Church House afforded no accommodation for a housekeeper, and he had one of the congregation of the church, a worthy old soul, in to char and do for him. Our own domestics had not been much more of a success. Our first was a girl from Dudley Street—that

famed depôt for second-hand clothes!—who was dirty and untidy beyond human conception. Later on the Mother took her into the Orphanage at East Grinstead, and in the course of a year or two she turned out a first-rate servant!

Our second was an old lady rejoicing in the name of Honoria! who, when Sister Mary suffered from a pain in her back from overwork, asked me in a most mysterious tone whether "the poor dear inflicted any penances on herself, as she had know'd some nuns at *Bolong*, who, poor dear creatures, nailed crucifixes on to their backs with silver nails, to prevent their corroding!"

Our new rooms were much brighter and fresher and airier, looking on to Crown Street, with a good kitchen, which facilitated our making soups, etc., for the poor, besides giving us a sitting-room apart from our sleeping-room, and accommodation for two respectable girls to act as servants.

Among the children of our school were two little girls of ten and eleven, Ellen and Katie Magrath, and a boy a few years younger, as regular a little scamp as ever you could set eyes on! The father, a gilder, was a rough sort of man, terribly addicted to drink—indeed, sometimes he got half wild with it. In the autumn his wife lay dying, and Sister Mary frequently visited her. She always noticed the intense repugnance Mrs. Magrath had to take any food or medicine from her husband, and a suspicion flitted across her mind that he had administered something to her which caused her illness.

One evening little Katie ran round, with great, frightened eyes to say "mother was dying," and Sister Mary went round at once, and sat with her. Presently there were heavy footsteps on the stairs, and Magrath reeled in, quite drunk. He staggered up to the bed, steadying himself by the bed post, and looked at his wife a few minutes, then, turning to Sister Mary, said, "What! aint that devil dead yet?" The poor woman asked for a drain of water, and Magrath lurched up to the table and fetched some in a cup. She turned away shuddering, and would not touch a drop till Sister Mary refilled the cup herself from a pitcher. She stayed as long as she could, but was obliged to leave at last.

In the middle of the night there was a violent ring at the bell, and Jemmie Magrath appeared in his shirt, crying, and declaring his father threatened to kill him. Two minutes after came Katie in the same condition, and saying Ellen was too ill to come, and she and Jemmie both sobbed and cried, till presently a neighbour appeared, carrying poor little Ellen, quaking all over, and wrapped in a dirty shawl. A bed was made up for the poor little mites in the Church House, and next evening the news came that poor Mrs. Magrath was dead, and her husband was tearing and raving all over the place threatening to kill himself. Sister Mary went out from the home, and, meeting a policeman at the corner of Rose Street, pressed him to come with her. He refused to go in, but said he would wait at the bottom of the stairs while she went up. The moment she opened the door Magrath, with bloodshot eyes,

wretched, dirty, and unshaven, rushed at her, exclaiming he would kill her. "Stop a minute, stop!" he cried, and, running to a cupboard, he rattled over some things in search of a knife. "Now then!" he said, brandishing one aloft, as she stood in the doorway, "come on! Look here! you're the very person I wanted; I want to *kill* you, I do! Come here!" Sister Mary swallowed her fright—she *was* a brave, plucky woman, mind you—and tried reason with him, saying she knew he could not kill her, her time to die was not come yet. With the cunning of delirium he changed his tactics, and seeing she would not come nearer, said, "Now, look here, Sister, at my hand; I've lost three fingers already, and I want to make it all square by cutting off the other one. Just come and look here—see!" But she still stood in the doorway.

"Don't let's cut it off to-day, Magrath; we'll see about that to-morrow; and now sit down and be quiet, and look at your poor wife there!" He rushed frantically about, vowing he could not live without her; he should never be happy now she was dead; he didn't care what became of himself or anybody else!

Gradually he soothed down, dropped the knife on the floor, fell into a chair, and burst into tears. Sister Mary dashed forward, quick as lightning, snatched up the knife, and flung it down the stairs. Then she turned, and with all her force pushed him on to a bed in the corner, where the children used to sleep. His wife was laid out on their own bed. In falling, he clutched her wrist, and tried to drag her down too, but

she jerked herself away. He leaped up and rushed at her, and she pushed him down again, sped out, locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. She was such a little, slight woman, but with a will of iron! She gave the key to a respectable man who lived below, asking him to keep an eye on him, and he took him some tea when he went to work at five next morning; but, not thinking, left the key inside the door. About nine o'clock Sister Mary went round; the door was wide open, and he was gone. He was next seen dead drunk in the street, and shortly went into the country on the tramp, taking Jemmie with him. Ellen and Katie were taken into the Orphanage at East Grinstead, and, I believe, are now both married, and doing well in British Columbia.

One January evening, a lady who helped us look up our absentees from school told us she had found a family in great distress a few doors off, in Crown Street, and Sister Mary sent me to see about it. You had to pass through a fried fish shop; the smell of the rancid grease, and the not over-fresh fish steamed out into the cold frosty air, and the sound of frizzling and bubbling saluted your ears as you entered. It was some trouble to force one's way through the crowd of men who thronged the counter, and having struggled behind backs and under elbows, in close proximity to unwashed hands holding unctuous pieces of fish, dripping with fat, having fought through the smell, the glare, and the crowd, you were precipitated through a swing door into utter darkness, in which you found your

way by slimy steps to a third floor back. A tallow dip flittered and guttered on the chimney-piece, lighting up the dirty walls and ceiling, which were so cracked one marvelled they could hold together! There was a heap of gray ashes in the grate, and a bed with one or two equally gray fragments of bed clothes on. Mrs. Macey, a slight, dark-eyed Italian, as dirty as the floor, sat holding a wizen baby in her arms, and David, Johnnie, and Bessie, wan, solemn-eyed children, crouched beside her. The evening was piercing cold, and the bright stars shone down through the uncurtained window.

Her husband, a tailor, had slipped in the frost, and broken his leg, and was in Charing Cross Hospital. None of the children had been baptized, but Dr. Littledale induced her to let him christen the baby. The next evening, after school, I went round again. They were sitting round a smouldering fire, in the gray January afternoon, having tea on a broken, sloppy table. A little bundle in a white cloth lay on a shelf. "There's the little one," said Mrs. Macey, pointing to the shelf. 'After the Minister came in yesterday and done her, she was took with fits, and I thought she was dying; but I hadn't got no candle, and couldn't tell. She seemed to get worse and worse, poor lamb, and at last I could stand it no longer, and I sent David to the shop round the corner for a farden candle on trust. The woman, she come and sat with me, and we did all we could; but it warn't of no use, and she died before midnight."

Poor little wan, wizened mite! Could one regret its little thread of life had been sundered?

In February, Macey came out of the Hospital, a respectable, good-looking man, far superior to his wife, or, as we ascertained from him, *not* his wife—they had never been married. "I never had the money for the banns," he said, sadly. They were made man and wife as speedily as possible.

It will suffice here to say that for seven years we worked in Mr. Chambers' parish. Here it was we first made the acquaintance of our good friends, Dr. Littledale and Admiral Baillie Hamilton, and here also of many loving hearts, whose friendship followed us from the West into these distant wilds of the East. Mr. Chambers gave his life for his people; he worked heart and soul among them; he was indeed the sinners' friend, and the helper of many a poor struggling soul.

Some one was speaking the other day of Mrs. Monsell, the first Mother Superior of Clewer, and then came vividly before me my first sight of her, thirty-three years ago—a gloomy November day in Soho, with the sun struggling through the dark haze in which Crown Street was always enfolded. Sister Alice and I had just finished our dinner, and I was sitting on the hearthrug, surrounded by patch-work, trying to get enough fixed for the afternoon school, when the girl who waited on us opened the door, saying some name I did not catch, and ushered in a visitor. Sister Alice rushed eagerly to welcome her, and introduced me as "the little Novice

we have working here," upon which I received a bright, kindly smile, and a few cheerful, good-natured words, after which she sat down on a large mahogany chest which stood in the window, serving both to keep our linen in and to sit upon. (By the bye, this same chest stands now in one of the rooms of the present Priory.) I had no idea *who* our visitor was. I saw she was very pleasant, and kindly, and comfortable, and I saw Sister Alice seemed to think a good deal of, and be very fond of her, and I conjectured, probably, she was some widow lady who helped the Mission at S. Mary's, Soho; but difficulties about getting certain bits of my work to fit together properly engrossed me, and then the hands of the clock pointed five minutes to two, and I scrambled up my patchwork and my school keys, and hurried down into the schoolroom to assist the governess. By five o'clock I was up again, and learned to my dismay the pleasant lady was none other than one for whom I had been taught the greatest reverence and awe—the Mother Superior of Clewer.

Ah, me! what pangs of remorse I had about sitting curled up on the floor, and how I regretted the absorption of all ideas in getting a bit of pink to fit into a bit of blue, when I might have been drinking in the words of wisdom that fell from her lips! That "lost opportunities never return," was not true in my case. Eight years elapsed before I saw her again, and then, once more, the Mother of S. Margaret's and myself interviewed her at the time of the Roman Secession, and I found her words were words of wisdom indeed. We

saw her at the Home in Rose Street, Soho—just as genial and kindly as ever. One of her Novices was sewing a veil when we went in, and she took it from her hands, saying, smilingly, "Give it me, child, I can do it better than you," and, stitching away cheerfully, she chatted meantime, entering into every difficulty we unfolded to her, discussing each *pro* and *con*, and, so to speak, blazing a path through what looked, in prospect, like an impassable forest. I have never forgotten her, or the wise and kindly Sister Georgina who presided over the Mission work at S. Alban's, to whose counsels and friendship we have been in past years much beholden.

And, in looking back through the vista of yesterdays, and those who said to *us*, "Be of good courage," another vision is painted upon my memory—a vision of a little room, approached through a long barn-like building, on either side of which are stretched out rough beds. On these poor, mean beds sit dejected, weary figures, with whom the world has dealt hardly—partly, poor souls, through their own faults or mistakes—anyhow, whether or no, they are downtrodden and sick at heart, and it seems as if the world had no place for them. Ragged and torn they are, and scant are their garments, and there is a set look of sullen endurance on their thin, pallid faces.

But stay; from out that little room beams upon them the kindly vision of one whose heart is overflowing with a great charity, whose capacity of sympathy is unbounded, whose forgiveness knows no depths of sin so deep as not to be pardoned. Her sweet, tender,

sympathetic voice falls on their dulled ears like music from Paradise, and a light, as of happier days, illumines each saddened countenance as they turn towards her, their helper, their saviour—under God. The place is the Newport Market Refuge; the Sister is one of our own S. Margaret's—Sister Zillah—and oh! what help and comfort in every trouble did not one receive from her talks in that little room. Dear, quaint little room! with the three-cornered fire-place, and the window barred and grated against dangerous missiles from boyish hands—looking down into the street and court below, from which rose up, by day and night, the ceaseless hum of voices, the screams of children, the shrill, yelling laughter of girls, the sharp expostulations of women, and the hoarse, gruff tones of the costermongers and butchers.

This Newport Market Refuge had been begun in 1863 in a very small way by one of the S. Mary's clergy. Working in the neighbourhood of the Market he came across so many homeless, miserable lads, whom he housed and tried to do something for. But men, women, and girls, all homeless and houseless, flotsam and jetsam on the London streets, were constantly cropping up, and he felt that he must widen his borders. At his instigation, then, and through the efforts of such kind friends as Mr. J. A. Shaw Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and others, the slaughter-houses in the middle of the Market were secured, and turned into a Refuge, for men below stairs, and women above. Mrs. Gladstone had always proved herself a good, kind

friend to the Sisters and the work in Soho (her interest and great kindness continuing to us here in the East End up to the time of her death), and she threw herself with all her wonted vigour and energy into this scheme of the Refuge. It was on the opening day I heard Mr. Gladstone speak—it was the only time I ever had that pleasure, and I shall never forget it.

A most prominent feature in our reminiscences of Soho is our boys, and among our boys generally stand out first and foremost our court boys. What a charming set they were! What bundles of rags and dirt, and shrewdness and impudence! What splendid hands at turning Catherine wheels along the pavement, at cheeking a policeman, at saucing the court "ladies," at thieving—or, as they call it, *nailing!* Our court, you must know, was Chapel Place, in the centre of which the church and house stood. There were many other courts in the neighbourhood, each with its own peculiar species of boy; but our court ranked highest in the social scale.

Mr. Chambers had taken one of the cottages at the west end, in which he placed two or three old women communicants, so that they might live peaceably and be spared from the workhouse, and he had called it S. John's Hostel. But these dear old people were only human; they all had tongues, and all had tempers, which latter the boys did their best to aggravate to the utmost. Inside the Hostel walls, I am afraid the old ladies rubbed each other up on the matter of cups and sundry household articles, as to which was who's, and also in

the matter of seniority, as to who was the oldest, and which had seen the most eventful eras: also as to which was the best preserved, and retained most power of getting about; but on the point of their common enemy, the court boy, they all joined forces together and presented a united phalanx against the enemy. War was waged on these occasions, not only with Jemmy and Tommy, but with Jemmy and Tommy's mammas, who all possessed a strong arm and a strong voice, and during the almost daily operation of hanging out clothes to dry on strings tied across the court, a sort of civil war among the inhabitants raged perpetually, whereat the said Jemmy and Tommy and their youthful friends rejoiced greatly.

Dear visions of the past! How their faces rise up from the cloudy memories of bygone years, and one wonders where they now are, and what they are doing! Shall I tell you who the heroes of this little Iliad were? How well I remember Farden's first appearance in our school—a tallish, red-faced, black-haired Irish boy, out of the very Irish court opposite. His real name was Johnnie Grady, but he was introduced to me by his *nom de guerre* of *Farden-a-dozen*, "Cos, Sister, his mother, she sells apples on a stall on the Dials, and Farden, he gets all the rotten ones and sells them a farden (farthing) a dozen to the kids!" Farden never had very much to say for himself in our presence, but I believe he was the hero who led the others on to war in every raid on sweet stuff, and old women's apple stalls, and in every street fight. He disappeared entirely from

the scenes after a year of our acquaintance, most likely being provided with a residence at Government expense. Certainly his lean prehensile fingers looked as if they must close on every article that came within his reach. He was one of the costermonger race. Watkin came from a family who got their living by the hod and shovel. Square built, rough and determined, he was the massive supporter of the lithe and wily Farden in all their forays. He, too, after a while was lost sight of in the ever-shifting, surging crowd of humanity which ebbed and flowed in Soho and S. Giles.

Billy Day, a fair-haired, apple-cheeked lad, was a sort of aristocrat, as his father owned a coal shed and a cart and pony, and Billy asserted his dignity in all the glories of a coal-smudged face, with the same conscious pride as an Indian brave puts on his war paint. Mr. Billy was altogether rather too grand a man for us to have much to do with, still he condescended from time to time to give a grimy look into the schoolroom, and to join, in a sort of *degagé* way, in any lark which seemed particularly interesting—never forgetting he was the son and heir of W. Day, coal dealer.

Fatty! well, I know nothing more of him than that he was Fatty, the bosom friend and sworn companion of Farden. I never knew what his name was, or where he came from. He resembled a calf's head in his face—fat, white, and small-eyed: his clothes were more burst out than those of others, because they had the daily friction, not only of joints, but of solid fat—solid fat,

which, once on, forbid their being divested till they dropped off piece by piece.

And Lygo, my poor, dear Lygo! Oh, what a big, cowardly lout you were! your comrades called you Bullocky, on account of your enormous head, thatched with shock manes of hair, and your large, grave, round eyes, resembling those of an ox. And yet you, the prince of louts, had the sweetest, prettiest little fairy of a sister that ever danced at the Olympic theatre! You, I believe, got on during pantomime season as some sort of an animal, I never exactly ascertained what. Do we not remember you lumbering into the schoolroom one afternoon, with your knuckles to your eyes, sobbing and roaring, "Farden's hit me!" and little Punch from Newport Market, who reached nearly to your elbow, running up and saying, "Never mind, Bullocky, I'll lick him for you after school!" I believe Punch made some excuse for both his friend's cowardice and his big head by saying, "Bullocky had tried to smoke some cigars one day, and all the smoke got into his head and had never come out again."

An organ blower being wanted for the church, Lygo was promoted to that office, for which he was to receive two shillings a month. Should pressing and important business prevent his being at his post—such as helping his father occasionally, who was a scene shifter at the Olympic Theatre, or, I fear, sometimes business on his own account in the rearguard of the forces of Messrs. Farden & Co., on a foraging expedition in Newport Market—he was to pay another boy a penny a night to

take his place. A sharp little fellow, called Brads, from the Prince's Row Mission, was usually his substitute, but after several wrangles over the pence which Brads claimed and Lygo was unwilling to hand over, they came to a regular dispute, which the boys decided was to be settled by single combat, after dark, in the lonely purlieus of Soho Square. Brads, yearning for revenge and pennies, could not control his impatience till the settled night, but pursued Lygo after church, and, amidst an admiring circle of choir boys, attacked Lygo (who was twice his size) in the street. Lygo, roaring and howling, fled, pursued by the wasp-like Brads, and never rested till he was safe in his mother's room up three pair of stairs. His organ blowing days were, however, brought to a premature end by his bringing a pocketful of hot jam tarts to church one Sunday night, intending them for refreshment during the sermon, and upon the organist expostulating and confiscating these dainties, he flung himself on the floor and kicked everyone who came near him.

One afternoon in school we also had a little episode. Once a week one of the clergy came in to catechize the children, and on this occasion an evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of Lygo. He fled underneath a gallery at the far end of the room, singing at the top of his voice the then popular song of "Oh, Bob Ridley, oh!" in answer to all the questions, and neither force nor argument could dislodge him for a long time. At last we sent Farden and Watkin into his lair, one at each end of the gallery, and they, both seizing an arm,

pulled him contrary ways, while he kicked and roared and yelled, and the glass roof above was crowded by court and other boys, pitching down stones, and shouting, "Oh, my! look at old Bullocky going to get a clout. I say, Bullocky, here's your father a-coming." The news spread around, and one elder brother—the expertest thief in the neighbourhood—came to the school door, swearing he should come out without a caning, while the other, a soldier on furlough, rang at the door of the Church House, saying he "hoped they'd wallop his brother well;" it would do him no end of good. And he got the "walloping" before he left.

At Easter there was a terrible visitation of small-pox in Soho and S. Giles. A number of the children were laid up, and the school had to be closed in consequence. Some of our workers in the home also caught it, and had to be nursed until they could be removed into the country. I had gone away for a few days' rest and change, returning one evening late in April. Doubly dingy did dear Soho look after the blue skies and pink and white apple and pear blossoms, and banks of primroses under the budding hedgerows that divided the newly-ploughed fields, where the rooks stalked in solemn procession along the freshly-turned furrows, from the woody coverts where the rabbits scudded over the tender young grass. There in the country everything was bright and sunshiny, and spoke of renewed life and spring; but, as I turned out of the bustle of Oxford Street, down the narrow, dusky windings of Crown Street, all seemed black and hushed, to speak

of death rather than of life, of decay sooner than of spring.

The dear old schoolroom had been whitewashed, and the haunted old house cleaned and renovated, and, after a discussion of plans for work, etc., we retired for the night. Ring, ring, came the bell—sharp, repeated rings, as of somebody who wanted something, and not one of the runaway tinkles given by some of the loafers who shacked about the public-house opposite. And we found it was a poor woman, in very great and terrible distress. She lived in Rose Street; her husband and children had, and were still having, the small-pox, and a child of three was lying dead. By some negligence on her part the body had not been removed, as it should have been, to S. Anne's Mortuary, and now the husband declared he would cut his throat unless it was taken away, as the child had been dead five days.

"There is nothing for it but for us to go," said Sister Mary. "You"—to the woman—"go home, and we will both be round directly." Provided with a roll of wax taper and a box of lucifers, we turned out into the street; a still, dark night, for the Easter moon was in its last quarter, and the white stars scintillated in the deep blue sky in cold contrast to the yellow, flaring gas lamps down below. The entrance to the court opposite, usually blocked up by a crowd of ragged, villainous-looking young thieves, was empty; they were all outside the theatres, picking pockets. The public-house across the street was within a quarter of an hour of closing, and the din of voices inside rose and swelled

most audibly, mingled with here and there a piercing shriek or laugh from some poor wretched girl. Outside, on the kerb, a faded-looking woman, thin, haggard, wrapped in a ragged shawl, was singing plaintive songs in a rich contralto voice, for which she might get a few pence, and now and then, when the publican was in a good temper, he sent her out a little something by the potman.

When we turned into Rose Street, all was quiet, and inside the open doorway of No. — everything was pitch dark. We lit our coil of wax and stumbled up the shallow, old-fashioned stairs to the top floor, from whence proceeded a sickening odour of chloride of lime. Inside the room everything was splashed with and steeped in it. A bit of candle burnt feebly in a tin candlestick, showing a tub, half filled with a heap of clothes in chloride of lime; a bed, a mere heap of rags, in one corner on the floor, containing two children, thick out with small-pox; in the other corner a bedstead, on which lay the little dead child. Crouching over the fire, wrapped in a shawl, was a gaunt-looking man, his face also seamed and scarred with small-pox, and his bleared eyes glancing every now and then with a half-fierce, half-frightened look at the form on the bed. The wife was moving up and down, wringing her hands and crying wildly.

We asked if the parish authorities would not fetch the body away, and the man gruffly replied, "So they would, if *she*"—meaning his wife—"would have seen about it before; now it was too late, they would not

come," and if he had to spend the night with that body in the room, he'd make an end of himself as sure as he was a living man, and then followed abuse of the woman, mixed with half-frightened execrations about spending one more night with a corpse. Sister Mary promptly sent the woman out to see if anyone could be got to fetch a coffin, "and we will go round to the mortuary."

After ten minutes waiting, with the children wailing on the floor, the man shuddering and insisting that he would destroy himself unless the body went out, we heard the wife's steps returning, followed by the heavy lumbering tread of a man, and she re-entered the room together with a rough, bricklaying sort of individual reeling and lurching in, with a pipe in his mouth and his hat all aslant on his head. After much drunken protestation, he was induced to accompany us in ques of the coffin.

It must have been considerably past midnight whe we knocked at the door of the mortuary in Dean Stree —knocked, and knocked, and knocked almost hopelessl —till at last the door opened and an old crone put o her head. On the object of our errand being explaine she said she had been expecting the coffin to be fetche and had waited up till 11.30, and no one had come, a now she had a bad cold, and had put her feet in h water, and what did we mean by knocking her up this time of night, etc., and very much more to the sa purpose. However, at last she consented to give t man a shell in which to fetch the poor child.

When we got back the woman declared she could not touch the child to lift it in; the man, whom the night air seemed to have made drunker than ever, could not be tempted to do so, and she said to her husband, "Them two sweet creatures will put the little dear in," so we wrapped the little body in the sheet, put it in, and tied down the lid with a piece of old list. We could not trust the man to carry it downstairs, but managed it ourselves, and along as far as Greek Street, he tumbling and rolling along beside us, muttering and murmuring to himself. At the corner of Greek Street we put the coffin down to rest a minute, when a man came up and asked if it was a dead body we were carrying, as it was an illegal proceeding. On our telling him all the circumstances, he roughly ordered the man to put the coffin on his shoulders instead of "letting those two females do it," and so we got it with difficulty along, by dint of walking close beside, and putting our hands on the coffin to steady it.

It was a weird night's work, walking slowly through the dark, silent streets, with our companion stumbling along, every now and then threatening to put his burden down and fly; the man who had stopped us joined in the little procession; we found he was an undertaker living hard by, and, we suppose, was therefore naturally attracted by the sight of a coffin, and we were very glad of his presence, as we felt it compelled the man to go on, and not throw up the affair, as he seemed disposed to do. We were indeed truly thankful when we arrived at the mortuary, and after much and repeated

knocking again aroused the old woman, and placed the poor little burden in her charge. Our friend, the undertaker, called round the following morning, and made sundry inquiries, and, I believe, had reason to be satisfied that we could not have acted otherwise than we did.

Small-pox was a long time before it was quite stamped out, though we heard traditions of earlier days in Soho, when a black flag had been hung across Crown Street, warning people not to come down the infected district.

This year of 1862, so far as I remember, was a sickly one, for in the summer were many cases of fever, and I remember specially one very hot Sunday in July news came that Mrs. Jones and her children, in Moor Street, were all laid up with fever. Teddy Jones, a big lad of thirteen or thereabouts, belonged to our day school, and we had missed him the last week, and intended sending to enquire for him. Sister Mary and I sallied out in the broiling, sweltering heat of the afternoon, past the knots of lads playing pitch and toss at the corner, with one eye on the pence and one on the look out for the police, ready to give the warning cry of "Kool slop!" ("Look out for the police!"). The Jones's lived at the very top of the house—as most of the folk with whom we had dealings did—and we mounted into the choking, stifling room, with the sun pouring in at the curtainless window, and baking through the tiles overhead. There, under the window, Mrs. Jones, a big, heavy woman, lay, with her baby at her breast, tossing and raving with delirium, in the full glare of the July sun. On the

floor, on a dirty mattress, lay Teddy and his brother, not raving, but stupid and unconscious.

Sister Mary, prompt as ever, bid me go downstairs and send for a cab. "We must see about getting it disinfected afterwards," she said; "but if these poor souls' lives are to be saved, they must go now and at once." I fled down, and, finding a gaping lot of our own schoolboys at the door, sent off Jacky Marks to fetch a four-wheeler, and hurried to the Mission House for blankets. The cab arrived; Sister Mary (with what persuasion I know not; I only know she *did* it) induced the cabman to come upstairs and help us down with Mrs. Jones, rolled round and round in blankets, then the little brother, and then Teddy, the two latter stupid, supine, having to be turned over and lifted like logs. Into the cab, with these fever-stricken bodies rolled up like mummies, she packed herself, to drive off to the hospital, leaving me to carry off the baby to the Mission House, where we proposed to take care of it pending Mrs. Jones' recovery. Meantime, another Sister had arrived, bearing a blanket, into which we lifted the baby. Filthy hardly expresses the state the poor little thing was in; when we tried to take it up it slipped through our fingers, all black and slimy, on to the black and slimy bed; but we rolled it up in the blanket and so carried the wee bundle home. Here the kind-hearted charwoman came in, and the poor little thing was initiated (for the first time!) into the mysteries of the bath; the parish lending bag was called into requisition, and another hour saw baby cleaner than she had ever

been in her life—certainly a different looking baby from what I remembered her when Teddy used to bring her round to the schoolroom door, and stand there watching the boys play at marbles when they went out in the afternoon—and for some weeks, during which poor Mrs. Jones hovered between life and death, baby was the pet and plaything of the Mission House, and the bigger day school girls vied with each other as to who should have the privilege of carrying her out for an airing round S. James' Park.

Our work in Crown Street ended on December 1st, 1865. There had been difficulties, and it was thought best we should withdraw. The choir and church workers met us after church in the schoolroom to say good-bye, and the most sad evening closed with our singing Dr. Neale's hymn, "The day is past and over." Our day there *was* past and over, and I felt I could never settle anywhere, or ever be happy anywhere again. One loved the dear old place, with its dirt, and its rats, and its ghostly noises, and its perpetual gloom. No other place could ever be the same again. To this day the scent of lilies and seringa always bring before my mind the happy hours in the hot schoolroom when we were preparing decorations for the dedication on S. Peter's Day. One sees in fancy all the old faces rise before one, all the old voices echo in one's memory. There was Mr. Chambers—Father John, as we used to call him—coming in with a kindly joke for everyone; John Sedding, with his bright, earnest, artist face, walking round, with suggestions as

to blending of flowers, or bringing rough designs to be put up in the church, which I was to colour, and with generally some fresh saying or axioms of "the Master," as he called Ruskin, or telling us of one of Rossetti's pictures; and the Rev. John Williams, full of power—the terror of the street roughs—the originator of the Newport Market Refuge, who peeped in on his way up from the Refuge to church. There was many another kindly face and willing helper—all gone home long ago—but the memories of S. Mary's, Crown Street, can never be effaced from the hearts of the few left, who knew and loved it.

Some Memories of Thirty-seven Years.

In the November of 1865 our seven years' residence in the parish of S. Mary's, Soho, ended, and we returned for a while to the mother Home, until fresh work should be allotted to us. I shall never forget the wrench it was to leave our dearly-beloved Five Dials, and all the boys and girls, and all the poor people to whom we had grown deeply attached; and to exchange the dear, dirty streets, where one loved every fried fish shop, every old clothes and iron warehouse, every dolly shop, every flagstone in the black-grimed pavement, for the fresh, but unwelcome, breezes of East Grinstead. Could any view across the breezy downs, or the picturesqueness of Ashurst Wood replace in our affections the view from the window in the little back room of S. Mary's Mission Home? That quaint, old-fashioned little back room, with its wainscotted walls, whence we had for seven long summers seen the sun setting in "Turneresque" haze behind the red tiles of Chapel Place, lighting up the court, the festoons of dirty washing, and the black schoolroom leads, where the "lady" who owned the

sweet-stuff shop kept her empty hampers, and over which, many a night, we had heard the scuffling of feet, and the shrill sound of the thieves' whistle.

One only hoped and trusted that, whatever locality we might be called to, our lines might not be cast in *very* clean and respectable quarters. Mr. Robert Brett, of Stoke Newington, the patriarch and benefactor of the North-East of London, put in a claim on behalf of the district of Haggerston, where, through his influential agency, churches were being erected in the newly-apportioned parishes. One dull November afternoon the Mother of S. Margaret's, the Sister Superior of Soho, and I, went over to explore this *Terra Incognita*, and in a brief visit had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the kind and genial Vicar of S. Augustine's, the Rev. G. Hervey. One's general impression of the surroundings of Haggerston was that of unparalleled dreariness. The rows of long, low, dim streets of small houses, stretching around interminably under the gray November sky; the sensation of crushed down, desolate poverty, massed together over a gigantic area—the feeling that you might go street after street, from here down to the river, and find still line after line of dull, colourless, depressed-looking dwellings—formed such a forcible contrast to our late experience in Soho, where a very few steps from the surrounding squalor took you into all the light and brightness of Oxford Street northwards, or of Piccadilly and Regent Street to the South-West. But the sight kindled in our hearts the desire to "come over and help them," and do what

little it seemed possible for us to do in such a large field of labour.

That winter of 1865–6 was a long and dreary one. Dr. Neale's mortal illness cast a gloom over S. Margaret's. The hearts of us who had quitted S. Mary's Mission House were sore with the pain of parting, and half sick with a dread of the dreary Haggerston which was to replace it. The very elements seemed to correspond with the general dreariness. Violent rains and floods, and fearful storms of wind were rife. One morning—a Monday—after most terrible gales on the Sunday night, which howled and roared around the old S. Margaret's, threatening to tear the very roof off, one of the orphans who had been out to fetch the milk reported that a large elm tree, a special favourite of Dr. Neale's, standing in Sackville College field, had been blown down in the night.

February, indeed answering this year to the cognomen of Fill-dyke, and March—blusterous, stormy March—passed away, and a sweet and delicious April opened upon us. The blue vaults of heaven, dashed with fleecy clouds, replaced the sullen gray pall which had so long veiled the firmament; the sunny Sussex woods burst forth into reddening buds, and were carpeted with sweetest primroses, and every tangled copse rang with the thrushes' Easter carol. And while the world kept Eastertide, and the blue-frocked, white-hooded orphans came home from the woods laden with primroses; when the white Paschal moon cast the gabled shadows of Sackville College,

blackly defined, across the grassy quadrangle, where, within its gray and vine-clad walls, its Warden, that sweet singer of Israel, lay slowly wasting away in the midst of the scenes he loved so well, his feeble eyes fixed on the legend on his wall, "JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," three Sisters were sent forth from the mother Home to begin a Mission in Haggerston.

We started on April 20th, the Friday after Low Sunday—Sister Louisa (the present Mother of S. Margaret's, Boston), a lay Sister, and myself; the others were to follow on the Monday following, S. George's Day. A home had been obtained for us by Mr. Robert Porter, of Stoke Newington, in Ash Grove, opening from Cambridge Heath Road. A dreary *ultima thule* it seemed to us: newly-built houses, with five rooms and a kitchen apiece, a row of freshly-planted trees on either side, and the Regent's Canal, lined with coal wharves, wood wharves, and gasometers, hard by. Our house had had additional rooms added on, and an adjacent drug warehouse was to be converted into a chapel. The work was not finished when we arrived, and oh! what a scene of misery and mortar it looked as we alighted at the doorway!—the house full of workmen, inside and out, plaster, laths, bricks, boards, pails of whitewash everywhere, and dust and shavings inches thick on the floor. Sister Louisa is a woman full of energy and resource, and took in the situation at a glance. A broom was procured from somewhere, one room swept

clean, the shavings served to kindle a fire, and the *debris* was sent down-stairs on a mortar-board. A small table was evoked from some unknown lower regions; we had brought a kettle, which we filled and boiled, and bread and butter came from somewhere. Cups and saucers were still unget-at-able in the recesses of some hamper, but we managed very comfortably with two bowls and a soap dish. I think we found one chair, but boxes, which had served for planks to rest on, answered equally well.

Fred, the hod-boy, my first friend in Haggerston (alas! I have never seen him since!) aided us ably in forming this little encampment. April evenings are long and light, and before our meal was over, the inhabitants of Sheep Lane, and some other low streets at the back, were quitting work, and beginning to join the groups of children who had already been surveying our proceedings with curious eyes through the uncurtained windows. A hammer and nails being, by Sister Louisa's wise prevision, among the goods we could lay our hands upon, by their assistance we strengthened our encampment, and screened it from the gaze of the populace by nailing blankets across the windows. All Saturday we scrubbed, only ceasing to partake, at intervals, of tea and bread and butter, and the assembling gazers found us still scrubbing when they again congregated in the evening.

Sunday morning we sallied forth in search of S. Augustine's Mission Church (the permanent church was not yet built). We wandered through highways and

byways, the observed of all observers, till we lighted on some unknown church in Bethnal Green, which we very distinctly found to be *not* S. Augustine's. In the course of the day, however, we found the dear little temporary church hidden away in a labyrinth of narrow, out-of-the-way streets, the entrance almost elbowed out of view by a public-house on one side, and a sausage factory on the other. Dear little haven of rest and peace and strength! The first moment we entered we felt we had indeed found a home. All through that spring and early summer, when one turned in there after the sorrows and up-hill struggles of the day, what calm one found within its walls! Those quiet Evensongs, with the spring sun shining in yellow rays through the narrow windows, lighting up the dull brick walls, and playing among the sombre shadows of the dark cross-beams above, with the poor people stealing in one by one in their working clothes, to lay down their burdens after the heat of the day at the foot of the Cross—can we ever forget them? How many new friends were by degrees added to the circle of our friends after Evensong in quiet talks in the twilight! Even after the lapse of twenty-one years since the permanent church has been opened I have never ceased to look back with intense pleasure to the quiet, happy times in the little Mission.

The full contingent of Sisters and workers having arrived, the Priory was formally opened on Holy Cross Day, May 3rd. Shortly after the opening it was constituted a branch Home of S. Margaret's, having its own

Mother, electing its own Sisters, and finding its own funds for subsistence, but bound by the same rules, and wearing the same habit as the mother Home. But the foundations were laid in sorrow for one of us. Within a month of the opening day her brother, a young deacon of S. Alban's, Holborn, with all his aspirations for work, all his longings for the future yet hot within his soul, was called home. Here was the end of all talks, and aspirations, and plannings the brother and sister had made together—he for his work in Holborn, she for hers in whatever spot her lot might be cast. The early memories of Haggerston are, to her, mingled with visions of the old home, far away in the grass countries, girdled with shadowy firs and gray, moss-covered stone walls—that home, upon which, in memory, the sun always shone; where, in memory, the air was always sweet with lilies and seringa, always ringing with the cawing of the rooks in the old elm tree, wrought in with dreamy recollections of sunny mornings and the music of the scythe and the smell of the new-mown grass, and with dim visions of quiet autumn evenings, when the gray church tower stood darkly out against the clear green sky—yet always the ceaseless cawing of the rooks, and the glow of sunshine pervading the whole "pleasant picture," eternally bound up in memory with the hopes and longings of the two linked hand in hand, to give their lives to labour for CHRIST, and now one was taken home before a single plan could be matured, a single aspiration fulfilled. And yet during his very brief sojourn at S. Alban's

work was accomplished. It forged the first link in the chain of our connection with Father Mackonochie, who, in his parochial address on S. Alban's Day, 1866, thus speaks of him: "It has seemed good to God to take to Himself the soul of one who for a short time worked lovingly amongst you. His day of active labour was so short that he must have been personally unknown to many of you; but had you known him ever so well in his ministry, you must have learned from us who lived in daily intercourse with him, how thoroughly he forgot himself in working for his God, and for you, even up to the moment in which his health finally broke down."

But besides this individual grief to one of us, August brought the general sorrow of Dr. Neale's death. His last work on earth was the planting of this little sapling of S. Margaret's in Haggerston. And as the news of his loss reached us in our little dusty eastern Mission that hot August morning, with the sun pouring down on the turbid, olive-green waters of the canal, and the red-roofed cottages alongside it, with the omnibuses rolling hot and dusty over the bridge into the city, did not our thoughts turn back to that low-ceiled, wainscotted room in Sackville College, where we had always turned for words of help and advice? Could we not picture to ourselves that small, dark library, literally walled in with books—dark old folios bound in worm-eaten leather, curiously tooled in gold, unsightly duodecimos bound in varied and foreign bindings, written in almost every known language under the sun; books stacked from floor to ceiling, and in tiers athwart

the room; the quaint corner fire-place, the dark mantel above garnished with curious, glittering icons, shining forth, burnished and enamelled, against the polished wood? Beside it a small, old-fashioned, vine-wreathed lattice window looked out across the College terrace (where he used to pace up and down in all weathers) over the trees of Ashurst wood to where Crowborough Height and hill tops lay among the swelling downs. As he used so lovingly to say, as he gazed on the gray-blue undulations stretching away to the horizon, "The hills stand round about Jerusalem."

From this tiny room emanated those heart-stirring stories of the Church's triumphs over the powers of evil those sweet hymns poured forth so lavishly into her treasury of song, and those weird relations of the sympathy between the seen and the unseen world, and from hence—fortified with the courage of the science of the Saints—his Sisters, like, of old, these *Filles de S. Vincent de Paul*, sallied forth for their labours among CHRIST'S poor. He had fought the good fight, and he who had written so touchingly of the triumphs of the Saints was now called to be numbered with those Saints in glory everlasting.

And so we began our work in Haggerston. The girls willingly made friends with us; the boys, shyer than their sisters at the outset, gradually also became friendly; the fathers and mothers were friendly because their children began to like us; but the visitation of the cholera was the key which opened the door of many a house, and many a heart which dwe

inside it, to us. Several of us helped to nurse in Miss Sellon's temporary hospital, in Commercial Street, Spitalfields. She had taken a large warehouse, and fitted up the different floors as wards for men, women, and children. A number of other helpers from various quarters came to assist during the terrible epidemic. Besides ourselves, some of the Sisters of Holy Trinity, S. Giles', Oxford, were engaged in the nursing. The present Lord Halifax, then Mr. C. Wood, was indefatigable in his ministrations. The Rev. D. Elsdale—subsequently so well known for his wonderful work at S. John the Divine, Kennington—Father Grafton, of Cowley, now Bishop of Fond-du-lac, and many of the clergy of S. Peter's, London Docks, all took their part in the good work. Father Ignatius sent some of his brothers, who helped with the men patients, and in the kitchen. I shall never forget the agonized face of one brother who, by some mistake, had let the lift, loaded with dinners, run down from the top ward to the basement, where the crash was prodigious! Dr. Pusey several times visited the wards, and I remember my curiosity to get a peep at him!—a quiet, gentle-looking, kindly little old man, with a white neckcloth, and greenish-black evening coat. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Sellon once or twice, and she was a most striking person, with commanding gestures, and a peculiarly imperative wave of a very well shaped white hand. One's associations with the Devonport Sisters will always be pleasant, they were all so courteous, so lady-like, and so bright withal. Here also we first formed

the acquaintance of one who afterwards proved a very true friend, Dr. Henry Sutton, of Finsbury Square. As autumn advanced the cases became fewer and fewer, till, on All Saints' Day, the Hospital was finally closed. In these mean streets we gradually made many friends.

One of these was a clean old countrywoman, brought up seventy years ago in the then rural district of Stratford. She lived in one of the narrowest, dirtiest streets, choked up with costermongers' barrows, and teeming with grubby children. It was a contrast to turn from the black, greasy pavement strewn with cabbage-leaves and fishes' heads, and mount the stairs to her neat little room. Here everything was spick-and-span clean: the pink and lilac cotton patchwork quilt on the bed, the scrubbed floor and deal table, and the old lady herself in her snowy frilled cap and patched dress, full of talk about the country where her early days had been spent. It was like losing a real friend when Mrs. C. died.

One house, in a small back street, presented a curious sight when I knocked at the door. It opened straight into a dirty little kitchen, where, in front of the fireplace, sat a little wizened-up black man, with a whole collection of dogs, sitting, standing, and lying around him. They were mostly fox-terriers or bull-terriers, all had sores on them on which some ointment had been smeared, and all barked simultaneously at the entrance of a visitor. Not much information being elicited from the gentleman himself, I learnt from the neighbours that he was a dog-doctor, and took in sick dogs to cure, and also taught the noble art of self-defence at some sparring-place not

ar off; but of late years his powers in that way had lecreased with old age, and his wife, a brawny, stout-ırmed Amazon, was giving the lessons in his place.

A few doors off lived a milkman, a tall Highlander, ›roud of his ram's-horn mull hung over the chimney-›iece, and who always told a long story of how his ather walked up from Scotland in full Highland garb. Close by was a strong-minded old lady, who shared a top oom and a lean-to with her daughter and her husband, vho was a barber, and with a large white goat. This ast-named member of the family caused her a great deal f anxiety, as he always tried to eat her handkerchiefs nd aprons, and, if remonstrated with, butted ferociously. he used to depart on long private expeditions, aided by stick, and confided in the strictest confidence to her ındlady's son that they were to attend spiritualist ıeetings in Bethnal Green.

There was also a very eccentric old lady, whose ›ngue wagged from morning till night. I visited her aughter when she was ill, and found her unbaptized, nd one of the clergy arranged to perform the rite. It ras a gloomy autumn evening, and as he entered the ick room, saying, "Peace be to this house," Mrs. T. urst in, curtseying: "Thank ye, sir; I hope so, sir; we in't never had it otherwise; leastways, when my husband in't in liquor." Here it was suggested the sooner a ght was brought and the patient attended to the better. Tom, I say, Tom, where's the candle?" shouted the ld lady. "Dunno," growled a voice from the next oom, whence proceeded sundry bangs and smashes of

various bodies—iron, wood, and crockery. "Lor-a-mercy! to think of the gentleman being kept all this while! I must go for it myself." Returning at length with the light, and the sick girl being baptized, the clergyman began to give her a few words of comfort and advice. Mrs. T., who had been trampling round the room like an uneasy rhinoceros during all these proceedings, muttering to herself and whispering to me, here broke out again, "Lor, yes, poor dear! ah, yes, beautiful, be-e-autiful words them! Hope it'll do her good, poor dear!" "Hush, Mrs. T., I want to talk to her a little quietly." "Ah, lor, yes. Ah dear! what I suffer, too. Why, last night there were that little 'un o' mine a settin' on the doorstep, when a young chap, in name Jones, he goes down the street, and a dog ahind him; that there infernal cat, she's got kittens—ah, come here, the willin', she knows I'm a-talkin' of her—well, I was a-sayin', this dooce of a cat, she lets fly at the dog, and she somehow kitches hold of the gal's leg, she runs in the street a-screamin' like, and the cat a-holdin' on. I hears the noise, an' I runs and druv the brute off. Well, my husband, bein' in liquor, was a-bed, and he jumps up and kitches hold o' me for all the world like a cat. 'Hang the willin',' sis he, 'a tearin' my child.' I turned all cold like, with the row an' all. 'Tom,' sis I, 'if you goes for to hang that cat, I don't answer for it if I don't do the same to myself.' Oh lor; it's quite upset me like, I feel all a-quiver, like ginger beer a-fizzin', and somethin' a-crawlin' and a-crawlin' inside o' me right up my arms into my head!" And so she ran on,

making it almost impossible to edge in any words of help.

Round on the other side of the district, lining the Regent's Canal, were rows of small houses; wood-yards employing a number of rough girls and lads in chopping up the wood; and all the commerce and traffic of the great gas-factory. Among these was a nest of houses three storeys high, built round a small yard, legally designated Waterloo Place, but known in the parlance of the neighbourhood as "The Rookery." The first time I went, one bright summer's afternoon, I found the yard thronged with children, most of them occupied with a dead cat which had been drowned in the canal. On the steps of the houses girls were sitting chattering, while their nimble fingers were deftly employed in making artificial flowers. "Which is the way to Mrs. R's?" I asked of a dark-eyed, gipsy-looking girl, who was sitting on the step. "Top of the house, other side the yard," was the reply. I stumbled up the greasy dark staircase and felt for the door, knocked, and a rough voice said, "Come in." The window looked out on the canal, the sun glared into the room; on a dirty table were a few tea things and the remains of a herring; on a miserable bed in the corner the sick woman lay, while a man in his shirt-sleeves, and several boys and girls were busily employed in filling small pieces of paper with what looked like sand, then screwing them up into small bundles. Having spoken to the sick woman, I asked the man what he was making. "Detonating crackers," was the reply. "What?" "Well you see, mum, they's a mixture of

different chemicals, and we puts them up, and the young chaps buys them and chucks them down, aud they goes off with a sort of explosion like. We supplies pyrotechnic shops with them." "Yes," feebly added the woman, "we all work at that, children and all, and so does several more down the court; the rest they all do the artificial flowers." "Yes," said the man, "and a wild lot them flower-gals is." "Ah," groaned she, "they're a rough lot altogether round here; it's a bad place to bring up children, and that nigh the Cut (canal), too, they're always falling in. Why, only last week my little boy there got out with a lot more fishing for tittlebats, and he fell in, and ever so many ran in screeching, 'Your Tom's drowned!' Some chap on a coal barge, he pulled him out; and such a pickle as he come in out of the nasty dirty Cut! but for all that he said it felt beautiful, a kind of green light all round you, like medders in the country, didn't you, Tom?" "Yes," growled he. "I'll tell you what," said the father, "green medders or not, you smelt bad enough out of that beastly water, and if ever I catches you at those games again, I'll give you the soundest hiding you ever had in your life."

A street or so from the water, and facing the gas-factory, was a row of newer houses, all built in the style of thousands round Haggerston, Old Ford, and Stepney, a four-roomed house, with what is called in Plymouth a "tenement," and in Boston, U.S., an "L.," projecting behind for a kitchen, and bedroom above. In one of these houses, in this room above the kitchen, dwelt a

quaint old couple. He was a dock labourer, but suffered much from asthma and an unknown disease he called "Frontitis a-top of his head;" he was consequently often unable to go to work, and when he did, frequently had to stand outside the gates and see younger and stronger men preferred before him. She had been a laundress, and must have been a bustling active woman in her time. She never would trust any one to clean her room—"Gals was so deceitful, there was no trusting them"—and the outward crust of dirt was only partially removed by periodical efforts on the old man's part. The chairs, with the exception of one he retained for his own use, were all slung by ropes across the room to be out of the way. "The missis might hurt herself, you see," he said. She managed to get through a good deal of work by feeling, if any one would thread a supply of needles and stick them in a cushion by her; and her husband took great pride in his patched shirts. "Ah, Sister! my missis is a wonderful hand at her needle. Missis! let's show Sister that shirt of mine you patched, only lor, she didn't know no better, and she patched it with a bit o' black like, but it don't signify to me."

Sunday after Sunday, this quaint old couple used to come to church together arm-in-arm, until his death, when she went into the Infirmary.

In the October of 1866 the Rev. R. Tuke, who acted as Chaplain to the Priory, set on foot an attempt he had for some time contemplated, of a small religious house for men. Two tiny houses in Ash Grove, opposite the Sisters, were rented, and thrown into one. Several

young men joined, some of them giving themselves entirely to the life, and some going into the city to business in the day, and devoting themselves to the work in the evening. They held classes for young men and boys, and started a small Orphanage, originally for boys whose parents had died of cholera, but eventually receiving others. They wore a brown Franciscan habit, a cord, and sandals, and caused great excitement in the neighbourhood; indeed, when Mr. Tuke—Father Basil as he was called—preached one Sunday night at S. Augustine's, there was quite a riot, and somebody had to be given in charge.

We started here the S. Michael's Guild—originally planned and commenced by the Rev. J. C. Chambers and Dr. Neale in Soho—and I shall never forget their first tea on the 3rd January, 1867. It was bitterly cold, snowy weather, and the ground so slippery it was hardly possible to keep one's footing. I remember all the water pipes at the Priory were frozen, and having to scrape snow from the window-ledge to wash my hands before starting. The Mother had obtained the use of the schoolroom of S. Leonard's, Shoreditch, for the tea, and thither everyone adjourned, after a sliding, slippery journey down the Hackney Road. Oh, what a tea, and what an evening! When one looks at the Guild girls now, and thinks of what the so-called members of the Guild were on that occasion! For some reason connected with frozen pipes, or some such misfortune, hot water could not be got for a long time. The girls got unruly, there was a general hubbub, many forms

were broken; one of S. Augustine's choir-men, who tried to keep order, was pushed out into the snow by the Guild, and some of the girls were also pushed out, and kicked to get in. It was a general scene of confusion and anarchy; and oh, the journey home, with such a wild lot on such a snowy night!

In the July of 1867, the Brotherhood was broken up, and Mr. Tuke left the English Church and was received into the Roman, and the small orphanage of little boys was taken charge of by the Sisters, who could not bear the idea of the poor little fellows going to the workhouse. And then rose the question, who was to undertake the office of Chaplain to the Priory? The person to whom the minds of the Community turned was the brave and energetic Vicar of S. Alban's, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie. After some conference with the Bishop of London, and with Father Mackonochie, the latter agreed to undertake it, with the episcopal approval.

Very few of us knew Father Mackonochie, personally, at that time. I had occasionally seen him before. I remember so well the first time. It was in the Lent of 1859, while I was working at S. Mary's, Soho, that a friend, knowing how deeply I was interested in the S. George's Mission—as the work in the London Docks was called prior to the erection of S. Peter's—and its sister work of S. Saviour's, Wellclose Square, asked me to go down with her one evening to see a friend who was assisting at the latter. This was especially interesting to me, as having been the place where the Rev. Henry Collins worked, and was the pioneer of all the future

Church work, but who, in the middle of his labours, had turned aside, and deserted "the Mother who bore him" for Rome. To go and see the scene of his labours was like visiting a shrine of romance, of which the idol was broken. I remember so well the soft April evening, with the dingy Square bathed in yellow sunlight, the strange, unaccustomed look of the then, so little known, East London, the twittering and chirping of the birds in the little iron railed Square surrounding the church, and the hum and bustle from the adjacent docks, and the notorious Radcliffe Highway. The church was a curious looking place, built originally, I believe, for a Swedish place of worship; and the tall, energetic-looking young Priest who took evensong, and started the hymn—

"Hail, holy wounds of Jesus, hail!"

I found out afterwards was Father Mackonochie, who had been through the late S. George's in the East Riots, and whose unflinching courage and untiring zeal were already drawing numbers to the church.

When he first undertook the chaplaincy of the Priory, in that August of 1867, he was warned by his friends against doing so, they said the shock of losing their late chaplain by Roman secession, *must* have shaken many of the Sisters, and he would find it most hard to keep things together and straight. But the same stern resolve of "do what is right, come what may," which characterized him in his dealings with the pariahs of the docks, was equally shewn in his determination to take up the work, discouraging as it might seem, which God had put in his

way. It was the first we saw of that spirit which permeated his whole being, and was the motto of his life, "LORD, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

In the October of 1867, the Rev. G. Prynne, Vicar of S. Peter's, Plymouth, a name well-known in the annals of Church History, applied for two Sisters to carry on the work in his parish, which was being given up by the Sisters of S. Thomas', Oxford. Another Sister and myself were accordingly despatched thither. You can imagine the change to us from the gray-tinted purlieus of Haggerston, as on that autumn day we travelled through that west country Charles Kingsley loved so well. Through the rich pastures of Gloucester and Somerset, and then along the lovely Devonshire coast, where the red rocks stood out against the deep blue sea on the left, and orchard lands rolled away to the right. We received a most kind and hearty welcome from Mr. Prynne and those devoted workers, the Misses Middleton, and we found in Plymouth a most congenial field of labour—parish work during the day, and night schools, for both boys and girls, in the evening, besides the Sunday schools. S. Peter's—it was old S. Peter's, remember, before the present handsome church was built—charmed us immensely; it was such a home-like church, and the home provided for us in Wyndham Place was opposite the East End. As for the people, our hearts opened to them at once, and to this day the sound of a Devonshire voice always kindles in me a friendly interest in the speaker for the sake of old Plymouth times. As to the boys, they seemed appalling

at first, after the Londoners, they looked so strong and big, and their outer shell was so rough and uncouth. The first Sunday they said, "they wern't going to be taught by she!" and left me sitting on a chair, in a square of forms, while they clattered off into an adjacent class, and worried the Superintendent. During their progress from school to church they insisted in marching in single file, hopping on one leg in unison, and I felt like an old hen clucking after a brood of young ducks, as I ran around vainly endeavouring to make them bring the other leg into use.

Here is a letter I wrote at the beginning of our work :—

"S. PETER'S MISSION HOME,
" *December 6, 1867.*

"You will like to know how we are getting on here. The Superintendent of the Sunday School was not very well last Sunday, so I told him I would take entire charge of the Boys' School. It was rather a hazardous experiment, for we were shortish of teachers; however, I thought a rest would do him good, and I begged Mr. Hitching, the Day School-master to give us a look in. In the morning we got on pretty well, as most of the teachers were there. In the afternoon, it poured in torrents and blew a perfect hurricane, and there was not a single teacher in school, but a large number of dreadful boys, who, when I unlocked the door, came in jumping and holloaing, and making a fearful noise. The choir-boys stood my firm friends, and all sat quite still, and 'the Parish *Foire*

Engine,' a particular friend of mine, ran about trying to make the others quiet, and force them to sit down, and I felt—anyhow!—when in the middle of the agony in walked Mr. Hitching. Even he had a good deal of trouble to get them right, for a lot were big fellows who had left day school. We divided them into three big classes of over forty each; he and I took one apiece, and got a lady from the girls' school to take the younger ones. All went right till the time came to give out the attendance tickets, and then some dreadful big boys, who work at an iron factory, and run about there with bars of red hot iron, would *not* sit still—and there was chaos—and I said I would give nobody tickets, and so Mr. Hitchings and I got them all to Church, where I must say they *did* behave themselves."

However, they soon became most friendly, and I valued the affection of the warm-hearted Devonshire lads more than I can say. It was amusing how, subsequently, on Sunday evenings we went to church all together, and they *would* insist on my sitting in the middle of them in the small pews, with compartments, and unless we sat, rose, and knelt *en masse* it was impossible to move; "We are that squedg', you see, Sister," they said. One of them, the roughest of the rough, called, from his shock head of red hair, "the Parish *Foire* Engine," who encouraged them to every feat of daring in the night schools, from pinning copy books on the Sisters' backs to locking them up in the school-room, has since written to us at intervals, and came to see us two years ago, dressed in broadcloth and

carrying a silk umbrella, having married a wife, and become torpedo instructor at Dartmouth.

At Christmas we went back to the Priory for a holiday. When I returned to Plymouth, in January, by some mistake about the trains, I arrived there about twelve o'clock at night, and found a crowd of vociferous boys, who had been waiting for me since I don't know what time, and who escorted me in a sort of noisy triumph from the station to S. Peter's Mission Home, to the great astonishment of policemen and other passers by. Dear fellows, I shall never forget them!

I ought to have said that at Plymouth we first met the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, who afterwards went to S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and subsequently, Lavender Hill, and who, through the days of storm and trouble that were to come upon us, proved a true and helpful friend.

The winter of 1867–8, with its happy work in congenial Plymouth, among the kind homely Devonshire folk, passed away only too rapidly. January, with its Christmas festivities, its engrossing night schools for boys and girls, its pleasant meetings on Sunday evenings over the Mission House fire, when the choir and elder Sunday School boys came crowding in, and we all told stories, almost *scrouging* me into the fire-place at the most exciting parts, passed away. January, with its cold, dark mornings, and walks to church by starlight, had fled, and the lengthening days ushered in the Festival of Candlemas, that season which in after years was always to be associated with a time of sorrow and

tribulation. Like a thunder-clap, so utterly unexpected, came the news one Sunday morning, that the greater part of the Community in Ash Grove, including the Mother, had joined the Roman Communion. I remember so well the utter bewilderment one felt, the utter horror, the sensation of loneliness, of being left behind. The cold winter sunshine poured into the room, the sparrows were twittering in the trees in the square, where S. Peter's bell was ringing for Morning Service; the tramp of the soldiers passing from the Devonport Dockyard to church in the town echoed beneath; and I sat utterly stunned and amazed, as if it were all a terrible dream. I wrote to Father Mackonochie, asking despairingly what was to be done, who was left? What was true? What was to become of me and the Sisters at Plymouth? And his kindly answer came, strong, firm, invigorating, a pillar of strength in all the shipwreck around:—

"My dear Sister,

"Your letter is the first comfort I have had. I would, with you, thankfully lay them in their graves to save this. I cannot tell you what a help it has been to me to read your promise that you, at least, will be faithful. God bless you for it! It is a most special comfort to us at S. Alban's to know of your steadfastness. For a sister of our good brother and fellow-labourer to fall away would have a special sting in it, over and above the sorrow of losing one more from S. Mary's Priory. When Mr. Bown left the English Church, Mr. Stanton wrote about it to your brother,

and received his answer, so full of loving steadfastness to our Church as to shew how thoroughly loyal he was. The Mother at S. Margaret's is at the Priory to-night, and I am to take the Celebration there to-morrow morning on purpose to see her. She will send us her Assistant Superior for a time, which is very kind of her. I fear we shall have to recall the Plymouth Mission, but only as a last resource."

Following this came a letter, saying :—

"I must act for the Home in default of its rightful head, and therefore beg of you to come home at once. The S. Margaret's Mother will stay till you come, and she will telegraph for Sister Lucy to go to Plymouth on Monday, when I want you to leave, so as to be here in the evening, and we will then talk of the future."

So on February 11th, sad and sick of heart, I journeyed up to London. Arrived in Ash Grove, and preparing to ring the bell of S. Mary's Priory, I was beckoned by Sister Louisa, who appeared at a door opposite, and I found that through Father Mackonochie's exertions a small house had been secured as a refuge for the Sisters, the Priory itself being the property of the seceders. And here a council assembled, a sad, sorrowful council, of Father Mackonochie, Father Alison (Chaplain of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead), the Mother of S. Margaret's, and we remaining Sisters, to discuss our position and what lay before us. Father Mackonochie was deeply and bitterly grieved. At the time that he undertook the office of Chaplain, the August previously, it had been with a fervent hope that the minds of many members

of the Community, much shaken by the secession of their late Chaplain, Mr. Tuke, might recover their balance, and stand firm to their Church. How great confidence in his power of saving them (if it had been possible that they could be saved), Bishop Tait, the then Bishop of London, had, may be gathered from the following passages in his letter sanctioning his accepting the Chaplaincy :—

"I am told they are in much perplexity from the secession to the Church of Rome of Mr. Tuke, who has been their clerical adviser for some time, and are most anxious to avail themselves of your assistance and advice. I have carefully inquired into the circumstances, and am most anxious that everything possible and right should be done to prevent these ladies from being unsettled in their allegiance to the Church of England by what has happened, and that they should have whatever assistance and advice you are able to give them. I understand that they have confidence in you, and are more likely to listen to you than to anyone else. Although I have reason to believe they depart from the model I approve, I hear from undoubted testimony how great is their self-denial in nursing the sick, by exposing themselves to so many dangers for CHRIST's sake, and I cannot, therefore, withhold the expression of my sympathy with their ceaseless labours for the poor and afflicted. If by kindly advice and guidance, and such help as you can afford, you can be of use to them at this crisis, I shall be well pleased. I have full confidence in your conscientious desire, according to your own views,

to uphold the Church of England, as against the slavery of the Church of Rome, and I think it right you should give what assistance you can to these ladies, and especially to endeavour to save them from following the example of Mr. Tuke, and taking a step which, I fear, could never be retraced, and would be found most injurious to their souls' health."

And bravely Father Mackonochie had undertaken the work and striven his utmost to retain these souls, and now they had gone. And for us? Left by our comrades in arms, deserted by her, who, as our leader, not only here, but in the past years in Soho, judge how we felt!

> "They left us for ever,
> Calmly advising us, follow my way;
> As it were nothing those true links to sever,
> As it were simply but wishing, 'good-day.'
>
> "Yes, they had left us, well therefore uniting
> Band we together more firmly in one,
> Fighting the battle they ought to be fighting,
> Doing the work that they ought to have done.
>
> "Yes, they had left us, but GOD had not left us;
> GOD had not left us, and GOD will not leave:
> No! not a jot of our hope is bereft us,
> Fight we more earnestly, now that we grieve—"

was the determination of our Warden. Some of us felt it to be almost impossible to continue work in Haggerston. What could a few feeble folk like us do? Better leave the field entirely, and return to the Mother Home at East Grinstead, or concentrate ourselves (as Mr. Prynne very earnestly wished) at

Plymouth. But Father Mackonochie, firm of will and purpose, determined the work *should* continue, the Sisters *should* be established; the battle should be fought, and, with God's help, *should* be won. Before the week was out he had published the following paragraph in the papers, in reply to the various reports which had appeared :—

"The work of the Sisters of S. Mary's Priory, Ash Grove, has not been stopped, or in any way interfered with by the secession of some of its late inmates to the Roman Communion. The remaining Sisters at once elected a new Superior, and proceeded with their work as if the distressing event had not occurred."

So it was. And therefore we look back upon him as our Founder; the Founder of the Sisterhood, and of the work in Haggerston, which, but for his energy and generalship, would never have existed.

A letter of encouragement came to us from a true and loyal friend, Mr. J. D. Sedding :—

"I hope you all keep brave hearts, and work on, notwithstanding cloudy days and dark nights. How I wish I could help you! you know that right well without my wasting words. I always think, when I hear of secession, that on the Golden Floor above, when we get there, that these will have some sort of reproof, some lessening of the glory which should have been theirs if they had not taken their lot into their own hands, instead of working for our fair Father, Christ, in that part of the field of God, where He had placed them. They are dead to me, except in my prayers. Do the Lowes and dear old

Swann ever come to see you? They must have ceased all outward expressions of oneness for our Sisters who have left us. It would be meanness itself to fraternize with those who live to dishonour the Mother that bare us, feeds us, and Whose we are, and Whom we serve. 'Choose ye,' say I, 'but I love Whom I love,' and where the honour of God is concerned,—snap goes the earthly affection—and God will make it good, tho' friends shall cease or vanish away in the might of His love that falleth never away."

And now the effort to hold our own ground, and to carry on the work began. The existence of the Sisterhood once declared, the determination to carry on the work made known, the fact that *coûte qui coûte* the Vicar of S. Alban's meant to stand by us, that he was devoting every energy of his energetic mind to carry us through, being understood, a small band of faithful friends rallied round us. Mr. J. H. Skilbeck accepted the office of our Treasurer,—alas! what an empty title at that time!—and the Rev. G. Hervey, Dr. Littledale, Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, Professor (then Dr.) Meymott Tidy, did their utmost to stand by and help us. Beyond them and Mr. Robert Brett, friends we had none. People stood aloof, and watched us suspiciously, thinking we should soon follow the example of the others.

In the February, therefore, of 1868, we stood thus. We had no money—the Sisters possessing that had seceded, and to them also belonged the bulk of the furniture and fittings of S. Mary's Priory, therefore we had none except one or two old things, and some

given us by Father Mackonochie. Kitchen utensils had been given by Mr. Hervey, and certain fittings subscribed for and given us by the choir of S. Augustine's.

The Boys' Orphanage, founded by Mr. Tuke, and after his departure carried on by the Sisters, was left in our hands, and their furniture with the home. It had been originally designated S. Saviour's Orphanage, and the Mother and Father Mackonochie decided on also calling the Priory, S. Saviour's.

The next step to be taken was, to see about moving our present quarters. To remain in Ash Grove, opposite the Roman Priory, was impossible. To live over against those who had been our Sisters, united in the bonds of *cameraderie* in the Church's cause,—now deserters from her ranks and enlisted in a hostile army,—was most painful for us, and most puzzling and perplexing to those among whom we ministered, when, on their visits to us, they encountered those who had been of us, and were not. A hurried search found us two houses in the Kingsland Road: a small one for the Orphanage and a larger one for ourselves, the latter was not available for some weeks, but Father Mackonochie deemed an immediate move so imperative, that we decided, for a short time, to share the orphans' premises. The house was a quaint, little old-fashioned one, standing behind a few inches of grass and a lilac bush on the Kingsland high road, and consisting of six low, dark rooms, and a back and front kitchen. How we ever packed in there is to us a marvel! Four Sisters in the front room, in beds

packed closely together, and dressing behind a cupboard door; the little boys were squeezed into as close quarters as little boys well could be, and the Mother slept on the table of the apartment which served for sitting-room, dining-room, guest-room—in fact, for an all-round room. In the small one set apart for an Oratory, there was literally not space to turn round. It was a hot spring, and we shall never forget the Good Friday when Dr. Littledale preached to us—poor man; he must have been nearly melted!—and we sat wedged together on the floor, very much after the pattern of our few properties, which were tied up in blankets and deposited on the stairs. To add to all this, Sister C. fell off a chair, in reaching to put something up, hurt her back, and had to remain in bed for a week or two. A broker's man, sent in for some debt owing by our predecessor, calmly smoked his pipe in the kitchen till Mr. Skilbeck arranged matters and dismissed him. The drains were found to be in a bad condition, and had all to come up, and the orphans, playing in the back-yard, tried to better their own condition and enlarge our premises, by pulling down the wall between us and our neighbour. But we were all young, strong, and enthusiastic, and these little molehills of difficulties passed by almost unheeded.

Father Mackonochie was most anxious that the Girls' Guild of S. Michael, in which he always took the deepest interest, should not suffer from the loss of the Sister who had been working it, to whom the members were all much attached. One of our remaining loyal Sisters,

who was to replace her, had been nursing in Kent since the move from Ash Grove, but on her return a meeting of the bandmistresses was held, followed by a little supper, to give both them and her an opportunity of knowing each other, and mutually discussing affairs. The bandmistresses took at once to their bright, energetic Superior, and this was the precursor of a series of weekly happy band-meetings held for twenty years past, banded together in loving sympathy, both Sister and bandmistresses, and resulting in evangelizing, to a great extent, the maidenhood of Haggerston.

So we struggled on through our first year, and young, and full of hope, we rather enjoyed the struggle, and the battling with and surmounting difficulties. Oh, the pleasure of finding a farthing in an old coat when we had not a penny in the house! The gratification of adding some new friend to our scanty number! Every kind letter, every little kind act, every little help in our road, how we prized it, and how it gladdened our hearts! S. Peter's Day brought us a faithful triend in a little yellow, smooth-haired animal from the Dogs' Home. Dear Prin! your years with us were short, but faithful and true. Can we not recall your great, wistful, dark eyes, and little, upturned black nose? Your love for the sweet things of this world, which induced our Warden now and again to buy you a sugar pig on his way out from S. Alban's, and present it to you as a special mark of his favour? Did you not one S. Margaret's Day, when the Community set forth to go down to East Grinstead to keep the Festival, did you not elect to run

behind the omnibus, and appear panting and radiant to welcome us at London Bridge, thereby compelling us to take you with us? Did you not, one evening, stand at the chapel door and keep half the Community at bay, because the Sister you specially fancied was inside? Was it not your wont to sit on the kerb and lift up your voice in howlings at the sound of a street organ? When you were lost for two days, was there not sorrow and wailing throughout the Home; and oh! what rejoicing when, one wet evening, you re-appeared on the doorstep, covered with mud, and rushed upstairs in such frantic haste that you lost your balance and rolled head foremost down again! Poor little London dog! How you quaked and trembled when you went to stay in the country and saw the tall grass blades blown by the wind: how you puffed and panted as your poor little legs strove to keep the pace with the country dogs in their races across the meadows. Here you first made the acquaintance of rough-haired Toby, so soon to be your successor. Dear old Toby! I wonder whether, as you gambolled together in the porch under the tangled shade of the sweet-scented jasmine, you ever told him any tales of that dingy city far away, where your whole little life had been spent, and where ere four months had passed away, he too should be pattering along the pavement in lieu of bounding across the grassy fields! Was it not a sad day for us, that December night when you lay breathing your little life away, till at midnight your faithful spirit went forth through the howling wind

and darkness to that Lord Who shall save both man and beast?

But we are anticipating. That is three years hence. We are still reviewing in our minds' eye that hot summer in Kingsland Crescent.

In August the Plymouth Mission had to be given up; we required the two workers we had been obliged to spare there to strengthen our hands in Haggerston. The Mother Home of S. Margaret's had helped as long as they could with the loan of a Sister to stave off the resignation of the Plymouth work, but they needed their own Sister for their own works, and therefore, sorely against our wills, we had to withdraw.

On September 28th, the Community being so far established, the friends and associates were called together by the Warden for a Dedication Gathering in the Iron Chapel, which was just completed. Having witnessed his courage and constancy in firmly establishing us in the Haggerston work, friends rallied round for our encouragement. There were present on that occasion many whose names are well-known in the Church History of the day—some of whom have now passed away. Canon Carter of Clewer, who preached the sermon; Dean Oakley, then Vicar of S. Saviour's, Hoxton; Mr. Statham, of S. Peter's, London Docks; Mr. Elkington, now Chaplain of the Home of Charity, Greek Street, Soho, then Curate of All Saints', Margaret Street; Father Alison, Chaplain of the Mother Home; Mr. Hervey, our own Vicar of S. Augustine's; and Mr. Walker, of S. Alban's, Holborn; besides our own good

friends, Robert Brett, Mr. Skilbeck, and Dr. Meymott Tidy. In the spring we felt staggered beneath the great blow which had fallen upon us, in the summer we fully realized our lonely position, but the autumn days gave us renewed hopes and encouragements.

Mr. Flynn, then one of the clergy of S. Chad's, had for some months past been pressing upon us the urgent need of Sisters for that parish, and though we hardly saw our way to undertaking more work, as we had, in addition to the poor of S. Augustine's, the now largely increased Boys' Orphanage, as well as many nursing calls in Stoke Newington, Hackney, and Dalston, still we had not the heart to refuse. The work came, and we felt that He Who sent it to us would give us the means to carry it on. And so, just about the time of the laying the foundation stone of the permanent Church of S. Chad's, we started our Mission there, with the charge of the Day and Sunday Schools, and visiting the poor. The schools were held in a small building, then used as a temporary church, situated on a waste piece of ground, now occupied by S. Chad's Vicarage. A poor dilapidated place at best, the boys of the neighbourhood did what they could to make it more so. After the permanent church was built half the fun of the day was to kick and batter in its lath and plaster walls; and yet how many there are who look with loving memory to the happy gatherings in the tumble-down little school. One special entertainment is imprinted on my memory, a little burlesque of "Robin Hood." Where are the bright, merry boys who were the actors? Most old,

sober, married men, men who have borne the burden and heat of the day in city offices, and artisans' workshops, and now, meeting together from time to time in the present *Lodge*, laugh and talk over the days of "auld lang syne," and the fun and frolics of their boyhood.

In the November of 1869 the first great London Mission was held, commencing November 12th and concluding November 24th. The Rev. E. A. Hillyard, then of S. Lawrence, Norwich, but afterwards translated to Belper, was the Missioner appointed to S. Augustine's. Those were indeed stirring times. The gloomy, foggy November evenings showed processions of the clergy and choir moving through the narrow streets of S. Augustine's parish, chanting hymns, and gathering crowds of the parishioners after them. The dull red glare of the torches lighted up the dingy houses, and shone on the white surplices of the choristers and the clergy, while the energetic voice of the zealous and gifted Missioner rang through the crowded streets at intervals. Crowds thronged the church, men, women, and children. Numbers of unbaptized adults entreated for baptism, many hardened in sin were softened, many lapsed communicants sought their way to the altar they had so long neglected. As in the cholera epidemic of 1866 we were besieged with poor creatures imploring us to minister to their bodies, so in the Mission of 1869 did the crowds of poor souls throng around, asking to be helped. It was a wonderful time, a time which has never been forgotten in the annals of the parish, and the very name of Mr. Hillyard is enough to kindle a thrill of

emotion in the hearts of all those who heard or came in contact with him thirty-four years ago.

S. Columba's, Kingsland Road, in point of topography lay actually nearer to the then Priory than our own S. Augustine, and we, although not working in the parish, saw a good deal of the Mission carried on there by Father Stanton, of S. Alban's. He threw himself into the work heart and soul, sleeping in the cold, comfortless vestry, so that he might be at hand whenever he was wanted by anyone. One dark night two of us turned in there on our way back from S. Augustine's, to a late Service. A procession was going round the gaslit aisles of the *Red Church*—as it was called on the bills of the mission—headed by the Missioner: and oh, what a motley crew! As we entered, emerging from behind a pillar, came a clergyman in a cassock and surplice, chanting most lustily; behind him a lame man, in rags and a crutch, side by side with a workman in shirt sleeves and matted hair, and his basket of tools slung over his shoulder, which tools kept dropping out with resonant clangs, he falling out of the line to pick them up; as the procession filed on, one espied more rags and *déshabille*, then here and there a choir man, cassocked and hymn-booked, then some boys, and so on over again, the line augmenting as fresh recruits entered the church. And then they passed into the seats, and burning words were spoken to them, and then there was a silence for special prayer. Suddenly from out the gloom of a far off column in the south aisle rang the piercing cry of a woman, "I want to pray!" The calm

face of the Missioner turned towards her, as he slowly said: "Well, then, pray." Mind you, it was long before the days of the excitement of the Salvation Army, and this woman's shriek of entreaty was an unprecedented thing! As Father Stanton remarked afterwards, it was clean contrary to S. Paul, when he gave her permission, as the Apostle counselled that women should keep silence in the churches. Equally with Mr. Hillyard at S. Augustine's, was Father Stanton endeared to the hearts of the good people at S. Columba's. A carter accidently upset a load of bricks in the middle of the traffic of Kingsland Road, and no one helped him in his anguish of replacing them but the tall clergyman who was emerging from the big Red Church, and who ran to the rescue, thereby exhibiting the spectacle of a stout, red-faced, fustian-clad man with a whip, and a tall, ascetic looking clergyman in a cassock, both hard at work replacing a tumble-down tail-board and widely scattered bricks into a cart; and this, as a practical illustration of the sermons inside the church, worked a mission of its own more widely spread than even his addresses. Happy days and happy Mission, crowned with a golden aureole, to which we look back with pleasure through the vista of past years!

The year 1870, known in the annals of history as that of the Franco-Prussian War, is remembered in the chronicles of S. Saviour's Priory as the year of the Sister's migration from the Kingsland Road into the Parish of Haggerston. Two years' experience of a residence twenty-five minutes' walk from their work,

the loss of time spent in the journey to and fro, the waste of strength—especially to the more delicate ones, during the intense heat of summer, and the fogs and bitter cold of winter—and above all, the great inconvenience to the poor people who came to ask the Sisters' aid, had proved the impossibility of its continuance. The long, dark Queen's Road was most undesirable for the girls who attended the Priory classes in the evenings, and if a dying person required aid in the night, why it was almost out of the question that they should be able to send so far. Cans of beef tea turned cold and splashed over in their transit from Kingsland Crescent to Haggerston Street, and most other comestibles were awkward to convey such a distance. A little room in James Street had been hired, where the Sisters could hold afternoon classes and have their tea, thus saving the walk home, but that only met the difficulty half way. That a move was imperative was the verdict of the whole Community. The good Treasurer, who knew the shallowness of the Priory purse, feeling it his duty to act as *Avocato del Diavolo*, demurred and hesitated; but we all besieged him with fearful stories of how Sister so-and-so had fainted twice last summer during the intense heat, on her return from her third walk into the parish; of how Sister somebody-else was at the actual moment confined upstairs with a severe chest attack from the number of times she had had to cover the distance between Priory and parish on a certain foggy day; and as we all exhibited ourselves in more or less advanced stages of cold in the head or on the chest, and altogether

in rather dilapidated conditions, eventually the saying of the Curé d'Ars was in this case fulfilled—"What woman wills, GOD wills."

And next, where to find a suitable house? Four rooms and a tenement containing tiny kitchen and a bedroom above, with a narrow slip of garden full of sunflowers, divided from other narrow slips of garden containing also sunflowers, and perhaps a scrubby elder bush, was the staple of all the *bettermost* Haggerston houses.

At length, as our hearts were beginning to fail us, Sister Louisa, (as I have previously remarked in these pages, a woman of singular energy) came in to dinner one day with a pleased expression, and said she had found the very house, in S. Augustine's parish, at the corner of Great Cambridge Street, not a stone's throw from the Hackney Road, close to both S. Augustine and S. Chad's Churches. An eight-roomed corner house, with a side door opening into Dunloe Street, a large workshop of two storeys at the back, hitherto used by a cabinet maker, and beyond this a slip of a place where he kept his trap, and a few square inches of stable where his pony lived. *The* very place! We all concurred. Father Mackonochie cordially approved, and our Treasurer, in spite of the empty condition of the exchequer whose key he held, gave his consent. And then our good friend, Dr. Littledale, came to our aid, and knowing the plight we were in, the absolute necessity of moving to the sphere of our work, and our utterly penniless condition, wrote a

stirring appeal for us to the *Church Times*, putting our needs before the public in such a forcible manner, that the response of friends was such as to place in the Treasurer's hands a sufficient sum to guarantee our moving without debt or bankruptcy.

On the 17th of March, Father Mackonochie, Mr. Skilbeck, and the Mother, paid a formal visit of inspection to 18, Great Cambridge Street, with a view of seeing how few alterations need be made, and settled that the upper workshop could be fitted up with the old choir stalls and screen, made two years ago by Mr. Tuke and the Brothers in Ash Grove, and would make a very tolerable chapel; while the lower shop would do for a mission-room by day, and a guild-room, for the girls, in the evening. The *shanty* where the trap stood, served as a class-room, and the stable made a capital, though rather stuffy laundry; and oh! how the rats danced and played their pranks over everything!

The workmen did the brick and mortar part of the business, but the kind and helpful hands of some of S. Mary's Soho friends assisted the Sisters in colour-washing the walls, painting doors, wainscot, and shutters, and staining the floors, for a good portion of the staining and white-washing was done by the Sisters themselves, well aproned below, and splashed up to the eyes above. On the 19th May, all being completed, the Community moved in; Father Mackonochie, with his usual kind helpfulness and thought for others, coming to assist. We remember so well two Sisters trying to move a cupboard zig-zag across the floor to its destination,

and his rushing forward and sweeping it into its proper position against the wall.

So by Ascension Day, 1870, we were comfortably settled; but I believe our Treasurer was very much scandalized at the way we had driven big nails into the walls to hang shelves and pictures on.

It was during this summer that the Rev. T. I. Ball, now Provost of Cumbrae, well-known both for his active Mission work in Edinburgh, and as an old friend of Father Mackonochie's (dating from early times at S. Saviour's, Wellclose Square, in 1857), undertook temporary charge of S. Augustine's for a while during the summer, and so renewed an acquaintanceship begun at Soho. I remember so well the first time I ever saw Mr. Ball, in the autumn of 1862. He was assisting at a Service at S. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, in connection with a young man, whose name was at that time becoming well known in the religious world, the Rev. J. L. Lyne, since better known as Brother Ignatius. Once, subsequently, another Sister and myself were hospitably entertained, during his temporary absence, at his little cottage at Cove, whence we had made a day's expedition while staying at the S. Margaret's House, in Aberdeen. It was a tiny little fisherman's cottage, perched on a gray rock, overlooking the stormy North Sea, the sitting-room cosy and comfortable with books and photographs, tenanted on the occasion of our visit, by a big, purring black cat, looking like the familiar spirit of the place, and by which, the housekeeper assured us, Mr. Ball set great store. It

would not be out of place here to mention that, a good turn Mr. Ball did the Priory, was, to present us with a most valuable little book, which, for its spiritual, helpful tone, it is a thousand pities it is not better known to Church women; I mean the *Life of Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley*, published by the Wesleyan Conference.

This move had not been accomplished many months before the energies of the Sisters were taxed to their very utmost, and had they not been resident on the spot they could not have fulfilled all that was required of them.

In the autumn of 1870 dropping cases of small-pox began to occur, increasing rapidly as the winter set in severe and early. The poor starving people, huddled together with doors and windows closed to keep out the bitter cold, rapidly succumbed to it. The Sisters struggled on as best they might, stripping their own beds of blankets for them, and keeping a supply of beef-tea going day and night.

A panic seemed spread around; people shrank from performing the last offices for their nearest relatives; the Priory was besieged day and night with people imploring to be visited, with piteous cries for help, sad stories from the infected houses of clothing and bedding compelled to be destroyed for fear of spreading infection, and the sufferers being reduced to the direst necessity.

One dark November afternoon the door-bell rang, and the cry came, "Another one down. Mrs. M.'s son was took very bad."

So out I hurried, the streets were muddy and slushy, with piles of half-melted snow lying on the pavement,

and the bitter wind sweeping round the corners by the canal; doors were closed to keep out the cold blast, a few figures passed furtively along the streets, half-afraid of contagion in every person they met; and I tore along till I reached the infected house.

The father, a reckless man, was walking up and down the little room, declaring he would give up drink if only his son was spared; the mother was crushed entirely. Climbing the rickety staircase, I found in a small back room a young man of three or four-and-twenty, evidently sinking fast; the small-pox had struck inwardly.

Before the night he was gone. Who could help to lay him out? No one dared. Another Sister had to be fetched to help in the task, and assist in moving the infected clothes and bedding into the yard.

We were out all day, hurrying from call to call, while one stayed at home to keep the supply of beef-tea going.

We were told of a case at the farther end of Haggerston, across the canal. We went to see, and found Mrs. T. and her sister, a widow, lying side by side in bed; one recovering, the other in the worst stage of confluent small-pox, no one to attend to them but the widow's child of eight years of age. The other lodgers were too terrified even to open the door. We found a woman to go and minister to them.

Two days afterwards, utterly worn out, she had crept home for a couple of hours' rest; two of us who had been out all the morning came in, jaded and weary, to snatch

a mouthful of dinner, when the bell rang, and the little portress announced, "Mrs. T. is dead."

We hurried there, and found the convalescent coiled up over the fire, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the dead body on the bed. We wrapped her in a blanket and carried her into the kitchen, and then proceeded to lay out the dead body; after which, covering the heavy bed and bedding with carbolic acid, with great difficulty we dragged them down into the yard.

The lodger, a strong, hearty man, sat smoking a pipe, with the door ajar, watching our struggles to get the cumbrous bed round the corner of the stairs, far too much terrified to offer to help.

Visiting a very terrible case of small-pox in a dirty back street, we found a young man acting the part of nurse. He had sat up night after night with his mate, and though he was a rough-looking fellow outside, no woman's hand could have been gentler than his, as he smoothed the filthy and stained pillow and held a cracked cup of water to the swollen lips of the sufferer. We asked who he was: "Oh, a young chap as lives next door; he's got no work, so he comes in here and helps like. He's a good sort of a chap is Bill, and keeps his old father's place as neat as any woman could." Bill looked so wan and starved that as we came away we gave him something to get bread for himself.

Among the countless cases to which we ministered daily, I shall only cite one more, that of a poor shoemaker's family. It was a struggle at the best of times to support them, but when he lost his work through his

employers fearing infection, he was in despair. He and his wife crouched hopelessly starving over a handful of ashes in the grate. They had nothing but what the Sisters gave them. There were four children down with the small-pox, lying in a heap on the miserable bed. When the undertaker came to remove two who died, the live and the dead were so intermingled, and all looked so alike, that, seeing the man hesitate, the live children cried piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, don't let us go too!" When the Sister took round a clean sheet to change them, they literally stuck to the miserable rag spread over some straw on which they had lain.

What were we to do to stem this tide of contagion and misery? Our own scanty resources could not supply necessary nourishment, nor renovate the bedding and clothes which were compelled to be destroyed. Our small staff could not attend to all the sick and dying around them.

In despair we turned for help towards one who had always befriended both Haggerston and S. Saviour's Priory, and this was Robert Brett, who wrote a letter to the *Times* on February 20, 1871, which brought in a fund of help, in acknowledgment of which he published, a few months later, a short pamphlet, from which we shall quote the following, as best showing the necessities of those times, and how they were met:—

"Small-pox spread during the winter in the parishes of Shoreditch and Haggerston, and 384 cases occurred between Christmas Day and January 31st, 1871, and 491 fresh cases in the short month of February. I de-

termined, while satisfying to the full all the requirements of the Sisters and their poor, whose burdens they had so nobly borne unaided through the winter, some succour should be given to others in like distress. Communications were therefore entered into with the Vicar of Shoreditch, and the other clergy in whose parishes the disease was rife. Grants to a limited amount were made to them from time to time—but the Sisterhood was the centre from whence all relief was to flow to the Haggerston districts. Taking counsel with my friend Dr. Sutton, we resolved to adopt rigorous measures to arrest the spread of the disease, by setting on foot a daily visitation from house to house to find out cases, and obtain their early removal to the hospital; and to gather up convalescents, who were sources of infection to others, and send them into the country. A staff of nurses selected by the Sisters was appointed to this work, and also to help the over-taxed Sisters in nursing severe cases. The fresh cases in March were 462, and in April still further reduced to 200. Mixed up with it night and day, I know how unceasing and laborious was the work of S. Saviour's Priory, and how effectively it was done. Weary and exhausted though the Sisters often were, I found them ever ready at the call of duty. Regardless of themselves, and fearless of danger, they pressed on calmly, patiently, and perseveringly to succour the many sad, heartrending cases they had to deal with. Besides their ordinary parish work of visiting and teaching classes, they readily undertook to dispense relief over the adjacent districts, to distribute

the clothing for the whole of Shoreditch and Haggerston, and to prepare and fit out all convalescents."

For the distribution of relief and clothing, crowds and crowds of people thronged the Priory every morning. Each applicant had to bring a paper from either the Clergyman, Scripture Reader, District Visitor, or Nurse, stating exactly what the requirement was—either food, clothing, or bedding, and the exact quantity of each article—to prevent imposture. Everything so given was entered in different books, and the account sent in to Mr. Brett weekly. Sometimes the crowd was so pressing that a portion only could be admitted at a time into the little yard and mission room, and the rest waited their turn outside. Occasionally very pressing applicants insisted on having first turn, and the dispensing Sister had to give strict orders that none should come before their time.

One morning the Vicar of S. Mary's, Hoxton, came about some urgent case, forced his way through the crowd, and rang for admittance. The little portress, peeping through the door, said, "No; you can't come in, you must wait; there's too many of you in already, Sister says." Fortunately, being a kind-hearted man, he saw the little maiden was ignorantly obeying some order to the very letter, therefore waited till the next relay entered, and told me the tale with much amusement.

The Shoreditch Vestry had run up a temporary wooden hospital in an old burying-ground in the Hackney Road, of which four Sisters undertook the

nursing. A small room was apportioned to them, where they lived on a sort of "Box and Cox" arrangement, the two day Sisters occupying the bed by night, and the two night Sisters by day. On the other side the passage was a room for the medical attendant; there was a small kitchen, and two wards, capable of holding twenty men and as many women. One of our girls acted as cook, and a young man out of the district, the "Bill" who had been found at the bed side of his mate, acted as porter. We may here state that not very long after the hospital had closed this young man came one day to me, and after twisting his hat between his fingers a little while said, "I've come to tell you me and Polly's going to be married, if you've no objection;" and so this small romance grew out of the hospital.

All through the spring days the Sisters nursed assiduously, while case after case was brought in day and night, the rough men who carried them smoking the while to keep off infection. Those traversing Hackney Road passed by on the other side as they neared the old burying-ground, such was the horror felt of the plague-stricken spot.

Provision was made for convalescents by the Sisters of S. Michael's, Shoreditch, at Ridge, and by the Devonport Sisters at Ascot, and the task of despatching these convalescents was allotted by Mr. Brett to us.

A book was kept in which were lists of convalescents ready to go, as notice was sent from either place that beds were vacant. Twice a week an ambulance started

to either one or other from the Priory, bearing its load of men, women, and children. They assembled about 6 a.m., had a hearty breakfast of bread, meat, and coffee, and thus were ready when the sanitary inspectors appeared with the ambulance to convey them to their destination. During the chats we had with these convalescents we added many to our stock of friends.

The following, written by a poor artisan in Hoxton, is of interest, as showing the feeling of the neighbourhood to the Sisters :—

"Sir,

"Feeling anxious that praise should be given where praise is due, I think mine a case beyond what may be termed ordinary cases. Of a family of eight children I have had seven smitten with small-pox, and all taken to the Hackney Road Hospital, where I have had every opportunity of witnessing the unceasing attention and kindness of those Christian ladies, the Sisters of Mercy, to whom I feel assured my pen will but feebly express the gratitude the sufferers and their friends owe to them for their unremitting attention and kindness, as also to all the parochial officials with whom I have come in contact. Believing that it is not enough to feel grateful and thankful within one's own breast, but that the general public, and more especially the parishioners of this parish, should know and appreciate the value of these helpers in time of need; and now, as my family are again returning to their home (with the exception of one only, removed to its final resting-place), I am induced to request a space in your widely-circulated journal for the

insertion of this feeble attempt of mine, hoping it may induce some one more capable than I to take up their pen on so deserving a subject."

Every Parochial Vestry must have its discussion on parochial matters, and it transpired through the local papers that there had been discussion on the Sisters having had charge of the hospital.

Some members of the Board thought it had been far from a commendable act of the Sanitary Committee to employ "Nuns, or Sisters of Mercy," to act as nurses; but several other members speedily quieted these scruples by stating that "had the Sisters not offered their services, it would have cost the Vestry a large sum of money to obtain properly trained nurses, whereas they had received a note from the Sisters volunteering their services free of expense." The Vestry Meeting was concluded by the majority declaring "they were brave, true Christian women, who had come most opportunely to the aid of the Vestry, and they, therefore, would tender them a vote of thanks."

"*To the Mother Superior, S. Saviour's, Priory.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am instructed by the Vestry of this parish to convey to you and to Sisters A., M., and E. the cordial thanks of the Vestry for the very valuable services which you and those Sisters rendered to the Vestry and to the suffering poor whom you and they attended at the Temporary Small-pox Hospital, in the Hackney Road. Unfortunately, the Parish of Shoreditch was one of the

earliest and most severely smitten by the epidemic, and the Vestry were compelled to provide the hospital at a very short notice, and with very little experience, and, but for the prompt acceptance of the duty by you at the request of Dr. Sutton, the efforts of the Vestry might have been to a large extent rendered nugatory. The Vestry feel that they are unable to fully recognise by any marks of their appreciation the full value of those generous services. They were deeply moved by such spontaneous acts of truly Christian duty and generous devotion to the claims of suffering humanity as was manifested by yourself and the kind Sisterhood who were your assistants. I may state also that many of those who were so kindly attended have expressed to me their thankfulness for the attention and benevolent care they have received, and I will beg you to convey to Sisters A., M., and E. my own high appreciation of their truly noble conduct in connection with our hospital, and my thanks for the very satisfactory manner in which they discharged, financially and otherwise, the duty entrusted to them.

"I remain, dear Madam, yours most obediently,

"(Signed), E. WALKER, *Vestry Clerk.*

"VESTRY OF S. LEONARD, SHOREDITCH,

"*June 16, 1871.*"

Dr. George Herman, then quite a young man, was resident in this small-pox hospital, and our work there was made smooth and pleasant by his most helpful kindness and consideration; and in Dr. Sutton, his chief, we found

a real friend, to whom we were constantly indebted for many kindnesses up to his death in June, 1893. Of the hospital, as old Bewick says in one of his wonderful vignettes: "Good times, bad times, and all times have an end," so this most terrible and wonderful small-pox time ended by May, and we were free once more to devote ourselves to parish work.

The previous overtaxing of the Sisters' powers during the trying winter and spring, demanded longer holidays than usual for them, and the Mother of S. Margaret's, Aberdeen (like S. Saviour's Priory, a branch of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead), kindly invited two of the Sisters to spend a short time with her. The Sisters' Home in Aberdeen is now situated at Bay View, outside the town; but at that time they were living in the midst of their work, in the Gallow Gate, from which a narrow court led to the door of the Home. A quaint old-fashioned house it was, with a quaint old-fashioned garden at the back, impressed on my memory as producing chiefly coarse grass and orange lilies. Beyond that, was a private door for the Sisters into the Mission Chapel, which I remember so well as crowded with a most hearty congregation on Sundays. A most delightful and restful stay we had there, enjoying the delicious fresh breezes on the links, and the evening rambles, watching the North Sea come foaming and tumbling in upon the sands. Delightful visits too were paid to a charming cottage at Cults, on the Deeside, used by the Sisters for invalids, and the garden of which is remembered by us as having a particularly nice lot of fruit-

laden raspberry bushes; and unless you had been a worker in Haggerston, you *could* not fully realize the delights of sitting on the ground in a kitchen garden sloping down to the brown river rushing over white pebbles, with the blue sky above, and purple hills all around, and a raspberry bush over your head, from which the Mother said you might pick as many as you liked!

Then there were expeditions also to Cove (a place we had visited on a previous flying visit to Scotland), and sitting on the gray rocks in the sun, and having tea with the kindly coastguard and his family. We were subsequently joined by a friend, and at the suggestion of the Mother, we three, one of the Aberdeen Sisters, and a friend—a party of five in all—took up our abode in an old woman's cottage, on a moor side, in the wilds of Morayshire. Here we had rural life to its very fullest extent. The cottage had only two rooms and a loft above. The sitting-room had a couch, and a cupboard bed, and here we three Londoners slept, the two Aberdonians occupying the loft above. The window refused to remain open unless propped up with a bottle, and a basin of milk we put outside on the sill to keep fresh was drunk up by a wandering cow in the night. We *had* a wash-hand basin, but so cracked we dare not make the attempt of putting water into it, so performed all our ablutions at a spring behind the barn. We had to walk five miles to the village to fetch our letters and anything we wanted to eat beyond bread, milk, and cheese, and we had altogether a most *fascinating* time. Real enjoyment right through. To sit in the sweet pine woods in

the heat of the day, and wander on the crimson heather-covered moors in the evening, picking cranberries, was a rest untold to us.

In company with this friend we wandered farther north, and visited Skye, where the inhabitants of Portree, witnessing our landing, exclaimed, "Eh! and there a twa meenisters aboard!" After a sojourn of three days, during which that great gale, which visited Scotland and the North of Europe in the August of 1871, enveloped Skye in deluges of rain and the thickest mantle of mist, we recrossed—only able to say we had *visited*, but not *seen* Skye—to the mainland. The storm of the previous days had passed away, and between Portree and Strom Ferry, the sea and the distant hills were of the sweetest shades of blue and opal. Mr. Newman Hall was a fellow-passenger, and we had some interesting talk with him, he telling us of his travels, and pointing out some of the hills which reminded him of those in the Holy Land. He was very kind and compassionate to a poor lunatic girl, who was crouching on a seat, swathed in a plaid, being conveyed to the asylum on the mainland, repeating monotonously in piteous tones during the whole voyage, "Is it not strange! Is it not strange!"

Pleasant holidays, like all pleasant things, soon pass away, but not so their memory. "*Un souvenir heureux est peut-être une terre plus vraie que le bonheur*," and the remembrance of our little highland trip has been a green spot in our memory during many days of weariness and toil. Two months later on, in November, Sister Martha of Aberdeen, who had shared our stay at the cottage, was

called to her rest. She had been nursing a case of typhoid in one of the courts, had taken the disease, and died in that month. She was one of the first of the Community of the Mother Home at East Grinstead, and had been sent from there to the Aberdeen Branch, where she lived and worked some years, and we felt so glad to think of the cheery glimpse we had of her, after years of separation, entering into all the bright holiday fun so heartily, enjoying every little expedition, and laughing most brightly over every little misadventure and *contretemps* of our roughing it in the cottage.

The first Priory dog, Prin, died almost suddenly, and we being left entirely at the mercy of the rats inside, and thieves outside, bereft of our faithful guardian, some friends in Northamptonshire offered to bestow a lost dog upon us, whom they had housed from puppyhood, and for whom they were anxious to find a home; and so on the ever memorable 30th December, two of us went to Dalston junction to receive and welcome our new inmate, Toby, dear, faithful Toby, whose story has been told in previous pages of these papers. We ought not to pass over in these chronicles another dear and much loved friend, who came to take up its abode with us this year. Dear, gentle, silvery-coated V. was brought to us in a basket, a little round, furry ball of a Persian kitten, and during the twelve years of her life with us won the love of all by her sweet, tender, affectionate ways. The next year brought her a companion in the shape of a ruddy-golden kitten, named Rowdy, and the three animals lived a life of perfect peace and happiness

within the precincts of the Priory, with fewer accidents and misfortunes than usually fall to the lot of pets.

Once or twice, Toby was lost, to the consternation of the Community. One dark January afternoon, only a fortnight after he came, he was frightened by some boys near the gas-factory, as he was following a Sister into the parish. She, looking round, missed him, called vainly, sought vainly, fled in anguish to the Priory. No Toby had been seen; he was that most terrible of all terrible things, a lost dog in London. And nothing could be done but to open the doors at intervals and look up and down the foggy street. At the end of an hour, during which we all felt sure our hair had turned white, on opening the door for about the hundred and twentieth time, with heavy hearts and trembling fingers, lo and behold! a little something was sitting outside, a little something with eyes shining like green railway signals in the darkness, and which leaped in with a bound, revealing a rough, red, hairy face and paws, and a pair of the dearest, honestest brown eyes in the whole world; and thereupon our lamentation was turned into rejoicing, and we contemplated with great satisfaction the perfect annihilation and absorption of a mutton bone in front of the fire. But this was not the only *mauvais quart d'heure* through which we passed. One snowy evening he followed one of the lads home, and we spent the greater portion of the night on the door-step calling, Toby! and shivering. Eh, dear! we were young in those days, and did not catch the frightful rheumatism we should now a days

Then the old dear had a troublesome trick of jumping

on to the dust-bin, and from thence on to the wall, and so down into our neighbour's garden, where there was no dust-bin or projection by which to ascend, and therefore it entailed upon the Sisters to mount the dust-bin, scale the wall, drop down the other side, have a chair handed over, pick up Toby, mount the chair, hand him back struggling—woe to the white caps and collars during the operation—re-scale the wall, drag up the chair, and re-enter the cloister by the way of the dust-bin. Several times our neighbours thought there were robbers in the yard, and rushed out with candles and pokers, but after a time they got to know it was only the Priory dog. Then a more awkward predicament still, was when he leaped into the dust-bin, to rout about after scraps, and found it tenanted by a stray cat. He retreated into one corner and barked, the cat fled into the other corner and spat, and it wanted a brave heart that dared go and drag him out by the scruff of the neck and chance being flown at by the infuriated cat. Once he had rather a hard time of it from a jackdaw which was given us, who used to peck his legs and snatch his bones, but the jackdaw came to an untimely end in the water-butt.

Dear little V.! How fond she was of Toby, and how frightened he was of her! And yet on one occasion she saved his life. He was always terrified at a thunder-storm, and sat, and gasped, and panted, and at last held his breath with terror, till we thought he was going to have a fit, when V., who was perched on the corner of the table above his head, eyeing him with that fixity of purpose which only the feline eye can accomplish, sud-

denly darted out a soft white hand, and gave him a tremendous box on the ears, and the sudden shock restored his breath, and (*we* think) saved his life.

V. was lost, too, sometimes. One terrible 24th of March, the day the *Eurydice* went down, and Father Stanton had been touching upon it in a sermon he was preaching at S. Chad's, V. was lost. It was while a chapel was being built in the garden, and she had crept under the partially laid down flooring, and got lost among the sleepers beneath. Oh! the anxiety and the terror we went through all that Sunday afternoon! A lady brought us a stray cat—a hideous person, with broken ears—asking us to give it a home, and we—must I confess it?—looked at it with loathing as we thought of it warmly housed, while our dear lost V. was out in the cold! But we did our best for it, we really did, and made it a warm bed, and it drank some milk, and then ran away up the chimney. At dead of night faint mews were heard amidst the howling of the March wind, and our little V. was found trembling with cold and fear, and covered with shavings, crying in the yard. She was stolen once or twice, and once got out in the street, and we heard her crying in the area, but never lost for so long as that dreadful Sunday. But their little lives are over, and they lie peacefully side by side in the plot of garden beside the chapel. No stone marks their resting-place, but the green leaves of the plants, among which they used to love to bask in the hot and sunny weather, cast a network of flickering shadows across them in the summer, and the wintry moon smiles on them from

between the skeleton branches of the tree up which they used to love to climb in old, old days long ago. And for us, we feel that, "Not one of them is forgotten before God," "For Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast."

In the January of 1872 a new work seemed to be desirable for us. Two of the Sisters went to stay at Folkestone for a day or two. One of the clergy at S. Michael's was just leaving, and it was suggested the home he had been occupying would make a most admirable little Convalescent Home. Suggestion is but father to action, and by the middle of February the Home was ready, and received its first patients. From that date until February, 1875, the Home was carried on, and admitted altogether 275 inmates. Towards the end of 1875 there seemed reasons why it should be given up, and therefore, much to the regret of everybody, it was closed. There is many an one who looks back with pleasure to the health and strength they derived from the bracing Folkestone breezes, and the pleasant rambles on the sweet thymy downs over Cæsar's Camp and the Sugar Loaf Hill, of scrambles down to S. Thomas', Holywell, lying in a hollow by the Canterbury Road, and of the never failing interest of watching the Boulogne steamers go out and come in, of which it may be remarked, to those with a sense of humour there was more amusement in watching the in-coming than the out-going packet, on account of the tumbled, woe-begone looks of those to whom the voyage had been anything but a voyage of pleasure. During those three years in which our little Home existed, the Rev. E. Husband, vicar of

S. Michael's, always showed the greatest kindness to the inmates, many of whom were drawn to think of better things than had been brought before them in their previous life, by the agency of the beautiful Services, the sweet music, and the touching addresses they heard in S. Michael's.

I remember a most successful Mission which was held Sunday and week-day evenings, in S. Augustine's Schoolroom, by the Rev. H. J. Amps, now Warden of the House of Mercy, Highgate. One of our most energetic Sisters helped him in this work, hunting up the people during the day, and presiding over the harmonium in the evenings.

Once Father O'Neill, of S. John's Mission House, Cowley, came to address them shortly before he left England for India. That memorable evening is often looked back to by those who were present, and pictured to our mind's eye. His tall attenuated figure, standing erect in the flickering gas-light against the dusky shadows of the schoolroom, the poor, ragged, haggard-faced men and women bending forward, drinking in every word that fell from his lips, as he spoke with zeal and energy (how little we recked then of how near his footsteps were to the threshold of heaven!); and then begged them to sing his favourite hymn, "A few more years shall roll," and concluded with asking them to kneel and join with him in prayer for those they loved, and those for whom they were bound to pray, and many a sobbing mother gave in the name of her son, straying far away from the paths of virtue, or exposed to hardship

and suffering in some foreign land, for whom she wished the prayers of the good man, and of those who, with her, knelt around him.

A difficulty which had always existed, was how to get the masses of children baptized, and the searching out, and diving down among the people to bring them to the Mission, brought to light strata upon strata of unbaptized families. A few, but very few, objected to their children being "done" as they called it. One half-infidel man observed, "The Sisters had been very good to his little ones while they were bad, whatever they wanted couldn't do them no harm, so my missis can let them go if Sister likes." The greater part didn't care, so long as they had not the trouble of bringing them to the church. So at last it was elected to collect the children and take them over in batches to the church; and furthermore, as they were mostly ragged, hungry-looking, poor starved little things, they were regaled with tea and bread and butter in the Mission Room previously, hence arose what grew to be called at that time "Heathen Teas." The bigger ones came to classes and received some instruction, and then on the appointed evenings came to tea, bringing the babies with them; and you may imagine, to pin the tickets containing the christian name, surname, and address on each child before they were taken to church was a most lengthy operation. As more Sisters and true workers came in course of time, these Heathen Teas were discontinued, but in these early days they were found most necessary in order to receive the children.

In the autumn of 1873, a third house, adjoining the two of which the Sisters had already possession, was in the market, and we speedily secured it, as we were outgrowing our limits. By the help of Father Mackonochie funds had been raised to build a Guild Room for the Guild girls of S. Michael and All Angels over one of the workshops.

On February 3rd, 1874, that "noble-minded layman," that patriarch of the north-east on whom so many leant, that rock of strength to whom so many ran in their adversity and were comforted, that firm friend to Haggerston and the Priory, the great Robert Brett, was called home. His illness was not long, and after a short space of sickness and suffering, the true, loving, generous heart, so loyal to his Church and his God, ceased to beat, that undaunted, energetic spirit returned to Him Who made it, and we, left behind, felt there was indeed a mighty man of valour taken from the Church, a Master in Israel had fallen, a councillor in time of need was gone from among us. He was the wise man of the east whose memorial remains in the Haggerston Churches, which were built through his and Mr. Richard Foster's agency. By a strange coincidence, on the 7th of February, the day on which his remains were laid to rest, the second great London Mission began.

Our good and kind friend of Soho days, the Rev. J. C. Chambers, was called to his rest on the 21st of May following.

In the early spring of 1875 fever had prowled and

lurked about Haggerston, attacking, in its evil and cowardly wont, those who were weakly and run down. The Vicar, the Rev. G. Hervey, had been—not exactly ill—but in a low, exhausted state of health, from pressure of overwork. On a Sunday in March he gave the children an address in the afternoon—an address, solemn, pleading, earnest, which those who heard it have never forgotten. We noticed then how thin and worn he looked as he stood on the chancel steps, in the light of the cold spring sunshine falling through the western rose window. And the next news was, he was down with the fever. Two of our Sisters nursed him, but his enfeebled frame was too weak to battle with the enemy, and at eleven o'clock on March 15th he passed away.

I think words can hardly describe the desolation which filled every soul. Not only the church people, but others outside, mourned his loss.

"He *was* a good man! We shall never see his like again! Always a pleasant word for everybody, no matter who they might be!" was echoed all around.

During his illness, his kindly forethought for others had made him insist on being removed from his own room, and put into one on the attic floor, shut off by a small staircase from the rest of the house. When he was placed in his coffin he was vested in cassock and surplice, and I went over late in the evening to put the stole on. It was a cold, dark, dreary evening, and the voices of the children sounded dull and discordant as they played and shouted in the windy street. The fever-stricken home looked sad and desolate without

the genial presence which had always brightened it, and mounting the flight of narrow attic stairs, I found all that remained of the first Vicar of S. Augustine's lying calm and peaceful, his hands crossed upon his breast, a serene smile upon his countenance.

The lads from the church, those he had taught (in many cases baptized), prepared for Confirmation, and given them their first Communion, came over to the Priory, and we talked sadly and quietly over the fire that evening about their loss; counting over the kind words he had spoken, the kind deeds he had done, the help he had given them in temptations, and trials, and difficulties.

It was a bitter day, the 18th of March, when his remains were laid to rest in Norwood Cemetery. A surging, silent, and reverent crowd pressed into the church, from out of whom a loyal band went down to the cemetery to see the end. A biting, cutting east wind swept across the withered grass, and a cold spring sun, shorn of its warmth and kindliness, lighted up the yawning grave and the weeping mourners around. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the dull thud of the soil fell spadeful by spadeful on the coffin, and then we turned our faces eastward, to return home to the forlorn church and parish.

We were very busy ourselves just after, as two of the Sisters who had nursed Mr. Hervey caught the fever, and we were obliged to portion off a part of our tumble-down dwelling as a quarantine for them.

Meantime the little chapel for our own use was rapidly rising, and by Ascension Day, which that year fell in May, it was ready for use, and a great comfort and benefit the Sisters found it. The old one bordered on to the street, and was hot, and noisy, and dusty: the new one, built over the garden, is cool, and peaceful, and restful. A poplar, a lime, and an elm overshadow it, and in the quiet, early mornings their branches are full of twittering, chirping sparrows.

In the August of 1875 a new Vicar was appointed to S. Augustine's, the Rev. Charles Dent, a most active, energetic man, and with—a rare gift in a clergyman—a wonderful head for business. He proved himself a most kind and good friend to us, not only during the five years he was at S. Augustine's, but ever since, and his keen judgment, and sound opinion, make him a counsellor of great value in difficulty.

I think I said before that, owing to certain reasons, we were obliged to give up our little home at Folkestone in November of this year; but the very dear and good friend who had managed it for us took a little cottage at Harlow, and for some years was able to receive one or two of our special cases, who needed change and rest.

Reader, do you know Harlow? To myself and many another Haggerstonian the name conjures up a vision of the most perfectly rural character imaginable. A vision of level meadows embroidered with yellow petalled, purple pencilled celandines, and of hedges strewn with starry blackthorn blossoms in the early spring. A vision of a peaceful river, thickly sown with the golden globes of

marsh marigolds, winding gently through flat meadows, one blaze of yellow buttercups, dotted over with herds of cattle munching the sweet herbage of the young summer. There is a bridge, and an old mill reflected in the transparent water, and a little grove of pollard willows, and thick reeds tangled up with vivid yellow iris blossoms. The old mill stream purls gently with a soothing sound, and the rooks caw from the woods beyond the golden meadow.

How many pleasant excursions we have had there with the bandmistresses of the Guild of S. Michael and Father Mackonochie! Once he took us a row on the river, and I steered, and I grieve to say, thoughtlessly steered *for* the bank from which Father Mackonochie was vainly striving to put off! No wonder he marvelled that his strokes were of no avail! No wonder he called me sharply to account, but the error once rectified, what a happy, laughing party glided down the stream, with the blue sky over-head, and the yellow fields stretched out on either side! And the playful walk up the lane from the river, past the shut-up, tumble-down house, reported to be haunted, where the girls picked flowers in the blooming hedges, and surreptitiously fastened straggling green burrs on each other's dresses! On past the red-roofed Chantrey Chapel, to the house where tea was laid out under the shade of the gnarled apple tree in the tiny garden, and then back to London in the dewy evening, when the green twilight clothed the horizon behind the purple shadows of the trees.

Besides our bandmistresses, do not our boys (now

married men) look back to Harlow with pleasure—in the summer days when they fished in the reedy river, or boated on it? It is on record that one evening they missed the train back to London, through gathering bunches of forget-me-nots and wild roses from the banks, and reaching after yellow and white water-lilies. Did not one try to scramble out of the boat on all fours, while the old lock-keeper cried, "Lor, sir! *that* aint the way to get out of a boat?" Did not dear old Toby, seeing me trust myself to the mercy of the boys on the river, although far from being a water-dog, plunge boldly into the stream, and come swimming with little short strokes behind, till I, moved with pity, nearly capsized the boat by leaning over and pulling him, wet and kicking, inside?

Then there was a wet summer evening, and we had o walk to the station in the dark, across a ploughed ield, guided by flashes of lightning, and in the middle of he field Mary Anne's shoes came off, and we had to vait for the next flash to find them!

And autumn, too, when all the woods were gorgeous, nd the beech-tree by the churchyard gate glistened like awny gold in the sunlight, our Haggerston boys enjoyed ong rambles through the lanes, where the ditches were lac with wild mint, and the hedges purple with dog-ood, and scarlet and yellow with maple, from out which eered the long pointed leaves and pink fruit of the oindleberry, strewn all over with the hoary, feathery stoons of the travellers' joy. That is all over. We ave travelled many miles along the road of life since

the days of Harlow, but I know how thoroughly we all enjoyed the good times there.

What a thing first impressions are! How indelibly stamped upon one's memory is the *first* time of doing a thing, the *first* time of seeing a place, the *first* time one meets a person whose life is afterwards mixed up with one's own! I shall never forget my first sight of a real live Sister, on my first visit to S. Margaret's! How nice she looked that hot August afternoon, standing cool, and gentle, and white-capped in the shady entrance of the old temporary S. Margaret's! She has lived in my memory ever since as a pleasant picture, with the golden light throwing up her snowy head-gear and soft gray dress in bright relief against the crimson baize curtain, which hung in heavy folds behind her, framed in by the lintel posts of the door!

One's first trip across the Channel, who can ever forget that? Were the skies ever so blue, so translucently blue and clear as they appeared to us then? Did the sabots ever clack so cheerfully, or the tongues wag with such a deliciously foreign accent on one's second visit? *Never.* One's impressions of the first visit are a mingled memory of blue sky, blazing sun, vivid colours, ceaseless jabber, and strange cries; stately churches with aisles full of mysterious and purple shadows, curious and delicious fragrance from many-hued flower markets, which, to this day, a bunch of carnations or a spray of white lilac will revive — scents not so fragrant and delicious from narrow boulder-paved streets, running on either side of a kennel beneath quaint over-hanging

piles of many-storied wood and plaster; dim visions of *soutaned*, wide-hatted Priests, crimped and frilled capped women, much patched blouses of every shade of ultramarine, Sisters in every variety of cap and habit, and little peg-topped trousered *gens d'armes* beating noisy tattoos in the early morning, all mixed up with a sort of general raciness and spring of feeling, which subsequent visits never seem to have the power of raising again!

But though first impressions can never be renewed, a few days stay on the other side of the Channel is one of the most recruiting things one can have; and the little trip that Sister H. and myself and a friend of ours made in the September of 1879 to Normandy comprises the story of a little cat, who was, during its few short years of life, dearly loved by all who knew it.

After a brief visit to Rouen, we elected to stay a while amidst the bracing breezes of Dieppe. And a very pleasant little while it was: the morning rambles on the sunny beach, with tamarisk hedges and rows of torch-like scarlet gladioli fencing off the spaces of lawn, crowds of chattering, gesticulating French families, dancing hand in hand into the glittering waves; *Mon père*, portly and ponderous, bald headed, and bereft of his *pince-nez;* Madame, vociferous and somewhat timorous; Mesdemoiselles, all life and *verve*, attempting frightful and perilous feats of swimming, and looking perfectly charming in most becoming costumes.

Here a group of gray-garbed Sœurs de Charité, their white *cornettes* flapping in the breeze; there a dainty Parisienne, *chausée* and *gantée* as only a true daughter

of Paris can be; further on two Curés meet and salute each other, taking off their broad-brimmed hats and bowing nearly to the ground; next to them, Alphonse and Eugéne, *tutoy-ing* each other over the stiffest of collars and most irreproachable of boots; surrounding them, in double files, is a school of close-cropped little laddies, bright and happy under the guardianship of rosy, beaming Frères Chrétiens; and "way off,"as the Yankees say, is a portly old Sister of Mercy, speaking approvingly to a country woman and her little girl. All these sights dazzled our poor Haggerstonian brains as we sat on the beach, and our friend enjoyed her morning swim.

In the afternoons we wandered where our fancy led us, and that was past the quay, with the great Calvary looking westward, across the rolling channel, into the rough-paved fisher district, where the old women, in their large white caps, clacked over the pavement in their wooden sabots and crowded into the Church of *Le Pollet*. Here, picking our way homeward, after a ramble round its quaint and interesting precincts, Miss —— spied the most lovely of kittens gambolling round an old fish basket. It was pure cream-coloured, long-haired, magnificent tailed—an object no sooner seen than desired; no sooner desired than, with a small sum, purchased, carried home, named Jacqueline in memory of its Dieppe parentage, and taken back with its mistress to its future home.

Miss —— marriage followed shortly after her return, and the graceful and beautiful Jacqueline found herself

settled in a lovely part of Devonshire, with all that heart of cat could wish for in the shape of stables, hay-lofts, trees containing abundance of birds, and a kitchen flowing with rivers of milk. The drawing-room she eschewed; probably her *bourgeois* birth gave her lower tastes than drawing-rooms could provide. And here, in the seclusion of the country parsonage, a most beautiful little kitten was granted her. It darted about like a little golden ball after its cream-coloured mother, in and out of the thick shrubberies, among the chequered shadows of the straight raised terrace—which recalled "The Ghost Walk" in *Bleak House*—now careering over the lawn in front of the magnolia and myrtle-covered rectory, now making a dart at old *Bruder* the dachshund's tail, and then whirling off, a flash of yellow light, to astonish the geese, who came with outstretched necks, a gobbling, hissing file, to peer through the iron railings.

Father Mackonochie was spending a little time there in the autumn, to the intense delight of the children of the house, whose great pleasure was to inveigle "Godfather" into a game of *bears* in the drawing-room, or tempt him to go out into the narrow lanes and glean blackberries from among the dropping scarlet leaves, and as it was a promise that this glorious kitten should go to S. Saviour's Priory and be with the Sisters, who remembered its mother in her early days in the pebbled streets of *Le Pollet*, kind Father Mackonochie undertook the charge of the small traveller up to Paddington; and loud was its mews and wailings on its journey, and great the petting and admiring it received on its arrival, where it was

promptly named *Couttet* by one of the Sisters, whose guide, during a holiday excursion to Switzerland, had borne that name. And *Couttet* was like a little sunbeam in the Guild-room—such pretty, fascinating ways; such little graceful turns of the head; such little playful gestures, sure kitten never had before! And she lived her little life of beauty through the gray and stormy days of autumn, beloved of all—whether cat-lovers or no—for none could resist her fascinations. Could death visit such a little creature, so full of life? Yes; cruel, and untimely, it came to our little one by the hand of a stranger, who threw some poisoned food over the wall and after a period of suffering and pain, which nothing could relieve, on Christmas evening all the glinting golden sheen was gone from her yellow fur, and her little agile body lay a stiffened corpse.

This year of 1879, a want we had felt for many years was more forcibly laid before us than ever, and that was that *something* must be done for the crowds of rough girls who courted Hackney Road and Goldsmith Row. White aproned, long fringed, red-laced booted, they sauntered along the streets, or stood lounging against the corners, on perfect terms of equality as regarded power of tongue and power of arm with the lords of creation, who sold fish and greens from the barrows which lined the causeway, also arrayed in their own special costume of striped jersey and close-cropped hair. What was to be done for our girls? You could not make Guild girls of them, neither were they meet candidates for the Girls' Friendly Society; yet cou

the Priory exist, and the Sisters work in it, and leave these wild coster girls growing up perfect heathen barbarians at our very gates? Something must be done, and something to meet the case in question—the only thing was to try and rent a room, and work from it directly among them.

One of our Sisters, who went to her rest some years ago, was the energetic person who started and organized this (seemingly) forlorn hope.

We found the upstairs floor of a two-roomed cottage in John Street was to be let. The person who lived below was a woman well-known to us, the widow of a musician who had been paralysed for the latter years of his life. Like the Christian Church, this special work—since known as the Mission of the Good Shepherd—was to begin in an upper chamber. A few forms, a table, one or two bright pictures were collected and placed in it, and here, one autumn evening, with a glowing red coke fire in the grate, and a bright paraffin lamp burning on the table, the Sister received her guests. They might have been a tribe of wild Red Indians or African savages, instead of denizens of one of the most civilized cities in the world!

How well we remember one of their first excursions in the early days! They all came to the club-room for their tickets the evening before, braying like donkeys, and by four o'clock the next morning they besieged the Priory door till the Sisters were ready to start with them to Fenchurch Street Railway Station, and they marched down the Hackney Road and through the city arm-in-

arm, in ulsters, six abreast, singing at the top of their voices, "Oh, dem golden slippers!"

Once seated in the train, they leant out of the carriage windows almost further than safety permitted, with fringes and feathers waving in the breeze, drawing in great whiffs of fresh air, and arrived at Southend, they raced about, crying, "Oh, Sister! ain't the sea blue! ain't it beautiful!" The majority went out in a boat, from whence they signalled the men on shore in stentorian voices, using their hands for speaking trumpets, and shouting, "Hulloa, George! what cheer!" The passers-by pitied the Sisters, saying *they* wouldn't take such a lot as that; no, not for anything!

After the boating they bathed, and, being a sunny June day, they revelled in the muddy waters, resisting all entreaties and threats to get them out. The bathing machines were drawn up on the beach, and still they would not come. At last, a man who was rowing around hit one on the head with an oar, and the whole lot, like a flock of Naiads, fled up to the machines. The pleasures of the ocean having been tasted, those of the land were also tried, and divers parties started off in carriages to enjoy the beauties of Prittlewell, some of them standing up embracing the driver's hat. They got home *somehow*, with handkerchiefs full of cockles and winkles, and the procession homeward was conducted on the same principles as the outward-bound one.

On September 5th, 1882, a larger room was opened in Reform Place, and it commenced with a personal encounter at the door to keep a girl out who had

no right in. The expelled peri peered in through a crack and cried: "My! ain't it *lovely!* Mayn't I *never* come into it?" She *has* come, I am glad to say. During tea some crawled under the tables and ran along like dogs. What could you expect of girls who fought like boxers over every trifling quarrel, and whose whole life had been one attitude of self-defence? It is difficult to credit that those orderly, nice-looking girls, with ribbons denoting their membership of the Young Women's Help Society, who sit in such orderly rows at the Temperance Meetings, are identical with the wild young mænads of whom we have been speaking!

And besides the institution of the Society of the Girls of the Good Shepherd, the year 1879 is also marked in our kalendar as being that in which we first began our Day Nursery for babies whose mothers have to go out to work. Dear! who could believe, when they survey our present bright, airy *Crêche*, with its spacious central *parc*, its row of scarlet and white quilted cots, its comfortable hammocks—bearing, like Knights Templars' horses, a double burden—swinging aloft, that we began our Nursery in a small, dingy, ill-ventilated workshop in Busk Street! The want of a *Crêche* had to be supplied, and we had to supply it, however imperfectly, in the best way we could; and so on October 2nd, 1879, we opened the little nursery, reserving the home itself for sick children requiring temporary care, and the workshop for the well ones. The sick children's part we had to relinquish in a year or two; the work of them and the day babies was incompatible, and we thought the Day

Nursery was the greater boon to the neighbourhood and to our own poor mothers. The North Eastern Children's Hospital, close by, does all that is really needed for temporary cases, and chronic ones are better in homes in less crowded parts of London; we therefore decided to take in as many day babies as we could, and we passed our chronic sick cases on to other homes. Of course, we thereby lost many smiling little faces. Little Emmie, with her fragile body and her great wistful eyes gazing at you from her sweet, patient face; little Sin, who was dying from some brain affection, but who returned to his friends a bonnie, rosy little chappie; little Tom,—ah! poor little Tom, what a sad story his was! His mother was a maid-servant somewhere in the great north eastern part of London, his father was—no one knew where. Tom had no name, and no business to be, and Tom was at the mercy of this flighty, giddy girl of a mother, and of a cold dreary world, which did not want him. He was "boarded out," or "farmed out," at somebody's house, and the "somebody" tied the poor little scrap in a high chair while she went out to work. We heard of the case from a lady who visited in Stoke Newington, so we brought him into the home, and found him such a tiny, white, puling, crying—no not crying, he had not strength to cry, but wailing—little puckered up bundle of skin and gristle, all mis-shapen, all *scrunched* up, that good Miss Smith was aghast, and could not conceive how the little flickering flame of life could be kept alive in the puny body; but she *took* him, and she nursed him, and she cockered him up, and she

breathed, as it were, the breath of life into him, and when the sick Home was given up, Tom went to a nice bright Boys' Orphanage near Twyford, and grew into a jolly, rosy-faced young urchin; and then, when too big for the Orphanage, to a Home for Waifs and Strays. Since then we have lost touch with him, but feel sure that he will have been in good hands, and sent out well equipped to fight the battle of life in a brave and Christian manner.

Dinners are great aids to civilization, great helps to friendship. As the old Scotch proverb says, "Its ill-talking between a fou man and a fasting;" or, as the sweetheart of one of the "blokes" said after a supper he had been to, "It were that there beef, Sister, as made him want to be good." In the starvation winters of the early nineties, when the streets were full of snow, and slush, and unemployed, and the wind was enough to cut your head off, we made many friends among the men through the agency of soup and bread. The Rev. Robert Ekins, at that time Assistant Priest at S. Augustine's, Haggerston, was the great organizer and carrier out of these meals, and he was so bright, and cheery, and kindly, the men all loved him.

The Priory was literally besieged by hosts of starving men, who made quite a *queue* across the street, with tickets in their hands, given them at their own homes by the Sisters in the different parishes, waiting till the doors opened at 12.30 for a dinner of soup and bread. They were let in in batches of about 65 or 70 at a time. The Sisters quite enjoyed ladling out the soup; it was so

delightful, they said, fishing in the deep waters of the vast cauldron for choice morsels of meat and dumpling, not knowing what was coming up next. Besides these starving men, of whom about 140 to 184 were fed a day (one day 237), on certain days of the week, there were dinners for the sick of good roast meat. Also pudding dinners once a week at S. Augustine's Schoolroom for the children, in addition to the stew dinners provided for them by the Destitute Children's Dinner Society.

It was such a comfort in all the cold and bleakness to feel this drop in the ocean was doing something. Oh! it was terrible to see how gaunt and starved some of the poor men looked! How they gnawed and gnawed at the bones they found in the soup, how they wiped their plates with bread, devouring every crumb! One day a poor fellow fainted with cold and hunger. And they were so thoughtful and considerate one for the other; handing each other plates, passing each other bread, salt, and pepper—waiting upon one another in the most unselfish spirit, reminding one of what William Morris says of "the good fellowship of men."

But if the poor hungry bodies were fed, it did not seem right the souls should starve, so there was a Sunday Tea and Talk instituted, at which our young men friends helped much. Some of them came and cut up bread and butter, and then when the doors opened at 8 p.m., they came and assisted to wait on them, and hand bread and butter and coffee.

What a lovely sight that tea was! I specially have in my mind one cold, snowy, sleety, nasty, wet night,

when the men came stumbling in, poor souls, drenched to the skin. I heard some say, "Yes; and it *is* bad when you've got no shirt to your back!" Our young men packed the guests in rows on forms and chairs as tightly as they could, reserving comfortable, accessible chairs for the old and lame ones. I always poured out the coffee, and the cups were passed from one helper to another down the room, while another contingent of young men undertook the bread and butter department. Cries of "Rooty up!" generally resounded from the other end of the room, *Rooty* meaning bread and butter. They were always wonderfully good and quiet, only occasionally as the cups were handed by came a cry from some corner, "I say, Gov'nor, give us a cup for this old gentleman!" Mr. Ekins directed the whole in a most business like way, and was very popular with the men.

Tea over, they went upstairs for talk. Here they sang hymns, some friends accompanying on piano and violin, and afterwards they were talked to by a clergyman. The Rev. A. H. Stanton, of S. Alban's, Holborn, gave them one "talk," and didn't the men like "that bloke from Holborn!" and constantly asked when he was "comin' down this way agin." The Rev. H. C. Williams, of S. Columba's, did the other talks, and equally won their hearts and confidence. It was most interesting to see their poor, worn, deadened faces drinking it all in; and did they not join most heartily in the hymns!

I think in Bishop Hall of Vermont's *Words from the*

Cross these words about the Penitent Thief seem so applicable to these poor men:—

"In Paradise he shall learn lessons he did not learn—there was no one to teach him—here. He shall be more and more cleansed from the stain of sin. He shall be taught to see the truth, and in the light of that truth to see the old life. In perfected penitence, shall be perfected purification."

Each want supplied develops another, and a difficulty we had on our hands as time went on was, what to do with our people who were not exactly *ill*, but run down and ready to be ill for want of a change. You could not send them to a Convalescent Home, they were not bad enough; but they wanted a Home of some sort. So—*place aux dames*—we began with a Home for the girls first. Where was it to be? A friend suggested Herne Bay as a snug, quiet little place, with thoroughly good air. And so in April, 1882, on a very stormy spring day, the home was chosen. We can't help remembering it, for it was that tremendous gale which dashed all the young blossoming trees to pieces, and blew the chimney-pots off the old Priory, deluging us with soot. Sister Helen and one of the S. Michael's Guild bandmistresses went down to look about them, and we quite feared they had been blown away, and welcomed them back with great relief, succeeding which came the satisfaction of hearing that Herne Bay was a suitable place in which to pitch the tent of the Girls' Seaside Home. And so indeed it has proved. The Home is so close to the sea they can run out on to the beach with their

work or book at any moment, and yet be quite within reach of the Home. They have a dear old-fashioned garden behind—a kitchen garden it is—with peas, and beans, and lettuces, and rhubarb, and pot herbs, which come in very usefully; and rows of columbines, and iris, and borage and roses round the edges, and a most extraordinary plant called a *black* arum. Did you ever hear of one? I never did. It is about two and a half feet high, with a thick stem spotted like a reptile, and a very, very dark purple thing, like the *lords and ladies* we find in the hedges, folded in a green calyx, lined with purple—I have not expressed myself *botanically*, but you will understand what I mean. It is altogether a sort of weird, uncanny-looking plant, such as you might imagine growing outside some old witch's cave. Their little greenhouse has, among the plants there, a Madeira vine (not a *grape* vine, but a climbing plant in a pot), which we brought from S. Margaret's, Boston, years ago. Then there is a *delicious* elder tree, which makes you think of Andersen's Elder Fairy directly you see it, covered—literally *covered*—with broad, flat masses of blossom, and smelling that delightful, clean, healthy smell that elders always have. There are rose trees and espalier apple trees, and a plum tree. Poor young plum tree! It was only beginning to look up in the world, and was so proud of all the young plumkins with which every bough was garnished; and one Whit Monday the raging gale, which devastated half Herne Bay, bowed it to the ground, and would have blighted all its hopes, had not Sister Helen rushed to the rescue

with her bandmistresses, and held it upright until the Vicar of S. Augustine's (who was down there for a holiday) could drive in a firm stake to bind it to.

It is a change from hideousness to heavenliness for the girls to get away from the stuffy London workrooms, and enjoy a good time here. To lie on the beach in the mornings, doing *nothing*—and fancy what the relief is to an over-tired girl to feel she need do *nothing!*—but rest, and absorb sunshine and fresh air into themselves: to ripen, as it were, like a peach on the wall! Oh! the delights of little boating expeditions, of little excursions, carrying their lunch into the leafy Blean woods, and hearing the blackbirds sing among the bushes; of evening walks over the cliffs to Reculvers; and, last of all, a run down to the beach by moonlight to say good-night to their friend, the dear old sea!

Father Mackonochie was so fond of the little Home at Herne Bay, and I remember it was thorough relaxation and refreshment to him to get down for a day or two, away from all his worries and troubles, and revel in the sea-breezes in front, and the flowery garden behind.

So we provided for our girls, but—and this "but" came nearer my heart—how about our boys? Why were the Jills to have everything, and the poor Jacks not have a something too? I remember at Brighton, with Father Chapman, wandering round all the streets by the Annunciation, trying to find a somewhere that would turn into a Men's and Lads' Home, but there was not a single house quite suitable for the purpose, and I had almost given up in despair, when our dear kind friend

and Associate, Miss Lucy Taylor, wrote and told me she thought she had found the very place. This was on Ash Wednesday, 1884. I went to stay with her, and one boisterous, blustering spring day, when the rain poured down and swirled along the streets in a manner I think only Brighton rain *can* do, we set forth to view our future mansion. Oh, dear! I *did* think I was going out of all knowledge when we went to the very end of James Street, and debouched in slummy Bedford Street, looking like a bit of the East End stuck down in clean smart Brighton; and from Bedford Street we fought our way up a hill, wrestling at every step with a fierce wind which came rushing from the downs. High up this hill we lighted upon some unfinished houses, "and here," said my friend, opening the iron gate and entering a trim little abode, "here is the house I think would suit you."

"The very thing," was my reply, as we investigated from cellar to attic, and our hearts rejoiced. It was only just built, unpapered, and unfinished,—*but*—the very thing. What anguish I went through the remainder of the day! Suppose the rent was too high; suppose a Brighton friend, Colonel Grove Morris, to whom our wisdom bade us defer, should think it was undesirable, suppose,—a hundred supposes—and one knew no peace until our friend and his wife met us there the next day; and he stamped on the floor, and thumped walls and wainscot with his stick, after the manner of gentlemen when they want to find out unsound places, and finally gave his cordial approval.

We had a good time starting the Home: it somehow reminded me of the old days, when we settled into Haggerston. Miss Taylor and I slept on mattresses on the floor, and sat on them to eat our meals—we had no tables—only one chair; but we had great fun, and people were so kind about giving us things. My own mother, who was always most keenly interested in all our work, gave us all the sheets, blankets, and other linen, and different other friends contributed other furniture. It soon got all ship-shape, and felt clean and fresh and blowy, with pretty pictures, readable books, and, the joy of most of the men's hearts, a piano. They smoke as much as they please, for I *do* believe in Thackeray's axiom, "A man can't be doing much harm when he is smoking his pipe;" and I was told by a doctor who came to see the Home, "Bravo, Sister! I see you let them smoke! That's all right; it'll keep them out of lots of mischief."

They seem to enjoy everything so thoroughly; the fresh sea, and the beach, and the sight of the well-dressed people along the front in the mornings, the cheerful friendly gatherings round the table at dinner, and then the restful afternoons, when some lie on the grass in the little back garden and go peacefully to sleep amid the scent of sweet peas and mignonette; some, less tired ones, climb the roads to the downs, and there bask on the sunny hill-side, among the thyme and trefoil, with the larks singing overhead, and the humble bees buzzing around. A few elderly ones are glad to lie on the couches in the sitting-room, with their handkerchief

over their faces, and the afternoon sun shining through the green venetian blinds. Tea wakes everybody up, and once again they seek the sea till supper time.

From our front door we can see the moon rise in red mist over the ridge of downs, and, slowly ascending the heavens, swamp the expanse of sea with vivid silver light. People may say men don't appreciate the beauties of nature as much as women and girls, but they do—it comes right home to them, and raises their minds to higher things. One artisan, looking at the moonlight view from our door-step the other day, said: "Well, I *never* saw anything half so beautiful! It was worth coming down to Brighton just to see this!" Another, after walking on the pebbly beach and watching wave after wave roll in, remarked: "I can't understand how anyone can be an infidel after seeing such a sight as this; why it all tells you there *must* be a GOD!"

We, at the Priory, always think it is better to have several *small* Homes of Rest, than one large one. It makes them snugger, and more homely; and so when we found the needs of enlarging our borders in the matter of Fresh Air Homes, instead of making the Herne Bay and Brighton ones bigger, we had two more separate foundations in the country, for the accommodation of married folk, girls, and children, and each Home has its own Sister in charge of it, to whom they can look as a Mother.

Speaking for myself, with regard to the Brighton Home, which is my special domain, I think one has learnt far more of our neighbours' inmost nature

and tastes from residence in the Home with them, joining with them in a sociable game of whist, sitting to applaud when the young one's get up a real good sing-song (which depends on the presence of a good pianist in the house), and having one's meals with them daily, hearing all their little jokes, joining in all their little discussions, than from any amount of more formal intercourse. I think meal times are splendid opportunities for getting to know people, and for bringing out their characters; they eat away, and talk naturally. I am sure "One touch of nature makes the world akin," applies to feeding time. I always think the way to make a shy set of boys or girls feel at home with you is to ask them to tea, and sit down all together, and by the time so many cups of hot tea and so many slices of bread-and-butter and jam have been consumed, they begin to feel all comfortable together with you, and "'tis merry in the hall, when tongues wag all," as they are sure to do—and this has certainly proved the case in our Homes of Rest.

And so these many past years we have trudged along cheerfully and happily, and we have so loved our people among whom our lot is cast, and I think they have loved us in return; and it has been so nice to "count up our mercies,"—to find a friend here, and help there, a kind, sympathetic letter at a moment when we felt rather down-hearted, and, best of all, some poor souls we had been praying for, and longing to be of some help to, doing the right thing at last. Dear! how despairing we felt, though, when a

our first Guild Party the girls broke all the forms to pieces in the schoolroom! How hopeless it seemed to try to do anything for the boys, when they pelted their teachers in and out of Sunday School with brickbats! When the fathers *wouldn't* go to church, and the mothers *didn't* go to church; when families after families were found unbaptized, and we had to collect the children in batches, and have *Heathen Teas*, before we took them over to church.

But, we are thankful to say, those days are past. I don't mean to say there are not girls about who are not prepared to break up all the forms in the London Board Schools, and boys who are quite ready enough to stone anybody and anything, and lots of antagonistic men and don't care women; but out of the majority the minority are eliminated, little patches of leaven in every class, whose influence will go on towards leavening the whole lump. For, mark you, each can do more for his fellow than any Sister or clergyman can, to raise and help them. And that helping them has cost the helpers something. As Bishop Welldon says, "The price of serving mankind is evermore the cross. The world breaks the hearts of its best benefactors, and then, after many days, builds them sepulchres. If you would raise the age in which you live, you must live above it, and to live above it is to be misunderstood. But I do say the only chance of amelioration lies in the devotion of these, be they only two or three individuals, who dare to try the lives of their fellows, and yet more their own lives, by the searching light of God's Eternal Law."

The Rev. J. C. Chambers.

THE Rev. John Charles Chambers is a name well-known in Church History.

In 1856, he left Perth, and came up to London, being appointed Perpetual Curate of S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho, and Warden of the House of Charity. This was originally in Rose Street, but before his death was moved into more commodious quarters at the corner of Greek Street and Soho Square. I think the work there must have been most depressing, as the House of Charity is the Refuge of social shipwrecks and world's failures—sometimes through their own fault, sometimes through misfortune—but through whatever cause, all crushed, all failures. The parish is a district of S. Giles, and, as I knew it in the fifties, was a mixed population of Irish, French, Poles, thieves, and prize-fighters: a focus of sin and poverty. Mr. Chambers sacrificed his home life to reside on the spot and help both these parishioners and those who were sheltered in the House of Charity. He spared himself nothing, he gave his life for his people. He spoke very rarely of his own sorrows and difficulties. I wrote to him from Haggerston, when his wife died in 1873, and received this kind letter :—

"I fear that I never answered your most kind letter

I have had so many to write in addition to my usual work, that I am not surprised at having left out sometimes the most loving of my children, formerly or now. I think people have begun to see how very good my wife was in letting me be what I was enabled to be to many. Looking back on my married life of twenty-seven years, I cannot recollect a time that she ever allowed her wishes and comfort to come between me and my work. She was so very unselfish and sweet at all times. I don't think any of you had any idea how very narrow our circumstances were, and what a very hard fight with the world it was for us, or how little rest there was in our life, or how very little of clerical income—such as it was—went to make things lighter and brighter at home. Without being very *prononcée*, she was very saintlike, and bore her cross, which had been all along a very heavy one, very bravely to the end. The way in which, at the last, I used to find her waiting for our dear LORD in the Sacrament, as I brought Him to her from our Oratory, was very touching, as a proof of how much she had grown and sympathized with me in spirit, though so much divided in life. I trust that all things at your Home are working together for good. Wishing you and yours a happy Easter.

"Yours affectionately in CHRIST,

"J. C. CHAMBERS.

"With my thanks for all prayers said, and all mementos."

He only survived her one year.

In the December of 1868, he most kindly gave a Retreat to the little handful of Sisters who remained after the great Roman Secession of the previous spring, and shortly after wrote to me:—

"HOUSE OF CHARITY, SOHO,
"*December 26, 1868.*

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"Thanks so much for your kind note—such a poor failing creature as I am must be cheered by the assurance that I have been able to be of service. But if I have succeeded in making anyone feel more than they felt before that to hold and possess JESUS is more than all ritual, or outward solemnities, I shall be very content. We live in a time of exaggeration, when things get unduly made of importance. Sometimes it is the preaching in a surplice, sometimes the lighting of candles, sometimes the use of incense, and sometimes even the vestments of the Priest at the altar. When such Priests become the stalking-horses of hot and violent controversy, grounds of staying in, or leaving a Church, one cannot but feel that such persons as are animated by these passions have but very little hold o[f] our dear LORD. What can compare with the Presenc[e] of JESUS in our souls? What is the most gorgeou[s] function without It? With It may we not, like th[e] hermits of old, be independent of all?

"This is a chink, my dear Sister, to let the light i[n] upon past and present troubles. One cannot heartil[y] join in grand functions, if there be a well-founde[d] suspicion that souls are likely to mistake the shadow fo[r]

the substance, the sign for the thing signified, and to rest in outward symbols. It is a mediæval ascetic who says that actual Communion is only an aid to spiritual. Even our receiving of JESUS in the Blessed Sacrament is only a help to holding Him fast within us, and to realizing His continual abode in our souls. May He come to you and all yours at this season so powerfully that you may feel that you are indeed the Beloved's, and that the Beloved is yours.

"Yours in Him affectionately,

"J. C. C."

And this was the man stigmatized as a "mere Arch-Ritualist," who was supposed to sacrifice *everything* to Ritual!

He was one of the Founders—I believe *the* Founder—of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament in 1863, the early meetings of which used to be held in the Schoolroom of S. Mary's, Crown Street; and I believe he was one of the originators of the Society of the Holy Cross, and the Priests used to assemble and have their first meetings in the church at that day.

Under his auspices the germ of the Society of S. John's, Cowley, originated. In the very early days Father Benson, Father Grafton, Father O'Neill, the present Lord Halifax, and Mr. George Lane Fox used to meet together in a room adjoining the Church, to discuss the possibilities and probabilities of such a scheme.

Full of the love of his Master, his charity was unbounded. However great the sinner, however loathsome

the disease, he put forth his hand to endeavour to heal them. He never turned away his face from anyone, however sunk and degraded. "Let us give them one chance more," he would say. His friend and successor in the Wardenship of the House of Charity, the Rev. J. J. Elkington, has given me the following particulars of his last moments:—

"Shortly before his death, and when he felt convinced that God's call to him had come, after some talk of the old days at S. Mary's, and friends scattered or passed, our late dear Vicar laid this charge upon me:—'You shall tell my people that all my life I have striven for this one thing, that I should love Jesus, and that they should love Jesus. At Cambridge I resolved to give up all to Jesus and make Him my First. And in these days I have met with much abuse, and they have called me a Ritualist. If I know what that means, it is one who loves Jesus, and strives to show love for Him in all things. I have loved Jesus, and clung to Him; now He is all I think about, and He has not forsaken me. Tell them, as I lie here, I learn more and more the nothingness of human affections—how they fail us—I urge them more strongly to cling to Jesus. In every rite, in every Sacrament, see Him at the end, and as the point of all. Bid them love Him, cling to Him, give up all to Him, and then they may be sure of Him; yes! even to the last.'" At twelve at noon on the Octave of the Ascension, May 21st, he was seized with a paroxysm of agony; as the paroxysm passed, the last word he uttered was Jesus! On Whitsun Tuesday, May 26th, we laid his

earthly remains to rest. I shall never forget seeing one poor man—a Pole, I think—who was sobbing in a corner of the hall of the House of Charity the morning of the funeral, lamenting bitterly he had lost his best and only friend. He was not the only one by hundreds from whom that cry went up. Men—many in a good position in life—who had been ruined by drink, but to whom he gave a helping hand to try and set them on their feet again, and many a poor woman and girl owed their all to his unfailing charity and long-suffering. Where after long forbearance it seemed hopeless to raise any one from the depths into which they had sunk, he always made excuses for them, and strove to palliate the censures of those who, perhaps, had never been tempted like those poor creatures.

The death of Mr. Chambers was to me an irreparable loss. He was such a true friend, such a wise counsellor! We, who knew and loved him, always spoke of him as "Father John," for he was indeed the Father of his people. How wonderfully S. Michael's Guild for Girls, begun by him and Dr. Neale, in the schoolroom of S. Mary's, Soho, has grown, and spread, and multiplied! Look at the network of Guilds scattered over England, and the untold good they are all doing, and trace it all back to that gloomy September evening, when the small handful of earnest-minded girls met in the schoolroom, and pledged themselves to certain rules, promising to try and help others to a higher tone of Christian life.

How well I remember one of those first meetings, with the roar, and noise, and thieves' whistles, and women

yelling, and the drink and blasphemy of the court outside, and the attentive faces of the girls within, while Father John spoke gravely and affectionately to them; and in the middle came some violent kicks at the door, which he went and opened, returning with a look of humour shining over his face, saying, "It is a little girl, kicking at the door, because she wants to be a Guild-girl!"

It was under his fostering care the Newport Market Refuge was begun in the year 1864. Cradled in an old slaughter-house, approachable only by a labyrinth of filthy bye-streets running in a crooked tangle between the boundaries of S. Martin's Lane, Leicester Square, and Five Dials, the Refuge flourished and grew, so that when compelled to move to make room for the improvement some years back, it had grown into a large and important establishment, and as such, took its place in its permanent situation at Westminster.

Changes have swept over all Soho since the days of his ministrations; the old rookeries, and the narrow courts, teeming with humanity, poverty, filth, and vice, are things of the past, but his good deeds which he did for the sake of his Master, CHRIST, shall never pass away, but shall be counted unto him for righteousness in the day of the restitution of all things.

Father Mackonochie.

RUSKIN writes of the mountains:—"It is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of wisdom and love, which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere sculpture that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest and the Alpine flower. Death must be upon the hills, and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the briar and thorn spring up upon them: but they so smite as to bring their rocks into the fairest forms; and so spring, as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. The great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*."

Does not the description of this stern mountain, which "lift the lowlands on their sides," most aptly describe the character of Father Mackonochie? One was always reminded, when one thought of, or came in contact with him, of the old Highland battle cry, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!" Stand fast like the everlasting hills, secure

in truth, loyal in faith, resting in GOD. Whatever tumults and tempest surged and stormed around him, he stood fast, with the glory of GOD's Presence above him. To have a quarter of an hour's talk with him, was like a strong wave of keen, invigorating highland air—it somehow braced you up—it made you feel—or rather *want* to feel—a better and a braver woman. It was the mountain "lifting the lowland to its side." His character was stamped on his face. There was a special keen, alert, straight-forward, seeing-through-difficulties look in his eyes. One felt he was the realization of the old French motto: *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*

During the twenty years he was our Chaplain and Warden, he helped in, and arranged every detail of plan and work, and through succeeding years, through all his own troubles and labours, he came over to the Priory several times each week, bright, patient and cheery, putting aside his own great anxieties and work for the Church, was ready to listen to every little worry and difficulty of the Sisters and of Haggerston. His public life was bold and uncompromising—his private life was constant cheerfulness, and utter unselfishness.

The little Oratory we had in the house in Kingsland Road, before we were able to move into Great Cambridge Street, was simply an attic under the slates, where we were crowded in somehow, and Father Mackonochie's head all but touched the roof. What it was through the hot summer days, words cannot express. Father Mackonochie says, in a letter dated May, 1868: "I do not think we could give Mr.

Martin a more suitable penance than to assist daily at High Vespers under the exact conditions of last night. We would put him on a high stool, so that his head being near the ceiling he might have the full benefit." This, of course, was in the days of the Martin *v.* Mackonochie troubles. Through all the troublous times in which the greater part of his life was spent, outwardly he was brave, calm, and uncomplaining. Now and then little bits occur in his letters with reference to them.

On December 23rd, 1879, he wrote:—"You will, I suppose, have heard that all went off well. The Notice was served by my poor old friend the Officer of the Court, who seemed much the worse for the fog, but declined breakfast. The document was put on the door, but torn down by unknown hands (if not unseen). The Bishop's Chaplain and Secretary did their duty, and I (to the best of my power) did mine. The church was crowded—women almost crowded out by the men. Every thing perfectly orderly; two Nonconformist ministers of eminence (I forget their names) quite delighted. A few enemies, but perfect order. One so far forgot himself as to genuflect at the *Incarnatus*. Father Stanton preached from Psalm cxlvii. 16, or (as he announced) the absorbing subject of the week—the weather. This evening has yet to come, but I suppose will be quiet. About 400 members of the C.E.W.M.S. were in church, but nobody I believe knew that they were more than ordinary church-goers."

In one he says, "So far O. K. to-day, if any

thing K. O. occurs before post time, I will let you know." Then a post card, with simply on it, "The glass has gone up a little since yesterday, though there are serious indications of the improvement being only temporary, the mercury being unsteady. A. H. M."

An expedition abroad was a special enjoyment to him. Here are a few lines from Lyons, in June, 1875: "You will think I have forgotten you all, if I do not put in a line for you specially. However, I have not, and often long to be in the old groove again. However, I suppose there are breakers ahead. But then, 'there is light in the heavens.' We shall need all your prayers, especially for the four great practical Gifts of the HOLY GHOST, wisdom, understanding, counsel, knowledge, and a deal more than all, our powers of bright, loving trust. All these, and more than all of them, will come out of the Divine Love which shall pray within us. I have been much with the Martyrs, here and in Paris, and have been reading Savonarola, so perhaps want Swiss air to cheer me. I wonder how you all are. I constantly think about you, and how the Home generally thrives, and about the Guild. It is no use trying to tell you what I have seen; Stanton was to let you know the contents of my first letter. We saw the S[te]. Chapelle, Louvre, Palais de Cluny, Notrê Dame, and S. Cloud; all after a fashion. To-day we have seen seven Priests, all in chasubles, assisted by nine Deacons and sub-Deacons, say one Mass. The Priests were two at the north, two at the south, and a Celebrant 'in the midst.' In the afternoon, Nones, Vespers, Compline, Procession

of Blessed Sacrament (very grand), Salut, and Sermon; altogether lasted two hours. Also, we have seen the *Notre Dame de Fourvières*, and the altars of S. Polycarp, S. Irenæus, S. Alexander, and S. Epiph (whoever he may be), likewise bones of 19,000 martyrs. Well, I must stop! Kindest love to the Sisters, bandmistresses, Guild girls, etc. How about S. Augustine's?"

He writes, July 21st, 1882:—"Another suit—for deprivation and degradation, will most likely put a stop to any holiday."

On November 25th following is a letter:—"I must not go to bed without a line. The day has been a full one. Nihill suggested the revival of the scheme of an exchange with Suckling, so this morning I wrote a letter to the Dean of S. Paul's about this plan. Nihill came up from Edgware at dinner-time; he had arranged I should see J. B. here. This I could not do till after dinner. As Nihill's train was late, I left him and went to see. He said Bishop was quite ready to arrange things without any stipulations. I came back and told Nihill, who went off to S. Peter's. After my sermon at p.m., Nihill brought word that Suckling would take it into consideration for a week. Also in the evening I had a letter from Dean of S. Paul's, saying he would do all he could to forward any plan I might think best. So this was a pretty good day's work amongst us. Mind, *silence* for the week."

A letter dated December 5th, 1882, says:—"I fear I cannot be instituted (to S. Peter's, London Docks) till Monday. Suckling will be instituted on Thursday,

and if it were not for the funeral of the Archbishop, I should be instituted on Friday. It is very unfortunate, but cannot be helped. I have a hope that all the man J. knows is the vague rumour of a recommendation of the E.C.U. to resign, or perhaps to exchange, but only as an E.C.U. measure. I have received a very kind letter from Bishop of London, but cannot epitomise it, or part with it."

He writes from Ballachulish, March, 1884:—"I am afraid that, after all, I shall be too late for your birthday, but please excuse my want of calculation, and accept all my good intentions and perfect love and goodwill and good wishes for you and yours, spiritual and otherwise. God will guide you, and all that you have under your care, in His most perfect Will, and that is all that we need seek for. I say Mass in the chapel daily now in the Bishop's absence. He has left me in charge of the chapel, he has also given me the sermon for to-day—a very simple one—and put me in *loco Episcopi*, as walking in his place, in coming in and going out of church. I have had some good walks; I went one day towards Fort William to meet Laurence, who had walked in on business. On our meeting we turned up into the hills, which we crossed. It was a glorious walk, leading up to divers beauties to come. Yesterday I had a short clamber about nearer hills."

How he loved the hills! Those hills which barely four years later were to be to him the entrance into Paradise.

Here is another letter from Ballachulish, written a month later, just after we had begun the Men's Hostel

ıt Brighton :—"I must write a few lines to congratulate ʼou on your successful rooting in Brighton. It will be ı capital plant if it takes root, as no doubt it will, for ʼour young men and boys. Your first start seems, from ʖister H.'s account, to have been very satisfactory.

"I think you would like Lochbuie—unless you already ːnow it, as you may have visited it in one of your Highland adventures. There is a wonderful cave—or ather, pair of caves, in which Lord Lovat kept himself ıidden after the Forty Five, till the man who brought ıim food betrayed him. The enemy knew of both these aves, but did not know of the communication, which is ertainly the queerest possible for a human body to get hrough. Lord Lovat, however, had a stone over the ole which he could pull down when he went in the djoining cave, and raise when he came back. It is striking cave, with a level floor for some distance in, ıen there is a slope, like a Canadian 'Toboggan,' reach- ıg to the top of the cave. The other one can *now* only e approached from this, as at some time a fall of stones nd earth has filled up the opening. In this cave there are uantities of Uirpel shells, supposed to have been those f the shell-fish on which he lived. Until recently the tones on which he slept were to be seen arranged just s he left them, but some enterprising tourists left the ıark of their industry by breaking up the erection, and cattering the stones. Now, with love to all the ommunity, and good luck to the lads in their new ea-side villa. Believe me, with GOD'S blessing,

"Yours very affectionately, A. H. M."

He was always so kind to, and took such an interest in the dogs and cats at the Priory. He always used to bring Prin (the first Priory dog, who was devoted to sweet things) a sugar pig as a Christmas present, which he used to buy at a little sweet-stuff shop in Shepherdess Walk, as he passed through on Christmas Eve. He was always kind to the rough old terrier, Toby, and in Toby's declining days a friend presented us with a new dog, Sandy, hoping he might learn the Priory ways before Toby died (not calculating that Toby, through sheer jealousy, would take a fresh lease of life); but the result was that for some weeks they fought furiously, usually round Father Mackonochie's legs, while he was having his tea, and he had to throw himself between the opponents, and firmly, but gently, compel peace. Sandy was devoted to him, and he to Sandy; he always had a kind word and a stroke of the hand for him, and though Sandy scorned and flew at most Priests, he used to nestle up to Father Mackonochie and lie on his cassock. To the cats he was also most kind and attentive.

I remember, as an instance of his strict particularness, the girls, on an excursion down to Harlow, were exclaiming about a chesnut and white horse in a field, and I said, "Oh! it is a piebald." "No;" said Father Mackonochie, "it is a skewbald." I *knew* it was the correct expression, but thought they would not understand.

Talking of "interest," it is wonderful the keen interest he—a man of such a very busy and active life, and a

life specially full of harrassing anxieties, persecutions, fightings, and troubles—always took in every little personality and detail. He was interested in every plant and flower in his brother's garden at Wantage, and in all his niece's interests and amusements, even to the most trivial thing.

Like some other great men, he was most precise in everything he had to do with, being perfectly neat and orderly. However hurried he was, whatever important thing he was called away for, his room and all his belongings were left in perfect order. It reminded me of Lacordaire, whose cell was always the model of neatness, and when asked why he took such pains to keep it so orderly, as no one saw it, he replied, "The holy Angels always see it." That is what one felt of Father Mackonochie—he lived so entirely in the presence of God and the company of heaven, that every little detail and interest, because it was in God's sight, became of great interest to him. Does one not recall the sight of him walking through the dingy streets which lie between S. Alban's and S. Saviour's Priory, with his Office Book under his arm, in his shabby hat and well-worn coat, wrapped in the devotions which the little spare time of the walk gave him? And this very forgetfulness of all in his prayer brought him into several very dangerous positions. Once he slipped on a piece of orange-peel in Leather Lane, and was laid up for weeks with a dislocated shoulder. Another time he writes, "I have been unable to put on a boot since Thursday, and am also tied by the

leg owing to a collision with a hansom cab about twelve days ago. Both are the worse for my thinking they would get better of themselves. Now they are in course of recovery, but I may not be able to get over to-morrow or Tuesday. You may be sure that I will if I can."

Years of constant work, active parochial work, work in helping souls, and work in fighting for the rights of the English Church—work unceasing, and no adequate rest or holiday from toils and cares, had pressed grievously upon him, so much so, that he was compelled to withdraw from the very active part he had always taken in ecclesiastical matters, and to go into the country to recruit his shattered forces, staying partly with his brother, Mr. James Mackonochie, at Wantage, part of the time being the honoured guest of the Bishop of Argyll, at Ballachulish. After all his city-spent life he had the very keenest appreciation of the country, the greatest delight in the beauties of nature, and his enjoyment of the grand scenes and walks around Ballachulish was intense. A Scotsman by birth, he loved the land of his forefathers, and always spoke of it with the greatest pride and devotion.

Whenever he spoke of hills or mountains, his whole face lit with the pleasant memory. He was describing to me once some mountain, I forget where, which Father Lowder, not long before his death, climbed, and was entranced by the magnificent view from the top. A friend had asked him to make the ascent a second time, but he refused, saying it would efface the sublime

impressions of the first *coup d'œil*, though perhaps he might next year, "and," added Father Mackonochie, with that peculiar brightness lighting his eyes, which we who knew him can recall so well, "it was his last view of earthly beauty; now he stands among the everlasting hills of heaven!"

But whenever he chanced to be in London he always came over to the Priory, and took the very keenest interest in all that was going on. The Girls' Guild in S. Augustine's Parish, the Guild of S. Michael, was a work he cared very much for; and he generally spent a few days at S. Saviour's Grange, Herne Bay, in company with Mr. Burrows, the Vicar of S. Augustine's, at the time when some of the bandmistresses of the Guild went there for a Whitsun holiday, besides joining them in the annual day's excursion to Southend or Rye House. This latter place was the last excursion before the end came. And a very bright and happy one it was!

His last visit to us was when he came to preach to the Girls' Guild at their Anniversary in S. Augustine's Church, at Michaelmas. While waiting for the Service, he sat in that little dark, wood-panelled room, where for so many years he had sat, when he used to walk over from S. Alban's, tired out and worried, yet always bright, hopeful, and cheerful, and caressing Sandy, who always sniffed round him to be noticed. He was then full of interest in everything, and asking so kindly after everybody. That was the last time we ever saw him. On Sunday, December 18th, we were shocked and startled by Father Suckling writing, "I have this morning

received a telegram from the Bishop of Argyll, saying, 'Our dear Brother Mackonochie has been taken to his rest.'"

The surroundings of his last moments are grand beyond measure. He who had lived his whole life, spending and being spent in the service of God and His Church amidst the throng and bustle of mankind, in the din of the crowded city, gave up his spirit on the lonely mountain side, surrounded by the everlasting hills, alone with Him Whom he had loved and served all the days of his life.

The circumstances are so recent, that they must be still fresh in everyone's memory. How he was staying at Ballachulish with his friend, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles; and how he set forth on the morning of Thursday, December 15th, for a long walk to the head of the loch, accompanied by the Bishop's terrier and deerhound, of whom he was very fond, and who were his constant walking companions; when a violent storm of darkness, and wind, and snow came on. The night came, and he never returned, and the Bishop and several parties of gillies and shepherds sought for two nights and two days unsuccessfully; and on the Saturday evening, despairing and sick of heart, were about to abandon the search as unsuccessful, when one of the men, glancing up the hillside, saw the *silhouette* of the deer-hound sitting bolt upright against the snowy background, and immediately sent to tell the Bishop, who was with another party of searchers. When he arrived, he found the whole band of keepers and shepherds drawn in

semi-circle in a snowy hollow, kept at bay by the two
ogs, who refused to let a creature approach, till they
aught sight of their master, when they sprang forward
ith a cry of joy, and leaping upon him, covered him
ith caresses. There, in a snow wreath, guarded on
ther side by the two dogs, lay the weary body of
HRIST's faithful soldier and servant, his head pillowed
n his hand, and a pall of spotless snow veiling the
atures. His hat lay between his knees, and he must
ave knelt to commend his spirit into the hands of Him
Who gave it, and then, overcome by drowsiness, laid
own peacefully to await his summons home. There,
rough the long hours of the night, while the storm
undered over the mountains, and the snowflakes
urled wildly hither and thither, the two faithful dogs
ept their watch for forty-eight hours over the lifeless
ody, till the voice of their master told them their
gil was ended. As the Bishop knelt to detach the
ead from the snow wreath in which it lay, the dark
ouds broke behind the mountains of Glencoe, and the
hole west was flooded with a glorious golden light.
he remains were placed on two pieces of wood, and
arried by reverent hands to Ballachulish, where the
ishop himself performed the last offices for him, and
e was placed, laid out in his priestly vestments, in the
ishop's private chapel, where in the silence of so many
old, dark winter mornings, and late gloomy evenings,
s prayer had risen like incense for his people far away
busy London.

The Rev. E. F. Russell, one of his earliest friends and

helpers at S. Alban's, arrived on Monday evening, to convey the body home. On the Tuesday morning it was borne in a pine coffin down to the boat by which the first part of the southward journey was to be made.

Watch was kept day and night in S. Alban's until the funeral, which took place on December 23rd. And on that day he who had some time been held in derision, he who had fought almost single-handed, inch by inch, for the liberties of the Church, he who had been blamed at times, even by his fellows, for his uncompromising zeal in the service of that Church—who had, like the Jews of old, built the walls of the Church with one hand while he fought for her liberties with the other—he who had, in the words of the Reformer of old, "In his day lit in England such a candle as would be hard to put out;" he had such a funeral as these times have never seen. His body was borne through the streets in procession, with all the dignity of the Church he had fought so many years to obtain, reverent crowds uncovering as the hearse passed by.

He was laid to rest in the Cemetery at Woking. It was a lovely winter's day; the western sky was all a blaze of gold; in the east, above the stone Calvary round which S. Alban's dead lie buried, the white moon slowly ascended the gray-blue firmament. A robin was singing a sweet requiem in a bush hard by, and as the last words were pronounced a bird flitted silently across the sky, over the cross, cleaving the white disc of the moon in half, and slowly winged its way into the golden glories of the west. The clear wintry air was redolent of the

aroma of the pines which grew around, and of the fresh turned heathery soil, and sweet with the perfume of the white flowers heaped upon the grave when it was covered in.

His old friend, and comrade-in-arms, Father Stanton, committed the body to its last resting-place: there was a space of silence, and then in silence we went away and left him, feeling as was said of one more than two hundred years ago: "And so our king went white to his grave." White with God's own snow, as his body lay between the two faithful watchers those two long nights and days among the mountains of Scotland; white in his last resting-place among the pines of Surrey, with the flowers strewn by the loving hands of those who may all most certainly say:—

> "We were weary, and are
> Fearful, and are in our march
> Fain to drop down and die.
> Still thou turnedst, and still
> Beckonedst the trembler, and still
> Gavest the weary thy hand!
> If in the paths of this world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we saw
> Nothing! To us thou wert still
> Cheerful and helpful and firm.
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And at the end of the day,
> O faithful Shepherd! to come,
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

It seems marvellous how it should have been disposed by Him who makes all "right that seems most wrong,"

that this His faithful servant, who had borne the burden and the heat of the day amidst the noise and pressure of the crowded city, with *no* rest, *no* possibility of what S. Benedict calls "dwelling alone with himself," for even the briefest breathing time, should have spent his last hours alone among the everlasting hills he loved so well—alone, utterly alone, with himself and his God.

Of him an old and dear friend of many years writes:— "The mystery of his stern, hard, self-devoted life completed itself in the weird circumstances of his death, sheltered in 'the hollow of the hand' of God Whom he had served so faithfully; and at His bidding the wild wind from off the moor wreathed his head with snow."

> "He is not dead whose glorious life lifts thine on high,
> To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Do you remember in the autumn of the year previously the exhibition of the Russian painter, Verestchagin's works, wherein were three pictures called *All is quiet in the Shipka Pass?* The first depicted a sentinel on the lonely snow-clad heights, leaning on his bayonet, with the cold, gray sky behind him; in the second the drifting snow is whirling around him, and he is bending, half-frozen, half-blinded, but true to his post; in the third he stands buried in masses of snow, frozen on to his bayonet, but still true to his post, with his face to the enemy. He has stood there dying inch by inch with the benumbing cold gnawing at his heart, silent, uncomplaining, till death freed him—and *all was quiet in the Shipka Pass.* Was not this a meet emblem of our champion? Did he not stand true to his post?

Suffering, uncomplaining, enduring all things as a good soldier of CHRIST JESUS, till both body and soul were benumbed and exhausted in the effort of standing unquailing, unflinching—not yielding a fraction of an inch to the foe—in the place where his Master had placed him. As the *Morte d'Arthur* says of a champion of old:—"By his nobleness, the king and all his realm was in quietness and in rest." And of him, and the other victorious athletes who have laid down their weapons and have crossed the stream, do they never look back to those comrades in arms who are crossing now? Surely they do, and if their prayers and interests were with us during this feeble lifetime, how much more so now they have reached "the quiet City, where the sun shines evermore."

Richard Frederic Littledale.

1858 to 1890.

When on the Sunday morning of January 12th, 1890, one heard that Richard Frederic Littledale—the R. F. L., whose signature was so well-known in literature—had passed away, one felt that a help, and a strength, and a power was indeed taken away from among us. He was loving among the unloving, faithful among the unfaithful, to the cause of the Church he loved so dearly, of Sisterhoods in general, and especially above all, to the Sisterhood of S. Margaret's, especially to our branch House of S. Saviour's Priory. We owe him *so* much from the days of our early beginnings up to the date of his death, and often sorely miss his kind-hearted, warm sympathy and keen interest. The Church at large must often miss his clear judgment and the ripe harvest of his learning and his legal knowledge—(Father Mackonochie in his ecclesiastical legal difficulties always used to turn for help to, what he called, "the little Doctor")—for these were ever at her disposal, and he was always her champion, and valiant man in front of the battle.

To some of us, of his inner circle of friends, his loss is irreparable. Wearied with the works in Haggerston, our minds dazed and choked up with the dust from the highway of life, a visit to him was a well of refreshing;

a "place for the drawing of water" amidst the arid wilderness of daily routine. From the monotony of the lowering, depressing atmosphere of want, and misery, and sin, and general dinginess, what a relief it was to step into a yellow tram, and travel to the bright house in the old-fashioned Red Lion Square! How bright and genial was the welcome that awaited us! How refreshing the sight of the lofty, book-lined room, with tomes of every age and every language reposing on the groaning shelves; the warm yellow afternoon sun lighting up the quiet square and red walls of the Church of S. John the Evangelist outside, and streaming in through the tall windows on to the large, paper laden table in the centre of the room. And, oh! what a pleasant little break in one's life to be seated in the old worn leather chair beside the crackling fire, and have a chat with the cheerful, kindly owner of the room! A chat which took one out of oneself, far away from dirty Haggerston; a chat where one heard of new books and authors, clever sayings of clever men, interesting bits of Church History, quaint legends of Saints, facts concerning living celebrities, all flavoured with genuine Hibernian wit, and thickly strewn with pithy, caustic remarks, and yet withal, every comment, every discussion, replete with the spirit of the very truest, largest-hearted charity — the charity which beareth all things. It was to Dr. Littledale we owe our acquaintance with all the charming American authors who have solaced our holiday hours. We shall never forget the intense interest and delight we

felt when, one Christmas twenty years ago, he placed in our hands a little paper bound volume entitled, *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches.* "It is," said he, "by a young American author of great promise, and this edition, you will observe, is published in Australia." We read, and were fascinated. Subsequently he introduced us to Miss Alcott's and Mrs. Whitney's most charming little stories for girls, and to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's delicious *Old Town Folk, We and Our Neighbours*, and numberless other little Transatlantic tales and sketches from various pens. He dearly loved America, and American literature and American sayings; the latter, indeed, were very like his own witty speeches, prompt, brief, and to the point. To the entrancing works also of *Lewis Carroll* he gave us an introduction. Of Dickens he was devotedly fond, and had *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* almost by heart, and quoted sayings from them most applicably to the passing details under discussion. One especially he was very fond of quoting, about one's dealings with people, and that was, that "meat must be coaxed, not druv!" And his knowledge of poetry was marvellous: he could repeat poem after poem, canto after canto. Kingsley's *Andromeda*, he said, he considered the finest specimen of hexameters in the English language. Every Christmas for many years past, he sent a little parcel of books for those with whom he was especially acquainted at the Priory.

He was passionately fond of cats: he said he felt a cat was a friend, and he could never pass one i

the street without pausing to stroke it. An old tabby, belonging to his housekeeper, was always made welcome in his room, and we often found it stretched purring on the hearth-rug at the doctor's feet. He was much attached to a pretty black Persian, belonging to the Sisters in Queen's Square, of which Home he was the Chaplain. Our own Priory dogs and cats also came in for a large share of his attentions, "Rowdy," the gold-coloured cat, was a particular favourite of his, and when some of us were laughingly talking of needing a special telegraphic communication for the Priory with the Civil Service Stores, and wondering in what concise form we could put the name, he suggested "Rowdy." He was so fond, too, of dear old Toby, or "Master Tobias," as he called him.

I first met him in the autumn of 1858, at S. Mary's, Soho, where he was working with every energy of soul and body among the poor, by whom he was beloved as he deserved to be. "Ah! that dear young man! It's my opinion he's too good for this world!" was the verdict of many a matron of S. Giles' and its purlieus; while the sort of joyous cry that resounded round the schoolroom of "Here's Mr. Littledale!" when he appeared at the door, evinced how fully his presence was appreciated there. Many and many a *pick-a-back* did he give to some little sickly urchin, full trot round the schoolroom! Many and many a bull's-eye and a kind word did he bestow upon a choir-boy in the vestry! In the present day we come across some grave, middle-aged man of business,

who asks after Dr. Littledale, and says: "How well I remember all his kindness to me when I was a youngster in the choir at S. Mary's, Soho." He was very delicate and weakly himself, which enabled him to have a special sympathy for sick people, a way of understanding their wants and weakness, and a power of ministering to them, which only the affinity of fellow-suffering can give; and his kindly understanding gentleness brightened the life of many a poor sufferer in the dark, narrow courts of Soho. Association with S. Margaret's Sisters sowed the seeds of a close and intimate friendship between him and Dr. Neale, which ripened with years, lasting until the death of the latter.

Although he abhorred the country, designating it "as a necessary place to grow cabbages but not to live in," he used often to run down to East Grinstead, to the mutual delectation of both himself and Dr. Neale; their tastes and talents were both so similar, and the mystical interpretations of the Bible offered like attractions to both, hence, at Dr. Neale's death, his unfinished *Commentary on the Psalms* was taken up and concluded by Dr. Littledale.

My first visit to S. Alban's, Holborn, was under his guidance in the early spring of 1861, when the church was in course of erection. I shall never forget our progress down Baldwin's Gardens, a very different place then from what it is now. The crowd of unkempt ragged little *gamins* whipping tops (top season in London slums always comes in in February) and clustering round

us, who, under the guidance of Mr. Littledale, attired in a high hat and sombrero cloak, piloted us through the shoal of unwashed humanity past the hoarding into that part of the walls which had then arisen. How little we thought how closely the lives and labours of the future Vicar of S. Alban's and Dr. Littledale would, in a few years, be interwoven with that future branch of S. Margaret's which was to arise in the far East of London!

In the year 1865 (or about that date, so far as I can remember), he went to Constantinople, where his brother-in-law was Consul. In after days he used to speak so pityingly of the dogs which swarm in the streets, and said how they seemed to crave for human kindness and sympathy.

Some time about 1870–71, he moved from Notting Hill to Red Lion Square. From henceforth he devoted himself to literary work, and, as he expressed it, earned enough to "keep the pot boiling."

Mixed up with all his great learning, his mysticism, and the wonderfully legal capacities of his mind, there was a keen and intense sense of humour, a power of repartee, and amusing way of putting things. I remember at S. Mary's, Soho, one of the workers, called "Brother Alexander," was considered by certain enthusiastic ladies, as a very great saint. Two friends of these enthusiasts called at the Mission House after church one day, and asked which was him. Dr. Littledale, who overheard the question, said to a Sister, "Sure, and I'll fetch him in, and hold a

dinner-plate behind his head, and they'll think it's a nimbus!"

I remember at a Dedication Luncheon in Queen's Square I was sitting between him and Mr. Collis (subsequently Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Brighton,) and he pointed out a certain dish of pink and white jelly and blanc-mange, saying, "Doesn't it look like a glorified ham?" When we were in our early impecunious days, and he heard that we owed some rent we could not possibly pay, he sent a slip of paper to the Mother with these words only, "'What's the dem'd total?' (*Nicholas Nickleby*, chap. xxi.)."

While I was in America he sent me the following, most characteristic letter, with no beginning:—

"Wal, neow! *Do* tell! Ef that's not right down hahnsum and clever of you, let them whittle me down fine to the leetle end of nothing, and sell me for tooth-picks on Boylston Street! Guess for an old one-hoss country like this, we can do it some in the way of frying too. Thermometer gone up so high that you can't see it 'cept in the attic, where it is 143° in the sun, and 89° to 92° in the shade,—the 'tarnal critter! Such Reverend Madam, are the sentiments of appreciation and gratitude which influence my spiritual being, having relation to the *noumenon* (sic?), such are also the meteorological statistics which condition my physical existence, or *phenomenon*. Should it appear to your critical judgment that the dictum in which I have ventured to embody it has erred somewhat from over expressiveness of dialectical and colloquial vocabulary, I entreat you to

extend your indulgence to it, on the grounds of the excitement occasioned by advent of your epistle.

"Fytte ye Thridde.

"Gramercy, gode Suster, since ye wound among the heretic folk, how hath it fared with you? I fackins, ye must long sore for the youth of Hackney and their quaynte braydes, the which they be wont to call 'rummy starts.'

"Et ainsi, Madame, en vous remerciant de nouveau pour votre bienveillance envers moi, je vous prie de me rappeler à Madame la Mère Louise, et d'agreer les assurances de la plus haute consideration de votre tres humble et obéissant Serviteur. R. F. Littledale.

"P.S.—Crikey!"

Who but Dr. Littledale could concoct such a letter!

He once said his father, a stout old Orangeman, used to say on a Friday, "It's no good giving Richard any dinner, he'll only eat a herring boiled in holy water!"

He had a trick of playing with any thing that came to hand while he was talking; generally it was his bunch of keys, which he sometimes used to pull out of his pocket and handle while he was preaching. He had a turn for experimental cookery, and was fond of warming up condensed soups, or any other fresh invention. While I was in Soho I learnt a good deal of practical cookery from him, and he also taught me the why and the wherefore of things. Why mutton was to be boiled in warm water, and why the meat for mutton broth was to be put into cold water. Also the theory of lighting a

fire properly, and how to carry a full coal-scuttle upstairs without spilling.

His appreciation of the beautiful in pictures was very great, and he had an intense admiration for Rossetti's pictures and colouring. I went to see him just before the Rossetti Exhibition closed in 1883, and he was much distressed that I had not seen it, and said, "Happen what may, put aside everything, but see Rossetti's pictures you *must*, there is nothing like them." And he was right: they are unique, and the remembrance of them is a joy which will stand by one through life, and has been, and will be again, I am sure, a refreshment in many an hour of gray monotony.

There is little to tell of his life; a life of pain, and sickness, and suffering; a life of laborious work and self-denial; a life spent in considering and helping others—*never* anything for self. If you ask me what I considered his characteristics, I should reply, unflinching truth, perfect endurance, and the charity which suffereth long and is kind. And the kindly feeling which did not run only in one groove, or was confined to one special party or interests. I remember going to see him in the November of 1886, and after his first greeting, he said, "And have you heard poor Fred. Archer is dead?" I should not have supposed he would have known there was such a person as Fred. Archer in the world, or would have had the slightest sympathy or interest in him; but he discussed all the details of his life and death, speaking most kindly and warmly of him as a man. I was once complaining of some one

being cross and irritable, whereupon he said: "Poor thing, it may be something is amiss with her, some suffering of which we know nothing about, like A. who died not long ago, and had been so irritable and cross his friends had lost all patience with him, but after his death they found tubercles on the brain, which must have caused the most excessive irritation."

He had a great horror of stupidity, and always said "stupidity made more mischief in the world than wickedness." He used often to say, in an undertone of any one present, particularly stupid, "Otez cette lourdarde!"

A friend writes:—"It was a subject of real grief to me that I was unable through illness to be present at dear R. F. Littledale's funeral. But I have read with deep interest the notice of him in the *Church Times*. He was learned, brimming over with miscellaneous information; generous. But yet more touching than all else was the beautiful tenderness of his heart. It was only a few weeks ago I saw him crossing the road to the *Church Times* office, severe suffering written all over his worn face. I went up and touched him, and it was really beautiful, and the memory will always abide with me, how the suffering seemed to pass in the pleasure of meeting a friend. In two minutes he was full of rollicking Irish fun, but it was sadly plain all through the conversation that the frail form was nearing its last days. The spirit was bright and full of energy, but the flesh was worn out. There is not a man who ever knew him who will not love his memory and

reverence his unselfishness, and be ready to cry *Sit anima mea cum illo.*"

One had noticed the change oneself. He always used to address me as *Madame*, since the Sunday afternoons when he used to come over to Haggerston, and find me busy talking to a lot of lads, when he said, laughingly, *Madame* holds her *levée;* but the very last time I saw him he dropped the old familiar, joking title, and addressed me by my name. Still, knowing what dangerous and trying illnesses he had recovered from, one still had the hope that he might pull through this. But it was not to be.

He passed away quietly on January 11th, 1890. Half drowsy and unconscious all the day, about a quarter-to-five he had a bad attack of coughing, and saying, "I have never felt so weak as this before," he laid his head back on the pillow, and gave up his spirit into the Hands of the Master he had served so truly and loyally.

A temporary couch had been arranged for him in his library, and he lay at rest surrounded by the books he had so loved and studied to such purpose for the Church and for mankind during his life.

It was a soft gray winter's day when he was laid to rest in Woking Cemetery. The first part of the Service had been said in the Chapel of S. Katherine's, Queen's Square, where he had for so many years ministered to the Sisters and their girls.

The band of mourners, among whom were numbered many of his old college friends of early days, gathered sadly round the grave as the coffin was lowered, and the

yellow sand fell upon it with a heavy thud, and the sweet voices of the young work girls rang out in the calm, still air with :—

> "On the Resurrection morning
> Soul and body meet again,
> No more sorrow, no more weeping,
> No more pain!"

He lies not a hundred yards off Father Mackonochie, his fellow warrior in the battles of the Church, and so it is pleasant to think that these two loyal hearts rest near together under the heather, while the pine trees sough a sad requiem over their heads. It was in the golden glory of a winter sunset we laid Alexander Mackonochie in his last resting-place: the heavens were veiled with a soft gray pall when Richard Littledale was laid to sleep.

But the work which they did in their life-time for the Church, the truth for which they contended for humanity, though may be not visible in large patches of result, yet we know that :—

> "While the tired waves vainly breaking
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Come silent flooding in the main!"

As there is no published life of Dr. Littledale, I insert from the newspapers of that week the following brief accounts, by way of supplementing my own personal recollections.

The *Church Times*, January 17th, 1890, says :—

"Richard Frederick Littledale was born in Dublin, September 14th, 1833. In consequence of ill-health, the

earlier part of his education was, in the main, conducted by private tuition. In due course he entered Trinity College, of which he became a Foundation Scholar in 1852. Senior Moderator and Gold Medallist in Classics in 1854, he took his B.A. degree a year later. In 1856 he carried off the Senior Berkeley Gold Medal and First Divinity Prize. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1858, and to that of LL.D. in 1862, in which year he also became D.C.L. of Oxford.

"Dr. Littledale was ordained Deacon in 1856, by the late Dr. Hinds, Bishop of Norwich, and Priest in 1857 by the Bishop of London. He was assistant curate of S. Matthew's Church, Thorpe Hamlet, 1856–7, and he associated himself in 1857 with the late John Charles Chambers, Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin, Soho, with whom he remained as assistant curate until 1861; since which year he was compelled, by chronic ill-health, to abstain from regular parochial work. For a time after leaving S. Mary's, he gave a good deal of assistance to various clerical friends, by preaching, and his sermons were noteworthy for their thoughtfulness and originality. Perhaps one of their most striking characteristics was the appositeness of illustration which he employed, and the unusually intimate acquaintance with the whole range of Holy Scripture which they displayed. The mystical interpretation of the Bible, which his friend, Dr. J. M. Neale, did so much to render familiar to English churchmen, had always a great attraction to Dr. Littledale, and the occasional employment of this method in his sermons gave them an exceptional charm

to the more cultured portion of the congregations which he addressed.

"Dr. Littledale was a prolific writer, for, in addition to supplying numberless leaders and reviews to London daily and weekly newspapers, many articles on current Church topics in the *Contemporary* and other high-class serials were the work of his pen.

"Passing over other papers, we may mention that in 1874, Dr. Littledale began a long series of articles on 'Sisterhoods,' which appeared from time to time in *The Monthly Packet*. In these he endeavoured to shew that the popular modern continental system of Community Life failed, in certain respects, when transplanted into this country, and adopted, without modification, in the revived Religious Houses of our own day.

"His learning was enormous, and it was so carefully arranged in his mind, that it was ready to be drawn upon at any moment. If he did not happen to know a thing he could almost always tell, at once, the book wherein the information could be found. Nothing pleased him better than to be asked a difficult question which obliged him to take down book after book from his richly stored shelves until he had discovered the answer, and 'trouble' in such a search was a word of which he seemed not to know the meaning. He took delight, too, in puzzling other people, as those who remember the acrostics under the signature of 'L'Abbé,' in the *World* will be aware of. His productions in this line were always of the most intricate character, and were generally employed at the end of each quarter to test the

successful solvers who had discovered all the answers during the previous three months. The Doctor's acrostics were always intensely difficult, and invariably ingenious in their construction.

"It may appear strange to some to hear that Dr. Littledale was a perfect devourer of novels. As a reviewer of works of fiction for the *Academy*, piles of new books were constantly on his table. Those who were most intimate with him scarcely knew how he got through the vast amount of work which he accomplished. He read and wrote with extreme rapidity, and while chatting with his friends his brain would be working, so to speak, automatically, and by the aid of his type-writer the results were in the shortest possible space of time made permanent.

"Those who enjoyed his friendship and knew his intellectual power—as the writer of this notice did for the past thirty years—can alone estimate the grievous loss which ensues upon his departure."

Truth, January 23rd, said:—

"Dr. Littledale's death has deprived the Church of England of a man of wide and profound learning, who was a most vigorous and brilliant controversialist. He was an Anglican of the school of Bishop Wordsworth, and he will be a great and irreparable loss to the High Church party, for he was never overweighted by his great learning, but he could speak or write just as well for a popular audience as for a conclave of theologians."

The *Church Review*, January 24th, said:—

"In Richard Frederick Littledale we deplore the loss

of a man of varied talents, whose tenacious memory made him a brilliant scholar, historian, and a man of letters. He will go down to posterity as, above all, a controversialist; and though we do not regard his skill in the field of battle as his highest claim to honour, there is no doubt that in the earlier days of the Ritual Movement his championship was invaluable. A veritable book-worm, he was always unearthing some precious jewel which ignorance and time had hidden away; and there are few men of the present generation who have reminded the world more usefully than he of facts which told for Catholic truth, but had conveniently been forgotten."

Here are some quotations from an address given by the Rev. P. Hancock, at S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey:—

"I will not say that Dr. Littledale was the Father of Ritualism. No spiritual movement can be attributed to any one man. Certainly the Ritualist Movement cannot be. But it had no other for its foster-father, he kept it alive; he nurtured it; he bound it apprentice; he was its most effective promoter; and, more than anyone else, he was its populariser. He found Ritualism, such as it was, in the study, in the university, in the library, in the drawing-room; and he brought it out into the streets and lanes. He found it among scholars, antiquaries, and *dilettanti;* he vulgarised it, in the true sense of the word; he gave it to the common crowd; he found reasons and justification for those who used it. You have but to compare what he did with what was done by his beloved predecessor and friend, Dr. Neale, in order to see this clearly.

"What Dr. Littledale did for the outward clothing of the Oxford Movement, he did for its spirit and contents. I should say the *so-called* Oxford Movement, for it is due more to the energy of this witty and learned Irish Priest than to any other factor, and to those among whom he was a leader and teacher, that it ceased to be a mere 'Oxford' Movement — an academical speculation, a luxury of culture, an entertainment of colleges and country parsonages, the possession of Priests and clerical laymen—and became the property of the crowd. Poor clerks and tradesmen—the common working-folk in lanes and alleys—claimed their share in the New Movement, which he rescued for them from the exclusive hands of scholarly archæologists and gentlemanly Ritualists.

"His long and quiet work has made all our Church and commonwealth his debtors, from the lowest to the highest, so that there is not a Bishop in England whose throne he did not powerfully aid and strengthen; not a parish which will not be the poorer, however unconsciously, for his loss.

"With his large, earnest, brown, though deeply-sunken, eyes, and long, grey beard sweeping over his breast, he always embodied my ideal of some benevolent and learned monk of the third or fourth century in the midst of an Alexandrian library; and his chambers, full of ecclesiastical ornaments, and resembling the abode of a recluse, heightened this impression. Nevertheless, his character had another, and very different, side. He was an excellent talker, and his humour was intensified by a perceptible brogue. No one liked better to tell a good

story, or could tell it with better effect; and on such occasions he threw aside, almost with a boyish gusto, the bearing of a scholar. His library—an extensive and a most valuable one—was especially rich in tomes treating of the subjects in which he was a master; and he never seemed more thoroughly at his ease than when expiating to an appreciative listener on the contents or merits of some half-forgotten folio. His own pleasure in such talk was very evident; and, as I write, I can see in imagination the student figure, bent with ill-health and study, yet moving with the wonderful alertness among his beloved books.

"Dr. Littledale suffered from a disease of the spinal cord, the nature of which, he told me, his physicians never fully understood. This prevented his travelling by rail, or taking carriage exercise, though, happily, he was able to walk with comparative comfort. He used laughingly to remark that his brain would never work except in sight of brick walls; and this, for him, was a fortunate circumstance, as he almost constantly lived in London. After all, what most impressed me about him was the cheerful and uncomplaining bravery with which he encountered, amid perpetual physical suffering (he said himself that he was never conscious of freedom from pain), the daily toil that was to him a necessity. In this there was something noble and stimulating; and —to some of us at least—the world without him will never seem quite so attractive."

His *noms de plume* were various. Although best-known under his initials, R. F. L., he was co-editor of

The People's Hymnal, and I believe some hymns and articles under the initials A. L. P., which he said meant, "A London Priest," laughingly adding, "It would be more correct to say, A Lame Priest." The acrostics which he used to send to *The World*, were with the signature of *L'Abbé*.

The Rev. W. Stewart Darling, of Toronto.

The pleasant memories of that happy visit, with those dear and kind-hearted Canadians, of the sitting on the verandah in the twilight, seeing the fire-flies flit like little sparks among the tall castor-oil plants, and the round white moon rise over Lake Ontario and transform it into a sheet of silver, and summer wanderings in the Canadian woods, often come surging across one's mind in the midst of one's busy East-end life, as glimpses of a little foretaste given one of the eternal rest to which we all hope one day to attain. The slanting yellow light shining through the greenery of pine and sassafras; the ground purple and gold, with masses of feathery golden-rod and starry asters; here and there, in damp recesses, vistas of the purest emerald moss, studded with little scarlet fungi, overshadowed by delicate fronds of maiden-hair; every now and then, through gaps in the trees, the vision of blue Ontario stretching out to the horizon; and the chirping of myriads of insects among the long and tangled grass, now and again broken upon by the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will. These "pleasant pictures" are now subdued by a sadder strain of the memory of the very good and true friend through whose

kindness we enjoyed this Canadian holiday, but who has since been called home from the battle-field, where he had fought so bravely, to receive the reward of his labours.

The Rev. William Stewart Darling was one of those men whom it was a privilege to have come in contact with, and the memory of whose blameless life and conversation form landmarks along the *Via Dolorosa* which leads to the Celestial City. Firm of purpose, strong in battle for the right, true to the death for God and His Church, loyal and loving, upholder of the weak and defender of the defenceless, does not his life stand out as one to admire and strive to imitate? We first heard of him many years ago, when one of our lads emigrated, settled in Toronto, and joined his choir at Holy Trinity, and who, like every other man, woman, or child who came in contact with him, became quite a devotee of Mr. Darling. Just after his death, this friend writes us word: "It only seems yesterday I saw him at the door of Trinity Church, and what changes since then! The sad news has cast a gloom over a great many here. I need hardly say how greatly he was loved for his sympathy in time of trouble, and his peculiarly bright, genial manner." For forty years he had laboured for the Church's cause in Canada, and one of his dearest wishes was to see a Sisterhood established at Toronto. He made several journeys over to England to try and induce some Sisters from an existing English Community to go over to Toronto, and one of his visits was to S. Saviour's Priory, after which he was most anxious to procure or

borrow two of their number, being much impressed with their work in Haggerston. We quote from his letters which passed on this subject to one of the Sisters at the Priory:—

"How wonderful the power of kindness and sympathy is! I have always thought we are greatly bound to manifest them, even by word or look when we *can* do no more; but I shall try to do so more than ever now, when I have felt so strongly the power they have exerted over me in the case of the Priory Sisters. You could all in a practical way do no more for me than others to whom I spoke, and yet you did *nothing* for me in such a way that I feel myself to be your debtor for life.

"Don't you think that the members of the One Body should so far sympathize with and help each other? If two of you would only come, I would do almost anything you could ask, for I *know* that, humanly speaking, things would prosper if you were with us. I am more and more convinced that ours may be, and ought to be, a great work. If we could but render it really devout and practical, it would extend and be a blessing to thousands in this land. I was in Montreal the other day, and there met Sister ——, of Holy Cross Home, Kennington; she is fully persuaded that the time has fully come for Sisterhood work here, and is most anxious to see it properly commenced, and is sanguine as to the results. She is a member of a Montreal family, and went to England in order to be trained as a Sister."

In November, 1872, he writes, "I don't give *you* up,

for I know the Priory Sisters are the people—to tell you the truth, I am a little afraid of the normal Briton, until the insularity has been in some measure knocked out of them. You know we want some one whose capacities are beyond being packed into the narrow limits of a pint pot, and who has adaptability of mind, and geniality of manner. Our numbers are growing, but we *need*, and still *want* some of you."

All hope of help from any English Community failing, he organized one of native material on a small scale, and shortly after wrote:—"I feel it is a matter of devout congratulation that there is at length some prospect of a Sisterhood, and I am surprised to see how readily the Orange population (of Toronto) takes to the idea. They are mostly *outward* good workers, but I am sadly afraid that *within* there is a tendency to squabble about small things—which breaks my heart. But Dr. Littledale told me when I was in London, 'We have a great many most excellent people, who, nevertheless, are great fools'—an opinion in which I am increasingly disposed to concur. I can't for the life of me understand *why* people should quarrel, and *how* they can reconcile it with their Christianity. If you know of any one who could come and help us, will you warn them of one or two things. First; don't let them set down every person and every thing Canadian, as infinitely inferior to *every* person, and *every thing* English. A great many things here are as good (or better) for *this* country, as similar things in England. There is no need for new comers to *like* them—neither is there any need for them to

denounce them. Secondly; they must not forget that Community life is *new* here, and it would never do to say, 'We never do such things in religious houses in England,' because here things are in their infancy."

And again, a little later on:—"Our little attempt at Sisterhood work struggles along midst many difficulties, and people seem afraid to join. A visit from an English Sister would be an incalculable good to us, and would not be too trying to her, and if only one of *you* could be that visitor I need not say how devoutly thankful I should be.

"I feel I am getting antique and not as able as of old to work or fight for the truth, and it seems meet I should soon retire to the shelf, as my appropriate place. How I wish some of you could come and see us before then! I feel I am taking up your time by writing, but it is all your own fault for having by your kindly sympathy won the heart of a poor fellow who, having been regaled with a very large measure of very cold shoulder, warmed up at once to those who seemed to understand what he wanted. May He whom we try to serve reward you for it in that Day!"

Like so many *first* attempts, this Sisterhood did not succeed, but it paved the way, and now, before his death, Mr. Darling had the dearest wish of his heart realised, and saw a flourishing Sisterhood of Canadian ladies, under an energetic and capable head, planted and working in Toronto.

For a fuller account of his own life, we quote the following from the funeral sermon preached by the Bishop of Toronto:—

"Mr. Darling, who since August last had been doing deputation work for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, had been appointed to the chaplaincy of that society at Sarento, on the Bay of Naples, in Italy. He was on his journey thither, when death overtook him. A severe cold, contracted in the discharge of his duty, developed into rheumatic fever, which prostrated him at Alassio, in the Riviera di Ponente, when he had only just entered the kingdom of Italy. Here he died on January 19th, and was buried on the following day. It is consolatory to his friends to know that, dying thus in a foreign land, he was yet attended in his last moments by the loving care of his wife and daughter. The Rev. W. Stewart Darling was ordained by Bishop Strachan in 1842, and for the first eleven years of his ministry had charge of the Parish of Scarborough. In 1853 he was appointed assistant to the Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rector-in-Charge of Holy Trinity, and remained in this position for the long period of twenty-two years, until 1875, when Dr. Scadding retired from the active charge of the parish, and Mr. Darling was inducted by Bishop Bethune as first Rector of Trinity Church. Some four years ago he in turn relinquished the personal oversight of the parish, and has since resided chiefly abroad. At the time of his death he was the third oldest surviving clergyman on the staff of this diocese. In the presence of so many of you to whom he was long and intimately known, it would hardly become me to attempt an estimate of his life and character, but it was not possible to know him,

even slightly, as I knew him, without discovering that he was no ordinary man. There were marks of character, strongly developed, which in such a temperament as his must needs come into prominence. Particularly, how as a man of strong convictions, and of courage to avow and follow them, earnest even to impetuousness in the advocacy and defence of principles which were dear to him as life, it is not surprising that through the period of heated party controversy which for many years agitated our Church, Mr. Darling was a conspicuous figure on the floor of the Synod, and his name a tower of strength, a rallying cry for the section to which he adhered. Not less conspicuous was the earnest devoted zeal which made him one of the most successful of Parish Priests. During the thirty years of his ministry in this place he laboured unremittingly, not in the pulpit only, but in every work of charity and spiritual ministration among his beloved people, rich and poor, and especially the poor. The fruit of his labour was manifest in the prosperity of the parish built up here, a congregation which for attendance and heartiness in worship, for unity and good works, was a name and praise in the Church. Those who knew and loved him best will cherish more dearly than all the recollection of his more personal qualities. The warm, hearty affectionateness which endeared him so universally to his flock, that brightness, almost playfulness of disposition which attracted to him so powerfully the love and confidence of the young—you all know this much better than I do."

In conclusion to the Bishop's account, we can only say that to have had the honour and pleasure of having known him is one of the brightest pages of one's past life. One pictures him in bygone days in his Canadian home, which nestled on the hill-side among the fragrant shadowy pines, with blue lake Ontario lying beyond, and in the purple distance the outline of the city of Toronto stretched along the level shores of the lake. How warm the greeting with which he received a stranger from the old country!—*Home*, as he always loved to call it! The keen sense of humour which pervaded his narrations of emigrant and parochial experiences; the true hearty affection for and pride in his own country of Canada; the *intense* power of sympathy, beginning with every member of his own family, and widening out to the last person with whom he came in contact, or to whom he could do good—all made him a man to be loved and remembered. And remembered he will be by many a one who left home and England and, as they thought, *all* friends—but who found in this Canadian clergyman the staunchest, truest, cheeriest friend whom it was ever their lot to meet, and CHRIST's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.

During the Summer of 1878, while two of us were on a visit to S. Margaret's, Boston, he asked us to spend a few days with him and his family; so we arranged to do so after having visited the Niagara Falls, and on the morning of August the 12th, we took the boat to Toronto, and slowly steamed across Ontario. The day passed quickly, till late in the afternoon we saw the low, flat shores

of Toronto, with the many spires of this so-called "city of churches," and the prominent tower of the corn elevator, looking at a distance like some border fortress lying in purple lines against the amber hues of the great West. Nearing the shore, our ear was greeted with the sound of innumerable brass bands, each playing its hardest, one against the other, and trip-boat after trip-boat sallied forth from the various wharves crammed with young men and women, all bent on enjoying their Saturday's half-holiday. Every Irish tune and every Scotch tune you could think of, with popular London music-hall songs into the bargain, were being blown forth on their instruments with the full force of the performers' lungs, and the arms of those who persistently banged the big drums in time to the music must have ached indeed before nightfall. We remembered it was Orangemen's Day, and the "Young Britons," the biggest Orange Association in Toronto, were playing against their Roman brethren, the "Sons of S. Patrick," and *vice versâ*, which gave strength to the arm and power to the lung.

Our steamer, after having tacked about among her neighbours, finally hove to with a mighty bump, and rescuing our portmanteaus from the hands of sundry officious hotel touts, we followed the crowd ashore, our view being temporarily blocked by the stalwart gray-clad shoulders of some Englishman, who was "doing" Canada. We hadn't to go far though before a hearty English "Well, how are you?" greeted us, and two strong hands protruding from the crowd grasped first

our hands and then our baggage, and we found ourselves welcomed by two Haggerston boys of auld lang syne, now settled in this wooded country, 3,000 miles away from dusky London, and the dear old Hackney Road.

How the sight of them recalled old times, for these two were friends of our earliest days in Haggerston—days when we could not walk along the streets without molestation, and they, as mere boys, had guarded us to and from Church and Sunday School; days when from Sunday morning scholars they grew to helping us among the younger ones; of evenings when they sat over the fire discussing the many intricacies of religion and politics with all the candour of "sweet seventeen;" and here we found them stalwart men, who had fought a large share of life's battle, and after struggling and overcoming hardships and difficulties, were settled out here in this wooded country. The first greetings over, and anxious inquiries after parents and relations at home satisfactorily answered, they took us to Mr. Darling, who was waiting for us with his buggy, and by whom we were most heartily welcomed. He lived a few miles out of the city, at a place called Norway, and safely packed in the buggy, we drove forth along the wide Queen Street, till we came to the wooden bridge spanning the Don river, upon a straight white road, with a tramway running along it, bordered by a wooden side walk shaded by rows of chestnut trees. For some little distance from the town villas were scattered about, embowered in greenery, till these gradually dropping off, we saw the lake stretched in dazzling azure to the

horizon. Straight on for a few miles, till we came to the racecourse and a hotel, and then a sharp turn to the left along a sandy road, slowly ascending for another mile or so, the lake still gleaming blue to our right, with a fairly wooded country lying between it and us; here and there a wooden shanty being dumped down on the grass, its shingle roof covered with great yellow pumpkins laid out to dry. Then we passed the post office, a few houses and another hotel, and slowly wound our way up a steeper incline, with a little wooden church (so like the pictures of churches we had seen in the S. P. G. reports) and graveyard, encircled by a wooden paling and sweeping firs lying to our left, and sundry villas peeping out of the thick pine woods above. "Welcome to Norway!" cried our host, as we drew up in front of a pretty little wooden two-storied villa, with a wide verandah running round, surrounded by a garden, bright in all the August glories of scarlet and gold, and to the right, a pleasance, studded with acacia, terminating in a little clump of pines on a hill, where most tempting-looking hammocks seemed to invite you to a *dolce far niente* afternoon repose. In front, the ground sloped to the lake, covered with vines and melons, weighed down with purple and amber fruit, from which lay farm buildings buried in apple trees. To the left a winding pathway led away to the woods which crowned the heights over-hanging the lake. We received a warm welcome from our host's hospitable wife and daughters, and as a crowning proof of their thoughtful kindness, they had invited our two Haggerstonians to come up and see us in the

evening. It seemed so strange in the gloaming of the western evening, with the purple shadows falling over the great waters and enveloping the dusky fir trees, while the fire-flies flashed around in sparks of vivid light, and the melancholy whip-poor-wills cried from the adjacent woods, to be talking over all the old folks at home, and how their old play-fellows, Jack and Ned were married, and how so-and-so was getting on.

The next day, Sunday, Mr. Darling drove us into Toronto. This city, I suppose from the large proportion of Scotsmen in the citizenship, follows the custom of Scotch towns, in that no public conveyances run on a Sunday. It appeared to us as seeming so quiet in consequence; crowds thronged the planked side-walks, and we were very much struck with the fresh ingenuous countenance of most of the young Canadians, they all had such a straightforward look about them. The hearty Service at Holy Trinity was a great pleasure to us, it was so thoroughly congregational. Church over, we wandered about among the tombstones, some of which were very curious, and consisted of a hoop of iron over the mound, from which hung a stone heart, with the name engraved on it. We stood in silence by one little mound, under which lay the baby son of our married boy.

Several mornings our host drove us round to have an idea of the country. A little back from Norway, through the woods, lay Scarborough Heights—a sort of wooded park, with a landing-stage, platform for dancing, refreshment booths, &c.; a great summer rendezvous of

the Toronto citizens, who make little trips up the lake there on Saturday afternoons. Beyond, long stretches of flat land, divided by barbed fences into great fields, some pasture, but mostly corn land, extended to the horizon, which was bounded by desolate-looking pine trees. Here and there wooden farm houses, with verandahs running round, and barns and outhouses grouped around, were set down in a clearing of stumps, and just a fir-tree or two left standing for shade. Dry, shadowless, dusty roads intersected the landscape, with here and there a gully, possibly a watercourse in winter, now a dry, dusty, cavernous hollow. During the drive, our host, whose life had been spent in Canada from his boyhood, gave us graphic and amusing narrations. When he was quite a young man, his country parish amounted to, I am afraid to say *how* many square miles, over which he spent the greater part of his days in the saddle, riding round to the scattered farms and shanties. Once he was taken ill with fever miles from home; how he kept his seat on horseback he cannot remember, as parched, burning, and dizzy, he essayed to ride a stage homewards, till the horse stopping at a little shanty, the kindly people lifted him out of the saddle and nursed him tenderly till his recovery. He told us of the many people who had come out, down on their luck, from the old country, and who, with steady perseverance, doing whatever came to hand first, working on the roads, hiring out as farm servants, doing any little odd job that turned up, had succeeded in getting on well, married, and were thriving settlers now. "Some poor fellows have

a very rough time of it though; they just come out to get on somehow, very likely could not get on in England through drink and bad company; come out here, find drink cheaper than ever, and it pulls them back and keeps them down. There are some such lying in our little churchyard at Norway. I was talking to the old man who digs the graves only the other day, and asking who was this, and that, and the other. 'Wal,' he said, 'none of those graves ain't no names. That one, way down there, is where Red Jack was buried—he ain't had no name but Red Jack—he was kinder killed on the railway track, and we just chucked him in here like. That other one is Yankee George. No one ever knew who he was or where he came from, but one day a fellow from the other side' (the "other side" in Toronto means the American side of the lake) 'saw him on a wharf and said "Hullo, George, what are you doing here?" and he says, "Oh, just lying around;" and after that we always called him Yankee George.' Poor fellows! I often wonder where their friends lived, and what their stories had been. Close by them the old man told me an Indian squaw was buried, and further on again is an unknown grave where two men got over the fence at night, dug a hole, and threw in a mate's body, whether murdered, killed by accident or sickness, we shall never know."

"I think," proceeded our host, as he flicked the flies off his bay horse's shoulder while slowly descending a hill; "I think, *till* they come out to the colonies, the English agricultural labourer has no idea of the self-reliance of the colonist—if you want a thing done you

must do it *yourself*, not expect Government or anybody else to do it for you. Well now, a case in point: There was a district lying along the shores of the lake, some little way north-east of here, where the scattered population of farmers and labourers had their Services held for them in a little shanty of a school-house. The clergyman usually officiating was either sick or away, so another one, twenty miles down the lake, rode over to take the duty for him one Sunday. Arrived at the school-house, he hitched his horse on to the fence, and then seated himself, Canadian fashion, on the topmost rail waiting for the congregation to arrive. Presently up loafs a rough-looking man, who by the pulling of his forelock on seeing a gentleman proves that he is an agricultural labourer newly arrived from England. 'Be you the parson, sir?' 'Yes, my man, I am.' 'Where be you from, sir?' 'From ——!' 'From ——? I say, you've got a terrible fine church there, sir. I wish you'd ask them to give us such another here.' '*Give* you a church!' exclaimed the clergyman. 'Why, my man, Government never gave us our church, never paid a cent. towards it. We clubbed together, got the lumber and shingles, and we just built it up ourselves, and you just see if your congregation can't do the same.'"

And this is the pleasant record of our visit to Canada, the memories of which lie like a golden light along the horizon of past years. Do we ever hear the plaintive notes of *Aileen Alanna* without its bringing before us the calmness of the fragrant summer evening, with the fire-flies flashing through the shadows, and Lake Ontario

one blaze of glory under the silver moon? Does one ever look at one's sketch-book without the remembrance of the hazy summer afternoons, and the sketches made under the fir trees, looking down over the blue lake below, and Toronto faintly defined in the misty distance, while Mr. Darling talked of his Church work, past, present, and future, and of his hopes and fears for the Church and of Sisterhoods in Canada? Mingled with these is one of a kindly voice and genial countenance, of an upright life spent in God's service. "There's not one in Toronto but has a good word for and respects Mr. Darling!" was the universal verdict.

It has all been over years ago. He went to Italy, a worn-out, broken-down old man, and passed to his eternal rest at Alassio, on January 19th, 1886. His son, the Rev. Charles Darling, a bright, strong, brave young Priest, is following in his father's steps, and doing good and noble work in Toronto—just the work, and in the same way, that would have cheered his father's heart and satisfied his longings.

The late Mother of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

ALTHOUGH one loves London with ones whole heart, it is a great refreshment to get a day in the country now and again. I remember one lovely November day—and few things in this world are so lovely as a real fine November day!—L. and I went down to S. Margaret's. The journey was beautiful—every tree and hedge radiant with golden and bronzy tints, and every field and road-side steeped in the autumn moisture, redolent of what Bishop Dupanloup described as "wet fresh nature." S. Margaret's itself was a picture. The clinging creepers, which nearly cover the gray stone building, were one mass of splendid crimson and vivid scarlet — quite a sight to behold. One of the workers most kindly picked us up a basketful of these gorgeous leaves, which had been blown off by the wind, and were sweeping in shifting masses of colour along the cloisters; and I think our cup of pleasure was full when the Mother kindly gave us permission to go into the garden and gather some flowers to bring back to brighten up dingy old Haggerston. And what a garden!—a sort of garden where you might fancy Chaucer's Emilie walking, when the captive knight saw her out of his window! The alleys of quaint old-fashioned espalier apple-trees were, of course, brown and bare; but there was a "gallant

walk," bordered by huge dahlias, each one glowing like a burning bush, with every shade you can imagine—of claret, crimson, flame-colour, pink, orange, purple, and the delicatest mauve, white, and the sweetest yellows—all that heart could desire; and the Sister who accompanied us helped us make our selections out of all this wealth, bidding us not to spare, as a frost would soon come and destroy everything. We gathered so long, we thought we should miss our train, and just as we were setting off to catch it, the Mother sent a Sister running after us with a huge bunch of chrysanthemums to add to our spoils. We were the admiration of Hackney Road and Shoreditch, with our crimson leaves and our brilliant flowers!

And now the Annual S. Margaret's Festival knits us up with those who once took part in it, and are now passed to their everlasting rest. How one recalls the long-ago day when the foundation-stone of the present Home was laid—in, I think, 1865—when the dearest desire of the Founder's heart was realized, and (though he was never to see the completion of the work) he could rejoice in the foundation of the building he had so earnestly longed for; the Home which should be the home of his own Sisters. Surely this thought must have been above all others in his mind:—

"Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
    That they supplicate to gain:
Here to have and hold for ever
    Those good things their prayers obtain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
    With Thy blessèd ones to reign."

And what a joyous procession it was that wound its way that bright summer day across the green fields under the shady elms to the site of the new House. There was Mr. Chambers (Vicar of S. Mary's Soho), the two Seddings, Dr. Littledale, and many another one who is now laid to rest till the final restitution of all things. The crimson and blue of the banners (designed by the Seddings), the glistening processional cross, the white-robed Priests and choir, and the dark-veiled Sisters, walking in open-air procession, was a strange and unwonted sight in those days when out-door functions and chanting were things as yet in their infancy in the Church of England. The next procession in which those Priests and Sisters were to take part was when in silence and sorrow they laid the body of their Founder to rest on an August afternoon in the year following.

Year after year, as the Annual Festival comes round, when all the cottage gardens are masses of roses and lilies, and the elms cast their long shadows across the thick green grass, and we meet to rejoice on S. Margaret's Day, how vividly it brings before us the memory of those comrades who have gone before! How one recalls dear Father Mackonochie's bright, earnest face and keen, eagle eyes, as he stood up and spoke strong, stirring, encouraging words—words which seemed to nerve one afresh for every battle, to make one count every hardship as nothing, every danger as a thing which must be met and overcome. There we used to see the sweet singer, Gerald Moultrie, with his

gentle poet's face, and John Sedding and Aldam Heaton, full of energy and love of art, and Dr. Littledale, the legal-minded champion of the Church—crammed with learning, bubbling over with fun, with his sharp, ready wit, and keen humorous tongue—how the memories of all these who have passed before are intertwined and interwoven with our Associations of S. Margaret's. And what shall we say of the Founder himself? There are few alive now who can remember him personally; but those of us to whom his memory is dear, must think with pleasure and thankfulness of how the little mustard seed of a tiny Community which he planted in the hidden Sussex village, nearly fifty years since, has taken root widely—not only in English, but in the foreign soils of America, Ceylon, and Africa.

To those who have all passed over to "our own country" is also now added the memory of our Mother, the motive power, the mainspring, the life of S. Margaret's, who now rests in peace within the little green cemetery.

I do not think we can ever thank Him enough, Who in His love and goodness gave us such a Mother. I remember when I first went to S. Margaret's, nearly five-and-forty years ago, being so specially struck with her brightness, her cleverness, her strong sense of humour, and her grasp of things. She seemed to understand everything, and had such a keen hearty way of entering into all the little details of life; and all the little rubs and troubles and difficulties one encountered on first going into the religious life, and

learning to conform to the rules, seemed smoothed over by a little talk with her. Her influence and example were everything to me in the way of turning some very rough material, with all sorts of crude ideas and vague projects, into a Sister. There was a special charm about her then, and all through her life, which made any dealings with her most pleasant.

She was Sister Alice in those days, and she used to write almost all the Founder's books, from his dictation, and mixed with our love for her there was always a certain amount of awe, as we thought of the marvellous stores of learning to which she must have had access, and the wonderful ideas and thoughts she must have acquired from coming in contact with so literary a man. But learned as she was, she was a splendid hand at house work, and I remember her so well, with a white apron on, sweeping out a room, and giving me instructions how to scrub it—"always scrub *with* the grain of the boards, and never across them." This was a maxim which has applied since to many things through life, and which I have always associated with her. I used to be allowed to help her to carry out some of the washing in a basket, to dry in the college field, and used to be deeply interested in some of the interesting things she told me of what she was then writing for Dr. Neale. Sometimes it might be some curious use in an Eastern Liturgy, sometimes some quaint legend of a Saint, now something strangely supernatural, and then again it might be a verse or so of one of his wonderful hymns.

I spent a very happy few months with her one winter, when she was in charge of S. Mary's Mission, Crown Street, and her brightness made one thoroughly enjoy all the hard work. Sometimes we had to wash and iron the church altar linen after all our day school, district visiting, and night school work was over, which brought it to about ten o'clock at night, but we forgot we were tired, and Dr. Littledale used to lend us such curious and charming books to be read when we could squeeze a few spare minutes leisure.

Then I was allowed to share a nursing case with her, about which I should like to say a little, as showing a little of what the early experiences of the Community were in cottage nursing. In the gray gloom of a late January afternoon a poor old labourer had come over to East Grinstead from an outlying hamlet near Hever, furnished with a letter from the parish doctor, stating a bad case of typhoid. The neighbours were afraid to go and help, and the poor woman was dying for want of proper nursing, and so Sister Alice and I were sent off in a cart, in company with a fold-up iron bedstead, blankets, and groceries, to do what we could for her. The tall, overhanging hedges shut out what little daylight was left, as we slowly jolted along the narrow winding roads, and by the time we had accomplished our eight or nine miles' drive, all was dark.

"Here we be," said the driver, as he pulled up in front of a dark indistinct mass dimly defined against the wintry night, but which the lattice window, faintly visible by the pale light of a rushlight inside, revealed to

be the cottage for which we were bound. The old man, father of the patient, ushered us inside into a dreary, neglected looking house-room, the stone floor dirty, ashes in the rusty grate, an unclean saucepan lying in the fender, and plates as sorely in need of a washing as the deal table on which they stood, all shown forth by the flickering tallow candle held by an old woman, who peered cautiously at us from the doorway of the stairs leading above, and announced in a tremulous voice that now the "Nusses" were come she was bound to get home. "Where's Jack?" asked the old grandfather, seating himself in a chair by the cold hearth, with the light falling full on his plaited smock-frock and mud-stained leathern gaiters. "Jack's out along of Chapman, and I've put Tom to bed; the 'Nusses,'" nodding her head at us, "'ll look to him." "I'll get down to Reuben Whitbread's, then, for a bit; and if you'll just show Missus here where to find Nancy's things, I reckon you'd better be going then, Mrs. Post," and he rose and hobbled out into the darkness, leaving us surveying the old woman and the desolate kitchen, to the general confusion and untidiness of which our own bed and bundle now added. The "washus" was a lean-to out of the house, and if the neglect and untidiness of the former were appalling, that of the "washus" was ten times more so, with its *débris* of unwashed pots and pans, and dirty clothes. Sister Alice left Mrs. Post and me to engineer a reform here, and to build a fire in the room, while she went upstairs to the poor woman. Presently Chapman came in, a rough, surly man, who greeted me

as "Nuss," asked how his missus was getting on upstairs, and then—I am not sure if it was not first, though—demanded what there was to eat, as he plumped himself down in a chair and warmed his hands at the fragments of blaze which began to struggle through the smoking faggots on the hearth. The tea was brewed in the little black teapot, but we were minus both bread and butter, so Chapman rose and holloaed into the road for Jack. "Holloa!" was the response, and a bright-looking lad of ten ran in, and though seeming shy and awkward at the apparition in strange apparel, who was presiding over household affairs, appeared disposed to be friendly and hold out the right hand of fellowship to "Nuss." Through his agency bread and butter having been procured, Mr. Chapman was fairly launched at his meal, and I mounted the rickety staircase to see what I could do for Sister Alice.

Upstairs was a room occupied by Chapman and his wife, and a lean-to over the wash-house underneath, where Jack slept; but for present emergencies Chapman and Jack had vacated the house at nights, and were putting up in a loft somewhere—I never rightly found out *where*. The poor woman was tossing in all the delirium of fever, which Sister Alice pronounced had not reached its height yet. A little boy of two years old was asleep in a cot in the corner; but Sister Alice said we ought to move him into the lean-to, and this proceeding woke him up, whereupon his shrieks and yells were piteous, poor little fellow, at finding himself at the mercy of two white-capped strangers! and it was some time before his

father could compose him at all. However, slices of bread and butter comforted his soul, and Tommy went to sleep at last, and Chapman and Jack departed. Sister Alice sat up with the patient, and I sought repose on the fold-up bedstead.

As soon as the back door was unbolted next morning, a bright, pleasant-looking little woman peeped in from the next door cottage, saying she was Mrs. Winter, and could she do anything for "Nuss;" she was willing to help her, so long as she did not have to go nigh Mrs. Chapman, which was a thing not to be expected of her, as she, Mrs. Winter, had a large family of little ones. Glad to find a friend, we elicited all information to be had from her. The water was to be fetched from the pond over the way, in a pail, and Mrs. Simmons' shop down below would furnish all other articles of household consumption. Chapman worked at the smithy opposite; he was a queer sort of a man, drank a good bit down at Whitbread's, was kind of sullen like when he had had too much, and sometimes never spoke to his missus for days, but never knocked her about. "Him and the old grandfather weren't friends, and the old man never come nigh the house when Chapman was in, and young Jack, he mostly sided with the grandfather."

Finding a pail in the wash-house, and mounted on a pair of Mrs. Chapman's pattens, which were lying on the bricks at the back, I sallied out across the road to draw water. The smithy was in full operation, and the clang and clink of the anvil rang out in the clear air. Some carters were standing round the door, in smock-

frocks and leathern gaiters, with their legs wide apart, looking at nothing in general, and conversing in very little more than occasional monosyllables; but the sight of me emerging from Chapman's, perching on the slab of stone by the pond and dipping the pail in the water, appeared quite a novel excitement. I dipped first, and brought up about a basinful; dipped a second time, and filled it so full I could not lift it, and almost lost my balance and fell head foremost off the stone into the water, in my efforts to slop some back over the sides; dipped a third time, and was successful. I bought provisions at the village shop, presided over by Mrs. Simmons, where a general odour of tobacco, brown sugar, and a sort of cheesy mixture, pervaded the whole. Mrs. Simmons was a friend indeed, bright, good-natured, and genial, and my subsequent visits were always cheering times.

The doctor pronounced Mrs. Chapman in such good hands that he hoped now things would go on well with her. Chapman was always silent and surly; came in, ate his meals, and departed to his smithy. When he was safely there, old grandfather would crawl in, ask questions respecting his daughter, describe the "complaint in his *innards*," which compelled him to pay such frequent visits to Reuben Whitbread's beer tap, and discuss his son-in-law's failings with Jack—the latter, as well as the grandfather, speaking of him as "Chapman." One day I was surveying dismally the pile of washing in the wash-house, and at the same time vainly striving to quiet the screams of Tommy, while Sister

Alice was engrossed above with Mrs. Chapman, who was worse, when a bright face peeped in at the back door, and a rosy-cheeked, sloe-eyed damsel, with a black shawl over her head, the corners tucked into her mouth and firmly held by a row of square white teeth any beauty might have envied, stepped in. "Good afternoon, 'Nuss;' I'm Mercy, the girl at Whitbread's down yonder, and Mrs. Whitbread thought as how I might help you a bit. Eh! my! and what a sight of washing! Come, I'll rinse them out for you, maybe I'm more used to it like than you." That a friend in need is a friend indeed was proved on that occasion, when Mercy's strong arms made short work with the sheets and etceteras, leaving me free to soothe Tommy, and prevent his cries reaching his mother's room, Mercy meanwhile prattling on. "Eh! and wasn't it a pity about Mrs. Chapman being so bad, and Chapman always a-drinking down at Whitbread's? Ah! he was a bad man, was Whitbread —though she was servant there she must say it—always drinking and leading others to drink. Church? No, there wasn't no church. There was the chapel close by, but not many went. There was the preacher and his young woman, and some children, and a few more, but none of the men. Clergyman? No, none came nigh them—the nearest church was at Hever, two miles off; if I wanted to go to church on Sunday, I must walk there." Finally she departed, having put all the washing very much to the fore.

One Saturday night, Tommy screamed so piteously, and refused so utterly to be comforted, that I walked

down to Whitbread's in the dark, and there, amidst clouds of tobacco smoke, and the fumes of stale beer, I found Chapman amidst his friends, and brought him home in triumph, though somewhat top-heavy. But he got Tommy to sleep. It was an odd experience in this out of the way hamlet, and I enjoyed so much feeling that I was in any way a help to Sister Alice in her arduous nursing.

In 1863 she was elected Mother, and as we had learnt to love and respect her as a companion, so ones love deepened into reverence and admiration for her as a Superior.

When the Founder was taken to his rest in 1865, it was left to her to carry out his scheme for the increase and strengthening of S. Margaret's, and right nobly she has fulfilled her trust. The comparatively little Sisterhood of that day has widened, increased, deepened, and taken root throughout the world.

To all, whether they were the heads of the Branch Houses, or the youngest day novice, she was always a true Mother, to whom they turned, certain of help and sympathy. And mind you, her help and sympathy were not mere kindly allowances for the frailties of human nature, and lenient good nature. She always pulled you up to the very highest standard; she always pointed out the very loftiest ideal—she never let you rest content with mediocrity—cost what it might, you must try your very best, you must always mount higher. I never knew any woman with such a keen, clear judgment—and so wide withal. She had the gift of being able to

see all around, and to fix upon, not only the right, but the best and wisest line of action to take. She was marvellously large hearted, utterly free from prejudice, and had a keen insight into character; and, she had that very great gift, that special elixir of life—the very strongest sense of humour. I remember the American Mother saying it was always a refreshment to be with her, as she always saw the humorous side of things, which helped one most wonderfully through half the battles of life.

But forty years of the cares and anxieties of headship, of bearing the burdens and sorrows of her children, of the constant giving out of counsel and sympathy, told upon her, and for a long while past her health had been a cause of great anxiety to us all. The last time I saw her, on S. Joseph's day, I felt that it was our last time of meeting in this world. Ill though she was, she had all her old brightness and energy, and a most marvellous recollection of things. We were speaking of ages, and I said, "Oh, Mother! you were thirty in such and such a year, for I remember seeing written in a book Dr. Neale had given you on your birthday, 'And JESUS began to be about thirty years of age.'" "No," she said, "it was not 1860, it was 1859," and rising with difficulty from her chair she went to the book-shelf, recollected the very book—I had forgotten it—brought it out, and shewed me the words and date in his handwriting.

But the end was drawing very near. On May 9th last, she went to S. Catherine's, Ventnor, for rest and

change of air. She had been suffering for some time from weakness of the heart, but the presence of valvular disease had only been ascertained quite recently. This journey ought to have been taken much earlier, but she was so anxious to leave all in order, and arrange things before she went—especially with regard to some special business matter for the Community—that it was postponed until that date. To quote from the notice of a friend, "Only on the Wednesday before she died, under the consciousness of increasing weakness, she wrote with her own hand several letters dealing with matters of importance to the Society. On the Feast of Corpus Christi she made her Communion, kneeling on the altar steps of the Chapel of the Home. On the Saturday, she appeared worse, and the Chaplain came from S. Margaret's, and gave her the last Sacraments. But though obliged to have oxygen to assist her breathing, she was perfectly conscious and interested in everything. A little before three, on June 1st, she peacefully passed away. She was taken back to S. Margaret's, where the Chaplain and Community met the coffin at the station, and so took her in peace to her Home. Here the coffin was placed before the altar in the choir, and watch was kept day and night until the funeral, which was at half-past two on Thursday, June 5th, the Octave of Corpus Christi. Sisters from all the various Homes and Missions came, though but few Priests were able to do so, owing to it being the Anniversary Day of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. There was a Celebration in the chapel at

11 o'clock, and a little after 2 o'clock the Community gathered in the choir around our Mother for the last time. The very day and atmosphere spoke of peace; a soft, gray sky, through which gleams of sunshine broke every now and again, lighting up the picturesque gray walls of the quadrangle, and the closely shaven green grass. We passed along in silence, through the hall, and so out by the front gates into the little wood; and as we entered, the girls and children, who preceded us, had passed through, and between the trees we caught glimpses of them winding up into the cemetery. The grave had been dug on the top of the little slope, exactly opposite the crucifix. The children and the Sisters stood around in a large circle, and the Priests were grouped around Father Hutton and Father Hogg. The grave was lined with sweetest lilies of the valley and white flowers, and at the head was a large cross of forget-me-nots. The rest and peace and calm of the scene, and of the whole surroundings, are past expressing. Everything spoke of peace, of perfect rest after toil, of repose after all the battles and weariness of life. Through the tall trees growing thickly round, bright with the verdant green of 'leafy June,' a gentle breeze sighed a soft requiem, and the nightingales and many birds chanted their little hymns of praise and thankfulness among the branches. It was a beautiful, picturesque sight. By the little Mortuary Chapel, sheltered by its oaken gable, the tall crucifix dominated the whole scene, and the CHRIST stretched out His arms in patience and benediction over her whose work was done, and over her children before

whom still lay the burden and heat of the day. The bright spring tints of a young oak seemed to stand out in strong relief against the darker green of the surrounding foliage, and lighted up the whole scene. After the committal, a cento from the Founder's "*Jerusalem the Golden*," was sung, and then every mourner, beginning with the relatives, followed by the children and schools, and ending up with the Sisters, advanced to take one last look at her they loved so dearly, as she lay resting in peace, and each dropped their tribute of a spray of white flowers upon the coffin.

And so all was over, and her long, patient, and arduous work of nearly forty years of Superiorship was come to an end. When, six-and-thirty years ago, the Founder of S. Margaret's passed away, she had all the responsibility of the nurture and care of the little Community, which in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties and obstacles, under her guidance had steadily grown and prospered. It was the legacy left from the Founder to his spiritual daughter, and full nobly and loyally she fulfilled her trust. She was one of the last of a past and grand generation, who have all now gone beyond the veil. She was a friend of Harriet Monsell, the first Clewer Mother; she had met and known Charlotte Yonge, the authoress; she was a cotemporary and friend of so many of the great leaders of the Church movement. We felt, in losing her, that we had lost a great link with the past. And with regard to the Community over whom she presided, what can we say? She was

a most true and loving Mother in every sense of the word. Clear sighted, far seeing, of sound judgment and the very shrewdest commonsense, she was indeed among the women of her time. To us of S. Saviour's Priory, to whom she always shewed most special love and kindness, her loss is irreparable. What, and how much we owe her, is only known to Him Whose great love and mercy gave her to us.

I had a letter soon after her death, from one of the S. Margaret's Sisters, which is interesting, as shewing of what material those earlier Sisters were made, who co-operated with Dr. Neale and Mother Alice in founding and establishing S. Margaret's. The Sister says: "Did you ever hear of that old man one of our Sisters came across while nursing? He enquired if several Sisters, whom he mentioned by name, were still alive, and she said, 'Did you know them?' He said, Yes, he knew them in the early sixties, adding, 'Ah, they belonged to a race which is fast dying out!' One is often coming across bits of ancient history in the way of old night school roughs and boys, and when I look back, and dip into ancient history, I am only surprised the Society is not still more wonderful. It seems strange how any one can ever despair and doubt, looking back just forty or fifty years, and seeing the long lists of heroes, and confessors and saints of the Church who have now 'gone up higher,' Father Dolling among them."

The Sister might well say, "How can any one despair or doubt, looking back forty or fifty years?" Compare the calm and peaceful laying to rest of our Mother on

that quiet June afternoon, with the first funeral of a S. Margaret's Sister five and forty years before. It took place in the November before I went to East Grinstead, and there are few living who would remember the episode of the "Lewes Riots;" of how very angry the Vicar of Southover was at his daughter becoming "Sister Amy," of S. Margaret's, and how he insisted, on her decease, that she should be buried in Southover Churchyard, just outside Lewes. Those Sisters who were present at the funeral have told me of the horrors of the event. How a wild and furious Protestant mob pursued the little procession into the churchyard, hooting, howling, cat-calling, execrating, pushing and jostling the little band of Sisters, and tearing off their veils. They tried to knock Dr. Neale down, nearly pulled his clothes off his back, and used such violence that he had to run for his life and take refuge in a cottage. In the gloom of the stormy autumn evening they were pushed about in the darkness, separated each from the other, every minute expecting to be thrown down and trampled upon; and how they escaped being seriously hurt they never knew. Those were the days of riots, for about the very same time they were taking place in Mr. Bryan King's church in S. George's in the East—so far as I can remember, about the now every-day matter of preaching in a surplice!

Our late Mother, who took a keen interest in the putting together of these little "Memories," was most anxious, the very last time I saw her, that Father Alisor,

the dearly loved Chaplain who succeeded the Founder at S. Margaret's, should be mentioned in these pages.

There are certain persons who seem to possess a special faculty for making the best of everybody, for drawing all the latent good out of every one they have to do with, and of minimising what evil there is in them. They are, so to speak, like the bees, which draw honey even from poisonous flowers. Just such as this was the Rev. Laughton Alison, who was Chaplain to the S. Margaret's Sisters for six-and-twenty years. Not particularly talented in any particular branch of learning or science, very quiet and gentle, he had a peculiarly happy knack of making peace with everybody, of smoothing out the creases of people's minds, of anointing every little sore, of planing down every little awkward knot or angle. He seemed to flit about the Convent like a sunbeam, bringing brightness and joy wherever he appeared. Now he was leaning against one of the arches in the quadrangle, comforting a Sister who was unhappy and dispirited about some failure in her work; now in the Orphanage, bringing round some naughty, sulky child, with the peculiar kindly half-joking manner he had. Apart from his social optimism, the religious bent of his mind was essentially that of "Rejoice in the LORD alway, and again I say, rejoice." Like his sympathies, his hope was of the very widest—his creed, "He is able to save to the *uttermost*." Here is what he says in one of his sermons:—

"Think often of the *multitude* of the saved. Not Holy Scripture, not the Church anywhere, calls them

few. We are too apt to think of the sin and misery of the world, the multitude of those who seem as if they must be lost. But let us remember this—of all the other blessed ones in heaven there is an approach to numbering. Even of the cohorts of angels it is said, 'A thousand times ten thousand.' The virgins are numbered by the mystical number of perfection, one hundred and forty-four thousand. The spiritual Israel again with the like number. But of the redeemed (and that but one small regiment of them) it is said, 'A *great* multitude which no man could number.' Thank God for it!" And this belief and assurance permeated all his religion—trust in God's mercy, confidence in His love.

You can imagine the influence such a life, and such a spirit must have been to those to whom he ministered, and one marvels that with such a constant output of sympathy—which is a fearful drain upon even the very strongest nerved person—he could have retained always the wonderful inner calmness and serenity which so specially marked him. Holidays he had few—once a year he went a good tour abroad, so as to get a real change and refreshment. With Spain he was greatly fascinated, and wrote to Dr. Littledale, "Go to Spain, whether you can manage it or not—pawn your clothes, but go." To those who knew the shabby state of dear Dr. Littledale's apparel, this must be specially amusing!

Towards the latter end of his life he suffered very much—all his sufferings borne with the same marvellous trust and patience which so characterized him. On September 19th, 1892, his loving, gentle spirit was called home.

Father Chapman.

1880 to 1891.

Some time towards the end of the seventies one of "our boys" went to Liverpool, to try his fortune at Cornish, the booksellers, and used to write from time to time, extolling the kindness of a certain Father Chapman, of S. James's Church. Certainly, by the lad's account, he was a very wonderful man; always going about doing good, always hunting up people for church, and the Sacraments, and their duties. Some time later, about 1880, we heard he had been appointed to the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, of which we knew little more than that it was somewhere in the slums. Fifteen years previously some one told us of this Mission Church Mr. Wagner had built in a very poor, out of the way part: and with a good deal of trouble, and a great deal of asking, we found our way there, and I believe a Mr. Christopher Thompson was at that time in charge. The whole neighbourhood looked so poor, with rough gangs of boys at the corners of the streets, and unkempt women and girls standing about the doors, that one's heart went out to it directly. However, we were working at that time in S. Mary's, Soho, and so utterly absorbed in all there was to do in that most interesting place, that I had almost forgotten the Annun-

ciation, till it was recalled by the fact of Father Chapman's going there. At that time it had boundaries assigned to it, and was made a separate parish, although the Church was not consecrated until 1884. Soon after his appointment he wrote the following letter to the Priory:—

"ANNUNCIATION CLERGY HOUSE,
"BRIGHTON,
"*Eve of Holy Cross Day, 1881.*

"DEAR MOTHER,

"After a good deal of prayer and thought I have determined to ask you if you would kindly let us have a couple of Sisters to work here. The work I should ask them to do, with your permission, would be: (1) To minister the relief; (2) To tend the sick; (3) To look after the church linen; (4) Possibly to do a certain amount of visiting.

"I fear I can offer nothing in the way of money, and can only ask you to take up the work for the love of our Blessed LORD, His Church, and His poor. A small house opposite the church (open at the back, and, I think, very healthy) at £20 a year, could be got without much difficulty, I believe. If you could possibly spare Sister E. we should, I trust, be specially grateful. It is most important, I am sure, we should have a lady of tact, and one likely to win people. Commending the matter to your prayers and consideration,

"Believe me to remain very faithfully,
"Yours in CHRIST JESUS,
"G. CHAPMAN."

"P.S.—I was anxious to write within the Octave of the Nativity of the B. V. M. We are now finally separated as a distinct parish."

It was a great grief to us, as you can well imagine, not to be able to respond to this invitation, but our hands were more than over full, and it was quite impossible, but we were glad to hear that a year or so later the Sisters of Bethany, of Lloyd Square, had volunteered their services, and been gladly accepted by Father Chapman. We had long been anxious to start a Home of Rest for Men, and wanted to have it, if possible, in the Annunciation parish, so as to be under Father Chapman's wing; but the parish was too poor to contain a house quite convenient for our purpose. But, when we fixed upon one, barely ten minutes walk across the hill to the Annunciation, Father Chapman was *most* kind and interested in it, and it was considered a great pleasure and honour when some of the lads who were down there were allowed to go in the early morning to serve at the Annunciation.

Father Chapman had never been strong, and about 1885 his health broke down completely, and in 1886 he was obliged to go away to recruit: but neither the bracing air of Scotland, nor the fascinations of lovely Florence, could tempt him to stop away one moment more than was absolutely necessary from his beloved Annunciation.

I remember so well the last time almost I heard him preach. It was a sultry Sunday evening in August, the church was crowded to suffocation, and his at-

tenuated figure, and pale, worn face, stood out in strong relief against the dark wood-work of the chancel screen behind. There was always such an indescribably anxious, loving, look on his face when he used to address his parishioners, a sort of look which always made one think of Mr. Tryan's words in *Janet's Repentance:* "I shall not look in vain for you at the last." The words of his text were, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," and we felt that the day was not far off when he himself should receive the reward of his labours, and "inherit all things."

The last time I saw him was after a Sunday evening Service, in the September before he died. He was standing at the end of the church, wasted to a shadow, and drawing his breath in great gasps, while the congregation, as they passed out, crowded round him for a hand shake and a good night. He looked so tired and so feeble, that I did not wait, as I was always in the habit of doing, but thought another evening he might be stronger and better able to speak, and so reluctantly went out. On Monday he saw one of the Hostel men, and said, "Tell Sister —— she went out without saying good night yesterday; she might have stopped and done so; tell her I felt quite hurt." The opportunity to do so never came. I had to go back to London, and before I was in the church again he had passed to his rest.

We were at the Hostel on October 2nd, 1891, and in the fading autumn twilight trying to "redd up" the tiny garden by tieing together the massy lilac sheaves of Michaelmas daisies, and curtailing the

luxuriant extravagancies of the flaming nasturtiums, which spread their great strong arms in all directions, and planting bulbs in the reclaimed spaces, wondering vaguely what changes might take place before their young green leaves should pierce the earth, when a messenger came over the hill in hot haste from the Annunciation to say that the Vicar had suddenly passed away that afternoon. As one looked across into the clear green lights of the western horizon, gleaming below the gray clouds of the autumn sky, one could not but think of Bishop Alexander's words—

> "There was a soul that eve autumnal sailing
> Beyond the earth's dark bars,
> Toward the land of sunset never paling,
> Towards heaven's sea of stars."

And what a glorious day to go Home, the Feast of the Guardian Angels!

The news of his death was a terrible blow, though his failing health had taught one to expect it daily. His church, the Annunciation, had been to us—and if to us, to whom Brighton was only a resting-place, how much more to those of his own parish and of residents!—always "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." Whatever might be the trouble, whether weariness, discouragement, or worries and difficulties of any kind, help and comfort was always found from the kindly heart and encouraging words of the Priest who was *always* to be found at home—that place which he, the true father of his people, made the true home to his people, namely, the church.

Year after year, with a frail body, but a mighty soul of zeal and energy, he had laboured on in this parish in the poorest, most out-of-the-way part of smart, fashionable Brighton. No one ever came in contact with him but went away feeling stronger, and better, and braver, as if they had inhaled a something which "blew across the border-land of Paradise." Many a Haggerston man and lad will look back with reverence and affection to the kindness he received, and the good words which he heard, from Father Chapman. To the Sisters he was always a friend, and it was pleasant to have the warm shake of the hand, and the genuinely cordial greeting, when one came out of the church during our visits to the Hostel, "Well, I *am* pleased to see you here!" and then followed enquiries after other Sisters and the men and lads he knew in London. "The good man on the hill," as he was called.

He died as he had lived, "among his own people." He died as he had lived, *in harness*, working to the very last. When he looked as if he ought to have been resting, nursed, and tended, his tall, attenuated form was seen moving about the church, talking to his people, with failing breath and spent voice, and after Service he sat at the end, to greet all that went out. He looked like a being from another world, and, indeed, his whole life had been literally, though "in the world, yet not of the world." As a friend remarked, "I know of no one who would feel more at home in heaven than he; his life has been far above this earth for so long past!"

He died in harness. That very 2nd of October he

had been at the morning Celebration, and from 12 to 1 had been in the church, helping and counselling those of his people who had brought their burden of trouble to lay before him. At 1 o'clock he went into the little Oratory of the Clergy House for quiet prayer, and kneeling there alone, one of the terrible fits of coughing came on—there was but one step, and he had crossed the threshold of Paradise.

And that still autumn evening, as we left the little presbytery where we had been to take our last look at him who lay with closed eyes and folded hands, we saw beyond the purple downs the western sky was all ablaze in flaming gold, bringing to one's mind those words of Bishop Dupanloup: "And in the autumnal evening glow I saw, as it were, the reflection of that far more beautiful Light in which our dear ones are rejoicing, whom we have lost for a time, to find them again in that Immortal Brightness."

It was touching to see the crowds of poor people to whom he had been Priest, Helper, and Friend, pass round the aisle after Service the evening before the funeral, to take their last look at the coffin, which was placed within the chancel gates. I remember some one saying, two or three years ago, they never saw a church more full of really poor people than the Annunciation. It seemed the embodiment of "To the poor the Gospel shall be preached." Father Chapman used to explain everything about the Church Services and Seasons in simple, plain language that they could all understand, and always told them news about the Church at large,

so as to widen their interests beyond their own parish. Again, if there was to be any alteration in, or anything new placed in the church, he always told them about it, making them feel the church was their own home, the common property of all, and that each one had an individual interest in everything pertaining to it. For example, as when a new window was put in the south aisle, he explained all the symbolism and the figures in the design, and when the wooden chairs were replaced by permanent benches, he explained that they would seat more people than the chairs used to, and begged each one would re-hang the little mat they would find hung there for convenience of kneeling.

Before special Sundays and Festivals, he always talked to them from the pulpit the night before, telling them how many Celebrations there would be the next day—generally they began from 5 a.m., for the sake of those who had to go early to work—and he always finished by saying, "And if there are any who cannot come to any of these Celebrations, will they tell me, and I will see if I can arrange to have one at another hour." All his addresses were plain and practical, and were in touch with the people, telling them just what they ought to do, and how they ought to do it—*talks*, more than sermons. His Friday Mission Services were *wonderful*, and he always used on those occasions good, swingy hymns, out of the Mission Hymn Book, so that everyone could join in.

The funeral was on October 6th, when there was a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 10.30 (there

had been previous Celebrations every hour, and some half-hours, since 5 a.m., so that every poor person might be able to get away and come to communicate), and after the Service the body was carried from that church, where for so many years his weary feet had paced day after day, evening after evening, where he had been constant in season, out of season, labouring for the love of souls. Numbers followed in procession, walking four abreast, in mournful silence along the streets to the Parochial Cemetery in the Lewes Road.

It was a wild and stormy autumn day. The sky was gray with scudding masses of cloud, and the wind howled and sobbed from the great downs above, rustling mournfully among the trees, which showered their damp brown and yellow leaves on the pathway, as the sad procession, headed by the cross, slowly proceeded along the cemetery.

Hard by the little chapel the ground shapes into a sort of green valley, above which the gorse grown downs form a vast amphitheatre, stretching away to the restless sea beyond.

Here, shaded by peaceful trees, girdled by the downs he was so fond of in his lifetime, near to his church, and those for whom he laboured so abundantly, he lies among his own people, till he shall meet them once again on the Judgment Day.

Dear Father Chapman! There is to me always a halo of sanctity around the little church he loved so dearly and served so faithfully. As you open the door an aroma of prayer seems to steal out into the poor mean

street, and as you enter you feel you have come into an atmosphere of devotion. Devotion above, below, all around you; you breathe it in at every respiration; you are consciously saturated with it; you *know* that this is verily and indeed, the House of God, the gate of heaven. How could it be otherwise? For the work begun in earnest prayer by Father Chapman, and built up in earnest prayer by his faithful successor, the Rev. Reginald Fison (both called home in the midst of their work), is carried on in the faith of earnest prayer by him who follows them.

It always seems to me a true Annunciation, where Mary is ever kneeling in prayer, where Gabriel is ever bringing the message of redemption, where Gabriel's assurance of "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God," and her "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy Word," were not words only spoken two thousand years ago, but echoed on through the perpetuity of time—of "yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Two Artists.

In the very early sixties, when we were at S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho, among the members of the choir, and associated in the work for the poor around, were two young brothers, Edmund and John Sedding. Both in Mr. Street's office—both brimming over with the love and power of art—both keen to help on the movement of church and art life which was slowly beginning to be astir in those days. Edmund's health compelled him soon to leave, and he died early, leaving as his gift to the Church general some lovely Christmas Carols, and pamphlets on Church work; but John remained and worked on until he went to Bristol.

I remember some four years previously, before I went to S. Margaret's, being immensely struck with a short-lived periodical which came out in 1856, called *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.* One article especially, on the newly-appeared pictures of *Death as the Avenger*, and *Death as the Friend*, were my first introduction to Pre-Raphaelism, and acquaintance with John Sedding developed and strengthened one's love and admiration for that school of art.

Those were the days when the P. R. brotherhood was bravely fighting its way through the clogging traditions of the past, pioneered by Ruskin to the light of truth and

freedom, and John Sedding was a keen disciple of theirs. He was a true artist, skilled both in music and painting—equally devoted to both, and helping S. Mary's with both his talents—now designing ornaments for the church in the loveliest designs and the richest colouring—his reds and greens were always rich and well blended; now taking a class of poor children to teach them his brother's Christmas Carols. We can remember so well his bright, beaming face—so eager, so earnest, so full of thoroughness—as he sung the words so lustily with his honest, hearty voice, infusing life and vigour into the poor half-starved ragged children who were grouped around him. He always said the London children looked so white and bloodless, they wanted ripening in the sun, like peaches. Whatever he undertook, he threw himself heart and soul into it. What always struck me so forcibly about him was a sort of Christian nobility, so free from anything shoddy, from surface-doing, from half-heartedness—whatever he did he did with all his might, as unto the LORD, heartily. And there was a sort of indescribable boyish eagerness in the way he undertook things. I remember so well his painting an Annunciation on a panel of S. Mary's organ, and rushing off every ten minutes or so to blow a little wind into the instrument, just enough to play some magnificent chords, or a few bars from some old master.

We were great people for decorative banners in those days in Soho, and John was always making lovely designs to be hung in the church on Festivals, or to

appear painted on humbler material, to wave on the top of brakes at school excursions, or to garnish the walls at Christmas-tide.

Those were the early days, before Japanese art was ever thought of as having any of the beauty of colour we now see in it, but I recollect John Sedding used to be laughed at for his admiration of their colouring—of the deep greens and the reds and the blues, and it was a standing joke that he bought up all the old tea boxes so that he might study the colouring of them. In 1861 they both designed decorations for the Church Festival, which they asked me to paint according to instructions. Edmund made me put on pure scarlets and emerald greens—John asked me to give the emeralds a wash of sap green, and to use crimson lake for the red, which I was to tone down with a wash of gamboge. Edmund was designing a window for some church, I don't remember where, and one light was to be the story of the Good Samaritan, and he was much tempted to put a bottle of stout in the Samaritan's hand in lieu of the orthodox Eastern bottle. He said it would give it a piquancy—whether he carried out the idea, I know not.

John had a wonderful gift of always seeing the beauty of everything. One S. Margaret's Day, as the guests were assembled in the flowery quadrangle at East Grinstead, and were looking with dismay at the rain-clouds gathering up, he said to me, "Oh, how splendid! Do look at the grand effect of those dark, grayish-purple clouds behind the red roof! Who would ever wish for blue sky when they could have that? How it throws

up all the beauties of the building!" And another S. Margaret's Day, when the Mother from the Boston House was expected on a visit to England, he cried joyously, "Oh, I am so glad she is coming; she is splendid—my ideal of a perfect woman! No one knows the help she was to me as a boy!"

His friend, the Rev. E. F. Russell, says in a little memoir of him: "John Sedding's happy, buoyant nature, his joy in his art, and invincible faith in his mission, did much to carry him through all difficulties. Something of his soul he put into all that he undertook, hence his work was never commonplace."

Another friend says: "His love of symbolism was only equalled by his genius for it, old ideas had new meanings for him, old symbols were invested with deeper significance, and new ones full of grace and beauty discovered. The following delightful old epitaph was often on his lips:—

> 'Bonys emonge stonys lys ful steyl
> Quilst the soules wanderis where that GOD will.'"

After we left Soho, we very rarely met, we were busy with our work in Haggerston, and he had become a man of note, too busy to travel out eastwards; but we met now and again at S. Alban's, Holborn, when he was churchwarden there.

He was taken to his rest in the Eastertide of 1891, leaving behind him living memorials of his loving handicraft in much church restoration—especially in the West country—and of church architecture, his last work being Holy Trinity, Sloane Square.

Another artistic friend with whom it was our privilege to become acquainted, was John Aldam Heaton. To those of us who knew him, his remembrance is full of bright, helpful memories—some among the little sunny gleams in our lives which one always recalls with pleasure. They were like glimpses into a beautiful garden full of loveliness and art, breaking in upon the rather grayness of our daily life.

In 1870, Sister Helen and I went to spend a little holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, in their house at Bingley, near Bradford — a home, as Professor Shuttleworth says, "which to this day has left a tradition of almost ideal beauty upon those privileged to visit it." One recalls it now—almost like a picture of Rossetti's—the long, low drawing-room, with its small, square, round-knobbed paned windows, rich in quaint and curious pictures, its colouring all so harmonized, everything such perfection of blended tints and graceful outline, looking on to a green and flowering garden, divided from the fields and woods by a little beck. It was this same garden, we are told, that Rossetti—a frequent guest—painted for the scene of one of his Annunciations, and some of his sketches were among the collection which adorned the walls. Our two friends, Father Mackonochie and Dr. Littledale, had both also stayed there previously, and it was most interesting to see all the beauties of which they had told us.

At that time Mr. Heaton had not entirely abandoned business to devote himself to art, and we were very much

interested when he took us over his mills at Bradford—by his clear explanations of all we saw, and especially by his endeavours to improve the popular taste in tone and colour of the fabrics. In company with him and Mrs. Heaton we enjoyed the sight of Bolton Abbey, and all the beauties of Wharfedale, where the furious stream rushed brawling in creamy foam over the dark brown rocks of the Strid, overshadowed by the vernal majesty of the June woods.

After he came up to London we met but rarely; but each visit, though few and far between, was always fraught with pleasure—we heard so much of art, and saw such curious and interesting things, that each visit felt like an oasis in the desert. One expedition made to South Kensington School of Art, going through the rooms with him, and hearing his observations on the various things exhibited, was an education in itself. He was always most kind in furnishing us with sketches and designs, and some of his own beautiful handiwork exists in our chapel to-day.

He possessed a most wonderful power of combining art and helpfulness for others. To quote once more his intimate friend, Professor Shuttleworth, "Whatever he did was marked with his own strong individuality, and was conspicuous for its freedom from affectation, its graceful drawing, and vigorous colour. What he was in his public and professional life can be summed up in a few words: he was one of the first designers and decorators of his day, if not actually the first. Even William Morris was not above taking a hint or an

opinion from Aldam Heaton. But of his private and personal relations, in the nature of the case, and from his own modest reticence, few can speak. I doubt if ever there was a better master, a kinder friend to the men and women in his employ. I know that I myself never met a man whom I more sincerely respected and more deeply loved. His robust common sense, his warm affections, his never failing sense of humour, his high and consistent ideals of life, combined to make him at once a delightful companion, and an inspiring, uplifting influence. And all his great gifts, his original personality, were pervaded by the simplest, most beautiful devotion to GOD in CHRIST. He was not untouched by the modern spirit of unrest in matters religious; but it never got real hold of him. I was asked, not many months ago, to name the best Christian I had known. I may say, now he is dead, that I at once named Aldam Heaton."

To have been brought in contact with, and to have come under the artistic influence of two such Christian artists and craftsmen as John Sedding and Aldam Heaton, are among the loving-kindnesses for which we have to daily thank GOD, and count up among our past numberless mercies.

May they rest in peace until the day of the restitution of all things—when

> "In the Land of Beauty all things of Beauty meet!"

A Soldier-Priest.

In Memoriam.

David Borrie Clarke. May 4th, 1894.

"THIS morning they had sustained a terrible loss in the Chaplain department in the person of the Rev. David Borrie Clarke, whom every soldier with whom he had come in contact had learned to love. He had died in the thick of the fight, as a soldier should die." So said Colonel Wavell, at the re-opening of the Church of England Soldiers' Institute, at Pirbright, near Aldershot, on the afternoon of May 4th, 1894; and the Duke of Connaught, who opened the building, concluded his speech with these words: He "deeply regretted the terrible loss the Aldershot division had sustained by the death of Mr. Clark, who was a true soldier at heart as well as a religious man, and he had died at his post."

I first knew him as a lad at S. Alban's, Holborn, one of "Father Stanton's Boys." A friend of mine, the present Archdeacon Carnon, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, at that time a layman in the city, brought him, among the many friends he used to bring over on Sunday afternoons and week-day evenings, to see us.

Dear David! What a beautiful and true life his was! I don't think I know of anyone of whom one could say more truly, that he "walked before God." As a mere boy in his secular employment in the city, his one thought was of how he could best serve his Lord. All who came in contact with him felt they were in touch with one who "had been with Jesus." And yet he was not stiff, nor morose, nor obtruding his religious opinions upon others. He was always bright and cheery, very fond of dancing, a capital actor, devotedly fond of music, and entering keenly into all the joys of life. His one wish from boyhood had been to take Holy Orders, but there seemed insuperable difficulties in the way. But these difficulties were by the agency of friends surmounted, and the wish of his heart was fulfilled. And here his wonderful power of sanctifying everything he touched, and of turning everything to the very highest purpose, was more and more developed.

While he was a Curate in Plymouth there were certain parochial concerts organized, in which he, with his great musical powers, took a large share, and at times sung songs which very particular people thought better adapted for a layman than for a clergyman to sing. Now one day he was sent for by a poor woman who was dying. She was a woman who had been a sinner, and when he came into the poor hovel in the low, back street where she lay dying, she poured out to him all the sad story of her life, and implored him to pray for and help her. "And what made you send for me?" he said. 'You do not know me, and Mr. So-and-So is a much

older man, and could help you far better." "Ah, no," she said, "I have lived my life alone, and felt I could speak of it to no one, the parsons were all too good and high, and I thought they could not feel for me; but I went one evening to one of the concerts and heard you sing (I forget what—some popular song of the day), and felt that a minister who could sing a song like that must have a feeling heart; and if ever I was dying I would send for him, and he would not turn away from such a poor wicked creature as me."

He was, as I said, a friend of ours at the Priory from boyhood, and a guest at S. Saviour's Hostel, Brighton, every summer. And how the men and boys loved him! How anxious they were to be down there at the same time as himself, how they all thronged round and loved to talk to him. The memory of his bright, earnest face, as he sat at the piano on the summer evenings, his fingers straying lightly over the keys from one melody to another, now accompanying one of their songs, now singing himself—a great favourite was,

> "When the rain is on the river
> There is sunlight on the hill"—

will be always among the best of our pleasant pictures of the past. And when he had charmed the hearts of his audience he would steal quietly upstairs into the little Oratory to commune with his Master. Now and again during the Hostel visits he held short Services there for the men; and how strange and weird the little attic Oratory looked, with the dark shadows of its sloping roof and corners, and the tall figures of the men

clustered round the harmonium, each holding a candle in one hand (for there was no gas up there) and a hymn book in the other, with the young Priest seated in their midst, playing and leading the singing.

He was—like the rest of us—very fond of the Church of the Annunciation. Two months before Father Chapman's death he was disappointed, at the last moment, of his preacher for the Harvest Festival, and asked David, who was staying at the Hostel at the time, to preach for him. It was a very short notice, but a quiet hour in the Hostel Oratory gave him all the preparation he needed, and an eloquent, impassioned address fascinated the crowded congregation that evening. I remember his saying afterwards, as he walked in with the party of young men who had accompanied him, "I am glad you liked the sermon, and I am glad Father Chapman did not announce me. It seems as if it came more like a voice from God for one to appear from nowhere and speak to the people, and then disappear, and no one knows who one is. One feels one is not Mr. So-and-so, but just a voice speaking from God."

One January he preached to the Boys' Guild at S. Augustine's, on their Festival, and gave a course of addresses to the members of the Guild of S. Michael's, and both boys and girls declared they never heard things explained to them in such a clear, attractive manner.

He was so fond of animals—especially dogs, and the loss of a pet S. Bernard was a real grief to him.

He was closely associated for some time in Mr. Wakeford's work, when he was Missioner in the Exeter

diocese, and had many amusing and interesting experiences to give us of his Missions.

The following quotations from *Sheldrake's Aldershot Military Gazette* are interesting, as proving how widely spread was his influence:—

"His death came as a terrible blow to the many friends to whom he had endeared himself, and the shock to his esteemed mother and near relatives must have been severe indeed. A profound feeling of grief pervaded all sections of society, every denomination sharing in the conviction that the loss to the cause of Christianity could scarcely be replaced. Mr. Clark, when a Curate in S. James the Great, Devonport, early exhibited a sympathy with mankind which taught those to whom he ministered to esteem and love him. When in 1890 he commenced his labours in the army, he found a field which would have disheartened a less sanguine man, or one possessed of feeble courage. At Colchester and at Chatham, and more particularly so at the latter station, he proved by his Christian zeal, that the confidence of the Chaplain-General was by no means misplaced; and when a few months ago he was transferred to Aldershot, he came armed with an experience which, while it had expanded his views of his duties, had in no way lessened his sympathy with erring humanity. He rapidly made friends among the soldiers of the 1st Brigade, and his kindly disposition and many gifts soon gained for him the esteem of a very much wider circle than his official labours immediately concerned. His remarkable powers of persuasion, his eloquence, and his vocal abilities,

which he always used in the best of causes, won for him in a wonderfully short time, among churchmen and nonconformists alike, a measure of esteem which has made his death a public calamity. There can be no doubt that his zeal, in a great measure, is responsible for the untimely end which has been put to his career. He neglected an important duty to himself, and laboured when he should have rested. His love for others overcame his discretion, and he succumbed fighting the battle of the LORD. Not only in the garrison churches, but in the established churches of the neighbourhood, and also in several of the nonconformist places of worship, touching references were made on Sunday to the sad event, and tribute was paid to the memory of a Christian which will live for years to come. . . .

"The funeral on Wednesday was most touching. The body had rested overnight in S. George's Church, guarded by members of the Guilds in which deceased had taken great interest as one of the means of furthering the cause of religion; and a special Service was held at 11 o'clock, at which there were present the Duke of Connaught, the Chaplain-General, the whole of the Army Chaplains at the station, the Headquarter Staff, and a very large gathering of military and civilians, most of whom had at some time or other been thrown into the society of the deceased. The coffin, which was of polished oak, brass mounted, was literally covered with floral emblems of affection, conspicuous amongst them being a large cross sent by the Chaplains of the Division."

The Chaplain-General said, "He was indeed touched by the amount of reverence shown by all classes on this exceptionally sad occasion. Everything possible had been done to show how their dear brother was valued as a minister of God. One of the most touching evidences of this sympathetic feeling was evinced last night, when a number of men came to him and asked him if they might be allowed to carry a cross in front of the coffin. He had taught them, they said, of the cross, they believed in the cross, and why should not the cross be borne in front of the coffin to the grave?"

> 'He died the beautiful death,
> For the Church and for the King.'

But it will be long ere the memory of David, the 'beloved one,' shall be forgotten in many and many a barrack-room; and the recollection of his earnest, heartfelt words will help many and many a young soldier fighting his solitary fight against 'sin, the world, and the devil.'

Of this young Soldier-Priest, as of the saintly *preux chevalier* of old, may it truly be said, that he was "without fear and without reproach."

It is touching to recall the memory of the little knot of "old boys," who, some six-and-twenty years ago, used so often to come over from S. Alban's, Holborn, and sit talking round the fire over present work and interests, and future plans and hopes. There was David, with his gentle, refined face, and steadfast eyes, which seemed to gaze far away into the future. Now he has entered into the reality of that eternal future. There was a friend of

his, a bright, hearty, vigorous lad, full of life up to the finger tips. He has need of all that energy now, for he is working in the Universities' Mission in Central Africa, and is known as Archdeacon Carnon. And there were many others, one now a Priest in South Africa, another—the fullest of promise of any—whose life has been blighted and wasted by evil influence, and others who are plodding along the highway of life, serving God and helping their neighbours to the best of their abilities. They have all, except Archdeacon Carnon, passed out of touch with us, but they can never be replaced by new friends; with them, as with wine, "the old are the best."

A Memory of "Brother Bob."

(Father Dolling.)

It was a terrible shock to see in the papers of May 15th, 1902, the death of the Rev. Robert Radcliffe Dolling, known to us in the East as Father Dolling. His had been a very brief illness; he had worked to the very last, and he "died at his post" of overwork.

Of late years we had not come much in contact—he was too busy a man—and I had, in my own small way, my time too much occupied: but I should like to tell you a few remembrances of him in his early days, when he was working with Father Stanton among the postmen, and when he was always, to them and myself, known as "Brother Bob." I don't recollect exactly how we first came to know each other; I rather believe he was brought over first to see me by Father Stanton, or by some of his many boys, who, some five-and-twenty years ago, were constant visitors to our Priory boys. This was in the autumn of 1878, just after my return from America, and from that date he used often to come over to Haggerston and have a good time with the lads. Many a winter evening, when we have all sat huddled over the fire, talking and chatting, and telling stories and experiences, the door has opened, and "Brother Bob" has stolen quietly in and taken his place on

the fender stool, and given fresh zest and spirit to the conversation.

At our social gatherings, what a host he was in himself! Leading all the popular songs of the day, now picking out some rather shy, awkward lad (as a rule the roughest of the lot) to sit beside him, and succeeding in making him laugh and join in the fun and in the choruses. To have "Brother Bob" to spend the evening made it indeed a real good time. Then he would come and help us with the lads' summer steamer excursions, to Rosherville. I remember one specially wet day, when the weather damped both our own and the boys' spirits, and it was difficult to keep up the requisite hilarity, how he threw himself into the occasion, and presently all the boys were shouting a rattling good chorus of, "Oh, what a day we're having," and sundry other popular songs, and everybody felt quite happy and good-tempered, and after a really enjoyable time the rain-clouds swept away in the evening, and we steamed up the river with the golden light of a sweet June sunset gleaming behind the forest of masts, and a tremendous chorus of every song of the day, led by "Brother Bob" shouting at the top of his lungs and keeping time with his pipe.

At the one or two little expeditions made by him to some of the East End Music Halls, he generally put himself under the escort of some of our roughest boys, commonly known by the *soubriquets* of "Tosher," "Diver," etc., which had quite superseded their proper

names of Harry and Billy. Their adventures on these occasions were usually retailed to me the next evening.

In 1879 he took charge of Father Stanton's Postmen's Home in the Borough Road, and often asked me to go over and dine with him and the postmen in the kitchen there, and then come upstairs to hear the sing-song afterwards; and it was there I first made the acquaintance of many good friends. "Brother Bob" always had an *entourage* of such nice helpers, with whom it is a pleasure to feel one has been brought in contact. There was gentle, kind-hearted David Clark, of whom we have already spoken, our good friend Mr. Walter Schröder, two others who are now Priests in Johannesburg, and the present Archdeacon Carnon, of the Universities' Mission, who were members of "Brother Bob's" circle, beside many other genial friends who are now all doing some good in different parts of the world.

The Misses Dolling kindly asked me to spend a few weeks with them in Dublin in the August of 1881, and so I went under the escort of "Brother Bob" and Mr. Schröder. I shall never forget the welcome that awaited "Brother Bob" at the Dublin landing-stage from a crowd of clamorous, warm-hearted Irish lads, who had heard he was coming, and all assembled to meet him.

My little visit to the house in Mountjoy Square is one I always look back upon with very great pleasure. The Misses Dolling were so kind and charming, and it was beautiful to see the affection and consideration shewn to them by their brother, and most warmly reciprocated by them. There were some rooms built out at the back of

the house, where "Brother Bob" spent a good many evenings in the week, surrounded by crowds of lads and young men—the greater part of them soldiers. He generally invited me to come down and spend an hour or so with them, and most delightful times I found them. There, enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke from the many pipes which were going, you saw him seated in the middle, presiding over the happy mob. Swords and spurs jingling, now and then the clipped-off shrill accent of an "Ortheris," or the rough doric of a "Learoyd," striking in amidst the eager, excited voices of the many "Mulvaneys"—only instead of there being "soldiers three," it was more a case of "soldiers thirty." Above all the Babel of tongues, the clang of arms, and circling clouds of smoke, "Brother Bob's" clear, calm voice made itself heard, talking to everyone, regulating everything, and now and then breaking out into song. To hear him sing "The wearing of the Green" was indeed a real treat. In the little Oratory, where he and his lads prayed together, and where he began to give those wonderful addresses and extemporary prayers which, in after days, so appealed to the hearts and sympathies of those among whom he worked long afterwards in his priestly capacity, he also had his private talks with each one individually. I remember his asking a Lancer boy some question—I forget what—to which the boy seemed rather loth to answer, and "Brother Bob" said, "Never mind now, my dear, you will tell me when we talk it over together presently." He was very down on any foolish parade

of excessive ritualism from some of the young men who belonged to some of the most advanced churches. He told them their religion was to be their life—their help of others—not a show of words and a comparison of vestments.

He was anxious I should have a glimpse of the country during my stay in Ireland, so took me out with him and Mr. Schröder for two or three days' rent-collecting at Dundalk. I was much struck by the devotion of all the people—old and young—to him, from the old grannies with their broad, frilled caps, speared through and through with their knitting needles when not in use, down to the little unkempt "gossoons," who played on the mud floors of the cottages beside the pig and the chickens.

I came the other day across this letter, which I wrote from Dublin at that time:—

"I think Dublin is very like an American or Canadian town in all its ways. The Dollings are a charming family. They were originally French Huguenots, and came over after the Edict of Nantes; they have some lovely old tapestry in their home, relics of their ancestors. Mr. Dolling has a set of rooms built out at the back of the house, where he receives all his soldiers and boys, and where I spend a good deal of my time when they come. There is an ante-room, where they have tea; and a snug sitting-room, where they adjourn afterwards and smoke, and I sit in the big arm-chair. Through this is a gymnasium; through that again, his own bed-room; and past that an Oratory. We had the Stations

there last night, and a lot of soldiers and boys joined in most heartily. The Misses Dolling took me to see S. Patrick's Cathedral, which is very handsome, and the verger, with a ferocious look at me—I suppose as being a Sister—pointed out the crimson velvet chair where William of Orange sat. I was much more interested in the memorials of Dean Swift. I have met an Italian girl here, who can speak very little English; her father is an artist at Kensington, and she told me he has an Italian friend 'who is very devout, and does beat himself in the Pro-Cathedral.'

"Mr. Dolling thought I ought to see a little more of the country than was possible while staying in Dublin, and as he was going for a couple of days to collect rents near Dundalk, with Mr. Schröder, he asked if I would care to go, too, and I think you may be interested in hearing of a couple of days' 'rent collecting.' We left Dublin early in the morning, catching sight of a large party of police at the railway station—what fine-looking men the Irish Constabulary are!—and took the train to Dundalk, sent our bags to the hotel, and took another train on to our destination, where a bailiff with an Irish car was waiting for us, and we had a most lovely drive of four Irish miles. Such blue ranges of mountains in the distance, with rushing, brown, peaty streams running through the very greenest of woods; here and there patches of rich sepia-coloured bog, and then again stretches of bright blue flax fields, formed a wonderful harmony in all tones of brown, blue, and green—and oh! *such* green! Little thatched shanties, and formal-

looking, whitewashed police barracks were dotted about here and there, and our road was bordered by a stone wall, with a cross in one place, marking where a man was shot. We didn't meet much on the road: some tall policemen, armed to the teeth, a car now and again goats everywhere—lying on the walls, feeding on the road sides, and rambling about the fields, where also were flocks and flocks of geese. Large bunches of yellow flowers—a sort of hawkweed, I think, like we saw growing so much in Skye—grew along the roads marking such pretty bits of contrast to the blue, green and general tone of colour. Large pigs basked in the sun, and lots of chickens scratched about in front of each shanty, and it was all so delightful. We were set down at the bailiff's house, a three-roomed cottage all on the ground, with clay floors and a turf roof, and were warmly welcomed by his wife, a stout, bright-eyed young Irishwoman, who gave us a good luncheon of brown bread, butter, and milk.

After this, "Brother Bob" went off with Mr. Bailiff about his rents, and I went off with Mrs. Bailiff on a car to see a Roman Catholic Confirmation at a little village a mile or so off. It was a great excitement to the neighbourhood, and all the population crowded into the little chapel. This was a white-washed, clay-floored building, something like a barn, but instead of being oblong from east to west like an ordinary church, the width was from north to south, the altar being enclosed in a circular railing against the east wall, thus dividing the place into two halves, each half filled with seats in

rows, backed by a gallery across the narrow space between the east and west, and so looking toward the altar and each other, and admission was by a door at each end. There were five Priests and a Bishop; there was a parish Priest, who seemed very feeble, and tottered about among his flock, but there was a younger and more active one in charge, who accompanied the Bishop as he went from child to child catechising them, and looked terribly anxious less they should not make right answers. One small girl had not been to chapel as often as she might, and the Priest asked her why, and the Bishop said kindly, "Tell the truth, and shame the divil, dear child," which brought out a blushing, stammering reason, in the very prettiest brogue, from the bare-footed little lasseen. Whereupon the Bishop smiled, saying, "Ah, thin! and you're not so bad as ye might be." He and the five Priests all looked so big and the children looked so small as they moved about among them. When all the catechising was done, he turned about and went up to the altar, washed his hands in a cracked earthenware basin, picked up his mitre and set it firmly on his head with both hands, while the active parish Priest pulled a match-box out of his pocket, and proceeded to light the candles, and then walked round inside the altar rails, sweeping them with his hand and looking at the people. Then the Bishop called out, "Misther G., will ye stand by the girls and kape them in their places;" and Misther G., a fat, rubicund ecclesiastic stepped forward, saying, "Yis, my lord," and then the ceremony proceeded.

When the Confirmation was over, everybody who had seats to sit on sat down, the rest, myself among the number, stood; and the Bishop, pulling out a big red handkerchief, blew his nose, and began to preach: "My dear people, ye'll be glad to hear I'm very much pleased by the children's answering the Catechism, indeed and I am. And, my dear people of K., ye'll be glad to hear there are sixty boys confirmed and seventy-six girls. But I'll tell ye what; there's a little boy among ye says bad words, and if this little boy hears me, I hope he'll not foul his tongue any more wid them." Then, after speaking to the children, he added, "And dear people of K., I hope ye won't belong any of ye to any secret society, for they belong to the divil; and I hope ye won't drink whiskey, for there's many a one dies dead-drunk of whiskey, and wakes up in the flames of hell. And, dear people of K., there's one more thing I would say to you, and that is, I will ye would bury your dead in the morning, and not in the evening. Ye git the Praste to come and say the howly Mass at the house, and there's not above half-a-dozen of ye come to it, and then ye kape the Praste gandthering —isn't that a lovely word!—about the place till the evening for the burying. Now ye should be like the dear people of I., who bring the body and lay it before the blessed althar and have the howly Mass, and bury the body in the morning. And now, dear people of K., good-bye; I'd come and shake hands all round, but I haven't the time." And so this very homely, unsophisticated Service, quite refreshing in its primitive simplicity, ended.

"Brother Bob" had collected his rents, and we drove to the station just in time to find the train gone, and no other till some untoward hour of the evening, so we hired another car and started to drive into Dundalk. The driver, to all appearance a mere boy—though it transpired he had a wife and family—entertained us with stories of boycotting landlords, and of miraculous cures wrought by some holy well, I think, in the vicinity.

The next day we went off on a car to collect rents in another direction. By-the-bye, have you ever been on an outside car? It is a most delightful thing to drive in, so long as you can keep from bumping off, especially when they fly round the corners, for you have to "hold on by your eyelids," to use an old hunting expression. We saw more lovely country and more blue mountains, so much bluer than the Scotch ones; and we saw some very funny hovels about among the fields, with clay floors, turf roofs, a pig boarded off in one corner, chickens (coops and all) in another, a bed in the third corner, a turf fire in the middle; and generally each approached by a black, sloppy manure heap, and a big pile of peats stacked against a side wall. A gray brindled collie usually guarded the whole. In some of the fields they were pulling flax for linen; but while we were walking about a tremendously wetting shower came on. We sheltered as best we could under a hedge, and the farmer who was walking with us ran home, returning with an overcoat for "Brother Bob," and a frieze ulster which he clasped round my neck by the arms, making

me look from behind as if I was in the embraces of an Irishman, and in this guise we strode across the peaty fields to his farm, a three-roomed clay-floored house. His wife, an old lady with a frilled cap speared with steel knitting-pins, which gave her somewhat of a ferocious appearance, was kindness itself, took off my wet things to dry at the peat fire, dressed me up in a shawl, woollen stockings, and big boots, and insisted on my swallowing a glass of whiskey to prevent catching cold, in addition to the good brown bread and butter she set before us. I am glad to say, however, she supplemented this with some nice hot tea—such good tea. After being thoroughly dried and renovated by these kind people, we mounted our car, and so back to Dundalk.

In the evening I had rather an amusing experience. Two of my boys, who had enlisted in the Hussars, were at the Dundalk barracks; they had been up to see me at the hotel, with some other soldiers who had come to see "Brother Bob," and he and the soldiers and I had supper together amidst clouds of smoke. But he wanted me to see the men at home, so after dinner, this last night at Dundalk, we went on an outside car to the barracks. I think it rather amused the people in the streets to see me being jolted along in company with "Brother Bob," dressed in country gentleman fashion; Mr. Schröder, who wore a white hat with a black band, which gave him rather a sporting appearance; and a soldier, with his round cap tilted very much on one side of his head, and sucking the handle of his cane! I enjoyed my barrack visit immensely, and the boys were pleased to

shew me about, a sergeant's wife being immensely kind to me. The next day we trained back to Dublin and civilization.

At Father Dolling's home I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Darragh, who is now a Priest in Johannesburg. It was a happy time, and I came away with a pleasant memory of the bright, sunshiny household, and of the wonderful power of this young man, who held, as it were, the souls of so many boys and lads in the hollow of his hand, to mould them all for good. Soon after he decided to give up his Dublin connections and devote himself to London work, and he wrote me the following letter :—

"34, MOUNTJOY SQUARE, DUBLIN,
"*September 4, 1881.*

"DEAREST SISTER,

"I am so glad you like the dear Irish people, they are very beautiful. I start to-morrow to bid all the people good-bye, and Friday am home to say the Stations for the last time. Saturday we have a great meet in the gymnasium, where the lads have made a stage, and then I start on Monday. You will think of me bidding good-bye. You have done great good here, but I will tell you all about this when we meet. Thank you so much for coming.

"Ever your affectionate,
"BROTHER BOB."

In 1883, he was ordained, and from that date our roads began to diverge. I went twice to see him at his Mission in Maidman Street, Mile End, where the same

work he had done among the Dublin soldiers and the Borough postmen was carried on in more commodious premises, and on a larger scale, among the roughs of the East End.

I took the Mother from S. Margaret's, Boston, there once, and she was so much struck with the reality and thoroughness of his work—how he lived his life in the middle of these lads whom he had collected round; for besides those who came in nightly after work, he had fitted up accommodation for those who were out of work, who had nowhere to go, or who were in danger of being dragged down by bad company. His work at Landport, where he went on leaving Maidman Street, must have been splendid; but of that I personally know nothing. After he left there he went to America, where he took all hearts quite by storm, and they were very loth to part with him, but he felt it his duty to come back to England, and settled—or perhaps more correctly I ought to say, *took up*—the work at S. Saviour's, Poplar. I don't think he ever really *settled* after he left Landport. His sisters keeping house, and so entirely working with him heart and soul, enabled him to do many things which a Priest living in a Clergy House, or alone, could not do. He kept open table for all sorts and conditions of men, and he was able to receive some of these sorts and conditions into the house to be under his own eye, where it was necessary. Father Stanton, when hopeless and despairing of being able practically to help some poor weak body now and again, always said, "We will send him to 'Bob.' If any one can make anything of him,

he can." Father Stanton had the will and the power, but he had not the working machinery that Father Dolling had.

But though we rarely met, his kind feeling and sympathy were always the same. He made a point of going to our Autumn Bazaar, at the Grosvenor Hall, every year, and in any way he could he was always helpful. Only a few weeks before he died, when I had not known of his breakdown and illness, I wrote, at our Vicar's request, to ask him to come and preach at S. Augustine's on the Eve of the Dedication, Sunday, May 25th. He dictated back a few lines, saying:—

"You know I will do anything in the world for you, but the doctor says I have been feeding my brains with my digestion, and I have promised him not to undertake any extra work for a time.

"My best love,

"R. R. DOLLING."

The last line and signature were in his own handwriting.

Before May 25th had come, his day of work was over, and he was laid to rest beneath the pines at Woking, leaving behind him many and many a sore heart among the countless numbers he had helped for eternity; and it felt to those of us who knew and loved him, as if a great light had gone out, and we were left in gloom and darkness.

He lives in my memory as a man who had a most marvellous gift of insight into character, which, joined to his great sympathy, enabled him to help all sorts and

conditions of men in a way that few others could. There was a personality in his religion, a sort of realization of what Lacordaire would call "The *Man*, CHRIST JESUS," of the great *humanity* of our LORD, which somehow seemed to bring him soul to soul most closely in his dealings with others. One always felt of him what Kegan Paul says of Charles Kingsley: "He was a man of prayer and piety, filled with a personal, even passionate, love to CHRIST, whom he realized as his Friend and Brother in a fashion almost peculiar to the Saints."

A great idea of his was, in his dealings with his boys and men, to make them not only help themselves, but to be helpful for others. I remember at Dundalk his wanting sometimes a sheet of writing paper, and instead of getting one would ask a soldier for a bit of his. I said "Oh, can he afford it? I have some in my writing case." "No," he said, "it is good for him to give it, and I know he likes to do it." So over and over again he got them to write letters, and do numberless little things which, as he said, "were good for them to do." And with regard to generalities, it was wonderful how he got the grasp of the situation. However involved and complicated it might be, he seemed to see through all the entanglements, and, vulgarly speaking, to "hit the right nail on the head." His tact was extraordinary—he always said the right thing in the right place and at the right time. He always had a ready answer, a ready solution for every difficulty and every proposition.

I saw in one of the daily papers that someone who went to consult him on a grave and religious matter, and

found him sitting on a table and singing "Ballyhooly" among his men, was astonished to find the deeply religious tone he took about the matter in question, and the sound practical advice he gave on it. To us, who knew him well, this would be no surprise. It would just be "Brother Bob." He had his Master's interest foremost in his heart, whether he was singing "Ballyhooly," or hearing a confession, or preaching a sermon; it was all done for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

He passed to his rest in the Octave of the Ascension, when all the earth was decked in its Whitsun bravery, when the pyramids of the great chestnut trees blazed with their candles of blossom, and rich masses of lilac filled the air with sweetness. The soft airs blowing from the Surrey downs sighed through the fragrant pines of Woking, as the mortal remains of this faithful soldier and servant of Christ were borne to their last resting-place by some of those soldiers he had loved so well, and for whom he had done so much.

Are not the feelings of many described in this verse of a ballad of his own native land?—

"Who, as friend only met,
  Ságart arún (Priest dear),
Never did flout me yet,
  Ságart arún?
And when my heart was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
  Ságart arún?"

Memories of some connected with Haggerston.

In writing one's memories of people it is so difficult to remember all those little scraps of conversation and anecdote which give such a vitality to one's remembrances. That most charming of books, *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes*, would lose more than half its piquancy if she had not stored by in her memory and reproduced all those little conversations and remarks of Napoléon, and Junot, and other smart people of the day. Now, I have foolishly burnt nearly all my letters—and I have had some delightful ones, especially from thieves—and remember nothing, so can only put before you some very poor, washed-out, unlifelike recollections of the good, kind people with whom I have come in contact.

Foremost among these is the kindly, genial first Vicar of S. Augustine's, the Rev. George Hervey. His work during the twelve years of his ministration was something wonderful. It was a wild, godless district; scarcely any children had been baptized, very few of the people confirmed, but he was unremitting in his labours and house to house visiting, and the influence of his straightforward, hearty earnestness made itself felt,

and those who in the beginning were brought to the church for his sake soon learned to love it for its own. Those were the days when we had "Heathen Teas," and collected the children by forties and fifties, gave them tea, pinned their names on their pinafores lest we should forget them, and took them across to the church to be baptized. Then on one occasion there was a great commotion. A girl belonging to S. Michael's Guild died, and we had a walking funeral from her home, a little sweet-stuff shop, by the Cat and Mutton Bridge, to the church. It was just at the time of the "No Popery" riots at S. Matthias', Stoke Newington, and as we proceeded through the parish a mob collected and followed, so that it was with difficulty the coffin-bearers and ourselves could fight our way through them. One of the Assistant Priests at that time, the Rev. W. Ball Wright—since a missionary in Japan—walked beside the Sisters, actually carving a way through the mob with his big stick, now and then saying, "Keep close together; don't let them get in between any of you." He had a loyal Irish heart, and helped us in many ways in our difficulties and work with others.

Mr. Hervey was so particularly good to the old people, and always so careful that each old lady should have some special comfort at Christmas; and at the annual parochial excursions in brakes to Epping Forest, he was also particular that each should have a comfortable dinner at Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, and had a merry word and joke for each of them. That was long before the days of the present smart Chingford Hotel, and it

was not the place of resort that it is now. The quaint, old-fashioned lodge, with its wide, shallow staircase and tapestry-hung walls, stood in solitary grandeur among the oaks, pretty much as it must have done when Queen Elizabeth herself used to go a-hunting there. There was no railway, and it was not the get-at-able place it is now. Mr. Hervey always arranged these parish excursions most admirably, and after tea the choir put on their surplices and sung Evensong under the trees. That reminds me that on one occasion some gipsies had put up a great round-about close by the place where the Service was held, and some of our girls had inveigled another Sister and myself to take seats in this with them. Imagine our horror, as we were going solemnly round and round, to the tune of "Champagne Charley," to hear the choir beginning to sing Evensong a few paces off under the oaks! The machine could not stop for a few minutes, and we could not jump off, and so—you can conceive our anguish!

At the time of the London Mission of 1869, when Father Stanton was preaching at S. Columba's, Father Hilyard (then of S. Laurence', Norwich) was assigned to Mr. Hervey for S. Augustine's. It was a wonderful time, for Father Hilyard was a wonderful man. He used to walk about the parish in his cassock and biretta, talking to the costermongers and the roughs in the streets, and his addresses to the throngs and throngs of people who crowded into the church were simply marvellous. The Mission ended on November 25th with a procession through the streets to the church. It

was a sight never to be forgotten—the dark, foggy evening; the crowds, rushing, pressing, hurrying, screaming; the yellow lantern lights flickering on the great cross which was carried in front; and following (swayed this way and that by the surging crowd), came the choir and clergy, white surpliced, and singing hymns. When they reached S. Augustine's the door stood wide open, choir and crowd went in; Father Hilyard walked straight up into the pulpit, and gave them such an address as I never shall forget.

Father O'Neil, from S. John's, Cowley, also took a Mission in Haggerston one June, and preached to crowds, standing on a chair at the street corner. He several times came to give us Retreats, and I remember once how amused he was, watching old Toby and me trying to catch a rat—one of the many that swarmed about. We had no idea he was watching us from the window! The last time we ever saw him was when he came to speak at a crowded Mission Service in S. Augustine's Schoolroom, and when his address was over he asked the people present to kneel and join in prayer with him for all those they loved, and many a sobbing mother gave in the name of her son, strayed away from the right, or exposed to hardship and suffering in a foreign land.

Father O'Neil was a good, kind friend to us. When he was taking a Retreat here a lady came to speak to him; he was engaged, and asked me to give her some good book to read while she was waiting. I gave her one of Bishop Grafton's. "Did you tell her what part to

read?" No; I had left her to choose her own. "Never do that again." he said. "Always point out some particular portion, and say, 'You must read *that*.' They will read it, and it will do them good; otherwise they waste time in turning over the pages, and picking bits out here and there."

Now these three are all gone to their rest. Mr. Hervey, working up to the very last moment he had strength, died of scarlet fever on March 15th, 1875. The universal grief at S. Augustine's was great. He had been a friend and a father to everyone—old people, boys, girls, and children—and their love and reverence for him was very great. It was a bitter, cold day when he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Norwood. Dr. Tidy took Sister Helen and me down in his carriage, and, as we stood by the grave, he said, "There lies buried the life and spirit of S. Augustine's." But not so. His spirit is with us still, and the work which he began so ably, and carried on so nobly, *must* still be filled with his spirit.

Prominent among other Haggerston remembrances rises the kindly, humourous face and colossal figure of Robert Brett, that champion of the Church and patriarch of North East London. What a splendid man he was! I think his goodness was enhanced by his keen sense of humour; and we remember so well the sparkle in his shrewd gray eye as he made some caustic comment, or criticised some work or action in his peculiarly kind and humourous manner. Mr. Brett and another kind

friend, Dr. Frederic Wallace, were invaluable with their help and organization all through that terrible time; and Mr. Brett's kindly counsel and help were always at our service. But in the spring of 1874 this friend, to whom we turned in all our needs, was called home, and the red house on Stoke Newington Green, which had been for years past the resort, not only of ourselves, but of countless others in their troubles, was closed.

His daughter, Miss Lily Brett, was one of our very earliest and most kind helpers for many years. For some time before her death she was Head of the Mission House at S. Augustine's, Stepney, where she was as much loved and appreciated as she had been by us in Haggerston. She had all her father's keen sense of humour, coupled with great practical judgment and power of organization.

Robert Brett, in concert with the great city merchant, Richard Forster, evangelized Haggerston. Through their means the great waste of the original parish of S. Mary's was divided into separate parishes, and a handsome church placed in each. Haggerston concerns us most, and we are apt to think of him more in connection with that than of Stoke Newington; but we must not forget that it was through his exertions and influence that S. Matthias' was built, begun, and carried on in the Catholic principles of his mother Church he loved so well. Opposition, abuse, calumny, were all hurled at his head, but he went calmly and bravely on, doing what he felt to be right. To my mind there was always

something so colossal and grand about him; he always made me think of a magnificent Newfoundland dog majestically going on its way through a crowd of barking, yapping curs. He was indeed one of the "giants" of those days. Those were happy, earnest, fighting days. People not only talked, but they *did*.

Speaking of S. Matthias' reminds me of the bright, kindly, amusing, most prominent upholder of that church, Mr. Robert Porter. There must be others besides myself who can look back with pleasure to those meetings at Stoke Newington. The preliminary was Evensong at S. Matthias', and what an Evensong it was! No choir ever chanted Plainsong, or the grand old Hymnal Noted melodies as they did! The social re-union and suppers took place afterwards at Mr. Porter's; and what a set of churchmen used to meet there! There was the host, with his keen, dry sense of humour, and his wonderful capacity for singing Scotch songs. Who but a true Scot can *really* sing a Scotch song properly? With himself was his charming wife, one of the first associates of S. Margaret's, who with her band of ladies did such wonderful church embroidery; their sons and daughters, all wonderfully talented in the matter of music, and possessing exquisite voices. Among their guests were William Monk, of *Ancient and Modern* celebrity, at that time organist of S. Matthias'; Spencer Nottingham, the great authority on Plainsong; the Bokenhams, ardent churchmen, gifted with splendid voices; Mr. and Mrs. Hazard—and what a capital amateur actress she was! There was Robert Brett,

the "Pope of Stoke Newington," and his clever daughter; and a score of others whose names I cannot remember. Dr. Neale now and then made one of the party, when he came up to preach at S. Matthias', and Dr. Littledale very frequently. The latter shone in society, he was so full of such humour and anecdotes: to hear him and Mr. Porter tell stories and retail jokes and witty repartees one against the other was a treat indeed.

And the Sunday afternoon gatherings in the garden in summer were equally pleasant, when the men lay on the grass and the ladies sat in chairs under the great mulberry tree, talking of S. Matthias' and church matters. Speaking of mulberry trees, why are they never planted now? You find them in old-fashioned gardens, or rather *did*, for they are mostly swept away now for twopenny-halfpenny rows of stucco villas round these north-eastern suburbs. I believe the Porter's dear old garden, with its fruitful mulberry tree, is quite done away with; and the only one I know standing hereabout is in the garden of some almshouses in S. Mary's, Haggerston parish, and I don't believe if it ever tried to bear fruit, the boys would give them time to ripen.

Years ago, when we were left a little band of three Sisters, without a penny and without a friend, excepting our Chaplain, our Treasurer, the Vicar of S. Augustine's, and good Mr. Brett, there was a certain young doctor at the London Hospital, who was a member of S. Augus-

tine's Church. He was bright, clever, capable, brimful of energy and power, beyond the average ability of men, with a heart full of sympathy, a hand replete with skill, and a brain full of knowledge, and craving after knowledge. Now this rising young doctor, born in 1843, Charles Meymott Tidy, when he saw how things were with us, boldly and generously came forward and declared himself the friend and champion of the little band of Sisters. And a friend indeed he proved himself for many a year. Besides being a good friend to the Community, personally, he was most kind and helpful in parish cases, and more especially with regard to the Guild of S. Michael. Some of us, and many of them, owe our lives entirely to his skill and untiring ministry. He saw the Sisterhood grow from the little germ of years ago, and he saw good and loving friends gather around, but we always felt that the friends of our days of great poverty were the friends to whom we owed the deepest debt of gratitude, and as long as we live we shall feel our debt to Dr. Tidy is untold, as one who came and helped us in the stormy and troublous days of yore.

His father died one Christmas time, and with regard to this he writes:—"Christmas Day must always be a sad one to us, and I scarcely know how it is, but the loss to me becomes a greater loss as the interval becomes greater. It would have been unbearable had I not felt that it was the doing of One Who was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Accept my best expression of thanks for your prayers, and let me assure you the Sisters are not forgotten in mine. I have always re-

garded my connection with the Sisterhood as one of the happiest events of my life."

Some years after, on his marriage, one of us sent him a little design, and he wrote: "You are wrong in imagining you are under any obligation to me, you do not know, and never can know, the obligation I am under to you, for I cannot tell you the influence the Sisters' lives had over me at a time when such influence was most needed. It was most fortunate for me I ever had to do with your Sisterhood. I shall value the painting much, but there are other things for which I owe you deeper thanks."

Always a true friend, yet as years went on his public life took up more and more of his time, and as he lived in the West of London after his marriage, we saw but little of him. He was rising high in his special line—toxicology—and bid fair, I believe, to make himself a great name as a Professor, when, after the loss of his sweet young wife, his health began to break. The last time we saw him was at the Christmas of 1891—some three months before he died. He looked haggard and ghastly, and one could see death written in his eyes. He brought his little daughter—to whom he was most deeply devoted—over to see us. It was wonderful in the midst of the worldly, unbelieving people with whom he had to mix so much, how marvellously he kept the purity of his faith, and how utterly unlowered was his very high religious standard. In the days of his last illness, he always had his Prayer Book and Bible beside him, and not long before the end came he said:

"Oh, how hard it seems to die, and so young, too! But I am trying to put my whole trust in Jesus. Pray for me, that I may put my whole trust in Him, and may believe it is right; but I am *so* young, and had meant to do so much!"

He entered into his rest March 15th, 1892, and thereby we lost one more of the friends who had stood by us in the day of battle, and screened us from the bitter blast of adversity.

And his brother, the Rev. Thomas Tidy, was a person very dearly beloved in Haggerston. This old friend of many years' standing—dear to all who knew him, and especially dear to the men, among whom his work had lain since they were little lads—had been taken from his labours in the 6 o'clock brightness of the sweet summer morning of June 6th, 1896, and S. Augustine's bell tolled sadly through the fragrant atmosphere for the "Happy soul! with all sail set, just crossing into the Far-away."

The very name of the Rev. Thomas Tidy touched deep chords in the hearts of all who had known him. Whether it was in his early days at S. Augustine's, Kensington, in 1871, or his work in S. Mary's and S. Augustine's, Haggerston, or his work for nine years as Vicar of S. Clement's, City Road, from 1875, or the work of the last years of his life in the retirement of his quiet home at Hackney, there was a sympathetic spirit of loving-kindness and tenderness in him, which "drew all men to him," and especially those who had known him at S. Augustine's, Haggerston. What he did for

the lads there, each individually, soul by soul, will never be fully known until the restitution of all things.

When boyhood passed, and the days came for them to be married, they would be married by no one else but Mr. Tidy, and Mr. Tidy must have approved their choice beforehand. The new home was not complete until he had seen it, and no one but he must sign the sign of the cross on the first baby's brow in Holy Baptism. In sickness and health, in trouble or joy, in wealth or poverty, they must each go and tell Mr. Tidy of how things befell them, and have his sanction and approval, his comfort and his sympathy.

And with what keen interest he was wont to talk about his boys to those who sympathized with him! How he remembered every little detail of their weal or woe! How he never forgot to enquire after every individual member of their family! I remember in his last illness how distressed he was at not being able personally to answer a letter from an old boy on the subject of his approaching marriage.

One of his boys—now a middle-aged married man—said the other day, "There can never be another Mr. Tidy; there was a something that everybody, especially us fellows, loved so much in him." Another—one of his earliest married boys—says, "You know how far Mr. Tidy would have travelled to see a single person in trouble, be he rich or poor, high or low, pauper, peasant, or lunatic. Then what a memory he had for each one he had to deal with! Often he told me, in the old Confraternity days at S. Augustine's, that he could tell every

lad who was there—and think what a number there often were! I suppose there are few boys and girls, men and women, who will ever forget him after having once known him! And his courtesy was so wonderful! Do you remember his carrying the pail of water down the church for the woman who was cleaning it, just because he thought she looked tired and ill? There are not many parsons would do that! I suppose he never preached what you call a really doctrinal or dogmatic sermon, yet how truly and forcibly he could bring home to one a great Catholic truth! And do you remember the words in a sermon he preached in the Priory Chapel on one Festival, speaking of the home of Bethany and of Mary—'*her silence was her eloquence?*' I shall always remember his manner of shaking hands and saying, 'How are you?' and the sound of his voice will ever live in my ears, more so even than the look of his face."

He was a well read and deeply versed scholar; all his sermons, quaint and original as they were, were finished off with a polish peculiarly his own. Dr. Littledale said, speaking of him, that he was the best Hebrew scholar in England. Keen-sighted and clever as he was, with literary powers surpassing those of most men, he was remarkable for his courteous kindness in thought, word, and deed, and was never heard to make an unkind speech, or indulge in a sarcastic remark at the expense of another.

And how dearly he loved animals! Always a keen interest in and kind word for every dog and cat! I remember one bright May morning, not long before his

death, he was sitting propped up in his chair in the garden, watching with the deepest interest two hens clucking over their little broods of chicks on the grass, and was especially anxious the nurse should show me a tortoise which was lying shaded from the sun under some, as yet, uncut grass.

I shall never forget the last time I saw him. It was a soft May morning; the windows were open upon all the greenery of the little garden; the room was full of sunshine, and the shadows from the trees outside danced and flickered over the floor. He was sitting propped up on a sofa, where the air could blow in upon his face. A door opened into the hall, and the rattle and jangle of the tramcars in Cambridge Heath Road came in at intervals. At the bottom of the garden the trains whizzed by on the Great Eastern Railway, and the sparrows chirped and cheeped among the ivy. "How nice they sound," he said, "and yet they are only London sparrows!" He lay back, pale, and thin, and patient, but at intervals his own bright, cheery self woke up, and he talked of his old boys, and where they were, and what they were doing; he talked of old times, and of Paris—a place he had always liked—and of a Service for the blind he had seen at S. Roch. And then he talked of S. Alphege, Southwark, and of the wonderful congregation of the very poorest that Mr. Goulden had gathered around him; then he spoke of the Haggerston churches. "I don't know what there is about S. Augustine's," he said. "There is nothing in the building to attract you—it is poor in comparison

with some of the others—S. Columba's, for instance—but yet there in no church appeals so strongly to one's affections, or has such a place in one's heart."

We had had some lovely flowers sent us from the country the day before, and had picked out and sent him some bunches of white lilac for his sick room. "Now," he said, "I will tell you a story. I woke up this morning conscious of a sort of delicious fragrance, and when I opened my eyes I saw a great mass of delicious white lilac beside me, and I could plunge my face into it; it is not often one's half-conscious dreams are realized on waking! But we have flowers here, even in our London garden." And he pointed to a little bunch of lilies of the valley on the table. "Those grew in the shade under our garden wall." His old keen interest and sympathy with everybody and everything were just the same in these last days as in the old times when the boys clustered round him in the club-room, or hung about his arms as he hurried to and fro from church.

He passed away on June 8, 1896, and we cannot conclude our remembrance of him better than with the following words, preached by him at the death of his friend, the first Vicar of S. Augustine's, thirty years ago, but which so well apply to him who, though now dead, still speaks in the hearts of those who will ever love and revere him:—

"Yes! he whom you loved so well has entered into his rest—all his labours for you are done! He has smiled his last smile at you here! He can no more give you again the old kindly welcome—the sunshine of his face

—as he did at the door of the church! His next welcome to you, his next waiting-place for you—where ye may meet him (if ye will) wearing the old smile, but with an heavenly splendour, shorn of all marks of sickness, trouble, and of pain—will be at the door of heaven in the Paradise of GOD!

"Yes! he has wept his last tear for you, and prayed his last prayer for you here. One sermon he has left behind him—better than words—more potent than speech—eloquent in itself; it is not for the bookcase, but for the heart—on which ye may meditate at your leisure, and ponder in memory with love—which ye may read over and over again. It will bring him back to you, and his old warning words to you, his earnest counsels—his cheering comforts, and his tender ways! That sermon was not written, it was ever being preached by him—as he went in and out among you—it was preached in church, it was preached at home, it was preached in the streets, it was preached in your houses. That sermon was *his life*—the life of a Christian Priest—a holy, a GOD-fearing, a CHRIST-loving man.

"I know no words of mine can tell his story; the best eloquence were silence! Be silent when thou treadest the courts where the saints have trod before thee! What can we know of a life that was '*hid* with CHRIST in GOD?' Live as he lived, and his joy shall be thine—thou shalt meet him among the palms! GOD has taken the shepherd away, that he may render to Him his account of you. May the flock follow the shepherd who has led them to the green pastures and still waters of the

heavenly country—to God's fields, where bloom the flowers of Paradise, and where rest the Saints of God!"

> "Thus did he die,
> That good old man. And for ourselves indeed
> It could not be but we must mourn for him.
> We miss his reverent greeting by the way;
> We miss him in the church's holy hours
> From that gray pillar, and the altar rail."

So sings the poet of Haggerston; and of no one could his words be more applicable than of the dear old Vicar of S. Chad's, the late Rev. William Sharpe, who was called to his rest on March 24, 1898. He was a very ideal clergyman of the old school—a perfect Priest, a perfect gentleman, full of kindness and courtesy, his whole heart centred in his church and in his people. He had been there thirty-five years, and one can hardly realize the church without his venerable figure in the stalls.

He took his own firm, decided line of churchmanship years ago, and never faltered in his staunch adherence to the Catholic movement, from his outset until the end.

I remember so well seeing him the last time he was present in S. Chad's, on the occasion of the dedication of a new lectern by the Bishop of Stepney. It had been a great interest to him during his illness to collect the money for it; and he was so thankful to be able to take his accustomed place in church, and to read the Lessons from it. We all felt that was his farewell to the church he loved so dearly. The next time he entered

was when his coffined body was laid before the altar, covered with snowy wreaths, while a weeping congregation crowded the nave and aisles.

I saw him not so long before he died. He was sitting by his study fire, with his desk of books before him—bright, gentlemanlike, and courteous as always; keenly interested in the putting-up of the lectern, and so pleased in thinking that he and his son had read the First and Second Lessons from it; and especially gratified that some old friends at Norwich, whom he had lost sight of for years, had contributed towards it. The talk with him, as a friend of mine says, "set all the lights of auld lang syne a-shining." We talked of the early days of Haggerston and the old times. I said, "We always think and speak of you as the patriarch of Haggerston." "Oh, no," he said, "I can lay no claim to that title; Mr. Morris, of S. Stephen's, came here some years before I did."

From our own immediate neighbourhood we wandered off into talk about his old church, S. Gregory's, Norwich, a photograph of which hung on his study wall, and for which his love and interest were as keen as for S. Chad's. When I rose to leave, he took my hand and said, "I am an old man, and can only sit here in my study and read, and wait for death. Pray for me, and ask all my people to pray for me, that the short time still left me may be sanctified, and that God may so give me His grace that my end may be in peace."

And in peace, on March 25th, 1898, the long-suffering, patient soul passed from the tired body, out of the roar

and bustle of Haggerston, into the Presence of the Master Whom he had loved and served so long and so well.

One of the Assistant Priests of the neighbouring parish of S. Mary's, the Rev. F. W. Goodban, has been appointed Vicar; and, well known and respected by all around, is certainly the very best person to fill the vacant place.

By a strange coincidence, the month of March seems a fatal one for Haggerston. In March, the first Vicar of S. Angustine's, the Rev. George Hervey, died; in March, his Assistant Priest, the Rev. James Allardice, was drowned in the wreck of the "Queen Elizabeth;" in March, Thomas Saunders, a lay-reader, much beloved by the boys of S. Augustine's, died; in March, the late most popular churchwarden, Mr. Charles Morris, died; and in March, Professor Meymott Tidy, whose early interests were much bound up in S. Augustine's, died also.

These all—

"In the wild March morning have heard the angel's call,"

and therefore to Haggerston the month is a most sacred and solemn one, as it links us all more closely with those departed this life in God's faith and fear.

Another friend, a scholarly man, af great culture, was the Rev. William Teale, who was some years at S. Chad's. Most affectionate and kindly was he, and had, moreover, the keenest sense of humour. He was a real personal friend, and I remember at Christmas, when we felt tired out, the great pleasure it was to receive his

Christmas cards, as he always chose something quaint and funny. He always so specially remembered all the little courtesies of life, in the matter of birthdays, and little festivals and souvenirs, on which occasions he would send most graceful little notes, such as it was a joy to receive and read. He went to his reward on June 8th, 1893. The funeral took place at Brompton Cemetery, the body being carried in procession from S. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, where the last years of his life had been spent. It was an intensely hot summer day, and the sun poured fiercely down as we walked through the streets in sad procession. A large number of people from Haggerston and Shoreditch, to whom he had shewn countless little kindnesses, and given much spiritual help, had gathered round to see the last of their friend and helper. Father Wainwright, of S. Peter's, London Docks, was among the number, and I recollect how the bright sun brought out all the greenness and shabbiness of the hat, which in the spirit of holy poverty he will persist in wearing. Dear Father Mackonochie used to look the same, and both dear men looked as utterly unconscious and holy under their shabby green brims, as the seraphic S. Francis must have appeared in his patched and tattered garments.

To us Father Teale was a terrible loss, for apart from his being a counsellor whom we could trust, he was a most real and personal friend.

What loving memories all who knew him have of the Poet of Haggerston, the Rev. S. J. Stone! Like his own sweet verses, his whole heart seemed overflowing with love, and full of the beauty of nature. All the neighbourhood owes him an untold debt of gratitude for planting a branch of the Jubilee Nurses in Nichols Square, and thus forming what is now the Hoxton and Haggerston Nursing Institute. How we ever managed to help our poor sick people before these invaluable Nurses came I cannot think! We did the little we could ourselves, just in our own parishes, but it was but a tiny drop in the ocean of sickness and misery. Now it rejoices the heart of every one to see the bright, cheery, kindly faces of the Nurses going about on their errands of helpfulness, and accomplishing on a very large scale, with trained skilfulness, what we used to attempt on a very small scale with anxious unskilfulness, and this is all owing to Mr. Stone.

Soon after he had set this Nursing Home going he left S. Paul's, Haggerston, and became Rector of All Hallow's, London Wall, and there, still full of zeal for the well-being of others and the intense love which so specially characterized him, he organized those early meetings and Services in the church for factory girls who came into the city by the workmen's trains, and had nowhere to spend their time till their shops were open.

He was a *real* poet indeed; apart from his powers of versification, his *ideas* were always so full of poetry, and his verses have a special charm which must appeal to every poetic mind. We shall always remember with

deep gratitude his great kindness to us when we were publishing our little volume of *Orient Leaves*, and he, in the midst of his last illness and terrible suffering, wrote two sonnets for it as a preface, at the same time giving us full permission to use any of his verses for it, and bidding our little literary venture "GOD speed." After its publication, not long before his death, he wrote this letter:—

"*March 27, 1900.*

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"I ought to have written before to thank you for so kindly sending me the copy of *Orient Leaves*; but being in somewhat of less pain, I cheated myself with the hope of being able to see you—a vain hope—for, as this cancer is incurable, if I suffer less in one way, I am the more troubled in another, and so I am not less a prisoner. I am sending herewith, in case you may like to have them, some verses I have written lately.

"Ever yours most truly in our LORD,

"S. J. STONE,"

His real deep love for animals was very great, and in the Vicarage garden is buried a large brown Irish retriever, for many years its master's faithful companion and friend. A stone is let into the wall at the side with this inscription:—

"In the centre of this lawn lies

"SANCHO,

"A gentleman in all but humanity; thoroughbred, single in mind, true of heart; for seventeen years the faithful and affectionate friend

of his master, who loved him, and now for him 'faintly trusts the larger Hope' contained, it may be, in Rom. viii. 19–21.

"He died, April 26th, 1883."

Does this not remind us of Whyte Melville's lines on his dead hunter?—

> "There are men both good and wise who hold that in a future state
> Dumb creatures we have cherished here below
> Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the golden gate."

Who is there can say that Sancho has not already given that dearly-loved master the "joyous greeting" with which in old earthly days he welcomed him home on dark wintry evenings on the doorstep of S. Paul's Vicarage?

After a long period of most painful suffering, borne with the utmost fortitude and saintly patience, it has pleased God to call him home to Himself. His memory will always be very dear, not only to Haggerston, but to the Church at large, and his name will never be forgotten wherever and whenever—

"The Church's One Foundation"

shall be sung.

He was succeeded at S. Paul's by an equally devout and saintly man, the Rev. H. W. Goodhart. We had never come very much in contact with each other, except at Children's Country Holiday, School Board, and District Nurses' Meetings, although we were close and most friendly neighbours, for we each had our own work, and he was wrapped up in his own parish and people; but somehow, those of us who came across him, where our works overlapped or interchanged, always felt

him to be, so to speak, one of the hidden Saints of God—so kindly, so genial, so self-sacrificing, so perfectly devoted, body and soul, to the service of his Master. I have heard from friends in the city how very highly he was respected and reverenced by many business men, who, as a rule, did not care much for "parsons."

He never rested from his zeal to help souls; he wrote always to those whom he had prepared for Confirmation, and who lived too far away for him to see personally, reminding them from time to time about making their Communions. The day after his death, a mother told me he had only the week before been asking about her daughter, and whether she still went to the Sunday School. "No," said her mother, "she is now a teacher in S. S.'s," naming another school in a neighbouring parish. "That is all as it should be," he said, "so long as she is doing some good work for God."

It will always be a pleasure to us to remember this kind appreciative letter he wrote about *Orient Leaves*:—

"*December 13, 1900.*

"Dear Sister,

"Thank you so very much for your *Orient Leaves*. I was looking at them last night, and they seem to me to be a most helpful and strengthening selection. I am most grateful to you for your kindness in sending me a copy.

"Believe me yours very truly,

"H. W. GOODHART."

His illness was very short. The Vicarage door was besieged by little crowds, all anxious to hear how their

beloved pastor was; and when the news of his death came there was universal grief—not only among his own parishioners, but all those who knew him.

Work is not measured by years, and the good work for souls done during his few short years of residence in Haggerston will never be forgotten, but will blossom and bear fruit when pastor and flock meet together before the Throne.

We feel how truly applicable to him are these words of George Eliot's: "The man who left such a memorial behind him must have been one whose heart beat with true compassion, and whose lips were moved by fervent faith."

Other Friends.

To talk of living friends is a difficult matter, for one shrinks with a sort of modesty from saying all one would like to say, and yet I cannot omit the mention of some names just because they happen to be alive! Foremost of these is Father Stanton, who has been a friend, and a true friend, through five-and-thirty years of ups and downs, storm and sunshine, joy and sorrow. My first sight of him was in the little parlour of the Mission House, in Crown Street, Soho, soon after my brother was first taken ill at S. Alban's, and I remember he said, "Holborn is the healthiest place in London, for it stands high on gravelly soil;" but I could not count him as a friend till the days of our trouble in Haggerston, some four years later, when what Dr. Littledale called "the Roman stampede" had taken place, and we were left almost friendless. To be left friendless was the passport to Father Stanton's kindliness and sympathy, and I owe more than I can say to his help and assistance at that time.

In those late sixties and early seventies there was a strong atmosphere of revolutionary socialism about, with which many of the very keen, ardent, earnest young people of that day were strongly impregnated, Father Stanton and Dr. Littledale specially, and I followed the lead. I remember Mr. Brett's look of lofty, half satirical

contempt, when any of these ideas cropped up in conversation. One day, in the early spring of 1871, he called to see me about some small-pox business, and hearing I was engaged talking some "boy" business with Father Stanton and Mr. Willington (another revolutionist), he sent a slip of paper in by the portress with "Wanted, by the Commune in Paris, two Radical Priests as Chaplains," and they returned some sort of joking reply, signed "Citizens Stanton and Willington." At our boys' Christmas gatherings Father Stanton, in those early days, always came as a loved and honoured guest. To boys and lads, no one can ever be what Father Stanton has been, and is. As I heard it put at a lads' supper, "Father Stanton *is* Father Stanton, and all the best speakers in the world could say no more." To me, he always appears a second Lacordaire, with his warm sympathies, his keen understanding, his warm heart for his friends, and his special gift for dealing with, and winning the hearts of young men. Bits out of his sermons seem one's stand-bys in all the worries of daily life. Where does he get them from? Here is one which has been a comfort to me for many a past year, "Suffering is devotion—Failure is success." And this other one also, "The past is our sanctuary, the present is our opportunity, the future is our hope." He has been a man of the very highest ideals, he has suffered, he has sorrowed, he has made the world a thousand-fold better than he found it. As Madame de Sevigné says of Turenne: *On ne pouvait pas l'aimer, ni être touché de son merite, sans en être plus honnête homme.*"

I first came to know the Rev. Stewart Headlam while he was working with the Rev. Septimus Hansard, at S. Matthew's, Bethnal Green. It was just about the time that he published his little paper on "the Ballet," which gave offence to some people. I had heard very much of the great good done by this young Priest in visiting the various Social and Democratic Clubs, and so coming in contact with a number of men who professed themselves to be infidels and ran down church and church parsons to the utmost of their power. But Mr. Headlam's calm way of listening to all their arguments, without appearing shocked, but entering into every one of them, reasoning with them, and looking at things from such a very straightforward, manly point of view, went an immense way in making even the most violent of them see there was another standpoint than that from which they saw things. About eight or nine years ago, he gave an address to some deputations from various East End clubs, in Shoreditch Church, one Sunday afternoon. The building was packed with a rough set of men—many of whom, I should imagine, had hardly set foot in a church before. Each deputation had marched in behind its own banner. They all sat sternly silent, till the preacher ascended the pulpit, and gave them a plain, straightforward Catholic address on the Creed—whittling down no point of dogma, but speaking in a bold, manly way. And then rose the deep hum of applause, the shuffling of feet, now and then a few hand-claps of approbation and approval, which could hardly be calmed down even by the man who held them all

enthralled. I remember it as one of the most wonderful meetings at which I was ever present. He has always proved himself a most kind and good friend, and it is a pleasure to think that it has been our privilege to come in contact with him. In order to try and meet agnostics on their own ground, and to do something for their betterment, he founded, some five-and-twenty years ago, the Guild of S. Matthew, which has, I believe, been a great help in drawing people to Christianity; and he also founded The Church and Stage Guild, which I know has been a large amount of help to many, especially ballet girls, and numbers have been brought to Confirmation through its agency. As a member of the London School Board, no man has worked harder. No man has more helped and befriended countless poor teachers, just at the time they most needed help and friendship. Upright, honourable, of perfect rectitude, he has always proved himself at the same time most truly kind and sympathetic. He has taken his own line of action on certain points, which perhaps have not quite squared with the world's judgment, but he has taken it as his own conscience dictated, nobly, honourably, and from the very highest standard.

He co-operated most heartily with Father Hogg, of S. Alban's, Holborn—who is also Chaplain of S. Saviour's Priory—in founding his admirable Guild of S. Edmund, for Board School Teachers, and whose interest in them he shared. Their work in ten years has flourished and spread wonderfully among those for whom the Guild was intended.

We have a near neighbour down in Shoreditch, a doughty Crusader of the East End, the Rev. Arthur Osborne Jay, Vicar of Holy Trinity, known to all the neighbourhood as Father Jay, who has fought as hard a battle as did ever the champions of Christendom of old, against vice in its worst and lowest form, in its very stronghold, and has, we are thankful to say, come out victorious. Ten years ago he undertook the charge of—I think I am speaking advisedly when I say it—the very worst parish in all London. In Haggerston, from which it is barely ten minutes' walk, "the back of Shoreditch Church" meant the epitome of every vice and villainy in its worst form. It meant the headquarters of dog-stealers, thieves, fighting men, and fighting women. Every "crook" and "gun" who hung about the public-houses in Shoreditch, who went to race meetings "on the make," and broke into the houses in Haggerston and Dalston, lived "at the back of the Church." The notorious "Blue Anchor," commonly known as "Bill Richardson's," where all the prize-fights took place, was in Holy Trinity parish. It was the ambition of every boy, if he wasn't a thief, to be a boxer, and often they combined both. I remember one little lad from Father Jay's parish came to the Priory Club Room once, looked round and said, "My! what a place for a twelve-foot ring!" I may add, the little lad is now, through Priory influence, a soldier and a respectable member of society.

Of Father Jay's work you will read full accounts in his pamphlets, *Darkest London*, and a *Story from Shore-*

ditch, of how he met the lads on their own ground, and by opening a club room, where boxing was combined with temperance and no bad language, interested and encouraged them by showing them that their favourite sport might be indulged in as an amusement, in a Christian manner, apart from drunkenness and swearing. Being anxious to see his club really at work, he invited me one evening to be present at one of the boxing exhibitions which took place now and again at the club. So I went in company with two young men who helped me in our own club. Turning out of High Street, Shoreditch, down a narrow alley by the "Bonnet Box," I found myself in Church Street, with lofty red-brick church and club house looming high on the left. The kindly face of the genial Vicar (Father Jay, as he is lovingly called by all around him) appeared in the gateway, welcoming those who entered. And we passed in, and were admitted by a private staircase into a little gallery looking down into the club room below, where we could see all that passed without being seen ourselves.

In the centre was erected a platform, with rope and posts—a regular ring—and tiers of railed seats round the room were rapidly filling with spectators; by 8.30 the room was crowded with every variety of Shoreditch rough—costermonger, coal-man, butcher, etc., etc., with unwashed faces, ragged coats, and *stooks* round their necks. The buzz of voices rose and sank in waves and murmurings, as individual after individual shouldered his way in, hat on head, and pipe in mouth, nodding to such friends as he knew, and scanning the ring with

a critical eye. A table was placed below the platform, just outside the ring, at which two stout-looking, pot-hatted, moustached gentlemen seated themselves, with watches before them. As a thin-faced, slightly-built, coloured man elbowed his way through the crowd, he was greeted with cries of "Ching Ghook!" being no less than that boxing celebrity; and a cry of "Cheese it!" from a railed gallery occupied by the better class of spectators announced the arrival of a "pet" of Bethnal Green, Bill Cheese by name.

At 9 o'clock, a young man mounted the platform, and announced that "The sports were about to commence, and who would the gentlemen wish for referee? For his part he would suggest Jack Stevens"—but cries of "Ching Ghook!" from the gallery decided in his favour, and the coloured man, smiling, moved towards the platform. And now the work commenced in real earnest. Two lads, stripped to the waist, emerged from the parting crowd, climbed over the ropes, and took their places in their respective corners, seated on ginger-beer boxes turned upside down. When their seconds had put on and tied their gloves round the wrist, the timekeeper announced:—"Gentlemen! Ted Brown of Spitalfields, and Homes of Haggerston!" whereupon the combatants stepped forward, shook hands, retreated, and then began to spar. At the expiration of three minutes the timekeeper called, "To your corners, my lads,"—and, panting, each sat on his ginger-beer box, while their seconds fanned them with handkerchiefs, rubbed the muscles below their shoulder-blades, and sponged their mouths

and faces out of a basin of water. The combatants sucked the water out of the sponges, rinsed their mouths, and spit it back into the basins! In about (I think) a minute, the timekeeper called "Time!" and they set to work again. The two seconds stood below, looking under the ropes, telling their principals what to do, and if one thought his man looked hot, he filled his mouth from a tumbler of water, and sprayed it over him, after the fashion of a Chinese laundryman sprinkling clothes. Three rounds of three minutes each, and intervals of one minute, being, so I heard some one say, Marquis of Queensberry's rules, terminated the competition.

I ought to have stated that the prize for the competition was a silver watch, given by one of the club members for that purpose.

When the third round was over they shook hands, and the timekeeper called out, "Now, gentlemen, they deserve a bit for their sparring; they say they don't mind silver! Pelt them well with coppers!" Whereupon pence and half-pence — occasionally a sixpenny bit —showered into the ring, the more distant spectators wrapping their contributions together in pieces of paper before throwing. These are what is called their "nobbings," and when they had scrambled after and pocketed them, they acknowledged them with a "Thank you, gentlemen, one and all!" stepped over the ropes, and were lost to sight in the surging crowd, among which Father Jay's trencher cap was conspicuous, as he moved here and there, checking bad language or anything that seemed going wrong.

Several couples followed—all young lads, members of the club—and went in for the competition; and then there was an interval for some exhibition sparring by professionals of the neighbourhood, who had volunteered their services as an encouragement to the young ones. The timekeeper announced "Teddy Jones, champion light-weight, who had been in Ben Hyam's competition, and a gentleman amateur." Teddy Jones, a clean-built little fellow, a native of Haggerston, came up smiling, arrayed like the club lads, *au naturel* to the waist, but the "gentleman amateur' had evidently been engaged in the coal trade, and considered it needless to remove his grimy shirt.

As the time was getting late this was the last we saw, but we were wonderfully struck with the quietness and order, and well-managedness of the affair. Father Jay was here, and there, and everywhere; nothing escaped his ear and eye, and one could plainly see he was regarded with love and respect, not only by his own club lads, but by the rougher so-called "pros" who dwelt in the neighbourhood, and had come in to help. Under frightful difficulties he has raised the tone of the parish immensely, and he is a keen Crusader in the temperance cause.

As we wended our way from the dimly-lighted, forlorn-looking, purlieus of Church Street, out into the bustling thoroughfare where we caught our 'bus, we bore with us a pleasing picture of the rough and troubled waves of Shoreditch, calmed and quieted by the master spirit who dwelt among them, and who used their own weapons as

ploughshares to break up the sterile soil into Christian fruitfulness.

The insanitary dens called dwelling-houses are now, we are thankful to say, pulled down, and models are erected in their stead. My subsequent visits have been on less warlike occasions, to various social meetings, or now and again on a Sunday evening, when it does you real good to see the beautiful church, the hearty Service, the poor, ragged, outcast congregation—chiefly men and lads—and last, but not least, to see Father Jay's beaming, kindly face at the entrance of the church, and receive his hearty welcome.

What Holy Trinity parish *was*, Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago* will tell you; what its future will be, will be owing to the work and influence of the "Champion" who has fought so bravely for the right during the past sixteen years.

One acquaintance we made soon after our first settling in Haggerston, has proved himself a very friend indeed. Years and years ago, in the old temporary S. Augustine's, used as a school week-days, and a church Sundays, I was presiding over some rather restless, fidgetty little boys on the gallery near the door, one hot summer's evening. As the congregation went out, a bright, cheerful, genial-looking gentleman slipped some money into my hand as he passed by my little crowd, who were shoving and pushing, and tumbling off the gallery in their impatience to get out, and I ascertained from Mr. Hervey that this was Mr. John Henry Skilbeck, a

member of S. Augustine's Building Committee, and a friend of Dr. Brett and others of that set. A few months afterwards, when our majority joined the Roman Communion, and we few were left, and as it were, "boycotted" by most people, who suspected we should follow, he came forward to help Father Mackonochie and the Priory with all his might and main. He became our Treasurer, and more than that, a true and reliable friend, who for thirty-seven years, through fair and foul weather, storm and sunshine, ups and downs, has never failed us, but pulled us through many a slough of despair, and over many a stile of difficulty.

One more may I speak of, and that is our dearly-valued, never-to-be-forgotten friend, Miss Lucy Taylor. She was made of the good, stern stuff which belonged to a former generation; she was a thorough gentlewoman of the old school—a school which has now nearly passed away. She had in her youth been much associated with the early Tractarians, and her training had been given by Mr. Yard, of Margaret Street Chapel—now All Saints'. She had had to do with Miss Sellon's foundations in the late forties and early fifties, and had thrilling tales to tell of the old cholera days at Plymouth, and of various Rescue Homes at Bristol and Devonport, where she and a Sister had at times been sent to reside in some empty house in a back street, and bidden to stay there till Miss Sellon told them of the next move she wished made — whether to receive girls, or to go on elsewhere. Miss Sellon must have been a marvellous woman, and

the implicit obedience she demanded from her Sisters must have been truly wonderful. One of the Miss Taylors joined the Devonport Sisters, and went out to Honolulu, and one nursed in the Crimea through the war. They must all have been strong, capable women. Our Miss Taylor, together with Colonel and Mrs. Grove Morris, first organized the Priory November Sale of Work, at the West End, and when our dear friend, Mrs. Robert Tomkinson, most kindly took it into her management, Miss Taylor presided over the Poor Stall there for many years. When she was, in 1888, freed from family duties, she went to work with Canon Williams, at Knowbury, near Ludlow, but always came to us for the Sale of Work and Christmastide. One of our Sisters worked a short time with her at Knowbury, and some of the happiest times I have known have been my brief autumnal visits there. That part of Shropshire is lovely, with crimson-studded apple trees lying in the green hollows, the odd lumpy silhouette of the Malvern Hills to the south, and westward, range after range of low ridges stretching away to the Black Mountains, while to the north the rugged outline of Clee Hill, stood—a great mass of Dhu stone, against the northern horizon. I remember, as we stumbled along the dark lane from church in the blackness of the autumn evenings, how the white northern light used to shine above the rough outline of Clee Hill. How many old-world stories and anecdotes of Church History, in the days of Pusey and Keble, have we not heard while wandering over the wild, semi-moorland fields, when the western hills

were wreathed in rosy mists against the background of glittering gold?

She rests in peace now, after a life spent entirely for others, and our memory of her is that of one of the most utterly unselfish, kindly characters we have ever been privileged to meet. Surely we have been blessed in our friends

A Night School Forty Years Ago.

A Story of Soho.

One winter—I forget the exact date—a Night School for the bigger lads was to be held in S. Mary's School-room, Crown Street. Printed prospectuses were issued, stating that the sum of one penny per week, or a half-penny a night, was the fee, and these were posted around, chiefly in the coal shop at the corner, to entice the ragged young gentlemen who frequented the neighbourhood. Two gentlemen volunteered between them to run the affair. Chapel Place, the court where it was to be held, was indelibly fixed on their memory as being the region where stray rotten cabbages and other vile missiles were ejected at their hats as they walked down to church on Sunday mornings.

It was a raw, damp evening in late autumn, when the first opening was to take place. Flaunting girls in rags and dirty finery were hanging about, talking to vicious-looking lads at the corner, every now and then screeching and racing down the street, pretending to escape from the dirty, white-faced boys who, pipe in mouth, and hands in pocket, leisurely followed them. Round and round Chapel Place the ragged children were racing hooting and yelling, utterly heedless of the objurgatory

remarks passed upon them by their mothers as they lingered on the doorsteps gossiping each with her neighbour in the misty twilight.

My duties compelled me to act the part of janitrix, and also to see that all was ready in the schoolroom, desks arranged, slates, copy books, ink, chalk, blackboard, &c., and also to have all the gas alight. It was always a weird, uncanny journey along those ghostly, echoing, narrow old passages, winding from the Church House, behind the chancel, into the schoolroom. As you trod the mouldering boards your footsteps echoed as if there was someone on the track behind you; queer cracks and booms came from the ancient panelled walls, odd shadows lurked at the corners, and you felt an undefinable feeling that you might meet you knew not what emerging from a dark, mysterious cupboard at the back of the altar, under the narrow staircase leading to the dark, cobwebby organ loft. And then the schoolroom in the twilight, with its sky-lights above reflecting the straggling rays of moonlight, and sometimes odd flashes, from surrounding windows, of lights glancing in and out, of mysterious sounds and scrabblings on the roof, for, verily, the whole surroundings were but one vast den of thieves. Below, the room looked so drear and ghastly, with the rows of desks all bare and desolate, and the far corners shrouded in gloom, through which the ticking of the old clock made itself heard; and then, outside, all the thieves' shrill whistles, the running, and yells, and bad language made you feel as if it was but one step from desolation into pandemonium.

Pretty sharp raps at the outer door from the gentlemen teachers soon made one feel in a present, very workaday world, and on my unlocking the door I saw the two high hats (everybody wore high hats then!) shining under the gas lamp, and a crowd of dirty, ragged, white-faced lads,

> "Hobbledehoys,
> Half men and half boys."

gathered behind.

"Now then, Tom, they blokes is come to open school; who's going in for A B C?"

"Come along, Sam, it'll be such a lick!" cried another.

"Toe the line!" shouted a third.

The high hats entered, and were deposited by their owners carefully on the top of the cupboard, the only safe place in the room. The forms were moved about a little, the desks adjusted, and they chatted and walked about examining the maps, the door meantime open, but no one entered.

Footsteps and voices, half murmuring, half defiant, sounded from outside; but a full quarter of an hour elapsed, and no one appeared.

Then three shock heads were poked in round the corner, followed in a minute by three very dirty, ragged bodies.

"Well, my lads, come to school?" asked one high hat.

"Ay; how much? We see'd the bill outside, and we've come."

"A penny a week, school open two nights a week."

"Blow'd, Bob; only a brown!" said the eldest, a devil-may-care sort of looking fellow, totally enveloped in a casing of coal dust.

"All right, Jumbo, give us a brown, and I'll pay you yesterday morning. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Git along, don't you see the gentleman's a-waiting?" said Jumbo, with a wink, pulling out a greasy halfpenny and two farthings.

"Is we to sit in them deskies?" he asked, indicating them with his thumb; and, on being answered in the affirmative, they squeezed in, sat close together, conversing in low whispers, and taking in with a few sharp glances the appurtenances of the room.

"Wonder what they give for these here deskies! A clock, too! Wonder what books they've got! Think they'll clout us?" "Not if I knows it; like to see any one clout *me!*" "Think Jim Seaham 'll come?" "Not he; they've got a barney down Princes Row, and Jim 'll sure to be in it!"

The teachers waited, and presently two more shock-headed, hollow-eyed, unwashed, hobbledehoy pupils entered.

"We may as well begin," said one of the gentlemen, glancing from the clock to his watch, to make sure it was the right time. "Stand, boys, and I will say prayers."

There was a shuffling in the desks, one of the boys knelt on one leg, three sat down, Jumbo knelt in the most approved manner, and they all held their hands before their faces, we being vaguely conscious that

Jumbo was grinning at us through his distended fingers. When prayers were half way through, the door gently opened, and a rotten herring came flying in, and hit the reader in the eye. A hoarse laugh, and pungent odour of tobacco coming in white whiffs through the keyhole of the hastily closed door, followed this proceeding. Two of the boys laughed. Jumbo started up, crying, "It's that Jim Seaham; won't I clout him!" and rushed out of the door. Prayers were hastily concluded, the boys regained their seats, and sat looking as if they expected some fun. The door re-opened, and Jumbo lounged in, saying, "'Taint no good; won't I slip into him when I catches him though! Won't I just muzzle him!"

"*You* slip into Jim Seaham! why, he'd lick two of you!" said one of them.

"Hush, hush, boys," said one of the teachers. "Go to your place, a-a-what's-your-name, and we'll begin."

"As there are such a few lads, Conrad, I may as well leave you and go into choir to-night," said his friend, as S. Mary's Church bell began to ring, and passing through the schoolroom into the passage behind the organ, he disappeared.

"You will be able to stay, Sister, in case more come?" asked Mr. Conrad, and I assented.

There were only five, and Jumbo, despite his coal dust, and a certain wicked look in his eye, reminding you of a horse about to kick, was such a prodigy of right-mindedness and stand-by-the-teacher sort of a fellow, that, though he *might* be an awful blackguard—and, what could you expect out of such a neighbour-

hood?—we should be sure to get on all right, and we could reckon on him to help with the others. I passed out some books, Mr. Conrad tested their capacities, selected Jumbo's set as first class, which he would take himself, and consigned the two latest arrivals to me as the second class.

We were silent a brief space. My class were looking at a woodcut on the first page of their books, and Jumbo was spelling m u s t—horse—when there was a scuffle in the court outside, the door burst open, and in rushed a big, red-faced woman, dragging a lad of thirteen by the collar. "Now, then, sir, I said you should come to school, and come you shall! How much is it, sir? A penny! And mind you just looks after him, and give it to him well, for he's a precious young radical, he is. *I* don't know what to do with him, more don't his father. I wallops him well when I catches him. I've had eleven on 'em, and brought them all up myself, and, thank GOD, I always kep' 'em under while I had 'em. I'd master them if they was as big as a house!" And, to do her justice, I believe she would.

Wiping her face with her apron, and cooling down a bit, she turned and caught sight of me. "Ah, yes, Sister, *you* know what he is. Didn't you come to our house week afore last, and see him dressed in my old petticut? 'Cos why? His father 'd torn up his trousers 'cos he went down Newport Market with a lot more from Butcher's Row, kicking up no end of a shindy; and his father being in drink was a bit severe, and swore he shouldn't go out at all."

Yes. I did remember going to Mrs. Seaham's one evening to enquire about the non-appearance of little Tommy at the day school; and seeing a nondescript creature standing at the window, and expecting, in reply to my query as to name, to hear some feminine appellation, was taken by surprise when an unmistakably boy's voice answered, with a laugh, "James." His father had repented of his rash action, and Master Jim had a place all ready to go to when the necessary garments could be obtained, which, of course, we furnished from the Mission House stores.

"He's going on for fifteen. He used to go to S. Giles' School some time since; but he was such a bad boy, always playing the 'charley,' and now he's had bits of places here and there. He's just like his brother Sam, as is locked up, I'm always a-telling him. Please God, I could only catch him thieving, I'd give him in charge as sure as he's born; but the young varmint is too sharp for that by half."

"Did you give Sam in charge?" asked Mr. Conrad.

"Lor bless you, sir, yes. Sam's been on board the *Cornwall*, at Purfleet, these fifteen months. He was locked up for thieving some lumps of lead like, and precious glad I was too, for now he's off my hands, and they'll put him aboard a vessel off there. Now, good night, sir! good night, Sister! I'll leave my young gentleman along o' you, and you can just tell me how he behaves," and with an additional bang to the youth, she departed.

"I say, Jim! Hulloa, Jim! Old gal brought you here

after all. Won't he there,"—indicating Mr. Conrad with a backward jerk of his thumb—"clout you, that's all! Blow me! Fine, ain't it, a-coming foı a schollard?" were the exclamations of a rather brutal looking, big headed lad, who had come in with Jumbo.

Jim Seaham stood unmoved, glancing with a pair of bright gray eyes from under a tangled mass of sandy hair.

"What's your name, my boy?" asked Mr. Conrad.

"White-headed Bob," was the grinning reply.

"Come, come, come,—no nonsense—your name is James—"

"Jim Seaham, please sir," shouted Jumbo. "I say, Jim, can't you speak up proper to a gentleman?"

"Come here, Jim, along o' me," responded the first speaker. "You get off there, he's my mate, not your'n." And Jim, seeing he was there for the time, albeit in opposition to his own wishes, appeared determined to put the best face he could on the matter, and lightly leaping over the desk, ensconced himself by his pal, and began a long narration, couched in street-boy slang, concerning a row which had just taken place in the Five Dials.

The small party of scholars were not augmented by any fresh contingents the first evening, and I believe it was chiefly owing to that fact that everything proceeded harmoniously and peacefully. Jumbo was evidently the potentate; his winks or his frowns ruled the throng, with the exception of Jim Seaham, who seemed to go pretty much on his own lines and do as he liked; but anyways

we had a fairly quiet evening, concluded with prayers, after which there was a trifling struggle for caps. Mr. Conrad's hat was knocked on the ground, where, under pretence of picking it up, Jim gave it a kick which sent it rolling under the gallery, and the whole party rushed out, giving the door a parting slam, followed by sundry shrill whistles through the keyhole, and cat-calls round the court.

"Not a bad beginning, eh?" said Mr. Conrad, when he emerged from the further end of the room, red-faced, begrimed with much dust, and rubbing huge particles of the same off the ruffled nap of his hat. I agreed with him, and told him that as his friend Mr. Knox would be able to assist him, and the Sisters had so much on their hands already, we would merely prepare the room, light gas and stove, and give him the door-key. A message came one evening, after some while, appealing for help with a junior class, and I was deputed to be the one to go and help. When I went into the schoolroom, I found Mr. Conrad installed on a chair, with his feet on a form in front of him, and a row of ragged, shock-headed young fellows, with primary reading-books in their grubby hands, ranged before him, and a couple of smaller lads mounted on high stools on either side of him. Bang went the door, and a string of roughs out of Star Court filed in with their caps on, some sparring up to Mr. Conrad, some jumping on one leg, some on two, and all winking at the other boys.

"Now boys, now boys! take your places!" cries the teacher; but as fast as one sits down his neighbour gives

him the leg and trips him up. A session is at length effected, partly with Mr. Conrad, partly with his friend, who, I observe, has a cane in his hand to enforce his orders. One refractory "Star-Courtier," with one eye, and a mat of straight black shiny hair combed over his forehead, insisted on holding a conversation, garnished with all sorts of questionable adjectives, with the row of neighbours behind; and at length Mr. Knox, after much expostulation, waxing wroth, said he had better take his slate and work his sum alone at the further end of the room, and taking his arm proceeded to lead him off. This was rather an embarrassing affair, as the young gentleman insisted on hopping the whole length of the room on one leg, and Mr. Knox had to walk very slowly to keep pace with him, the class meantime cheering rapturously, and taking advantage of his temporary absence to throw their pencils about, aiming pretty dexterously at the teacher's ear. One young coster, the pride of Star Court, who rejoiced in the name, real or assumed, of Winkles, had a mouth reaching from ear to ear, and smiled persistently through everything.

"Now boys," said Mr. Knox, wiping the perspiration off his face, when he had installed the lad at the other end, and left him to carry on a vehement telegraphic communication of winks and other facial signals with his brethren in the desks. "Now boys, we'll try some more summing to-night. Can any of you do reduction?"

"Dunno," said Winkles; "but I could redooce a pen'orth of pudd'n if anyone liked to take me on."

My class of smaller ones now engrossed my attention too completely to be able to notice more for some time, and when I looked again I saw Winkles mounted in great dignity on a high stool in command of a spelling contingent.

"Spell medder!" he thundered forth.

"Shan't!" said one.

"Spell it this very minute!"

The lad put out his tongue and made a face.

"I'll tell Mr. Conrad!" cried the indignant teacher, and rushed off to the gallery where he was presiding over a class with a black-board.

Back he rushes with Winkles to enforce authority (Winkles' high stool had been kicked over the moment his back was turned), and the minute Mr. Conrad's face was turned from the occupants of the gallery, they put the blackboard upside down, the chair with its four legs in the air on top, and executed some step-dancing behind it. Mr. Conrad meantime explains to Winkles' class how "meadow" is spelt.

"I see, sir!" they all shout.

"Don't say, 'I see,' boys, but spell it!"

"I see, sir!" etc., etc., *ad. lib.*, and back he went to find his own class in a state of revolution. A friend looked in to help presently, and relieve Winkles of his charge, but the friend's temper was not equal to the demands upon it, and he boxed somebody's ears, who ran out muttering denunciations.

Ten o'clock came at last; some knelt down to prayers, some wouldn't. The stampede was pretty much the

same as the entrance had been. Mr. Conrad's friend shook hands and departed, leaving the two gentlemen and myself to put things in order and turn out gas. But a dull murmuring of voices, followed by cat-calls and whistles, and shuffling of feet, told us something was happening in the Court outside, and in a minute Jumbo ran in saying, "They blokes had waited on the gen'elman as clouted Toff Whites, and 'ave bin and knocked his hat off, and they're a kicking of it round Chapel Place, and they've 'hunched' the gen'elman along with it!" Out flew Mr. Conrad, cane in hand, but the troop had fled into the purlieus of Star Court, where they had probably entrenched themselves, hardly even the policeman himself dared to intrude.

The Night School flourished during the winter. I suppose in those days of nothing to amuse the people, and nowhere for them to go, it was a warm, lighted place for them to turn into of an evening. Jim Seaham only honoured it a few evenings with his presence, concluding with knocking over all the forms within reach, and then going into the Court and collecting sundry of the *canaille* over whom he was a sort of chief, and making a frightful noise at the door. Long-suffering Mr. Conrad ran out to stop it, but Jim dodged down, slipped between his legs, and threw him on to the muddy pavement over his back.

On Sunday evenings they were allowed to come into the schoolroom for an hour before church time. One evening, Mr. Conrad being away ill, one of the choirmen took his place. The class marched in like

a herd of wild deer, and seeing a stranger seated in their teacher's chair, stared at him defiantly for a second or so in silence, then one shot a pea in his eye and said, "Say Tom, whose that there bloke?" He not approving this, tried to turn them out, and there was a regular free fight, sometimes teacher up top, sometimes scholars, and Winkles tore down a rolled-up map of Europe from the wall and used it as a sort of battering ram, to keep the teacher at bay should he regain his legs, the rest meantime kicking his hat round the room, and the regular classes of Sunday scholars watching with mingled feelings of delight and awe. In the midst of the *melée* the door leading from the Church passage burst open, and in walked Mr. Williams, one of the clergy, a powerful man, who held his own amidst the roughest of the rough. He soon awed them, called for silence, and began prayers.

Jumbo made a noise. Mr. Williams sent him out into the passage and told him to stop there while he said prayers, during the saying of which, however, Jumbo opened the door, and made faces at the others. Amidst the burst of hoarse tittering consequent on this, Mr. Williams calmly finished up the prayers, then leaped up, seized a cane from the cupboard, collared the hapless Jumbo, and thrashed him with all his might, Jumbo holloaing, "I'll tell my father! I'll tell my father!"

"Will you?" said Mr. Williams. "Then here's something more to tell him," and the cane descended again, and again, and again. "Now tell your father that, and that, and that!" and then shut him out into the Court.

The effect was great. Most of them looked frightened; one shouted, "Leave him alone, can't you!"

"Who are you?" said Mr. Williams.

"His brother."

"Well, if you're his brother, and aren't quiet, I'll beat you too!" and then he struck the cane on the desk till they were all awed, and the poor little day school and choir boys who huddled round me looked terrified.

Those were indeed the "auld fighting days;" but at that time, in that neighbourhood, it seemed nothing but force of arm would lick some of them into anything like shape. Since those days *nous avons changé tout cela;* but Mr. Williams was perfectly adored by all the lads of the Courts and Newport Market when he had once shewn them that he was master, and meant to remain so. Some time after, when some new ones coming in and beginning to make a disturbance, were threatened by him, they called out, "Hit him! Who's he?" but the old lads fired up, and said they'd fight them if they touched the parson.

In the summer, when S. Mary's Parochial Excursion to Richmond took place, the best of the Night School were to go too, and the contractor for brakes being short of conveyances, a cleaned-out coal van with an awning was provided for them, of which the young gentlemen did not approve.

"What! going in that 'ere! Not if I know it! Why, last week I seed it a-carryin' coal!"

However, they at last condescended to make use of it, and Mr. Conrad and Mr. Knox, long-suffering as ever, accompanied them. We caught glimpses of them now

and again, evidently enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, riding donkeys with festoons of pink paper round their caps. They all shouted together for tea, till the vision of Mr. Williams and a big stick coming through the trees silenced them. My boys and I, by some chance, returned in the van with them, and they seemed very harmless and thoroughly happy. They mostly sat with their legs dangling outside, yelling at the top of their voices :—

> "Polly Pluck, she's such a duck,
> O goodness, gracious me!"

And

> "Where have you been all the day?
> Donkey riding, donkey riding,
> That's the order of the day!
> Donkey riding, donkey riding,
> Where have you been all the day?
> Down the alley, kissing (or kicking) Sally, &c."

I don't believe I heard a bad word from one of them the whole return journey. They had been very much pleased to welcome Mr. Conrad home from his summer's holiday, and saluted him with "Halloa, Mr. Conrad, where have *you* been? Ramsgate? Dover? Brighton?"

"No, boys, no; I've been to Wales."

"Well, and how did they feed you?—plenty of pudd'n'? Why, you've got quite a red face!"

I have often wondered since what has become of these poor lads, but whatever has, I am sure they will always remember the kindness and interest of Mr. Conrad and his friends.

A Day at Rye House.

A Story of Haggerston, 1885.

The morning of June 15th looked cloudy, and many anxious little faces were pressed against the window-panes to see what sort of a day it was likely to be, whether they should take a thick jacket and waterproof, or whether their ordinary costumes would suffice for the great event of the excursion of the girls of the Arch Guild to the world-famed Rye House. Weather-wise fathers looked and commented, anxious mothers laid out wraps and umbrellas by the side of the little luncheon-baskets; but girlhood, always illuminated by the golden rays of hope, predicted the day would be lovely, and protested against being "bothered with all those things." Sundry small young ladies rose at all sorts of unearthly hours, and were too excited to think of getting washed and dressed, but counted up pence and farthings in airy attire, and calculated the number of swings and donkey rides their wealth would procure them. Nine was the hour fixed for the start from S. Augustine's, York Street, Haggerston, and thither trooped damsels and maidens, and divers married past members, who had consigned their chicks to the care of "Grandma," and were coming out, meaning to have a good time of it, and enjoy themselves like girls again, for once in

a way. What a proud and happy moment when the brakes thundered along and drew up in front of the church, the horses champing and jingling their bits, and stamping and pawing the ground as if they were longing already to be on the road; and oh! the pleasurable moment, the intense excitement of mounting up into the brake amidst the cheers of the assembled crowd of envious boys who had come to see the girls off! Each girl duly hoisted up with her luncheon on her lap, and her chosen partner beside her, felt in her glory. Big ones were in chummy little coteries in the front, and rows of happy younger faces lined the inside. There! The gas factory clock is striking nine, and all the school-bells have left off ringing, the Vicar (Mr. Burrows), and Father Mackonochie have mounted to their places in front of the third break, the Sisters are duly packed inside with the young ones, the boys slam-to the doors, and all are ready for a start, but—there is a missing bandmistress! Fancy, a lost bandmistress! One is constantly seeing advertisements of missing bags, and purses, and lockets, and jewellery, dogs, and sometimes children, but *never* a lost bandmistress! What could be done? One of the girls has a picture in her home of the "Lost Duchess," a young lady in a big hat and feathers, with very large eyes and a very small mouth, her general expression conveying the notion that she might be lost for ever in the wood where she was straying before she could gather her ideas together to tell how to get out; but whether a lost bandmistress would look at all like a lost Duchess was another ques-

tion. Where was she lost? In the wilds of Dalston or the trackless regions of Stoke Newington? Was she lost in the howling wilderness of Kingsland, or had the precincts of De Beauvoir Town environed her? It was wrapped in mystery; all that was known was, she had *not* been seen in Haggerston.

But "Time and tide wait for no man," and three brakes full of eighty-seven girls can wait for no woman, not even a lost bandmistress. Slash go the whips, forward plunge the horses, and the wheels fly along Great Cambridge Street, and we're really *off*. Away along the Queen's Road, whence crowds of city clerks are hurrying disconsolately to business, past Abney Park Cemetery, where rest the bones of Dr. Watts, and we turned off along the high road to Stamford Hill. Great excitement! Halloa! What is that puffing and panting and steaming along? Why it is a steam tram, plying its way to and from Ponder's End.

> "Let the steam-pot
> Hiss till it's hot,
> Give me the speed of the tantivy trot,"

is the opinion of the girls as they rolled past in gallant procession. Here are market carts laden with long sweet grass from the country, and tired labourers lying on the green freightage; traps, wagons, gipsy-carts selling baskets, more steam trams, houses building with bright new red bricks, old-fashioned houses standing back in gardens, smart newly-painted shops. Here we come to the "Bell" at Edmonton, whence you almost expected to see the anxious face of Mistress Gilpin peer-

ing for her spouse; we stop to water the horses at the "Golden Fleece," and then set forth countrywise again; past Queen Eleanor's stately cross at Waltham, and Paull's lovely gardens at Cheshunt, out into the open country, and so on to Broxbourne. What delights have greeted the eyes of all along the road! Screams of admiration have been elicited by the vision of pink and creamy roses clustering on the cottage walls, of laburnums weeping tears of gold from among the white and rosy chestnut blossoms, of cedars of Lebanon standing stark and stiff, like murky warriors of a by-gone age, among the green-lined spreading wych elms by the roadside. Cows, calves, pigs, old hens and broods of little chicks, nay, even two guinea fowls and a staggering long-legged foal, were vouchsafed to their wondering gaze. The dust was prodigious, powdering everybody's clothes, and getting into everybody's hair and eyes, and down their throats, till at a second stoppage by the roadside to refresh the horses, there were cries from each brake in various degrees of anguish for something to drink. All the stores of sherbet at the little village shop were speedily called into requisition, and cries for "Lady with sherbet!" echoed along the brakes, which were lined with little outstretched heads and hands, and the good woman was at length fairly out of breath with trotting about with her glasses of white fizzy beverage. Cheers of delight greeted the finger-post in the hedge, which pointed "To the Rye House," only exceeded by a cry of admiration as they sighted a gorgeous turnip-field in flower, one blaze of yellow in

the sunlight; and just after they rolled over the railway bridge, who should they see, standing at the top of the steps, but the lost bandmistress! There she was, smiling and nodding and waving her sunshade! She had been too late to start with the party, and had come down by rail, and had been waiting for them the last hour-and-a-half.

How pretty the Rye House looked with the shining river bordered with long flowering sedges, and the gardens, rich in roses spread along the banks. What a pleasure it was to alight and shake the dust off themselves and one another, and move off in little parties of twos and threes to ramble through the gardens and investigate the various assistances towards spending a happy day. And they were many. Rows of grinning "Aunt Sallies" at the end of little avenues hung with red and white calico; magnificent swings hung into the great trees which must have been flourishing at the time of Monmouth's plot; a solemn array of dummy niggers with balls to throw at them, and when you hit a head it dropped backwards as if its throat was cut, with a horrid grin. Rather an alarming amusement for little girls, was it not? A party of the older girls, with the two clergy and the Sisters, having seen all the young ones thoroughly enjoying themselves, started off to "do" the place thoroughly. What was the first object of curiosity to be seen? A smart little shanty stood before them with a large placard over the door announcing that for the sum of twopence sterling, the great "Bed of Ware" could be seen. The great "Bed of Ware!"

Everybody had heard of that, but nobody had seen it, and now was the time. A little stuffy, poky shanty it was, which gave you the impression that the "Bed of Ware" had never had thorough ventilation since the days of Shakespeare.

It was a marvellous sight, hung with old tapestry, with pillars and head-board of carved dark oak, a curious memento of bygone days. Hard by it hung a piece of tapestry of apparently the same date, which the showman informed us represented "Narcissus, who fell in love with his own h'image in the water." The hapless youth, arrayed in pink and blue, was craning his neck between two yellow ochre coloured pillars to get a sight of his visage in the water below, while an adoring damsel was turning herself round a pillar behind, admiring evidently the back of Narcissus's head as much as he did his own view of the front of it. A very surprised looking spaniel, with elevated eyebrows, and a good deal of white about the region of the eye, was contemplating the scene in the midst. There were also sundry pieces of old oak carving distributed about, and a picture of Queen Anne worked in floss silks, in which she looked very much embarrassed—whether by the cares of her realm or the magnitude and stiffness of her attire we were not able to decide. Much as we admired all these articles of *vertu*, it was refreshing to get out into the grass and breathe the pure air; and then we proceeded to the banqueting hall—a splendid place, I don't know how many feet long, with tattered banners and portraits of the old parliamentary worthies. Long wreaths of ivy

had grown in through the windows, and festooned the walls inside in a most graceful manner. The girls were much amused at a full-length portrait of a lady, labelled "Tillie Kittle;" and then, "Now for the dungeon!" they cried. "How many of us are there going in? Why, twenty-four, to be sure!" they said to the old man at the wicket. Through an ancient archway, up a narrow winding stone staircase, and we emerged into a good sized room, and the old man mounting after us, proceeded to hold forth on the objects we saw around. The bed, hung with red damask, had been the property of Queen Elizabeth; two enormous cavalier's jack boots, besides a pair with studded soles, once the property of Prince Lee Boo; sundry portraits and pictures bearing on the date of the Rye House plot; a rusty iron gibbet, which had held many a ghastly head, and a large tapestry "which, though worked in the dark h'ages, I wish to beg you to observe the beauty of the work, the subject, the Goddess Ceres spreading plenty on the earth." At the foot of the bed were two figures, roughly fashioned out of the roots of a tree, representing Herodias's daughter with S. John Baptist's head—and I forget what the other was.

Our cicerone expressed great indignation at some casts of the heads of Greenacre and some other murderers which had found their way in here, but which, he said, "I never notice, as not bearing on the historical subject of the room." The room itself, by-the-way, was the identical one where the Rye House Plot was hatched. A low-browed door, opposite to the

one by which we had entered, led to a subterranean passage, used doubtless many a time in days of "auld lang syne." Down, down, down we went, preceded by our guide with a flickering cresset light, as we descended the narrow winding stairs, hewn in stone. One girl, the youngest of the party, was frightened, and had to be passed up again, and it really was rather awful descending in the darkness into you knew not where. At last the steps came to an end, and there, in the angle of the wall, was a little iron-barred window, showing inside a grim dungeon, dimly lighted by a pale yellow lamp, and revealing a ghastly skeleton seated in a niche, the head bent forward, and looking as if the body, which had long ago clothed the crumbling bones, had perished in the agonies of hunger, barred up in the close and damp dungeon, shut out from the light of heaven and the freedom of the trees, buried away from all he loved, until Death the releaser stole in with a silent step and bore him through the gloomy portals. A winding passage in the rock, hung with dripping stalactites, barred in the old days with an iron portcullis, took you to the open air.

It *was* delicious to get out of the weird, ghostly passages, and the mouldy old relics of the past, into the soft summer air, with the light flecking the trees and green-sward; and the girls elected we should go for a good walk along the riverside towards S. Margaret's. So "along the riverside we strayed," and gathered handfuls of lovely forget-me-nots, and bugloss, and flowering rushes, and watched the swallows skimming around, darting hither and thither, almost touching the sunny

ripples of the Stort. The girls laughed and chattered, and gathered flowers for the Sisters, and large bunches of grass for Toby and Sandy at the Priory, and commented on the wondrous neglect to all the beauties of nature shown by the two clergy, who strolled ahead, looking neither to the river and the blooming meadows on their right, nor to the luxuriant watercress beds on their left, but having what the Chinamen call a regular *Chin chin*, with heads bent down and black coats fluttering as they walked. "Talk about us *women* talking," said Jane, "why they're no better than a pair of old ladies!" That they were *not* quite so oblivious as the girls feared was evident when they sat down on the towing-path till the rest came up, and one of them drew a pair of glasses from his pocket, and invited them to take a view of the surrounding country.

All pleasures have an end, and the warning watches of the Sisters suggested they ought to be Rye House bound for tea, which most comforting meal was provided in a large, bran-*new*, old banqueting hall in the gardens, and a very comforting affair it was. A capital tea! Bread and butter and cake were partaken of, and if Susan *did* eat more than Mary, it was no fault of Mary's, as *she* ate as much as she could.

One of the Sisters had to catch an early train, soon after four, to go home, and thus left before the meal was quite ready; but while sitting, thirsty and hot, awaiting the arrival of her train, her soul was much comforted, and the railway officials much amused, by the advent of an honorary member and a bandmistress bearing

a tea-pot they had captured from one of the waiters, a cup and saucer, etc., and had thus run all the way from the Rye House to the station to provide this most exhilarating cup of tea for her on the platform.

Pleasant walks, swings, aunt sallies, etc., passed away the time till seven, and then the happy family packed into the brakes, and rode homeward in the gloaming, singing as they went. It was indeed a medley of song. Snatches of popular songs—"In the Gloaming," "Silver Moonlight," "Dream Faces," "Wait till the Clouds Roll by,"—being diversified with the teetotal chant of "Shut up your public-houses, we don't want none o' your beer," and snatches of Salvation melodies. Homeward bound, they rolled along the way trodden in days of yore by luckless Johnnie Gilpin. Homeward through Dalston, till Great Cambridge Street was sighted and reached by 11 p.m., and they all parted, after having spent a thoroughly enjoyable day.

The Babies' Outing.

A Story of Haggerston.

"Now, Sister, fix some Saturday afternoon when I can bring a waggonette and take some of the babies out for an afternoon to Lea Bridge," said our kind friend Mr. Swann, and so we fixed an early date in July for this afternoon of delights. Such a picking out of the babies who *could* go, and who could *not* go, ensued! Such furbishing up of garments and doing up of hats, and extra pinnies worn all that week to keep the frocks clean! Friday evening came ; a lovely evening, the sunset over the backs of the houses behind S. Chad's Church a trifle too red to look quite pleasant; however, nothing to signify; sure to be fine to-morrow. Weather prognostications were not always certain, and a London haze often makes the sky look redder than it really is, and so all unpleasant forebodings were banished, and charming anticipations of how babies would enjoy the drive in the waggonette, and seeing the trees at Walthamstow, and the green grass and the blue sky, filled our expectant minds.

Patter, patter, patter, sounded on the window-panes the next morning. "Oh, what a good thing the rain has come so early," we cried ; "it will be all over by twelve o'clock." Towards ten it cleared up a bit,

towards twelve a watery sunbeam struggled on to the dripping roof. Hurrah! the babies will have a glorious afternoon. Great care was taken over dinner, and bigger bibs than usual, lest stray morsels should soil the clothes. That important meal over, we again inspected the weather, but Great Cambridge Street is always *rather* a dull looking street, so we must not judge of the country by the gray sort of feeling pervading all outside. "It'll be a *lovely* afternoon," we again cried, looking at the pools of muddy water in the gutters, and the general black, greasy look of the pavement, and we, therefore, concluded to dress the babies in their out-door garments, and planted them at the window to watch for the advent of the waggonette. Shrieks of delight from the window told us it had arrived, and Mr. Swann marched in, rather the knight of the rueful countenance, as the horse—a white one—had tumbled over, turning a corner, and covered its off side with mud, and the waggonette was not such a big one as he had expected, and it looked as if it was going to rain; however, we'll hope for the best. And so we did. We deposited Tommy, in all the glories of a new hat with magenta ribbons, in one corner, and Emmie, her little pale face covered with smiles, and half buried in the depths of a "Granny" bonnet, was dumped down beside him, with the two pairs of little legs sticking straight out; then came Willie and a whole squadron of youngsters; and lastly, Miss Smith and ourselves got in, the former carrying little Charlie, the sickly baby of the lot, on her lap, when he immediately stuck his finger into his mouth and

surveyed the world with rather a woebegône aspect. Mr. Swann ensconced himself near Tommy, two friends who accompanied him mounted the box, the driver plied his whip, and off we started, amidst the envy of the groups of Saturday afternoon shoemakers who were smiling derisively at the corner of the street. "Looks as if they was off to the Derby, don't they?" "Here, brass up, guv'nor, and we'll drink a safe return to you and the kids," etc., etc.; but we solemnly trotted away with our mud-stained steed, while great drops of rain began slowly to fall. "Ah! just a passing shower; nothing more;" said Mr. Swann, and on we proceeded along the Queen's Road, past the German Hospital, turn to the right along the busy thoroughfare of Hackney, and so on to Clapton, where by the time we reached Clapton Pond, the rain was not drops, but a downpour. The children grew fidgetty. "What is one man's food is another man's poison," and what is meat and drink to a brood of young ducklings is hardly the same to a waggonette of small children. Sweet little Emmie smiled through everything; sturdy little Tommy defied the weather, and clung to Mr. Swann; but the majority of the young people emulated the weather, and the rainfall without was equalled by the tear falls under the umbrellas. Charlie diversified the aspect of things generally by choosing this auspicious place to be awfully sick, which, as we were tightly packed, did not conduce very highly to the general comfort. It took us some moments to get over the effects of this; and even Mr. Swann, who is usually equal to any emergency,

could only gasp feebly, "Children and dogs, they say, are best left at home," which, as the expedition was for the children, *and* the children only, was hardly quite apropos to the occasion. The next turn to the right was Lea Bridge Road, down which our Bucephalus splashed over his fetlocks in mud, with a slow, heavy, "two farthings and tuppence" trot. Other pleasure seekers were out besides ourselves and our babies; indefatigable bicyclists, smart, rakish looking ponies dragging traps with three or four stout men weighing thirteen or fourteen stone apiece, other traps with less desirable looking ponies, and filled up with young lads and lasses, coster donkeys and barrows, and sundry young men giving their dogs an airing, all tumbled and jostled, and elbowed along the muddy road in the direction of Lea Bridge; but on went we, past that Capua of our young men and maidens, the Ferry-boat, over Lea Bridge, whose waters were covered with scullers and out-riggers, we thundered along the road to Walthamstow.

Bills in divers windows announced that tea was to be had inside, and drawing up at one of these we dismounted, Mr. Swann and his friends handed us one by one the children, like so many bundles of firewood, which we, on receiving, conveyed upstairs to the room where we were to have tea. A large, bare-looking room, with a round mahogany table in the middle, a grand piano at one end, a long mirror over the chimney-piece, wherein we caught glimpses of our desponding countenances, and two windows looking into the gray sky outside, with the rain splashing through the chestnut

trees into the streams of yellow water which swirled along the gutters below. We deposited the children in rows on blankets which we had spread on the carpet, and the advent of cake, bread and butter, and sweet tea, wreathed every face with smiles, and we at last believed we were altogether having rather a good time of it than otherwise. Tommy did his part valiantly as a trencherman; Emmie coquetted with a piece of cake and looked lovely with the pink colour the rain had brought into her little wan cheeks. Charlie only looked so-so; but Willie swung round the room with his one available leg, and thought he was having a "high old time." *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*, is true of most sublunary matters, but it was not the case with our friend the rain that day, which swished against the window-panes and bubbled and gurgled against the sills outside as it spattered down into the street, and "Hame, hame, hame, fain wad we be."

But nature's sweet reviver, tea, had steeled our souls and nerved our hearts to the task of returning—and return we must ere the shades of evening fell—so the white horse, cleaned from his muddy stains, and also refreshed with a feed, reappeared at the door; and, having duly wrapped up our charges, we replaced them in the waggonette after the same firewood-loading fashion, our friends climbed to their seats, the steed bestirred himself, and farewell to Walthamstow for that day.

Why we were to return home a different route I never exactly ascertained. Whether it was a whim of our

charioteer, or whether it was selected to escape the increasing Saturday crowd thronging Forest-wise, or whether he really lost his way, I know not; but we found ourselves in the gloaming, driving alongside a sort of stream or canal, beside which the road ran in dangerous proximity, without a rail or guard of any sort. Having escaped this danger we got out into some fields, where our further progress was crossed by the seemingly impassable barrier of a flowing river. Where were we? Temple Mills, was the reply. Temple Mills! We had heard the boys speak of that as a holiday ramble, but it seemed to us a terrible long way from Great Cambridge Street. Everything looked moist and sloppy and damp, from the dripping sky to the soppy grass. There was a sort of inn, or public-house, with a few Saturday loungers around it, but both they and it looked gray and misty in the generally pluvious state of the surroundings. "How are we to get across the water?" asked Mr. Swann. "Ford it, sir," was the reply, and down the bank we plunged and into the dark, dreary waters. It was an awful moment! We clung to the children, and they clung to us. The horse went in deeper and deeper, and less and less of the wheels were seen. We didn't seem going straight across either, but the driver began going, as we thought, *down* stream. The water came up higher and higher, and the old white horse stumbled. Suppose we all tipped over, how many, and which children could we save, or could we save ourselves or anybody else? If we screamed for help, who would come to us? Supposing even eventually we were saved, how

many children would survive the shock of the water, and how many would be crippled with rheumatism for life? O why didn't the driver go right across, instead of imperilling us all with these zig-zag gyrations midway in the flowing river? Suppose the water burst in at the back and washed us all out, or the horse tumbled down as he did in Coleman Street! Suppose!—oh, a hundred suppositions shot through our brains! I don't think any of us spoke, and the rain pattered all around and made tiny little wavelets on the water. Bump, struggle, tumble—more of the horse seen, more of the wheels out —crack went the whip, the waggonette upheaved, and behold us emerging from the water's depths and valiantly tugged up the bank by our gallant steed! Good old white horse! "That bloke as drives that there trap, he knows the ins and outs of that ford uncommon well; he kep' right along it coming accrost," was the commendatory speech of two young Arabs, kicking their shoeless heels on the grass. Right thankful were we to find ourselves on *terra firma* once more, and feel that the dark stream rolled behind us, and we and the babies were safe.

The shades of night were falling fast as we sighted the lights o' London, and most of the little heads were leaning against us and each other in profound slumber; Tommy's little round face and pursed-up button mouth upturned to the umbrella which canopied him overhead, while his fat legs reposed on Mr. Swann's knees. Gas-lights and shop-lights, and Saturday night stall-lights, and red and white tramcar lights, cheered our

vision as we rolled through Clapton and Hackney into the obscure expanse of the Queen's Road; and how welcome a moment when we drew up in dear, dingy Great Cambridge Street, and the open door revealed our own homely gas-light streaming in soft effulgence out on to the muddy pavement.

Home we were, and the bairnies safe and sound, and not a man Jack of them the worse on the morrow for the Babies' Outing.

Our Rougher Neighbours.

THE title of a most interesting book which we remember finding great pleasure in reading once upon a time, when "all the world was young," was *Our Feathered Neighbours*—in the old days when the perusal of it gave an extra zest to our rambles through the sweet, spring woods, carpeted with moss, and primroses rearing their heads from among the ruddy drifts of last autumn's leaves; for was not every budding tree garnished with dainty nests containing precious treasures, concerning whose owners, and their habits, the book enlightened us? Did not our rambles on sultry summer days along the green "ridings" of the Midlands, when the fragrant wild roses tossed their sprays—one bower of blossom—athwart the tall hedges, thick with maple and spindle berry, as yet attired in sober green, but not many months hence to shine in all their splendour of gold and scarlet, where now the delicate green beeches raised their straight heads above the tangled foaming mass of pink and white, and fell in fleckened shadows on the daisy-studded turf: did not our hearts rejoice as we heard the sweet notes of the blackbird, which now and then darted across, above our heads from hedge to hedge, and the plaintive wood-pigeon, from among the thicker trees beyond, with its sad, monotonous cry of "Take-two-Taffy!" "Take-two-

Taffy?" And then, later on, when the orange-hued harvest moon shone across the level meadows, where the feathered trunked elms stood gray and purple against the pale green sky, the mournful wail of the corncrake came, borne across the dewy twilight. Did not *Our Feathered Neighbours* teach us to love and appreciate and understand these birds?

Here, our lot is cast among our *human* neighbours, of whom I may say, as a man remarked to his mate when he pointed at my garb one day in the Queen's Road, "It takes some of all sorts to make up a world," and the sorts we come across in our Eastern world, are, some of them, very queer sorts.

Now, to treat of our present neighbours, we will begin with a certain Jack. He is not commonly known by the name of Jack, but by a friendly *nom-de-guerre* expressive of his great personal strength and prowess, and in this particular he does not stand alone, as sundry other of our rougher neighbours rejoice also in *soubriquets* expressive of special personal qualities or qualifications, much in the same manner as the knights of old each had their special designations, such as, "Duke William Longsword," "King Malcolm Canmore," etc., etc. Among his friends were two Jones brothers, who both sell fish, both drive first-class ponies in coster's barrows, both are adepts in the noble art of self-defence; the distinction between the two is, that one, who has a lump behind the ear—the consequence of some sparring match—is known by the name of "Lumpy," while his brother, a great trencher-man, is usually denominated

"Scorf," that being a local term for what they would call in the vernacular, "putting away the victuals!" A lad, whose habits and conversation are rather erratic, and not always quite to the point, is more widely known by the name of "Balmy" (mad), than by that in which he was registered at his birth.

We had heard of this Jack, from one and from another, as a sort of hero. He had begun life, as most of them do, by picking up a living in all sorts of queer ways: earning a bit here, by doing a little sparring, doing an odd job there, and latterly by being what is termed in these parts the "Chucker-out" at a place of amusement largely frequented by the neighbourhood. Here his herculean feats, and prodigious strength, both in the matter of ejecting the unruly, and presiding over the nearly equally unruly who remained within, have become a sort of by-word. The *Jeunesse-dorée*, who compose the audience, consist chiefly of the tricolour jersey-bedizened young costers, and the white-aproned, long-fringed girls of Hackney Road and Bethnal Green, of whom the fact that they can show fight as well as the men is proved by one young Amazon knocking down a fighting-man who said what he had no business to say to her, in some place of amusement. Hearing so much of the celebrated "Chucker-out" made us anxious to make his personal acquaintance, and a mutual friend promised to effect the introduction, which was, however, delayed by Jack's request, as he said he "couldn't go to see no lady till his hair had grow'd enough to part," the necessities of his occupation compelling him to keep it

closely cropped. At last, one January afternoon, he arrived, and his introducer afterwards informed us that some one having given him an old pair of gloves, Jack thought it meet and right to put them on for the occasion, which was done by two able assistants, who buttoned them, with instructions that he was to take them off before shaking hands. He admired them all down the Hackney Road, till, turning up Great Cambridge Street, he remarked, "I'd better begin to get these off now, so that I can shake hands with the lady;" and it was lucky he commenced thus early in the day, as it was found to be a labour of both time and difficulty. "And, I say," he proceeded, "if you hear me a-going to say any word I didn't ought to, you just scrunch my foot agin the table!"

Picture to yourself a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow of seven or eight-and-twenty, with a muscular neck, swarthed in a white "belcher," surmounted by a rough, good-humoured face, a nose so macerated as to be of no particular shape whatever, and a pair of honest, kindly brown eyes. He soon became very friendly, carrying on the greater part of the conversation himself; informing us how, when matters got very rough at his place, he had to put on a "knuckle-duster," a sort of metal case for the fingers, "for they *are* a rough lot, they are, it's all I can do to keep 'em out at times. Yes: I've been in sparring competitions many a time. I sparred along o' 'Lumpy' last week," and from descriptions of various vicissitudes he had gone through, he proceeded to expound his ideas on subjects in general.

He had such a genial, good-humoured way, one could not help liking him, and he was specially kind to the dogs, for dear Toby was alive then, and, in company with Sandy, sniffed round his legs. "See!" said he, pointing with his thumb to the old dog who was looking up with his honest eyes into the kindly face of the "Chucker-out," "He's a nice 'un, I like him, he's a good sort of dog, he is; but the other joker," pointing to Sandy, who, with furtive and suspicious glances, was dodging round the other side of the table, "don't like the look of his eyes, he might give me a sly nip, he might." We have since heard how specially kind he is always to dogs and children, of how he got into some row at "Rocky Charlie's (Carlo Rocci), him as keeps the ice cream shop," about some dog he saw a man ill-treating there; and later still, he saw a man unkind to a boy—"he was an orphan, he were; ain't got no father nor mother"—and took his part in a way that proved him no inefficient knight-errant in the cause of the oppressed. "He *is* a good chap!" is the remark we have constantly heard; "if he's only twopence in his pocket he'll give it away to a pal in distress." Since his first visit he frequently comes, now and again, and has been heard to say to a friend that "days were when I would have punched one of them Sisters agin the wall, but now I'd *bash* any one I see'd insulting them!"

Jack has a wide acquaintance among a certain set of sporting celebrities; he introduced a smiling, good-humoured, fair-faced lad to us once, as being a celebrated walker, he'd walked in some match at the

Aquarium, and he was going down to Northampton to walk. "He's a good little chap, he is, and I've a mind to go with him, and see he don't come to no harm," patting him on the shoulder, while the young pedestrian grinned from ear to ear. We also heard, through him, of some other youth who had gone in for some sparring competition, and won some small sum, and "he's a good sort of a young chap, he is, for fust thing he says was, 'half of this'll go for new togs (clothes) and half for my poor old mother;' now, no chap couldn't say fairer nor that."

As our friend's visits increased, so his outer man improved. His hair managed to develop a most perceptible parting, the "belcher" had disappeared and was replaced by such a "masher" collar as at times threatened to cut his head off; and most careful was he to appear inwardly as well as outwardly in proper trim, for once when he had promised to come, and did not put in an appearance, a messenger brought word that "Mr. Jack had been a little bit *elervated* the previous night, and thought he had better not come."

He told us once, "Things was bad, and two chaps come for me, and they says, 'Come down to Birmingham,' says they, 'we may get a job there.' And one bloke says, says he, 'I've got two pun laid by, and that'll take us down.' So we went, and when we gets there, we found there wasn't a job to be had at no price, and we hadn't got no money, not nothink, and we'd got lodgings at Birmingham and hadn't got no money to pay with. And one bloke, he says, 'I'll tallygram to my old woman

in Bethnal Green; I've got a quid laid by, and that'll fetch us home.' Well, we sold some of our togs, and raised a shilling for the tallygram, and we sent it off. But Saturday night come, and no letter hadn't come, and Sunday morning, and not nothink. Well, I went round to some chaps as I knowed, to Alf. Greenfield—him as fought Jim Smith—and he were very good to me, and give me 'half-a-dollar,' and says he, 'There ain't nothink doing here, still, as you are a mate, I might find a bit of a job for you.' 'No,' says I; 'I come down here along of these two blokes, and I can't leave 'em; it wouldn't be right, like.' So I goes to another young chap, Sam Brown—him as fought Long Bob—and he said he was very bad off, but he give me a 'tanner,' and Sunday night we set out to tramp it. We walked miles and miles along the road, with dust enough to choke you—a long, straight road, like, with tallygrapht wires a running along it, and the heat was awful. Then, when you come to stop and rest, we hadn't a morsel of grub, only two penn'orth of bread and cheese, and we shared that among us. We couldn't get a drop of water. We knocked at a door in a village we went through, and an old woman looked out, and I says, 'Give us a drop of water, missus,' and she shut the door right in our faces—thought we were tramps, I suppose. By Toosday my feet was all blistered from toe to heel. We come to a village, and there was a round well at one end, and a tin can a standing agin it. It was like heaven to us; we drank as much as ever we could, and we rinsed our hands and faces, and then one of us had a little bottle

—see! no bigger nor my hand—and we filled that with water and put the cork in, and put it in one of our pockets, and tramped on again. There wasn't no shop, nor pawnshop, in the village, only a few small houses, like, or we'd have pawned our coats for a bit o' grub. The next place we stopped at by the road-side we took out the bottle and put our fingers to measure where we should each drink, and you should have seen how we watched one another to see one bloke didn't drink a drop too much. Presently we come to a big town, and we sold some of our togs, and found a 'doss house'—fourpence a night. It was a rough place, kept by 'Romanys' (gipsies). The bloke put up a bit of a bed for us—all laths—but I didn't like the look of the people around. I thought they'd be sure and take somethink from us, and I does up my boots in my coat, and puts it for a pillow, like, under my head—they didn't give you no pillow. Next morning I ask the chap for a towel and a lump of soap, and he says, 'Towel, and a bit o' soap! Why, what do you expect for fourpence?' Well, I'd a bit o' soap tied up in my shirt, and I'd this here little handkercher, and we went in the yard and had a wash and wiped ourselves on the handkercher—look at it! Then we went on to Coventry, and then a bloke sold his togs, and we got the money to ride back to King's Cross. I'm blessed if I wasn't glad to be back in London agin!"

To leave this Ajax, and look around the host of myrmidons, there are the "two Toms," "Big Tom" and "Little Tom."

These "Rougher Neighbours," especially the coster-

mongers, are all wonderfully good-hearted, and kind and helpful to each other, in their own rough and ready, and, perhaps, we may add, semi-barbarous way. If a "pal" is in difficulties, or in sickness, or anything, his mates immediately get up a "Lead" to give him a little something and set him going again, but all this has to be done in a public-house. Have you ever seen a "Lead" ticket? Here is one for a sample:—

> "THE HALF-WAY HOUSE,"
> GOLDSMITH'S ROW, HACKNEY ROAD,
> PROPRIETOR - - - PAT CONDON.
>
> FRIENDLY MEETING
> will take place on
> *SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th,*
> for the
> BENEFIT OF THOMAS JONES
> (Better known as Ginger),
>
> Who is in great difficulties, and having a wife and 3 children to support, hopes his friends will rally round him on this occasion.
>
> Chairman—TOMMY KING.
> Vice—F. SIMM. Conductor—W. BRAY.
>
> This case is strongly recommended by the following gentlemen:—Little Tom, A. Brown (better known as Pepper), Lumpy Smith, Ted Harvey, Mike Nolan, Long Jim, Bros. Payn, and E. S. Wright (who will play a solo on the bones).

Is it not kind of these dear costermongers to help each other, and do the best they can for each other in their poor way?

The "Little Tom" mentioned on the above "Lead" card, is a "pal" of "Big Tom's," and they have both "done a short time," i.e., seen the inside of a prison. They both used to visit us one winter, at which times "Big Tom" sometimes read aloud interesting facts from the paper, distributing the sentences, and pronouncing the words as seemed best in his own eyes. He was a young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, a carman by trade, his wife was a fancy box maker, and they had two children. "Little Tom" looked like an unfledged sparrow, to look at, you would judge he had barely attained his sixteenth birthday, and if he stood on tiptoe, he might possibly reach your elbow; nevertheless, "Little Tom" is a married man with a strapping "missus," who walks to Paddington with a large basket of glass and china for sale. Tom calls himself an engineer, but was, like many more, out of work in the winter, though Jack, in his kind-hearted way, tried to get him work; and Tom told us he wouldn't mind *what* he did, so long as he could get something—"Why I'd even wear a top hat and get a place as driver, sooner than do nothink!" He was not, however, destined to the humiliation of wearing a high hat, as he found a situation as engineer at Enfield, and we trust he kept it.

And there is another face rises before me—a face like a turnip in shape and colour, with a gash for a mouth, and two round holes for eyes—a body clothed in garments utterly at variance with each other and with the wearer, having been destined for a gigantic man, but by the fickle hand of fortune, placed upon a figure

some five feet two. The wearer does nothing if he can help it, and has thence earned the title of "Lord," being a gentleman at large. He picks up a living in the summer on race courses, holding horses, selling cards, or anything. He exists in the winter by helping at cook-shops, where he gets his victuals, and lodging—such as it is. At one cookshop he slept with the pig, which the landlord was fattening. He had seen the inside of many prisons. They have supplied him with food and shelter, and what would you have more? He is perfectly happy, always smiling; if you ask him how he is, "Oh, first class, getting on a treat!" Barring good-tempered *insouciance*, I am afraid I cannot point out many good qualities in him. His best friend, a young shoemaker, said, "You see, he don't get on first class, he was always so limited in his conversation, like!" The last I heard of him was, that he went over to America—we helped him a bit on the way—and since then, absolute silence. We can only suppose that his powers of correspondence are as limited as his conversation was.

And now for another, with whom we had a better acquaintance—not quite so much of a personal friend as Jack, but still more than a mere acquaintance like the others. Jack, however, whatever his faults may be, was as honest as the day, but our friend Harry belonged to the tribe of the light-fingered ones. Time after time he had been in prison for petty thefts. "I don't know how it is, I can't keep off of it," he said, when he came out the last time but one, to thank us for looking after his wife and children. He is only twenty-three himself!

"Why, you see, it stands like this—if anyone was to give me five-and-twenty quid down, and set me up in a business, like, I couldn't stick to it; I feel that excited, I *must* go and try my luck again, and chance being took. Yes; I know it ain't right, but you don't know what it is to feel like it! Yes; I know you say I ought to think of my missus and the little ones when I'm put away; but she's a real good 'un, is my missus, and she's true to me. I've knowed some chaps' wives when their blokes has got locked up, they go on anyhow, and I call it down right cruel, when a young chap goes out a thieving to keep his wife and family, she shouldn't keep herself *to* herself, when he's put away. Some chaps ain't got no work, and ain't got the heart to go and thieve! Yes; its very true what you say, but you see I was brought up anyhow; *dragged* up, you may call it. My mother was no mother to me, and my father, he shoved us out in the streets to get on the best way we could. I don't know how I picked up a living, I'm sure."

We suppose he had been brought up in utter ignorance, and, besides possible latent kleptomania, he had a strong spice of love of adventure and recklessness engrained upon it. His eyes glistened and his face brightened up, as he related tales of daring and hair-breadth escapes, very much in the same manner as Sinbad the Sailor or Robinson Crusoe might have related their adventures. "Things don't go far, once you come to share them out," he said; "silver ain't worth much, but bless you, you don't make much on

anything! I know some chaps round City Road way as had got a lot of silver bracelets and things, and they melted them down—a new frying-pan comes in as handy as anything, and you can do it yourself, you know!" We shook our heads, and said we did not see there was any prospect, at present, of our being likely to try the experiment. "Well, you see, these things was worth twenty pound or so, but when you come to melt them, why they don't fetch more than five pound, and then they had to go shares among four on 'em! Only a 'thick-un,' and five 'blow' apiece (one pound five shillings)! That time as there were them riots on, a bloke as I knows, he shoves his hand through a jeweller's window and cops hold of a tray full of diamonds, but they warn't no use to him, for the mob, they chucked up the tray and the diamonds was all thrown about, and trod in the mud."

"Come, Harry, *do* give up this life, and try and keep square," we said to him one October, when he came out, gaunt, close-shaven, and bright-eyed. "Well, I'll try, I will indeed. I'll chuck it all up, and get right away over the water, and get a little job there." And we saw no more of him for a while.

One cold, gray December Sunday, coming out of S. Augustine's, we discovered a tall figure standing at the corner of the street, who proved to be none other than Harry, who, greeting us hurriedly, said, "Sister, do you mind going to see my sister's child, she's very bad, and she does cry so to see one of you." Of course we said we would, and having ascertained the street lay some

twenty minutes' walk away, hurried there—a narrow, dirty street, with unkempt women, and staring children on the doorsteps. When we knocked at the number indicated, a sobbing woman opened the door, who led us into a dirty, back room, where the wasted form of a little girl lay, a fragile, waxen corpse, with parted lips, and rings of flazen hair curling over the pillow. "Poor little dear, she died half-an-hour ago," sobbed the mother. And then she told us how the little one had been all keen and excited for her school examination, and how she had sickened and taken to her bed, and how yesterday she had begged and prayed her mother to let her see one of those "kind ladies with black on their heads and white round their faces." And the mother had said, "She means the Sisters, pretty dear, I don't know no Sisters, but I'll get my husband to go and find some out, and ask them to come." And he had set forth in quest of some Sisters last night, and at length found some; *where* he went, or whether he left the right address, no one knew, but the little one lay waiting, with flushed cheek, and eager, impatient eye, and no one came. In the morning Harry had come in to see his little niece, "and I told him how Lizzie did fret so to see one of them Sisters of Mercies, and as how we'd sent somewheres, and they'd none of them come. And he ups and says, says he, 'I knows of a Sister as would come any time, night or day, I'll wash myself and go round at once and ask her,' and then poor little dear, she died not half-an-hour after he was gone. He's a good-hearted chap, is Harry, and always ready to do a kindness to anyone, it's

a pity the poor chap can't keep square, for he's a deal kinder and better to me and my little ones, though he's only my sister's husband, than my own brothers are."

We laid out the little emaciated body, fetching night-dress and sheet from the Priory, and placed it on a ricketty table in the front room, with a few Christmas roses a friend had sent us within its crossed hands.

That there is "honour among thieves" has certainly proved true in Harry's case. One February evening, we were told he wanted to speak to us, and went outside into the passage, whereupon he pointed out the deficiencies in the fastenings of the door, using his long, slender hand to show us how little use the chain was for protection, and strongly advising our having an iron bar across. "You see, you can't be too careful," he said. "Come in, Harry, a little while, and tell us how you're getting on," we said. "I can't, Sister, I've a job on just now; don't ask me to stop now, but I'll call in again another evening—but. Sister, *be sure* and have a bar put on the door, and take care of yourself!" and, with a shake of the hand, he flew down the steps and was lost in the darkness of the February evening.

The next morning, the news flew round of a most daring robbery committed in Hackney Road, the capture of the thieves, and specially of the head of the gang, a young man noted for his prowess and daring exploits. The evening papers contained detailed accounts of the whole affair, ending up with "the prisoner recognised the constable and ran away, but was captured after an exciting chase." When apprehended he said, "All

right, don't show me up, you have got me straight." Poor, dear Harry! if he had only listened to our entreaties and gone right away.

We went to see him one bleak March day, in Holloway Gaol. It was a long, weary tram drive, and a still drearier-looking place at which we arrived. An open space, crowded with people—from very respectable, shamefaced, sad-looking visitors, to jaunty-looking girls and impudent lads, come to visit a "pal" who was doing his time (a not unfrequent occurrence to them). A friend who kindly accompanied us got Harry's dinner from a public-house across the way, and the plate of roast meat, swimming in gravy, covered over with a piece of newspaper, was consigned to me, and with that in one hand, a tin of beer in the other, and a piece of bread under my arm, I took my place with "the rest of the gang" at the gates. Every few minutes a small door opened and a warder admitted four at a time, but I, mindful of my sloppy burdens of beer and gravy, could not push forward very well, and consequently numerous detachments of fours were received, till the warder called out, "You've been waiting a long time, Sister, will you come in, who do you want to see?" I gave him name and number, and the gate closed behind me, and I found myself in a covered sort of *porte cochère* with a small waiting-room on each side. In the left hand one a fire was burning—I suppose it was where the janitor usually sat—in the right hand were some warders handing out blocks of wood, painted black, with numbers in white letters, corresponding with the different

cells, and on my stating again name and number, I received one of these, and was told to follow the other visitors, which accordingly I did, now laden, in addition to the gravy streaming plate, splashing beer, rolling bread, and my own umbrella, with this oblong block which had to be carried in a prominent position, and presented at intervals to divers officials who lay in wait at sundry doorways, corners of passages, tops and bottoms of spiral iron staircases, to demand prisoner's name and number, and your own name and abode. Patient travelling, constant showing of the black piece of wood, and considerable detriment to ones clothes from the combined streams of beer and gravy shed during the ascents and descents of the steep staircases, at length terminated after the last ascent in a long stone passage, whence a warder, pointing to a flight of stone steps, said No. — was the cell first to the left.

Descending, I found myself in a long stone corridor, round which an iron railed gallery ran at the distance of nine or ten feet from the floor, and small doors with tiny trap-doors in them, lined each side of the corridor. No. — was certainly painted over a door, but how I was to communicate with the inmate was a problem, as there was no visible communication. The little wooden door evidently covered the *grille*, had no apparent handle, neither had the door itself. In despair, I knocked, and Harry's familiar voice said, "Is that you, Sister?" "Yes; and I've brought your dinner, but I can't get it in." "All right, wait a bit and some one'll come." A warder in a minute came along the gallery, and,

seeing my plight, descended, unlocked the door, handed in the dinner, giving me a dirty plate and can in exchange, opened the trap-door, which through a screen of perforated zinc, gave you a dim view of the white-washed cell, and Harry in his shirt sleeves. "I'm all right, Sister, it's my luck you see—there's nothing for it but to wait quietly till my time's up. Ah, I wish I'd followed your advice, but I did mean to turn it up after this last, and then, you see, I got copped, and here I am. You'll be good to my wife, won't you, and I should like you to have little Ada, and take care of her till I come out, and you'll mind what I said to you about having bars put agin your doors, and mind you take care of yourself." He said how he should like his pony and cart sold for the benefit of his wife, and sent some messages to a friend, adding, "I hope he will never come into this place." After some twenty minutes' talk, a bell rang, and he said, "There, that's for you to go; please shut this little trap-door, and good-bye, and God bless you, and mind you take care of yourself." And so we left him, poor fellow.

You will be glad to hear that we succeeded in getting little Ada into an Orphanage in the country, and she is now a housemaid, in a very good position.

How can we conclude what we have had to tell you of our Rougher Neighbours, better than in the words of Charles Kingsley?—true, noble words, as his always were:—

"How many men there are going wrong—very wrong—and yet in the midst of all their sins, there is something

in them which will not let us give them up. Perhaps an honest respect for good men, and for good and right conduct: loving the better life, while they chose the worse. Let us believe that God will not give them up, any more than He gave up the penitent thief. If there be something in them that we love, let us believe that God loves it also, and what is more, that God put it in them, and let us hope that God will take care of it, and make it conquer, as He did in the penitent thief."

The "Blokes'" Supper.

It was the evening of the "Blokes'" Supper. I call them "blokes" advisedly, because there is no other cognomen exactly suitable for them. The feast is entered in *S. Augustine's Parish Magazine* as the Costermongers' Supper, but that is a very incorrect definition. Some are costermongers, it is true, but a great many work in the wood-yard, on the canal, and some in the lower branches of the boot line, and all are, in a greater or less degree, infected with the disease called *kleptomania*. They remind me of those great hulking dogs kept by the gipsies in Epping Forest called "lurchers," half sporting, half thieving animals, and our "blokes" (for "bloke" is really the only true name for them), are, in mankind, very much the same species, half coster, and other employments allied to the coster, and half thief, but not half bad sort of fellows, and far better behaved than many young men in a much higher sphere of life. Well, January 6th was the day appointed for the supper, and great excitement prevailed among the masculine frequenters of Goldsmith Row as the festival drew near. The Mission of the Good Shepherd Sister was waylaid by youths in tricolour striped jerseys, entreating for extra tickets for special friends. "Such a poor young chap, Sister, he ain't had no work, and he ain't had a square

meal for I don't know when." On the evening of the day, Mr. Jack Brown, the sort of Adonis of Goldsmiths' Row, the admired of all the girls, and the pride of Lizzie's heart, for his height and his sparring, came up to the Priory and begged for a ticket for "a young chap as he know'd, who had his ticket thev' from him by a 'bloke.'" Who could refuse him? He departed, not only with a ticket for the aforesaid young chap, but with one also for another young chap whose virtues and necessities were painted by him in glowing colours. Half-an-hour before supper time Mr. Joe Smith and a friend appeared at the Lodge, begging for eight more tickets for some deserving young chaps, on whose account the supper tables had to be slightly re-arranged. Eight o'clock, and *après cela le deluge.* In they poured, white-faced, hollow-eyed, gaunt, haggard, pinched up, unkempt, with ragged coats, revealing glimpses of the tricolour jerseys beneath, and handkerchiefs round their necks—all lads of from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, but the greater part stunted and dwarfed in growth through privations and want of food. Conspicuous among these myrmidons towered the athletic form of Mr. Jack Brown, quite the hero of the evening. Quietly and orderly as any well-drilled school-boys, they entered the Lambs' Club Room, hung up their hats, and took their places at the two long tables. Some of the Lodge members and some ladies from the West End assisted in covering the board with joints of roast beef, crisp, brown, and juicy, and delicious long legs of pork, reposing in beds of sage and onions.

Dishes of potatoes, baked and boiled, and refreshing-looking piles of greens flanked the joints; while jugs of ale and lemonade stood on the sideboard ready for use. The Vicar of S. Augustine's said grace, and took the head of one table; Mr. C. Astley Morris, the Churchwarden, proceeded to dispense slices of beef at another; the Rev. H. G. Maxwell, late Chaplain of Coldbath Fields Prison, and one of the Sisters, carved respectively pork and beef at the other end of the tables. Pig disappeared, beef disappeared, potatoes vanished, hunks of bread were seen no more, and then, in all their glory, the Christmas puddings appeared upon the scene, and were loudly cheered as they entered. They, too, had their little day, and then their memory was a thing of the past.

And then came the time for action, and the command to call all hands and clear the decks. A detachment of the members of the Lodge had come down to assist, and it did not take long to place the tables round the room, and range the forms down the centre, leaving a space for performances; and three chairs, facing the audience, where a self-constituted chairman and two supporters—one being Jack—took their places, like the Lion and the Unicorn supporting the Royal Arms.

One of the members of the Lodge meanwhile walked through the ranks, dispensing pipes and tobacco among the company, amidst imploring cries of "Shag up, guv'nor!"

Mr. Maxwell meanwhile found several who had been under his ministrations during their residence at the

expense of the Government. "I seed him, that there joker, when I was run in that there time. He were minister there, and said the prayers to us," was faintly remarked by "one of the crowd."

Songs were first on the programme. The chairman, gorgeous in a pink-and-white paper cap, rapped with his hammer, and said he called on Mr. Bill Giles for a song. Mr. Bill was seated on a table in company with a number of others, decked with a yellow paper crown, and swinging his legs contentedly. His mother is considered the best fighting woman in the neighbourhood, and Bill himself is a notorious character for the frequent and effective ways in which he fights his mother up and down Goldsmith Row, on the slightest provocation. Being possessed of such an Amazonian mother, true to human nature, which usually clings to an ideal the antithesis of what it possesses, Bill sung in a sympathetic manner a touching little ballad of "The Violets on his Mother's Grave," that mother who brought him up so tenderly, and made him love his Bible. Poor, dear Bill, the choice of such a song showed the depths of tenderness in his heart; and what might not the tenderness of a true and loving mother have made him? Much applause followed this song, for your true "bloke" loves the sentimental, and another gentleman being called upon, sung "The Ashes in the Grate," a song replete with emotion of old loves and memories dying out "like the ashes in the grate." Song followed on song, any comments elicited a sharp rap from the chairman's hammer, and a loud "Order, gentlemen, no remarks, *if*

you please!" As the chairman called upon each, so he duly appeared and sang his song, with the exception of one who had just come out from "doing his time," and therefore declined, naturally, to render his close-cropped head conspicuous by standing up and singing. Thus the evening wore on, until, we suppose, the triumvirate, who sat, paper crowned, on the three chairs facing the audience, deemed a change of programme necessary, and the chairman accordingly rose and said:—

"Gen'elmen, ladies, and friends, having all enjoyed ourselves so far together, some of the gents will oblige with having a little sparring; clear back a bit!" and waving his hand, the lion and unicorn shoved back both audience and forms, so as to make a wider arena, and then the chairman called on Mr. Jones and Mr. Taylor to come and have the first turn. Up rose two lads—one with a shock head of very fair hair, looking like a bottle brush, with a wizen face and little sharp, weaselly eyes; the other, a thin, white-faced, dark-eyed fellow—who both stepped into the ring and commenced "peeling," displaying striped tricolour jerseys under the shabby torn coats they had doffed. The lion and the unicorn, acting as seconds, assisted in the preparations, by releasing a pair of dirty boxing-gloves from a handkerchief, and, shaking and spreading out till they fluttered like banners in the breeze, a red and a white handkerchief, which both looked as if they might be made of silk. The chairman, who was to act as umpire, calmly surveyed the proceedings. When all was ready, and each in their respective corners with their backers, he thundered

forth, "Let go, gents!" and the combat began. How they sparred round, how they lunged, how they dived, how one got his head "into chancery," and how the tide of battle rolled, requires a more sporting pen than mine to describe; but after a short space occupied by these evolutions, the umpire sung out, "Have a blow, gents!" and the pair dropped back into their original corners, on to the knees of two of the crowd, while the lion and the unicorn each rubbed up his man, and flapped his face with the crimson and white handkerchiefs. These heroes having sufficiently displayed their powers, they were rubbed down and re-habilitated, and the chairman called on the Brothers Giles to oblige. The Brothers Giles, being men of war, hastened to obey the summons, which ended in the complete triumph of Mr. Bill over Mr. Ted in the noble art of self-defence. A member of the Lodge offered himself to enter the arena with the "lion," and both being prepared, the chairman said solemnly, "Gentlemen, a little spar between two friends!" This concluded these Olympic games, and the company returned to the singing, and the festive party broke up a little after eleven with three hearty cheers for the Sisters.

One of the "blokes" had said afterwards, "Them dinners *was* nice, it made you feel quite like a lamb!"

I suppose the poor fellow meant they stilled the gnawing feeling of hunger in his stomach, and, oh! what a terrible feeling that must be! And they looked like it, too, some of them.

One of them, the round-faced, spotty one, who looked,

as a Sister said, "like a devout dumpling," murmured to one of the ladies:—"I *do* like them women"—then—as if afraid he had spoken disrespectfully—he added, "they are nice, kind ladies." It appears he had confided to one of the Sisters that he was desirous of making a speech, "as well as the other chap," to show his appreciation of the dinners, but somehow it never came to anything, as he had never screwed up either his courage or his eloquence to speaking point.

"But, Sister, I should like to join your Society," he had proceeded, and as he did not state in what manner he wanted to join the Community, whether as a sort of Lay Brother, or Associate, or what, the matter dropped then and there, and Tom ended the interview by borrowing a book to read, and sending word the next day by his mother how much he liked it, and had got as far as page fifteen.

The other day a poor, rough looking young man entreated for a little help towards getting together "a few greens on a barrer, then you see, Sister, I can go on the hawk, and sell a bit here, and a bit there, if only I had a few ha'pence to start me."

The few ha'pence was a matter to be considered; however, Charity prevailed over Prudence, and they were consigned into the "bloke's" grimy hand, and he promised faithfully to "bring the barrer round a' Toosday, and shew you how I'm getting along, like."

Well, "Toosday" arrived, but no "bloke." The sorrowful Sister shook her head, and feared she had been taken in, and bitterly regretted the loss of the halfpence

from the Special Winter Fund. On Wednesday evening came a ring at the Priory bell, and the little portress announced:—"Please, Sister, there's a young man wants to see you."

"Some one who wants a dinner ticket, I suppose, Carrie," was her reply. "Tell him to wait a minute."

When she went to the door in the gray light of the cold March evening, there stood Charlie, smiling, dirty and ragged, with a friend equally ragged, dirty and smiling.

"Well, Charlie, how is it you never came to see me on Tuesday?"

"Ah, Sister, I knew you'd think I'd been and had you, and it was all a make up, but I went down to Gravesend with the few bits of things you give me the money to get, and I got on fine, and got a bit o' grub, and I thought, well—it seems a pity to have the journey back to tell Sister; I hope she won't think bad of me, and so I stopped till I was sold out, and now I can get on famous, and I come to kindly thank you, and tell you I was a-doing well," and with a hearty hand shake, and a beaming countenance, Charlie shuffled off in the direction of Hackney Road.

We were glad to hear our little help had started one poor fellow, and kept him going, too, for we hear from others that he is really getting on all right.

An Ishmaelites' Sunday Evening.

A Story of January, 1892.

HALF-PAST eight on a bitter cold March night, the wind swept down Great Cambridge Street in icy, cutting gusts, scarcely a soul who could help it was out; red lights glimmered through the drawn curtains of such Haggerston windows as were fortunate to possess curtains, and the chanting of Lenten hymns from the churches rose up into the frosty air. It was a sort of night that people speak of when they say they would not throw even a dog out. But, despite the keen and bitter blast which blew so pitilessly, a crowd of poor, ragged, starved-looking men were clustered round the door of S. Saviour's Lodge—that small white-faced building which humbly stands besides the tall red Priory, like a sickly child leaning against a buxom, rosy parent. And a very hard-working busy bee of a child it is, for under its sheltering roof much very important business is carried on. In its upper story is situate the workroom where old ladies can earn a little something to help keep their pots boiling, and downstairs is the headquarters of the Lambs' Club, as nice a set of young fellows as you could come across

in a day's march, and the parlour and library is also the *rendezvous* where many old friends of the Priory, who have known it from their boyhood, meet, together with their wives, and gather round the fire for a little social chat, and for the sake of "auld lang syne." But our business just at the present moment is not with the Club members and the folk of "auld lang syne," but with certain regions below, whence issue weekly at mid-day most delicious soupy and meaty odours, and more than odours, good *bonâ fide* viands for the sustenance of the sick and needy. But just at present, this Sunday night at half-past eight, the soup and meat are in abeyance, and the rich aroma of coffee steams up the area into the nostrils of the expectant throng outside.

The crowd stretched right across the street, and the foremost ranks wait on the doorsteps, noticeable among whom are a sickly-looking ragged lad on crutches and a giant hollow-eyed bricklayer, who has starvation written on his seamy, unshaven visage, and misery in the many chinks of his barely-hung-together garments. A silent, patient mob they are, pressing close together, stamping to keep their feet warm, now and then exchanging a sentence in a low voice, but, as a rule, voiceless; what should they have to talk about? Does one man, borne down by the weight of his own misfortunes, care to hear another retail his bad luck? Each heart knows its own bitterness, why meddle with another's, or encourage another to meddle with his own? A little shiver passes along the ranks as some more cutting gust whirls over the Queen's Road Bridge, fluttering the rags and the

unkempt locks, but they are all men who have learnt to suffer, and to suffer in silence.

Presently the behind ones perceive a sort of stir in the ranks nearest to the door, as if they heard somewhat moving inside, and in a minute a warm glow of orange light shines out into the black street, and cheery, bright-faced Mr. Ekins, one of the Priests of S. Augustine's, has flung wide the portals, and is calling out, "Now, you dear chaps, come in!" Wedged tight, the phalanx moves onward and upward, up the steps, over the lintel (well-nigh squeezing the bright-eyed little Priest to death), along the warm passage, down more stairs—no, not to the right, that leads to the kitchen, the stronghold of the coffee—but across a small yard to the left, into a long, low, gas-lighted room, packed with rows of chairs and tables.

Here they fall into the kindly hands of some cheerful, good-hearted young men, all members of the Lodge, who pack everybody as closely as they can go, as space is somewhat limited, talking and smiling and chaffing the while to cheer up the poor, woe-begone creatures. Of these helpers, one is a postman, one a hairdresser in the Hackney Road, one a bootmaker, and so on. Once seated, wedged close together, here a little tiny man, all rags, near him a tall, big, sad-looking one, who has evidently seen better days, and appears ashamed of his present poverty, and all very much of a muchness, they fix their attention on some large coffee urns sizzling away in a corner, surrounded by piles of white cups and saucers, over which we preside, and some assistants (wives of the Lodge members), all

just ready for the ensuing fray, with large white aprons. To right and to left of us are big tin platters, piled up with good thick slices of bread-and-butter—regular "door-steps"—the manufacture of which had been the handiwork of two of the Club lads, who gave up their Sunday afternoon to working the bread-cutting machine upstairs, and then to spreading the slices.

When everybody, cold and frozen and hungry, had been admitted, Mr. Ekins returned and desired all to stand for grace, after which the bread-and-butter battle began. And it began, and was fought through in a most systematic manner. Each aide-de-camp had his and her own department. We and the lady portion poured out and sugared the fragrant coffee, which was then handed round in order by some of the young men and the clergyman, while other of the young men constituted the bread-and-butter contingent, and handed it around. It was all steamy and hot and cheery, and everybody looking bright and smiling, after the cold, dark street, and the lodging-houses—or, in many cases, no homes at all—that these poor chaps came from. The Lodge young men carried plates of good, solid slabs of bread, coated with good, solid layers of butter, and gave them out with some good-tempered, laughing, chaffing speech; other young men helpers ran down the room with smoking coffee, hot and hot; others bustling down into the kitchen with empty urns, and bustled up again, staggering under the mighty weight of the odorous liquid; and then, at the final, all the tea-party handed up cups and saucers, which were

stacked by the young men into tin baths, and so carried off to the lower regions. As for *room* there was literally none! Everybody was packed as close as close could be, and rows of men were even seated on the stairs; but that made it only "the more the merrier!"

The next proceeding was the announcement of the clergyman that those who liked to stay for the little "talk" upstairs were cordially invited, and those who would rather go were at liberty to do so, and we are glad to say that only a small proportion availed themselves of the opportunity of departure. And now began another phase of this delightful tea-party, and that was the handing up the forms and chairs into a room above, whither the guests were to adjourn for their "talk." The young men passed each chair and form one to the other up the stairs, and they were then passed on from hand to hand till the room above was filled, and then all the company followed up the little narrow staircase, which debouched into a lofty room, called the "Baronial Hall." It was the same size as the club-room below, and had brick walls, coloured light red, and hung with many pictures—gifts, chiefly from our "Old Boys," I suppose, to us—and at the further end was a little stage with a river scene, draped on each side with red plush, and furnished with a piano, which altogether gave the place a warm, bright appearance. At the top of the staircase a young man stood with a bundle of hymn books under his arm, and handed each one as they ascended.

All seated, a sliding-door on the stairs opened, revealing a warm, cosy parlour, from whence emerged a keen, energetic-looking, middle-aged Priest, our kind and helpful friend, the Rev. H. C. Williams, who, with a kindly smile and a shrewd eye, walked up to the top of the room, and, after greeting the men, gave out a hymn. Several girls, Lodge members, also came up to help with the singing, and one presided at the piano, accompanied on the violin by a young man, son of one of the Hackney Road tradesmen, and sundry others.

The hymn was followed by a very hearty, manly, straight-to-the-point talk from the middle-aged clergyman. He spake as one man to another, heart to heart, full of sympathy. He began by catching their attention and interesting them by some topic of the day, and then drew them up to higher things.

After the sermon, there was a great treat provided in the shape of a very kind, talented gentleman who had come all the way from the West End to sing to these poor Ishmaelites. And he sung in a way to make them all feel there was a "Better Land," to make them realize there were better things; now sweetly and tenderly, now rich and deep, the cadence of his tuneful voice rose and fell. How they listened! How the poor old hard-lined faces relaxed and brightened! How the sad, hopeless, dim eyes glistened and kindled! How hope seemed to be newly awakened in each breast as the ripe tones rang forth, and he handled the keys of the piano with the crisp and mellow touch of a master! and at the conclusion of each piece he sung, the pent up emotions burst

forth into a chorus of applause and clapping! Thought I, if West End people *only* knew what a little real good music is to the poor Ishmaelites of the East, I feel sure they would make efforts to come out and brighten, if for a few minutes only, these sad and hueless lives! All thanks to this good American who came that wild March night and cheered these poor brethren. The Creed and the LORD'S Prayer, repeated, standing up, clause by clause, after the Rev. R. Ekins, concluded the evening.

And so from the warmth and the harmony and the picture-hung walls, from the white-capped Sisters and kindly Priests, from the sweet-toned singer and genial young helpers, these poor, dirty, ragged creatures passed out into the dark and stormy night.

> "Marching, this host of mankind,
> A feeble, wavering line,
> Where are they tending?"

Where?

I came, the other day, across these verses quoted in a newspaper, and they struck me as so applicable to these poor bodies:

> "Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
> Can't say 's I ever knowed.
> Heaven to me 's a fair blue stretch of sky,
> Earth 's just a dusty road.
>
> "Dunno about life—it 's just a tramp alone,
> From wakin' time to dawn.
> Dunno about death—it 's just a quiet stone,
> All over grey wi' moss."

But nights like this, small spots of light in the midst of their gloomy lives, *must* help to lead them upward and

onward, and the sweet tones of the singers and the kindly, heart-stirring words of the preacher, and the tokens of fellowship and goodwill from the young men and maidens, *must* help them on their way to their FATHER'S Home, where one day the helper shall meet the helped in the glory of eternal brightness.

Some Girls.

Our "lady" friends are not behindhand with their brethren in their fighting powers, especially those bedecked with white aprons, monstrously huge feathers, and bird's-eye handkerchiefs across their shoulders, and who rejoice in the *noms de guerre* of "Bogie," "Bony," "Emma," etc., and some of them will fight any man. One, indeed, split open her father's head because he asked her whether her mother was in.

Among their number is a dark-eyed damsel with whom we are slightly acquainted, whose husband was "doing time" some while back, and Polly had obtained a quiet lodging with a respectable middle-aged couple, where she could go on with her work, and serve up till such time as "her chap" should come out.

One day the appalling news came that Polly was locked up!—Polly, who had kept herself to herself, and was working so steadily to put by money. How came Polly to be in such a plight? The landlady was much exercised at the event, and a Sister, to whom she came with the news, promised to go with her and do her best for Polly's release at the station-house, when, to their united joy, Polly herself, a free woman, appeared on the scene, and in a voluble manner narrated the whole of the circumstances.

"You see, Sister, this is how it was. Me and Annie was standing talking on Saturday night in the Hackney Road, and Sam Jones he comes along, and he was eating of a saveloy, and he ketches holt of me and Annie to swing us round, like; and I says, 'Let go of me, let's finish this,' for I was eating a trotter when he come up: so then he says to Annie, 'Come along, old girl,' and he swings her round; and just then some toff come along, with a albert and gold watch. Sam, he lets go of Annie and snatched the watch, and he calls out to me, 'Ketch hold of this,' and I thought as how he meant the saveloy, but he chucks the watch and runs off down that narrow street agin the tea grocer's. Some bloke, some pal of his, ketches the watch and goes after him; and just then the cop comes up, and he heered Sam say to me, 'Ketch hold of this,' and he said as how I'd been working along of him and had done it. I says, 'No such thing, get along o' you;' but he says, 'Shut up there; none o' your tricks, you come along o' me;' and he took me off to the lock-up. What made it worse was, Mrs. Turner (that's my landlady) she and I put our halfpence together, and she'd been and got a beautiful pig's head for a shilling, and says she, 'Poll, old girl, you and I'll have a rare treat for dinner to-morrow, being Sunday,' and I thought, 'Well, there's no pig's head for me now!' Well, Sister, they kep me in the lock-up Saturday night and all Sunday. There was a woman in with me, and the "cops" (policemen) were very good; they give me some rugs and a pillow to sleep on and keep me warm. There was a lot of chaps in the cells near—been took up

for tossing and being boozed—and they keep on hollering and asking everyone what they was in for, and they hollered to us to know what we'd got to keep us warm; and the woman as was in along o' me, she says, they've give her two rugs and a piller; and they carried on awful, and said the "cops" favoured such as me, and went on shocking. Well, on Sunday, Mrs. Turner she came to see me, and she brought me a lump of the pig's head; she says, 'You shan't go without, my girl, though you are in this place.' Well, you see, Sister, when I was took up before the magistrate, she spoke up, and says as how I didn't have nothink to do with it, and they let me out to go along of her, and I hope things'll go along pleasant, like."

These girls had their club rooms, where they could dance and romp off their wild spirits; and it really takes one out of one's self to see their hearty, happy enjoyment of their evenings. One of the Sisters working there wrote, "On Thursday we had a nice little addition to our party; a 'Hoxton lot' came trooping in, introduced by Mary Anne (the girl with the fringe over her eyes); among them a dark, daring-looking girl who danced herself into the room in the most audacious manner, with a hat that would have satisfied even Sister ——. A murmured 'Oh my!' of admiration from the whole room, and every eye was on that hat of hats. It was large and white, with two great white feathers which went all round and back again, and lopped over behind. Need I tell you the dancing ceased, the girl was summoned, 'the hat' was most *reverentially* taken off—*gently*

would not have expressed it—and with awe they hung it upon the wall, to be admired for the rest of the evening; it would have been profanity indeed to have placed it with the other poor, shabby, old hats! Miss —— and I did enjoy the whole thing right well, and only wished you had been there; it would have done your heart good. I only hope we shall keep this 'Hoxton lot,'—they are all much of a muchness, but this black girl with the hat is what even they would call 'a hot 'un.'"

Here is a little memory of one of their parties:—

One New Year's Eve thirty girls of the Mission of the Good Shepherd were to come to S. Saviour's Lodge to tea and have a jolly evening, the Lodge being for that night vacated by the mankind who usually inhabit it. The Lambs' club-room down stairs was to be the scene of the feast, and a long table groaned under the profusion of dishes of ham, and plates of cake and bread and butter, divided at intervals with pyramids of oranges, and glistening down its length with gorgeous crackers—pink, purple, and gold. A quarter-past eight, and punctual to the tick of the clock came footsteps on the steps, and sundry clumps and rings at the door, and the guests began to arrive in detachments of threes and fours.

Guest after guest arrived, all sharp and punctual, none thinking it good form to come late. Some in white aprons—nice, clean, white aprons!—some in cross-overs, some a bit smarter with a bow pinned on, but all with the straight, manelike fringe combed well down on their foreheads. "What cheer, Polly, old girl!" "Hulloa,

Sue, how are you coming up?" were the greetings. Half-past eight, and the M.G.S. Sister announced that all were there except four, and they would be sure to come later on, when they could get away; and so, accordingly, the party adjourned below stairs to tea. Hot tea, ham, and bread and butter unlocked the tongues which had erst been tolerably silent, and the fun began to be fast and furious. The last saying out (the refrain of a music hall song), "Later on!" was bandied round and seemed to afford a capital joke. "Some more tea, Polly?" "Later on!" "Alice, here's a bit more ham!" "Later on, later on!" "How are you getting on, Jenny?" "All right, later on!" "Do you think Lizzie'll come to-night?" "Later on," etc., etc.

Tea and all the edibles soon disappeared, grace was said, and the party ascended into the "Baronial Hall," and hardly up before all arms were akimbo, and they were footing away at a jig with all their might and main. Down went the Sister to the piano, and they began to have a real good time of it. Presently, some of them, half exhausted, discovered the presence of some easy and rocking-chairs in the room, and accordingly ensconced themselves in them in every variety of posture; one damsel, whose mother has the loudest tongue, and best pair of fists for fighting in Reform Place, seated herself in a rocking-chair, well back, with a knee square to each corner, and feet dangling down a little beyond each of the forelegs. "Hullo! How d'ye like London? I could do with this; but mother says I musn't; later on, later on!" etc., etc. One by one having jigged

themselves breathless, sought refuge in a chair, and drawing them into a half-circle, the Sister proposed a song. One square, broad, stout girl, with the regulation fringe, and a red button nose, began an Irish song in a voice which sounded as if she had "holloaed greens," in very foggy weather. "Stop that, Sal, 'taint a nice one," was murmured round. "Oh, go on, let's have another," and a tall, comely-looking maiden, with a neat white apron, and a splendid set of teeth, began "The Wanderer" in a rich, contralto voice; this was followed by an extraordinary but perfectly harmless ditty, yclept, "Over the Convent Wall, I heard a Peculiar Call." One young lady sung through a verse of a song, but in attempting some high notes her voice cracked. The audience laughed and cried encouragingly, "Go on, Lizzie, old girl." "I ain't a-going to, I shall chuck it up," but she thought better of it, and started again with some power in her upper notes.

The rest meantime sucked oranges, leant back well in their chairs, with their heels out, made audible remarks on the singers, the songs, and each other, and threw orange peel across at one another. What struck one most was the utter absence of any self-consciousness on the part of any single one. They ate and drank utterly regardless of lookers on; they danced with a perfect abandon, and when, with a simultaneous movement they wearied of that, they sat down just *where* they pleased, and *how* they pleased, and ate oranges in the manner that seemed to them the best. When singing was proposed there was no diffidence displayed or pressing

required. None of—as you usually find in dealing with girls—"Oh, *do* sing, *just* to please us, you know," was required to start them. Not at all. Here they sat in a circle, and when the spirit moved a girl to sing, she opened her mouth without the slightest prefix and began to sing. If dissatisfied with her own performance, she "chucked it up." Comments (freely given) from her neighbours were apparently unheeded by her, and so long as she pleased to sing she sang, and when she ceased, another girl began *her* song, and sang it right through, utterly regardless of her neighbours. Nomads as they may be when their foot is on their native heath, the *trottoir* of Goldsmiths' Row or the Hackney Road, they are perfect sirens—with deep contralto voices—when they elect to give tongue, and troll forth a ditty. One sweet-looking, graceful, supple girl, with a bright, rosy face and dark hair, which would curl naturally in spite of the fringe regulations, sang a song, with a jŏdling chorus, and then danced a step-dance, which brought down the house with applause. Versatility is a peculiar characteristic of the feminine mind, and of the untutored feminine more so, therefore of a sudden the circle was dissolved and a wild waltz was commenced, which the Sister at the piano endeavoured to keep within the touch of time; this yielded to the fascinations of a jig, and the finale was a ring with every girl's arm linked round her neighbour's waist, dancing backwards and forwards, up and down the room, singing, "We're all Very Fine and Large." Invitations had been issued for their "blokes" to come to supper the following Thurs-

day, and they were very anxious that their own especial chap should be identified. "You'll know Jim, when you see him; he's a tall chap—the tallest what's a-coming; and, I say, Sister, he spars beautiful; I'll ask him to bring round his sparring gloves, and he'll spar for you."

Eleven o'clock concluded this very delightful evening, and by half-past all the guests had departed, carrying off a sausage-roll apiece by way of a finish.

As the Vicar of S. Augustine's was just beginning his sermon at the crowded Midnight Service, always held on New Year's Eve, he was aware of the church door at the west end opening, and he heard a solemn tramping, advancing steadily up the north aisle. Turning in that direction, he spied a troop of M. G. S. girls, who advanced steadily in single file and took their places near the pulpit, and thus the dawn of the New Year found there the daughters of Heth, as their namesakes of yore, making supplication to the Mighty Prince who had come to dwell among them this blessed Yule-tide.

Of late years these girls have not abounded so much in this neighbourhood. Reform Place is pulled down, and baths and wash-houses occupy the site, and the Sister who used to devote herself so entirely to them has the pressure of the Rescue Home on her hands, besides other important work.

Saved.

A STORMY, gusty evening in Liverpool Street. The moon shines out fitfully from between the scuds of gray and white clouds which are driven wildly across it, bringing, now and again, a sweeping shower of sou'-west rain pattering on to the pavement. The two great railway termini of Broad Street and the Eastern Counties send forth dismal shrieks and groans and whistles, while ever and anon a heavy rumble denotes the departure or arrival of a train. The Underground Station on the left-hand side vomits forth, and receives as incessantly, streams of humanity, appearing from and disappearing into the bowels of the earth. The hand of the Great Eastern clock points to the hour of eleven, and those theatre-goers who are anxious to catch suburban trains before the last overcrowded one, are beginning to throng the thoroughfare. To throng the thoroughfare, did I say? Surely I spoke unadvisedly. The thoroughfare is already thronged, and with as ghastly a gathering as heart can well imagine. Girls, from the tender age of seventeen to the hardened woman far on in the thirties, pace to and fro; girls bedizened with pearl-powder and bismuth and rouge, and all the make-up of their hateful calling; girls in high hats, wreathed with flowers and crowned with feathers, with seal-skin jackets and silk

and satin gowns, with bracelets and bangles shining on their arms, and necklaces and lockets and brooches sparkling on their persons—girls more or less denuded of all that makes maidenhood and womanhood lovely. Women, the star, the motive-power of man for good, lying, the light extinguished, a stumbling block, to trip up the feet of the unwary. The Indian proverb truly says, "The hearth is not a stone, but a woman." See here those who should have been the hearth-stone, the centre of life and warmth and illumination to true, honest men, and confiding little children, become broken, smirched, befouled stumbling-stones to humanity! A good woman can work more than a good man. A fallen woman sinks deeper in the mire than ever a man can. Surely the Lilith of the old legends was not merely a creation of the brain, a pure myth, an evanescent imagination. Some wise seer must, in bygone ages, have painted woman's character, composed of angel and serpent, with wings to soar above the capacity of man; or, stripped of the wings and angelic attributes, unlike man, she has no power to stand, but sinks, snake-like, prone to earth; and from this ancient saga, painted in the rude words of a long-forgotten language, was consolidated an individual woman, and they called it Lilith.

Of these poor girls in Liverpool Street each has her own story. In most cases it was but one step, one little sliding step, and she fell, fell as an angel fell from heaven. Here is one, a fair young face, with soft brown curls and would-be wistful eyes. She is only eighteen.

She was a servant in a family in Dalston. She had her evening out, and she had heard talk of the many clubs about. She had heard there was dancing and singing and amusement; and she dearly loved amusement. She had heard that they were bad places, that bad men and bad girls went there! But what were bad places like? She should so love to peep in and see. She was nearly seventeen, and could take care of herself, she would just look in—perhaps have a dance—oh, how she loved dancing! and then come out and get home by eleven o'clock. And she went, and she had a dance, and her partner offered her something to drink; it was something she had never tasted, and he said it was nice, and she thought she should so just like to taste it, and she did. She did not get to Dalston at eleven o'clock that night. She came to herself in a strange place with her character gone. She wept bitterly; tears were of no avail. Tears which would fill the bed of a dry river course could not replace those angel wings which that one yielding to curiosity had shorn from her.

Look at that girl beside her. A fair-haired, vacuous-looking girl, with bright blue eyes, and a pleasure-seeking face. She has a home and parents and a sorrowing sister not far off. She loved pleasure, she loved gadding about at nights, going to theatres, to music halls. One night she stopped out later than usual. Her father was a hard man; he swore he would keep his door open for no girl. The mother begged, the sister implored; it was no use. Late one night Lizzie, thoughtless, wild, reckless, imprudent, but pure still, came home and knocked

at a barred door which neither mother nor sister dared open. She turned away, and now has joined the terrible throng that pace the streets around the precincts of the three railway stations. Up and down, up and down, seeking whom they may devour, their horrid laughter echoing weirdly under the gaslights.

Stay—what is this sombre-looking figure walking slowly up and down the pavement opposite, now halting by the fishmonger's shop, now turning and scanning each group that flits past, looking eagerly for some face? It is a Sister of Mercy.

A young man, crossing to Liverpool Street Station, wending his way regardless of the beckoning voices and, glances that throng his path, catches sight of her, and hat in hand, steps up.

"Excuse me, Sister, but surely you come from S. Saviour's Priory; is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks; I am looking for one of my girls who is lost."

And he bows and passes on.

Looking for the sheep which was lost from the Mission of the Good Shepherd, and this sheep (unlike so many of the others here) had taken her step wilfully, knowingly. She used to be wild and careless, she used to crave for fine clothes and ease and comfort and pleasure. She used many and many a time to sorely grieve and make sad the heart of the Sister. She was not like some of those friendless ones, who had gone astray for want of a warning hand to prevent, a warning voice to check. She wandered away from the fold of the Good Shepherd,

and into what abyss had she not fallen? And so the Sister went forth to seek her lost sheep, to seek her in the stormy night in this promenade of sin, and try and compel her to come back.

The Sister was looking wistfully for her girl, but a sad, wan face was looking wistfully at the Sister. Apart from the groups of flashy girls, cowering from the glare of the gaslight, standing against a dark recess of the wall, was a young woman of some six or seven-and-twenty—pale and thin and sad-looking, with quivering lips and mournful eyes — plainly dressed, but with clothes well put on. Standing and trembling, with dilated eyes, fixed like a hunted animal, upon the Sister, she remained silent. The Sister, after another searching glance around, turned and repaced back in the direction of Bishopsgate. In passing, her cloak touched the poor woman cowering against the wall. A hand softly pulled it, and a voice faintly said, "Sister!" The Sister turned, and met the full gaze of the wistful, pleading eyes. An idea flashed across her. Did she know Lizzie? "Can you help me, can you tell me anything of Lizzie?" she said.

"Lizzie? Oh, no; I know no one here; I have never been to this place before at night, and, oh, it is *so* terrible. Oh, Sister, what shall I do? I never spoke to a Sister before, but I have always heard you are all so good and kind. Do help me, do tell me what to do!"

"Turn round and walk with me, and tell me about yourself," said the Sister. And so they paced on up

Bishopsgate, and this poor waif on the ocean of life told her story.

"My husband is ill, so ill, dying for want of nourishment; I am earning a little by my embroidery, but it is so badly paid, and I do not know what to do, how to raise any money. I have pawned everything—to-night I felt almost out of my mind." And then, in heart-broken accents, she confided how she had come out in desperation to-night, feeling she must get money—*some*how. "And, oh, thank God, I have seen you!" Thank God, indeed, that she had. The lost sheep the Sister had come to seek was not found, but she found instead this poor soul, torn and bleeding in the wilderness, just in time to save her precipitating herself headlong over the fearful precipice into the Slough of Despond below.

"Give me your address," she said, "and I will come and see you to-morrow, and"—a look into the woman's haggard, steadfast face, told her the tale was true—"here is a little something to get your husband what is necessary till I come, but have you no friends to whom you could apply, or to whom I could apply for you?"

"None," said the poor creature, sadly.

"Good night, and God bless you, and go straight home, and I will come and see you in the morning."

A sudden gust of wind whirled a rack of ashen cloud from off the face of the moon, and the white light shone down, blanching the muddy street, casting dense black shadows across the pavement, and playing in broken reflections on the little pools of water. The woman

flitted across the street, and was lost to sight in one of the dark courts which pierce the walls on either side of Bishopsgate.

The next day was Sunday, a bright autumn Sunday. All the clouds of last night had been swept away. The Sister took the envelope on which she had hastily scribbled the woman's address, and set out down the Hackney Road, cityward. Tram after tram met and passed her on its road to the Lea, laden with lads and girls eager for their morning's holiday. The doors of Mr. Cuff's Baptist Chapel were thrown open, and streams were pouring in; the great man himself was advertised to preach that morning. Numbers who would not set foot within any other place of worship were drawn within those walls by his rough, humorous eloquence. Here were a knot of lads going to witness—and possibly take part in—a Sunday morning boxing competition, in a hall that was hired out for that purpose on Sunday forenoon, a dissenting meeting in the afternoon, and a dance and sing-song in the evening. As they shouldered past the Sister they were talking loudly of the chances Tom Tobbins had against Little Patsy, and whether Toff Jones would really condescend to put in an appearance, or whether his name was only printed on the bills to make them "go off." Next, a party of more middle-aged men, with hands in pocket and "nose-warmer" in mouth, one of them dragging a red-eyed, short-tailed white fox-terrier by a string, hurried on to Club Row, to negotiate concerning some traffic in birds and dogs.

"Bloomin' pubs don't open till one o'clock; we'll get a pint of four ale and a quartern of jackey (gin) first one we come to then," said one.

"Yes; that's the best of them clubs, you can get a drop of something any time of day or night there. Any three members can force 'em to open. I did join one, but my old woman she kicked up such an awful shindy about it, I was bound to give it up."

Hastening past them came some girls, silk-handkerchiefed, long-fringed, and surmounted with hats adorned with monstrous plumes.

"I say, look alive, Jenny, there's our chaps got to meet us agin the corner of Goldsmiths' Row; we've got to look sharp, or shan't I just catch it from Bill; he give me a black eye week before last, 'cos he thought I'd been a-stopping to speak to the bloke at the greengrocer's, and come too late to meet him. I never wanted to speak to no bloke."

"Ah, Ted's all the world the same. The potman next door said something to me as I were cleaning the door-step, and I up and said I'd fetch him a smack across the chops, and Ted he come by and thought I was a-larking with him, and he were that wild——" And here the conversation became inaudible as the girls were swept along in the stream of humanity, outward bound towards the Lea. Two young publicans—dressed in the height of sporting fashion, tight trousers, light cloth-topped boots, pot hats, dogskin gloves, and a button hole a-piece—were laughing over some adventure of the previous evening. "Well, I never! To think of Fred Brown's old man

turning up just at that moment, and Fred as 'on' as he could be, and asking the old boy what he'd take. The look the old 'un gave him, as he said, 'I'm a teetotaller,'" etc., etc.

Mumble, jumble, such are the varied polyglot patches of conversation which falls upon the Sister's ear, all unheeded, as she speeds her way along, not forgetting to cast a keen eye around in case she may light upon her lost girl. Diverging from Shoreditch down Commercial Street brings her into the Hebrew region, and plunging through labyrinths of narrow streets, she encounters slip-shod, large, round, portly matrons, and lovely Oriental, lithesome girls, who might almost have stepped out of the *Arabian Nights*, only, even both older and younger, having the glamour of dirt. A sudden turn out of a side street brought her into a court. A group of dirty children inducted her into an inner court, a long narrow slip, where some unkempt women were drawing water from a tap, and gossiping as they filled their jugs. "Mrs. Gordon? Yes; her husband's very bad, she lives agin there," said one, jerking with her thumb over her shoulder; and three or four heads, hearing a stranger's voice, leant out of the upper windows to hear what was going on.

A poor den it was, indeed. The man, a young, emaciated-looking man, lay asleep on the wretched apology for a bed. The woman was huddled up by the fire, trying to prepare some food against he woke. The warm autumn sun poured in through the curtainless window, on to the cracked walls and broken deal table.

The discordant voices of the children at play, the women cackling over the tap in the court outside, were borne in, mingled every now and again with a gruffer sound, as some man emerged from his dwelling and pushed his way through the narrow alley into the street beyond.

"And now tell me all about yourself," said the kindly Sister, and the poor woman, pushing back the hair from her wan face, and screening her husband's face with her hat to keep the sun off, sat down and told her.

Her tale was short, sad, and soon told. The Sister sat and considered what was best to do; the sick man turned over restlessly in his sleep and beat his thin arms about on the pillow. A streak of yellow sunshine crept farther along the table and lay in a broad golden ray across a little bunch of flowers the Sister had brought —flowers sent by little country school children far away —a regular cottage posy, a bit of southernwood, some straggling sprays of honeysuckle, one with scarlet berries on, a blue pansy or two, and some white camomile flowers. The woman sat gazing on them, and as the subtle scent of the flowers pervaded the dingy air, mingled with the peal of bells outside from Spitalfields church, her thoughts stole back to Sundays long ago, to the honeysuckle, purple clematis-wreathed little house in the country village, to the little garden with its fruit trees, where clumps of southernwood and thyme, and sage and other odoriferous herbs nestled at their feet, and the striped York and Lancaster rose her father was so fond of, growing by the little arbour where he smoked his Sunday pipe. And, mingled with these peaceful

reminiscences, came a vision of another one, of a handsome face, with violet eyes and dark curling hair, of evenings in the little, low drawing-room, when his hands stole cunningly over the piano, accompanying the sweet soft tones of his tenor voice; her father's anger, her mother's sad, disapproving looks and words; the hurried meetings under the tall hornbeam hedge which parted off the little paddock from the garden, and then the promise made to meet and marry him in London. Oh, how long ago it seemed! And then the disillusionment, bit by bit, little by little; the friends he brought home, the drink and cards; how business was neglected and put off for race meetings and evenings out; and then the baby (thank GOD for it now) died, and then the crash came, and they moved about from lodging to lodging, living on her embroidery. Her father had forbidden her ever to communicate home: she had had a few letters by stealth from her mother, and then a curt message from her father saying she was dead.

Some of Fred's old friends had got him an engagement to play at some little music-hall every night, but that didn't bring in much. The money, when it was paid, generally went in drink and treating his friends to drink. Then he caught cold one cold night, and his place was filled up. He got employment at last again in a very low club in the East-end, playing from eight in the evening till two or three in the morning: a horrible den, and there was a row one night, and he was hurt and brought home, and here he had been laid up—here, in this miserable, wretched hole—and things had got

worse and worse, till that desperation of last night, when she went out in sheer despair, and—oh, thank GOD—met the Sister! She shuddered, and buried her face in her hands.

"Maggie!" said a feeble, querulous voice from the bed, and she turned round and flew to his side, gently soothed him, and gave him what was needed.

The Sister looked up. "Give me your father's address," she said, "I will write to him."

"It is no good," feebly said the poor thing.

"We don't know yet; give it to me, and give me at the same time the clergyman's."

They were given—a far away little country village in the shires.

"There is some beef tea and necessaries for your husband," said the Sister, placing them on the table, and you shall hear from me soon, and she disappeared into the dingy court outside.

The return post brought a letter from the old country Rector. Mr. Garrett had moved some distance off, and was dead, but the daughter had married a rich horse-dealer in an adjoining county, and he had communicated with her, and a few days brought a letter, a kindly pleasant letter, full of joy at hearing of her sister, and begging them to go down. And they went down, and Fred regained health and strength, and better still, began a sober, steady life. I believe now he plays the organ in some country church near, and I also heard rumours of his giving music lessons in the neighbourhood, whereby he ekes out a living.

And poor Lizzie, the primary object of the Sister's search, is she found? I am sorry to say not, but a day may come when better things may be brought home to her, and, like Magdalene, she may be brought to the feet of her Saviour.

Jim.

FROM the unknown wilds of the far East a boy was taken into the Newport Market Refuge — starved, emaciated, ragged, filthy beyond conception, steeped in wickedness and degradation—a sort of cross between "Smike and Jo," with a large smattering of the "Artful Dodger" and "Master Bates" thrown into the composition. It was there I first made his acquaintance —indeed for some time we had a good deal to do with conducting his education, for it was before the days of School Boards, and under our tuition, with a plug of tobacco well secreted beneath the regions of the tongue, he learned to write a tremulously semi-round hand, and, after a fashion, to reckon up sums on a slate, Maybe, owing to the presence of the forbidden weed lurking in his mouth, and also the rations of treacle-pudding in which he perchance indulged, the consciousness of his proximity was always impressed upon you by the strongly combined odours of treacle and tobacco, which, however pleasing apart as separate fragrances, hardly united the exact perfume you would choose to inhale. The narrative of his early experiences he related both to us and to his companions, and it appeared by his account, that, though not actually the *leading* man at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, still his

presence there as taking a part in the performances had been considered highly beneficial to the tone of the theatre generally. At the breaking-up day at the summer holidays he improvised, and personally superintended, a marvellous little sketch, with some terrific combats with the broad-sword (two wooden laths), concluding with an awful appearance of himself, smothered in flour, as a ghost. Possibly the affair bore a far-off resemblance to the "Corsican Brothers" he may have seen at the Britannia.

During the few months he was at Newport Market Refuge he had improved, was cleaner both in clothes and habits, and the good nourishing food supplied him did away with the necessity of putting tobacco into his mouth to quell the pains of hunger, and at last we thought we might fairly recommend him as page-boy to a situation somewhere near Eaton Square. Thence he came to see us the first opportunity he had of getting out, sitting by the driver outside a hansom cab he had chartered, radiant in buttons and a shiny top hat.

But, alas! the buttons blossomed for but a while, and he appeared on the scenes, saying the family had gone abroad and left him; subsequent investigation proved the real fact of the matter having been, that the master of the house considered the proper way to convey the tea things out of the drawing-room was not by sliding down the banisters, and on this point he and Master Jim having had a difference of opinion, they agreed to part.

He was housed in the House of Charity, in Soho

Square, until another situation could be found him, and then went as knife-boy to a hotel at Ramsgate, promising on his departure to do better. There he remained from September till about Christmas, when he wrote to say he was apprenticed to a fisherman and gone for a sailor; and shortly after Christmas he appeared in all the glories of a sailor's suit, a brown face and long hair, and, of course, as usual, no end of marvellous stories and romances to relate. The tale of his transition from the knife-board to the deck of a fishing-smack was, that he left the hotel because he did not get enough money, was walking on the pier, when a policeman met him and apprenticed him to his present master—a tale, like all his, to be taken with more than a grain or two of circumspection. He said Mrs. Brown, who lived in Five Dials hard by, would take him in, and in a couple of days his holiday would be over and he should return to his fishing-smack. But the appointed day came, and Jim was still smoking his pipe round Crown Street, with young Brown, and when questioned as to the cause of his non-departure had a glib and ready reason at his tongue's end. However, in a few days came a ring at the bell of the Mission House, in Crown Street, and I was called for, and found a stout, brown-faced seafaring-looking man standing in the passage, who asked if we had seen anything of his apprentice, Jim, who had run away over a week ago, and sold some clothes and a pair of boots to pay his fare. I then, of course, related Jim's sudden appearance on the scenes, together with the tangled skein of the whys and where-

fores of his still remaining there. "Ah! he's a bad 'un, he is; my missus she come along o' me, and we says, says we, 'We'll find that there chap if we have to tramp all Lunnon for it.' You've been a very good friend to him, mum, you have, and he's deceived you awful. He's got a likeness of you, he has, and he was always a-saying, 'That's Sister ——, wot's been so good to me,' and a speaking likeness it is; I should have knowed you anywheres, mum, by it; but for all he spoke about your goodness, he's been a-deceiving of you, mum—a-deceiving of you, the artful villain! And deceiving of me, too, for he's bin and took and sold a good suit of clothes and a pair of boots to pay his railway fare up here; and have him I will, the rascal, as sure as my name's John!"

We searched, and the smackowner searched, but as well search for a pin in a hay-field as for a boy in Five Dials. Mrs. Brown, on interrogation, said, "Lor' bless you, Sister, he's arter no good, that chap. I was a-sayin' to Mrs. Smith, like, as I didn't believe none of his tales, and my belief was as how he'd been and run away, and how as I'd put on my bonnet and go down to Newport Market and tell Mr. Williams of him, and she and I just stepped in next door for a minute to see Mrs. Jones's baby, and, would you believe it? the artful villain was down in the lodgers' kitchen, and heard every word we said, and took himself off clear. Ah! they're a bad lot, them boys round here. There's my Tom; his father says he minds neither God nor devil, and he'll just tell Mr. Williams at the Refuge of him;

but, Lor' bless you, *he* don't care! His father's stripped him, and tied him again' the bed-post and flogged him. But what's that to him? Please God, if he'd only thieve summat, I might put him away; but, Lor' bless you, if they're too artful for that, what are you to do?"

What, indeed? Neither help nor counsel being procurable from this good dame, the matter had to be left as it was. The smackowner departed to whence he came, and Jim was gone entirely.

Jim had disappeared, driven away by the apparition of the skipper of the fishing-smack, and terror of being handed over to the arms of justice with regard to the matter of the sold wearing-apparel.

But though he had disappeared, like Don Roderic, King Arthur, and all other renowned champions of history, there were floating legends regarding mysterious appearances of our hero around the Five Dials. Tom Short announced, "I see'd that there Jim a-sittin' on a post again' the doctor's shop; he'd got his hair all cut short, like, and he was a-smokin' a pipe, and a-telling of me and the other boys as how he'd been to sea, and he and the captain hit a man on the head with the anchor to get some bread, and as how they got caught by the pirates in the West Injies; didn't he, Farden?" Farden (short for the *soubriquet* of "Farden-a-dozen," by which name he was popularly known as selling apples for a farthing a dozen in the Dials) winked his movable eye (the other looked persistently round the corner), shifted one ragged leg before the other, and said, in a voice hoarse with the "holloaing greens" on a Saturday

night, "Yes, he did, and he said, Jim did, as how he wished he'd as many fardens as he'd killed pirates, but Punch Habbijam, he said, 'as how it was most like as he'd had three months for thieving,'" and I think Mr. Punch Habbijam's surmise was probably the most correct one, and was certainly the verdict given by this juvenile aristocracy of the Dials.

Seven years rolled on. The associates of Jim's early days grew hoarser year by year with holloaing their wares around the purlieus of Newport Market, varying this somewhat monotonous occupation by intervals, more or less brief, of visits to one of Her Majesty's houses, where they were entertained by H.M. officials on bread and skilly, and had time for calm reflection over their last adventures, and also leisure moments to concoct fresh and similar schemes. We had migrated eastwards to Haggerston, and, amid the various interests and demands upon our time and sympathies, had well-nigh forgotten even the existence of Jim, till one winter morning a letter arrived at the Priory in an official-looking envelope with *On H.M.S.* printed on the top, containing news from Jim that he was lodged in York Gaol, and was to come out the following March, and implored the Sister to write to him.

We—reproaching ourselves bitterly for having forgotten our erring boy—did write, and begged him to come and see us when he came out.

Well, one "wild March morning" came a ring at the Priory bell, and a gaunt, hollow-eyed, rough-looking man asked for Sister ——. When she went into the

Mission Room to see him, he sprang from the form where he was sitting down, stood upright before her, and saluted—prison fashion. If he had looked like "Smike" in his early days, he now looked uncommonly like "Bill Sikes." Some hot coffee and bread and butter and the Mission Room fire seemed to thaw his frigid prison demeanour, and in half-an-hour he began to talk like the Jim of old days. What had he been doing all this time?

"Well, I tell you what, Sister, I'll be square, like, with you, and I ain't a-going to keep nothing from you. Remember that time I run away from sea and came to you in Crown Street?"

"Yes, I remember, and the captain came after you, and you ran away again, and none of us could ever find you."

"Well, I was a-going to tell you as this is how it was. I run away, for I didn't want that there bloke to get me and put me by for nailing them togs, like, and I knowed this part, as I come from Old Street Road afore I went into Newport Market Refuge. Well, you see, I went down Whitechapel way, and knocked about anyhow, and got along of some old man who said as how he'd put me in the way of a living. He was an artful one, he was, what you call a 'gonough,' got his living by thieving, like, and he said as how he'd teach me to be a 'gun,' that's—you know, Sister—what you call a thief. Well, I got along of him and a rare gang of them, and one night they took me along Commercial Road, and they dropped me in at a window—see?—and

I fell right in and lay there a-bottom of the window in the room. *I* didn't know what to do, and they whispered through the window 'to ketch hold of something and come out sharp.' Well, I looked round; I didn't know what to ketch hold of, and it was all dark, like, and I felt something hanging again' the wall, and it felt like a woman's gownd, and I ketched it up, and got out of the window, and we all run, and when we looked it was a woman's velvet gown, belonging to some 'sheeny'—Jew woman, you know—and had a gold locket in the pocket. Well, you see, we went on that way a bit, till one night, down near Ratcliffe Highway, I was a-going out along of this old man, and there warn't no one else with us, and I cut a woman's pocket out, and cut her 'poke'—that's what you call her purse, you know. When I came to look in it, there was nine shillings in it, and the old man, he says, 'Let's go shares, Jim,' says he. Wait a bit, says I, we'll go down here and go shares, where no one can't see us; and I took him down a dark passage, like, and give him a good 'bashing,' like, on the head (he was a very *old* man, you see), and clean knocked him down stunned, like, and I took to my heels and run. Well, you see, Sister, after this I didn't care much to stop in them parts, and I went to Flower and Dean Street, down Commercial Road way, and there I worked with another lot."

"Worked with another lot?" said we, who had rather shrunk back from the close proximity to an individual who had been capable of emulating Eugene Aram by decoying an old man down a dark alley and

there breaking his head open, but to whom the word "work" gave the impression that he had turned over a new leaf and gone in for genuine honest labour.

"Well, don't you see, Sister, 'taint' square work! me and some more 'guns' we worked, like, together. Of course, you don't know what we mean by 'work.' Say there's three to 'work' it. Well, one he goes before, to be on the look out; next one, he has to snatch the watch or chain, do you see? and then slings it to the man behind, who runs. This is what we call 'working' together. I met a chap onst, with a gold-looking watch and albert; I walked right up to him and snatches hold of it, slings it to my mate, and he bolted. The man he tumbled to it. 'Where's my watch gone?' says he. 'Lor,' sir, says I, lost your watch? Well, you should be careful among such a set of chaps as these. Look here now, I'll go with you to the station; and so I goes on talking, like, to him, to give my pal time to get right away. But, Lor' bless you, when we come together again and come to look at the blooming watch, 'twarnt gold at all!"

"Well, Jim," said we, "did you never get caught and put in prison before this last time for all these things?"

"Well, you see, Sister, I 'fell'—that is, the 'cops' (police) got me several times, and I did short times, and my pals was a-waiting for me again' I come out, and they says, 'Come along, Jim, we'll work this fake up,' but this last time I done five year, and they tell me if I 'fall' again, it'll go hard with

me. But, Sister, I'll be square now, and I'll never do no more 'gunning.'"

"Why not emigrate, Jim? Start afresh in a new country, away from all your old, bad companions. I'll see what we can do about getting you off."

Jim snuffed and rubbed his face and hands, and stared at the floor, and didn't seem to like the idea very much.

"Why not, Jim? You can never do in London; far better go."

Still he hesitated and made excuses. At last, as if making up his mind, he said, "Well, I'll tell you what, Sister, I'll be square with you, I won't keep nothing from you; but, you see, I've a young woman, and she's kept square for me and waited for me all this time I've been away, and she come to meet me when I come out, and I don't want to leave her."

"Will you marry her, then, Jim, and turn over a new leaf and try to get an honest living, if we help you?"

"I'll marry her, Sister; she's been a real good girl to me. She met me when I come out, and she'd saved a bit of money; there was some chap—a real square chap, he was—who wanted to marry her; but she says, 'No;' she'd wait for her Jim."

"That's right, Jim, and you'll keep straight yourself, won't you?"

"I dunno; seems I can't help snatching. What's a bloke to do? There ain't no other way of living when once you've been put away. The 'cops,' they all know you. One thing, you can always make money by snatching. Sometimes I got as much as £5 some

nights; but, Lor', it never seemed to stay by you. If I got it one night I lost it the next; drank some and chucked the rest about somewheres. Then, you see, Sister, it can't go on for long; a chap must 'fall' soon, like me and my mates have done many a time; and, you see, the next time as I 'fall,' it'll be a tenner" (ten years).

Well, the result of this interview with its painful revelations, was that he promised to bring the girl the next night, and we, on our part, promised to see about the banns being put up at once.

A nice, comely, smooth-spoken girl she was when she appeared. Parents who cared for her she seemed to have had no more than he had. She and her three sisters had been brought up in Barnet Workhouse. She ran away and went to service. She had left a situation, and was near the "Angel," in Islington, one evening. Some rough girls were talking to her and wanted her to join them in a lodging. Jim spoke to her; she said he seemed a quiet, respectable young man; she thought he might be some sort of a clerk. He got a room for her in Flower and Dean Street. She never found out that he was a "gun" for some time after she knew him, and that was by some large bales of cloth being shoved in at the window.

Through the kindness of some friends, funds were collected sufficient to purchase the wherewithal of a prophet's chamber for them, viz., a bed, a table, and a candlestick, to which Lizzie, in the pride of her heart, and savings of her earnings, added a "mantel mirror."

The eventful morning dawned when the wedding was to take place. Lizzie was dressed in a neat dark dress and jacket, and the kind fingers of the governess of S. Augustine's School had furnished up a little black bonnet. Soap and water had done their utmost to improve the appearance of the pair. He looked radiant, and, pointing to her when we came into the church, said, "My, don't she look flash!" The Service over, the happy pair went to walk in Victoria Park before returning to set their room in order, and in the evening partook of the wedding *tea* which had been provided in lieu of the proverbial breakfast.

The next day nothing was seen of them. The day after Lizzie appeared disconsolate.

"Where was Jim?"

"Well, Sister, I feel almost ashamed to tell you; it's a dreadful thing, and I feel that upset about it. It was this, you see: Jim, he meant for to keep square and not to 'snatch' ever again, and says he, 'There's races to-day at Epsom.' 'Is there?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'and I'm a-going to them races, and going to take those three cards and do a trick or two, and see if I can't pick up something; but I'll keep square, Liz; I won't get along with them 'guns' again; I promised Sister to keep square, and so I will.' So off he goes, and I sees no more of him, and he never come home last night; and a young man as knowed him came round to our place, and he says, says he, 'Does Jim live here?' 'Yes,' says I, 'what do you want?' 'Are you his wife?' says he. 'Yes,' says I. 'Well, then,' says he, 'I've bad news for

you. I've come to tell you your husband's got a week for the three-card trick.' 'You don't say so!' says I; 'whatever'll the Sister say?' 'Yes,' says he; he'd got a bit of a crowd round him, and was working all fair, and up comes a man in plain clothes—some 'tec, I suppose—and he set the 'cops' on Jim, and they've give him a week.' So there's sad news for you, Sister. What do you think of us now?"

We were terribly grieved, though thankful that it had been only swindling the public, and not "snatching," a distinction without much of a difference, and *yet* a distinction between robbing an unsuspecting person in cold blood, and cheating those foolish young men who put themselves in the way of being cheated by attempting to meddle with the three-card trick.

The week over, out came Jim, cowed, depressed, sorrowful, penitent, hopeless, standing erect and saluting in the old prison way when he spoke. What could be done for him? Enough pence were given him to procure some fish, and he hired a barrow and attempted to sell them in the streets; but in the evening he carted his barrow down at the Priory door, saying it was no use. "'Tain't no use, Sister; the 'cops' won't give you a chance of a stand. Move on here, move on there; they all know me; they says I only want to get a crowd round to get a chance of picking their pockets." So it was very evident *that* would not do.

It is hard enough to get employment for a man *with* a character, but for a man without one almost hopeless; but at last, a very kind, good friend managed to get him

on as assistant to some engineer in a factory. Jim was handy, quick, civil, and obliging, and, when he choose to be, could be *most* amusing. Wherein the office consisted I know not, but the person filling it always rejoiced in the name of "Strappy," as his province was to attend to the straps connected with the machine, and it was the verdict of the whole workshop that "that there 'Strappy' was just the right sort of chap."

Things really seemed flourishing now. Jim kept from the drink (which had always been one of his failings), his wife earned a little at needlework, they bought a few more household goods, and, go up to their room what time you choose, it was always to be found scrupulously neat and clean.

Yet trouble came. Jim came round one evening, evidently the worse for drink, saying, "I've chucked that job up; 'taint no good trying nothing."

"Why, Jim, when all was going on so well, and Mr. Richardson spoke so very well of you, and all the men liked you so much?"

"'Tain't no use for a bloke like me. It's very hard. It was just this way. Some woman as I used to know down Flower and Dean Street was so awful wild that I took up with Liz, and she knew what I used to be, and that I had 'done a lot of times,' and she found out where I worked, and she come round when all the blokes was a-coming out, and she carries on, and tells them all what I was; and now it's a nice old time for me. I can't go back no more. It fair give me the hump, I tell you; and I've took a drop more than I ought, Sister, and

after all I've promised you, too; but what's a chap to do, when it's all again' him? Oh, there's lots more—old pals of mine—the same way. If some one as knows you don't round on you, the 'tecs (detectives) do. There was a nice young chap done his five years, and got a job when he come out, and them p'lice, they went round in plain clothes to the bloke, his governor, and they says, 'Have you Tom Sparks a-working for you?' 'Yes,' says he, 'and a very respectable, hard-working young chap he is.' 'Well, look after your money, and mark it,' says they; and then there was that poor young chap's character clean gone, and he had to leave!"

What was to be done now? That door was closed, and there did not appear to be another one to open. Some one suggested the Steam Navigation Company, Jim's getting a berth as fireman on board one of their vessels, as he understood something about that line of business. But that, again, was a difficult matter; and, while the subject was pending, it was the hardest work possible to keep Jim from the drink, or from joining his old associates, who seemed to waylay him at every opportunity.

The door of help at length appeared in the shape of engineer at some sugar factory, and everyone hoped Jim was fairly launched again. Things did go steadily on for some time. Jim kept clean and neat, and looked thoroughly respectable. He minded the Priory door while some unruly boys' classes were held, and summarily ejected any refractory pupil. He likewise assisted at some of the boys' hastily-got-up theatricals—being

sometimes a brigand who had to be shot by some valiant cavalier; sometimes the victim of some nigger barbers, who, under pretence of shaving him, lathered him with flour—just whatever pleased the boys most, that was he, although on one occasion when he was shot he fell, not only on the platform intended for his reception, but very nearly headlong down a flight of stairs leading to the Mission Room below.

And a jealous guardian was he of the Priory rights and belongings. One of his old Crown Court friends—a potman in Soho — came over to see us, as he used to know us there, and Jim found out that he meditated stealing some little article while we were out of the room. "Come, none of that," said he. "Don't play none of them mean tricks. Smack it on, and go and sneak summut outside if you want it, but don't touch nothing here."

The temptation to join the exciting old life of his former associates must at times have been very great, especially at race times, when they used to go round for him, and want him to go and try his luck. One Derby-day three came round for him in a hansom cab. "Regular swells," his wife said, "they might have been lords if you hadn't known, and nothing would do for them but that Jim must go with them."

One day he came in looking very depressed.

"I'm stone broke, and got the hump. Glad I didn't go out on Monday. An old pal, who had done his time, every ha'porth of it, come up, and sent round for me to go with him. It fair needled me to see him sparring

round and a-buying new clothes; and there was me, as clever a man as him or any one of them, in these old togs. I felt I'd half-a-mind to chuck it all up and go in with them at the old game. However, I'm glad I didn't, for I heard on Friday he'd 'fell,' and got two years."

"Yes, I'm glad you didn't go," said we. "I suppose this poor man could not get anything to do, and was obliged to take up his old ways."

"Well, it's just like this, see. They knows when a bloke's time's up, and they watches for him again' he comes out, and they gives him a 'thick 'un' (sovereign) or so to set him up, and go off on the old fake. When I was in York Gaol, the chaplain he says to me, 'You warn't a-praying in chapel, Jim,' says he. 'No,' says I to myself, 'that I warn't. I was a-thinking what a barney I'd have when I come out.' 'You're a real bad 'un,' says he; 'you'll never come to no good.' 'Well,' says I, 'I knows there's a lady as prays for me night and morning, and her name is Sister ——, and she'll never round on me.'"

"When one door shuts, another opens," says the proverb; and though the door which had, during sundry epochs of Jim's life, opened upon him had been that of a prison, that seemed shut at present, and his door of escape from falling back into his old thieving life was that of some engineer's work in Shoreditch. Halcyon days had now arrived. A snug little room was rented, kept neat and clean by Lizzie's hands; Jim went to his day's work an honest respectable labourer, and returned

in the evening feeling he had really earned his money by the sweat of his brow, and not taken it by the dexterity of his fingers. We felt happy. There seemed a prospect of peace and prosperity for the present. One April evening they were all busy at the Priory, preparing for an Eastertide Guild Reception, fixed to take place at S. Augustine's that evening. The door-bell rang violently, but as that happens about forty times in the course of an hour during the day, it was supposed to be only one of the many applications which daily throng the Priory; but a summons to the door speedily dispelled every dream we might have had of Jim's peacefully having settled down in a quiet rut. There was a cab, and in it Jim, yellow, green, purple in the face, kicking and struggling, with a very black tongue hanging out of his mouth. There was Lizzie, neat and white-aproned as usual, holding him on one side, and on the other a red-faced woman, on whose bloated features drink was visibly stamped. What was the matter? What had happened? Had he had a fit, or what was amiss? Voluble Lizzie launched out a long story of how "Jim had gone in to have a drop of something at the corner, like, and if there wasn't that very woman who was jealous of Jim marrying *her!* same one as got him the sack from the other place, and how as she got Jim to drink along of her—pretended to be friends, like—you know; and how as she, unbeknown to him, dropped some sort of powder into his glass, which made him all bad, like, and he was brought in by two men. It give me that turn, like, I didn't really know what to do; there

was Jim a-calling out as he was poisoned, and his throat was all a-fire; and I says, 'I'll take you to Sister ——;' and he says, 'Yes, take me quick;' and this lady" (pointing to the red-faced woman) "as lodges in the house says she'd come along of me." Jim's moans and groans, and yells and kicks, and contortions of face and body increased in sound and magnitude, and at every fresh ebullition the bloated-faced lady held a black bottle over him, and poured a few drops of water into his mouth. Telling the cabman to drive to the London Hospital, we dismissed the lodger and took our place by Jim, who clutched my arm like a vice, screaming, "I'm poisoned, and she's done it!" The prompt remedies applied at the hospital rid Jim of whatever poison he had swallowed, and, with a few directions from the doctor for his treatment, they departed. But the event seemed to have upset him, and the days of peaceful labour were over.

Talking things over with him, it was pointed out that in *drink* lay a good deal of all his misfortunes; had he not drunk with this woman, she could not have poisoned him. Why not take the pledge? "Ah, why not?" said Jim, starting out of his despondent attitude, and smoothing his well-oiled hair over his forehead. "Why shouldn't I? Then, when a bloke comes along and asks me to have a drop, I can tell him as I'm on the teetotal job." Jim was in sheer earnest now, and took the pledge and signed his name, and peace was again restored. But his path seemed as thick beset with thorns and briars of temptation as was ever that de-

scribed by Thomas the Rhymer; and Jim was frail and weak, and the very sound or sight of *rum* was too much for him; as he told Mr. Skilbeck once, "I could take to it like a duck to a pond—I could *swim* in it!"

Engineering is thirsty work, and Jim succumbed to the seductions of the treacherous spirit, and went, as he himself expressed it, "fair on the booze." The pledge was broken, work was lost, furniture broken up, and he was like a madman, given up to the evil influences of drink. Then he moved away—the Sisters did not know whither.

One day Lizzie came round with a doleful tale of how Jim had been "beside himself with drink, and had bashed up every stick of the home, been out with bad company, and pawned all his clothes, and was now in bed; and, Sister, I dursn't ask you to go and see him, for he says he never wants to see you again, and he'll chuck you right down the stairs."

"Never mind, Lizzie; Jim won't do that; let's go round and see him."

It was a burning summer day, and the streets of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel through which we threaded our way were pervaded with glare and dust —women sitting on the door-steps, children playing on the pavement, and crowds of thirsty men trying to solace themselves in the public-houses.

Up a narrow street, crossed over by the Great Eastern Railway, and up a narrow court we proceeded. There lay Jim, covered over by a ragged quilt. The fierce mid-day sun poured in at the window on his savage,

ugly face. To judge by all appearances, he had touched neither soap nor water, comb nor brush, nor felt the touch of a razor for days! Filthy, defiant, brutal looking, with hands bearing the same date of non-ablution as his face, there he lay. Speak? Not he. Acknowledge the presence of a visitor and his old friend? Nay. He clawed the clothes over his head, and buried himself in the dirty blankets. It was plain nothing could be elicited from him, and the only thing was to go—glad to have found out his abode, and intending to pay him another visit very shortly.

And the next visit was destined to be in a very different place, where Mr. Jim had no longer the free control over his own actions which he had possessed in Whitechapel. Jim had got all wrong, and his companions had got hold of him, and, to quote his own mystical language, he "fell," otherwise, was taken up and committed to Coldbath Fields. Lizzie, clean, neat, and with a flow of graphic language which never deserted her, arrived with the news that "Jim was took; he had got mixed up with some of them chaps, and they had been out with that there 'board,' and there was detectives there, and they came down upon them; the other chaps got away, but Jim was took with the 'board.'" To explain what the 'board' is, and to give an account of how the public viewed the affair, we quote from one of the daily papers of the date:—

"James T——, labourer, was charged with gambling with a horseracing-board and carrying on a system of swindling by means of a secret spring. Detective-

sergeant B—— said that on Saturday afternoon he saw a crowd of persons near the corner of S—— Street, and on approaching, he saw the prisoner with a 'board' before him, on trestles. On the surface of the 'board' were eight divisions and horses painted on each of different colours. Above were revolving hands. Some of the company present placed a penny in each compartment, and if the hand stopped at any of those they received double. Witness watched the game, and was satisfied there was some trick attached to it, as the hand generally stopped at the compartment not covered, so that the parties (mostly lads) lost their money. The prisoner had confederates, and he allowed these persons to win. As soon as witness had the assistance of another constable he seized the 'board' and secured the prisoner. It was just in time, as some of the persons had discovered the fraud, and would have 'lynched' him. Witness here exhibited the 'board' for his lordship's inspection, showing a secret spring under the 'board' attached to a button at one corner, which communicated with the hands, and by being pressed caused them to stop at any compartment the operator pleased. It was a complete system of swindling, and had been carried on surreptitiously for some time. The prisoner here said he was a hard-working man, and being out of employ lately he had assisted in the game. The 'board,' however, did not belong to him. He was identified as having been convicted for felony, and several times under the Vagrant Act. The prisoner said he had worked hard since then, and gained an honest

livelihood. He was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour."

Poor Jim! It was better than if he had *stolen* again! While he was in the House of Detention, Lizzie had to take him his dinner, and the day she brought the news, we accompanied her to Clerkenwell. There is a cook-shop close by the Sessions House, and there we turned in for a plate of food which we carried round with us, and a difficult operation it was, too, as the plate was very shallow, and the gravy very abundant, and to jostle along through the crowd near Clerkenwell Green in the middle of the day, balancing a plate thus filled, was trying work.

Our interview was conducted through iron bars, and as

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

there was no limit to Jim's tongue, as he bestowed a good deal of abuse upon the warder with regard to the bread he had been given for breakfast: "A lump of 'toke' that hard, I should like to have chucked it at him; there it is!" pointing to a corner of the cell. "*I* ain't a-going to eat no 'toke' like that for no one!"

But he softened a bit before we left, and we suspected the tone of bravado was assumed to hide all he might be feeling. We only saw him that once in the House of Detention, for he was committed just after.

Poor, poor Jim! A woebegone, sorry man was he when he came out, grieved and ashamed and abased at

having abused all the kindness shown him by the Sisters; and now the weary work began again of looking out for *something to do.*

By Mr. Skilbeck's kindness he was got off as a fireman on board a vessel belonging to the Steam Navigation Company, and went long voyages to Australia and Florida, and shorter ones to the Levant. Marvellous letters were written home, both to the Sisters and Lizzie, and more marvellous still were the yarns he recited when ashore! And thus good days came again, and Jim kept steady, till, one unfortunate day when he was due to depart, his fearful enemy *drink* overcame him again. Good resolutions fled, temperance promises were broken, the "Dr. Jekyll" portion of him was wholly lost in that of "Mr. Hyde," at "one fell swoop." Not being at his post, another fireman took his berth, and Jim was left, "sans berth, sans character, sans hope, sans everything," plunged in bitter remorse, utter despair, and hopeless of all things. Mr. Skilbeck, who had so often befriended him, here came to the fore, and paid his passage as an emigrant to Australia. Lizzie was to have gone as well, but was pronounced by the doctor to be too ill to have her certificate of health as an emigrant signed, so went to stay with her brother in the country till such time as Jim should send for her. In June, 1883, then, Mr. Skilbeck's clerk saw Jim on board, and off at Gravesend. We heard of the vessel's safe arrival in Australia, but from that day to this not a line has been received from him, nor do we know whether he is dead or alive.

Poor Jim! he was like "Ginx's Baby"—one of the waifs and strays of humanity, tossed about on the waves of this troublesome world, now obscure by billows of the deepest darkness, anon drifting gently into the shimmering rays of light streaming down from above. Like another of his handicraft of yore, he had at times drawn very near the Cross, and we can only live in hope, and pray that when his end comes—or if may be it is already, even—his last look may have been turned towards that Cross, and that his last thoughts may have been, "LORD, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!"

Val: a Memory.

It is of a dear and valued friend, with whom I was intimately acquainted, that I wish to write and tell you the simple tale of his little life—his joys, his sorrows, his pains, his pleasures—cut short in the springtide of youth and happiness by an untimely death. Of four-footed friends we have had, in our time—or rather *their* time—many: not only the cats and dogs who have formed, at different periods, a part of the Community, but the many outsiders with whom we have come in touch, and with whom we have been on the most amicable terms. Pie-bald, tabby, tortoiseshell, and black cats; sound cats, sickly cats, injured cats, and mangy cats; cats with commendable tempers, and cats who spit if you looked at them; cats with bushy tails, and cats with broken or half tails; cats whom the dogs flew at, and cats who flew at the dogs; all, indeed, who have come over the garden wall, whether as a matter of curiosity and investigation, or whether prompted by need of sympathy or the call of hunger—all these have been at various times placed on our list of friends, including also starved and squalid cats, curled up in impossible places to try and get out of the way of boys. Dogs, although the acquaintance has been more limited, have been rather nearer and dearer to us than even our pussy-cat

friends—dogs who let you pat them as you passed in the streets; dogs who were found dying of starvation and had to be consigned to the police for conveyance to the lethal chamber at Battersea, or else temporarily nursed up and provided with a home; dogs who lived in people's houses where you visited, and who greeted you as a welcome guest; dogs whom your heart went out to on account of their honest faces, although opportunity might not occur for a pat or a word—all these have been friends. I think, beyond cats and dogs, we have not known many four-footers very intimately. I once drank tea with a goat in Haggerston—the family and I had tea-cups—he had a basin set between his front legs on the table, and behaved himself in a most exemplary manner, although there lurked a sort of mischievous look in his eyes, probably from the consciousness of having eaten up part of the family washing that afternoon when it was hung out to dry in the backyard. But until we became acquainted with Val, we never had a pig on our visiting list. And this is how it all came about:—

The cottage garden at Herne Bay possesses some outhouses in every way suitable for a pig's residence, and a kind-hearted rector, not so many miles off, proposed sending a black Berkshire to inhabit this eligible home—an offer which was accepted with delight by the Sister-in-charge. The pig was promised on February 14th, and, therefore, Val seemed the most suitable name to call him by. I think it was the rosy month of June that Master Val was taken away from wallowing among the

straw in the bosom of his family, and, with much squeaking and many protestations, was hoisted into a dog-cart, to be driven by a groom to Sittingbourne Railway Station. Half-way down a steep hill, which required all the man's attention and power of wrist to hold the horse from stumbling, he became suddenly aware that Val had got out of whatever he was packed in, and was meditating a leap from the cart, and an attempt to return to his family and friends; there was nothing for it but to drag him up on to the seat beside him, and hold him fast by the ear till they got to the bottom of the hill, where he could stop and re-pack him. How he got into the train, and how he bore his railway journey, I never heard, but he was welcomed most warmly at the cottage, and was soon quite at home in his own house, revelling in quantities of fresh, clean straw. What a happy summer he had! what a proud and happy pig he was, and how proud the Sisters were of him, and how pleased all the guests at S. Saviour's Grange were to go and see him! "Have you seen Val?" was one of the first questions asked when a new guest arrived. And to see Val was really to see something out of the common. The Sisters always said he understood all that was said to him, and you could hold regular conversations with him as he would grunt an assent or dissent to all you said. He would run to meet you directly he saw you through the palings, and was sometimes in the humour for conversation, sometimes in a playful mood. He could play just like a kitten or a puppy with little bits of stick, and had such a cunning little look in his eye, just as if he

were wondering whether you enjoyed the game as much as he did. It *was* a happy summer.

But happy summers, like all other pleasant things, come to an end. The plums and peaches on the garden wall had been gathered and sold, the cabbages were touched with early frost and the tips of the leaves curled up and blackened; the hedge of sweet-peas showed only brown pods instead of the pink and lilac blossoms which had scented the whole garden; even the parsley did not look quite so fresh and crisp as it had done some weeks ago. The apple-leaves turned brown and yellow, and were blown across the onions into the ash-strewn garden path; and the rose tree, whose long, green, red-thorned suckers climbed over the summer-house, where the babies' prams and bassinettes were kept, only had one or two sickly-white roses, which looked as if they felt themselves quite out of place so late in the year, and had made a great mistake in flowering at all. And Val? Poor, dear Val! The faces of the Sister and the housekeeper at the Grange grew very sad and thoughtful, and they held mysterious whispered conversations together, sometimes also, I am afraid, with a gentleman in a blue linen coat, who lived in the town, and was often seen with a steel hanging at his side. Val gambolled and grunted and played and talked, but he could not dispel the sad look which overshadowed their faces. The guests had nearly all gone, and the one or two there were remaining all looked sorry, somehow, when they spoke of Val. One, I believe, who had known him less intimately than the others, was overheard to say,

"Sister, shall you eat any of him?" "No, my dear, decidedly not," was the prompt reply; "why, it would be like eating a slice of a friend! we don't want even to see a bit of him." Autumn advanced, and the sunsets over Sheppy Island grew more west and less northward, and the Blean Woods changed from yellow to red, and from red to brown, and the cold white mists came creeping like stealthy ghosts over the wide fields, where in summer the larks had sung so sweetly, and the Grange and cottage gardens were black and dull, for the frosts had nipped everything; and——the little wooden out-house in the corner of the cottage garden was empty. The straw was swept up and stacked away; the little trough had been scrubbed out and leant against the paling; and, as the Sister walked beside the celery-bed, there were no little grunts and snorts of joy at the sound of her footstep, no little round black snout pressed against the barrier, no pair of little twinkling, humorous eyes to watch her with delight. Val was hanging up—like the Jacobites of old, "hung, drawn and quartered"—in the butcher's shop, and some heartless persons who ate various roasted portions of him told the housekeeper afterwards, that he "tasted very good!"

A Peep into Green Street, Bethnal Green.

GREEN Street is a most wonderful place; it is so full of shops, so full of traffic, so full of rough-looking men, and rougher-looking women, so teeming over with children, so full of life and bustle and colour, that it is quite a channel of vitality, and really does one good to walk down it. There are big shops, brimming over down to the ground with the most gorgeous china, such pretty shapes, such pretty colours, tea services, jugs, and basins, every variety of basin—and basins are, to my mind, most fascinating things—and here, in the Green Street shops, you have such a variety of choice! *And* the tin shops! Pots, kettles, teapots, saucepans, all of burnished tin, and all looking as if they cried out, "Come and buy me!" What a tempting place for a young coster and his lady love to saunter down on a Saturday night and pick up "the sticks" towards making the home! For besides these magnificent shops, there are all sorts of fascinating articles displayed on barrows—and that cheap! A friend of mine got the very cunningest little soap-dishes off one of them the other day, and purchased a meat dish of a colour and pattern that set one envying, for some incredibly small price. I don't know what you can't get on these stalls. Pieces of oilcloth—just the sort you

want for short lengths—cotton, print, pictures, candlesticks, all manner of odd-come-shorts that you couldn't pick up anywhere else. And everything looks *so* bright, even the very omnibuses which run along it are of the most brilliant yellow.

The object of our journey down Green Street the other day was to see our old friend, the late matron of the Hostel, who has taken a coffee-shop down there. A nice little coffee-shop we found it, a corner house, with a great gigantic griffin of a public-house standing at the opposite corner, puffing and swelling itself out with all the inflation of plate-glass and blazes of gas-light. Our friend had found it a hard matter to transform the dingy little hovel she found it, into the neat, clean abode it is now. Rows of tables, a few pictures on the walls, and large, plainly-printed cards with "No gambling allowed," and "To prevent mistakes, pay on delivery." Some rough, honest-looking men of the labouring class were having their tea as we passed through the shop on our way to the bar parlour behind, among the tea and coffee urns and the bread and butter appliances, and engaged in a conversation, continually interrupted by "Give us another slice, missus!" "I say, missus, give us all the change in coppers, I've got to take my young woman out to-night, and she'll give me no peace if she thinks I've got a bit of silver about me." Little "Toots," formerly the Hostel dog, assists in the coffee-shop with her mistress, and keeps a vigilant eye on each man until he has paid, and is out of the place.

"The set of customers are pretty rough," said Miss

C——; "mostly what they call 'brickies,' that is, I suppose, men that load and unload carts with bricks, etc. They come in to breakfast at five in the morning, and you can hear them moving about outside and talking, waiting to come in, long before."

"Why don't you open sooner, then?"

"Oh, its illegal; you're not allowed to open before five. The girls and I have to be up at four to get the tea and coffee and things ready, and then, when we open, there *is* a rush; it's all you can do to get them served, and you'd be surprised to see what a lot some of them carmen, and brickies especially, can eat. A couple of pints of tea—isn't it odd how most of them prefer tea to coffee? we have to make nearly double as much tea—and bread and butter, thick, 'doorsteps' they call them, then herrings, and kippers, and bloaters, and some of them two or three eggs, and rounds of toast. I couldn't make out, when I first began, what it meant when a man came in and said, 'A pint o' tea, two slices, and a magistrate.' 'A magistrate,' I said, 'whatever's that?' Well, I found out at last, it meant a haddock. 'We allers calls them magistrates,' he said. Then they often say, 'A pint o' tea, and smash us a egg in it, missus.' They are a rough lot, but I've always found them very civil to me. There's one man, a stout, strong-built young fellow, they say can fight any number of policemen; very similar to one of those you saw sitting there when you came in. He doesn't come now; they say he was such a terrible man outside, but in here he's as quiet as anything. The roughest lot we've had are

boys who live by selling old iron; they're mostly in rags, as if their clothes were falling to pieces, but they seem able to spend 3d. or 4d. on their breakfasts. One or two of them used to use terrible language, and say things that made you turn cold all over; but one morning I went to them and said, 'Do you *always* talk like that? because, mind, if you do, you musn't come in here.' Well, they've been quite respectable in their talk ever since; you know they saw I meant what I said, and wasn't going to stand any nonsense. The boy that talked the worst had such a pretty, innocent-looking face.

"The men all seem to have what they call 'fancies.' that is, birds or dogs, and sometimes they bring their birds in with them in little cages, tied up in a handkerchief.

"The worst of all about here seem the girls and women. They go crowding into that big public-house ever so early in the morning; you see women, nearly all rags, taking their little babies in with them. It makes me quite sick to see it, and then, at night, the screaming and noise in the street is shocking. You hear a man's voice saying, 'Come here at once, or I'll hit yer;' and then the wife, 'Shan't come in till you treat me to that half-quartern of rum as you promised,' and then such language and carryings on till you hear the policeman's step coming along, and then its all skurrying of feet running off different ways. I wish something could be done for the women and girls; you can't expect the men to be better till they are."

Stray Reminiscences.

Looking back over all these past forty or more years of a Sister's life, it is wonderful to think, in spite of hardships and all sorts of discouragements, and all sorts of—what at the time seemed worries—how much past happiness and sunshine one has to be grateful for. In the old Soho days, when we and our workers had to sleep, four of us huddled up in one small back room, one on the couch in our general living and eating room, and one on a mattress on the floor of the Superior's bed-room, while the rats scuttled in the dark, gloomy passages below, and the police chased the thieves overhead, how thoroughly we enjoyed it all, even when it came to sleeping in starched, cold, ragged garments borrowed from the poor clothes-cupboard, because we had given away our own, or being reduced to such straits in the food line that we had to send out to the pie-shop at the corner for penny pies, and then found cockroaches in them, till kind, good Admiral Cospatrick Hamilton found us out, and helped us, not only with money but with friends. We—I say *we*, but the others have passed away—always found him one of the best and kindest and most helpful of friends, equally good to us in Haggerston as he was in the old Soho days. The present Lord Halifax, then Mr. Charles

Wood, was also a fellow-helper in Soho. I recollect he and Mr. George Lane Fox coming round with Mr. Chambers to see the Church and Schools one afternoon. Mr. Wood was most kind and interested in everything and anxious to help, so he arranged with the Sister-in-charge to come, I think it was two days in the week, while he was in town, and take my class of boys; and a pretty troublesome set some of them were. I came in contact with him again a year or two after, at the Cholera Hospital in Spitalfields, where he was helping in the men's wards, and he worked as energetically at unpacking blankets and doling out food and medicine as he had done among the unruly boys of Soho. Miss Sellon had—and perhaps wisely, too—forbidden her Sisters to speak or to be called away from their meals, as it was difficult to find time to get them at all. One of the head Sisters of a ward was eating her dinner, and I was sorting medicine-bottles, in the room where the store cupboards were, when in rushed Mr. Wood. A fresh case had been brought in. Father Grafton (who was also nursing) wanted blankets immediately to roll the poor fellow in—where could he find them? The Sister, in strict obedience, was obliged to go on eating, and could only point, and shake her head as Mr. Wood touched one cupboard after another, interrogatively. He in despair turned to me to find if I knew. No, I didn't; and so the pantomime went on, till at last the Sister nodded, the blankets were produced, and when I had found the medicine I wanted, I returned to the ward in time to be able to assist with the bed-moving and

re-arranging. He and I met the other day at an E.C.U. meeting in Haggerston, and it was amusing to talk over old times, and to find he remembered the names of some of the most troublesome Soho boys. There are lots of little reminiscences which keep cropping up in one's memory as one looks into the misty recesses of *auld lang syne*, especially of the Soho days.

One of our most energetic helpers there was a Mr. William Lowe, of High Holborn; he was the only man besides the Rev. J. Williams, of whom the big, rough boys were really afraid, because, like that gentleman, he could use his fists as well as his tongue. In the early sixties there was a great commotion because he put a notice in his window that the shop would be closed on Ascension Day. "Ascension Day! What do you mean? Why, the Queen's Ascension Day is June 24th, not next Thursday!" He stuck to it though, and carried his day. I remember the indignation at some parochial or church meeting at S. Mary's, when I, perfectly unconsciously, said, "Oh, Mr. So-and-so keeps a curate." This was received with a cold stare of disapprobation, especially by the curates, till Mr. Williams put in kindly, "Don't you see, Sister —— comes from the grass country, and there they always speak of the Squire keeping so many hunters and the Rector so many curates." I *was* relieved, for I couldn't think what I had said amiss! Those were days when people got up for a five o'clock Celebration on purpose to see a Priest vested in a chasuble, which in the early sixties was only ventured on at that early hour. *We* had been

used to see it, for Dr. Neale had always worn the full Eucharistic vestments in the Oratory at S. Margaret's. There were often very odd cases in the House of Charity, of all nationalities, and Mr. Chambers always sent the children to our school during their residence there. Among them was a Polish family. The father rushed in to Mr. Chambers one day, waving his hat in his hand, crying, "I vill join your Church, de Protestan' Church! I did go to de Fader Barge (the Priest at S. Patrick's) for relief; I did say, 'You give me somethink or I vill go to de Protestan' Minister at de corner of de street.' Fader Barge did say, 'Dere is de door!' so I am come." Dear, kind-hearted, old Father John! Of course he gave him something, of course he took him into the House of Charity till he could set him up in a little shop! and the children came to us, stolid-looking, white-faced, blue round-eyed, flaxen-haired girls and a boy. The Polish papa appeared at the Mission House door one day, hat in hand, gesticulating and bowing, and said, "I have to tank you. I have open a littel shop, for vich I pay von littel five shillings; I sell de littel herring, de littel sprat, von, two, tree littel orange. I do not come to beg, von day I vill give you somethink." The last time I saw him was ten years afterwards, crying in the hall of the House of Charity, on the day Father John was buried. Sometimes very sad things happened, and here is one. A nephew of a well-known baronet lived in Princes Court, one of the worst slums in Newport Market; he was married to a disreputable woman, and they kept a disreputable house. Mr. Tuke

(at that time one of the clergy of S. Mary's) had tried again and again to win him over to better things, but he would listen to nothing. He stood at the street door the best part of the day, surrounded by bull-dogs. He was hated by the boys of the neighbourhood, as he stopped their swearing, and so in revenge they managed to poison one of his dogs. Shortly after he was taken ill, and was quite delirious, and the boys, knowing he could not interfere with them then, holloaed and shouted under his window. It was more like Dante's "Inferno" than anything earthly. The swearing and shouting of the boys in the court, the howling and raving of the miserable man inside, and the whining and howling of the dogs crowded round him. Mr. Tuke did all he could, but it was no use, and he died unconscious.

Soho and the old Crown Street days have passed away, and though at times there were scenes and circumstances unutterably sad—such as this last one of which I have spoken—there was the rosy glow of youth, and love of work, and in so many cases such happy results of combined love and work, that its memories are always unspeakably pleasant. *Re* the subject of work, reminds me the last time I was inside S. Mary's, Soho—almost a new S. Mary's, though a little bit of the dear old place was left—I was much struck by an address I heard Mr. Cartmel Robinson give, on "Work and Labour." "*Work* was work that you did with your heart and soul in it, the true gift of God, the crown of manhood; but degenerated into *labour* when it became

mere mechanical drudgery and weariness. Work bore the mark of personality; labour was the toil of compulsion." I *think* I have quoted the words rightly, but it must be quite six or seven years ago since I heard them, and I have always thought of them with pleasure.

Since putting together these papers, another old friend, the Rev. George Prynne, has passed away. One's short period of work with him at S. Peter's, Plymouth, during the autumn and winter of 1867–8, is a very bright time to look back to. He was always so intensely kind, so truly sympathetic and genial, and he had a wonderful way of gaining the hearts of all his workers. Beneath his particularly sweet and gentle exterior, there existed that wonderful strength and force which enabled him to fight so boldly and uncompromisingly in the very early days of Church revival.

Also, may I mention another name?—of an old and valued friend, to whom I owe much of my Church teaching in my pre-Sisterhood days, and that is the late Rev. Charles Gutch, of S. Cyprian's? I first knew him in Cheshire, at the time of the Crimean War, and his strict and holy life was a lesson in itself to us as children, and to all those among whom he ministered.

Nearly all the friends of one's own generation have passed away, and one feels disposed at times to say

with *Jacquou le Croquant*, "Comme la lanterne des trépassés du cimetière, je reste seul dans la nuit, et j'attends la mort," yet it is only *sometimes*, for one's mind is stored with happy memories of by-gone days and by-gone friends, and—the greatest of all joys—"I dwell among mine own people," among the friends, new and old, of the dear East End.

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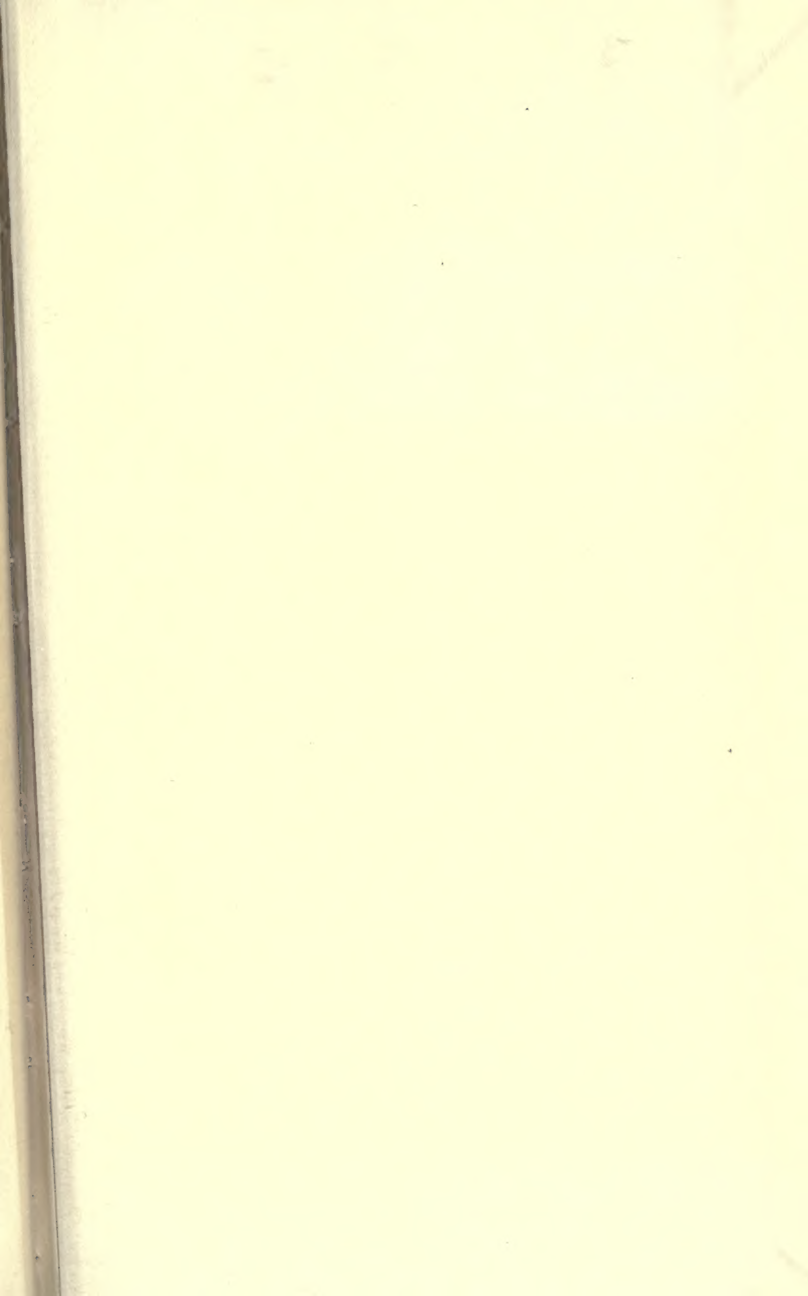

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