

A sketch of the life and character of Sarah Acland. Written for the nurses of the "Sarah Acland Memorial Home," Oxford / edited by Isambard Brunel.

Contributors

Brunel, Isambard, 1838-

Publication/Creation

London : Seeley, 1894.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/zhnbmuv>

License and attribution

This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

A SKETCH OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF SARAH ACLAND

EDITED BY ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

BZP (Acland)

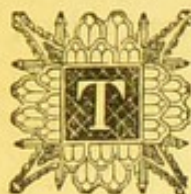


22501484854

Church Builder Jan 1867

Biographical Sketches.

No. III. WILLIAM COTTON, Esq.

[Father of Sarah Aylmer?]

THE pages of the CHURCH BUILDER are, by virtue of its name, an appropriate place for some account of the life and life-long labours of one, who for the space of half a century has taken an active, or rather a foremost part in that work, to the advancement of which our publication is devoted. Few of our readers will be sorry to see put on permanent record a short account of the work done in this wide field of usefulness by the late William Cotton. We may congratulate ourselves that sources of information are open to us, about the accuracy of which there can be no doubt. For although humility, almost amounting to self-depreciation as to the value of his work, was one of the leading marks in the character of William Cotton, he seems to have anticipated the time when such a detailed record of his experience in Church Building would be useful, after his own removal from the scene of his active labours, as an example to those who should come after him, and an incentive to renewed exertion. There has been found amongst his papers a brief, yet detailed list of all the works in which he was engaged, during his long life, in his great Master's service. And with this before us, as the chart to guide us in retracing the course he followed, we will, without further preface, lay the result of our inquiries before our readers, in the hope that they will feel that although William Cotton's share in the great work is finished, the work still remaining to be done is as gigantic as ever; as far as ever from its conclusion, and must so remain as long as the population of London increases in a ratio which seems to defy all attempts to keep pace with it in providing church accommodation, and at the same time to wipe out the heavy debt against us, accumulated in past years of indifference and neglect.

William Cotton was born September 12, 1786, the third son of Joseph and Sarah Cotton. His father was descended from the Cottons of Cheshire. Five generations back a member of that numerous family removed to the neighbourhood of London;

kept hounds at Walwood House,—where the subject of this memoir lived for so many years,—and added, it is believed, nothing either to the family riches or reputation. The next in the line of descent was a merchant in the City of London, whose place of business was at Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, and his country-house in Bethnal Green, very unlike, at that time, what it has since become—a parish of seventy thousand inhabitants, with but two churches,—until that second great alteration, effected not by the silent lapse of time, but by the vigorous and long-sustained effort of the great grandson of that old merchant. It has been said that this local connexion was what first directed the attention of William Cotton to this parish, as the most becoming field for his exertions: we doubt this; and shall, in the course of our narrative, hope to show that there were other and higher reasons which led to this selection. The next was Dr. Cotton of St. Alban's, under whose care the Poet Cowper lived when the dark cloud first descended upon his spirit, in his early years. Cowper, in his letters, alludes more than once to the obligation he was under to his kind physician and friend. He was truly a good physician, both of body and soul: we do not so much infer this from his sermons, which are published in his two volumes of "Remains," (though they were probably better than any which he heard in the parish church,) as from the testimony of his distinguished friend and patient; his poetical talent, of which several pleasing specimens are included in the same volume of "Remains," was another link of the bond which united them together. The pretty lines entitled the "Fireside," and beginning,—

"Dear Chloe, whilst the busy crowd,
The gay, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance,—
Though singularity and pride
Be deem'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance,"

were household words in the family of his son, Captain J. Cotton, who gave each of his children and more numerous grandchildren a Christmas-box larger than usual, when they passed the test of reciting the entire poem without a mistake.

These were indeed numerous, for at one Christmas party, shortly before his death, very nearly half a hundred of his descendants were gathered together.

William Cotton was at school for some time at Chigwell, under Dr. Freeman, in the immediate neighbourhood of a house occupied by Mr. Harrison, his maternal grandfather, and now in the possession of Benj. Cotton, Esq., his youngest, and only surviving brother. His education was not much advanced whilst there. It was rather the work of the years which succeeded his leaving school, and entering into business in the counting-house of his father's, and subsequently his own friend, C. H. Turner, at Narrow-street, Limehouse. His early religious impressions inclined him to prepare himself for Holy Orders. He often in his instruction of his own children referred to the time when he first became impressed with an awful, nay, almost overwhelming sense of the personal presence of Almighty God; not only believing, but feeling the truth of the words, "Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways. For, lo! there is not a word in my tongue but Thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether." He never forgot the impression thus made on him, and these words were the key-note to his consistent tone of conduct, even to extreme old age. Doubtless his work in his generation was as acceptable to his great Master, as though he had in his early years "gone into the Church," as the phrase was,—now well-nigh exploded. He himself always took the opportunity of protesting against this misnomer. Even in his after years the question again occurred to his mind as to the propriety of his quitting his secular position in the Church of England for Holy Orders. No one of those since gone to their rest, who marked his course in his early manhood,—no one who had the happiness to work with him in his old age, can for a moment doubt but that they who advised him to continue in the state into which he had first been called, were right in their decision. Eminent as he might have been as a clergyman, and valuable as his services would, with his singleness of purpose, undoubtedly have proved, they have been still more valuable, surely, as proving how one fully occupied in the ordinary duties of business life, can still find or make time to co-operate with the

rulers of our Church in every well-devised plan for the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

When thoroughly established in the firm of Huddart and Company, though by many years junior to his partners, he was entrusted with the principal management of that vast establishment. He there began to develop an active interest in the welfare of all with whom he was brought in contact. He cared for the social condition of his work-people, by abolishing the custom of paying them on Saturday nights, by orders on a Publican. He cared for their children, by interesting himself in St. Anne's Schools, Limehouse; for their bodies, by his untiring labours in the improvement of the London Hospital, where all cases of accidental injury, to which, from the nature of their calling, the mechanics in the East End of London are peculiarly liable, were admitted; and, above all, for their spiritual welfare. His first essay in Church Building was made in the immediate neighbourhood of the London Hospital, the juxtaposition of the two buildings marking the double character of the work to which he devoted himself.

The difficulties which attended the erection of the church of St. Peter's, Stepney, were of so great and complicated a nature, that they would have discouraged any one of less firm resolve in a path once chosen as right,—would have prevented any one of less singleness of purpose than was William Cotton from again engaging in amateur church building. The death of the architect, the failure of the contractors, and worse than all, the refusal of the College, patrons of the living of Stepney, to permit the consecration of the church even when finished, unless a full equivalent was secured to the vicar of the mother church for the diminution in the money value of his living (no regard being had to the lightening of a burden too heavy for any mortal shoulders to bear, in the reduction of the numbers nominally under the care of the Incumbent), each and all these checks and hindrances were but incitements to William Cotton and his coadjutors, Wm. Davis and others, to persevere, instead of reasons for abandoning the path of usefulness which he had marked out for himself. The money difficulty was overcome by each member of the Committee laying down a considerable sum to close the account, which, in consequence of

the builder's death, had to be submitted to arbitration, and the opposition on the part of the College was at last overcome mainly by the kind interference of Archbishop Sutton.

Instead of being discouraged by these and other difficulties, William Cotton was, on the contrary, led to devise more systematic plans for carrying out his great work of Church Building. He had already suggested the foundation of the Incorporated Society in a letter to John Bowden, dated 1813, the year of the birth of his eldest child. After many hindrances and long delays, the scheme was developed at a meeting held at the City of London Tavern in the year 1818, his father, Captain Joseph Cotton, then far advanced in years, in the chair. There was a peculiar appropriateness in this selection, both as the best compliment which could have been devised to the son, and also because from that now aged father the son had himself received the first germ, so to say, of that principle, which made him ever so desirous that the poor should have an equal share with the rich, not only in the parish churches, where is their legal right,—a right of which, alas! they have often been defrauded,—but also in the new churches which many were desirous of building on a different plan, fixing upon them, as though it were a corner-stone of the building, the grievous system of pews, with all their exclusive rights and class distinctions. On referring to the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Lords, on the means of Providing for the Spiritual Wants of the People in populous places, William Cotton thus feelingly refers to his father's good example in the very beginning of his evidence :—

“26 April, 1856.

“1. Bishop of Exeter,—I believe you are a bank director?—I am.

“2. I believe you have interested yourself very much in the spiritual state of the metropolis?—I have.

“3. And your father before you?—And my father before me. My father was in the chair at the first meeting of the present Incorporated Society.

“4. Your father was, I think, one of the first who endeavoured to give accommodation to the poor in his own parish?—He did, when I was a boy.

"5. How long was that ago?—Between sixty and seventy years ago. I am in my seventy-second year.

"6. Do you recollect how that was received?—Not at all well by the parties who occupied the pews. My father put up some seats in the aisle for the accommodation of the poor, who had been entirely excluded from the church by very large aristocratic pews.

"7. Where was this?—In the parish of Leyton, in the county of Essex, in the diocese of London."

The only accommodation for the poor in the parish church of Leyton, with its 3,000 inhabitants, were some solitary seats, turning down on hinges, affixed to the wood-work of the large sleeping-boxes with which the whole area of the church was filled; and when the change alluded to in Mr. Cotton's evidence was made by his father, in strict obedience to the order of St. James, and free seats in the best situation in the church were provided for the poor, it was highly distasteful to some at least of the congregation, long accustomed to the former exclusive pews. They could not bear that a poor man should come between (not the wind and their nobility, but between) themselves and the preachers of God's word.

After the foundation of the Incorporated Society in 1818, William Cotton, constant during the years of his activity in his attendance on the Committee meetings, ever held fast by the principles thus early instilled into him, and thus speaks in the same evidence from which we have quoted of a great mistake in the internal fittings of the churches built from the £1,000,000 Parliamentary grant:—

"145. Chairman,—Were the sittings free in these churches?

"No, they were not. One-third of the sittings were free, but there was a mistake made—the free sittings were made different from the pew sittings. The pew sittings were three feet from back to back, and the free sittings only two feet four; and therefore they were extremely uncomfortable; and another difficulty was, that the poor did not like the distinction made between those which were free sittings and those which were paid sittings."

On the great principle then of free and good sittings for the poor was the Incorporated Society founded. Lord Kenyon,

Sir Thomas Acland, John Bowdler, and William Cotton, were amongst those who had a previous interview with Lord Liverpool on the subject; and the late Vice-Chancellor of England (Shadwell) assisted in drawing up the rules; and from this year, 1823, to the time almost of his death, he was as constant in his attendance at the Committee meetings of the Society as was consistent with his other numerous engagements. How highly his unwearied energy, patient endurance of opposition, and steady determination to conquer all difficulties, were appreciated by the members of the Committee who acted with him, is shown by the resolution passed by them at the meeting immediately following his decease.

Having made his first essay in Church Building in St. Peter's, Stepney, and, as we have seen, been mainly instrumental in putting the Incorporated Society on a firm and well-grounded foundation, he next, with his friend William Davis, turned his attention to the wants of the parish in which they both dwelt for so many years; where, too, in the grave-yard—God's acre, according to the more touching German phrase—secured for its present holy use by their joint exertions, they each of them rest from the labours of a long and useful life. They worked together in many a good cause, secular as well as ecclesiastical. Captain Davis and Lieutenant Cotton were officers of the Leyton volunteers in the early part of the present century. Together they co-operated in the early days of the National Society, and together selected the site in Baldwin's Gardens for its central school; and, until the death of the elder of the two, the friendship between them, and their joint service in the cause of their common Master, remained unbroken.

We must now pass on to William Cotton's great work in connexion with the late Bishop of London's noble scheme for building at once fifty churches in the metropolis, by raising a separate fund devoted to this purpose, not in opposition to, but as a legitimate development of the principle on which the Incorporated Society was founded. By many it was at once pronounced impossible, even by that great vanquisher of impossibilities the late Duke of Wellington. In William Cotton the Bishop found a most willing and able coadjutor. He believed that the thing was to be done, and nobly helped in doing it. His money con-

tributions to the fund were large, but far more valuable was his personal co-operation: this was priceless, as far as any possibility of payment in this world is concerned. But his heart was above the world, and there his treasure is now for ever safely stored. Our limits prevent us detailing the success which attended the action of the Metropolitan Churches Fund: it will be found fully detailed in the final Report of that Association for the year 1854, drawn up by the then honorary secretary, the eldest son of Mr. William Cotton, with the help of Mr. George Silk, the indefatigable and business-like secretary of the Fund from its very commencement until the time when, in the hope of giving a fresh impulse to the work, it was merged in the somewhat more extensive Association, "The Diocesan Church Building Society."

The fruit of the Bishop's exertion, whilst the Metropolitan Churches Fund was in operation, was in excess of the original programme.

Instead of fifty churches, as originally proposed, seventy-five were built, wholly or in part by the Fund; three or four, indeed, were the gift of individuals, but they, like the others, would never have had any existence at all, but for the spirit of Church Building thereby created, or at least stimulated. Affiliated to the general work of the Metropolitan Church Building Fund, was that other in connexion with which the name of William Cotton will, in all probability, be longest remembered. We allude to the great work done by him in Bethnal Green, in which twelve churches, with about twenty clergymen, are now to be found, where before that date the old parish church, and St. John's, built out of the Parliamentary grant of a million sterling, were alone in existence.

The connexion of William Cotton's ancestor with the parish of Bethnal Green has already been alluded to. It was not the only, not even the main reason why his descendant's energies were chiefly directed to that parish. He wished to give a practical answer to the objection of those who answered the Bishop's appeals, "It is of no use: 'what are these amongst so many?' You confess that your Church Building does not keep pace with the national increase of population. The whole matter is hopeless, and I will have nothing to do

with it." So the special case of Bethnal Green was committed by Bishop Blomfield to his lay Archdeacon, who worked as though he had for the time being no other business on hand. To quote the words of one who knew him well, "He worked for the sites, the Building Fund, the endowments, the parsonages, and the schools of that parish, as if it had been the only parish he cared for, and as if he was the only person on whom it all depended. And he did it all with singular skill, making himself acquainted with all the rules of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Queen Anne's Bounty, the Council Office, &c., and getting from them all every farthing he could, in the wisest way. It was a feature of his character that when he was on any business he was *totus in illis*, you might fancy he had nothing else to do, and he was never in a hurry."

Nor did he look for immediate results. He was content to sow the seed, in certain confidence that others would be raised up to reap the harvest. He was not disappointed because the churches were not immediately filled. He knew that it was not the work of a day to change the almost utterly neglected masses of a parish like Bethnal Green into a steady church-going population. His feelings on this point—his patience, and willingness to wait for results—were abundantly manifested; whilst at the same time he always thankfully acknowledged any sign of improvement, not as a subject for self-glorification, but as a stimulus to renewed exertion. For an example of this, the following questions and answers, from the evidence given before the Committee which we have already quoted from, well deserve insertion:—

"43. Were there any indications of a change of popular feeling towards the Bishops and Clergy?—When the work of supplying new churches was first commenced, the great mass of the inhabitants, who were degraded and very bad, were violent against the Bishops and Clergy; they said they did not want Bishops and Clergy, but they wanted food. One individual, a zealous, good man, Thomas Natt, who went and canvassed among them, wishing to get even sixpences or any thing that could be obtained in order to interest them in the work, was met by saying that they would give him a shilling to hang the Bishop, but they would not give sixpence for the work; and

when the first stone of the first church was laid by the Lord Mayor, and the Bishop of London was there, the abuse which the whole of the party received was very distressing, the language heard was fearful, and an infuriated ox was driven among the children who were assembled to sing a hymn during the service. It indicated a very bad feeling on the part of a great many; at the same time, I was quite satisfied that, even in that degraded district, there were a great many people who would be thankful for the churches.

"44. Were all the school children, so far as you could ascertain them, throughout that 100,000 population, collected on that occasion?—At that time there were only 900 odd children under instruction in the parish. I do not know whether they were all collected on that occasion. It was our wish to collect all who could sing.

"45. And that all, out of a population of 100,000, would only amount to 900?—The population was then 70,000; 900 was the amount of the different schools.

"46. That was when the first stone of the first church was laid. When the first stone of the tenth church was laid, was there any exhibition of popular feeling then?—There was a very strong exhibition of feeling.

"47. Will you have the goodness to describe it?—It was very gratifying: about 7,000 children and pupil-teachers were assembled.

"48. The children in the schools in that district?—The children in the schools in the parish. The Eastern Counties Railway Company were kind enough to lend the children a large building, in which they all assembled for tea. Five Bishops and several other friends preached in the churches on that occasion, and the whole party assembled walked from the site to the tenth church, nearly the whole distance across the parish, and were received by the people with the greatest possible kindness.

"49. Do you recollect whether any measures had been taken to secure a favourable reception upon that occasion?—Not the slightest. I believe the police were there to prevent any violence; but there really was no occasion for them.

"50. And no means were taken, so far as you know, to

secure any thing like an exhibition of favourable feeling?—Not the slightest: it would have been perfectly impossible.

“51. It was quite a voluntary exhibition of popular feeling?—Entirely.

“52. Do you recollect any thing being then said about Bishops?—A clergyman told me something that he heard a rough-looking fellow say, with an oath: ‘I will not believe any thing they say against the Bishops again. Look at those children:’ there were 6,000 or 7,000 school children in the procession.

“53. When the first church was consecrated, do you recollect whether the Bishop was desirous, for any reason, to find out a person who was a communicant of the Church of England?—He told me he wished to appoint a communicant for churchwarden. He did not like the appointment of any body who was not a communicant as churchwarden of the district.

“54. Was there any difficulty in finding one?—He told me that he had difficulty to find one.

“55. In subsequent years did that continue?—Not at all. On the Easter following, when I inquired, they had 57 communicants.

“56. The very next Easter?—The very next Easter; and on the following Easter-day, 81.”

Thus he worked on for years, until the last of the ten Bethnal Green churches was completed—the last his own gift as a memorial church to his third son, Joseph Edward. He was aided by a most active and intelligent secretary, the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, successively Vicar of St. Nicolas, Great Yarmouth, and St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields, to whose zeal and untiring perseverance in the good cause he delighted to bear hearty testimony; whilst Mr. Mackenzie, on his part, has borne public witness to the singleness of purpose which marked all William Cotton’s actions, the unwavering perseverance with which, having his end steadily in view, he went straight on towards it, surmounting any obstacle which lay in his path, until the object was attained. His personal service, his time, his labour, his talents, were freely given to this work, and they were beyond price. Yet, whilst he gave them as the best offering, he never forgot that other talent

which was committed to him, and his donations to Church Building were out of all proportion to the usual standard of our degenerate days.

When viewed in connexion with the ordinary guinea subscriptions of those in the same rank of life as himself, his donations appeared so munificent that he was often taken for a far richer man than he really was. He always, as Mr. Mackenzie has stated, in the letter already alluded to¹, strongly insisted on the duty incumbent on every Christian man to set apart a definite proportion of his income for good and charitable purposes. It was the practice of many of the best men who have worked for, and by their lives adorned, our holy Church. What he inculcated as a duty on others he was himself careful to perform. From his first entrance into business he regularly set apart a tenth of his income for these purposes. In the days of his commercial prosperity, this Commission Fund, as he called it, mounted up to a large sum; the calls upon his charity purse were not equal to the accumulation, and so from this reserve he was able to draw those large sums which he gave in aid of Church Building and other charitable purposes.

At last his work in Bethnal Green was ended; and it was a happy event in his life when, on a glorious summer day, a large body of the Bethnal Green Sunday-school teachers, headed by the Rev. Joseph Brown and others of the clergy, went to Walwood for a day in the country, and took the opportunity of presenting an address to him, not written with pen and ink, but beautifully wrought in silk by a Bethnal Green weaver, with a view of St. Thomas's, the tenth and last church, surmounting this expression of their gratitude.

Whilst thus actively engaged in such public and holy works as these, it was not the leisure of an idle and unoccupied man that William Cotton was devoting to the service of God: he was chosen as a director of the Bank of England in 1822; was governor for three successive years, when the present Bank Charter was arranged by him in connexion with the late Sir Robert Peel; he took at the same time an active part in county business—was High Sheriff for Essex in the year 1837, for

¹ See *Guardian*, December 12.

many years an active magistrate, chairman of quarter sessions at Chelmsford, and took a leading part in every scheme for the social as well as spiritual improvement of the masses in our metropolis. With him the movement for establishing public baths and washhouses took its origin; he was one of the founders, and on the original council of King's College, and took an active share at different periods in the management of the hospital in connexion with that college, as well as in the London Hospital, St. Thomas's, and Guy's. Every other principal Church society found in him an active member of committee. He was for fifty years a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and long held the office of Treasurer, to the great advantage of that body, as his accurate business habits enabled him entirely to remodel their bookselling department; whilst the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, the Additional Curates, and the National Society, all benefited by his wisdom, his experience, his zeal, and his liberality.

His first serious illness occurred in the year 1854. From this at one time it seemed well-nigh impossible that he should recover. His wonderful composure, childlike resignation to the will of God, and submission to the orders of his physician were, under God, the cause of his being raised up again from this and many subsequent attacks. He returned after a year to the scenes of his former usefulness—not, indeed, with his former vigour, but still rejoicing to do all in his power; for it was always his expressed wish that he might die in harness. For twelve years after his first seizure he was still spared to his friends and the Church. His work was of a different nature from that in which he had been so long and successfully engaged. As the last partner in his old firm of Sir Joseph Hud-dart and Co., the task of winding up its affairs devolved on him; and the land once occupied by his great rope manufactory and the surrounding portions of Bow Common, which he had gradually purchased, was the scene of his last Church Building work. He had always strongly laid down the principle that it was the duty of proprietors of building land to provide Church accommodation for those about to be brought by their instrumentality into a place hitherto unpeopled, and nobly he acted

upon it. St. Paul's, Bow Common, was built on this principle. For this William Cotton took no credit to himself, and he disclaimed all praise on this account. In his own view he was simply doing his duty; but how few are there who do their duty in this thorough way. We cannot do better than reprint the address from the Committee of the Diocesan Church Building Association, presented to him after the consecration of St. Paul's, and his reply, embodying as it does a clear statement of the principles on which he had acted through life, and more worthy of preservation in these pages than any summary of character from the pen of another.

“Address from the Committee of the London Diocesan Church Building Society, to William Cotton, Esq., on the Consecration of St. Paul's Church, Stepney, built and endowed by him; and Mr. Cotton's reply.

“At a Meeting of the London Diocesan Church Building Society, held at 79, Pall Mall, on Friday, 5th November, 1858, the Lord Bishop of London in the chair.

“Present,—Archdeacon Hale, Archdeacon Sinclair, Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart., Sir Edwin Pearson, Revs. F. G. Blomfield, A. M. Campbell, Dr. Cureton, Canon Dale, G. R. Gleig, H. Howarth, W. G. Humphry, J. E. Kempe, C. Marshall, R. Morris, J. Sandys; Messrs. E. M. Browell, P. Cazenove, W. Cotton, W. Gladstone, J. G. Hubbard, S. Lewis, Jun., W. Rivington, and Rev. T. F. Stooks, Hon. Sec.

“The following address to Mr. W. Cotton, congratulating him on the consecration of St. Paul's, Stepney, built and endowed by him, was read by the Chairman:—

““The Committee of the London Diocesan Church Building Society gladly avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the completion and consecration of St. Paul's Church, Stepney, to congratulate you upon the realization of one more among your many efforts to promote the glory of God and the extension of His holy Church.

““You have now the inestimable blessing of being able to look back upon a long life spent, not for yourself, nor for the attainment of worldly wealth, but in exertions for the benefit of your fellow-Christians, and in the laying up of those treasures which shall endure for ever. At a very early age you showed your interest in the welfare of the poor by taking part in the foundation of the National Society, a step which has been fraught with incalculable advantages to the cause of sound and scriptural education among the humbler

classes. The crying want of additional churches to supply the means of grace for the rapidly increasing population of the country next engaged your attention, and we find you a few years later (in conjunction with your venerable father) employed in the formation of the Incorporated Society for the Building of Churches and Chapels in England and Wales. It is only necessary to refer to what has been effected by that Society, to learn what a deep debt of gratitude the Church owes to the first promoters of so valuable an institution.

“When the attention of Bishop Blomfield was first called to the spiritual destitution existing in many of the vast parishes of London, it was to you he turned as his chief assister and adviser, and to your unwearied exertions, your personal investigation into the minutest details, your active canvassing for support, and your judicious counsel, the great success which attended that remarkable movement is very much to be attributed. In Bethnal Green your name has become a household word, and the church of St. Thomas stands forth there a proof of your munificence, as the changed state of the parish, by God’s blessing, does of your activity and zeal.

“When again, some years later, the population of London was rapidly outgrowing the existing means of grace, and some permanent machinery was needed to keep the subject constantly before the attention of the public, our late venerated Bishop called you once more to his aid, and you have ever given to the Diocesan Church Building Society the same earnest and unremitting care that you bestowed on its forerunner, the Metropolis Churches Fund. Indeed, to extend as widely as possible among others the blessing of the devout and Scriptural services of our Church, which you have learnt to value so highly for yourself, has ever been with you a labour of love, and your latest gift to the east of London, the endowment of the district of St. Paul, and the building of a church and parsonage there, prove that with increasing years the convictions of your youth have only deepened.

“It is true, indeed, that in thus building a church on land of your own, where you are collecting a population for the improvement of your property, you proclaim that you are only fulfilling a plain duty, since landlords are bound to provide that due means of religious instruction are supplied for their tenants. The Committee trust that the weight of your name will give this most important principle wide circulation, and that many may be led by your example to reflect whether it is right in the sight of God and man to derive large revenues from houses without taking some steps to supply with the ordinances of the Church the inhabitants which those houses contain.

“Much more might be said as to the love which your personal friends feel for your generous and warm-hearted character, as to the respect which your sterling uprightness excites in all that are brought into intercourse with you, as to the benefits which have resulted from the example of your wide-spread munificence. But it is sufficient to allude to these points, as they will be understood and appreciated wherever the name of William Cotton is known.

“The Committee congratulate you upon having completed this addi-

tional work to your Master's glory; they express their earnest hopes that the success of St. Paul's Church under the ministry of your son may richly fulfil all your expectations, and they pray that many years may yet be granted to you for many additional labours of love to God and man.

“‘On behalf of the Committee,

“‘A. C. LONDON.’”

MR. COTTON'S REPLY.

“‘My Lord,—I am very sensible of the kind feeling which dictated the address your Lordship has read to me, and I thank you and the gentlemen present for the favourable opinion they have formed of my humble services in promoting the great object which has associated us together—the glory of God, and the spiritual welfare of our fellow-creatures.

“‘I am strongly impressed with the opinion that I have come very short of what I might have been, and might have done, considering the great advantages it has pleased God to afford me.

“‘From early life, I was taught, by the precepts and example of a good father, that I was not sent into the world to labour only for myself and for temporal advantages, but for much higher objects, and I was happily associated with those who were acting on the same principles. Time was, my Lord, after I had commenced my life of business, when I was very desirous of offering myself as a candidate for Holy Orders, to become associated with those, who, with a true missionary spirit, devote themselves to our great Master's service, even in this country, without any adequate remuneration. I was, however, convinced that it was my duty to continue in the station of life in which it had pleased God to place me, and there to labour in His service whenever He gave me the opportunity.

“‘The formation of the National Society associated me with the Rev. Henry Norris, John Bowdler, Joshua Watson, William Davis, Lord Kenyon, and many other active men, and the establishment of the present Incorporated Society, for promoting the Building and Enlarging of Churches and Chapels, in which Mr. John Bowdler took the lead, brought me into daily communication with those likely to guide a young man in the right way.

“‘I considered it a high privilege, and cause for much thankfulness, that I was permitted to assist, with my humble services, your Lordship's predecessor in the great objects he had so much at heart, and I always remember with gratitude, the unwearied kindness and friendship I experienced from him. The effort for the benefit of Bethnal Green was but a continuance of his unceasing labour for the other parts of this great Metropolis, and it was commenced under the hope that by giving to the poorest and most neglected parish in the Metropolis, then containing 70,000 souls, an additional number of Clergymen, Churches, and Schools, more in proportion to the population, it would not only benefit them, but would exemplify the great advantage of the subdivision of a large parish, and would be the best encouragement for future exertions.

“‘Although much remains to be done by the missionary clergymen in Bethnal Green, considerable progress is made every year, and those only who

knew the state of that parish before the commencement of the work can form a correct opinion of what has been already effected.

“Those most intimately acquainted with Bishop Blomfield can scarcely estimate the zeal, the time, and the money he devoted to this great object. By his letters he obtained donations to an amount which for many years had not been heard of, and his powerful eloquence effected a happy change in the habit of scanty giving which had previously disgraced our churches, and he had the pleasure of recording upon the back of one of his sermons, which he called his golden one, that it had raised £1,200.

“Our late Bishop was blessed in his labours by being able to build, or assist in building, seventy-eight churches in the Metropolis; but it is grievous to know that London, in consequence of the unprecedented increase of the population, is now in a worse state, both as to the number of churches and clergymen, than when he commenced his work.

“I was strongly impressed by a sermon, preached for the Bethnal Green Fund, by the Rev. Henry Melvill, who took for his subject (Luke xix. 41), Our Lord weeping over Jerusalem. Surely when our blessed Lord now beholds this our Metropolis, we might expect a similar condemnation. The vast expenditure for our commerce, our enormous and costly public buildings, the palaces built by our nobility, country gentlemen, and merchants, as compared with their former residences, and the miserably small sums expended in erecting and endowing churches and in providing clergymen might make the Saviour weep.

“But in addition to the spiritual destitution arising from the increase of the population, the severance of classes has tended greatly to augment the wants of the poor.

“Formerly some of the nobility, many of the great and opulent merchants, lived amongst the poor, and became acquainted with their wants from their own observation. Now all those whom God has blessed with large means have removed to a distant part of the Metropolis, live in palaces, and know little of the state of their poorer brethren labouring for their daily bread. In consequence, I believe, it is quite true, for my own experience confirms the fact, that not a larger number than 2,000 individuals in this vast Metropolis can be applied to for Church or School Extension, with any hope of success. Surely this would not continue to be the case if the subject were strongly put before them. I consider what Bishop Blomfield did as but the commencement of this work. He was cheered by several donors, each contributing a sum sufficient for building a Church in a district inhabited by what are called the labouring classes, and I trust that many will be led to follow their example.

“Your Lordship has alluded with commendation to my having built St. Thomas's, the tenth new Church in Bethnal Green. The spot where that Church was built was notorious as the resort of bad characters; and within a few yards of the site was the house where the Italian boy was murdered for sale to the anatomists; this spot is now hallowed by the building of a church and schools, and there a Christian lady is expending a large sum of money for the improvement of the domestic and social condition of the poor.

This tenth church was not the gift of me alone, but was also from my wife and children ; for about the time when funds were required, it pleased God to take to Himself a dear and excellent son, and at their request, what he would have received for his outfit, was expended in a church, as the best monument to a heavenly-minded youth.

“ ‘ I should never have publicly mentioned this had it not been extracted from me by the Committee of the House of Lords ; for I am sure that he

‘ Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never stain the marble with his name.’

“ ‘ In my seventy-third year, what might have been dangerous in my younger days—namely, the applause of my fellow-men—has now no attractions for me ; and I have therefore not refused to receive the address your Lordship has so kindly presented to me. At first I declined to do so, until I was assured by your Honorary Secretary that it might do good to others ; and it may be satisfactory to those whom God has endowed with a large proportion of this world’s wealth to know that, with my limited means, I have found (as I believe the excellent lady to whom I have alluded has found with her larger property) that the greatest real pleasure from wealth is to be secured, not by accumulation, but by spending it to advance the glory of God, and the good of our fellow-creatures.

“ ‘ With reference to the building and endowing of the Church at Stepney, I have for so many years pressed on those who were letting their land for building, and thus bringing together a large population, that it was their duty to make some provision for the spiritual wants of their tenants, that I should have been very much to blame if I had not acted on the principle I endeavoured throughout my life to enforce.

“ ‘ Before I commenced the work, a dangerous illness, from which there was little prospect of my recovery, appeared to deprive me of all hope of seeing it accomplished. But I have cause for much thankfulness that I have been restored to health, so as to be present at the consecration of the church, and I shall greatly rejoice if others who have land to let for building are induced to follow my example.

“ ‘ I am thankful that my youngest son has become the first Incumbent of St. Paul’s, Stepney. I thank you for your good wishes for him ; and it is my constant prayer that it will please God to strengthen and support him in the performance of his important duties.’ ”

His friend Bishop Blomfield did not live to consecrate St. Paul’s, but he took the liveliest interest in its erection ; and, when its founder visited him for the last time, the Bishop, lying on his bed, committed to his care some gold Communion vessels which had been made for and used by the good Queen Adelaide, and returned to the Bishop of London at her death, saying, “ I cannot do better with these vessels than give them to you, my friend, for use in St. Paul’s, Bow Common ; and

may a blessing attend their use, and all the acts of him who is to minister there." The present minister, who has had charge of the parish from the very first, is the third son of the founder of the church, the Rev. A. B. Cotton. The Bishop's prayer was doubtless heard; and long may a blessing from on high follow those good works in which Bishop Blomfield and his friend William Cotton so long laboured harmoniously together.

As his bodily weakness increased, in consequence of repeated bronchial attacks, William Cotton gradually unburdened himself of the various offices which he held in connexion with our various Church Societies. He was always anxious to see younger men raised up to co-operate with him in his various works, and he willingly—nay, joyfully—surrendered into their hands the offices which he held in connexion with them. On one such occasion, when he resigned the office of Treasurer to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the following address was presented to him by Archdeacon Sinclair, which we reprint, both on account of its own intrinsic merit and perfect truthfulness, as also because it was an address from the Archdeacon of Middlesex, addressed to him whom we have described as Bishop Blomfield's lay Archdeacon:—

"At the General Meeting of the Society on the 6th of February, 1866, the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair in the chair, on the recommendation of the Standing Committee, William Cotton, Esq., whose resignation of the office of Treasurer had been announced to the Board at the previous Meeting on Jan. 2, was elected Vice-President of the Society.

"After putting the election of Mr. Cotton from the Chair, Archdeacon Sinclair stated that, to his great satisfaction, he had unexpectedly been allowed the privilege of proposing a grateful acknowledgment of the Society to Mr. Cotton, for the services which he had long rendered to it as one of its Treasurers. 'I have known Mr. Cotton,' he said, 'during more than a quarter of a century; and have had opportunity not only of appreciating his high personal character, but the zeal, judgment, perseverance, and success with which he has laboured in all departments to promote the interests of sound religion and of the Church. If I go to the National Society, I hear Mr. Cotton mentioned as one of its original members. If I go to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, I find Mr. Cotton held in honour as an active member of the Board, and one of the chief promoters of the Colonial Bishops' Fund. Or again, if I attend a Meeting of the Incorporated Society, or of the Diocesan Church Building Society, I am reminded that Mr. Cotton at his own expense built and endowed two churches; and that

the late Bishop of London always regarded him as among his most efficient supporters in all plans of Church extension. Or, once more, if I come to this Board-room, I am assured that Mr. Cotton has for many years taken a leading part in the direction of our affairs, and that you all unite in regarding him as among the most zealous and efficient promoters of Christian knowledge.'

"The Archdeacon then proposed to the Board the following record, which was unanimously adopted:—

"The election of William Cotton, Esq., to the office of Vice-President, upon his retirement from that of Treasurer, gives to this Board an opportunity of expressing, and placing upon record, their sense of the services which he has rendered to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. How much this Society owes to his warm-hearted energy, his manly singleness of purpose, and his intelligent prudence, never should and never can be forgotten.

"Occupying for so many years the office of Treasurer, he has been the originator and chief director of many important changes in the management of the Society's business, which have contributed largely to increased efficiency in its operations both at home and abroad. But valuable as have been his ability and industry as an administrator, yet more is due to the spirit in which all his work was undertaken. His devoted attachment to the National Church, and his earnest desire for the promotion of Christianity through the extension of that Church, have made him ever forward in advocating the large aid rendered by this Society to the increase of the Colonial Episcopate, and the missionary work carried on under the guidance of the respective Bishops in the Colonies;—nor did he ever overlook the claims of the poor at home, upon a Society whose great work it is to encourage and assist those noble efforts of individual zeal for the spiritual improvement of their countrymen, with which the name of William Cotton will ever be associated.

"While this Board sincerely regrets that Mr. Cotton should think it necessary to retire from the duties of Treasurer, they pray that it may please Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to spare for a season, to the country and to the Church, one whose very presence will inspire Christian hearts with a zeal for the cause of Christianity; and they trust that he may yet continue, as one of the Vice-Presidents, to assist, as far as strength and health shall permit, in those deliberations in which he has so long taken the lead, as one of the Treasurers of this Society.'"

He still continued to attend the meetings of the Church Building Society, no longer as the doer of any thing that was to be done, but rejoicing to see others do it. His very presence was an encouragement—a stimulus to renewed exertion—an expression of his confidence, that, as the work was God's work, others would be raised up to carry it on when he should be no more. And so he continued till weakness confined him to his own house.

Even when a prisoner to his room he still took the liveliest interest in all that his friends and coadjutors were doing, till at last his hour was come, and, in the words of One who watched him to the last, the nearest and dearest to him, "he very beautifully fell asleep" on the eve of Advent Sunday, and we doubt not went forth to meet his Lord, for whose coming he had so long watched, and waited, and laboured, and prayed. His loss was severely felt by all the great Church Societies, as well as by those with whom he had been engaged in secular pursuits. They felt as though they had lost a father and a friend. At all of these, resolutions of regret and condolence were moved and carried: we have room only for that of the Incorporated Society:—

"Extracts from the Minutes of the Proceedings at a Meeting of the General Committee of this Society, held on the 17th day of December, 1866.

"The General Committee feel called on to advert on this occasion to the great loss recently sustained by the Church at large, and by this Society most especially, in the decease of Mr. William Cotton. They desire to place on record the deep and very grateful sense they entertain of his eminent services, not alone as one of the originators of the Incorporated Society in 1815, and as one of those who took an active part in its preliminary meetings, but for the kind and valuable counsel he invariably rendered, and the untiring energy which he ever subsequently displayed during the course of half a century. They feel anxious also, in thankfully recognizing the inestimable co-operation thus afforded, to bear their testimony to the good, which an unfeigned love of God, and of his fellow-men, uniformly prompted him to effect, not only in promoting as he did the building of the many Bethnal Green Churches, but in erecting two at least in that locality at his own cost—an example of munificence rarely met with, but worthy of all imitation and enduring praise and honour.

"Resolved,—That the expression of the Society's regret and high esteem for Mr. Cotton be conveyed to Mrs. Cotton and his family, with a respectful assurance of unfeigned sympathy with them under this dispensation of the Almighty."

William Cotton married, on February 4, 1812, Sarah, only daughter of Thomas and Barbara Lane, and leaves three sons and two daughters: William Charles, Vicar of Frodsham, late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, sometime Chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand; Henry, Q.C. at the Chancery Bar, sometime Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Arthur Benjamin,

of Christ Church, Oxford, Incumbent of St. Paul's, Bow Common; Sarah, the wife of Dr. Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford; Agnes, unmarried. Phœbe and Joseph Edward preceded him to his rest.

W. C. C.

New Churches, and Churches Restored or Enlarged.

NEW CHURCHES.

* * * *Those Churches marked with an asterisk have received Grants from the Incorporated Church Building Society.*

Abbey Cwm Hir, St. Mary.—Dioc., St. David's. Archts., Messrs. Poundley and D. Walker. Style, Gothic of the Twelfth Century. Accom., 200; seats all free. The cost of the entire work, exclusive of the stained glass and furnishing, will be £2,000, which has been defrayed by Miss Phillips, who has also presented Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymn Books to the church. The whole of the stained glass was furnished by Messrs. Heaton and Butler.

* *Bangor, St. James.*—Dioc., Bangor. Archts., Messrs. Kennedy and Rogers, Bangor. Style, Late Second Pointed. Plan: nave, N. and S. aisles, chancel, porch, tower, and spire. Accom., 573; free sittings, 318. Cost, £4,500. Grant, £200. Special gifts, six stained windows, an organ, a peal of six bells, communion plate, clock, font, sedilia, the whole of the carving, encaustic tiles, altar cloth, and alms basons.

* *Bradley, St. John the Baptist.*—Dioc., Worcester. Archt., Mr. W. J. Hopkins. Style, Early English. Plan: nave, chancel, spire on N. side of sanctuary, with vestry beneath. Accom., 200; free seats, 100. Cost, £1,500. Grant, £50.

Dulas.—Dioc., Hereford. Archt., Mr. G. C. Haddon, of Hereford. Style, Early English of the Thirteenth Century. Accom., 100. The edifice has been erected by the lord of the manor, at the cost of £1,700.

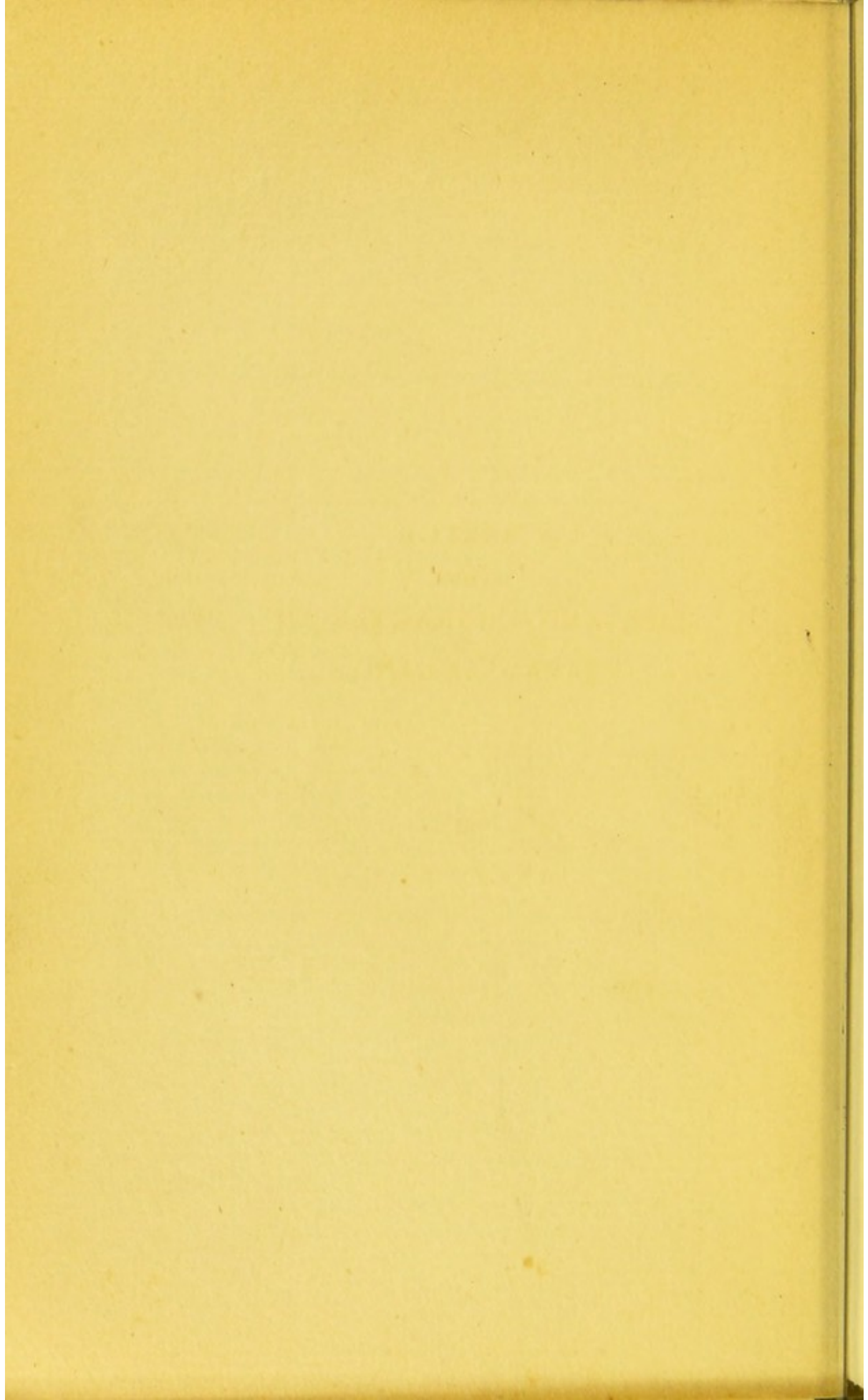
Facombe, Hants.—Dioc., Winchester. Archt., Mr. G. A. Musselwhite. Style, Decorated. Builders, Messrs. Hillary, of Andover. This church has a tower at the W. end, about 43 feet high; a stone spire is intended to be built 45 feet high.

* *Hindley, St. Peter's.*—Dioc., Chester. Archt., Mr. E. G. Paley, of Lancaster. Style, Gothic Decorated. A peal of bells has been presented to this church by Alfred Pennington, Esq., who has also promised to give a stained glass window. Cost, £5,000. Accom., 689 sittings, all free and unappropriated. Grant, £450.

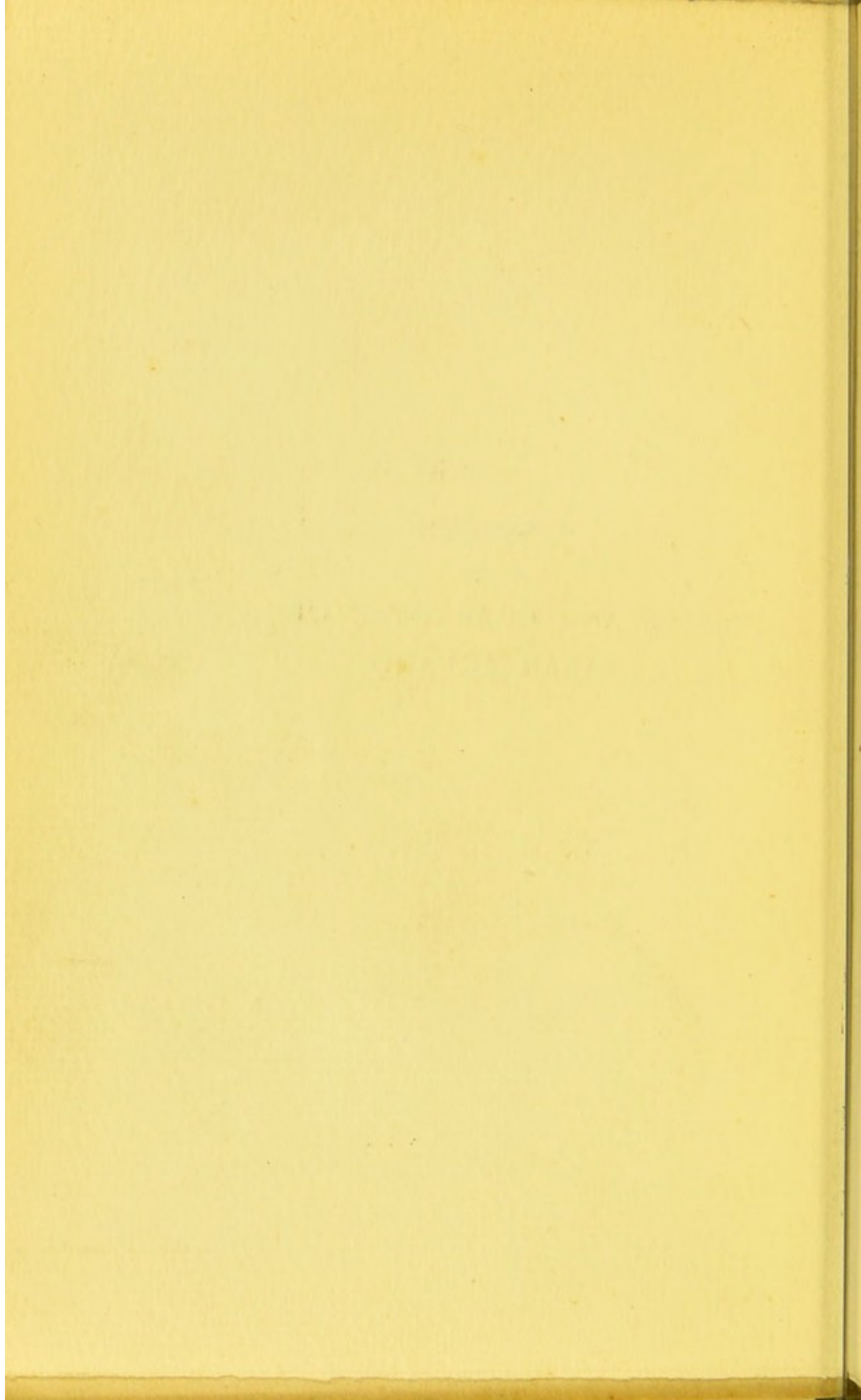
Sholing, St. Mary's.—Dioc., Winchester. Archt., Mr. Colson, of Winchester. Style, Early English. Accom., 400, the greater part being free. Cost, over £2,000.

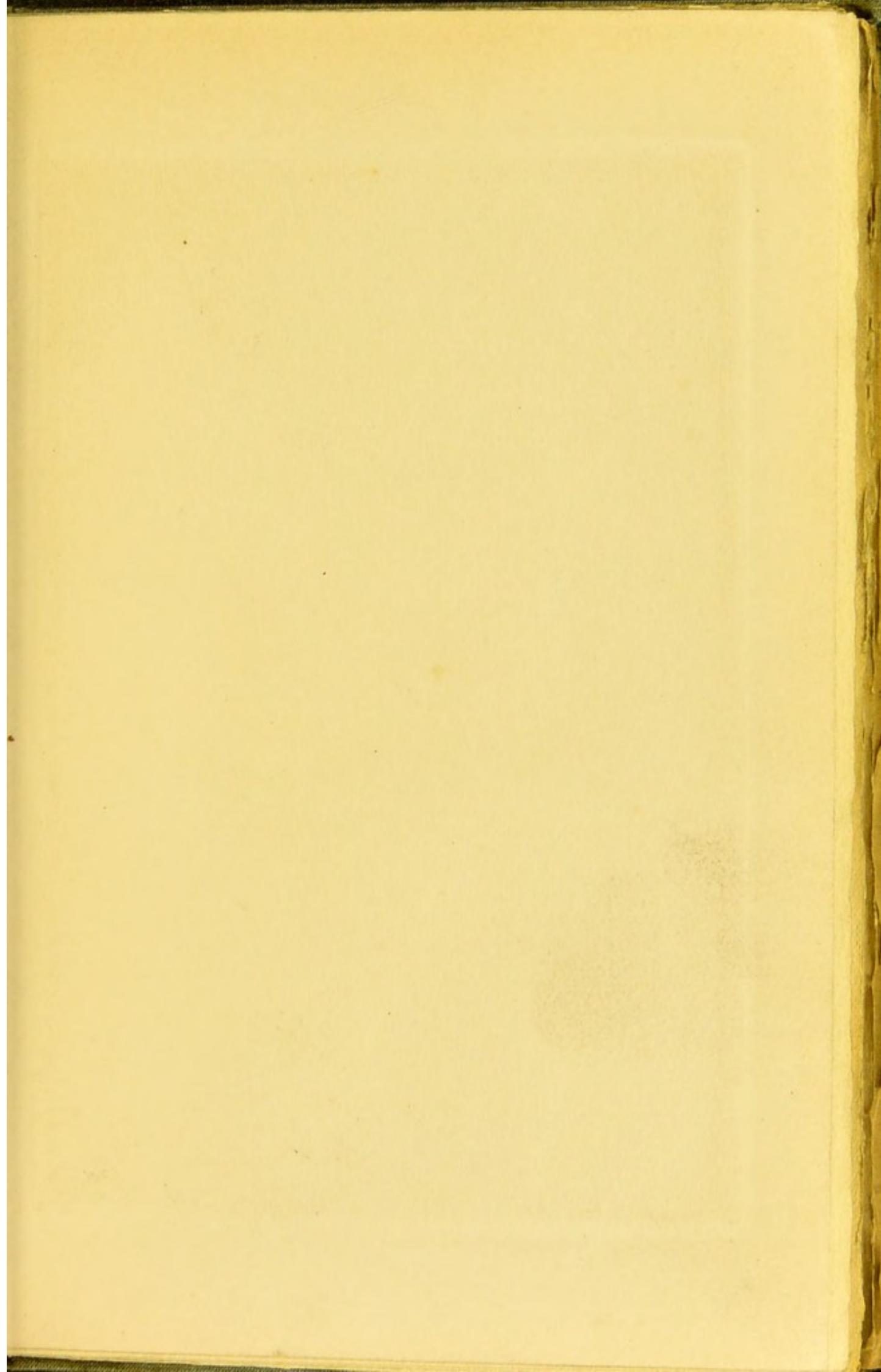
Note:
Insert from Church Bulletin
Jan 1867 pp. 25-46

To Mr. A. H. Robinson
April 1892



A SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER OF
SARAH ACLAND







Sarah Acland.

After George Richmond. R.A. 1846.

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

62522

A SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
SARAH ACLAND

*WRITTEN FOR THE NURSES OF THE
"SARAH ACLAND MEMORIAL HOME," OXFORD*

EDITED BY
ISAMBARD BRUNEL, D.C.L.

LONDON
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED
ESSEX STREET, STRAND
1894

ACLAND, Sarah [1815-78]

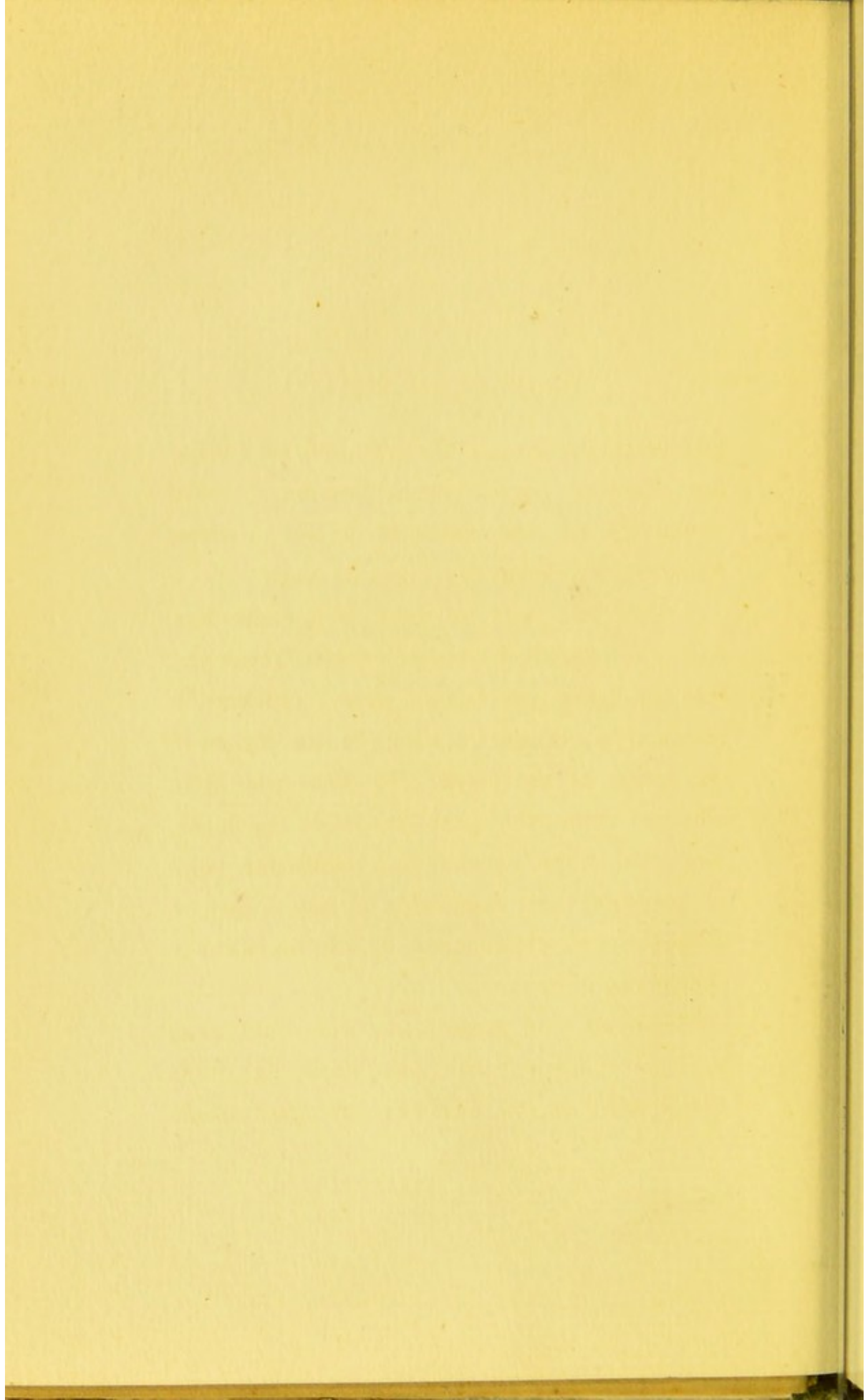
BZP (Acland)

*"Had you one sorrow, and she shared it not?
One burden, and she would not lighten it?
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
How sweetly would she glide between your wraths
And steal you from each other! for she walked
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love
Who stilled the rolling wave of Galilee."*

TENNYSON: "Aylmer's Field."



To
GERTRUDE DENNISTON
AND
THE NURSES OF THE "SARAH ACLAND
MEMORIAL HOME"
THIS SHORT SKETCH
IS
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR



PREFATORY NOTE

I HAVE gladly accepted the easy duty of editing the following pages, which describe in brief outline the life and character of one to whose friendship and sympathy I owe so much.

I have been told by those who knew Mrs. Acland but slightly during their Oxford residence, that her grave yet benign aspect produced a profound impression on them, as she moved in the society of the place. To those who were admitted within the sacred circle of her home, how vivid is the remembrance, which the lapse of years does not seem able in any degree to efface—the remembrance of a holy life spent in the service of love.

Before all have passed away who could speak of these things of their own knowledge, it is surely well that the task here attempted should

have been undertaken, and that those who, as we trust, shall through many generations work in the "Sarah Acland Memorial Home" at Oxford, may learn somewhat of the beauty of her character, and may follow her good example.

I. B.

January 1894.

SARAH ACLAND

I

A WISH has often been expressed that a Sketch should be written of the Life and Character of Sarah Acland, in whose memory the Home for Nurses in Wellington Square, Oxford, was founded in 1879.

This short memoir is an attempt to give to the nurses belonging to that Institution some, though necessarily a very inadequate, knowledge of the beauty of the character of her in whose name they now carry on their work.

A great testimony to her worth and the esteem in which she was held is the manner in which the Home sprang into life and has since thriven and grown. She died on October 25, 1878, at the age of 63, after an illness of only a few months' duration, though she had been for some time in failing health. A few of her chief lady friends (most helpful

amongst whom was Mrs. Liddell) met shortly after her death at the suggestion of Mrs. Prestwich, the wife of the then Professor of Geology, to consider how a fitting memorial should be raised to her.

It was agreed by these ladies that, as Mrs. Acland's life had been spent for others, the memorial should take the form of some practical work, and it was determined to provide a District Nurse to work gratuitously amongst the poor of Oxford (if sufficient money could be obtained), thus carrying on the nursing among the sick poor which had been originally started by Miss Eleanor Smith, and maintained by her at her own expense for seven years.

Without the knowledge of Mrs. Acland's family a subscription list was opened, and so rapidly did the money flow in from all parts of England, and indeed from all quarters of the globe, that by January 1, 1879, Nurse Gilbert, already well known and loved in the poorer parts of Oxford, began her work as the first "Sarah Acland Nurse." From that day to this the Home gradually spread its area of usefulness until it became the large Institution it now is—destined, we trust, to perpetuate in the way she would have most desired, the name of her whose life shall now be briefly told.

Sarah Cotton, born on July 21, 1815, was the eldest daughter and second child of William and Sarah Cotton of Walwood, Leytonstone, Essex. Both her grandfather and her father had always been earnest Churchmen as well as sagacious and enterprising merchants of the best old stamp, considering that means, even more than ends, were important in trade. Very early in this century they began to improve the condition of those who worked for them, and to try to obtain education both moral and religious for the children. Mr. William Cotton was one of the Founders of King's College, London, as well as one of the chief promoters of a scheme to provide Churches for the teeming population of the East End. When the last of these Churches, St. Paul's, Bow Common, was consecrated in 1858, the Bishop of London, as President of the London Diocesan Church Building Society, read an address to Mr. Cotton, congratulating him on the successful ending of his labours. He began his reply in the following characteristic manner:

"MY LORD,—I am very sensible of the kind feeling which dictated the address your Lordship has read to me, and I thank you and the gentlemen present

for the favourable opinion they have formed of my humble services in promoting the great object which has associated us together—‘the Glory of God and the spiritual welfare of our fellow-creatures.’

“I am strongly impressed with the opinion that I have come very short of what I might have been and might have done, considering the great advantages it has pleased God to afford me.

“From early life, I was taught by the precepts and example of a good father, that I was not sent into the world to labour only for myself, and for temporal advantages, but for much higher objects; and I was happily associated with those who were acting on the same principles.”*

William Cotton was chosen as a Director of the Bank of England in 1822, and was Deputy-Governor in 1840 and 1841, and Governor for three successive years, 1842, 1843, 1844, being elected for the third time in order that he might complete the negotiation with the Government which ended in the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

Mr. Cotton had a large Rope Walk on Bow Common, and this he lighted with gas when its use for such purposes was in its infancy; and people went from the more fashionable neighbourhoods to

* *The Church Builder*, January 1867.

see Cotton's Rope Walk lighted up. He had a great gift for mechanics, and was himself a first-rate turner. He invented the automatic machines for weighing sovereigns which are at present in use in the Mint and the Bank of England, and which bear his name to this day, some of the original machines being still at work, though most of them now are of an improved pattern, this being inevitable, as improvements naturally suggest themselves during upwards of 50 years' use ; but the principle is his invention.*

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on May 24, 1821, and admitted on May 31 of the same year. Although much of his work took him away from Walwood, Mr. Cotton still lived in his old house amongst his people, and remained the centre of the home life there.

Walwood, with Mr. Cotton as its host, was constantly visited by many persons of eminence in various walks of life ; and thus in her early home Mrs. Acland was trained for the duties of hospitality which afterwards fell to her lot in Oxford, and for a just appreciation of the intellectual society of the place.

* He was probably assisted in the mechanical details by Mr. Henseman, the Bank engineer, and Mr. Napier, the scale-maker to the Bank.

Mrs. William Cotton was a most loving mother, but extremely strict and particular—quite a type of an old school hardly remembered now. Mrs. Acland often used in later days to describe how, when learning to do plain needlework, which she did most exquisitely, she had been made to sit on a stool at her mother's knee, and show her work every time the needle was set in, before pulling each stitch through, and how the needle often had to be taken out and put in more correctly before she was allowed to finish a stitch.

Her uncle, Mr. John Cotton, who was in India, sought a home in England for his eight children, and Mrs. William Cotton at once offered to take them all in, so that Mrs. Acland and her brothers and sisters were brought up in the unselfish atmosphere which a large, well-ordered family necessarily brings with it.

The home rule was very strict, and the children were always expected to do anything that they undertook as perfectly as possible. But notwithstanding the sternness of the rule, the mother's love was never doubted. Of all this happy family life, Sarah was the flower and the crown ; and in this home, and under the influence of such parents, she grew up and developed into the lovely character

which in after life impressed all who, however slightly, came in contact with her.

She and her sister Phœbe, who was her constant companion, had the best education attainable at the time. Whatever was really good and elevating in music, poetry, or literature, they were encouraged to study and enjoy. They learnt French and German, and read Dante, Tasso, and Petrarch in Italian.

The eldest brother, also William, who himself took a double first at Christ Church, and afterwards went out with Bishop Selwyn to New Zealand as his first Chaplain, taught Sarah both Latin and Greek, unusual accomplishments for a woman in those days. In later years she learned Dutch, Spanish and Norwegian. Her singing will ever be remembered by those who had the pleasure and privilege of hearing it. Her playing on the pianoforte was above the average, and would have been still better, but that when a girl, broken chilblains on her fingers, during successive winters, stiffened the joints.

William Cotton, when at Christ Church, made the acquaintance of Henry Acland, and it was through their friendship that the latter first went to Walwood. In 1845 he took Sarah Cotton

down to Devonshire to introduce her to his home and his family as his affianced bride.

The home at Killerton, like that at Walwood, was an entirely happy one, though there also the rule was very strict, and the deference paid to Sir Thomas Acland by his children was very different to the free-and-easy manner of children with their parents in the present day—his sons usually addressing him as “Sir.”

Like Walwood, Killerton was a centre of all that was cultivated both in the way of men and of books; and the yearly visits to London, necessitated by Sir Thomas's attendance in Parliament, brought his children into contact with the leading personages of the day.

Dr. Acland's health was not strong when he was a young man and he was advised not to settle as a physician in London; and when the vacant Lee's Readership in Anatomy attached to Christ Church was offered to him in 1845, he accepted it, and in 1846 brought his bride to Oxford. Houses were difficult to obtain there in those days, especially by people with small means, and Dr. Jelf, then Canon of Christ Church, and head of King's College in London, lent the bride and bridegroom his residence in Christ Church for three

months, until they obtained a very small house at the corner of King Street and Merton Street, with one room on each floor. Here they lived for a year, with two servants ; one, the faithful Martha, who had been Mrs. Acland's maid before she married. In 1847, just before the birth of their first-born son, they moved into the house in Broad Street, ever since occupied by them and their family. This house soon became full of interesting works of art, scattered about with a profusion then rare ; the long passages enlivened by high-spirited children, who were never in the way, their mother's gentle presence guiding all aright ; and yet they were not sent to the nursery when the elders appeared.

One scene, "in strong remembrance set," dwells in the memory of an eye-witness—the fair garden of Mrs. Acland's home, on a summer Sunday afternoon, learned men in grave discourse at one end, and opposite to them Mrs. Acland reading the Bible to her children at an open window, with the background formed by a sacred picture on the wall of the room within.

Their early married days were full of many anxieties ; but Mrs. Acland's perfect faith and trust, which never wavered, helped her through all.

An instance of this in later years may be mentioned here. Her youngest son, Alfred, had scarlet fever very severely when quite a boy, and was not expected to recover. Dr. Acland sat up all one night with the child when he was most desperately ill, but Mrs. Acland was advised to go to bed as usual, for fear she should break down, and was told that she should be called if any change for the worse in her boy's condition occurred. Her daughter will never forget how the mother, at her usual hour for retiring to rest, went quietly to bed, fell immediately and peacefully like a child to sleep, and neither woke nor stirred until she was called the next morning at seven o'clock. Her faith in her Heavenly Father's care, and in her husband, was perfect.

There are very few now resident in Oxford who can remember the early days of her married life ; but in 1878 the late Dr. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, writing to *The Guardian* newspaper at the time of her death says :*

"Those who still remain of the Oxford residents of about thirty years ago, and they are now becoming fewer every year, remember well when Dr. Acland brought his bride to Oxford. They can

* See *Guardian* of November 6, 1878.

remember the impression which she at once made on them and which has never altered, of a person in whom sweetness, tenderness, and modesty were singularly and most delicately combined with firmness and strength. She deeply sympathised with her husband's aims and her husband's pursuits, who was then beginning his very important efforts to create an interest in the University for the study of the physical sciences, and at the same time to elevate and refine the character of those studies themselves by showing their true relations to the older studies of Oxford; and yet no one could have told from her conversation, her manner, her general tone, how greatly she shared his interests and his enthusiasm. She did not appear as the scientific or hard-headed or intellectual woman. To her friends, to her acquaintances, there was simply the grace of common life, the taste, the accomplishments, the refinement of a highly educated and quick-minded lady. The strong earnestness, the fixed religious principle, the clear knowledge, the self-mastery and self-control which formed the basis of her character, all the qualities of the strong woman—the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill—all were veiled under a rich ornament

of gracious courtesy, of ready sympathy, of a chastened love of all that was beautiful in music and art, of the kindest home affections.

“She was her husband’s helper, as far as she could, in the laboratory and the museum : she was keenly alive to the development of his plans, and to the growth of his collections and their arrangement, a work which then consumed hours of toil, after the day’s practice was over. People remember how, in the early times of their marriage, she would bring his food to his working room in the late hours of the night ; but all the while she was beginning to give to his home and his drawing-room the attractions which they were never to cease to have for ten generations of Oxford men, and for numberless visitors of every class and of every country.”

One of the first things that Dr. and Mrs. Acland did in those days, as soon as they were settled in Oxford, was to make any undergraduate friends welcome to their house on Sunday evenings. The young men were always begged not to dress, as that, Mrs. Acland thought, would imply something of a party, and what she wished was to make it like an evening in their own homes. Sometimes

there was reading aloud, but more often singing and instrumental music. The servants of the house all filed up at 10 o'clock for family prayers, which commenced with a hymn. The accompaniment to this hymn has been played by as many as seven musical instruments. After prayers, milk, seltzer water, cake, and biscuits, were served, and the men left before 11. Many a friendship formed during these evenings has lasted through life. It is much to be regretted that no list has been kept of the men who at different times came occasionally or regularly to them. Many of these became eminent in different ways and ranks of life.

Dr. Lake, the Dean of Durham, has kindly written the following reminiscences of Mrs. Acland's social influence in Oxford:

"An interesting feature in Mrs. Acland's life was the part she bore in the formation of the new society of Oxford, which at the time the Aclands settled there was extremely different from what I imagine it to be now. It was then almost entirely that of Common Rooms, some of which, such as Merton with James Hope and Bruce, and Balliol with Tait and Ward, were extremely brilliant and interesting, the only

other society being the rather dull and exclusive one of the Heads of Houses and their families. Beyond this there was hardly any society in which ladies took an active part. The Aclands were the first who introduced a new life into Oxford in this respect, and this was due to Mrs. Acland's liveliness, charm of manner, and musical gifts. The Common Room life was rather beginning to decay. Its most brilliant talkers had left Oxford, the secessions of Newman and others in 1845 had rather unsettled the minds of many, the theological atmosphere had become very misty, and by a sort of tacit agreement many interesting topics were withdrawn from discussion. It was the time for the infusion of new social life in Oxford, and the Aclands were the first to begin it. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, Stanley, Goldwin Smith, Max Müller, all met on easier terms than they would have otherwise done in the new society of which Mrs. Acland was certainly the great charm. It continued to be for some years the only house of the kind, till the time, I think in 1853 or '54, when the house of Dr. Cradock (then the new Principal of Brasenose) was open to a society of a still more varied kind. Mrs. Cradock was a sister-in-law of Lord John Russell, and their

house was a favourite resort of Lord John, Cornwall Lewis, and many leading members of the Whig party. The two societies were in many respects different, but no one who had the pleasure of enjoying them both will ever forget the charm of the two ladies to whom their life and animation were due."

Mr. Charles Pearson, formerly a Fellow of Oriel College, and afterwards a member of the Legislature of Victoria, has also contributed the following notes :

" My acquaintance with Mrs. Acland began in 1850. Dr. Acland had been a pupil under my uncle, G. G. Babington, at St. George's Hospital, and this gave me the first introduction. I can scarcely say how our friendship grew, but I know that I was getting intimate at the house in 1852 ; and in 1853, when I began to study medicine, I came necessarily into very close relations with Dr. Acland, whose lectures I attended, and to whom I acted as Clinical Clerk for a few weeks. In 1854 I had a severe illness, and ought to have wintered abroad ; but under the system which then prevailed I was bound, as a newly-elected Fellow, to keep a year of residence in Oxford, and the

College was of opinion that it could not dispense me from more than a term of this. Accordingly, in 1855 I had to take up quarters in lodgings, my health being still so delicate that I could rarely venture out. Suddenly Dr. Acland appeared in my rooms, pressing me, in his own name and his wife's, to come and make my home under their roof, when the burden of amusing and perhaps nursing an invalid would have fallen largely upon the young wife, then beginning to be surrounded with children. I felt that I could not accept the generous offer, though it was urged upon me, but I never forgot it, and from that time felt more and more that I was in very fact a member of the household.

“In recalling the memory of a lady who was distinguished by great intellectual power and extraordinary attainments, it is curious to reflect how the chief recollections attach themselves to her character. Sweetness and strength, simplicity and serenity, were I think its chief notes. Perhaps strength, disciplined by a sense of duty, will go far to explain the perfect equability of temper, the unflinching straightforwardness of word and act, and the absolute self-command that Mrs. Acland possessed above all I have known; and yet I can-

not feel sure that her native graciousness and intuitive sense of duty might not have compassed almost the same results, though the character had been of less heroic mould. Looking back through a friendship of more than twenty years, during which I saw Mrs. Acland in the ordinary work of life and in unguarded moments, I cannot remember a harsh word, or impatient act, or anything that seemed incongruous to the high ideal one had imperceptibly formed of her. Though her life had unusual compensations, it had its fair share of small worries. To one who was intensely methodical by nature, the inevitable unpunctualities which Dr. Acland's medical work entailed, must have been a constant trial; and the necessity which his hospitality and their many close friendships involved, of having the table always ready for guests who might drop in to almost any number, would have taxed the resources of many exemplary housewives beyond endurance. Mrs. Acland never seemed to be disconcerted or troubled by it. She was so completely a law to herself, that she could put aside the instincts and the habits of order whenever there was a motive, from affection or duty, to supersede them. In the same way, though her whole nature was rooted in family

affections, she tempered them with reason and faith. When the man-of-war in which Dr. Acland was crossing the Atlantic was delayed several days beyond its proper date, she was very anxious, but did not break down. She had ascertained that the delay was not unprecedented; and her religion kept her from unhealthy solicitude. Yet those who saw her in her home knew how the bands that united her to husband and children were interwoven with the very heart-strings. When I heard that her son Herbert had died in Ceylon, my first words were, 'This will kill Mrs. Acland'; and the prediction, alas! came true.

"It was only by degrees that even her friends came to measure those rare intellectual powers, which would have given Mrs. Acland a name in science, if she had been tempted by circumstances to lead a scholarly life. My first perception of how highly she had been trained was when I was reading the sonnets of the *Vita Nuova* with her. My edition was much completer than the one she used, and when I came to a sonnet which was not in her book, I found she could follow the sense easily, by simply hearing it read aloud. To anyone who knows the difficulties of Dante's style, the scholastic mould of thought, the severe con-

ciseness of the language, and the occasional tortuousness of argument, such a feat will appear very remarkable. Later on, a casual discussion on Political Economy, in which Mrs. Acland took part, showed how thoroughly she had mastered its principles. I think her mind was incapable of resting till it had arranged whatever it worked upon in absolutely lucid order. In some cases, when she attained to mastery, it had not always been easy work. She told me that it had taken her years of incessant application at the piano to overcome some deficiencies, but she had ended by being high among amateur players. It was like herself that she was never overweighted by her learning. Whatever she had learned by practice to be sound, commended itself to her in spite of theory. I found her once teaching her children geography by taking the names in the index in alphabetical sequence, and making the boys find them on the map. In the same way her religious tolerance was, I think, based largely on respect for the intellectual powers of certain heresiarchs; and her religious faith, which was unwavering, was partly sustained by admiration of the beautiful lives led by such men as her own father.

"After all said, those who knew Mrs. Acland

best are those who will most thoroughly recognise the impossibility of doing justice to her. There are graces, such as charm of manner, which are indescribable ; and there is something in the friendship with a noble and good woman which, like all religion, had better be taken up into life than talked about."

Mrs. Acland's great appreciation of fun, and her ready sympathy, made the Sunday evenings at her house most popular, and for many years they filled a great need. The number of married Fellows who open their houses to undergraduates, the musical concerts and other social gatherings, unknown in Oxford forty years ago, have introduced a change in the occupations of Sunday evening which makes it difficult for the present generation to realise the almost unique position occupied by Mrs. Acland as a hostess, and the great privilege it was to be admitted to her hospitable house. Even her parties on week-day evenings were different from those to which undergraduates were invited elsewhere. Perhaps not entirely, yet almost entirely, the great social chasm which in those days separated the don from the undergraduate was for the first time bridged over in her drawing-room

by the power of music and the charm of her manner.

In sending his donation to the memorial in 1878, Dr. Pusey wrote: "She was indeed a beautiful character. A combination of strength and sweetness and of simple devotion which is so rare. We see strength without sweetness, or sweetness without strength; the combination must have been through the soul. Her devotion so simple but so real. She is a sad bereavement to the religious life in Oxford; but it is a comfort to think of those thirty years during which God made use of her simple piety for successive generations in Oxford."

One thing that made her companionship particularly helpful was the very remarkable power which she had of knowing where to find fault and when it was wiser not to notice small failings. Her children can well remember how much more severe was the rebuke of mother's not noticing than any amount of fault-finding. This influence for good was exercised also over the friends whom she welcomed to her house. Young men sometimes discuss matters of high import at the wrong time and in the wrong manner. Mrs. Acland's grave yet unspoken reproof, when the limit had been overstepped, has been to many a

discipline for life. One rule is well remembered by a friend too fond of disputation. When an undergraduate, or indeed any one else, has been listening to a controversial University sermon, there is a strong temptation to discuss the preacher without delay ; but Mrs. Acland, in the spirit of true reverence, would discourage any such discussions during meal times and before children and servants, and with gentle tact would guide the conversation into other channels. At the proper time she would show by her remarks that she had closely followed the arguments of the preacher. Combined with this knowledge she had the greatest power of bringing out the latent good of all with whom she came in contact. Her influence in all ranks of life was boundless, and her real friendships with many of the highest and lowest degrees were most striking.

Soon after her marriage she interested herself in the then most neglected class of boy sweeps ; and they would come to her on Sunday afternoons, at first attracted by the tea which she would give them. Her influence amongst them was great, and she made friends of them. Many years after her death the widow of one of the master sweeps, to whom a photograph of the drawing of her by

George Richmond had been given, wrote as follows: "Above all do I truly thank you for the likeness. Oh, could I tell you the old feelings it brought back to me when I saw that dear face: not that I have ever forgot her. Oh, what should I be? The most ungrateful being on earth if I did. For she was like an angel on earth to me. In trouble or joy she was near me, and when she used to come to say good-bye before she left Oxford, though I knew she wanted a rest or change—oh how sad my poor heart felt when she was gone! Then I was looking for her return; but now I can only look up at her picture, and it seems to me at times as if she is looking at me, and I feel—Shall I ever see that dear face again? She was too good, too heavenly to stay on earth."

II

MRS. ACLAND'S letters were very characteristic, even those written when she was quite a child. One to her mother at Christmas, when she was only eight years old, runs thus :

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"I hope you will have a happy Christmas, and I will try to make it so by doing all I know you like. I did not make it all myself.

"I remain, your

"Affectionate Daughter,

"S. COTTON."

Her love of truth shines out strongly in the little sentence : "I did not make it all myself," doubtless about some small present she was offering.

Her letters were all most beautifully written in a clear hand. Mr. Ruskin* once, in returning a letter of Mrs. Acland's, wrote : "Does your mother never

* Mr. Ruskin was a college friend of Dr. Acland, and their loving friendship has been kept up through life.

by *any* chance write a single word in a hurry? What *can* she think of a creature like me?"

The secret of these perfectly written letters was that she always rewrote any letter even to a child if there were any error in it. The writer of this memoir has often seen her, if she made a mistake in consequence of one of her innumerable interruptions, just patiently take another sheet and copy what she had already written, saying, "Paper is cheap."

Unfortunately, her letters rarely have the date of the year, only that of the month, so that, except amongst the later ones, no attempt can be made to arrange them in chronological order.

Her letters to her children are most touching in their simplicity, and in the bright way in which little pieces of advice are given. One letter finished, after giving all the small details of home news, "Be pleasant outside as well as good inside.—Your most loving Mother."

When her sister Phœbe, the constant companion of her youth, died at Torquay in 1857, she wrote:

"I am anxious to add a line about dear Aunt Phœ. We must not weep for her, for she is happy, and the loss is only ours—and if we try very hard to

conquer our naughtiness and walk in the path which led Christian to the gate of the Holy City, we may hope that for Jesus' sake we shall be allowed to come in, and then we shall never be parted from her any more."

The following extracts from letters written by her give a simple picture of her home life :

"Frank and Alfred are so busy and so happy putting out letters in their frame, to make a sentence for their Sunday book, that I feel at liberty, and will use a little of my Sunday leisure in writing to you. Thank you very much for your nice long letter this morning, which I was very glad to have. I trust indeed, dear child, that you will have many and long opportunities for carrying out your loving and helpful purposes towards dear papa and me. Sometimes the duties which seem great and glorious in the distance look small and rather mean when they come close and have to be done. The common round, the daily task, are often not alluring except so far as we can brighten them up with Heavenly Light."

"Only think of Alfred having put on knickerbockers to-day. Miss Wheeler has made him a little suit, like the other little boys' best—the blue with the brass buttons, and he looks so quaint.

Now it is Monday, and Frank is toiling over his writing and thinks it very oppressive that he has to write two lines and a half!

"I heard Thalberg play at a concert in the Town Hall last week. It was *very* wonderful indeed. Sometimes it sounded as if he must have three hands. And once he played the air, the 'Last Rose of Summer,' and an accompaniment with his left hand *only*. Then with the right hand only. His fingers moved so fast, we could not see them. Have you ever heard him?

"We have been planting some bulbs in the garden, crocuses, tulips, &c., and I hope they will do well. My hyacinths are getting on well.

"Your most loving Mother,

"S. A."

Mrs. Acland was very fond of animals, and would take any trouble for them. They all seemed to know it, and sometimes they took advantage of the fact. A Norwegian pony (brought over to England for her use by Mr. Charles Pearson) who could trot very fast, would often go very slowly with her, seeming almost to drag one leg after the other, and she would say most pitifully, "Poor old Gammel, how tired he is!" But let one of her children just

touch the reins, and without any whip away he would go. He was a very sensible pony, who never tolerated blinkers, as he liked to see what was happening behind him; and when the young Aclands went out alone with him, he would take so much care of them that Mrs. Acland would say if they were out later than usual, "The boys are sure to be safe, for Gammel will take care of them." A constant companion on these excursions was a Pomeranian dog, Bustle, and in later years a black Spitz also, called Fez, who was brought home from Germany by Herbert, the fourth son. These two dogs Mrs. Acland used always to brush and comb herself, and it was very amusing to see Bustle (who very much disliked being dirty) go and sit up in front of her and beg, that she might see how muddy he was, and look so beseeching and piteous that she could not resist his pleading, and would put down her work or her book, go to her room, lift him on to the broad window-sill of the old-fashioned oak wainscoted room, and brush and comb him vigorously, Fez waiting meanwhile impatiently for his turn.

Many of her letters contain allusions to the dogs. One says: "Bustle is in great perplexity. He had a very bad night, and woke me with his barking about four, I suppose. He went into your

room last night at ten, and was much surprised not to find you. This morning he went to all the chairs in the dining-room to see if he could find Willie."

"In another she says: "Poor Bustle was most forlorn yesterday, wandering about in search of you and looking very miserable, which was increased by my putting some cold cream on his bad place, which he smeared with his paw over his eye, so that he could scarcely open it. However, he has recovered in a measure to-day, and is running about after Philip Child and Alfred, who have a holiday."

At a later date she gives an account of a fright she had about him, saying: "You know how Bustle will bark at people, and though we have corrected him, we cannot cure him. Yesterday, when the pony chaise was at the door, he rushed out and barked at some undergraduates, who were muddy and in a boating costume, and I suppose Bustle did not recognise them as gentlemen, and I think they really were not; for one of them took up a stone and threw it at him, hitting him on the head. I was not there, but Alfred said that he reeled over, and could not get up. When I went to him, which I did directly, he could not stand,

but he soon revived a little, and I gave him to Whitlock to keep him quiet in the stable ; and this morning, though he is still pathetic, he is much better and runs about again. I only hope he will be cured of barking now, but I am almost afraid."

Another sentence about an old dog at her home at Walwood is amusing : " Alfred is gone for a run with old Skye, who is in a very forlorn condition, lame and supposed to be deaf and blind, but I find she can always see and hear a biscuit."

One of the last notices in her letters of the dogs runs thus : " Bustle and Fez have just been knocking at the door, and I got up to let them in. Fez is as fascinating and naughty (eating the mats) as ever, and he can carry a lighted candle (one of the japan ones) in his mouth. Bustle has recovered from his accidents and become quite young again, and has endless games with Fez."

Nothing has yet been said about Mrs. Acland's personal appearance. She was very distinguished, looking, of medium height, slight, graceful and beautifully proportioned, with her head set most daintily on her shoulders. She wore what in these days is most unusual, long ringlets, and any attempt to change this style was met with marked

disapproval by most people, as the following quotation will show :

“ P.S.—I have actually left off my curls till further orders. The two sons at home think it horrid, and Elizabeth ‘hopes not,’ but I think papa approves.” However, he did not approve, and the ringlets reappeared, to remain as long as she lived.

The following quotations from her letters are of interest in different ways :

“ Poor little Emily Mayne * : it is very sad for her, but she will be comforted. I trust that we may be spared, if it be God’s will, as long as our children want us to take care of them, and perhaps even till they have to take care of us ; but whatever is God’s will, we shall some day know was best, and meanwhile we are permitted to cast our care upon Him. I often think of this about dear Willie (her sailor son) and you and all my children, for whom I feel as if I could do so little, so much less than I desire.”

“ I think I told you that the Princesses Helena and Louise came one day to lionise Oxford, and last Saturday came the Prince and Princess of Prussia.

* She had lost her mother.

Papa was so delighted with her, because she is so bright and intelligent and takes so much interest in things and knows so much. They all came to Dr. Stanley, and he and Miss Stanley took them about, and they had lunch at his house. Tell Uncle Tom I wish so much he had heard Dr. Stanley's sermon yesterday in Christ Church. It is his last sermon, and a sort of farewell to the University. Cathedral was perfectly crowded, and a great many gentlemen had to stand all the time."

"We have heard that the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley are coming here for Sunday week; coming, that is, on Saturday, March 25th. What time they go on Monday, 27th, I do not know, and on that must depend my possibilities of getting to Sprydon."

"I hear from Dr. Stanley (Dean of Westminster) that they stay *over* Monday, 27th, so that I shall not, alas! according to that, get to you till the 28th, which I am very sorry for. But, as I said before, I believe we learn more, and make more real progress, by giving up our will, than by following it, however good it may be. So I think you and I will both try to make the best of this, not following our own ways, and I do not doubt that if we do this it will advance us more than anything we

had thought of, in the way of talking and reading and praying together. We shall, however, have the evening and morning before your Confirmation ; and I hope several quiet days after, followed by Sunday."

The following letter is so beautiful that no apology is needed for giving it in full :

" MY DEAREST,

"I have been thinking a great deal about you this week (as you can well believe) and your daily preparations for your first Communion. Though I was very sorry it could not be on the Sunday when I was with you, I am glad that it will be on Easter Day—the day of days—and papa and I will be thinking of you and praying for you. Do not attempt too much at once. If you do, you will overstrain yourself, and miss that peace and calm which is one of our gentle Lord's best gifts, and the ground of all steadfast improvement and progress. Also do not be surprised, if this great blessing, of being admitted to full Communion with our Lord, should not make any great apparent difference. God's grace works silently and so to say unobserved, even when it is really within us. We see the same thing in the bursting out of the leaves now,

though they do come, and quickly enough ; and we could almost wish it were not so quickly, it is such a beautiful process, yet we are not sensible of any definite change at any given time. It is all a gradual creeping on. So it is with our spiritual growth, and sometimes we seem to be actually going back when it really is not so, but we are, as it were, making good our ground, going over the ground again. You will be with dear grandpapa on Sunday, which I always think is a great privilege, and dear Aunt Mary and Aunt Agnes, besides the uncles. I shall only have the four (so called) little boys at home, as Theodore is gone for a week's sea-air to Ettie at Lyme. He will however, if all is well, come home on Wednesday so as to be ready for Harry's exeat on Thursday. Herbie and Reggie both look stronger for school, and I hope they have made progress, but that is more difficult to make out. I send this letter to-day because I think you would rather have it to-morrow than on Easter morning, but it carries my best Easter wishes, and that means even more (I think) than Christmas good wishes. Now may God bless you, my dear child, and keep you His for ever.

“ Your most loving

“ MOTHER.

“ *April 14, 1864.*”

Any picture of Mrs. Acland would be very incomplete without the addition of one or two letters showing her enjoyment and appreciation of country life and scenery. After Dr. Acland had had scarlet fever in the Autumn of 1864, they went to Brighton, and later on to Ventnor, from which place she wrote on November 7th :

"Yesterday we went to the new Church in the morning—the one near Bonchurch—and in the afternoon we took a beautiful walk along the cliff to St. Lawrence, about two miles from here, where is, I believe, the smallest church in all England. When we reached it, service was going on, and we could not therefore go in. We wished we had been in time; as it was, we could see the clergyman preaching inside, and it looked as if his head must reach the ceiling—roof, rather, I should say. We had a beautiful walk home, and after a five o'clock dinner I went to church again in Ventnor, but papa stayed quietly at home.

"To-day we have had a long walk in the other direction, through and beyond Bonchurch, to a little place called Luccombe Chine. We looked into the old churchyard at Bonchurch, where Mr. Adams, the author of the *Allegories*, is buried. His tomb is a flat one, with a flat cross suspended so

to say over it, so that the shadow falls on his tomb-stone—in memory of the ‘Shadow of the Cross.’ When we were there the sun was not shining, so that we could not see it, I am sorry to say. We went along the shore to Luccombe Chine, papa hunting for fossils by the way. The light on the sea was most beautiful. Then we went up Luccombe Chine and on some little way along the cliff where we could look down upon Shanklin; but we did not attempt to get so far as Shanklin, which I was glad of, as by the time I got home I was very much tired indeed.

“There is an old man who lives here called Matthew Hale, who was a coast-guard in his youth and a great lover of geology and collector of fossils. So papa goes to talk to him; and it is very funny to hear them; and there is a parrot brought home from Australia by Matthew Hale’s grandson, who throws in a remark now and then. The chief thing he said when I was there was ‘good-bye,’ by which I gathered that he wanted to get rid of us. Old Mr. Hale said that a number of ladies and gentlemen come from London, etc., meaning to learn something of the teaching of the country and the sea, and when they arrive they say, ‘Oh, that stone, how it has hurt my foot!’ and ‘How nasty that

sea-weed smells.' When they might have learned something both from the stone and the weed !

" Those little books were 6*d.* each, six-*pence*.

" Your most loving

" MOTHER.

" *November 7, 1864.*"

The following two letters were written from the holiday home of her brother, the late Lord Justice of Appeal, Sir Henry Cotton :

" MY DEAREST,

" My last letter to you was written just before we came to Uncle Harry's, I think. But I told you, we were on our way to him and Aunt Clem, and now we are in their very nice house in beautiful scenery and delicious air. The house is built on a knoll in the midst of a fir wood about a mile from the lake and in full view of Schiehallion, a beautiful conical mountain, 3500 feet high, which stands out very much by itself, and towers above the other neighbouring hills. The drawing-room here is rather larger than ours at Oxford, and the dining-room nearly as large, and both much higher, and the house is so well built that it excites papa's admiration. The wood in which it stands has a stone wall all round it, and so the children

can play about there by themselves quite safely, and when Aunt Clem wants them in, she rings a bell, and they hear it everywhere. So it is a delightful place for them—I mean for the children. They have a rock for their house and gardens, and play about endlessly in the sweet-smelling pine wood.

“On Wednesday afternoon it rained heavily, and I was quite afraid we had brought bad weather in our pockets, according to our custom, but now I am happy to say it has quite cleared again, and Uncle Harry says they scarcely ever have such a succession of fine days.

“On Thursday we went up on Uncle Harry's moor, which extends from north and south about six miles in length and one in width. It was a splendid day and the views were beautiful. They very kindly lent me their pony, so I went on a long way with papa and Uncle Harry, who took his gun and shot four brace of grouse. Aunt Clem came to meet us in the afternoon with some of the children. On Friday there was a hare hunt on the top of the moor. Several gentlemen came with keepers, but papa did not go, as he had threatenings of another bad cold, which I am happy to say have passed. So he took a walk

with Aunt Clem and me in the afternoon, up to a knoll where we could see over the lake so lovely.

"Yesterday we drove round the lake in a dog-cart, which papa and Uncle Harry thought too much of an excursionist proceeding, beforehand, but they really enjoyed it as much as Aunt Clem and I did. The lake is eleven miles long ; so it took us all day, with our very slow horse, and stopping once or twice for papa to sketch.

"Your most loving

"DALHOSNIE, KINLOCH RANNOCH,
PITLOCHRIE, *September 24.*"

"MOTHER.

"MY DEAREST,

"I think that I wrote to you last Sunday (or was it on Monday ?), whilst papa and Uncle Harry were at Loch Lydoch, about fifteen miles from here, fishing. They started at four in the morning in mist and fog and cold. But when the sun broke out, it became a most beautiful day, and they enjoyed it very much, and brought home fifteen dozen fish (trout). I wished that some of the little ones had been back in the loch. On Tuesday papa and I went up Schiehallion, which from this place is a beautiful conical hill, 3500 feet above the sea. I rode up about two-thirds of the way ; in some parts it was so steep we were obliged to

zig-zag, but Uncle Harry's is a very strong little pony, and he carried me up bravely to within about 800 feet of the top. There we left him, and walked or rather climbed the remainder. It was like going upstairs on great stones in some places, and very steep, but with papa's hand to help me I managed it very well. It was a very fine day, the sun deliciously warm, though the air was cool. But it was not very clear ; when the sun is warm there is often a haze in the distance, and so it was then. Still, it was a beautiful view : hill behind hill, though we could not see the most distant ones, and all seemed covered with a hazy bloom very beautiful to papa's eye.

" We got down much quicker than we got up, as you will believe, and I did not ride down any of the very steep parts. On Wednesday Aunt Clem took me to call on their landlord, or rather I should say landlady (Lady MacDonald). Sir John MacDonald is an old soldier who fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and has led a very active life. But some wound in his cheek has taken away his power of speaking now, so Lady MacDonald has to do all the business. They have quite a grand house, which they have just built, at the entrance of this valley ; and have

lovely walks near the Tummel river and its beautiful rocks. On Thursday Uncle Harry took papa and me up to the top of his moor, which is between five and six miles from here. I went on my faithful black pony, and papa hired a horse to carry him part of the way. However, the horse was so fat, he could hardly get up the hill himself, and could only carry papa on the comparatively level ground. The top of Uncle Harry's moor is only 300 feet lower than Schiehallion, and as it was a clear day we had a splendid view, and saw Ben Nevis, the highest hill in Great Britain, and Ben Cruachan and Ben McDhui and all sorts and sizes of Bens. Then after luncheon on grouse and oat-cake on the top, papa and I bade farewell to Uncle Harry and to Mr. Cameron, the gamekeeper, and to Duncan, the gillie, and went all alone into a strange country down the other side of the moor. We could not, however, lose our way, as we had a mountain stream to guide us, and we followed it down, down, down a steep descent over the softest bunches of moss and heather, so delicious, till we came where the little stream joined the river Lyon in Glen Lyon, and where a dog-cart awaited us to take us to Kenmore, on Loch Tay. Glen Lyon is a most beautiful valley; papa was delighted with

it, and said he should like to spend a summer there, drawing. Before we mounted our dog-cart (machine, as the people here call it) an old lady who lives at the foot of our ravine down which we had first come, insisted on our having some milk, which was delicious. We slept at Kenmore on Thursday night, and then came home by the road all round Schiehallion back to Dalhosnie on Friday. In the afternoon Uncle Harry took us in his boat on the lake ; so you see we are out almost all day.

“ Your most loving mother,

“ S. A.

“ There is Holy Communion here to-morrow at the little church at Kinloch Rannoch. I shall think of you and all the dear absent children.”

In 1866, after many months of illness, suffering, and weariness, her father, Mr. William Cotton, passed away. She wrote :

“ You will know by my black edge that our watching is over, and dearest grandpapa is resting in his Saviour's arms and needs no more help from us. On Saturday morning he seemed to have made a little rally, but in the afternoon he had a sort of faint attack—and then we saw he would not long

be with us. Uncle Arthur was here, and from time to time read some verse of the Bible or a hymn or a prayer ; and the last time dear grandpapa spoke it was to say 'Amen' after Uncle Arthur had repeated the verse, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Everything was most peaceful indeed with him. Grandmamma was close to him for some time, and then we put her on the sofa in dear grandpapa's room, and we all knelt around till the last quiet breath was drawn, and he was at rest, about half-past seven. Dear grandmamma is wonderfully strengthened to meet all in the spirit of loving and thankful submission."

In a letter of February 4, 1867, there are a few words about women which will be interesting to the nurses for whom this short memoir is written :

"I hope you will learn to act pleasantly and with elasticity, holding to what you think right, in a gracious, loving, and not repulsive way. I think it is the function of women to make goodness *loveable*, and we cannot do that without self-forgetfulness and thorough unselfishness. I did not mean to turn my letter into a little sermon, but somehow it came !"

This sentence is the more striking when compared with the following : "I am thinking of sending you

a parcel as soon as my work for you is finished. I am sorry it has been so long, but I never seem to sit quiet unless I am writing: being a sort of 'maid-of-all-work' for so many gentlemen: playing accompaniments for the singers, going about for the lame legs, playing chess or gobang with Alfred, canvassing for Jessie Bebb for the Clergy Orphan School—have prevented my getting on as I hoped with your work. I like all my occupations very much, and only enumerate them to show why you have not received your wall-bag."

The following quotation from another letter, with its touch of humour, gives a picture of an Oxford Sunday :

"February 28, 1869.

"We have had quite a Sunday of sermons. Mr. Liddon preached the Assize Sermon this morning, in the presence of the two Judges, both sitting in the Vice-Chancellor's seat—so the Vice-Chancellor had to sit in Mr. Burgon's seat, and Mr. Burgon was displaced and sat at right angles and looked so curious. In the afternoon Dr. Pusey preached on the Jewish Interpretation of Prophecy—not very interesting I thought. The crowd at Mr. Liddon's sermon was great, but I thought it was partly to see the Judges in their wigs and robes, and Mr.

Mason, the High Sheriff, in his court dress. I did not stay for the service ; it did not begin till past 12. Willie went with me in the morning, but not to Dr. Pusey, whom he had heard on Friday. The Dean has just been here, bringing Mr. Newton, who is now talking about Greek Philosophy with papa—so I must stop.”

In July 1871 Sir Thomas Acland died very suddenly at the age of 84, on the very day on which the Emperor and Empress of Brazil visited Oxford.

“ Whilst I have a little time before breakfast,* I shall give you the history of yesterday. I told you in my morning letter that the Emperor and Empress of Brazil were expected. However, as papa had no letter or telegram, he did not go to meet them at the station, and I went to the prize-giving at Magdalen School with Theodore. As usual the room was beautifully ornamented with lilies of all kinds, water-lilies, and the tall, white ones. The room was not very full, for it was a wet morning. Before the proceedings were over I received a card from papa to say that the Emperor, etc., were to be at the Infirmary at 12.15, if I liked to come up. So up I went and waited in the soup-room with Miss

* Prayers were always at 8 A.M., and breakfast immediately after.

Claributt till they came through. They will only be called Monsieur and Madame—not Votre Majesté—and are most simple and pleasant. The Emperor, a fine, tall, strong, fair man, the Empress very small, with greyish hair, something like Mrs. Reynardson, as Willie said. One of her ladies, of whom there were three, and two gentlemen, gave me two sovereigns for the Infirmary. Unfortunately, Mrs. Clerke and Miss Ashhurst did not come till they were gone. I did not go about with them, but went home to give Theodore dinner and start him off by the two o'clock train, by which I was also to have gone. So I thought I would send him forward to save confusion. Presently I went up to the Museum, where papa was with the Imperial party, to tell him of some lady who was waiting for him, and then accompanied them to the Deanery, where Mrs. Liddell was much disturbed at her house being, as she called it, *en papillotes*. However, they enjoyed sitting out in the garden and seeing all the family, whilst the Dean showed the Emperor the Library, and there the Empress would have liked to stay, but he said *Allons*, and they went off to see the Hall, and I went home to start at five for Winchester. Just before that time came a telegram from Uncle Tom to say that dear grandpapa had had a fainting fit,

and up to the time of sending the telegram, how long I do not know, had not rallied. Papa had just gone out intending to follow the Emperor to Blenheim, and I was very much afraid John might not catch him—but he did.”

III

IN the summer of 1872 Dr. and Mrs. Acland went for their holiday to Norway, from whence Mrs. Acland wrote delightful letters, some of which are printed here, so as to give a complete picture of one of their summer holidays.

“AUGUST 11 (1872), SUNDAY.

In sight of Norway.

“I do not know whether I shall accomplish writing, for though we have what the sailors call a smooth sea, there is movement enough to make writing a labour, but as it will be one of love, I will try. We are now, Sunday morning, coasting along about fifteen miles from the mountains and islands of Norway, which make a most beautiful outline of purple-grey of various intensity. How I wish you could all see it. You know that I delight in mountains at a distance. Papa has made a sketch, which will shew you the outline; but the freshness, the deep blue (or green) of the

sea and purple tints of the continuous line of mountains, it is impossible to give. We hope to be at Thronhjelm to-morrow about 8 A.M., a much longer voyage than we expected. We went on board the 'Tasso' about 7.30 (August 8), but did not get out of dock till 10. Such slow work. There was no other lady on board, so that I had the ladies' cabin, a very comfortable little place, all to myself, and papa was allowed to have one of the four berths, so we were very cozy. I slept pretty well and was quite comfortable when I awoke (on Friday) and got up to breakfast, and there my troubles began, on which I will not dwell. Suffice it that papa and I were both very bad, and even he did not say it was delightful. This was Friday. On Saturday, not to have a repetition of such miseries, I stayed in my berth till the afternoon, and have not been bad since. Yesterday, Saturday, was very cold and dreary-looking, the sea looked inky and the sky leaden, and I think people were inclined to be rather cross. To-day, the bright morning and the sight of land, and such beautiful land, has revived everybody's spirits. There are only eleven or twelve passengers—three or four sportsmen going to the Lofoden Islands, where they rent shooting; some travellers, among whom are Mr.

Winslow Jones, who was grandpapa's solicitor, with Mr. Carew, and Mr. Faussett, grandson of the old Canon of Christ Church.

"It is delightful to have such a fine day to introduce us to Norway. I sincerely hope that it is fine in England, so that you can go out with Gammel. Reggie can yacht and Frank and Alfred be out of doors a great deal, so as not to be a trouble at Huntsham. This is a very slow boat, going about seven or eight knots at most, but it is well found and everything clean and orderly and the people most civil. I wonder whether I should have ventured had I known how long the voyage would be. Well, it is a good thing that one does not know beforehand, and I am quite well now. Papa and I are going to have service together in my cabin. As I was lying in my berth yesterday, I tried to get hold of some words and phrases in Norse, but its similarity to English, German, and Scotch, in some way increases the difficulty, not in reading but in speaking. There is a Norwegian from Thronthjem on board, and he tells us something about it, but it is rather difficult to know whether we understand each other, and I rather think we end in being in a worse puzzle than we began. Our plan is to go from Thronthjem, by carriage, four

days, to Aak (Oak, as it is called in Romsdal), by which means we shall go within 50 miles, I suppose, of where Theodore is. But as he only gets a post about once a month we cannot let him know, I am afraid, and perhaps it is better to leave him undisturbed. Only, if he happened to want anything, it would be sad to think we had been so near and not communicated. I told him as much of our plan as I knew when I last wrote, posting my letter at Hull, but perhaps he may not get that till we have started home again. From Aak we come by Molde to Bergen, where we hope to be in about ten days and find letters. I expect it takes fully a week for a letter to get from London to Bergen, so that it will be no use for any letters to be posted after the 27th or 28th.

"Have you read Livingstone's letters? If you have not, I strongly advise you to do so; but the whole affair is very unaccountable. I mean, how it has happened that Dr. Kirk has been unable to communicate with Livingstone, when Stanley has done so apparently so easily."

"We have come twelve degrees north, and the sun rises at three, by Thronthjem time, and sets at nine—quarter to four and quarter past eight English time. But it is very cold, with a strong

north wind this afternoon ; the lights and colours at sunset were, however, most exquisite. I never saw anything like them. They gave one the feeling of being in a new condition of things altogether. A glorious sunset, with green sky and clouds of all shades of yellow, crimson and brown, in the north-west ; and to the east, the rocky mountain coast-line exquisitely illuminated. One of the mountains streaked with lines and delicate grey mist, and the coast-line, where it met the dark green sea, a rich red. It was wonderful. Quite a Sunday sight to be thankful for. We are still a hundred miles from Throndhjem, and shall not be there till midday to-morrow I expect. It will seem a very long time before I can hear how you are all getting on, though we could telegraph each way for five shillings."

"THRONDHJEM, *August 12.*

"We really have reached Throndhjem now, having come one hundred miles along a fjord, pretty but not beautiful, and not to compare with the coast we saw yesterday about Molde. However, if the object of travelling is to get out of the old groove into a new one, we have done that here. It looks more like a small Dutch town than anything else that I have seen. Very neat wooden

houses, painted outside every year, grass-grown streets with occasionally a Gammel, just like ours, drawing a light wooden cart. However, I have not seen much, as we only came to our hotel, the Victoria, where the landlady can speak English much better than Mr. Vigfusson. I will send this letter by post, and another by the 'Tasso,' which goes back on Thursday, to be posted at Hull. Please let any one that likes see this letter. My best love to Harry, and tell him I think of him very often. He is doing a real bit of work, and though it may be trying and wearisome, still it is real work, and that would be a satisfaction to me."

"I have a nice bright room on the ground floor, with dark blue blinds, white muslin window curtains, two small beds, wisely put with their heads to the window; a stove and a large closet with pegs, so I can make the room quite tidy. August 13. After dinner, a most sumptuous repast, we visited the Cathedral, the most mournful spectacle I ever beheld of that kind, the part that is used being entirely defaced by the most outrageous churchwardenisms. The nave a ruin; and the east end most wonderfully beautiful, being restored. The style is what we call Norman, like Iffley Church, only on a vastly higher scale of beauty,

I mean in the loveliness of the details as well as in the size, combined with very curious Byzantine and Greek forms. But altogether it made my heart ache ; and then we drove out in a sort of gig, with a pony that tumbled down and got up, just like Gammel, to a hospital for leprosy, so that my recollections of Throndhjem will be peculiar. Please give Gammel a greeting from his own country.

"Most earnestly I trust all are well. They say that my letter must be posted before two to-day, so in case I have no more time, farewell, dear children all.

"Your most loving,

"MOTHER.

"THRONDHJEM *August 13.*"

"Our host is German and our hostess speaks English really wonderfully well. Papa's best love. The wife goes half-price in this country. Is it a compliment, or the contrary?"

"STUEFLAATEN, *August 16.*

"I am writing sitting on a log of wood, in front of a station where we are detained for horses—ponies, as we should call them. We are on our way to Aak on the third day of our carriage travelling. How often we have thought of and

spoken of you, it is impossible to say. I think you would enjoy it so very much. I had better begin at our start from Thronthjem, which was just after I had posted my letter to you, and given the second to the agent of the 'Tasso' and asked him to send it to be posted in England by our good-natured captain. I trust that you have received them both, and that they have found all well with you all. But I am almost afraid of thinking too much of those at home, lest I should become anxious and not able to help papa make the best of his holiday, which I want him to do.

I did not make much progress with my letter where I began, for the horses came immediately after, and my letter had to be closed. The fashion is when travellers come to a station for the people to go and catch ponies, who are grazing in the fields, and if there are none at the station they have to send to the farmers, who are bound to supply them. The stations are arranged and controlled by Government, and are generally about a Norwegian mile (seven of ours) or a mile and a half distant. The houses are wooden, sometimes painted; sometimes, with the logs with which they are built, left of their native colour. And though some of them look very rough outside, we have

never failed to find perfectly clean beds and all kinds of pleasant food, except meat, which we did not taste from the time we left Thronthjem till yesterday (Friday), when we had some very hard mutton ; but coffee, eggs, cream, in superabundance ; fish (generally), white bread (sometimes), and if not white bread, rusks and biscuits (I suppose because they keep so well in a tin) are supplied even in the most remote stations ; and multebær, a curious berry or fruit, as I may call it, which grows in marshy places, and wafflekage (water cakes), which are like pancakes, toasted instead of fried, are great delicacies. The multebær are eaten in soup-plates with quantities of cream, and the people were so glad to give them to us. They have been very civil everywhere, but I do not think they welcome travellers, and are glad to see them off again—not like the German host, who seems to be happier and happier the more guests he has. Then the places we have been in are not so much inns as hill-farm stations, where, under Government regulations, and at a fixed tariff, they are obliged to provide travellers with horses and food and lodgings. The roads are splendid, and entirely put to shame our Oxford performances in that way. The engineering in many parts is wonderfully good,

and must have cost great sums. I believe that Government made them originally, and that the farmers, according to their means, have to keep them up; each farmer, *bonder* as he is called, having to take care of a small portion. Red posts are placed along the road to mark the portion of each farmer, and the post is inscribed with his name. A great part of the way we came was the high road to Christiania from Thronthjem. The post goes in the carriages along these roads, and is carried by men, who look very grand and important. Some parts are very steep, and it is wonderful how the ponies rush down the hills. At first I used to wonder whether we should get safe to the bottom, but I soon learned to trust the ponies, who are very sure-footed, and some of them such delightful little creatures. I have seen many better made than Gammel, and still more with the same wise sort of face. They know the road so well that they go of themselves. To-day, as we were coming here (*Aak*), we met a return carriage, the horse walking along quite quietly, and apparently no driver at all. As we came near, a bundle in the bottom of the carriage proved to be the *barnsky*, as they call the boy, fast asleep! I am afraid some of the poor creatures get driven too

long and too hard, but whilst they are young and in good case they are delightful. It is eleven, and I think I must stop and awake papa, who is lying on his bed asleep. It is now Sunday, August 18, and very cloudy, but they think it will not rain, the barometer is so high. Hitherto we have had splendid weather, as I told you in my first letter; the Sunday we had at seacoasting northwards was glorious. At Throndhjem it was rather cold, with a chill wind. Then as we went up the valley towards Snehætta it became very cold at night, and at Drivstuen, where we slept the first night, it was a very sharp frost, and the next morning, when we started at six, it was so cold that I could not be warm, even with my cloth jacket on under my winter imitation sealskin. The air was so keen (though in the middle of the day the sun was hot) that I did not find my jackets too much all day long, and I got wonderfully burnt and tanned. The women at the stations gave me cream to smear myself with. An American lady whom we had met at Hadstuen, where I began this letter, had enveloped herself in a new kind of puggaree, and looked so comfortable, but the keen air and hot sun are more than any contrivances are a match for.

"We started, as I think you know, from Throndhjem on Tuesday, Aug. 13, at quarter before 6 P.M., and went by train to Stören, about thirty English miles. This was our first experience of a country station, and it certainly was not like anything I had ever met with before. The host, looking like a country farmer, standing on the steps as we went up to the house, a long wooden one of two stories, in answer to our question, whether we could have beds, which I now stumble through in Norse, he nodded and said, 'ja,' but did not offer to stir or order our luggage to be sent for from the railway. So papa and Lionel managed that, and I went upstairs by myself (it was dark and damp and cold) and chose two bed-rooms. Then a damsel did appear and brought towels and water, and made the beds, a very simple operation, as it is merely to spread a sheet above and two below an eider-down quilt, which even in summer you seem to be expected to sleep under. Sometimes there is a very soft bed to lie on, but more often a mattress; the bedsteads are like the German ones, only made of deal. If only the sheets were large enough to tuck in, it would be all very well, but as it is, it is impossible to turn round without disarranging the whole affair, and suddenly one finds toes out of bed, or back quite

uncovered, and a most tumultuous condition of mingled quilt and sheet. Then to return to my chronicle: supper, of tea, which we have found everywhere, eggs and cheese, if we liked, but I had never ventured on cheese. Some that they seem very fond of is made of goats' milk, and is very strong indeed. At supper we made acquaintance with a gentleman and his two sons, whom he was taking to Christiania, to leave the elder one at the University there. He could speak German, and so we were able to communicate, and the elder son could speak a little English. They were capitally equipped for their journey, with long boots and convenient luggage to strap on the carriole. We were all to start at seven, so we breakfasted together at 6.30 and then went off. Just as we were starting, I packed into my carriole well wrapt up, the host being gone off to Thronhjelm by a six o'clock train, another man, apparently left in charge, declared that our three carriages were only to go as far as the next station, about seven or eight miles (English). This was quite contrary to what we had arranged, or believed that we had arranged, with the host the night before, and papa was in dismay, as, if we could not take the carriages on, we should have to change luggage at every station, a most

troublesome affair. So then papa asked for the book in which all travellers must enter their names, and can make any remarks and complaints, and told this deputy man that he should make a complaint, that having been promised carriages to Dombaas, we were refused them at the last moment. This produced a change, and a paper was signed to say that our three carriages might be taken to Dombaas. So off we set at last about 7.30. The morning, cloudy to begin with, but breaking out into a most beautiful day, with splendid effects from bright lights and purple shadows. The order of march at first was, papa with the boy sitting behind on his portmanteau, then I, then Lionel, and so we went up the valley, which reminded me of the approach to Wildbad, for five stages. However, before we reached the fifth we emerged on to a high platform, along which the road is carried 700 feet above the valley below; there we had our first view of snow—not great masses, as in Switzerland, but patches; at the end of our fifth stage we had become cold and very hungry, so we asked if they could give us anything to eat. Some fish and bread, multebær and cream and excellent coffee appeared, and some stew, which the poor people thought a great dainty, which proved to be hare

so high that it did not require us to eat it, and a few scraps of very hard chicken. However, there was white bread, and we were refreshed, wrapped up in all our winter things, and on we went, three stages to Drivstuen, which means house or room (stue=stube, German) on the Driva River. By this time it was 9.30 P.M. and very cold, so we and our fellow-travellers gave up the idea of going on to Kongsvold, as we had intended, and determined to stop. The door of the station was closed, and nobody came out to see after us. Perhaps they had gone to bed and were getting up—but we went in, which they allowed, and to our joy found a capital wood fire in a most picturesque kitchen, and before very long we had some hot tea and eggs, and went up our ladder (they were not stairs) to bed—the wooden floors, walls and ceilings being most beautifully clean, absolutely so, and the wood-work so prettily arranged. Next morning (Wednesday) we breakfasted with our fellow-travellers at 6.30 on wafflekage, coffee and cream and rusks, and to papa's delight were off before our Norwegian friends. The night before they had just preceded us, and the father, whom we found to be the Clergyman of a parish near Throndhjem, looked so curious jogging away in front of me in his great

winter coat and wrappers, almost like a brown bear. We were on the Dovrefjeld, which is a great plateau at the head of the valley from which the highest peaks rise again, but these are not very many, and I was quite surprised how few mountains we saw when at that height. It is like an arctic flat—very delightful, the air and the air effects so wonderful. Snehætta is the king of the peaks which rise from that high level, and we had a splendid view of him, which papa and Lionel drew, on our way from Kongsvold to Hjerkin, the next station. I will not describe it, because papa's sketch will shew you better what it is. It was a most splendid day, after the cold, frosty morning, and a magnificent drive to Hjerkin. The descent to this station is amazingly steep, and how the ponies manage to get up and down I cannot think. It seemed as if we must walk down the chimneys at one time, they were so close under us. Here we met with a Norse lady who could speak English ; she was sitting knitting and reading on the sort of balcony by the entrance door. I suppose her husband had gone out shooting. This begins on the 15th August in Norway, and the Dovrefjeld is a great place for it. The people at Hjerkin seemed to think it a liberty that we

should venture to come there. However, they let me go into the kitchen, get some hot water, and make some soup with our Liebig. We had capital horses from there, and came on to Fokstuen, still on a great plateau, though not as high as we had been. Our greatest height was about 4500 feet, and Fokstuen is only 3100 feet, about. Here was a beautiful view of Snehætta, which Lionel made a sketch of, whilst I talked to a young woman, not particularly tidy, at the station, who addressed me in very good English, and told me that she wanted very much to come to London to learn. I do not know exactly what she meant to learn. I believe she would have liked to come straight away with me. All I could do was to refer her to Mrs. Crotch, who would know whether such a thing were possible. I felt quite sorry, for it would be much better if she could be happy in her own country, with their simple ways.

“Our next station (Dombaas) is at the junction of the road to Romsdal with that to Christiania, which runs down Gudbrandsdal. There I posted a letter to Theodore. It is very sad not seeing him, but it would practically occupy papa's holiday, and I think that would be worse than not seeing him. So then we turned off from the

Christiania high road, and turned west instead of south—north-west, I suppose. At first we went through fir woods, which even I admired, the fine old trees were so gaunt and grand, to Holset, where we slept. Such a charming wooden house, with a very pleasant landlady. They could not give us carriages on to Aak, our destination, and so we had to shift luggage at every station, which was very troublesome to papa, especially as everything that he did not strap on himself was sure to flop off. However, two stations from our Thursday's sleeping-place we found a Norwegian pastor, who wanted to send a telegram, so he spoke to us (very poor German, which is very encouraging to me), and we found that he was a friend of the other pastor with whom we had travelled; and with his help we persuaded the host (station-master) there to let us take two carriages on to Aak, which was a relief to our troubled minds. So now we have got into Romsdal. Our next station was Stueflaaten, where I began this letter. Just above Stueflaaten are the most beautiful rocks, through and among which the river rushes and foams, and then comes a deep, still pool, with water of dark blue-green metallic hue—oh, so beautiful!—and the contrast

of colour with the dark Scotch firs and their rich brown-red stems, more lovely than I can say. We will bring some photographs, and they and the sketches will give you a far better idea of the valley than any words of mine. It is one of the great rents that lead up to the Fjelds. Rocky mountains on each side, between 4000 and 5000 feet in height, the river Rauma at the bottom, sometimes rushing through rocks and falling over them in rapids and waterfalls, sometimes lying in dark pools, looking so still and meek, and reflecting rocks and mountains and snow-patches with absolute clearness. Two stages from Stueflaaten brought us to Fladmark, where, as it was getting dark, we slept. It was the most uninviting house outside that we had seen, but we were very comfortable, and the landlady gave us a sumptuous supper—dried salmon, mutton (very hard), coffee, rusks, multebær, cream, white bread, pancakes, and flat biscuits, made like those we eat with ices. Lionel stayed to draw there, but papa and I started about 8.30, and came on to Aak, which at first horrified papa by its hotel civilisation. However, it was very necessary we should come to some place where we could be washed and tidied up; and here we are spending Sunday, and I am writing this

volume to you. If I could just know how you are all getting on I should be very glad. There is telegraphic communication all over Norway, but there are only here and there stations from which messages can be sent—the telegraph posts stalking along the valley and across the Fjelds, and I wonder how they endure the winter's heavy snows and thaws.

"There are seven or eight English gentlemen at this hotel, who came here for salmon-fishing. One of them is Dr. Frankland, the chemist. Absolutely quiet the place is—not a sound. I have not heard a bird sing since I have been in Norway, and have seen very few animals except ponies and lemmings, which are the queerest pretty little creatures—like guinea-pigs, with fur on—and they rush about on the grass and on the road in such a hurry, squeaking and looking the veriest 'busybodies.' I believe that they only appear in Norway every three or four years, and are supposed to emigrate from Siberia, coming straight over mountains and rivers. You would be amused to see them rushing about, as if the whole world depended on their hurry. Farewell.

"Your most loving

"AAK, ROMSDAL, August 18."

"MOTHER.

" AALESUND, *August 20.*

" MY DEAREST,

" After my letter to you had been posted on Sunday, by Mr. Auffrecht, strange to say, who was Mr. Max Müller's assistant at Oxford, we took a walk with Dr. Frankland, and had the most glorious sunset. And the next morning when we got up at 4.30, the most lovely sunrise—the pink jagged peaks of the mountains rising out of a sea of mist. We came by steamer to this curious place, where the sole occupation of the people seems to be drying cod, not salting it ; and as we went out in a boat this morning we saw thousands laid out on the rocks to dry. You may imagine the effect.

" The steamer's course, from Vœblungsnæs, the port of Aak, is inside the islands which border the coast, and about Molde the mountains and fjords are very pretty ; then comes a flat, uninteresting part, and then mountains again. The son of the landlord here told us that there was an old wooden church about three miles from here ; so, as we must stay for a steamer, we thought we would go and see it, hoping to find one of the curiosities of Norway. Judge of our dismay when, on arriving at Borgund (such was the name of the place), to see a large white building, not different in character from the others

we had seen everywhere. However, it was a lovely spot, facing south, with fine mountains in view across the fjord—a soft green meadow, where a pony was grazing. On coming up to the church, we came to the conclusion that it had been restored! but it had never been one of the curious old buildings, though we could discern some old carved columns and pulpit.

“A pony and cart were standing at the parsonage door, and presently out came the pastor's wife. She explained to us that there had been a stone wall round the church, and a monastery there, and took us to look at the few ruins left. She could speak about as much German as I—so we puzzled on together. In the afternoon, one of the teachers of the college here (all the bachelors of the establishment dine at the hotel) took us to his college, a small place of course, and if we may judge by our friend's pronunciation of French, of which he is professor, not first-rate in its teaching. We also went into the Municipal School, corresponding to our National School. Such fine large rooms. We heard an energetic old gentleman give a lesson in Arithmetic, of which I could understand nothing—of course, we thought of Miss Smith.

“*August 21.*—Our captivity at Aalesund is likely

to end to-day, as we hear a steamer is coming laden with herrings. I am now quite imbued with the Aalesund smell of dried fish. Just as I reached this point there was a cry of 'Dampskibet komme strax,' which means, as you can imagine, 'The steamer is coming—quick.' So we had to pack up in a hurry, and be off. The steamer was 'Björvin,' laden with fish from the North Cape, and as we approached it did not look very inviting. However, we found it most comfortable and well arranged, and the meat the first wholesome meat which we had had since Thronthjem. If John could have seen the steward and two assistants carrying dinner for thirteen or fourteen from the galley, over the herring kegs, which were piled up so high that they had almost to go on all-fours, he would have been astonished. It was a most beautiful sail, once round a headland on open sea, but generally threading along the fjords, between island and peninsula, it was impossible to tell which, and finishing up with a most glorious sunset. Some of the islands looked then as if they were made of molten gold. How strange that our weather should be so different from yours. Since the day we reached Hull we have left storm and wind behind us. We have had one or two cloudy days, but no

rain, except the slightest shower once. There has been no rain, they say, for three months, and they are anxious about their supply of water. In consequence of the long drought and hot weather (this chiefly before we came) the waterfalls are not so full as usual, and the snow has disappeared more than it usually does from the mountains. However, we willingly compound for this for the sake of the freedom and enjoyment the fine weather gives us.

"Our plan now is to go to Sogne and Hardanger Fjord and return to come home September 5 in the 'Argo.'

"Your loving

"MOTHER."

"GUDVANGEN, NÆRODAL,

"SOGNE FJORD, *August 25.*

"MY DEAREST,

"Now we have the first rain which we have seen in Norway, their summer being, or rather having been, the reverse of ours—very dry indeed—so that the rivers are low and the waterfalls reduced to their smallest proportions. There is a fall, opposite to the hotel, of 2000 feet in height, now a mere thread, which makes a thundering noise when full.

" We started from Bergen at six o'clock on Friday, in a very nice, clean small steamer, which took us up one of the lesser Fjords, a place called Bolstadören. Such a lovely expedition, twisting in and out of rocks and mountains, rugged and bare at the top, below clothed with delicate birch-trees and occasional pines. At one place we had to wait a few minutes till the tide flowed sufficiently to carry the steamer over a shallow place. Altogether it was quite ideal at Bolstadören; the luggage and I were put into a cart, and papa and Lionel walked about two miles across a sort of isthmus, to a fresh-water lake, Evangervand (vand means water), and there we took boat and were rowed by two men to Evanger, a small village at the end of the lake, where the landlady's daughter spoke English. At most of these small country places the landlord of the inn or station keeps a store, where all sorts of things may be bought. They wanted us very much to take some of their homespun cloth, and I should have liked to do it, were it not for having to carry it about so far.

" From Evanger we drove to Vossevangen, a largish place on another lake, where we slept at a very good country inn kept by a man who had

been in America and was curiously Yankeeised. Our drive was not in carriages, but in what they call *Stolvagen*—I believe they are like very small tax-carts, in the bottom of which goes the luggage, and the traveller sits on a seat which has a pair of shafts, so to say, of its own, on one end of which the seat is placed, and the other ends are hooked on to the horse's shafts, so that they make a sort of spring. Well, you must fancy papa driving me in one of these, and learning to tear down the hills as the Norwegians do. Lionel in another, with a boy. Papa and I generally had a boy, and once a girl, of about ten or eleven, who sat behind on his portmanteau, and took back pony and cart. You would be surprised to see the pitches that we went up and down, but when we were going up the pony always stopped for papa to get down. *Vossevangen*, where we slept the first night from Bergen, is quite a civilised place, and the country more like Westmoreland, so that I believe we felt rather indignant at having come all the way from England to see it. But our drive from *Vossevangen* here, to *Gudvangen* yesterday (Saturday), Aug. 24, was most thoroughly Norwegian; that is to say, through valleys bounded by mountains three or four thousand feet high, hoary grey rock at the

summits, which at a distance looks as if snow-capped, and at the bottom fir and birch and alder, and patches of cultivation ; no wheat, only oats and rye and barley. The huts most picturesque, but the people (in these valleys) very dirty, and apparently idle, whether really so or not, we could not of course tell. The distance from Vossevangen here to Gudvangen is only twenty-eight English miles, but you may imagine what the travelling is, when I tell you that it is reckoned to take seven hours, and that we took nine, with occasional stoppages for drawing and waiting for some coffee at one station. It is most fortunate for us that the rain did not come till to-day. I do not know how we should have got on in such country had it poured as it is doing at this minute. The stations are horribly dirty huts, quite unlike the Romsdal stations, which, though rough-looking outside, always had one or two clean rooms and beds for travellers. At Stalheim, the last station before Gudvangen, there are very wonderful and beautiful cliffs, which rise not only on each side of Nærodal (the valley of Gudvangen and the Næro Fjord), but also at its end, so that it looks impossible to go up or down, and was so, I suppose, till a road was made, zig-zag from the height to the bottom, in a

surprising manner. Down this I walked, not that it was dangerous at all, but because coming down hill slowly shakes so much, and we could not trot because of the turns. It had been a beautiful day, with splendid effects from dark shadows and bright lights; and as we drove down the valley (Nærodal) a rainbow arched across, one end apparently resting on a buttress of rock. It was lovely. Papa and Lionel thought they could discern four reflections close below the principal bow, but I could only make out three, and one at some distance above. Gudvangen is in a very narrow valley, so narrow that while I write I can only see a small bit of sky, all the rest of the window being shut in by the mountain. It is what a Norwegian gentleman whom we saw at Gudvangen calls too severe and melancholy to stay in; and I suppose that we shall go to-morrow to some other place on the Sogne Fjord. It seems long that it will be at least this day fortnight before I can see you all, nearly as long again as we have already been away. It was somewhat of a tug to turn our backs on home again when we were at Bergen. However, the boat was gone before we arrived on Thursday morning. At Stalheim, the very wild place where the cliffs were, we were so exhausted for want of food that, whilst the artists were sketch-

ing, I was sent forward to see if I could get anything of any kind. In the station we found a young woman of about thirty-two or so, who could speak a little English, and she most kindly said she would give us some coffee and wafflekage. She had quite superior manners, and it turned out that she had been in Chicago for sixteen years, and had there married the Norwegian minister, and on his death had come home to her mother with her two children. Such a place to live in, splendidly grand and beautiful; but the huts dreadfully dirty and the life squalid and solitary. We could hardly manage to swallow the coffee; she had no milk, all the cows were gone to the sæters; and the wafflekage were cold and leathery, very different from those that we had on our journey from Throndjem. Then I was glad that I had no hungry boy with me, or I think he would have been ill, what with the fatigue of the day and want of food. It seems that the difficulty of getting meat is that the people themselves will only eat salted meat or herrings, and they kill their sheep and oxen (if they have them) in the autumn, when they are at their fattest, after the summer pastures have put more flesh on their bones. The host here says that his servants even will not eat the fresh meat he

provides for his guests. All his meat, bread, butter, &c., come from Bergen—thirty hours off—a distant market! We found the pastor here last evening, and as he could speak a little German, and M. Schulz, the host, can speak English in a way, we were able to interchange some ideas—perhaps a little modified in the transit. A parish in Norway extends over thirty or forty English miles, with a mother church, near which the pastor lives, and one, two, or three annexes, as they call them,—district chapels. The clergyman makes a round of these churches, having service in them in turn. Our friend—something like old Mr. Bond—comes here every six weeks, and our host says that these journeys in the winter are very trying, having to sit either in the carriage or boat for five or six hours, with very high wind and snow and rain. This morning, at about 8.30, the old pastor walked out in the rain, the host holding a large umbrella over him, his boatmen carrying his provisions, and the country people in their best, with immense umbrellas, following the Landsman in his carriage. It was a pretty sight, and had we known in time we should have accompanied them. It seems that before the service there is Catechising or something of the sort, which we should have liked to see,

though we could not understand. After the service the pastor does not come back here, but goes straight away in his boat to Urland, his house and headquarters, which will take him five or six hours by boat. In the same way, the schoolmasters make tours of school-keeping during the winter. There is a law that every child must attend school regularly for twelve weeks during winter. There is no school in summer. So the master goes to a school-station for twelve weeks, teaches the children, and goes on. No child can go to school till he has learnt his letters, so that the parents must teach them so far. Who sees that the laws are carried out in the remotest districts, I cannot tell. Notwithstanding the pouring rain, papa has walked out between two and three English miles to see the fashion of, and witness the dispersion of, the congregation.

“Imagine my being mistaken to-day for the Norse landlady by some English people who arrived. I was doling out my small allowance of Norse, telling the sister of the landlord what rooms another party wanted, when a gentleman came up and requested me to reserve a room for him. Such is the difficulty of getting fresh meat, that the bones of the mutton that we had to-day at dinner were

cut up and handed round at tea. Everything has to come from Bergen here, and the landlord heard with dismay, when his house was full, that two hundred bottles of beer which he had ordered, had by mistake been sent up another arm of the fjord to a man of the same name ; and as the boat did not go round by that place again for a week, he had none to give his guests. Even the white bread comes from Bergen.

"Best love to you and to all whom it concerns.

"Your most loving

"MOTHER.

"GUDVANGEN, *August 25.*"

"AURLAND, *August 28.*

"MY DEAREST,

"We have another very wet day, so we fear that the English weather has at last got here. We only hope that you have it fine. So we have given up going over the mountains again, and shall take the steamer to-morrow to some place on the Sogne Fjord, of which Aurland is one of the branches. Yesterday it cleared, so we started from Gudvangen about half-past eight in a row-boat, with three men. Water is the only mode of communication between the two places, so we have to go up the Gudvangen (Næro) Fjord and down

this, at least quadrupling the distance. But it was very pleasant and most beautiful, and Lionel was so delighted with some of the views that he went back in the boat that brought us from Gudvangen, and meant to stop at a little place called Styve, if he could find food and lodging of any kind, to make a picture, not a mere sketch. He is to be quite free as to joining us again.

"Before the rain came down heavily this morning, papa and I went to call upon the pastor of Aurland, who had been at Gudvangen last Sunday for service, where papa made friends with him. The pastor can speak a little German, so papa and he could get on pretty well together; but my struggles, and those of Madame Roland, to make each other understand were piteous, till the governess, who could speak a little English, came and acted interpreter. Their wooden house is very much on the same plan as this inn, and seemed comfortable. There was a white Japanese lily in the window and a few flowers, such as I have not before seen in Norway, in the garden, and Fru Roland very kindly gave me a nosegay, which served instead of talking. The little nephew whom they had adopted was like Philip Child, and shook hands and spoke to me just as Philip used.

"It is to this place that Charles Wigram, son of Mrs. Money Wigram, comes for fishing. He and two other Englishmen rent the fishing of this river, and they had to make a bargain, their keeper, our landlord, says, with fifty farmers, to whom the fishing belongs. But, indeed, the Englishman's love of this sport seems to be doing good in two ways—by putting a little money into the poor farmer's pockets, and helping to preserve the fish, which were being destroyed by the great number of nets and traps. All is now carried out under definite regulations.

"The women here wear such a good dress, a very warm, dark blue serge petticoat, plaited round the waist ; a woollen shirt, white or coloured, and over it, and fitting close to the shape, a dark green or brown bodice, like a waistcoat without sleeves. They look so nice, with a handkerchief thrown crosswise over their heads, those who were clean of course. The silence is quite oppressive, no sound except the noise of waters, the river and the falls. The men and women never sing except in church ; and as to birds, I have not heard even one chirp. I suppose very few can live through the winter. However, I have seen several very pretty water-wagtails, and plenty of magpies."

"BERGEN, *August 31.*

"The weather was so unsettled that we were obliged to relinquish the land journey from the end of the Sogne Fjord to that of the Hardanger Fjord, and came in the steamer which called at Aurland at two on Thursday, all through that afternoon and night to Bergen, which we reached at 1 P.M. yesterday, Friday. As long as it was light on Thursday we had constantly beautiful views, but by the time we reached Balholmen, one of the most beautiful parts, it was nine o'clock and getting dark, so too much was left to our imagination. I was very sorry to leave the Sogne Fjord without exploring the Fjærlands Fjord, one of its branches, where the glacier comes down to within sixty feet of the fjord; but the steamer only goes there every fortnight, and if we had waited for the next boat, it would have been no use, as it goes up in the dark. We could have taken a row-boat from Balholmen, which is at the mouth of this fjord, but the captain said it would take seven hours to get up to the glacier, and there is no place to put up in. So, with much regret, we had to give it up, and we came on all night to Bergen, as I said, hoping to find a steamer to take us to Hardanger this morning. But, to our disappointment, we find this boat taken off. We have

had quite distant views of the glaciers, but nothing near, and the glacier seen in that way looks too much like an iced cake. It does not do to think of Norway as having mountains, but magnificent rocks and water. The steamboat accommodation is very good indeed. The steamers are the means of getting about, and they certainly know how to manage. The sofas in both ladies' and gentlemen's cabins, which look just like ordinary sofas covered with velveteen, are made into two tiers of beds, and there each lady has her shelf to lie on, and there is a private room where each can go in turn and wash. The food, too, is more substantial than can generally be got at the small stations. They can bring supplies so easily. We sent to Lionel to tell him what we were going to do, but have heard nothing from him.

"*Sunday.*—We have just come back from the service at the Cathedral, which consisted in hymns, very fairly sung, with a tolerable organ, some prayers, and a (not long) sermon, of which I could not of course follow all; the baptism of some children, and the administration of the Communion. There were two candlesticks, with seven lighted candles, on the altar, and the clergyman put on a cope over a surplice for the Communion, having

preached and read prayers in a black gown with a great ruff. Unfortunately, it is a pouring wet day, so that the people are muffled up and we could not see their costumes, if they had them on ; but in the towns they are very much giving place to second-rate modern fashions—a lamentable change. Mr. Næss, a Bergen merchant, and his wife have been very kind, and called for us, and took us into their seat—in a curious sort of gallery. The bishop lives here, but he was not in church. I was very glad to be in a church again, though we could not understand much, though I could follow the Lord's Prayer and the hymns pretty well. As far as we have seen, the Norwegians are a very silent race : it is not from moroseness or stupidity, for they are apparently very good-natured and intelligent, when they do speak. But I suppose that they get out of the way of talking, from living such solitary lives. I have not heard any boys hollo, nor seen them play ; and the little children sit as grave as judges. I was delighted in church to hear that the babies could squeal ; they are usually such placid little bundles, reminding me of Gammel and Herbie !”

"ON THE 'VIKING,' HARDANGER FJORD.

"I tried to write to you as we were steaming round the Hardanger Fjord to-day, but I could not manage it for the shaking of the screw. However, now we are anchored for the night at Noreimsund, and so I can continue my history. On Sunday we went to dine with Dr. Danielson and his family. He is the physician, and maker of the Museum at Bergen, and papa had been to the leper hospital with him several times. Such a Babel of languages as we all talked was never heard before I should hope. However, what with German and a little French, a little Norse, and a little English, we managed to get on. The two Miss Danielsons (both of whom are engaged to be married) were most kind and friendly, and Mrs. Danielson looked on and provided food. The young ladies got up and helped a little in the waiting at dinner, and there was only one maid, who looked as if she had been their nurse, and a little girl to wait, and there were ten at dinner. I thought of John and our waiters. The great question was discussed, how we could make the most of our remaining three days, and it was settled that we should go to the Hardanger Fjord, which we had not yet seen, and either make the tour in the steamboat or stop at one place and try to get up to a

glacier. So at 3.45 A.M. next morning I woke and got up, and at 4.30 we were dressed and had a cup of coffee, and at 5 A.M. started on our voyage to Hardanger. It was a showery, doubtful morning, but brightened by degrees, and as we entered the fjord the lights and shades were most beautiful, and one island was all the colours of the rainbow. We steamed away, stopping here and stopping there, giving out cargo and taking it in, as well as ponies and humankind. The sunset was splendid, but the weather-wise did not think it settled enough for any expedition to a glacier, so instead of being left behind at some point whence to make our excursion, it was settled we should remain in the boat and make the complete tour. We stopped at a little place called Eide, up a narrow branch of the fjord, from 10.30 P.M. till 5 A.M., when we steamed away again into another narrow fjord and had some splendid views of the Folgefon Glacier, which I will not describe, as papa's sketches will tell the tale better. Going round a fjord in this way is almost too much like seeing a panorama—but we could not have had a general view of the whole except in this way. Our sleeping arrangements in the steamer are of the closest. There is a tiny ladies' cabin in which I and the two stewardesses slept

last night ; and now another poor lady with a consumptive husband has come, and we shall be four—on the shelves one above another.

“ *Wednesday, Sept. 4.*—Now we have arrived at Stavanger, where the ‘Argo’ is to pick us up to-morrow morning. We have had many beautiful sights to-day, though we have not been in what is called fine scenery, except quite early in the morning. Our steamer left Noreimsund, where we anchored, at three this morning, but I did not get up till past six, as it was a dull morning. Before twelve we had left the Hardanger and were steaming away amongst innumerable low rocks and little islands, of which papa’s sketches will give you an idea. Two beautiful little ponies came out from one rocky promontory, and were brought to Stavanger by our boat. They hoist them and the cows into the steamers by putting a broad piece of sailcloth under them, and the poor things kick about so, I wonder they do not hurt themselves.

“ *Sept. 5.*—Here we are at Stavanger waiting for the ‘Argo,’ which delays. We were in search of the Argo Expedition Contor (office), when we met an important-looking man, and on asking him where the office was, he pointed to himself—Yeg-Argo Expedition.

"The suffocating heat here is quite curious—like a very oppressive day in Devonshire."

"HULL, *September 8.*

"We arrived all well at 10 A.M. this morning, just in time for 10.30 morning service, and our plan is to go on to Lincoln this evening to repose under the shadow of its Cathedral to-night, and to come on to London to-morrow morning.

"Your most loving

"MOTHER."

In 1874 Dr. Acland, who had always had a great love of the sea, bought the yacht "Gertrude," which Mrs. Acland used playfully to call the "Rival," so fond was he of it, and for three or four years the summer vacation was spent on board. The following letters were written in the summer of 1876:

"'THE GERTRUDE,' R.A.Y.C.

"NOWHERE, *August 3, 1876.*

"I think that I wrote to you once before from 'Nowhere,' and now I really do not know what the name of the place where we are at anchor is. It is at the sea end of the great canal which is being made from Amsterdam to the North Sea—a wonderful work, which has been going on for thirteen

years under English engineers, and is not yet nearly finished. We hoped to get to Amsterdam this way, but I doubt whether we shall. We should have to telegraph to the Government for permission, which seems hardly worth while, and we believe that it would be very expensive. When we were at Flushing we were very doubtful what we would do—go through the canal from Flushing to Middelburg ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles) or make straight off to Amsterdam. It promised to be fine, so we took the latter alternative, and though the wind was quite fair, we had a fine sail till midnight. Then it began to blow, fortunately not to rain, and papa was scarcely in bed at all, but up on deck looking out for the lights, helping reef sails, &c. Soon after 4 A.M. we sighted the entrance to this great canal, and hoped that our labours were over, and that a pilot would come off and carry us straight through to Amsterdam. So we hoisted our signal and stood on and off, but no pilot appeared, and we were going thirty miles farther north to the Texel, in despair, when a boat put off and papa persuaded the man to let us come inside the harbour, just to the mouth of the canal, where we were quiet and snug. When we shall be able to get out again must depend upon weather, etc. Now it looks what the sailors call

thoroughly 'dirty.' Sir John Hawkshaw is the engineer, but he is not here. Mr. Hutton, his deputy, is coming to advise us soon."

"August 4.

"Mr. Hutton came off about eleven, after I had written this. He is engineer to the harbour, and Mr. Watson, a cousin of Mrs. Donkin, is engineer to the canal. It was settled not to be worth while to attempt getting the yacht to Amsterdam, so she has been moved into the lock at the entrance of the canal, and here we are lying very snug, but hearing the wind roar outside. We can see nothing as we lie but the lock and its massive gates and the high sandy banks of the canal, with their tussocky grass. Papa has been immensely interested in the works, which have cost nearly £3,000,000. They hope to have it regularly opened in two years. It is managed entirely by English, who hire Dutch labourers. Mr. Hutton asked us to dine at his house, which is a little place called Beverwyk, about four or five miles from here. There are nothing but sandhills till one reaches Velsen, where the railway from Haarlem to Helder (northwards) has a station. The only way we can get to Velsen is on an engine, or what they call a trolly, which is a kind of truck adapted for people, drawn by a horse (such

a beauty !). It runs on rails, like the engine, and brings the gentlemen down to the works ; the workmen come on open trucks drawn by an engine, as it is too laborious to walk through the sand. All this is *àpropos* of our going out to dinner at Mr. Hutton's. It was an original mode of proceeding—of course I had to dress in my bonnet and take my cap in my basket, to put on when I arrived at the house. The trolly came to the lock for us and took us to Velsen, about three miles. There a hired rather grand fly awaited us, and we drove to Beverwyk ; part of the way it was very green and wooded, and Mr. Hutton's house is quite a pretty place. Mr. and Mrs. Watson ; a Dutch gentleman, Mr. Borel, and his wife, daughter of the former Dutch Minister to England ; Mr. Lee, one of the contractors for these works (a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Pattison), and a curious old Dutch gentleman, whose name I could not make out, formed the party. Unfortunately the dinner was English, not Dutch fashion, the clever English maid with her Dutch assistant waiting in first-rate style. Poor papa having been up almost all the previous night, was so frightfully sleepy he could scarcely hold out—indeed I think he dropped asleep for a moment or two constantly—but a game of billiards after

dinner woke him up. About 9.30 I began to wrap up. The hired fly drove us back to Velsen, and the trolly brought us on to this desolate end of the earth. You cannot imagine anything more dreary, except for the interest of the works, but we are very thankful to be here, quiet and snug.

“Meanwhile Theodore, Lionel, and Mr. Mallock went off to Amsterdam on Thursday by trolly to Velsen, then train *viâ* Haarlem to Amsterdam, where they are remaining at the Amstel Hotel. This morning Mr. Watson very kindly took us to Amsterdam in the little steamer in which he goes backwards and forwards, sixteen miles. Mr. Lee and Mr. Hutton also went. It is not merely that a canal has been made, but a meer, as they call it, has been drained and converted into most fruitful land, which is sold for £60, £70, or £80 the acre. Through this land, formerly water, the canal is carried. The land has to be kept sufficiently dry by immense pumping machines, which in the new works supersede the thousand windmills of Zandam. We reached Amsterdam about twelve, and bidding good-bye to our companions began to explore, partly in a carriage, partly walking. It certainly is

a most curious picturesque town ; in one part I saw that the houses actually came down into the water, as in Venice, but usually the canal is in the centre, confined between broad quays, as at Rotterdam."

" ' THE GERTRUDE, '

" August 8, 1876.

" I wrote to you yesterday, before I had been able to open my packet of letters, so now, as we are moored at the quay at Nieuwe Diep (pronounced New-deep), I will add a little chat about them. First, loving thanks for all you are doing at home. You packed off the boys splendidly, and we are very glad to have them, for papa is interested in Holland and the Dutch sufficiently to make it worth while for us to stay till he has seen all that he cares for, but not enough to bring us back here, especially as the sandbanks and shallows are so numerous that the navigation is intricate and distressing to the dignity of the lovely ' Rival.' Yesterday, after I left them at Velsen, to meet Frank and Alfred at Amsterdam, they had several mishaps and difficulties in getting out from the canal, and in consequence did not get to sea till three, when the wind had fallen very light, and we arrived by train at

Nieuwe Diep before them. However about 10 P.M. they arrived, to our joy, and we were able to sleep on board instead of at the very second-rate hotel, for me, luggageless.

"All has gone on most happily among the passengers—I mean the inhabitants of the main cabin. The captain and crew have not been so satisfactory: some of the captain's performances have seemed to me somewhat lubberly, and his son, the mate, is far from satisfactory.

"Mr. Hutton, the engineer to the canal, has fallen in love so deeply with the 'Rival' that he is thinking of getting one for Mrs. Hutton, who is not more enthusiastic than I. He is coming here by train, nearly forty miles from Velsen, to have a sail back. Anything more frightfully dreary than most of the country between this and Velsen one cannot imagine—an arid flat without trees, no cattle, no horses, except just at Alkmaar, which looks attractive and wooded. About Velsen the country houses are really very pretty and charming—stiff, but with very nice gardens and woods, and the reclaimed land near Haarlem and Amsterdam is so very fruitful and rich as to be sold for £100 an acre, and it is covered with cattle, horses, and crops. I went

in the train yesterday with Madame la Baronne de Tuyl and her mother. She possesses one of these charming places, with £2000 or £3000 a year. The Dutch ladies speak English far better than the German, which is curious, as their language sounds so very guttural.

IV

THE following letter is of general interest, and needs no special introduction :

“ OXFORD, *March 14, 1876.*

“ I must tell you about Lady Augusta's funeral,* which I could not do last week. It certainly was a wonderful sight. I suppose that no woman, who was not a queen, ever had such a demonstration of affection and respect. Papa and I went up with Dean Liddell and Mr. Max Müller by 9 o'clock train on the 9th. Aunt Agnes Mills said that I might accompany her, so we went to Hyde Park Gardens. Though we arrived at the Abbey before 11.30, the time specified in our cards, the choir was full, and we could only find seats in the south transept, some ten benches back, which was disappointing, as we could not see the procession nor the Dean, which was what we chiefly wished, as the coffin

* Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the Dean of Westminster.

was borne to its resting-place under the lantern. Those who were to be in the procession, papa and Uncle Arthur Mills for instance, met in the Jerusalem Chamber, and very punctually at twelve the service began, the long line of the procession coming slowly up the nave. A small detachment of volunteers came first; then the authorities of the Abbey and the functionaries of the city of Westminster. Then came the coffin, covered with three wreaths of exquisite flowers, two quite white, and one in the centre white and scarlet. Where we stood we could just see the top of the coffin when it was placed on the bier. After the first part of the service was over, the procession re-formed, and passed at the end of our row of benches on its way to Henry VII. Chapel. Such a number of people of all kinds—Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gladstone, Carlyle, Lecky, &c. Those who had choir tickets, as Aunt Agnes and I had, were then allowed to follow into Henry VII. Chapel, and then we began to feel as if we were taking part in the service, and were not mere lookers-on. The sun shone brightly, and showed the beautiful chapel to the greatest advantage. We were not near the grave, but could hear the service perfectly; and it so

happened that we took up our station just under Uncle Mills, who was on the steps of one of the stalls, and we returned with him into the nave after the service was over. The most striking and affecting part of the whole was the widowed Dean's rapt and absorbed face as he stood on the temporary pulpit at the west end of the Abbey, waiting till the second anthem was over, when in a loud though deeply moved voice he gave the blessing. I never shall forget that. The Queen was in a sort of gallery on the south side of the nave, to which there is access from the Deanery. Uncle Tom was there, and was very much affected. He saw the Dean conduct the Queen to her carriage and kiss her hand ; and then all was over."

"April 18, 1876.

"Prince Leopold has come back, so well, I am happy to say. He can walk about now, even take a short walk, I believe ; but I have not yet seen him. Herbie says that he was in Cathedral this morning. Mrs. Scott and all his servants are so delighted ; it is quite pleasant to see them."

Numbers of equally interesting letters remain,

but it might weary the reader to give more ; and the only other one here printed is, perhaps, the most interesting of all.

In November 1876, Mrs. Acland's fourth son, Herbert, left England for Ceylon, where he hoped to become a coffee planter. He went by Messageries Maritimes steamer from Marseilles, and in his box he found the following letter, addressed to "Herbert D. Acland, Esq., on his passage to Ceylon." It runs thus :

"MY DEAREST HERBIE,

"I am sure that you will like to find a letter from me at the bottom of your box, so I am going to put one there, though I have not anything new or fresh to say. You know how our hearts go with you, and how anxiously, though hopefully, we shall follow your course along the new paths now opening for you. I suppose that till children have children of their own, they can scarcely understand what parents feel on parting with a loved child for untried and distant work. But, painful as the parting is, we shall be happy and bright when we know of your doing well and being happy in the life you have chosen.

"Write to us regularly and whenever you can.

Let us have a full, long letter if possible, and tell us little details, which perhaps will seem unimportant to you, but will make your life much more of a reality to us than if you only deal in generals. I hope and believe that in Mr. Godsall you will have a companion who will help you to hold fast to all that is good and true, and abhor all that is low, mean, or impure. Many restraints to which you have been accustomed from society, college, or home, will no longer be around you. May you all the more be master of yourself.

“ Show that your choice is a wise one by resolute, steady work, thorough downright determination to qualify yourself for a post of trust as soon as possible, and to earn part, at all events, of your own living.

“ This will give you a feeling of self-respect which will be a great help to you. But if at any time you should, through your own fault or through misfortune, which you could not avoid, get into trouble of any kind, let us know at once. We should, of course, be sorry ; but much more sorry if to any fault or trouble were added concealment. Trust entirely to the love of your parents. They know what difficulties and temptations are, and earnestly pray that you may be kept out of all.

May God ever bless and keep you, my dear, dear child.

"Your most loving

" MOTHER.

" OXFORD.

" October 31, 1876."

As the fruit, we may perhaps believe, of these loving counsels and prayers, Mrs. Acland was granted the consolation of receiving after his death a touching letter from this beloved son, which gave her great comfort in the early days of her bereavement.

V

MRS. ACLAND was very fond of reading aloud, and read far better than most people, reminding one of the elders described in the Book of Nehemiah, who "read in the book, distinctly, and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading." Even the sailors on the yacht used to be captivated by her reading ; and it was wonderful how, when in the summer evenings she would read to what she called the passengers of the yacht, the sailors would find something that *had* to be done within earshot. She read aloud to her children, from their earliest infancy, some story in the afternoon and evening, and in the morning what she called a "steady book." With this strong wish both for self-improvement and the improvement of all about her, she loved society, loved going out, and was always full of fun and brightness to the very last.

Her beloved sister-in-law, Lady Acland, writing

of her in 1890, when she was herself eighty-three years old, thus describes her character :

“The beauty of Sarah’s character came out in her married life. The union of deep piety, gentleness, tenderness, and *power*. I never knew anyone like her (except, perhaps, our own dear mother), and yet she was very different in some ways. Sarah seemed able to do all her duties to her household, her children, her husband, and yet she was always at leisure for whatever came in her way.

“Friends were always sure of a warm welcome, acquaintances or strangers, young or old, rich or poor, were sure of a kindly reception. Yet her children were never neglected ; her accounts were well kept. She settled everything without worrying Henry (Dr. Acland), and when he came in was ready to do anything he wished, to help him or cheer him, and to go with him or without him to some visit he wished her to make ; and with all this she found time to read and cultivate her mind, attend lectures, concerts, missionary meetings, etc. She seemed always at work and always at leisure, never fussed or worried, ready to go into society or to be quiet ; no thought of self ever seemed

to come into her mind. And such a warm heart ! She had great influence over all classes, and was able to be very useful—but I must not run on. It was a beautiful character and a beautiful life."

And once more, to quote Dean Church :

" Thus it continued to the end. Years brought an enlarging sphere of activity, of influence, of usefulness. Years, too, unfolded in increasing richness and ripeness the essential elements, intellectual as well as moral, of her character. But to the last she seemed, to those who had known her at her first coming to Oxford, the very person whom they had known then. The key of that character seemed to be the capacity for taking in and finding place for the various interests of the world and life, and treating each according to its due with serious regard, with respect, with earnestness. The foundations of knowledge, its achievements, its wonders, and its difficulties ; the awful relations of the soul with the unseen and eternal, its troubles, its deliverances, its unsearchable yet ever present world of feelings, aspirations, hopes, motives, as well as

the immediate claims of practical life ; the prosaic necessities of the poor, the miserable, the merely troublesome ; along with all the manifold and delicate obligations of a wide social sphere—all alike were real subjects of conscientious attention to her ready and sympathetic mind. It has been truly said of her, that her secret was to do nothing, of whatever came in her way, but *the best* and in the *best way*—welcoming all that was worth doing or worth caring for, and doing it and caring for it as if it was her main work and care ; and thus it was a life of the gravest and deepest and most unintermitting purpose, lit up and enriched or ornamented by gaiety, brightness, grace, and all the light play of enjoyment and pleasure, gladly given and frankly accepted—which were as genuine and unintermitting. To have known such a person—with her stern sense of duty covered over by such an affluence of the lighter gifts which bring delight, and the deeper ones which bring affection—is to be counted among the happiness of life, and also among its lessons and warnings." *

* The *Guardian*, November 6, 1878.

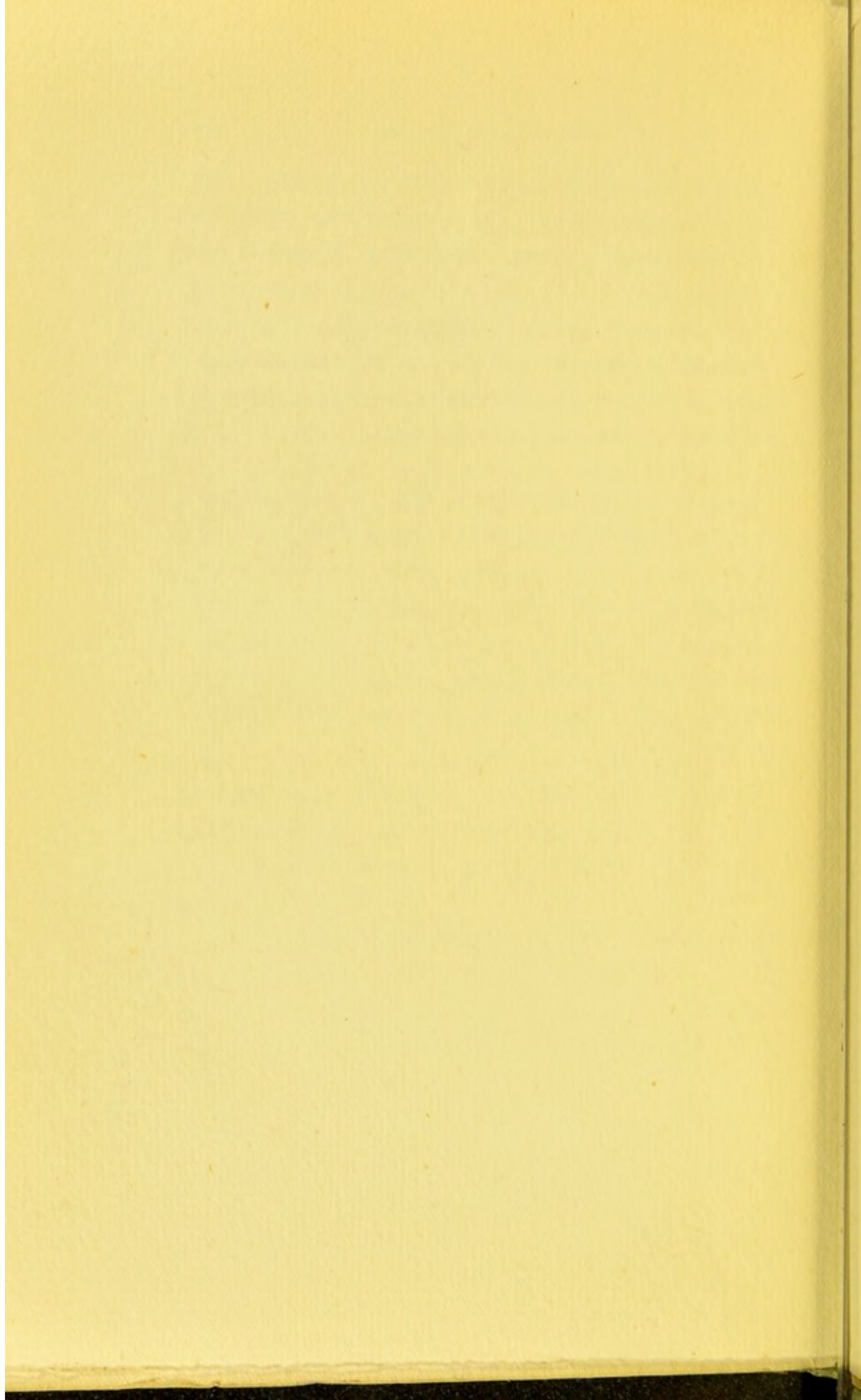
In November, 1876, as has already been stated, Herbert Acland left England for Ceylon, in company with Mr. Godsal. Before this Mrs. Acland's health, never strong, had begun to fail ; and though she bore the strain of the parting bravely, those around her knew what she was suffering, and the shock of a telegram announcing his death only seven months afterwards was more than she could bear. From that time her health failed rapidly, and it was clear in the summer of 1878 that she would not recover ; but no one thought that the end was so near. With her husband and daughter she went to the Baltic, staying for some time at Dusternbrook, near Kiel, and then at Elsinore, near Copenhagen. She accomplished the journey to England well, bearing it with great fortitude, and reaching her home on Friday, the 13th September. She got up the following day, but after that never left her bed, though she was moved from one bed to another in the next room until the last day of her life.

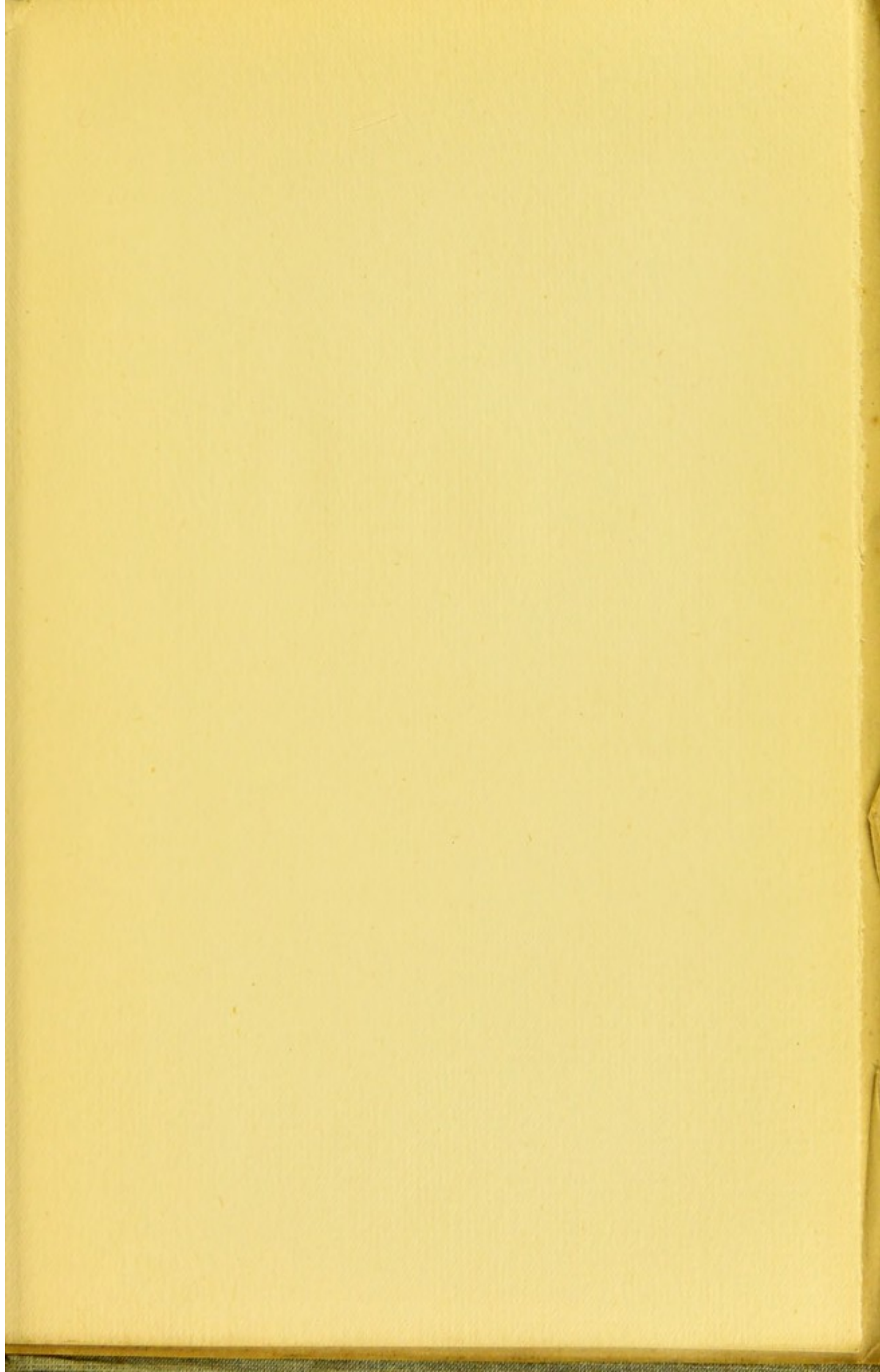
All through her illness she was exactly like herself—bright, patient, uncomplaining, unwavering in her faith that all was ordered for the best. She never was anxious about the future of the beloved

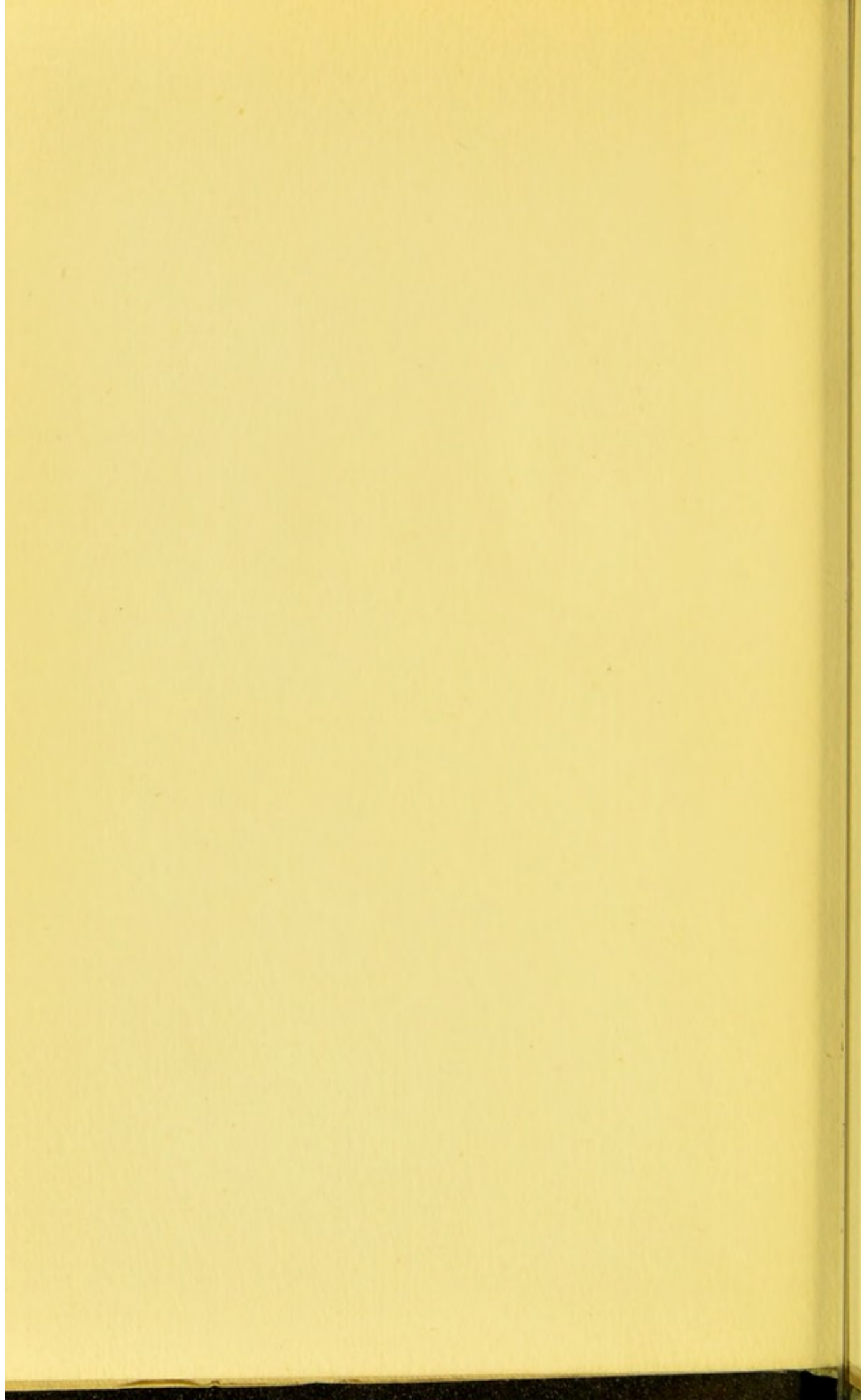
ones she was leaving. Her faith was perfect; she had nothing to fear. On October the 25th, at 10 A.M., she rapidly, peacefully, passed from amongst us.

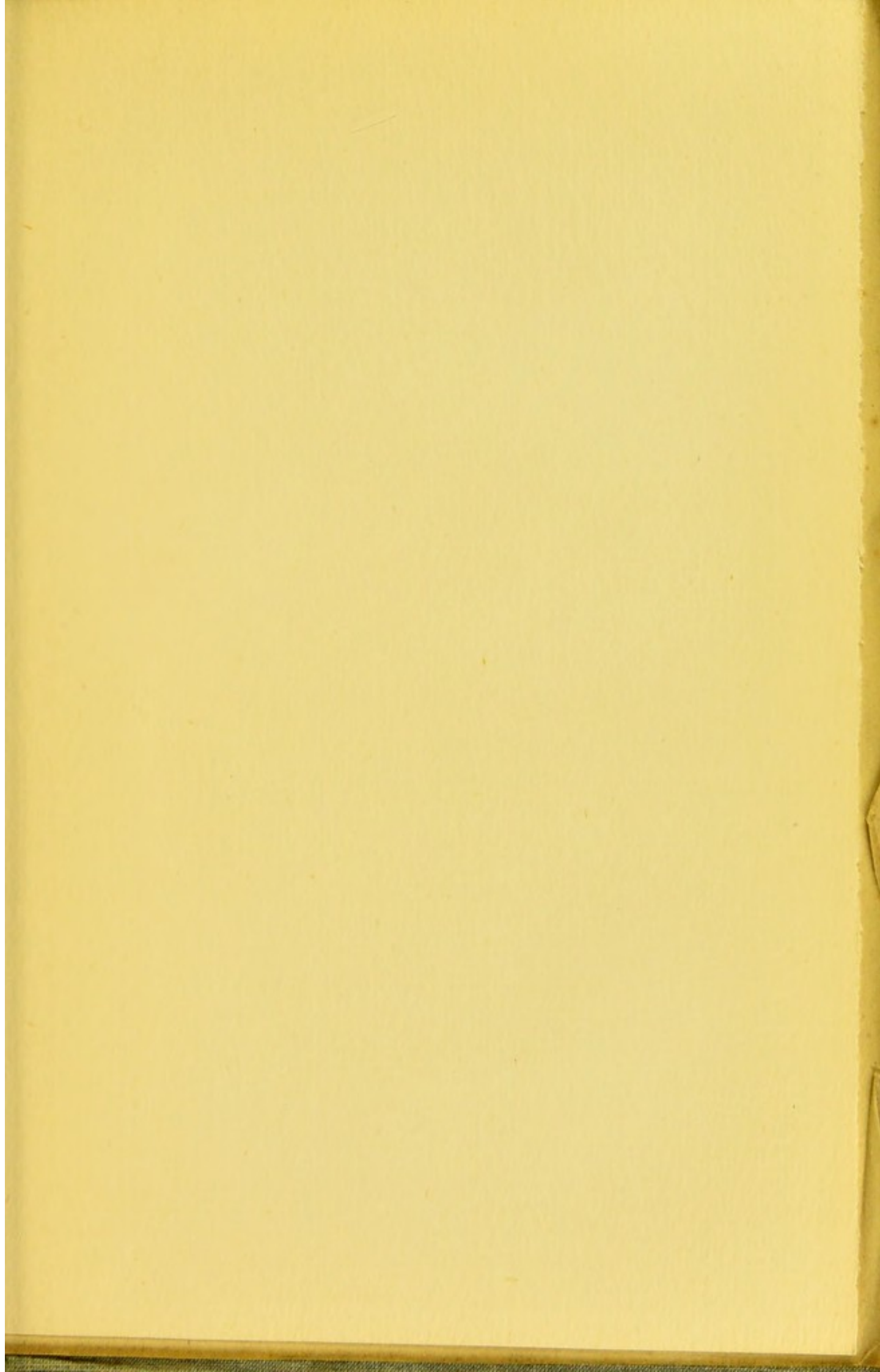
On the 29th, in the presence of a large company of loving friends, she was laid in her last resting-place in the beautiful Holywell Cemetery, carried to her grave by her six surviving sons.

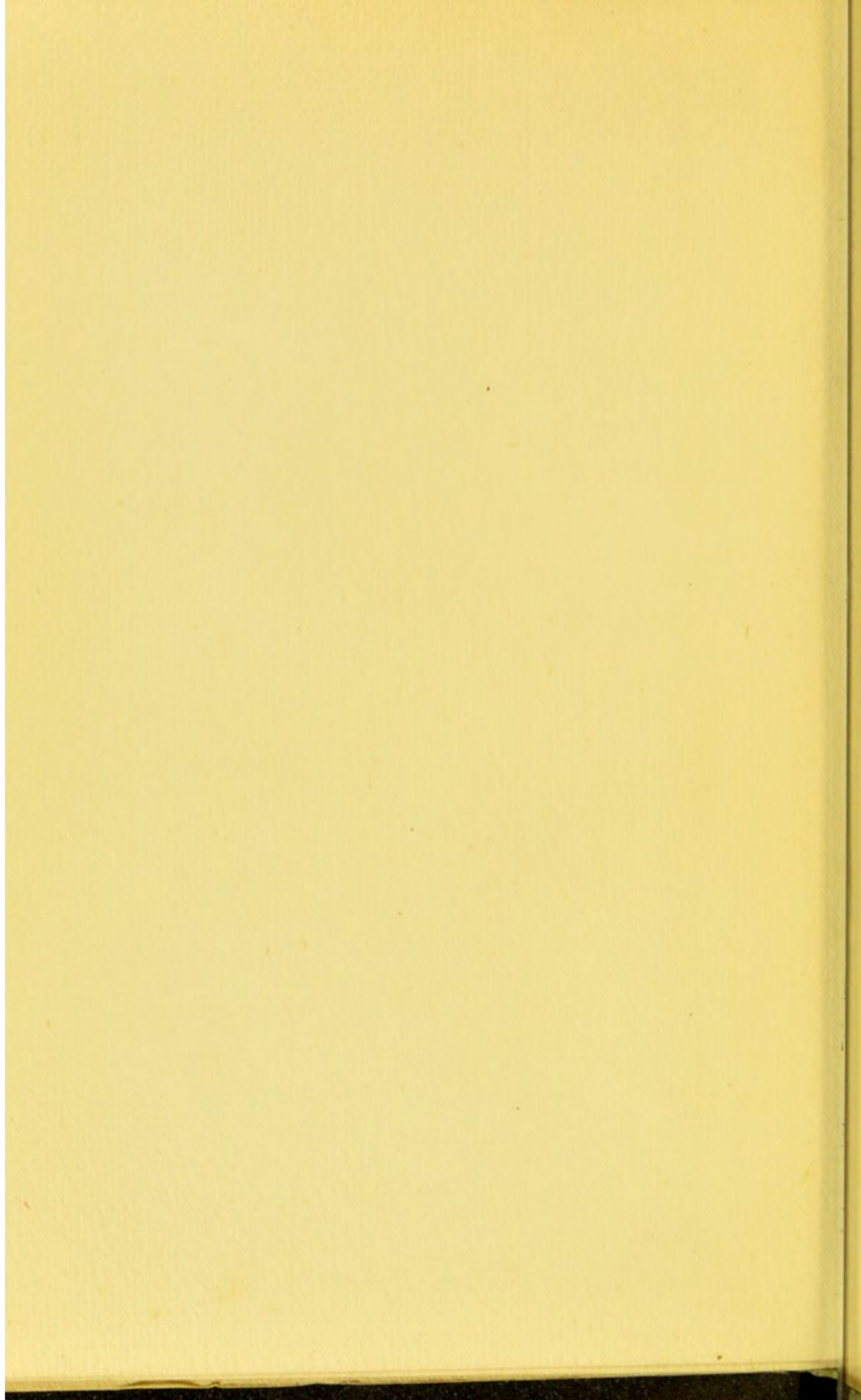
On one of the last days of Mrs. Acland's illness she was asked, What should be the guiding principle of a Christian's life? Her reply was—*the entire abnegation of self*. This has indeed been the aim of many devout souls, but by few more steadfastly pursued, more nearly attained, than by her whose earthly course has in these pages been briefly traced.

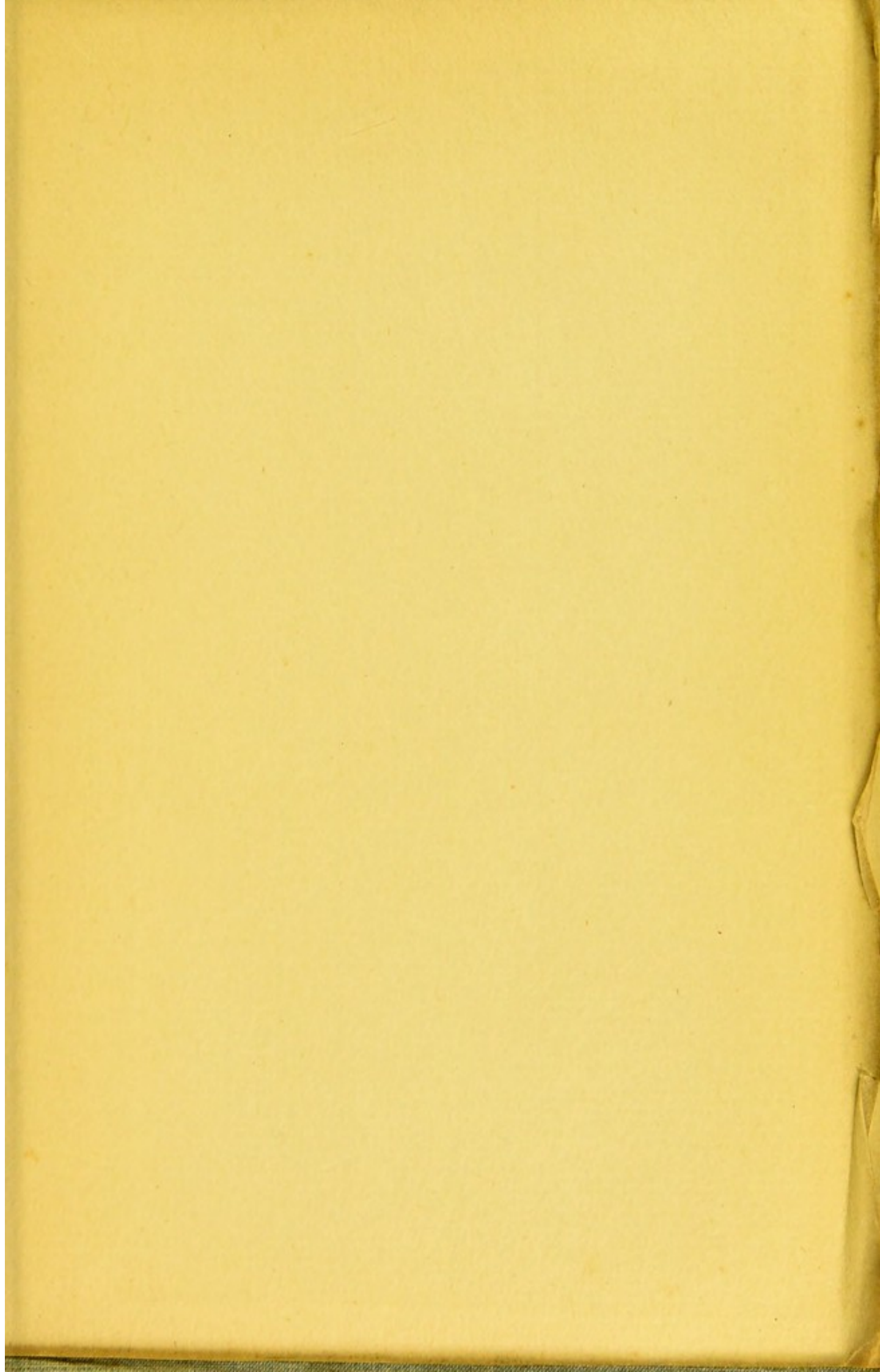












✓

