

**Nurses for the needy : or, Bible-women nurses in the homes of the London poor / by L.N.R.**

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NURSES FOR THE NEEDY





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NURSES FOR THE NEEDY.



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# NURSES FOR THE NEEDY

OR

## BIBLE-WOMEN NURSES

IN

### THE HOMES OF THE LONDON POOR.

BY

L. N. R.

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK AND ITS STORY," "THE MISSING LINK,"  
'LIFE-WORK,' AND "GOD'S MESSAGE IN LOW LONDON."

"Surely Thou hast some work for me to do!  
Oh, open Thou mine eyes  
To see how Thou wouldst choose to have it done,  
And where it lies!"

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## INTRODUCTION.

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WE hope that this successor to former small books of the same character may be suffered of God to win its way to the ear of friends and supporters, old and new.

As was formerly said of "The Missing Link," it has already had readers not a few, as a considerable portion of its contents have been scattered through the pages of a monthly periodical, also called by that name; and some of those readers now make frequent request that the collected experience of our new department, viz., *Seven Years of NURSING WORK FOR THE NEEDY*, should be presented separately, with a view to its extension.

We need increased funds, friends and co-workers in London itself, and the principles here illustrated in practice, avail, as we have shown, both in town and country.

Our attention has lately been called to the duty of sending Nurses to the poor as a "National one," but it is a duty that must be accomplished individually: we must first find and train each Nurse, and then we must watch over her and help her; there are few who cannot do something towards this. The Bible



Mission, we venture to think, begins her education at the right end, the Hospital carries it forward, and the Hospital Work outside all hospitals completes and tests it.

The "Mother-House" we have described could not have arisen without a "House-Father," responsible for its rent and expenses. It is a House of Meeting for the Nurses on stated days, and a House of deposit for the supplies they need; whence also such supplies are distributed by a trusty Matron, according to written requests from each Nurse. These are regularly inspected and recorded by two Ladies, who give themselves to the loving service.

Our first few months' experience of the working of this "Mother-House" showed us the great want of the London poor of nursing at their own homes, and the desirableness of gradually setting apart as Nurses all the *suitable* women who weekly apply to us for evangelizing work. Its institution had been the fruit of a year of prayer for direction on the part of the benevolent donor. The experiment thus delineated may be suggestive to some who desire to give to God and to His poor, and who have thousands in store, the mere interest of which will rent such a house, and make it the depository for the free-will offerings of a neighbourhood, in food, worn clothing, and linen, for the sick, brought under the care of local Nurses, who also teach the people to nurse themselves. What



aid would a Mother-House and Nurses give to parish and dispensary Doctors everywhere, who, though often able to direct supplies from public funds, want their patients well nursed and cleansed, as they seldom have been hitherto.

There *is* hospital work to be provided for *outside* all hospitals. May heaven open more eyes to see it, and incline more hearts to help it.

We present, therefore, to our readers this further development of the principle of "taking of the people to mend themselves"—this *second* "missing link" between the comfortable classes and those who lack all comforts—this most imperatively needed form of "helping our poor to help each other, and we commit the effort to His care, who has watched over and provided for it hitherto, and made way for its experimental sequence in His own due time to the delivery of the message of His Word. He bade the one to follow the other of old time (Luke ix. 1, 2, 6).

"Then He called His twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases.

"And He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.

"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the Gospel, and healing everywhere."

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*CHAPTER I.*

THE WORK THAT WANTS THE NURSE.

## CONTENTS.

The sick and helpless found in every street whom timely care of a trained nurse might cure—A neighbourly person welcome, but mostly unskilled—East End poverty—Cases requiring help and nourishment—Ill-paid child-labour—Outdoor hospital cases—The nurse in aid of the doctor—The babies, their sufferings from ignorance—Two cases of welcome help in confinements—Self-denial requisite in the nurse in cases of dirt and disease—Forsaken by everybody—Contrasts—What the Biblewoman Nurse can do and what she cannot—Where is this nurse to come from?—The Biblewoman's need of her—How came we by our "MOTHER-HOUSE"?

# NURSES FOR THE NEEDY;

OR,

BIBLEWOMEN NURSES IN THE HOMES OF THE  
LONDON POOR.



## THE WORK THAT WANTS THE NURSE.

Does the reader wish to realise some of the sights that would meet his eye if the roofs of many a court and alley in London, and even of some of its houses in decent streets, were lifted away, and the scenes within laid open, as they lie before the eye of our pitiful Redeemer? To how many of us whom He has blessed with health and means would He say, "Go help to tend my sick ones there; go comfort my sufferers! Defend the poor and fatherless. Show mercy to the afflicted and the needy. Do as you would be done by, if *you* lay sick and helpless in those miserable rooms!"

In every poor street there are some diseased and infirm people needing the help they cannot give themselves, or secure from others. They compose



a multitude in our great city who cannot be received into the wards of either workhouse or hospital; there is not space for them. In the early stages of their illness, they have probably been taken to some hospital or infirmary, but in a few months have been discharged incurable. Cases of paralysis, of rheumatism, of asthma, of consumption, of cancer, and of scrofula in its many forms, are constantly treated thus.

Then they return home—and it is to sit or lie wearily year after year in the one room, on the hard straw bed or the broken wooden chair, with nothing pleasant to look at, and no one making any effort to soothe their pains. In winter they shiver with the cold, unable to buy clothing or food beyond the loaf which just keeps them alive.

Frequently they live alone, and the slow hours go day by day in unbroken solitude. Sometimes it is the mother who is ill, then the home is neglected, the children run wild, dirty, and in rags; they distress the invalid by their noise, and become a nuisance to the neighbours; and even worse, the husband grows careless about his ailing wife, and begins to wonder “how long she’ll last;” for her lengthened illness interferes with his personal comfort, and his house is a scene of confusion and misery.

Or perhaps it is the father himself who is the sufferer and unable to work. He has met with an accident, or from exposure to weather has become suddenly the victim of disabling rheumatism. Sup-



pose he is a street-hawker, and has only capital enough at his command, even if sober and industrious, to provide his stock from week to week, and out of the profits *just to live*. At the end of the first week of his being laid aside, that little capital has not been turned, but lived upon, and this happens at an unfortunate moment: possibly his wife is hourly expecting her confinement; they have but one room for birth-time and for illness, often but one bed; and even if the expectant mother should have made a little provision for her hour of trouble,—piece by piece the furniture will have to go *for food*, till “scarce a stick,” as the poor say, is left.

Now a little timely help from those who live in comfort in the next street (and who, we quite believe, would spare such help if they knew the need of it) might stay this daily increasing misery, and oh! how often prevent the breaking-up of such a household.

The above is no fancy sketch, not even if we add to the picture a sick boy in the corner, who fell down-stairs while mother was out, and hurt his spine or hip, upon which abscesses have been forming ever since, which no one around him has known how to manage. How each individual in this one room needs the immediate and temporary service of a *trained* nurse, who understands how to help them, and will come and do it skilfully and tenderly for Christ’s sake!

What a welcome such a family will give to the loving pitiful woman of their own class who will



day by day do for each sufferer what ought to be done, and tell them meanwhile of a Saviour and a Comforter in their sorrow whom they may think upon till she comes again. One might suppose that with the multitude of unemployed and ill-fed women around us, and the kind feeling that is natural to a great many of them, such a helper might be very readily found and further trained. Alas! no; experience proves that such women at present are rare, though it likewise shows that it is possible to cultivate and multiply them from a variety of Protestant sources.

The subject of woman's work for God appears to be coming every year more prominently before the Protestant Churches. The Church of Rome having always been aware of the value of such work in its ecclesiastical employment, has long diligently trained its female members in conventual houses to the service of rich and poor in entire submission to priestly guidance. Especially in the department of nursing work it has sent forth thousands of women who have rendered kind offices to the sick, and ministered in the hospitals of all countries. Their whole education, however, has taught them primarily and above everything to do service to the Church to which they belong, and in the course of that service they faithfully carry out to this day one of its great and vital mistakes—that of keeping away the Bible from all those whom they find opportunity to influence.

The Ritualist sisters of modern days were evidently



following the example in this respect of the "Sisters of Charity," and the perception of this particular feature in their otherwise useful ministrations brought forth the now seven-year-old experiment of sending "Biblewomen nurses" to the sick poor of London in their own homes; their name alone distinctly marking their intimate relation to the original body of Biblewomen, who gradually growing to the number of 200, have been at work in this metropolis for seventeen or eighteen years, sent forth from a centre connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Neither in garb nor in name are these nurses the missionaries of any exclusive Church; they are the humble workers of the universal CHURCH OF CHRIST. They know their Shepherd, and are safe while they follow HIM.

We intend to devote our introductory chapter especially to

#### THE WORK THAT WANTS THIS NURSE.

And we would here assure our readers that we shall group together *nothing but facts*, while we invite them to follow with us the steps of two or three of our devoted women, that they may have a full view of the need of their service. Let us go and see how the sick poor fare in the East of London, and in many another low district of the city.

In the first house we visit with the nurse is a widow unable to use her hand from an accident; yet her five children and her aged mother all depend



upon that disabled hand. Now Nurse has dressed just such a wound in hospital, and has her lotion and lint with her. In the underground kitchen is a poor shoemaker, his wife has been ill ten weeks; and their hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, as well as feeble voices, tell the tale of suffering from hunger and want of work. If well nursed and nourished, the wife may perhaps recover; the man himself had fever last summer and has never regained his strength. All they now depend on is what he can earn in carrying messages.

In the next room to them was an old woman ninety-two years old; it was most cheering to hear this old pilgrim conclude with us in her own simple way part of the 14th chapter of St John. On hearing her finish the sentence in the first verse, we waited for her at each other one.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions, if it were not so”——

(*Old woman.*) “I would have come *and a told yer so.*”

“I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am”——

(*Old woman.*) “You may *come and be also.*”

“I have nothing,” she said, “to stay in this world for.”

We replied, “You are only waiting till Jesus calls you home.”

“Yes; only waiting.”

Next room, top of same house, was a poor silk-weaver passing away. From his half-starved and sinking frame, no one on entering could be sure



a *man* was lying in bed; the silk-loom was stopped, the piece of silk begun, but never to be finished by the same hand. Turning to the sorrowful wife and daughter, whose faces were thin and white beyond our power to describe, their lips blue and eyes sunken, we said, "Do you work the loom?" "Oh no, only him; it seems so hard, after we had waited for that very work six weeks, as soon as he got it he began it, and was too ill to go on with it. It is silk for parasols, but he will never finish it."

Turning again to the poor man, who looked, I think, almost worse than any sick man I ever saw, I repeated two or three texts of Scripture, and prayed that the Lord would prepare him for what He had prepared for him, and then he said loudly—

"He's on my side, ma'am, the Lord's on my side."

It need scarcely be said how thankful we are for the means given us to relieve according to the command, "especially them that are of the household of faith."

In the next room was a widow with seven children, who some weeks since returned to their desolate home from the fever hospital; their thin forms and scanty clothing were most painful. They were engaged making skewers for tripe-shops, which are also used for cats' and dogs' meat. They buy their own wood, and when finished they receive only sixpence a hundred. The wood is in pieces about two inches thick, which the poor delicate mother saws through, and then chops ready for Polly, the eldest girl, who splits them first; the next, a boy about



eight, cuts them into splinters, and the two younger ones *point* them ready for use.

In another room was an old woman and her little grandchild making fusee-boxes, for which they receive threepence per gross. When *both* working at these all one day, and till twelve the next, the two can make four gross, for which, when done, as the old woman said, "these big uns [large ones] we get a shilling, while for little uns we get tenpence, and find our own paste."

And in another room we found Mrs H——, who was confined a week ago of her eighth child; six are living; the husband has very little work. The boy of eight and the girl of six make lucifer-match boxes. It was curious to watch the deft little fingers swiftly paste the paper, lay it on the wood, and double down the edges, quite neatly. Six gross of pieces go through their hands to make one gross of boxes, for which they get  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. Each child, if industrious for six hours, can make one gross; they then have to be tied up in dozens; the paste and string are not provided for them. They had not tasted meat for a long time, and their little faces looked as if they would be better for a good meal or two. Nurse therefore received 3s. 6d. to be expended for soup dinners, she undertaking to make the soup.

Our nurses can ask at our Mother-House for some warm petticoats for such little ones; and a few meals of meat and allowance of milk for a week or two may turn the scale for life instead of death with the children.



Here are John T—— and his wife. He has had contraction of the leg these twenty months. The breadwinner is laid aside. They are very poor, but cleanly. They have parish relief, four shillings weekly, but there are four children to share it. The wife attends one of our Mothers' Meetings, and so the case comes to light. He wears an instrument applied to his leg at the hospital, and is obliged to use crutches, which are not the right height, and need to be wadded and altered for him. This is done, and seven or eight visits are paid by our visiting-nurse, and assistance given to the man in meat, tea, and strengthening comforts. He is not yet a believer, but an inquirer after truth, and willing to welcome the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. It is not probable that the use of the limb ever can be recovered; and as health is now otherwise somewhat amended, a little money is being collected to help to improve him as a shoemaker. Though formerly only a porter, he can already make a rough pair of shoes; and the purchase of necessary materials and a little further instruction will help him to help himself.

Joseph L——. Wife an industrious charwoman. The man suddenly seized with rheumatic fever, and they are at ones badly off. His health is always feeble. They have been careful and saving in past days, but illness has pulled them back, and the man is found in a most exhausted state for want of nourishment. The doctor orders strong beef-tea, and even wine, and now considers the sufferer to have



been saved and recovered by the nourishment given from our Mission.

Our calls are very varied: cancer, consumption, results of accidents of every kind, meet us perpetually. In only one of the many claims made upon us as yet have we found any other person in attendance as a nurse, and the kind sister or neighbour has often been "astonished with joy" at the offer of a helping hand, and that of one who knows what is best to be done for the patient.

A woman who had formerly been the Biblewoman of a district, after an absence of four months in order to receive hospital training, was welcomed back by the people most heartily, with many a "God bless you, we are so glad to see you back again." She had a long list of patients to begin with; her superintending lady says: "Many, however, of the ailments only require advice respecting the kind of applications to be used to bad legs, burnt hands, sore throats, &c. One case has, and still does, interest us very much. The patient is a very respectable elderly woman, who has suffered more or less from rheumatic gout for thirteen years. The greater part of last winter she was confined to her bed—frequently entirely helpless.

"One foot was very distressing to her; it was considerably swollen, a large tender bunion was upon it, and the great toe so very sensitive that she could not bear the nail to be pared. Consequently it took an upward growth in the spring; it was over two inches in height, and resembled the young horn of an



animal. A medical man who had called occasionally to see her, looked at it, but only said, 'I must cut it off some day,' which to the poor woman was a dreadful idea, and always in prospect, while she could not bear it to be touched.

"When Nurse B—— came, I thought we might take it in hand. Bread poultices have been regularly applied twice daily for about a month. The swelling and the bunion have disappeared; the horn remains attached to the toe by a mere thread; a natural nail is forming, so we hope shortly the cause of so much pain will be removed.

"In this case rags and poultices have been given, and by a better diet of meat the woman's health is much improved. The frown of suffering has passed from her countenance, and her expressions of gratitude more than repay the care that has been bestowed upon her."

#### THE BABIES.

Then our itinerant nurse has always a heart for the babies. In many districts the majority of the mothers go out to work by day, at washing, ironing, charring, &c., consequently the babies are generally left in the care of very young children—in fact, in the care of other babies.

"In our visitation from house to house, we are constantly distressed with the scalds, burns, broken limbs, and emaciated forms of these little ones. The child left in charge frequently appropriates to itself the food left for the baby, and thus the little creature



drags out an existence of semi-starvation, unless death shortens it. The mortality of infants is considerable, doubtless arising from the want of maternal care.

“The depravity amongst our young women is very great. When children they have been kept from school to nurse the baby, therefore they can neither read nor write. But to return to the babies. A short time ago an infant was left in the care of a young girl, who took it to a field, and by some means the little creature’s leg was broken; its cries, supposed to arise from temper, procured for it several ‘severe beatings.’

“When dinner-time came they arrived at home, and the nurse calling in, discovered the melancholy cause of the little sufferer’s cries. The leg was much swollen, and for several days it had to undergo ‘treatment’ before it could be set.”

Further entries again show how much the poor need *teaching* to nurse themselves and their children.

“James M——, a little child two years old, was several weeks ago very ill with inflammation. The doctor ordered a plaster on the chest, a neighbour offered to make it, and the young mother thought it was right, and so a plaster of pepper, mustard, and vinegar was made *quite hot*, and kept on the child’s stomach till it caused a large open wound, when Nurse was sent to see it. About a fortnight before I went with her she did not think it could live, but she has applied bread-and-milk poultices, and lint and oil, and it is much better. The poor little creature lies in her



lap so patiently while she attends it, and seems quite to know her. It still has bronchitis, and its recovery is doubtful. The open wound is larger than the palm of a man's hand.

“Mrs C—— is an Irishwoman, very poor, scarcely anything for use. Nurse found her lying on the floor four days after confinement; she had no one with her but her little girl about thirteen years of age, who had that day tried to wash the baby. We had to bring clothes for it. Nurse found it on the bed with only a binder and shirt on, and all she could find to wash it in was a small sauce-tureen used for a sugar-basin. The poor woman is very grateful, and has promised to attend the Mothers' Meeting. The husband is a porter in F—— Market, and, alas! spends the greater part of his earnings in drink. Seeing a wife, however, in such circumstances for the first time in her life in a little comfort, has been the means of reforming more than one husband, for it has proved the beginning of reform in a household.”

Let us listen to the report of another nurse :—

“I went to see Mrs W——, a young woman confined with her first child, in much distress. Her husband sells fish about the streets. They are both Roman Catholics. One of my other patients told me of her. The child was only one day old when I went in and asked her if I could do anything for her.

“‘Oh,’ she said, ‘some one is coming to dress the baby presently.’

“Feeling sure this was not the case, I said, ‘I



am a nurse; you had better let me dress it, and do what I can for you: I shall not charge you anything.'

“ ‘Well, then, you shall,’ said she.

“ After washing and dressing the baby, and making Mrs W—— as comfortable as I could, I said, ‘I’ll go and bring you a little gruel.’ She thanked me heartily; and as I was going away she pulled out sixpence, and said, ‘Take that and buy a glass of stout for yourself.’

“ ‘Oh no, I never take any beer.’

“ ‘Then take a glass of gin.’

“ ‘Oh, dear, no, I never take anything of the sort, nor will I take your money.’

“ ‘Well,’ she said, ‘you are kind; I never heard of such a thing as a stranger to come and do all this for me for nothing.’

“ I went several times after that, and got her to subscribe for a Bible. She said she should like to read it, and she was sure she would never get any harm in doing so. She could not understand how it was that kind ladies sent nurses to help the poor in this way. The poor always had to give money if they wanted anything done for them. The husband also was very grateful, and often wanted me to take a mackerel home for my tea.

“ Nurse got her a warm petticoat from the Mother-House, and a suit of baby-clothes. The suit she has since offered to return nicely washed. She says she never had received such kindness before from any one.



“About eight months ago,” says Nurse N——, “I visited Mrs S—— for the first time. She had been confined only a few days and lay without any means to get nurse or nourishment for herself or family. Neither herself nor husband pleaded poverty, but the sight of them was enough. I asked him if he had work.

“‘Well, not much at present, but I shall soon have plenty.’

“There was a calmness on the face of the wife I could not then account for, but have done so since. I asked if I could do anything for them. They thanked me, saying the husband waited on the wife.

“‘Can I wash baby?’ said I.

“‘Ah, if you would. I have been wondering what I should do with *her*.’

“I did so, and promised to call on the morrow. They were evidently people above the lower class, and in going in day by day I learned more of their history. Having permission from my lady, before leaving I offered a trifle to get some food. I was sorry almost directly after, thinking I had given offence, the husband looked so strangely. I told the wife it was unintentional if I had affronted them.

“She said, ‘Oh no, my husband is only so grateful and so surprised, for we have spent our last shilling; but I felt sure God would not leave us—He never has.’

“I saw the tears in the poor fellow’s eyes, and they were tears of joy. He had failed in business,



and had obtained a job now and again from a man who knew his circumstances, and was taking every advantage of him. He was almost spiritless from oppression and remorse, for drink had been the first cause of his troubles.

“His wife had been married to him contrary to the wish of a Christian mother, and to hide her misery she had left all and come to London to suffer alone; she had not heard from her relations for years, and they did not even know where she was. The room they occupied they had lived in twice before, having parted with all their furniture (except a bed) to the landlord at about half the cost. He used to lend them money to be repaid with interest, that is to say, five shillings for every pound, and of course they could never get out of debt. At the time I called they owed 30s., and had to pay 6s. 6d. per week for the poor room. All they could do was partly to satisfy the usurer, and the wife says they must have been there now but for the help rendered by our Mission. She did cry to God, and she knew He heard her; she should never forget my visit.

“On recounting this to my superintendent, she lent me 30s. to pay the rent, which was to be repaid at 2s. 6d. per week. I must say they never failed, the money was always cheerfully ready. Our Mission also lent 30s. to enable them to get their bed, which was pawned; and when they had paid all they owed in the neighbourhood (not before), they moved, without having a chair or table, a box or two serving the purpose, in preference to living in debt. This



plainly showed them people of good principle who would overcome their troubles with timely help. The husband is now a total abstainer, as is the wife. They attend the house of God. A situation has since been procured for him, and his employer, a Christian man, says he finds his influence is so good with his fellow-workmen. His wife tells me he never thinks of going to bed without falling on his knees, a thing she has not known him to do for years; in fact, she says he is quite changed. 'We were never such companions before, we never seemed to understand each other until now.' I am happy to say she is thinking of paying a visit to her home once again, and she has received a letter from her brother.

"The last visit I paid them I saw they had bought two new chairs and a table; it is quite a pleasure to call, the baby looks so well and all seem so changed."

We had not been long engaged in this "hospital work" outside all hospitals, before we learned that the nurses thus employed would need to be most truly devoted, self-denying, conscientious, working women, and that nothing but acting under the eye of their Divine Master FOR HIS sake, and *in His strength*, could carry them through the self-sacrifice in many cases required of them. The mere administration of food or relief is a very small part of their duty. They have constantly to fight with disease born of dirt and neglect. One of the Biblewomen writes:—



“I should like to say a few words about our faithful Nurse. Every person she has attended on my district speaks very gratefully of her. I must mention one instance, that of an old woman over eighty years of age. The Biblewoman of the next district put the name in the book kept for the purpose in our Mission-room. Nurse went to the room and found the poor old woman all covered up, so that her face was not to be seen. She would not answer any questions or take the rag from off her head. Nurse fearing she was out of her mind, thought before touching her she would ask me to be with her. She came for me in my dinner hour; I went with her, and we found, upon removing the cloth thrown over her head, this poor creature to be in a most deplorable state from dirt and vermin. She told us she had not been washed for seven weeks. I and Nurse came back to my room and got hot water, soap, and towel, and returned and washed her all over. She had no clothing of any kind to wear in bed, but I found the garments she required, and an old sheet, for she had not one. After washing her and cleaning the bed in the best way we could, her delight and surprise at the change more than repaid us for our trouble. She said, ‘The Lord sent you to me; the Lord bless you both, you are dear angels.’ She is very deaf, so that it is impossible to read to her or converse much with her; but she appears to be very happy, and often speaks of ‘that blessed hour when it shall please God to call her home.’ She had been for many years a servant in Lady M——’s household,



from whom she still receives kind help when the family are in London; and so far as we can gather from what she has told us, we think her present miserable condition has arisen from illness and inability to wait upon herself, and not having very honest and sober or kind neighbours in the house to do anything for her. It took a fortnight thoroughly to cleanse her skin."

A lady who in a medical capacity visited some of these cases with our nurses for three or four years, has frequently given us very graphic sketches of the need of their services. One of them was as follows:—

#### FORSAKEN BY EVERYBODY.

"Up a dark, filthy stair, with here and there a glimmer of light, which served to show that neither wall nor baluster was in a condition to be touched; so, gathering our clothes around us, we picked our way in the best manner possible to the attic door.

"Nurse knocked; no answer. 'She must be at home—she cannot get out,' and Nurse gently opened the door.

"The noise awoke the inmates, and first was seen a round-faced, chubby child about eighteen months old, then a boy of five, and then, gathering herself up from the heap of rags upon which they all had been asleep, came a woman slowly limping across the room. Her appearance made one shudder: clad in rags, a face disfigured with scars and sores, looking very worn and old. In polite language, and with



rather a pleasant voice, she apologised for being asleep, but having had no rest the night before, after dinner she had lain down and gone to sleep.

“Dinner in this room! where, although a pane was entirely gone from the window, and the cold air came freshly in, the stench was such that it was difficult to breathe. Nurse had called before, but did not know where or how to commence her work, there was so much to be done; the face, an arm and leg, were almost raw with wounds, and in such a disgusting condition that it was no easy matter to touch them.

“Mrs F—— is thirty-nine—had been a pretty woman. Thirteen years ago she had a fibrous tumour cut from the calf of her left leg. From the time of the operation she has had a succession of abscesses, and her general health failed, and she became subject to fainting fits. Five years ago she received a letter telling of the sudden death by drowning of her daughter, ten years old. She fainted, and falling on the fire, was severely burned. Her face, neck, arm, and thigh were all much burned. She was in Guy’s Hospital eighteen months, came out with the wounds unhealed, and so they remain. The whole of the limb to the ankle is a mass of ulcers. The poor creature says she has been forsaken by everybody. Her face and arm are covered with scabs or raw surface, so that she is a frightful spectacle. Always weak and ill, she ‘has let things go.’ She rents two miserable closets at the top of a wretched house, and pays 3s. a week for them.



“So far as doing work is concerned, she is as helpless as if she were paralysed, and the stench from her wounds and the horror of her appearance prevent assistance from her neighbours. Her husband is a cooper, but having a lame hand, he earns but 16s. a week. The eldest son, eighteen, lives at home, and gives 10s. a week for his board and lodging; but he is a tall fellow of six feet, and has an appetite which would devour far more than can be set before him. Mrs F—— was married when sixteen, has had twenty-one children (twins three times); there are but the three named above living; the girl of eighteen months is not yet weaned, the mother not having strength to combat with the little creature, who strikes hard and hurts when she is not nursed. All the washing has to be put out, and a woman comes to scrub the rooms twice a week; so 3s. goes for rent, 2s. 6d. for washing, 1s. 2d. for cleaning, 1s 6d. for coals: there is not much left for food and clothes. Last year F—— was out of work three months, and they pawned many things. A ‘friend’ lent them some money after this fashion, and it seems as if they cannot get free. Every Monday morning they borrow 15s., and pay it back on the Saturday evening with 1s. 3d. interest. This being continued for many months, their poverty each week increases, until now Mrs F—— and the two little ones are almost without clothes, the old furniture cannot be repaired or removed, and the room and its inhabitants seem altogether wretched. If a sovereign could be lent, the money now paid for



interest would be thankfully repaid every week to clear off the loan. [The sum mentioned was given.]

“It is impossible to describe the gratitude of this poor afflicted creature at the prospect of Nurse’s help. She has not had her right arm washed for more than three years; she could not do it herself, and her husband gets sick when he sees the wounds, so the only thing she could do was that once a week her son would *tear* off the dry hard rags, and cover the raw bleeding wounds with a clean bit. While Nurse was washing the wounds, the poor woman said, ‘I could go to sleep, it is so comforting. I have not slept for two hours at one time for many months back.’”

The sympathy that was shown to this case by many who read of it prove how many have warm hearts of love towards the destitute poor, and truly that *was* a case of rescue. One kind lady and her servants sent a suit of clothing they had made for her, while others sent provision for bedding and restoration of furniture. “It is almost impossible to describe the happy change which took place in the poor creature; the wounds on her face and chest were quite healed, and the right arm so much better that she could bend the elbow and draw out her needle, so that she was able to do a little sewing. Her children’s frocks and pinafores were mended, and they were looking quite tidy. Her expressions of thankfulness were very fervent. ‘No words can tell what a blessing and a comfort Nurse has been, not only to myself, but to my family. Now my



husband likes to have something cooked for his dinner; before, he would often be content with a bit of bread and cheese, as he did not like to eat anything which I had handled.' Though not yet quite free from the noisome effluvia, the room is certainly not in its *old* offensive condition. 'Since Nurse came to me,' she said, 'I have not fainted once; before, I was constantly falling and hurting myself.' Mrs F—— has even been able to do a little washing, and has been once to market. The extreme pain is gone from her leg, and she is able to limp along with a small degree of ease, and is so much stronger that she can lift her little girl up on to her knee."

A subsequent entry concerning this patient is:—  
“‘Forsaken by Everybody’ is become quite bonny and brisk, her latest achievement having been to paper her room. The right arm can now be stretched out and lifted to her head, and all the wounds, excepting those on her leg, are cured. She acknowledges fully the goodness of God in healing her through our timely help, and says she feels quite lifted up out of her misery.”

#### A STUDY FOR THE RICH.

Mrs C—— is about sixty years of age. One of our nurses has visited her for three years. She is so severely paralysed that it is wonderful she can do anything for herself. She used to be a monthly nurse in very respectable families, and supported



herself well in this way till seized with paralysis, when she was obliged to give up everything. The attack came on from an accident, she having been run over by a gentleman's carriage some years ago; and this gentleman has ever since allowed her ten shillings per quarter, which with two shillings a week from the parish is all she had to subsist upon. The whole of one side is completely useless. Yet she manages to keep her room tidy. She has a hard broom which she uses with one hand, and wrings her flannel with this one hand and her teeth; in this way she washes her clothes; and it is astonishing to see her contrivances for helping herself, and keeping her place and person clean and tidy. It takes her an hour to go to the Mothers' Meeting, just dragging herself along a distance I could go in five minutes; but she is seeking the Lord so earnestly that she does not mind the fatigue. Sometimes the "mothers" at the meeting will give her a halfpenny or a penny; and so she manages, often reduced to the last extremity, and then, as she says, "The Lord supplies my need," and with a thankful heart she keeps on her way.

#### CONTRASTS.

The contrasts between our rich and poor in London recently presented themselves to the mind of a young Swiss lady while paying her first visits, in company with one of our nurses in a neighbouring district, to St Giles's; we had selected it for her visitation



because of the many foreigners to be found in the locality. She thus described her impressions :—

“In a cellar, where to recognise us the poor mother was obliged to light a feeble little lamp, I saw lying on a miserable bed a man in the last stage of consumption. He was a French refugee, and his wife, an Englishwoman, wept at his pillow, with a baby in her arms and two other children by her side. Poor little ones, living in gloom and silence in this asylum of suffering and destitution, all smiles had fled from their faces! The sick father, frightfully meagre, with long black hair and beard, hollow eyes and face ashy pale, made us understand by signs (he was too feeble to speak) how hard he found his bed; a terrible and pestiferous ulcer caused him cruel pain.

“I spoke to him a few words of comfort in French. God grant that he may seize the plank of safety offered to him, and look with faith to the cross of Christ. I shall never forget the look of intense anguish which spread over his gaunt features when I said to him, ‘How much you must have suffered!’ After the nurse had decided what to do to comfort him, and prayer had been offered for him, I left with an aching heart.”

After chronicling other cases in different ways as distressing, our young friend passes suddenly into Oxford Street, and finds herself in the midst of the splendid shops, all the more striking to her as fresh from her native hills. “I saw them,” she says, “filled with delicate and costly ball-dresses; and, in contrast to the appalling scenes of misery I had just witnessed, they seemed to me only hideous pre-



parations for frivolity. 'Am I, indeed,' I said to myself, 'in the same world? Can it be that a little more or a little less money separates society into two camps?' It is complained of many young girls in easy circumstances that they are melancholy and sick with imaginary grievances—that they want to 'kill their time.' Oh that they would come and walk through Soho and St Giles's, and learn how to spend both their time and their money! It would cure them of a thousand megrims to care for but one of those Bible-women nurses."

It is an awful contrast to walk up the West End streets of this great city, and see how the art and ingenuity of the age has been fostered by a series of International Exhibitions, till every nerve is strained to amass all the treasures of nature in aid of feminine adornment! The windows glittering with intensest colour—stolen from gem, and bird, and flower, and fly. People of all incomes walk in velvet, and lace and furs, whose price was once considered only to befit high station. Our whole nation is become luxurious, and it is shown in the tone of common dress and showy costume—adopted, alas! from the model of those who only glitter to destroy. Everything is in vogue that is unnatural, and extravagant, and false—false gold, false pearls, false hair.

And then to turn from this to the courts and alleys of the East End of our city. If the comfortable classes walked *there* daily, it would surely diminish somewhat of what they have to spend on vain adornment.



Is it said that luxury is good for trade?

Nay, it is not the scant wages of this finery on which the starving poor can look with joy. "Two-pence halfpenny a dozen for bead girdles one with another!" "Half-a-crown for twelve dozen of them—and eyesight lost in the black work," work from six in the morning till long after midnight! Our Christian women should learn to question the trickery sold so cheap, for it is mostly ground out of the poor, and the righteous Judge may require all this of the vendors, and the wearers also.

There is a better way to spend money on this sorrowful earth for those who look upward to join those gone before; those who are "clothed upon" with their "house which is from heaven," with the palm in their hands, the white robe and the crown. Shall we ever know our Christian sisters here below by their coming out and being separate in simplicity of general attire, which the painter and the poet would say is more truly elegant?

"We sent home yesterday a mantle whose price was 100 guineas," says the fashionable shopkeeper. Think what that 100 guineas would have done in the abodes of poverty this winter!

#### WHAT WE LEARNED IN OUR FIRST YEAR'S VISITS.

We could, of course, multiply instances of THE WORK THAT WANTS THE NURSE in the poor streets of a great city—the nurse, itinerant or ambulatory, passing from house to house, and repeating her visits day by day while needed.



The poor in their one room seldom need a person watching with them all day, and they cannot afford to feed her; but they *do* want the mercy of the skilled hand that can cleanse and dress their wounds, refresh the bed on which they lie so wearily, and supply the clean linen and utter the precious Word of God, or the simple solemn prayer to Him to bless the means and heal His servants, and then leave them quiet to muse upon the truth that "whom He loveth He chasteneth," while the nurse speeds on to comfort some other poor neglected creature, and to render the after-visit of the pastor, or of the doctor, or of the Christian lady, so much more possible and serviceable.

One of the first things we learned affecting such a nurse passing from house to house, was the division of the work that she could do, from that which she could *not*.

She could not, *unless set apart to it*, nurse infectious disease, because she would of course spread it from one family to another. Measles, smallpox, scarlatina, and contagious fever were therefore beyond her bounds, though she might in many cases carry help to the door, and give most useful previous instruction to the poor mothers how in such cases to nurse their own children.

A very wide circle of non-contagious disease remained in her care. Bad legs, incident to the much standing of the labouring classes; cancer, tumours, dropsy, abscesses, ulcers, skin-diseases, accidents, fractures, and all other wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; a great part of them uncared



for, except as the sufferers were out-patients of hospitals, and served by ignorant relatives. Such cases alone presented an unending field for the practice of all the nursing that could be learned in the surgical wards of hospitals; while paralysis, epilepsy, rheumatic fever, with affections of the heart, spine, lungs, stomach, and liver, developed in young and old by bad smells and unfavourable conditions and atmosphere of lodging, are always swelling the list; besides which there again remained the important department of the "prevention which is better than cure," in the case of poor mothers recovering from their confinements; teaching them how to care for themselves and their babes at a period when suffering so perpetually arises from the want of that care.

#### WHERE IS THIS NURSE TO COME FROM?

During the oversight of thirteen years' visitation of the lowest parts of London by the Biblewomen who serve in the Bible and Domestic Female Mission, we had noticed that there was no natural gift in a poor woman more popular and welcome, even in the worst neighbourhoods, than the gift of nursing—such as it might be. "A neighbourly person," ready to lend a hand in sickness or accident, can be found in every street, and the roughest set of people always seek her services. We had long been struck with the duty of looking out for these "nurses born," and making use of them to a much greater extent in their own particular district, in connection



with the Biblewoman, whose time they might save, and spare for her own particular evangelising kind of work.

It is with dirt we first want our good women to grapple, and disease born of dirt. The Biblewoman begins this conflict; but, in proportion as she succeeds, the details of help overpower her, and she wants this follower—a matronly, kindly, tidy body—who will win the elder girl of a household to take a pride in the appearance of her little brothers, and of her hard-worked mother's room; who will be ever proving to her poor friends the medicinal powers of pure water and fresh air, of clean clothing and comfortable bedding, and putting them in the way to obtain them.

Now we had learned in our first Bible Mission that there is some woman in every mothers' class who might be cultivated into this blessing to a neighbourhood; and she should be sought for, and proved. If she be a loving child of God, how many an opportunity may she have to drop the word in season, and to bring the sufferer to Christ. We knew a woman who at forty-six years of age was herself changed from a meagre, downcast, passionate, noisy wife, to what she afterwards became in the Biblewoman's Mission-room. The new calling of a nurse actually gave her health and strength. She took up the work that lay at her door, *under direction*, with sevenfold power. The poor have been trained for work directly they have turned to God through their trials. They live in a practical school, and they



should always be occupied in helping each other to help themselves.

When dear Agnes Jones was with us in our London Bible-work for nine months as a voluntary lady helper in 1861, we often thought how many of the Biblewomen might have been trained for nurses to the poor; and as nursing was *her* lifelong vocation, she seemed the very person to have done it; but no Mother-House was then offered to us, neither did our warmest hopes anticipate such provision. Our dear friend was called elsewhere, but how would she have rejoiced to see the day when it should be proved that a native agency of NURSES for the poor in their own homes can be found and trained from among themselves.

Oh! how very often the Biblewoman had wished that some one who knows what she knows about the way the soul can be saved, and who would not teach the people to put the Virgin Mary, or priest, or Church, or any good, kind works, in the place of Christ—how very often she had wished that a skilled and tender motherly nurse could *follow her on her rounds, and take up her cases*. Many a hand's turn and many a bit of sympathising help did she give herself not in the list of her duties, and, we often heard, sat up at night too with the sick of her own accord. But this is against our rules; it wearies her for her day's work, and is neither fair to herself nor to other departments of our Mission if it happens often.

And then, how she did long to go and borrow or



beg a sheet or blanket, or a little arrowroot or jelly, or rag! Ah! and did it too in spite of rules—of rules made in order that she shall not be looked for merely as a minister of temporal good, when *her* errand is to be a soul-seeker.

“I might spend all my time with my sick ones,” says a Biblewoman; “and if I were but allowed to beg for them, how many things the rich might spare, if they only knew the need.”

Now the latter wish could not be listened to, and yet we are sure that the larger proportion of those who have heard and accepted the message of salvation from our Biblewomen, have heard it when they were sick and afflicted. The fervent prayer then offered, the friendly hand of help, the utter forgetfulness of having formerly received contempt and hard words from the sufferer, has won many a heart, and shown that illness is often permitted of our heavenly Father to induce the listening ear and lead to the healing of the soul.

But of course while a Biblewoman stays with one patient, and fills the lack of service toward a fellow-creature in pain and agony, she cannot be about her duties elsewhere, and her primary duty of evangelising in one room after another is stayed for that occasion.

We had long, therefore, thought that the BIBLE MISSION needed *a second arm*, composed of our most tried and trusty women, who might, superadded to a natural faculty for nursing, receive sufficient training and discipline to make of them faithful and skilled



assistants when medical attendance was required by the poor, who might also be capable of averting illness by timely and simple sanitary measures, best introduced, like the Bible itself, by homely women to mothers of their own class, whom they might often teach how to prevent sickness or to deal with it before any aid beyond their own is to be had.

HOW CAME IT THAT WE HAD A MOTHER-HOUSE  
AND BIBLEWOMEN NURSES ?

It came of God's providing to a Mission that had found the work that wanted such a nurse.

London is such a wide field that it affords room for every kind of effort, while the need of nurses is so great that in all quarters Nurses' Homes are continually arising, which are sure to be governed according to the principles of the founders; and of late there are happily *a few* which aim to present the advantages of Ritualistic "Sisterhoods" without their evils.

All good agents belonging to these are already perpetually occupied, and are most often called for *by those who can pay for their service*. We had seen, however, that there was still room for an experiment somewhat varying from any already tried, and to this also a HOUSE was necessary. A house NOT of residence for the nurses, but to provide for them needful supplies and directions, while they themselves live out in the world's great hospital (like the



Biblewomen), and are devoted without exception to the *gratuitous* nursing of the very poor.

We had not pleaded with our friends for this house, we had not even dreamed ourselves in possession of its aid to our former work, but the time was come to have it, and, as in all the previous history of this Mission, in due time God has provided it.

A gentleman called upon us about New-Year's Day in the year 1868, saying that he wished to help the Bible Mission, of which he had long read with interest, and had even tried to support one or two of its agents; but whenever work was commenced other friends were found willing to take it up, and the need for *his* help had ceased. He had an idea that it would be good to provide a house in the country, or by the sea, where our workers might in turn rest and refresh themselves, six or seven together, and each for a fortnight in the year. The projection was a pleasing one, but it could not have been worked out *by us*, as other kind friends occasionally plan for such rest and refreshment both in the country and at the sea, while many of the women prefer to spend their holiday in the houses of their own relatives or friends. The need of a MOTHER-HOUSE, to be situated near the present centre of the Mission, at once flashed upon us, for the comfort of the sick, and for serving as a *second* centre necessary to the setting apart of a corps of nurses, *of women who had already been Biblewomen*; and from that moment the idea has been expanding—stimulated not a little by the Romanising influence



now always increasing in our districts, which endeavours by all manner of gifts and temporal promises to induce the poor to shut their doors upon their true friends, the BIBLEWOMEN.

The gentleman above mentioned and his lady generously offered to provide for us this MOTHER-HOUSE, which when taken they caused to be thoroughly cleansed and suitably furnished for all purposes concerning the NURSE department of the Mission. They also undertook the entire current expenses of its local management for a certain period, and the new centre being thus unexpectedly provided, we had only to seek for the right agents, to secure for them hospital training for their peculiar duties, and to obtain from other sympathising friends the funds which should enable us to offer their service free of cost to the sick poor. We have now to recount what seven years have seen accomplished.

Of course these first seven years have been experimental; we saw the want, but had to ascertain the welcome. We had to test the physical as well as the mental powers of the NURSE, as well as the fruits of her four months' training; how many cases she could ordinarily visit in a day, and the kind and quantity of supplies which she would find it needful to administer; how far, also, she could be brought into useful relation to the medical men of the district, whether hospital, dispensary, or parish doctors.

We had also to find how far the new offshoot would take from the strength or add to the value of the original root, the Mission of the Biblewomen,



whether our superintending ladies would look kindly upon it, and what *separate* help would arise for it in donations, or by personal effort of Lady-Superintendents of its own; also, whether ladies would train themselves to superintend a *trained* nurse, and provide and chronicle her supplies for the patients. Finally, and this was a very important point, how far the Biblewomen would *work together* with their new sisters, endowed with some powers of relief, which to themselves had been generally denied, lest the Bible Mission should cease to be eminently one of self-help, but which many of them were very apt to wish for, amid the mass of misery which confronts them in their daily labours.

These queries, and some others, the reader, if induced to proceed further with the simple narratives here collected together, will, we hope, find resolved.



*CHAPTER II.*

THE KIND OF NURSE WANTED.



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A godly woman who works for Christ's sake, and as in His sight—  
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Which, however, must have its own special CENTRE for the sake  
of oversight—The duties of a Superintending Lady—Stores for the  
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funeral.



## THE KIND OF NURSE WANTED.

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WE did not find these agents at once and to the extent we expected among those already enrolled on the list of our Biblewomen. Not more than half-a-dozen were willing to enter upon the hospital training, and to venture on untried paths. Not even the strong temptation of carrying nourishment and clothing to their destitute sick moved them as a body, but the few who were ready to embrace the offer made a good beginning of the new agency.

Since that time, from among the candidates who weekly apply to us for Bible-work, we have always selected and set apart such as would afterwards seem suitable to take the training of a nurse, and it is an encouraging fact that such candidates are frequently women who have first been led to Christ in our Mothers' classes. We seek first a godly woman, unencumbered if possible with family cares of her own, and yet having a motherly and missionary heart. If she has a single boy or girl, they may be cared for all day at school. She must be a woman who desires to work for the Lord and IN HIS SIGHT, and to whom no work is displeasing FOR HIS SAKE.



We employ her first in Bible-work for three months amongst our lowest poor ; this shows us if she has sympathy and tact in delivering the message from God, which she will afterwards especially require in dealing with the sick, and it also gives us space to test her *truthfulness* and *integrity*, which must also be above suspicion.

Next, of course, comes hospital training ; and if this woman has the ready hand, the quiet tongue, and the teachable disposition, she will be very soon found useful *even while she is being trained*—to soothe sufferings, to facilitate cure, to prepare and apply all kinds of dressings ; to lift the bedridden, or to move them in their bed, and to make it in the easiest way. She must reckon no service that is needful distasteful, and learn to perform *all that is required in Miss Nightingale's list of duties* ; and although a far longer probation is considered requisite for a nurse in hospital, still *the fit woman* who goes with a mind to learn all she can, will pick up much useful knowledge in three months ; quite as much as *we* have found required *for our purpose*, and will then often be able to teach the poor in various ways *how to nurse themselves*, which is by no means an unimportant part of her duty.

To her training in the surgical and medical wards we add that of passing three or four weeks in a lying-in hospital ; and even after that we cannot feel full confidence in a nurse till we have proved her by her practice in our Bible districts, for the women themselves often say that they learn in the first six



weeks after they begin their outdoor work *more* than they ever learned in the hospital; and still the hospital is the indispensable preparation.

Perhaps the helpful hand exists *not far away from almost every sufferer*, if it were won to help, and taught how to do it. Miss Nightingale says that nearly every nation is before England in this matter, viz., in providing for the sick at home.

She also says—

“One of the chief uses of an hospital, though almost entirely neglected up to the present time, is to train nurses for nursing the sick at home.”

From the first six nurses on our staff, who had been our own long-trying and trusty Biblewomen, after they had also received their training in hospital, we learned somewhat to classify our patients.

And first there were the out-patients of hospitals.

We should like to lead our readers to feel interested in all the large London hospitals. To this end it is needful (for the sake of some particular sufferer perhaps) to penetrate into the seclusion of these palaces of pain; and let us think a little on the service of the sick within the walls of these places endowed for the perpetual use of sufferers.

What is involved in this *perpetual use*?

Long lines of pale and suffering faces (although many of them not without an expression of present comfort and repose) of those who have no homes in which they can be nursed, laid aside from their daily work and earnings, often entirely helpless and hopeless of cure. Some of them, however, are daily



passing out of the hospital restored to health, while others are passing away for ever.

One is apt to pity the departing soul on whose last struggles with the pains of death that row of sufferers must gaze, and to pity almost as much the constant spectators themselves; but it should be remembered, also, that it might be worse to die untended utterly, in the midst of dirt, noise, and confusion, as many a patient would *but* for the hospital. Besides, by far the larger number of those admitted recover, and most of them feel that they are well fed and kindly nursed, and have all done for them that can be done; for the vigilant eye of the sister of the ward regulates their treatment, while the doctor constantly visits and records their state.

We ought to sympathise with those who are devoted to the service of the sick in hospitals; always obliged to breathe their air, to dress their wounds, to listen to their woes—year after year. You wonder that so many people are found willing to do it, yet often a calm and pleasant-looking “Sister of the Ward” will tell you that she has held her responsible position for ten or fifteen years; she came in as a patient, remained as a nurse, and has risen to this larger oversight, and is therefore in possession of the little central room which denotes her universal authority in this slip of dominion, and which looks in general a bright and cheery corner for rest when she can take it, though her office involves that she must almost “sleep with one eye open.” Her cell seems



often lighted up by a few flowers or a bird. In some wards we have seen the comfort of a sister's kitten allowed to a sick man, and the refreshment of pictures, and even a case of ferns, for the patients, are occasionally favoured by the influence of a lady matron, who seems impressed with the value of such addenda in the provision for the suffering sick poor.

In most of our hospitals you will see a Bible at the head of each bed, out of which any visitor may read *to the one* person they visit; and we have heard from many an invalid in the next bed, who has had no visitor, that they have been better for such reading.

But while an annual report of St Bartholomew's, the oldest of our London hospitals, speaks of over 6000 patients as admitted, cured, and discharged in one year, it speaks also of attendance during the same space of time on 71,000 *out-patients*. Such "attendance," however, includes chiefly the service and medicine administered in the waiting-room, where the large number of applicants makes their "waiting" very long. They often undergo operations of more or less importance, which, if not of sufficient magnitude to warrant their being received into the hospital, often need the attendance of the nurse, who has been trained to such dressing and cleansing of the wound as will ensure the successful result of the doctor's treatment. And, alas! in the homes of many, the helpful hand is not found. Our nurses have often discovered a piece of dirty ticking, or even sacking, aggravating an open sore, and how gladly have they



displaced it with the soft lint or clean old rag and healing lotion which our kind friends supply to the Mother-House for their use.

We at one time tried the experiment of placing a box of envelopes addressed to the Central Office of our Mission, in the rooms of one or two of the medical men who attend to the out-patients of Guy's Hospital; but we do not wish to be directed to cases requiring merely relief. These envelopes were meant to facilitate the appointment of one of our nurses to any cases in which nursing care is required, and the aid is often gladly accepted; for where is the soft rag and the pillow, and the quiet corner, and the kind and gentle word to soothe the nervous terror, perhaps, of the poor suffering child or agonised mother, or strong man who has no woman to look after him? It is miserably lacking day by day in our hundreds of poor streets.

#### THE DOCTORS.

Our Nurse Mission is now certainly growing in favour every day with the doctors who are made aware of it, which is often accomplished by the intervention of the Pioneer, who visits fortnightly with each nurse when there is no Lady-Superintendent, and monthly even when there is. A medical man sometimes gives up a poor case because he finds the relatives so incapable or unwilling to carry out his directions. In a recent instance we were told the parish doctor never would come, and Nurse herself



believed it useless to ask him. The Nurse Pioneer, however, called on him, saying it would greatly relieve Nurse if he would see the case, as she felt it such a responsibility, and we would ensure that his instructions should be obeyed. He came in a most kind manner, and told Nurse he would supply all the lotion she wanted. He also allows linseed-meal, which saves the supply from the Mother-House. And Nurse now tells us (as indeed we know) that her expenses for medical comforts, supplies, &c., are not half what they were a short time since. We are always most thankful to take hold of the link with a kind and considerate doctor.

One of the doctors at St Thomas's Hospital is greatly assisting our Mission by giving trusses for our hernia cases, and often admitting as in-patients those who, but for his influence, would remain outdoor sufferers. He takes personal interest in these poor people, and will go through the wards with our nurse trying to find beds for them, and they are admitted by a paper from him directly a vacancy occurs.

As regards the fruits of the training received by our nurses, we could now collect from very many sources the testimony of doctors who visit the poor, to the quality of service rendered by them to the poor. This is of continually increasing amount and value. We are not permitted to have our candidates trained at St Thomas's Hospital, as no training is given there for less than two years; but one of the surgeons has kindly allowed our nurses to bring six or eight of their patients at a time for treatment, and



paid them special attention. In a recent case he operated on a diseased finger, and calling our nurse, gave her particular instructions concerning it, and directed the dressings to be given to her. The next time patient went, all was going on well, and the verdict concerning her care was, "Capital."

Our women are very generally considered to do credit to all the instruction they receive for three months in Guy's Hospital, and for one month in a lying-in hospital, and it is acknowledged that we have selected the right sort of women for training. One of the resident surgeons at Guy's writes us "that he has always had a high appreciation of the system of nursing the sick poor which we have been instrumental in carrying out, and that no system is likely to succeed that is not based on similar principles."

Our nurses are often told by the young doctors from the hospitals, "Why, you are just the people we want. We can't tell the poor folks what to do with their babies, and often have to leave them in the charge of some drunken 'Sairey Gamp;' we only wish there were more of *you*."

Some of our readers may perhaps make a few such remarks as a doctor lately did, when about to commence his professional work with one of our nurses:—

"A Biblewoman nurse! why, what a name! Pray tell me, is she to be always preaching?" Our reply is, "She is not to 'preach' at all, but find the right moment for quietly 'teaching' what it most concerns a sick or dying person to know."



“ Well ! must she read and pray with every one, and every time she goes near them throw the Bible at their heads ? ”

“ Suppose you wait and see if she does not find the way for its truths to their hearts. You will find her conscientious and faithful (for the Bible’s sake) in following out your orders. Give her credit, to begin with, for a little common sense besides.”

“ Well, I hope I am not always to call her Bible-woman Nurse ? Nurse is quite long enough for me.”

“ You need not, and her patients do not ; but when you find her value, you can remember that such has been her training.”

Besides the out-patients of hospitals, every day’s experience taught us more about the sorrowful garrets and alleys in countless streets, where the sick lay unwashed and their wounds undressed, save once a week perhaps, and then how poorly accomplished ! We saw how many long sicknesses are suffered, and how many lives lost, for want of some early and simple care ! and that one of the chief aims of our Nurse must be to show the mother, wife, or sister what very likely no one ever taught them before—how to nurse themselves, and then the sick ; and very often how to save the need of being nursed.

We also found that, as in the BIBLE-MISSION, it was most important to keep this kind of nurse-agency marked by CHRISTIAN UNION, and that these nurses should never be known merely as coming from this church, or that chapel. We do truly believe that in dealing with the lowest poor who have escaped



hitherto the nets of all "fishers of men," we must *work together*, simply on the ground of the delivery of God's message from His written Word, which we each and *all* believe and prize; and we believe that the net cast from *that* shore, at the Lord's own bidding, in His own words, would enclose so vast a multitude as to astonish the fishers, like Peter of old; and the men and the women gained for Christ, would also soon fill the churches of every denomination.

In the space of seven years, by the blessing of God, and on the foundation of our first regularly-organised and attested Mission, there has arisen a second Institution, with its appropriate adjuncts, capable of indefinite extension; and an already wide and practical field for the employment of humble and conscientious Christian women is at once enlarged. "Such women are always a treasure," says a medical man. There is room everywhere for any number of them. A new field opens also for *voluntary* Christian helpers who will train themselves to superintend these nurses; but this deserves a separate heading.

#### WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF THE LADY-SUPERINTENDENT OF A BIBLEWOMAN-NURSE?

The Lady-Superintendent should always take the opportunity to place the Nurse in right relation to local medical advice; and then we hear perpetually of the welcome given to the "quiet, steady, sober woman whom the Doctor can depend upon." We very much hail the doctor's lady, if otherwise suitable,



as a voluntary superintendent. The ladies of clergymen and ministers are too much otherwise engaged; and the reason we maintain, at our own centre, the knowledge of the work of the Biblewoman-Nurse, and continue to pay her salary monthly *at the Mother-House, is*,—that we have found that if we gave her unlimited service to the heads of parishes, congregations, or any *other* CENTRE, these will have various other workers under *them* who are all anxious to propose cases to the nurse in such multiplied numbers, that there is little time for any spiritual work on the part of our agent, and this defeats a chief purpose for which *she* was trained. She was intended to be as the relieving arm to the sick people *found by the Biblewomen* untended, and is to receive her patients *from them*, or their superintendents, in two or three neighbouring districts.

The nominal superintendence of one of these nurses is of very little use to us. We want a lady who can really interest herself, spiritually and temporally, in every case that comes under the nurse's care, and one who can either provide, or collect *locally*, the supplies that will be needed in nursing. If she can also be responsible for the support of the nurse, we are very glad, but this is not indispensable. It is the devoted sympathetic heart and cultivated intelligence and Christian counsel of the lady, and her ability to visit the cases from time to time, that we chiefly value; and some Ladies prefer this undertaking to the wider scope of a Bible district and a Mothers' Meeting.

When the nurse enters upon her out-door work



after her hospital training, she needs in many ways the kindly inspection of a sensible and useful lady, who will make it *her* particular mission to assist the nurse by the experience she may have had in her father's house or elsewhere, or in her visitation of hospitals. We have often perceived that there is a "born nurse" to be found in almost every upper class family, who also *ought* to make nursing *her* peculiar vocation, and seek training and instruction in order to perfect her natural fitness for so useful an art. The accomplishment might often be acquired without at all deserting her place in her own family, and the sick poor around her would always claim her skilled care.

The lady will naturally prefer that the co-worker with whom she has frequent interviews, should be an example for cleanliness as well as godliness. The nurse should have clean hands and nails, clean and suitable dress, as far as her circumstances allow; and should also be taught to dispose her attire in the most suitable way for her work; in all which particulars some women more than others will require regulation and kind assistance.

But if the superintendent visits with her nurse, she will see that the idea of costume for her work in the slums of London would be useless. In the first place, the people do not like it, and it is possible to be far too clean and respectable for the work that has to be done. The women for this service should have a warm dark gown that from time to time will wash, and which they do not fear to spoil, and they must carry a flannel apron. Those who have



themselves been picked out of "the guilt gardens" by the grace of God, if they have a nurse's heart by nature, are unmatched by any merely *brought up to be* nurses. They have nothing to find out, they know all the habits of degradation and uncleanness, and, when they are trained, *rejoice* in the task of bettering them. Nurses had need be strong women, and of nearly middle age. They have sometimes to sling a light tin basin round their waist, and contrive to take all they want with them ready to hand, which will be lacking in the poor man's house: thimble, thread, needles, pins, knife and scissors.

Very much of the method with which a nurse will engage in our itinerant kind of work for the sick will depend on the methodical way in which she carries her stores,—neatness and order should mark the "trained nurse," which means not only a nurse who loves her work, but has been shown the best way to do it by experienced people, and this kind of nurse will teach her poor patients to be tidy also, as far as their means permit.

She can never expect to find everything to her hand as in an hospital. Her own gown pocket would soon become a dirty receptacle of stores; therefore, we provide for her, as well as a hand-bag, a washing pocket,—something of the shape and size worn by our sensible grandmothers,—in which she can carry flat articles. It has an inner division for her own Bible, Scripture portions, tiny books, &c., &c., and holds the apron, and the useful American leather case (also provided) for needles, thread, scissors, lint, strappings, oil-silk; and it has besides a division



for the nurse's visiting-card, for entry of the visit, by a cross, at the time it is paid. A bag of sufficient size to take clean old towels, and small packets of grocery, medicine, soap, carbolic lotion, &c., &c., will also be needful, and the lining of this bag should be *removable*, that it may be occasionally washed.

The Bible-Nurse must be a woman so truly trusty that we have provided her with a card for self-regulation. On one side of it her Superintendent marks the names of patients in the order they are presented from various sources; in the next column their address; in a third, the disease. There are also three narrow columns, the first to insert description of doctor, whether from hospital, dispensary, or parish; 2nd, date case begins; 3rd, when it ends; and the remaining space has cross lines for 14 days' calls on each patient, indicated by a cross if paid, if not, the space left blank. Some patients do not want attendance every day.

So far the card is prepared for the nurse. On its other side *she must methodise her own work*. She will have twelve or fifteen cases, perhaps, to consider. She must think about them and sort them, writing first on *her* side of the card the names of the worst sick cases, wounds, cancers, abscesses, &c.—of these she may have four or five; then paralytic and helpless patients; then consumptives; and last, confinements. These heads may comprehend most others. Then she will look *forward* in her work, and see the number of visits really needful to each. Also, she thinks of provision for each, whether nourishment, or dressings, or clothing, and provides accordingly.







THE NURSE'S OWN LIST CLASSIFIED.

NAME.	KIND OF RELIEF.	GENERAL REMARKS.
SURGICAL CASES.		
HELPLESS.		
CONSUMPTIVE.		
CONFINEMENTS.		

*Note.*—These Nurse Cards and Papers may be purchased, with Bible Superintendent's Books, at Messrs Nisbet's, Berners St., Oxford St.



The nurse should apply to her Superintendent for her next week's needs on a printed form—stating *the names and addresses of persons* for whom the supplies are wanted; and if this is done regularly a day or two before she requires them, all should be ready for her when she comes to receive her salary and discuss fresh cases—viz., her parcel of lint, strapping, carbolic lotion, soap, groceries, old sheets and towels, and garments for the sick or convalescent.

The inspection and regulation of these minor matters does not at all interfere with the trust reposed in the discretion and conscientiousness of the Biblewoman-Nurse. She is trusted no less than ever, to work as in the sight of God, and to report in a concise way how she does it. She can scarcely have Saturday and Sunday to herself, as the Biblewoman has; but she must pay some *daily* attention to her own domestic affairs, and will avoid attending any but the most pressing cases on Sunday. Her work, however, is arduous, and every now and then will need a little break-off and rest.

Therefore she needs the help of a considerate and kindly Superintendent. When night nursing is required, we generally supply it from another source, or the work of the day would be superseded. These general remarks will, we think, aid those who wish to commence the same agency anywhere. We have no rules that concern a residence together in one Home, as our nurse dwells among the people she serves.

She is not known by costume in the streets. We wish we could afford to provide her always with a



waterproof cloak, with sleeves, in winter, and we will not say that we never indulge, in these degenerate days, "a sigh for a bonnet," the winning, modest, cottage bonnet, an old English ornament, once affected by the young and charming of all ranks, but now gone out of memory. Even from an old lady down to a modern serving-maid, whether young or old, the meretricious fashion of double heads of false hair has banished the bonnet, so that there seems nothing left that is real but the old Saxon relic of the unbound, straying locks of the child. As to "the hats of the season," perched backward on the top of the head, they exhibit a tendency to depart out of view altogether, which perhaps would be no business of ours, if our cook and our housemaid did not tell us "they can get nothing else," and that "they cannot think of dressing differently from other people." It would be terrible to think of a similar answer being made by a BIBLEWOMAN, and more especially by a BIBLEWOMAN-NURSE.

#### VISITS WITH THE NURSES.

And now we must again relieve these pages of necessary statistics with a few more visits, which will place the reader in the midst of the work described, and show that the nurse herself must be a woman able, in her simple way, to care for the soul as well as the body.

We are now and then advised to increase the interest, and consequently the circulation, of our



*Missing-Link Magazine* by connected narratives of the nature of "Lost Gyp," or "Jessica's First Prayer." Those striking and popular stories owe their power to being sketches from existing facts which are used to clothe the framework of an individual history—and the history of a little child, a friendless child, touches all hearts and makes all nations kin, to the presented misery.

But we wonder how many of the readers of those artistically-told stories determine to go forth and seek for little Jessicas, and Sandys, and lost Gyps, "alone in London" and elsewhere. We may charitably hope they do practically influence "a good few," as our Scotch friends would say. It is certain they touch hearts, high and low, young and old—and the question we often hear concerning them is, "Did they not make you cry?"

Well! thank God for the fountains of sympathy that still lie hidden, however deep, in most human hearts, and let us not stop at being "made to cry!" Our Bible and Nurse Missions lead us weekly down into the depths from which came Jessicas and Gyps, and we are perpetually giving to our subscribers details which show the varieties of agony that ought not to be unheeded or unaided, in the houses we have supposed unroofed to the eye of our Divine Master, and the sufferers in which He would certainly have "comforted in their affliction."

We hope to show many new readers of these details, long since known to a comparatively small circle of friends, how they may aid in such comfort.



“AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

“I was sent for,” says a Biblewoman-Nurse, “to apply leeches to a man who had inflammation of the lungs, as his wife could not get them to bite. On my second visit I found him much worse, and spoke to him about his soul, and of the love of Jesus, begging him to seek the Saviour while He might yet be found.

“‘Ah, no,’ he said, ‘Christ would not listen to me now. I have been too wicked, and loved pleasure and drink all my life long, and never thought of death, and perhaps I may not die even this time.’

“‘Perhaps not,’ I said, ‘but perhaps you may. It is high time you did think. Do you say the Lord would not listen to you? Do you know the story of the thief upon the cross?’ Just then his wife came in, and, seeing his anxious face and shortened breath, she said, ‘Now, you had better go; I told you not to talk to him about religion. I don’t want him made unhappy, poor fellow.’

“I thought it better to leave at that time, and she did not let me see him after, till called in to lay him out; he died in three days, but, as I afterwards heard, to my great joy, the Lord had laid hold of him, even by that one word. I had seen his little boy of eight years old listening very earnestly while I was in the room with him, and when I was gone his father said—

“‘What did she say, Willie, about that thief upon the cross? Do you know anything about him?’



“ ‘Yes, father,’ said the boy, ‘I do, and I know where to find him. I have read about him at school. Shall I read to you about him *now*?’ ”

“ The father said, ‘Oh yes, Willie, do.’ ”

“ I heard this,” continues the nurse, “from a neighbour, to whose boy Willie had told it. The poor man sent for me again the morning he died, but I was at church, and did not know till all was over. When two or three days afterwards I met the child, I asked about his father.

“ ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘he wanted you, but mother would not let me come. She said you made father unhappy; but I read to him about the thief upon the cross such a many times. He was never tired of hearing, and at last he said—“Willie, can you pray about it?”’ ”

“ ‘So I knelt down and asked Jesus to make father believe that He could forgive *him* too, and on Sunday morning he said, “Willie, it’s all right; Jesus has took away all my sins. Let us kneel down and thank Jesus.” So he got out of bed and knelt down with me, and soon after he went to sleep, and Jesus took him—poor father.’ We add nothing to this touching and true incident but the query, Would any venture to hinder the teaching of the Bible in all our schools?”’ ”

#### POOR WALTER FINCH.

In a very dirty room in Bethnal Green district, in the year 1870, one of our Biblewomen found a poor



woman dying of consumption. We had no nurse near at that time, and she was commended to the care of a kind neighbour, who was greatly to be praised for her practical kindness in answer to that request.

It was dreadful to go near the bed because of vermin. Pious visits had been paid in vain; there seemed no possibility of softening the hard heart, till they thought they would try and make her a little more comfortable bodily.

The neighbour washed her, lent her clean linen, and when there was nothing in the cupboard fed her from her own store. She also washed the children, mended up their rags, begged more clothing for them; indeed, for four or five weeks, was the help and comfort of the family.

Meanwhile, the Biblewoman's visits were paid daily till the dying one beheld Christ, and Him crucified; and, seeing herself a lost sinner, laid hold on the one sacrifice for her salvation. At the last moment she sent for her friend, saying, "I want her—to see—me—that—I—die—happy—in Jesus," and the Biblewoman held her hand for nearly an hour, either praying or speaking the words of promise, till, with a sigh and twitch of the lips, the last struggle was over.

After a time we heard once more of "the good neighbour," and also of the coming to Jesus of the eldest boy of that poor mother, who was not in the room the morning of the first visit, though his second brother was, and had an apron on because his trousers were not worthy of the name.



Much the same was the plight of Walter, the eldest, when first seen by the same recorder. He was a true "City Arab,"—at an early age had been "turned out" to steal—"turned out" by his own parents. If he brought home anything, no matter how obtained, it was "well for him;" if not, he must go out again, and was driven out by blows and curses to steal.

At length the thought occurred to him, "Why not do this for myself? I should be just as well off." He tried it, and suffered great hardships. In his wretched home he had slept under cover, though often without a covering; now, he slept anywhere, in Covent Garden, in Smithfield Market, under a cart, in a shed, often awoke wet through, and ran about to warm and dry himself. When first seen by a member of our Mission, he had a coat for an outer garment, his legs in the sleeves, and buttoned up the front, its skirt pinned on the shoulders. He wished to have trousers like his "pals," stole a shilling, and went to Petticoat Lane to buy a pair; was caught, tried, and sent to a Reformatory, then drafted on ship-board. He was at sea when his mother died, and almost her last words to the kind neighbour were, "Do look to my Walter when he comes home." "I will, to the best of my power," was the promise given and has been the promise kept.

Some time after this Mrs L—— came to tell us that Walter had come home ill. A pioneer went with the Biblewoman to see him, found him on his



mother's bed, to all appearance likely to die of the same malady, consumption. She says, "We spoke of his mother, her seeking forgiveness, her finding the Saviour, her happy death, &c. He wept and promised to seek Christ. Our kind Nurse W—— visited him (this was about two years ago), and he ever mentioned her with warm gratitude. He once said to me, 'I thought when *she* came in, put on her apron, opened her basket, and began to make me something, I should get better,' and he did get better, though he had been brought so low that it seemed almost miraculous. Once, during his convalescence, Mrs N—— and I went in, and I asked what he would like, proposing several relishing, nourishing things; to each he said, 'No.' At length, with an effort, colouring up as he spoke, 'Can you get me a Bible?' The Biblewoman soon supplied this want, and it was for some time his constant companion.

"When he was sufficiently recovered we sought a situation for him in vain; and not wishing to be any longer a burden upon the kind neighbour Mrs L——, he went another voyage, during which he suffered great hardships. On his return his cough was very bad, so that he could not be engaged again. He tried several jobs on land, but had to give up everything successively, the exertion required always bringing on bleeding at the nose.

"His father was unkind and severe, would not ask him to have anything to eat, and taunted him with his laziness, but Mrs L—— fed him, took lodgings for him, and after his money was all spent, she



paid for them too. When we met him it was always at Mrs L——'s, and he seemed this time very indisposed to all religious teaching. Sometimes a tear would come into his eye, but we could seldom get an answer, and often that would be evasive.

“Once I asked, ‘Why this change?’ The answer was to the effect that there was a reason, but he could not give it. (He was being led away again by bad companions.) His friend Mrs L—— was very unhappy about him; and her husband, noticing her uneasiness, one night told her, on inquiry after its cause, she had better get up and go to look after him. She found him with a ‘pretty lot,’ and begged him to come away. He refused. She said, ‘Walter, I would rather see you on your bed ill, than see you with those people.’ She went home feeling dejected, and prayed for him that God would rather let him be ill than be led astray.

“The day after a message came to her that he was very poorly; he gradually grew worse and never rallied again; went into the infirmary at the workhouse, but after a few weeks his father took him out, and as he now lived some distance off the district, we could not visit him. But one night, being in great distress of mind, he sent for the Biblewoman, who, though it was late, went to him and found that during the many months we had been so desponding about him, the Holy Spirit had been silently working on the good seed of the Word, and that he was longing to be saved from his sins. One of the Dublin tracts given to him by a friend—‘Religion



Without Reality'—was the means at last of his finding peace. Speaking of it, he said, 'I was astonished I had not seen the way before, it had been shown me often enough. I can do nothing to save myself. I see the Saviour, *my* Saviour, has done it all.'

"We now got him a letter for the Victoria Park Hospital, and thought he would certainly die before the six weeks allowed expired; but he did not, and was obliged to return to the infirmary once more. In each place, however, he ripened for heaven, meditating on those words continually, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' On my last visit there he said, 'Oh! do take me out of this place. I cannot die here. (Card-playing and dominoes were going on all round him.) I want to be where I can be quiet, where I can have some one to wet my lips, some one to close my eyes.'

"A friend with me said, 'You want to be with some one who loves you.'

"He wept. 'But,' I said, 'you cannot bear the moving; I do not think you will live to get out of these grounds.'

"'Yes, I shall; I have confidence in God, who has always heard my prayers, that I shall live to get to Mrs L——, that I may have strength to die.'

"He was removed to his friend's next day, and still lingered nearly a fortnight, and more simple faith and trust in God I never saw than his; and from the time he was 'brought nigh' he never



doubted. We could with truth quote the lines in his case—

‘Not a cloud doth arise  
To darken my eyes,  
Or hide for one moment  
My Lord from mine eyes.’

“Once on going into his room I said, ‘What, here yet! and suffering still?’”

“He answered, ‘I shall not be here one moment longer than *He* sees fit.’

“On the Sunday night before he died we sang to him

‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me,’

and

‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’

and asked him, ‘Are you afraid to go?’

“‘Afraid! oh, no.’

“‘Yet it is a cold hand, the hand of death.’

“‘Yes; but it is Jesus, for all that.’

“Jesus had become his All-in-all. Poor Walter; he was so ‘very weary,’ he said, but at last sweetly fell asleep; he, like his poor mother, also ‘saved by the blood.’”

#### A MORNING WITH NURSE S—— IN HER DISTRICT.

“We first went to see a young man who had been crippled and totally helpless for *thirteen years* from spinal complaint. He lies upon a water bed; every part of him is so paralysed, excepting his right hand and arm, that he has no power to move a limb.



Nurse helps his mother to move him off his bed twice a week to change the water, and make it fresh for him, but his whole body is so stiffened that it is like lifting a corpse, and any attempt to bend the muscles causes him the greatest agony.

“Entirely dependent on a little parish relief and the kindness of friends (for his poor old mother can do nothing but attend to his wants), he yet seems ‘to have all things, and to abound.’ He is one who has searched the Scriptures from beginning to end, and his memory is so good that he is never at a loss when speaking about them, and having but few other books to divide his attention, he has made one Scripture explain another, and can turn so readily to any passage that it is quite edifying to talk with him.

“His pain is very great at all times, but no one would think it to see his heavenly and peaceful countenance, and his far-seeing eye, which seems to be looking into eternity. Nurse says, ‘It is the hardest work I have to do, the moving him and attending to what has to be done for him, but I like it better than any, for I learn such lessons from him as I get nowhere else, and I generally leave him to go to last, that I may have plenty of time with him.’

“He has a little book-stand which supports a book, and keeps it before his eyes, for his neck is so stiffened that he cannot move his head in the least; nevertheless, he contrives with one hand to write when paper is fixed into a slide in this stand; and his old and well-used Bible (which he likes better



than any other) he can manage to use with one hand, and turns from one passage to another with surprising rapidity. He was speaking of Jesus as the 'Day-star arising in our hearts,' and I incautiously asked him if he could ever see the stars from his window? A slight shade came over his brow, when he said, 'For twelve years I have never been able to see any of the works of God's creation. He has been pleased entirely to exclude me from all external things, but He has not taken away Himself; *He* comes near me, and gives me sweeter blessings than all He has taken away, and though I often feel shut up as I am, there is the same warfare going on in my soul as Paul complained of, "The flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." Yet *He* brings me off more than conqueror.'

"He then spoke of that beautiful chapter, Romans viii., quoting many parts of it, and saying, 'Oh, it begins with "*no condemnation*," and ends with "*no separation*."' He says he often has the *most* beautiful thoughts of God and His ways when asleep, but can seldom remember them entirely; still he feels their influence. I asked his poor old mother when I left how she got sufficient for him? 'Oh, ma'am,' she said, 'God always sends it us day by day. We never seem to know where it will come from, but it does come. He has never let us want yet, and we know He never will.' They are most grateful for the nourishment afforded them from the 'Mother-House,' as well as for the kind attentions of Nurse ——, and look for her visits as those of an angel of mercy; indeed, in



every case I visited, the same testimony was borne to her kindness and valued assistance in the days of necessity. The Biblewoman and her kind lady have been long James Owen's invaluable friends."

#### THE OLD WELSH CHRISTIAN.

There is a dear old Welsh Christian living in a garret in an old London square, whose room is a little Bethel, in a sense, the gate of heaven. Nurse B—— was sent to visit her in November 1871, and found her, as she said, expecting the summons from her Heavenly Father every moment. She was suffering from bronchitis. I visited her, Nurse says, almost daily, and each day heard her joyful Christian experience. When I first went she said,

"I seem to know that you are on the King's Highway to glory."

When I told her that, by God's grace, I was trying to walk therein, she lifted her hands and exclaimed,

"The Lord be praised, we are one in Him."

After a month of severe suffering I began to hope she would get better, when I found her one day in a sad state, with erysipelas in face and head, making her very deaf and almost totally blind. She had but 2s. a week from the "Aged Pilgrims' Society," 1s. 9d. of which she had to pay for rent; but she said her Father always sent some kind Christian with just the supply she needed, and she knew He always would; she could trust Him, she had no care of that kind.



One night, when she was very ill, and expecting to be taken home, and before Nurse had visited her, as she lay sleepless on her bed, a suggestion seemed to come to her, "Send for Dr T——" (now Dr T——lived in a large house, next door to her, and she had often seen him go across the square when visiting his patients, but she never presumed to think he would be the right doctor for such as herself to send for). She tried, therefore, to think no more about it, but the impression on her mind was so continued, that when morning came she told the woman who came in to see if she wanted anything, to go and ask Dr T—— if he would kindly come and see a poor old woman in a garret. She has told Nurse since that she did not suppose he could do her any good, but she thought if he were a Christian man, as she supposed, he would, at least, see that her body was decently buried, as she had no relatives to take any thought about her.

This, however, was not to be the case, God having further purposes of mercy towards her. This good doctor was to be the instrument of raising her up again; and, as the event proved, by his kindness, to prove a lasting blessing to her. He needed no apology from her for her presumption, when he found she loved the Saviour, and has often said since, he little thought there was such a dear old Christian suffering in the next house to his, or he would long ago have sought her out; he kindly sends her all the medicine she requires, and his daughters take her in beef-tea, and any little dainty they think



fit for her, so that she looks upon it as indeed a kind suggestion from her Heavenly Father, "Send for Dr T——." She is still living, and a lady from our Society has visited her frequently, and can testify to the truth of all that Nurse says concerning her. The last visit Nurse paid, Mrs L—— said:—

"Oh, how I wish you could understand Welsh. I don't seem half able to tell you in English what I feel. When I think of the love of my Heavenly Father to such a poor old creature as I am, my heart is ready to leap out of my bosom; I cannot express what I feel, but I seem to get up into the third heavens as Paul did, and hardly know where I am; this little room seems like heaven itself to me."

She is now again suffering from erysipelas, but as joyful as ever. I said, "I'm sure you have to bear very much at times." "Oh yes," she said; "but what are my sufferings to my Saviour's *for* me? I forget mine when I think of His, and then every illness brings me nearer *home*. Perhaps some time when I little expect it I shall wake up and find me *there*. The thought overpowers me that there should be such bliss awaiting *me*." I said to her,

"Have you long had such joy and peace in believing?"

"He has had me in His school for nearly sixty years," she replied, "and I have been a long time learning to trust Him, but I feel now I can never doubt again; I seem sometimes so full of His love,



as though I must almost cry out, 'Lord, no more; Thy child can bear no more: take me quite to Thyself, that I may see Thy glory.'"

I read to her in the English Testament (for she can understand it when she hears it read, although she cannot read it herself, but always follows in Welsh, her Welsh Testament being her constant companion) the 17th chapter of St John's Gospel, the beautiful prayer of our Saviour for His disciples. When I came to that part, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us," she broke forth into an ecstasy of joy.

"*One with the Father,*" she said, "*as Jesus is!* Oh, what wonderful love! How can we ever understand it!" It is a difficult matter to get away from this dear woman, for she never seems tired of telling her joyful experience, and she says it does her so much good to hold communion with those who are travellers in the same road.

She told me she always had sent for her just what she needed most, and when no one could know her wants but her Father in heaven. She was very cold and much needing a warm shawl, when she sat up in bed coughing, and a lady brought her the flannel to make into a jacket to comfort her; another day when Nurse went in with a chop, she said she had just had some rice, and could not help thinking how nice a little bit of meat would be, but then she said "I remembered how the Israelites murmured when God gave them manna, and they longed for meat.



I hope my Father has not sent me the chop because I murmured, I know He can make the rice quite as nourishing to me as the meat." Nurse told her she thought she might take it as a proof of His love in sending just what her poor weak body required. She has been supplied with many necessary articles of clothing from the Mother-House, and nourishment as she most needed it, and never forgets to pray for all those who are connected with it, or to reiterate her thanks. This patient, Nurse says, is really quite a help to her, for if she feels depressed about any of her cases, she has only to go and tell this dear old woman all about them, and she cheers her up and assures her that while one works the other will pray: "And so you see there is something still that I may do for my Lord." She still lives and still suffers, is now very ill again and keeps her bed, but still rejoices as before. She is seventy-five years of age. May this true story of her trust in the Lord cheer many another poor believer fainting by the way.

"The dear old Welsh woman, Mrs L——, after six or seven weeks of great suffering from bronchitis, quietly passed away to her heavenly home on the morning of April 21st. She was a woman of wonderful faith and patience, always rejoicing in the Lord; and, in her little attic, seemed to watch at the very gate of heaven. She often said, 'I feel like a bird in a cage, my heart wants to burst the bars, and soar away to my Father's home; but *He* knows best; He'll let me go when He sees fit, and I am willing to wait His time.'



“When in comparative health she remarked, ‘I always think when I lay me down upon my bed at night, perhaps my Father will take me home before morning. Oh, how joyful that would be!’ She had a very poetical mind, and in her Welsh way was constantly expressing her feelings by one beautiful simile or another. A lady, who visited her nearly three years ago, happened in the course of conversation to mention an incident which had occurred to herself. She had lost a very dear relative by death, and on going to the cemetery a little while afterwards to visit his grave, there was what she supposed to be a withered leaf suspended by a spider-thread from the gravestone; but on removing it she found it to be a chrysalis skin, from which the inhabitant had emerged, and left its shell to speak a message to the weeping mourner. When told this, Mrs L——’s enthusiasm was so great she could hardly make herself understood, but sometimes in Welsh and sometimes in English burst out in exclamations of delight, ‘Oh, that is fine! That is glorious!’ She caught the idea at once, saying she had never heard anything so lovely before. And this was repeated not only to the lady who had mentioned the circumstance, and who visited her occasionally nearly up to the time of her death, but to every one else, showing how deeply it had impressed her mind.

“She had many kind friends—the Rector of the parish, and the good doctor who attended her gratuitously from the time he first knew her, and whose daughters used to bring her delicacies from their own



table. The deacons of her own Welsh chapel also kindly helped her, and during her long last illness all the help was needed. She used to say *her Father* in heaven knew exactly what she needed, and sent her always the proper supplies. She was extremely grateful, and often wondered how it was that people could be so kind to her.

“A day or two before her death her money had dwindled down to a few pence, and our Nurse F—— said, ‘There will just be enough for your milk, but we will pray for a fresh supply; we know where it comes from.’ The poor old woman could not speak, but nodded assent, and after a few earnest petitions Nurse left her for an hour or two, and on her return later in the day found the prayer had been answered. The deacon of the chapel had been in and left 7s. for her, which supplied her with everything she needed for the two last days of her life. She used to like to lay her head on Nurse’s shoulder and be fondled as a little child, and in this position she passed away most peacefully to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

But our nurses do not by any means always go to those who are of the household of faith, though it is very sweet to see how God provides for *them* even to the end.

“ALL ALONE.”

*A Letter from a Biblewoman Nurse.*

“Feb. 1873.

“DEAR MADAM,—I again sit down to write you a short report of the work on B—— Common. I



know that the chief thing you wish is that the soul may be saved, though we do what we can for the body. I have looked down my list of patients for the last few months. I think the case in this report is one that I could believe was truly saved. I have had many of whom I have had hopes, but of this I can freely speak.

“One day I went to the workhouse to get some relief allowed to a poor man. A woman came to me and said, ‘Are you not the nurse for B——?’ I said, ‘I am the nurse here, if you have any one ill.’ She said, ‘There is a poor young woman living in an empty shop. I wish you would go and see her, she is very poor, and perhaps you can do something for her.’ I promised to go, and did so that afternoon. I found the door open, and went upstairs. Sitting on a low chair was a young woman twenty-five years of age, near her confinement. When I went into the room she said—

“‘There is no one lives in this house, ma’am.’

“‘Why, my dear, don’t you live here?’ said I.

“A very deep colour came into her face, and she said, ‘Well, I do, but there is nobody knows me.’

“I answered, ‘There is One knows you live here, and that is God who made you.’

“She looked at me and said, ‘I don’t want you to come to pray and talk with me; I don’t want any one to trouble themselves about me; so if that is what you want you may go.’

“I said, ‘You will want some one presently to look after you, and I am the nurse for the poor creatures who have no one to look after them: I



came to see what I can do for you.' I told her I would call again, and did so three times a week for six weeks; she then got used to me, and began to make me her confidant. She told me that she had a drunken father and mother, and that she was married before she was seventeen to a boiler-maker, but after seven months her husband was transported for seven years for robbing the till of a public-house. She had a child four months afterwards; it lived to be six years old and then died. After its death she went to live with a woman who had a wicked son. She consented to live with him, alas! not as his wife: but after ill-using her he also left her, and he was the father of the child born in the desolate house, and that died also.

"The poor mother had once been a lovely creature, but sorrow and want and disease had caused consumption to commence its work. When I went to see her again I found she was much worse. I sent the doctor to her, and called afterwards. I found her in bed and sat down on the bed-side, and, taking her hand in mine, I said to her, 'My dear, you must not be offended at what I have to say to you, but I think your Heavenly Father will not be long before He calls you home to rest.'

"She looked at me and was going to speak, when I said, 'Don't you talk, let me talk to you instead.' I spoke to her of the love of Christ, and how He came to heal the sick and bind up the broken-hearted. I asked her to let me pray a few words with her; she said nothing, so after asking God to open her eyes to her state of danger, and pardon her sins, I left.



Calling again the next day I found her worse. She said, 'Nurse, I have been thinking of what you said, but I don't think I shall have anything to suffer when I die, for I have had so much to suffer here, that I shall not have to have anything done to me when I die.' I replied, 'What have you suffered, compared to what Christ did for you and me? He was naked, hungry, homeless, and at last died on the cross to save us, and is now waiting to pardon your sins, if you will only ask Him.'

"For the first time I saw the tears in her eyes. I prayed with her, read to her John iii. 17, and other short texts most suitable to her state, praying that God might, by His Holy Spirit, have mercy on this poor wanderer. She said, 'Will He forgive me, and shall I be happy when I die?' I told her to ask herself, for Jesus Christ's sake. She did so, and God heard her cry, and she found peace in believing. No words of mine, but God's own truth rested on her heart, and ere long she passed away to be with the Lord for ever. I supplied her with all the comforts needed in the case, from the Mother-House. It was truly a mother to *her*. Her last words were, 'Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, I am coming to be with you and my children.' To how many a neglected sufferer does God send your Biblewoman Nurse!

"In this year, I have attended 112 poor women, but have asked for only 10 suits of infants' clothes, and borrowed only 12 bags of linen. We are teaching them to have foresight, and provide for themselves."



## THE VOICES OF GOD IN LOW DISTRICTS.

*A Native Co-helper.*

In the neighbourhood of B—— Common we had been happy to secure the services of the above pious and most valuable woman, long accustomed to be referred to by her neighbours in cases of sickness and family trouble, but, as a “Biblewoman Nurse,” she was made still more eminently useful. To form any idea of her sphere of labour, we must enter into details, which we might otherwise prefer to leave in the shade. Some time since she obtained access to a poor woman, Mrs Z——, who had long been the terror of the district. “Never in my life,” she says, “did I hear a woman swear as she did. Even drunken men, in passing her, would tell their wives not to stop to hear that woman’s tongue; but she was cast on a bed of suffering, from inward disease, and, as soon as I heard she was ill, I went to see her, and ask what I could do for her.

“‘You can do nothing to help such a sinner as I am,’ she answered; ‘let me die at once out of my misery.’

“I made her bed, and was able to give her some relief, and then knelt down by her side, to pray that God would, for His dear Son’s sake, pardon her iniquity, and give her patience to bear the affliction she had to go through, and which might prove to be a message from heaven of love to her soul. For many days I prayed, and read God’s Word to her,



and she most thankfully accepted my service as a nurse.

“ Her fierce temper was softened from the first by the strong pain, and at last God’s Holy Spirit touched her heart, and brought her to the feet of Jesus. She had sinned against light and conscience, for there have long been earnest Bible Missions on B—— Common, and this woman had attended Mothers’ Meetings; and now, while she was praying for pardon for her sins, she would speak of the texts of Scripture that the Lady-Superintendent had read to her. She told me to tell Miss W—— that every word she had heard in her meeting was written in letters of fire on her brain, till the time that God pardoned her sins.

“ Finding she did not get better, I persuaded her to go into Guy’s Hospital, and took her there myself. She remained some weeks, and then was sent for a month to a convalescent institution, and returned home much relieved from suffering, and, though still weak in body, strong in faith, and enabled to let her light shine before her former bad companions, even bringing some of them to the prayer-meeting; and now, often with tears streaming down her face, she prays that *she* may be kept faithful to the end, and have strength to bear the taunts and threats which are frequently her portion. Her conversion has once more shown us how God is able to save unto the uttermost, and she always traces the solemn change to the visits of the Biblewoman Nurse, reaping the fruits from the former seed sown in the Mothers’ Meeting.”



And now let us glance at some of the work God found for His new messenger.

“ In that district there lived Mrs W——, a young married woman, about twenty-three years old. Her husband is employed at the railway. This woman had an unmarried sister, about nineteen, whose child she, Mrs W——, had taken charge of in order that her sister might get a situation as a servant, which she did in a very respectable family at P——. The child was about sixteen months old, but owing to some quarrel between the sisters, Mrs W—— took a dreadful oath, and wished God would never let her get through her own near time of trouble if she kept the child in her house after Friday in that week.

“ She did not, however, keep her word. Her own child was born about four days after, and being weaker than she had been at any former time, the thought of what she had said greatly troubled her mind. Her sister coming to see her, likewise alarmed her, and brought her sin so vividly to her remembrance, that after beseeching for hours her sister's forgiveness, she entirely lost her reason and became raving mad, requiring two or three persons to be constantly with her. The neighbours, some out of curiosity, but many from more kindly feeling, came in and out to attend upon her, and several gave up a day or half a day's work to stay with her. Nurse was with her three nights, and at all times that she could spare from her many other patients. It was such a scene as none of those who witnessed it can ever forget; and Nurse says, ‘I believe will be more



fruitful in bringing sinners to the Saviour than anything that has ever happened in that neighbourhood.'

"All through her delirium the poor woman's mind seemed to be running on her fearful oath; she was quite certain God would hear the prayer she had so wickedly uttered. The terrors of hell were always before her, and vividly she portrayed them. She frequently called out—

" 'Don't you see them? Don't you see them?'

"On being asked, 'What?'

" 'Why, the words I used. There they are, in wreaths of fire; the letters are written with blood; there's my oath on the walls of hell. Don't you see it? There (pointing to the wall). It's always there, and there it will be for ever, and for ever.'

"These words would be uttered in such a dreadful voice that the stoutest heart shuddered and quailed with fear, and yet the neighbours were fascinated to the spot by these and other horrible delineations of the unseen world. Nurse says, 'I got my new helper, Mrs Z——, to remain with her one night. She is now an excellent assistant to me, and I often send her to see to some sick ones whom I have not time to attend. The change in her is so evident to every one that I have no fear in making use of her.' She was formerly an open blasphemer, and when a little the worse for liquor was the terror of the Common, but now her chief aim is to bring souls to Jesus, and she is always telling 'What a dear Saviour she has found.'



“Towards morning, while she remained with Mrs W——, reason returned. There were two or three other women in the room, for no one liked to be alone with her night or day; but Mrs Z—— had consented to take the charge of her that night. The poor woman woke up, and looking round upon them all, said with great earnestness,

“‘Will no one pray for me? I’m dying. Do pray. Oh, do pray for me.’

“They looked one to another, but did not speak. At last one of the women said, ‘Fetch the Bible-woman;’ but the poor dying woman said,

“‘Oh, do *you*, some of *you* pray for me at once.’

“Upon this Mrs Z—— knelt down, and for the first time in her life poured out her soul before God in the presence of others; and so powerfully did she plead for the soul of the poor dying woman that all were in tears, and every one felt softened and subdued.

“Mrs W—— only lived a few hours after this; but during that short time was continually crying for pardon through the blood of Christ, and we do believe she received it; for He who has said, ‘Who-soever will, let him come; and him that cometh unto Me I will in *nowise* cast out,’ is faithful to His promise, and still works wondrous miracles of grace even at the eleventh hour; and doubtless that fearful delirium had fixed home upon her conscience the guilt of her wicked heart, and she awoke from it to find that Jesus was waiting to be gracious and exalted to have mercy, and that His precious blood cleanseth from all sin.



“Nothing has ever produced such an effect among the neighbours as this circumstance. In the street where she lived there has been preaching for many years. City missionaries and Biblewomen have visited, but with small effect; drunkenness has prevailed to a fearful extent, and wickedness of every kind, till at last it seemed as though nothing could make any impression, but ‘when God works, who shall let it?’ Now every one seems solemnised.

“On the day of this poor woman’s death there were thirty at our little prayer-meeting, and all the meetings have been much frequented ever since by many who have not been into a place of worship for years. Poor Mrs W—— with her last breath begged for pardon through the blood of Christ, saying to those who stood round her bedside, and to her husband especially, ‘Do not swear, but pray.’”

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANOTHER DAY ON B—— COMMON.

*By a Biblewoman.*

We sometimes give an intelligent Biblewoman the privilege of going round her district with a Biblewoman Nurse. The following letter reached us on one occasion after a series of such visits:—

“Reached Nurse A——’s dwelling about ten o’clock, and found her preparing to go on her daily round.

“A knock at the door. It was by a little girl come to borrow Nurse’s shawl for her aunt.

“‘Which aunt?’ said Nurse.



“ ‘ Aunt E——.’

“ ‘ Oh, very well, tell your aunt she must take care of it, or she won’t have it another time.’

“ So Nurse put a jacket on instead, to oblige the aunt.

“ We started, and met on our way a woman with one of the most excited faces I ever saw. She cried out to us, ‘ It’s come, it’s come.’ Pulling a letter from her bosom, and pressing it into Nurse’s hand, it was found to be one from an emigrant in reply to a letter written for the woman (by Nurse, to her husband), giving good hopes of success, as he had got employment, and wished his son to join him in Canada. Mrs A—— advised her to wash her face before going to the city to get a cheque for £2 cashed at a bank, and then she would write to inform the man of the particulars he desired.

“ A thousand blessings were invoked on Nurse for bringing that good news from a far country, for it had gleamed on them amidst terrible starvation, and brought relief to their fears. Mrs A——’s ten talents are all in requisition on B—— Common every hour.

“ We entered a house where a young child was at the point of death, and the parents in much sorrow; the mother had recently been prematurely confined through grief at her husband’s bad conduct. Nurse had to save the woman’s life by prompt action. The husband became more faithful, and tenderly cared for the dying child.

“ On leaving, we met a poor wretched woman whom Nurse tried to persuade to leave a haunt of



sin she frequents. She said 'I will leave.' Yet it seemed doubtful how she could escape from her horrible condition of slavery and rags, bruises and dirt. It was sickening to part and fear the worst for her.

"The next visit was to a new-born baby, a beautiful boy, and his mother doing well. A young relation, a sailor, came in to see them, having been rescued from shipwreck lately. He said he knew to whom he owed his life, and appeared grateful. Soon after a young girl came into the same small room, saying her father had died from an accident occurring at his work. Each case was very impressive, and demanded sympathy and counsel, and as we walked along the streets nearly every tenth person had to tell or ask something of Mrs A——, who is a celebrity with young and old for *curing* and comforting all sorts of grief among them. We visited another welcome babe belonging to a good old seaman, who keeps a good wife in a good clean home. They desired Nurse's visits from love, not poverty, and had a cheering welcome for us. We saw next a bad leg, sadly wounded, and the poor woman who owned it heart-broken with poverty and pain. There was no furniture, and scarcely any clothing on her. Nurse asked her how she liked a chemise which she had given her. 'Oh,' she said, 'I cried a pailful over it and you. Maybe now I may get some covering and go out once more in the streets. I can do nothing with this leg, and all is gone now that belonged to me, but I begin to hope again since Nurse has found me out.'



“ We saw a dear afflicted lad who appeared nearing his end very peacefully. He had been bedridden for four years he said, but thanked God for his trials and comforts, though outwardly these last are very scanty. He believes that his sickness has been the cause of his father and mother beginning to take thought for their souls. They are very poor, with several children depending on them. They attend on him cheerfully, and do what they can for his comfort. He was lately much in need of a shirt, and Nurse managed to procure one from the Mother-House. He begged his mother to save it for his shroud, which he would wish to be decent, and she would find it difficult to get another, he said, while anything might pass for his few remaining days here.

“ The poor mother, who used to be a violent-tempered creature, wept, telling how considerate he was in helping her to manage amongst her family. There are scores of poor homes where the visits of the nurse and her faithful helper, Mrs H——, the Biblewoman, come like sunbeams to cheer and comfort the souls and bodies of tried ones, many of them without a friend in the world, excepting these loving hearts who are sent to comfort them, as they well know, and who have been a cause of thanksgiving in many a poor home. May God grant that such blessed labours may be long continued !”

#### NURSE A——’S FUNERAL.

But they were not to be long continued. We have just suddenly lost this most valuable nurse by a rapid



inflammatory attack, whose self-sacrificing work on B—— Common has, we fear, been too much for her. She is mourned by the whole district, as the accompanying letter from one of our agents will prove:—

“MY DEAR MRS R——,—If you had been at B—— Common Cemetery last Friday afternoon, the 10th July, as you intended, to witness the scene at poor Nurse A——’s funeral, you would have realised its meaning, and I can but describe it so imperfectly.

“We arrived at the place of burial rather early, for we were mistaken in the hour. We were told afterwards that there had been a service at the Wesleyan Chapel she attended, conducted by her own minister, at which there was an overflowing congregation of *real mourners*, the bulk of whom could afford no outward signs of grief except their tears and their heartfelt sighs. It was a day of grief amongst the poor and wretched of B—— Common; for they had lost, they said, their best friend, who helped and comforted them, as no one else had, in their times of sorrow and trial; and hundreds followed her remains to their last resting-place.

“We, the small company of her fellow-workers, who came to pay the last sad tribute to her memory, waited in the little Cemetery chapel till one who had been looking out said, ‘They are coming, but are going on to the grave, where her minister is to read the service,’—and we also hastened there.

“I shall not quickly forget the rush of feeling that rose in my heart as I looked on the tearful



crowd who stood by that open grave. Her aged father, whom she had supported, her two orphan boys, and her three sisters, were the natural mourners ; but there were hundreds more—poor women, old and young and middle-aged, and little girls, whose countenances were all sad, and whose tears flowed freely. There were many of them not very clean or very sweet-smelling, who had made grotesque attempts at mourning dress ; here was an old, rusty, black lace shawl, that would scarce hold together ; there, black crape bonnets, brown with age ; but many were bare-headed and bare-footed. Who could have looked upon that crowd unmoved, and hear them sing her favourite hymn—

‘ Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll ? ’

and not be sure of all she was to them, and of what they had lost by her removal ? Her minister had borne testimony to her great usefulness and her untiring devotion for the benefit of her neighbours, caring for them alike spiritually and temporally. And who could doubt it ? Her sudden death was sad from the human side, but her end was peace. She fell with the harness on, in the middle of her days (only forty-three), and in the midst of her work. She ‘ served her day and generation by the will of God,’ and now she rests with Him. A. C.”

Our last meeting with her was on our country day at Woodford, only seven days before her death. She was then somewhat out of health, and not present



at the dinner. "Having been detained by a case of need, she dined at home, and came in to the tea; seemed in good spirits, but was seized with violent pain in the train going home, yet persisted in aiding another patient before she went to bed, from which she was to rise no more. Her superintendent saw her in the interval, and feeling how ill she was with a complication of internal inflammation and congestion, yet said to her, 'The Lord has more work for you to do still, I hope.' She replied, 'I don't know whether I shall recover from this; perhaps not. If I do, I must rest for two or three weeks; but the Lord's will be done. If I was not afraid to die when ill ten years ago, and to leave my children when so young, I am sure I am not afraid now, when they do not need me so much.' On the next day she departed hence.

She had dwelt fourteen years among these people, always following the special vocation in which we found her; but it was at our Mothers' Class she received her first religious impressions, and after some years of consistent profession she joined our corps of Biblewomen Nurses, and accepted our regulations, except, alas! those which concerned due care of herself. And what she accomplished of comfort and help to body and soul, among the most wretched of the London poor, will never be known till the pronouncing of the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" bids her cast her crown at the feet of her Redeemer, and enter into the joy of her Lord.

Her Superintending Lady says:—"Our dear Nurse



A——'s great object was to help the poor to help themselves, inducing the men, as well as women and children, to save their money, which led to our beginning a Mothers' Meeting at her house, and nearly £50 came from that portion of the district into our Clothing Club in about eighteen months.

“The relieving officer bore testimony to this branch of her work, saying that the applications for relief at the Board were considerably lessened. Time would fail to tell of her work in all its branches and details, how she seemed to meet the necessity of every case, never sparing herself in the least when she had an end to accomplish. Orphans and destitute children were put into ‘homes,’ situations found for friendless girls, couples prevailed upon to marry who were known to be living in sin, Nurse A—— taking all the trouble, procuring the money and sometimes decent clothing, thus leaving them no excuse to remain as they were.

“I have known her to give to a sick neighbour all she had in the way of coals, bread, tea, &c., when she was very poor, hardly knowing how she would get the next meal for her own family, and in the middle of winter.

“She would bring their case under my notice, pleading for them, but never for herself. I would say to her, ‘I suppose you have given them all *you* had to give.’ ‘Oh yes!’ was the answer, ‘but never mind me, I can work for more.’ The poor have indeed lost a friend, and the Biblewomen and myself a valuable fellow-helper, but our loss is her eternal gain.”



*CHAPTER III.*

RE-ACTION IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS.



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The Gospel in the hop-garden—Some modern pilgrims—A morning in the P—— District—The Swansea Nursing Institute in 1872-4—A Biblewoman Nurse in Hull—A few words with Country friends—Queries and replies—Day and Night Nurses—Further inquiries—A Country welcome to a Biblewoman Nurse—The loan of a Nurse Pioneer—A word of cheer from the Border-land—Kind supplies sent—Whither went the box of grapes—Gifts from the Mercers' Company—Supplies of fruit and flowers—Help in kind—Acknowledgments.



## DOWN INTO THE COUNTRY.

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### THE GOSPEL IN THE HOP-GARDEN.

SOMETIMES, as we have said before, our dear nurses attend such bad cases of wounds and cancers that their own health is affected; and not even the anti-septic power of our famous carbolic lotion and soap prevents them from illness. They are very persevering in their trying work; but those who watch over them find it best in such extreme cases to send them away for a week or two, to fill their lungs with fresh air, down in the country. Such circumstances as these brought us one autumn some jottings from the Kentish hop-gardens.

“DEAR MADAM,—I am thankful to say I am very much better for my journey. I have the air both by sea and land. The first few days I was here I could not keep my eyes open. I was afraid people would think me so idle; but they only laughed, and said everybody who comes to our part of the country always goes to sleep for two or three days; but I am all right now. I can keep my eyes open all day; and really any one who goes into a hop-garden



to speak of the love of Jesus, must try and keep their eyes open; but I am thankful to say I have been better received than I could have expected.

“ Poor creatures, *they* are all hard-worked. The overlookers are about in all directions. Into one of the gardens I can only get for two hours in the afternoon. I am now visiting an old man who has bad legs. I go every day to attend to them. The lady here sent for some of our lotion and soap, and the legs are much better. The poor old man says he is quite proud of being nursed so much, and he is very anxious about his soul.

“ ‘ Are you happy ? ’ I said to him.

“ ‘ No, I arn’t.’

“ ‘ What makes you unhappy ? Jesus meant you to be happy. Can’t you trust Jesus ? ’

“ ‘ No.’

“ ‘ Why not ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, I am such a great sinner ! ’

“ ‘ Then that is just what God wants you to feel ; for “ God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should have everlasting life.” ’

“ He said, ‘ I am quite sure it is not the clergyman’s fault I am not saved ; for he preaches so plain, we ought to understand.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I said ; ‘ but it is the Holy Spirit who can alone convince you of sin. We must ask for the Holy Spirit to teach us how to pray, and what to pray for.’

“ We had a little reading and prayer and singing



together. The old man really seems another thing. They were thinking of sending him to the infirmary; but now he is so much better that perhaps he will get well at home. Mrs C—— sends him a nice dinner daily from her own table. I trust the Lord will bless the means used for restoring him, if it be His will; but, above all, that his soul will be saved through the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

“One poor woman I spoke to said, ‘I know I am a sinner; but look at the work it is to get a bit of bread. Look at these children! what a pest they are!’

“I said, ‘Well, but you must remember you were a pest before your children; so do have a little patience with them.’

“‘Oh! that is all very well. I should like you to have them instead of me.’

“‘I have had a family; and if you ask the Lord to help you to bring up your children to love Him, and walk in the right way yourself, these dear ones, who are such a trouble to you now, will be such a comfort to you in your old age.’ Another poor woman said, ‘I am so glad somebody has spoken to me now; for I am wretched. I am trying to do all I can, but cannot get right, all I can do.’

“‘No; and you never will, by trying to rid your own burden. Jesus says, “Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”’

“‘But what must I do then?’

“‘You say you know you are a sinner; then go



and tell Jesus so, just as you would tell me. Say, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for Jesus Christ's sake," and then believe that He *will* have mercy. If your child had done anything you knew his father would beat him for, and you wanted to save the child, you would ask the father to forgive him, would you not?'

" 'Oh, missis! I often have to do that, else he would get half-killed.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'that is just what Jesus does for the poor sinner. He stands between God and the poor sinner, and shows His head and hands and feet, and says, "I suffered all for this poor sinner." All you have to do is to come to Jesus just as you are, and ask God to have mercy upon you, and save you, for Jesus Christ's sake; and if you cannot pray, as you say you cannot, ask the Holy Spirit to teach you to pray, and you shall not go empty away. Do you read your Bible? Read for yourself the third chapter of John; and then when you get the love of God shed abroad in your hearts (for by the time I had talked thus far, I had several around me), all your sins will be washed away in the precious blood of Jesus Christ.'

" 'There now,' said another, 'I cannot make that out. All the sins I have done all my life, they tell me, *if I believe*, shall be blotted out; I can't think that, for I fear at the day of judgment they will all be brought against me, and a good many think that as well as me.' 'But look here, my good woman,' said I, 'if Jesus died for all the world, and I was



lost, what good would it be to me that Jesus died for all but me? Then let each one of us seek the Lord while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near, and remember Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and all who come to God through Jesus Christ shall *in no wise* be cast out.'

"So, dear madam, I go on from day to day, from one bin to another, speaking of the love of Jesus. As we go, some will hear, some will not. A man said to me, 'You are so quiet about it, I feel there must be something in your religion, but you know the hop-garden is not the place to talk about it, for we all want to get on with our work.'

"I answered, 'You cannot say I have hindered you. You see I have picked you a bushel of hops; you see I can work as well as talk.'

"'Well,' said he, 'but you see I don't want to talk about such things, they make me rather unhappy.'

"I replied, 'That is just what I want, to make you discontented with yourself, then I know you will begin to look about for something to make you happy.'

"'Where shall I get that something?'

"'Nowhere out of Christ.'

"'Ah!' he said, 'there you are again, all upon religion; why you are just like my poor old mother, you can always make a way out of your troubles. If you come into this hop-garden much you will find the people here are only thinking about getting enough money to pay their debts.'

"'Yes; but you know we must not forget who



paid our debt upon the cross for us poor unworthy sinners.'

" ' Ah ! ' he said, ' there you are again.'

" ' I believe you had a praying mother.'

" ' What made you think that?'

" ' Why, because you said I was like your mother, and I believe your mother used to pray for you.'

" ' I wish you would go away.'

" I said, ' See what a quantity of hops I have picked for you. I will come and see you another day, but don't forget, " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." ' ' "

#### SOME MODERN PILGRIMS.

Two young ladies, friends, but of different families, from one of the midland counties, called on us last year with bright and inquiring faces. They had read at home about our Bible and Nurse Mission, and they had come to London to spend a fortnight together, and see for themselves a work which they might then spread in their own locality. We gladly gave them the references they wished, and mentioned other London centres besides our own. They came back at the end of the fortnight looking happy and satisfied, though a little weary. Since their return we have received the following note :—

" DEAR MRS R——,—As you kindly expressed a wish to hear from us when we returned home, we take this opportunity of writing before we part. Our fortnight's visit was *much* more interesting than we



had expected, and our expectations were not small. The very first day we set out we were cheered and encouraged by the help you so willingly offered us, and during our stay we were most kindly received by those engaged in the true, real work we had come to visit. We are sending you a little history of our morning with the nurse, so you will see how much we liked it.

“ We promised Nurse G—— a few special things that we saw were needed by some of her patients ; but shall, of course, send them to you with the proper direction on them, if you will be kind enough to set the parcel aside for her.

“ With kind regards and many thanks, we remain yours very sincerely,

“ LUCY AND ANNIE.”

A MORNING WITH THE BIBLEWOMAN NURSE IN THE  
P—— DISTRICT.

“ As we had promised to meet Nurse G—— by ten o'clock at the Mission-room, we made haste with breakfast, and arrived in good time. We began our calls with much climbing after her up long, narrow staircases. We visited fourteen or fifteen rooms. A bag of biscuits, a pot of jelly, and a little money made up our store. Nurse's bag contained a purse for urgent need, some mutton chops, a bottle of lotion, and in her pocket a roll of lint, needles, thread, scissors, &c.

“ Being rather a better sort of district, we did not



meet with the abject poverty often found, but cases much the same as amongst our village people. Here a little girl suffering from inflammation of the chest, for whom Nurse in a few minutes makes a hot linseed poultice. Taking a little cup from the cupboard, she fills it with jelly to moisten the dry lips, and leaves the little patient as comfortable as possible. A few more calls, and then a sick boy, drawn out of all shape by spinal complaint. A paper of biscuits, box of toys, and a promise of a scrap-book, bring a bright smile into his poor little drawn face. On again from house to house, till we come to where a mangle is busily turning, son and daughter earning a living for the sick mother within—a poor sick mother, with a complication of complaints, asthma adding the last straw to the weary burden of suffering; but even *she* brightens as we talk of green fields and put into her hand a saucer of the cooling jelly, all the better to her because made in the country.

“ On again, and then a poor sick woman, with ulcerated leg, which Nurse dresses with deft, well-trained fingers. Long before this we found out that Nurse G—— was all a nurse should be—kind, quick, gentle, and full of tact, withal possessed of that heavenly wisdom that winneth souls to the Master. Everywhere a warm welcome awarded her.

“ A little further on, and then a visit to an old blind woman, happy and contented, so the day is never too long for her. She seemed to think life too short to count up all her mercies, but joyfully looked forward to the time when her eyes would be opened



with praises and thanksgiving. 'Every night I say a *day nearer* home,' she remarked to us, and then we repeated to her the hymn:—

'One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I've ever been before.'

It seemed just to express all she felt.

"Oh, the lessons to be learned in these sick-rooms! A poor sufferer came next, who has been ill seventeen years—not been out of doors for five years, except once, when carried across the street to a new house, but so bright and happy. Her room looked quite pleasant, with a bunch of flowers sent her by one invalid lady, and a linnet given her by another, thus showing that they in their sufferings thought of others who had poverty as well as sickness to endure. Near the end of our rounds Nurse met with an unexpected patient, in a man who had unfortunately fallen a considerable distance upon some bricks, and badly cut his head. She looked at it; put on fresh lint, wetted in cold water, with the oil-silk *over that*, instead of, as she found it, *next the wound*; and best help, perhaps, of all, assured his anxious wife that he was progressing favourably.

"These are but a few jottings from our morning's work in that district. Long after our visits are forgotten, may we keep the remembrance of Nurse G—— and her sick, sending, as opportunity offers, any little comforts for her weary sufferers."



Then follows a request concerning the hymn-books from which they heard our poor mothers sing so joyfully, which they want at once for the country mothers, and they say, "We have had several evenings with the villagers to give account of our London visit. They seemed greatly interested. Then also in readings with them we have acted upon the London plan, and read 'the Bible only,' and we *do* now 'find it better than any Story-book.' We had a solemn evening with them on Saturday, taking Christ's own words, 'Yet there is room.'—We remain, yours in sympathy, A. AND L."

#### THE SWANSEA NURSING INSTITUTE.

Three or four years after the commencement of this nursing work in London, our hopes were realised that it would spread by simple reaction, and by the accounts in the *Missing Link Magazine*, into some Country districts. We found that three or four friends in Swansea had entered upon a "Christian Commission," and they have now for years past employed three nurses under an independent organisation similar to our own. We were glad to receive their first Annual Report, accompanied by an intimation that their scheme originated from reading of our London work in the *Missing Link Magazine*, and they hoped that it would interest us to hear of its transplantation.

They seem fully to have adopted our principles. The nurses each live in or near their own districts, and are specially superintended by their own lady.



Their duty is to attend, FREE OF ALL CHARGE, any of the sick poor who may desire their services, excepting midwifery and infectious cases ; the only qualification required by the recipients being their need of help.

They have now even set apart a nurse for smallpox cases.

Their visits, like ours, are from house to house, staying as long with one patient as the case may require, and then passing on to another, visiting some even twice a day. They have paid 4508 visits in the year. They attend weekly at the local hospital, and there receive instruction in various matters tending to make them more efficient in their duties, and, blessed be God, their first qualification has not been forgotten, for they seem to be godly women, able to comfort afflicted and dying souls, "Biblewomen Nurses," and not ashamed of their name.

The funds needed for their salary and their Mission-rooms are provided by this small committee of actual workers, who solicit no pecuniary aid on their account, but feel grateful for any articles likely to be useful to the sick and poor, and these they appear to have been generously supplied with by friends in the locality : men's and women's clothes, children's ditto, bedding, groceries, and sundries. Ladies, of course, preside over their dispensation.

The Swansea nurses receive perpetual testimony of their activity, intelligence, and kindness. We cite a few of their cases, trusting such work may spread from town to town, and that *Christians may unite* to spread it :—



“Thomas J——, a labourer, who had given up work from illness, had five bad ulcers under his knee, not properly treated at first, although his wife, with her scanty means and her limited knowledge of such matters, had done her best; but having no old rag for poultices, and no experience of making them, was unable to be of any real help; besides, her family of five very young children needed much of her care and attention. A dinner of soup or meat was sent daily for some weeks to this case, and a little wine given, without which he would, no doubt, have sunk altogether. One day the nurse, after dressing his sores, offered him a tract, when he told her he could not read. She told him he ought to learn now, while he was laid by, and beguile the time while sick, and get comfort and support in affliction from God’s Word. The nurse offered a reward to the daughter, a little girl of seven, to teach her father to read, which was to be given when he could read the first chapter of the Gospel according to St John. Soon after, to the great gratification of the child, the nurse, and the poor sufferer himself, he read it all through slowly but earnestly.

“One night, quite late, just as Nurse S—— was going to bed, a neighbour ran to fetch her, as two doors off a wretched man was brought home to his lodgings, having been picked up near the dock bridge helplessly drunk, and very much injured by a severe

\* On the secretary calling to visit this case, and asking if the nurse’s visits were useful, the poor man said, “Oh, sir! she has saved me my leg.”



fall; his head was deeply cut, and when he was laid down he was literally deluged with blood. Nurse S—— cleansed and strapped the wounds in his head, changed his clothes, washed him clean, and got him to bed. She had some days' work with this case, as inflammation was feared, owing to the drunken habits of the man.

“In the case of a child who had been ill of measles, and was very much exhausted and prostrated, Nurse S——, hearing she was dying, went to see her. She saw at once that there was hope if proper stimulant and nourishment were given. The mother and neighbours, who were sitting round the bed expecting the last breath, were quite offended with the suggestion. But the nurse persevered, and gave beef tea and brandy very often in small quantities, and the child revived. Here the experienced eye caught the very crisis of the case and saved the life, for the child was far gone and unconscious.

“Mrs P——'s was a case of severe rheumatic fever. The poor woman was quite helpless, and in very great suffering. Nurse S—— attended to her closely, rubbing the limbs, and applying flannel bandages, hot fomentations, changing her linen, and making her bed till she was better, and cooking and giving her such nourishing food as was ordered, and what she would otherwise not have had, owing to her three children being too young to do anything for her.”

It is felt, says the secretary, that a great blessing is conferred on the sick poor through the Nursing Insti-



tution by a good supply of old linen, lint, linseed meal, disinfecting fluids, a few simple medicines, and many other things.

Besides the direct benefits we contemplate, many indirect benefits arise. Several houses, not usually kept particularly clean, are cleaned up in expectation of the nurse's visit; other members of the family besides the invalids are encouraged by a little attention, the reading of a portion of Scripture, or even a few kind words. There are other indirect results of a far higher kind. Among the poor and sick are many who are Christians, and these have their faith and hope strengthened in the visits paid them; and in the little helps and comforts taken to them they recognise the care of God as their Heavenly Father, and many a simple but sincere prayer is offered, asking God to bless the Swansea Nursing Institute.

The gentleman who instituted this agency at Swansea, thus communicates an account of its progress in 1873:—

“A few days since I forwarded the Second Report of our Swansea Nursing Institute. I now send you a little account of some visits I paid with one of the nurses last week.—Yours very truly,

S. B. POWER.

“The nurse, with her bag well filled with comforts for the sick poor, and two parcels under her arm, apparently of clothing for some case of destitution and nakedness, met me by appointment one morning to take me on her round of visits.



“The first visit was to an aged couple, living in T—— Street, who appeared to be about sixty years of age; the husband, although somewhat infirm, was able to go about pretty fairly, and it was to his exertions the room owed its aspect of cleanliness and neatness so pleasant to see; but the wife, poor thing, from repeated paralytic strokes, was not only a cripple, but had also lost the use of her speech; and although the husband and the nurse could understand her wishes, to me they were wholly unintelligible. While we were talking about her she bent down her head upon her poor hands, whose fingers were all drawn together, and burst into tears. Nurse W——, who was evidently accustomed to her ways, immediately taking one of her hands, soothed her with kindly words of sympathy, and we left her calm and quietly sitting by her little handful of fire.

“The next on our list to visit was an aged widow, with her daughter, also a widow, who supported herself and her boy by the inevitable stitch, stitch, stitch of the poor needlewoman. The old widow was nearly blind, but cheerful and full of talk. I found, to my surprise, I was known; and the daughter introduced me as ‘The gentleman, you know, mother, who read about the poker and tongs,’ alluding to the Rev. P. B. Power’s well-known tract, ‘The Talking Fire-irons,’ which I had read quite five years previously at a Mothers’ Meeting in the neighbourhood.

“This poor needlewoman had one grievance: the parish had stopped the small allowance they gave her for her son, and although she was willing to try



and do without it, yet the threepence weekly for his schooling was a heavy pull upon her little earnings. I promised to try if anything could be done to get him on a free list, but as none existed at the school he went to, another was found, where he will be taught without expense to his mother. The old woman was suffering from a bad leg, which the nurse was in the constant habit of dressing; and she said she had not slept the previous night for want of the usual dressing—the nurse, having had other pressing duties to attend to, was unable to go to her the day before.

“ We then went up a flight of stairs to see a poor man who was thrown from the top of a load of hay, and so injured that he could only walk with considerable difficulty. Crippled for life, this poor man can do nothing to earn even a few pence; his wife picks up bits of coal about the docks, and so contrives a little fire; little indeed it was, just enough to *say* there was a fire there, without telling an untruth. We found him trying to coax a saucepan to boil; he was cheerful and happy; his trousers were indeed a marvel of patchwork, but the nurse told me afterwards that the wife’s dress beat it hollow, and was a sight worth seeing. This man made no complaints, and threw out no hints of any wants to be supplied. He pointed to a warm flannel shirt sent him from the Nursing Institute, and said it had saved his life the past winter; but the trousers pleaded with silent eloquence to be pensioned off after a long life of active service. Oh, for some suits of men’s cast-off clothes!



It came out in conversation that some accident had happened to his spectacles, and he was without any ; on mentioning this to a benevolent lady, she promised to supply him with a pair.

“ Up into a garret next, a miserable place it was, perishing in winter, broiling in summer, nothing but the slates between the poor occupant and the sky—a bad leg, fearfully ulcerated mouth, poverty, loneliness, misery—wretchedness was indeed the tenant of that garret.

“ Then to a different scene. A dear old blind Christian woman, unmarried, and living in her little two-roomed house for over fifty years ; here she does everything herself except light her fire ; she cleans her own room, makes her own bread, and even ornaments the hearthstone with chalk markings. Her great desire, she told me, was to have a prayer-meeting in her little house, but the clergyman told her she was out of his district ; and when disappointed in this, she just told God all about it. Soon after, she was overjoyed by some young men calling to ask would she lend her room once a-week for a prayer-meeting ? and now Tuesday evening is the beam of sunshine that enlivens the week for this poor blind Christian. I asked her if she did not find it hard to make both ends meet with her parish allowance. She said, ‘ With Christ and a crust, I’m contented.’ Grateful for the nurse’s frequent visits, she said, ‘ I’m lost the days she don’t come to see me.’

“ Passing over the case of a paralytic, bedridden for seventeen years, and other cases, we must conclude



with that of a poor woman, who evidently has not long to live, being far gone in consumption. Her husband being in work, earning small wages, they have not parish relief, hence cannot have the benefit of the parish doctor's attendance, while they are too poor to pay for medical advice. She had a longing to see Dr M——, but would not ask him, as they could not pay.\* One daughter, stone-blind, cannot help, so the house work devolves upon another, a little maiden eleven or twelve years old. The husband has often to start off to his work at *four o'clock in the morning*, and the nurse's visits to this poor dying woman are indeed a comfort.

“ Other visits were paid, all equally interesting, and all taught the same lesson, that the ministrations of the Biblewomen Nurses were real blessings to the poor, those poor that we are always to have with us, and of whom the Saviour has said, ‘ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’

“ S. B. P.”

*From the Swansea Nursing Institute in December 1874.*

A third report has been received of equal interest. It was established in July 1870; is supported as a private charity, but its benefits open to all in need.

Three nurses have been constantly employed, who, since its formation, have paid 25,718 visits to the sick and suffering.

\* Dr M—— has called, and kindly promises to see her occasionally.



The average number of *visits* paid weekly is 140.

The number of *cases* visited weekly is about 73.

The expenses since its formation have been £711, 8s. 9d., or about £160 per annum;—of which £32, 6s. has been contributed by the public during that time, but as no effort has been made to seek for subscriptions, doubtless a good sum could have been collected if asked for.

Occasional circulars are sent to grocers, asking for donations of tea, sugar, arrowroot, &c., which are liberally responded to. Drapers, also, sometimes give flannel, calico, linsey, &c. Many friends send donations of left-off clothing, and sometimes a Dorcas working-party meet and make up garments for the poor.

A house is provided in which two of the three nurses reside—the other nurse having her district at some distance finds it more convenient to live in her district. In this house all the stores are kept, and the nurses meet the secretary and one of the committee every Thursday, when they present their diaries and case-books; each case is carefully gone into, and each nurse's work for the previous week reviewed, and supplies given out for what may be needed for the coming week.

The house is further utilised by the committee room being used three times a week for private Bible classes held by ladies, who find the central situation of the house convenient for them. It is also used in the winter as a soup-kitchen, having conveniences for making soup, and a back entrance;



but this part of the work is carried on by the wife of the vicar, and is independent of the nurses, although they largely participate in the benefits of the soup-kitchen by having tickets given them for their poor people.

It is believed that in many instances the care and attention of the nurses have been the means of prolonging life; it is, at all events, quite certain that their visits are looked for and longed for by the poor, and by them are much appreciated.

Another interesting form of benevolence has grown out of the Swansea Nursing Institute—so many poor elderly women were found, who had to pay two shillings a week rent out of their parish allowance of three and sixpence, and were reduced to great straits, that three six-roomed houses were purchased, and let out to them in rooms at twopence each a week. By this means eighteen poor women have comfortable homes provided for them at a merely nominal rent; they are each independent of the other, having separate rooms, and how much they are valued may be illustrated by the remark of one poor widow soon after she got settled, “Oh, sir! ’tis like heaven being here after the last place!”\*

#### A BIBLEWOMAN NURSE IN HULL.

The reading of the early accounts of a Biblewoman Nurse in Swansea, appears to have resulted

\* Any person desiring further information concerning the above Mission, can apply to the Hon. Secretary, Mr Samuel B. Power, Swansea.



in an endeavour to introduce the same agency in Hull—of which experiment the following report has reached us :—

A suitable agent was found, who, by the kind permission of the Committee of the Hull General Infirmary, attended there daily for two months to receive instruction in nursing. During this time, one of the night nurses being ill for a week, Mrs B—— took her place, and thus gained additional experience. When she left, the chairman wrote :—  
“ We think very highly of Mrs B——, and consider her very well qualified for the duties of Out-door Visiting Nurse.”

The nurse entered upon her duties on the 11th of December 1871, under the direction of a Superintending-Lady.

She visits on an average twelve cases weekly, paying daily visits where necessary; dressing wounds; making broth and gruel for bedridden, infirm, and aged persons; washing and dressing neglected children, if the mother is laid aside; administering medicine left by the parish doctor, or food to poor old women, who live in upper rooms and are sometimes left alone from morning to morning; and performing numberless other kind offices. Some lonely persons she has persuaded to go into the workhouse. Cases of rheumatism, dropsy, inflammation, consumption, bad legs, abscesses, cancer, paralysis, and other distressing maladies, have come under her care. Besides these severer cases, which are regularly *on the books*, calls for temporary relief



frequently occur, such as general debility in patients discharged from the Infirmary, or unable to obtain admission there, or weakness in women recently confined. In these instances, by a little attention from the nurse and medical comforts, a serious illness is sometimes warded off, or a family crisis bridged over.

With rare exceptions, the nurse reads the Holy Scriptures or prays, or both, during each visit; and many a time a sick woman has called in her neighbours to hear the Word of God. She is also provided with Scripture texts mounted on pasteboard, for the use of those who are bedridden. Many of the patients had not been frequenters of public worship. Very good results have been attained. Some dark minds have been enlightened, and persons who showed great apathy concerning everything beyond a mere material existence are now rising to better things. The visitor is cheered by seeing better habits, efforts to improve their dwellings, and the evidence of a desire for spiritual instruction.

The total number of cases attended has been sixty-six in the year, of which nineteen have ended in death. Several have recovered strength, and twelve remain. Many have been taught how to help themselves in sickness and disease, thus accomplishing one of the chief aims of the Mission.

In almost every case the people are very grateful.

In the hope that this agency may be more extensively adopted in Hull, by individuals or congrega-







We were sorry to hear that this Nurse-work in Hull is not at present continued.

#### A FEW WORDS WITH COUNTRY FRIENDS.

It gives us much pleasure to quote the foregoing examples of independent and spontaneous reaction from the simple description of our London work. On further attempting to methodise the Original Mission, when we call ourselves to account for our time—we find so much of it to be taken up by answering letters from country friends requesting that we will send them Biblewomen, and, of late, “Biblewomen Nurses,” that we feel quite overpowered and hindered in our proper and acknowledged vocation of finding, training, and placing these women in London. We have not in general succeeded in sending trained women from London, especially to the North; their health has failed, and they are accustomed to 15s. a week salary, which is not too much to find them in the extra washing, &c., required by a nurse in London. The agents are best chosen locally, the first point being always studied that they should be *really godly women, with a love for nursing*; and training could surely always be had in the town or county infirmary as above, and we hope therefore as London and Swansea reacted on Hull,—so they may on other places.

We would beg to suggest that the publication of this little book, and of the *Missing Link Magazine*, is intended to help our country friends *to help them-*



*selves* to find and train these useful agents. London women do not always suit in the country, and thus there ensues an additional correspondence and serious expense in the details of change and return. We need our best candidates for London itself, and can rarely nominate them to go elsewhere. We are convinced the women may be found and trained in most localities, if prayer and pains accompany the effort to do so. It is of great importance that the London work should grow and strengthen; and here we can watchfully enforce our own discipline, and the women work in a body, with distinct privileges and rules, stimulating one another; but our disappointments have often arisen from agents afar off, and we cannot possibly take the responsibility of supplying them.

Our Biblewomen, to the number of 200, are now spread over all the Postal Districts of London, and our nurses are following in their wake as fast and as far as our means allow; there are no women more really wanted at this time in London, and in all large towns, than Biblewomen Nurses, if we may judge by the letters we are constantly receiving which contain the following queries:--

Q. 1. Can you supply us with a Biblewoman Nurse ready trained for work?

A. We do not attempt to supply Biblewomen Nurses beyond London.

Q. 2. If not, could you send one suitable in all other respects *except* the hospital training, as in that case she could be trained in our local hospital?



A. We would if we could ; but all really valuable agents are at present wanted here.

Q. 3. What is the usual salary, she having to provide her own board and lodging ?

A. 15s. a week. A Biblewoman's salary is 12s. 6d a week.

Q. 4. If a home or house were started in which the nurse would be boarded and lodged, what would be the salary in that case ?

A. This would alter the character of the agency, and half the value of these *nurses for the poor* consists in their living out among those we want them to serve. There is a distinction between our nurses thus set apart for the poor, and trained from among themselves, like the Biblewomen, and any body of nurses called "sisters," who have one home under one rule. We wish to preserve this distinction, and that is one reason why we call them "Biblewomen Nurses."

Q. 5. Do they attend lying-in cases ?

A. Yes, continually ; and therefore they cannot take smallpox or fever cases, except set apart to them.

Q. 6. Can you advise us as to the best way of setting to work a Biblewoman Nurse in a town where there has not been one before ?

A. There is no difficulty in setting her to work, if she has been preceded by an active Biblewoman in a low district. This kind of nurse-work answers best, when it springs as a branch from the root of Bible-work.

Q. 7. Is it absolutely needful that she be regularly



trained, because we know many a motherly woman who might be made useful, if set apart to nursing?

A. She will be seven times more useful, if for three or four months she has been accustomed to fulfil regular duties towards the sick in hospital or infirmary; she will know how to lift them in bed or out of it, to change their linen with the least fatigue to them, &c., &c. She will have watched the application of modern remedies, and seen their results, and thereby will get rid of a great many quack notions; she will have learned how to wait upon the doctors, and carry out their orders; her natural intelligence will be wonderfully brightened by even this short contact with medical skill; and it will not be long enough for her to forget in how far different a sphere she must use the knowledge acquired; not in places where everything is found ready to hand, but in the poor rooms where there are comparatively no appliances for nursing but those which she takes with her.

Q. 8. Where are the printed forms to be obtained on which your nurses report their work?

A. At Messrs Nisbet's, Berners Street, Oxford Street, with the books and papers of the Bible-Mission.

Q. 9. And where are these treasures of nurses to be found?

A. Among the humble pious poor, wherever there has been Christian teaching that has reached them. Among those who have already been educated in some degree by their training in Mothers' Classes, and who are willing to serve as *Biblewomen* for three



months, under the guidance of a suitable Lady-Superintendent, and who are afterwards willing to go for three months among the sick in hospitals, there learning to give watchfully and tenderly the varied help that sickness needs. It must *first* be secured that they are able to show the way of salvation to an anxious soul, perhaps stricken for death, to whose aid they may be hastily called. These women should also be chosen for certain physical and mental qualifications, and should be carefully selected and their integrity proved, before they are trained as nurses. Their age may be from twenty-five to fifty, and they can be either single, married, or widows. They should be healthy and active, of good middle height and cheerful temperament, unfettered by small families of their own, and with a real liking for their work; able to read and write easily, and possessing besides these natural fitnesses, the somewhat rare gifts of presence of mind and common sense.

In these days of intelligence what a pity to leave such a woman (and they exist everywhere) to the mere administration of old superstitious nostrums; what a pity not to give her the needful *training*, which will make her a thousand times more useful, and to combine with it, as is necessary for a paid agent, the care and direction of a lady who is also trained herself in the same department, and who will seek for, secure, and be the depository of the needful supplies. Surely the heads and hands for this service could be found among God's people. Let them offer such upon His altar!



## DAY AND NIGHT NURSES.

If we might give a further hint to friends disposed to cultivate this "ready to hand agency," without waiting for years to obtain agents trained in nursing institutions, it would be *to consider their nurse, as well as their patients*; this is not of course by giving her stimulants to keep her up to her work, but it is by not *overworking* her, by not supposing that any human being is able habitually to work night and day. If we require from her full day service, and often ask it late and early, rendered with good-will, we find it best to let our nurse, in needful cases, select her own night substitute; while we pay a shilling a night, if that service cannot be voluntary.

The steady helpful mothers without young children in a mothers' class, might be led to expect that this service, when needed, would be asked of them.

## RENEWED INQUIRIES FROM COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

"DEAR MADAM,—As we are just now commencing the work of the 'Biblewoman Nurse in ——,' I have been requested to ask you whether there are any 'Hints' that you can give us with regard to the superintendence or work of the agent. We have seen nothing on the subject since the pamphlet entitled 'The Biblewoman Nurse,' except occasional papers in the *Missing Link Magazine*. We think the fruits of some years' experience would be very valuable to us if you could kindly let us have them. We



have no idea as to how many cases the nurse should undertake, nor whether any arrangement is made as to 'hours employed.' We were rather surprised by the statement from Hull 'that their nurse only visited 66 cases in the year.'\* E. M. J."

The following note was received from a benevolent gentleman in Monmouthshire :—

"DEAR MADAM,—I have nearly completed a large room, with a couple of substantial cottages annexed, which I hope to appropriate for a Mission-room and residences for Biblewomen, &c. ; my present idea being, if funds can be raised for the purpose, to commence with two Biblewomen, who shall be instructed at our infirmary how to dress wounds, apply bandages, and the common routine of nursing, and thus somewhat combine the two offices of Biblewoman and Nurse; and I should feel obliged by a copy of the rules or instructions given to your Biblewomen † and also to your Nurses for their guidance; and also to state whether you now train women as Biblewomen, and upon what terms.

"I constantly read the *Missing Link Magazine*, and believe that all I have asked for might be found therein if only I knew where to put my hand on the different numbers, but I do not.—Yours truly,

"H. D."

\* The statistics given concerned a *commencing* effort : the number of visits paid to each case would represent the amount of work, and these were not given.

† The rules for our Biblewomen are found at the end of this book. The Nurses work on the same principles, but their hours and duties are so modified by circumstances that few rules can be laid down.



In the latter case we sent the following reply:—

“DEAR SIR,—We are glad to hear of your room and two cottages for Biblewomen. Will you permit a suggestion that one of them be from the first appropriated to the BIBLEWOMAN NURSE, and include a small room or depôt of stores for the sick—a ‘Mother-House’ in miniature; the stores to be listed weekly, and kept under the eye and hand of a Lady-Superintendent, who interests herself with the nurse in individual cases. Old clothing, linen, carbolic lotion, lint, rag, simple medicines, packets of cereal nourishments, medical comforts of various kinds, the nurse will need, and the lady should inspect and record the dispensation. To this many voluntary helps will come when known.

“From London experience we find it best to keep the offices of Biblewoman and Nurse distinct. The Nurse cannot collect for Bibles, or hold Mothers’ Meetings, though she can work into the hands of the Biblewoman and the Biblewoman into hers, each in their special vocation. The Biblewoman cannot fulfil her own duties to those in health if she is expected to nurse also, though she may be sufficiently instructed in health-preservation to cause the avoidance of illness; and she will find much spiritual work in the days of convalescence. The division of labour is most desirable. Both agents should be proved godly and honest women, and each should have her own Superintendent; but the one should be a *born nurse* to begin with, and not much older than thirty-five. She must learn in hospital all that is required in Miss



Nightingale's list of duties. We ascertain, by three months' employment in a simple Bible-Mission, what are the qualities and faculties of our nurse candidates, and if they have true sympathy with the class they are to serve. Nothing short of the love of Christ, and the real love of nursing added to it (born with some women), will fit them for their post. We carefully watch what a woman can do and what she cannot, and so avoid disappointment. We send you the card on which our nurses give account of a fortnight's visits, with the other items you request."

And now let us record—

#### A COUNTRY WELCOME TO A BIBLEWOMAN NURSE.

"MY DEAR MRS R——,—I enclose a cheque for £15, £10 for your working fund, and £5 for your nurses and comforts for the sick. I have been trying to find time to write to you and tell you about Mrs K——. The more I see of her the more pleased I am with her in all respects, and I have generally seen her about three times in the week. Our rector also likes her very much indeed, and so does a lady who lives in W——, and takes a kind and active interest in the poor. The poor themselves receive her most gladly, and are so thankful for her visits, especially the sick and the aged.

"At first we had considerable trouble in finding a comfortable lodging for her, and one on reasonable terms. I found that she had furniture of her own, and when after some delay this was sent to W——,



by my adding a few things to her little stock, a small bedroom and a nice little sitting-room were made quite comfortable for her in a clean airy house, with a garden into which both her rooms look.

“The rector had always intended to take a room for keeping the ‘comforts for the sick,’ and as Mrs K—— can find space for them in her two rooms, he pays the rent of the bedroom, 1s. per week, and she has only 1s. 6d. rent to pay for the sitting-room. It is a large house that has seen better days, and the owner has placed in it a respectable couple, who live there and let the rooms, and never admit a lodger of doubtful character.

“There is a large room, too, on the ground floor, the use of which for an hour or two can be obtained for a trifle, and there a Mothers’ Meeting, once a week, has just been begun, and Mrs L—— at once offered to conduct it. There were only six or seven mothers the first time, for gleaning was not quite over, and many more said they would come when it was. You will be surprised perhaps to hear, that Mrs K—— found a Bible in every family or single person’s lodging which she visited. Now, there is one family who are willing to purchase a large Bible with good type, paying weekly pence for it, and one girl of bad character, who had had one, said her brother had taken it away with him, finding probably that she did not care for it. As a nurse, Mrs K——’s services are most highly valued. She was surprised to find how very ignorant our poor were about the simplest appliances for the sick. She



does what is necessary, and teaches the wife or mother how to do it.

“ Can you imagine a mother, who has brought up a family of eleven, whose husband was dangerously ill and was ordered to have beef tea. The parish supplied the beef. She placed the piece on a dish, raw, and poured boiling water upon it, and gave this water to the poor man! Another had so made and so put on a poultice on a gathering on her son’s foot, that it could not do him the slightest good, till Mrs K—— showed her how to do it. Nor does she do good to the bodies only, but is ever thinking of their spiritual wants. Amongst the aged there are several who cannot read and yet have Bibles; with these, and others, and specially to the sick, she reads and talks and prays, and they beg her to come again; and she invites those who are able to come to her room, and to attend the Mothers’ Meetings.

One poor man, who lived with a daughter a mile and a-half from the village, she visited daily, till he died, ministering to his bodily and spiritual wants, and another poor woman too, but her mind was weakened by long illness; another, dying of consumption, and the poor man, whose wife could not make beef tea, she visits daily, and has done much to comfort them both. She also goes twice a week to the hamlet, two miles from W——, and visits several families there, and they all speak so gratefully of her visits. Some observed it was a long way for her to come, but (as one told me) she said, ‘ she liked a good walk, it refreshed her.’ For slight ailments



she seems to doctor the people successfully, and relieves them without the expense of paying the doctor. All has worked in harmony so far. Mrs K—— has only met with one little rebuff; she was visiting a mother of very bad character, when a young lady of High Church principles came in, and told Mrs K—— that in case of sickness she might come there, but otherwise, she did not wish her district to be interfered with. There is one other family of high position of the same opinions, who have not been at home since our good helper came; but, if they object, there will still be plenty of work for her amongst those who highly value her services, and these, as well as myself, feel most grateful to your Mission, my dear Madam ——, for finding, and kindly having trained, for us a Biblewoman Nurse, who is so very valuable a helper, and who is doing, I feel sure, such a good work in the parish. She never seems to think that she has too much to do, and proposed to me to visit our small Union House, the inmates of which are chiefly very old or infirm men and children (who attend the national schools when old enough), and now and then there may be a girl of bad character with her infant. She said, ‘They have souls to be saved, and I should like to go to them.’ I have written a very long story, but I knew you would be interested to hear how we were getting on, especially as it is so satisfactory. Our dear Mrs K—— keeps very well, and says the houses are so much more airy, and generally so much cleaner and nicer, than the homes of the London poor,



that she thinks it is a far more healthy life than working in London."

THE LOAN OF A NURSE PIONEER.

Having lent one of our nurses for three months, at the application of Dr Lyell's Medical Mission for Glasgow, we have had much pleasure in receiving the following testimonial on her return to her London work:—

*“ Glasgow, May.*

“ DEAR MADAM,—As Mrs M—— is to leave us at the end of this week, I write to tell you that the Ladies who have been associated with her during her stay here, are thoroughly pleased and satisfied with her work. During the last few weeks she has had a probationer to visit with her, to whom she has given many valuable hints in ministering both to the bodily and spiritual wants of the sick poor, and we hope that she will be able to undertake the work by herself after Mrs M—— leaves. I shall not occupy your time by entering into any details, but will conclude by sending you our united thanks for your valuable assistance to our Mission by sending so efficient a nurse.

“ With Christian regards, yours truly,

“ J. R.”

We cannot close these notices of similar missions to the sick poor taking rise in the country, without gratefully recognising the help and sympathy which



often reaches us from provincial districts. Much of the support of those Nurse Missions in London has hitherto come from friends afar off, and not a little from those who lie and pray for us—on their own sick beds or in early morning hours. Witness the following letter written as

A WORD OF CHEER FROM THE BORDER-LAND.

“I enclose you a post-office order for my half-year’s monthly donation, which I proposed sending you about twelve months ago, in addition to our annual subscription.

“Shall I tell you *how* I have been able to send you this small sum? I think I may, as in all probability it will be the last I shall send you myself.

“I have been fully persuaded that stimulants were injurious even to the invalid (at least in my own case), and therefore felt I could save 5s. per month, and have had great pleasure in sending it to you that it might administer the cup of cold water to some thirsty souls by the loving hand of a Bible-woman Nurse who goes about to many a weary sufferer like myself.

“I am now fast hastening to the close of life’s short day. ‘Soon and for ever’ I shall be with Jesus, precious Jesus, and shall see Him as He is. ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’

“My dear friend, adieu. We are personally unknown on earth, but I believe we shall know each other in heaven. How wonderfully God has blessed



the Bible work in your hands. I have often prayed the Lord would help you, and dispose the hearts of those to whom He has given wealth to bestow it on such as are in want of the common necessities of life, not to speak of comforts.

“How deeply interested I have been in the pages of the *Missing Link Magazine*; it is entirely from reading those details, month by month, that our sympathies have been drawn out. My own beloved sister will continue the annual subscription (D.V.). Often when reading of God’s dear children suffering so patiently, it has cheered *me*, and enabled me to endure my own sufferings.

“I remain, yours in Christian love.”

#### KIND SUPPLIES SENT.

It is impossible to reckon up the kindly notices of the labours of the NURSE who goes, with the Bible-woman’s heart, to minister to the untended London poor, and who makes photographs in words for us, less sightly and attractive, perhaps, than they are *true*. It is but a little portion of our London world of want and sorrow that we can present monthly to the prayers and the cares of our sympathising friends, but how sweet are the responses we continually receive!

“I do not know why I should hide it from you,” says one correspondent, “that I have for a long time remembered your work every morning and evening at the Throne of Grace.”

“It does good, as you say,” adds another, “to



study the pages of human life which tell of want and suffering. They stand out in such contrast to our daily plenty and comforts, and, while they appeal strongly to the hearts of the Lord's children to share what He has given them with His poor, they (in many cases) teach wonderful lessons, in their turn, of contentment and praise." Another note says:—

"I have had great pleasure in putting together a parcel for your nurses. The air cushion I send is nearly new; it was only used the night my precious child died, and what was a comfort to her, I am anxious should relieve some poor sufferer who cannot have any such alleviations."

"I have taken an interest in the good work of the *Missing Link*," writes another generous friend, "ever since its commencement. I therefore enclose draft for £100, having it now in my power to do so. I wish to save trouble to executors, and 'duty.'"

From far and near, at all seasons—but especially in winter—there reach us the warm garments which are to fold in comfort many a thin shivering form, also flowers in spring, and fruits in autumn, and they are dispensed to cases like the following:—

WHITHER WENT THE BOX OF GRAPES SENT TO THE  
MOTHER-HOUSE BY LADY STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE?

*Notes of the Sick to whom they were given.*

Mary Mitchell, an elderly woman who has spinal disease and dyspepsia, has been bedridden for about sixteen years; her thankfulness for the delicate



present was great. "Truly," she said, "this is a Christian gift; only a Christian would have thought of it."

Mrs Langham, an aged widow who has been ill for two years. "I enjoyed the grapes very much indeed, they were such a treat, I've felt better ever since."

Mrs Hart, a woman of thirty-nine, dying from internal cancer; greatly pleased with the unexpected boon.

Mrs Clarke, a young woman dying of consumption. Nurse says, "She sat up in bed and began to eat them with great relish; thanked the lady who had so kindly sent them."

Mrs Bibb, has congestion of liver and jaundice—not likely to live. Nurse reports, "It would cheer the heart to hear her gratitude. She was much surprised by the grapes, and exclaimed, 'How kind of the dear lady, may the Lord bless her.'"

George Blackburn, dying of consumption—greatly refreshed by the fruit—he died two days afterwards.

Mrs A. Rerman, an aged Christian, sadly afflicted with tumours, which cause her constant pain, remarked upon the kindness of the lady who sent them, and upon their delicacy.

Mrs Reach, aged fifty-two, a great sufferer from ulcerated legs, rheumatism, and palsy; utterly helpless; often half starving; has an unkind husband; returned thanks for the grapes, saying how nice they were.

Mrs Timms, fifty-three; dying of consumption, is in circumstances of painful destitution; is lying on the floor; was asleep, but would be very grateful, as she becomes exceedingly thirsty in the night.



Ellen Marks, dying of consumption, very grateful for the fruit.

Mrs Umphage, a feeble old woman of ninety-three, who, through a fall, sustained a compound fracture of the leg; is quite helpless and bedridden; as pleased as a child with the grapes; said, "How good of ladies to think of poor people, and send them such nice things."

Mrs Fraser, age seventy, very bad cancer case; very thankful for the grapes; has mentioned them since as being "so nice."

Sarah Slade, a girl in the first stage of consumption; very thankful for so delicious a fruit.

Mrs Blewitt, aged forty-six, dying, had had internal cancer for two years. Nurse never saw her so delighted with anything as with the grapes.

Mrs Roberts, very ill with dropsy, very weak, and her husband being out of work, she is unable to obtain food. Most thankful for the grapes, they refreshed her mouth so much.

Mrs Collins, dying of consumption; has a family of children, all young; very pleased with the grapes; felt it very good of the Lord to put it into the hearts of ladies to think of her as she lies on her suffering bed.

Mrs Gee, very aged, dying of dropsy. So poor that sometimes she has nothing but water to take. Nurse was wishing the day before the grapes were sent she had some for the poor parched mouth. When one was put into her mouth she said, "How beautiful, do give me another."



Isaac Evans, dying of consumption. When the grapes were sent his countenance brightened up; he had not had anything which he relished so much since he began to be ill.

Kemble, dying of consumption.

Mrs Shore, a bedridden woman; sorely afflicted with scrofula; every part of her body either is or has been full of wounds; the legs are like bent and withered sticks.

William Mason, a youth of nineteen, in consumption. Able to walk about, but not to work; lives with his mother, a widow, lame, and only able to do needlework, of which she has but an insufficient supply; pleased and thankful for the fruit.

Mrs Gill, a widow, gradually failing; has cancer in both breasts, and on the shoulder.

Peter Clare, dying of consumption. "The grapes were a great treat," he said, "it is very kind of the lady; I never thought till now there were such kind people."

Mrs Irons and her daughter, a child of ten, both dying of consumption. So thankful for the grapes; the faces lighted up with pleasure, and the great enjoyment which the taste of the fruit gave obliged Nurse to buy more.

Williams, a little boy of six, dying from abscesses. The fruit quite a delight, his constant cry being, "I is so hungry."

Henry Warnell, child of ten, dying of consumption and abscesses. The grapes were a great treasure to him; he was too weak to eat more than



one or two at a time, but always counted them when they were put away, lest any should be lost.

Mrs Bigg, suffering from cancer; her mouth very dry and sore; much pleased with the grapes. "This is another proof of the Saviour's love, for He will not withhold any good thing from them that love Him."

Mrs Welling, has low fever, and being very thirsty, was most thankful for them.

J. Atkins, suffering with fits, cried like a child when Nurse gave him the fruit; was very grateful.

Mrs Rose, cancer of breast; very ill and low; returns many thanks for the grapes, they refreshed her much.

Mrs Fleming, bedridden from a complication of disease; the grapes were a real boon to her; relieved her chest; she never could be sufficiently thankful.\*

We were thankful to receive from the MERCER'S COMPANY a donation of fifty guineas for our general work in the city. Through the kind offices of Mr Carrington Palmer, they one year sent us several times, for the sick poor, the valuable remains of their dinners, and the crumbs that fell from the rich mens' table were in this case carefully bestowed and most gratefully received.

It is surely good for those who when ill have every comfort around them, to study a few of those pages of human life where the ailments are the

\* Supplies of perishable articles should reach 13 Hunter Street, W.C., on Monday night or Tuesday morning, as they are there acknowledged, and sent to the Mother-House for *immediate* distribution by the nurses.



same, and all the comforts wanting. There is in every house so much that might help the sick poor. We are often quite without stores of *rag* for the numberless wounds we are tending. Old bed-rests and air pillows out of use are very valuable.\* Any supply of carbolic soap or lotion would be most welcome. Every nurse increasingly finds its value, both in cleansing and healing wounds.

#### HELP IN KIND.

We have received a letter from a friend of our Mission containing a suggestion which we hope will meet with a response from some Christian heads of houses of business. Our correspondent, who is himself a tradesman, says, "It has occurred to me that nearly all tradespeople have sometimes on their hands goods that have become soiled and antiquated, and that Christians among them, sympathising with your work, and unable to help it in other ways, would gladly give parcels of such goods, if they knew how usefully they might be employed."

We need hardly say how welcome and useful such parcels would be: all materials for warm garments, and household articles of any kind, would be precious

\* We lately saw a poor widow, eight years afflicted with dropsy, brought on from fright. Her husband was killed on the railway, where he was employed. She has been allowed work from the railway company, but she is now getting too weak to do it. Nurse found her in a back kitchen, sitting up in bed, sewing with string a heavy canvas railway-truck cover, seven yards long, and almost as wide; several seams, and to be hemmed all round for 5s. A bed-rest is wanted there. It seems the poor woman must keep in bed, as erysipelas comes in the legs when she is up.



boons in many of the poverty-stricken dwellings of the sick poor, especially in winter.

Will our friends in trade look around their shops and warehouses before stock-taking time, and see what they can do for our sick poor ones, and the efforts we are making to help them?

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We wish to close this Country Chapter "with a comprehensive acknowledgment to all the kind friends who have offered contributions *in kind* to the assistance of our Missions. Parcels of men's clothing and hose, patchwork quilts, blankets, sheets, flannel, print, crochet or knitted crossovers, babies' suits, pillows (most welcome if made of soft and clean and old cut scraps of print, calico, silk, &c., which are a far greater comfort to the sick than *paper* fillings), old dressing-gowns, night-dresses, and warm petticoats. We acknowledge all monthly at the foot of our money lists in the *Missing Link Magazine*, and they are dispensed as fast as they are received.

Requests for such specific gifts by the nurses are sent by the post on a printed form a day or two previously, to our trusty House and Storekeeper, and are therefore ready prepared for each applicant nurse on her arrival. She gives the name of the patient, and a most kind and punctual lady helper presides over this division of supplies, and makes a tabulated record of it. Thus all is easily accomplished; and when our shelves of supply are nearly emptied



one week, they are refilled by the next; for still the King's Son lives and looks upon the poor—*His* poor. And especially during the last score of years, how many of His servants has He sent into the streets and alleys of large cities, to seek them and to teach them, to feed and clothe and comfort them, saying still in the words that are eighteen centuries old—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto ME.”

Christ does look down upon the poor of London. His all-searching eye, which is pitiful as well as just, alone can disentangle their histories and trace their mighty misery to its sources; the overcrowding, the nakedness, the hunger, the drink, the vice of parents, the bad example, the ill-fortune, the sickness, the want of work, the bad management, the ignorance, the dirt—*He sees it all*, and He must see in it *work yet undone* by all His people, whatever be the name of their Church; and still He bids them do it—do it as unto Him—and if so enterprised, it is the seal of His blessing that *the Master finds the means*. He has continued to find them for our section of workers these eighteen years. He has suffered us, year by year, to see hundreds of these poor degraded ones, receiving His message of eternal love, arise and follow Him, pass through persecution for His sake, become “the temples of the Holy Ghost” in those degraded places, live in His presence, and either influence their families for good or die rejoicing in His name.



*CHAPTER IV.*

A LEADER GONE BEFORE.



## CONTENTS.

Miss Agnes Jones in London—Her walk in Drury Lane on New Year's Day, 1862—The artificial flower-maker—The old soldier—The poor sempstress—The sudden summons to Italy—Agnes' training at Kaiserswerth—Her residence in the Liverpool Infirmary, and training of Pauper Nurses—Her death by fever in 1868—Official testimony to her character and work—The voice of her self-sacrifice—How we were led to train Poor Nurses for the Poor—Above and Below—In Memoriam.



## A LEADER GONE BEFORE.

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FROM a voice which is no more heard on earth, except in the echo of a most fragrant memory, comes an invitation to this Christian Nurse-work, enforced by example and hallowed by utter self-sacrifice.

On one sad day in February 1868, a very dear friend of our Mission took leave of earth for Heaven —“ sweet Agnes Jones.” “ Dear Agnes,” admired and loved by all who knew her, died of typhus fever in her rooms in the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary, where she had for three years voluntarily secluded herself from home, friends, and family, as entirely as any foreign missionary, for the constant personal superintendence of that large Institution, and the training of its paid nurses according to the plans of Miss Nightingale, who speaks of her loss as “ irreparable.”

At the early age of thirty-five her self-sacrificing work is done; though its fruit and its example will long survive her. Her personal friends, with many a sigh for their own loss, had yet endeavoured cheerfully to resign her to her *vocation*, which was evidently that of nursing.



She was one of those serene, unselfish, and helpful women who seem to be *born nurses*. There are many who can look back upon her from the time when, in her own bright home in the North of Ireland, she gave her days to tend the poor; setting off in her vigorous health and strength—whether sunbeams shone or rain poured down—over mountain and moor to the lonely cabins, where her visit was looked for like a ray of light beaming on body and soul; and from those walks which would have annihilated most young ladies, she would often return amid drenching showers, as fresh as a rose, to the social evening circle—ever devoted to the service and pleasure of all around her.

We love to remember her in her home at Fahan, by the side of Lough Swilly, or among the glorious rocks of Port Rush, or as she guided us over the wide sea-floors of the Giant's Causeway—but we knew her *better*, and the memories of her are *dearer*, as in after days she threaded the close courts and alleys of the back streets of our great city, when, for nearly a year, she took voluntary share in the toils and cares and joys of our London Bible Missions. She put aside all her passionate love for the lakes and mountains of her own green isle, to yield herself to the service of God among brick walls and interminable houses, and we thought she received a silent baptism of fire in the times of the Irish revivals, which sent her forth from the quiet retirement she best loved, with fresh purpose to comfort Christ's poor, and to minister to them in their affliction.



She came into contact with our Missions in the year 1861, and was well known to many a Biblewoman in Whitechapel and Westminster. For two months she took the whole charge of the Mission during the absence of her friend in Switzerland, and in the records of our Society for 1862 (now out of print) are many modest details of her loving superintendence of the Dormitory Houses, also a valuable paper on "Mothers' Meetings, by one who has attended many of them,"\* with jottings from her visits in the districts, entitled "All round the Abbey," and "Walks in Drury Lane on New Year's Day." From the latter we reprint a few details which show the living sympathy with which she went about all her work :—

"WALKS IN DRURY LANE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY 1862."

"I went this morning with our good Biblewoman to visit her district. She had a message to take to an artificial flower-maker, who attends her Mothers' Meeting. She lives in a narrow dirty back street, where too many closed shutters told of people still in bed, after ten o'clock in the morning.

"We met our friend in the street, and followed her into her poor little room. A wretched baby in her arms, and another little fellow, whose large head bespoke disease, composed her family; the husband and father had gone out to seek work, and soon the old grandmother tottered in. It was difficult to decide the question whether this often fireless home could

\* See Appendix.



be more comfortable for *her* than the workhouse ; here she can get a little tea when the pence are to be had, there she would only have gruel ; here she may, at will, rise, or spend the day in bed, there she must be up at six o'clock summer and winter ; here she has her daughter and her liberty. These things she has weighed, and chosen to remain as she is.

“ We wonder how fingers can make those pretty flowers, so fresh and clean, in this poor room, and we wonder, when wire and paper are bought, what the profit is ? But we have yet more important questions. It is pleasant to hear that she went last night to the evening service, that she was impressed by Mr Garratt's after words to a few poor women who like herself remained behind, words which being ‘ only for themselves,’ came home to them as individuals, and made her hope that as the year closed to her with spiritual blessing, so in the new year, that blessing might more and more be hers.

“ Her husband and she sat together to see the new year in, reading alternately verses from God's Word, he helping her in her difficulties ; for reading is to her a new art, and taught by the loving care of the Biblewoman, who goes again and again when she finds the leisure moments, for the lesson is as cheerfully given as it is gratefully received.

“ The flower-maker told us of the sad state of her brother-in-law, and we went to visit *him*. In a poor room, whence, by degrees, every necessary piece of furniture is going into pledge (and where we found them at breakfast, cooked at a fire made from an old



chair), sat this poor man and his wife. Two neatly packed parcels of wood were in readiness for the wife to seek customers for, and they were looking forward to the halfpence which would be gained if she were successful. I asked to see his bad leg, and it was sad to find a sore with nothing to keep it from the woollen stocking, and worse still to hear that, even when he goes for surgical advice, he is sent home with a box of ointment in his hand, it is true, but with no dressing on the wound, even when the probing has caused it to bleed profusely. (We are always thankful to have supplies of rag sent to the Mission.)

“Another visit showed in what an extraordinary manner God may cause even a hardened sinner to feel that ‘He is love.’

“Opposite a small fire, on one side of his bed, sat an old soldier. His whole appearance was striking. A tall, finely-made figure, and a noble-looking head, with a very remarkable expression of countenance, prepared one for something uncommon; but we scarcely expected to find in him such an amount of Scripture knowledge, especially as he is blind.

“His eyes were shaded, and one side of his brow much swelled. The Biblewoman expressed her astonishment to see him up. Days and nights of intense agony, of pains in the head, are appointed to him, and he must bear them alone; yet not alone, for Jesus is with him, and to this he gave very remarkable testimony. He spoke of spiritual things as if they were to him indeed realities.



“ He is dependent for many kind offices on the daughter of an early friend. Side by side in many a battle-field her father and he had fought, and, as he proudly tells, helped to change the 28th Regiment into Her Majesty’s Grenadier Guards. The woman says he has been for years more than a father to her, and tenderly does she repay his care. She daily comes to do for him all he needs, sacrificing often a half day’s work if he needs her more than usual.

“ We asked, in reply to his expression that God loved him even at Waterloo, how long he had known that love; and then having answered, ‘ Two years,’ he began to tell us that it was not till the sudden death of his wife, near three years since, that he began to think of that love of God to himself. He had been sometimes employed as a shoemaker, but his failing sight prevented his earning much. He and his wife were in want, and they remembered that two shillings owing to them was unpaid. The wife started for Vauxhall Bridge, over which their debtor must pass on his way home, to remind him of the debt.

“ The husband detailed how far he had gone with her, and how they parted as Big Ben was striking five o’clock, she promising to return by eight, and charging him to watch the kettle of bones, and to keep up the fire, and hour after hour passed, and she came not; she never was out late; she was always sober; what could be the cause? Somehow he thought she must have got into trouble, and he sought her at the police station. No tidings, and then he went on



to the bridge. He asked the waterman; there was no mistaking the description, but he could not tell the sad tale, and referred him to another person. Then he heard how she had been seen standing watching near the bridge; how all at once she fell, and had been taken to the hospital; his heart guessed the rest. Almost by force he procured admission to the dead-house. On a long table lay a form covered with a sheet, that he knew was his Maggy; he saw where the head had been opened, but was thankful the countenance was unchanged; and then the surgeon told him that the woman must have been a sober and steady character, as such and such symptoms were wanting, and that death was caused by apoplexy. The poor husband thought, perhaps caused by that cold stand upon the bridge waiting for the two shillings.

“The only comfort he sought was the recovery of the remains, for which he had but forty-eight hours’ space. He inquired about funeral expenses, they seemed far beyond him; but the family for which he worked being absent, the housekeeper collected among the servants 17s.; and this, with the voluntary assistance of neighbours in removing the body, enabled him to bury his dead; *it also taught him his first lesson of trust in God.* These details he found it hard to give, but he seemed to like to dwell on the minutest point. When he could say no more, we read and prayed; and on my remarking, I feared we had tired him, he answered, ‘No; he could listen to such conversation for hours,’ and so we parted.



“In a court, where even the clergyman, beloved as he is in the district, has been insulted, the Bible-woman has access to many, and has canvassed every room concerning the possession of the Scriptures. In one, a savoury smell of dinner met us as the door opened, and there sat, so happily and comfortably, a man with his wife and children, enjoying a well-cooked dinner. Who would have guessed that three months ago *that* woman was scarcely ever sober? She has been ill, and feels the sickness was God’s enforcing of the lessons He had begun to teach her at the Mothers’ Class.

“In another house we found a poor woman making trousers; her thumb was inflamed, and the work stiff, and often her teeth had to pull through the needle; a deaf and dumb girl worked beside her. The time of another is fully occupied taking home work, and waiting for more; and of the two other children, a little girl is paid 6d. nightly for acting at Covent Garden Theatre, in the ‘Shells of the Ocean,’ out of one of which she half crawls in her long green dress, and seems to swim. A little fellow, looking only four years old, reads most beautifully, and repeats hymn after hymn, which the Biblewoman gives him. The mother is not a widow, but a deserted wife, and has no parish relief.”

Such were dear Agnes’s life sketches in Drury Lane! And how strange and often sudden are life’s changes! The record of these visits was scarcely completed on New Year’s Eve, when the postman’s knock, which



conveys to some hearts, with every hour, their burden of grief and pain, brought news to Hunter Street, which had been six days on the road, from Italy—news of sickness and near relative claims which might sever this true visiting helper from our Mission, and make these the last of her London visits. Her dear sister lay ill of fever at Rome. Ten minutes afterwards followed the telegram, which had only been six *hours* on the road. “We wish you to come to us at once;” and within the next twenty-four hours she had obeyed; and we had to learn *to do without* one who had seemed given of God to especial need, and who was endowed with a gift of such especial fitness as is very rarely equalled. Having for many months shared intimately in the details of the work of Bible Missions here, this friend was suddenly transplanted to the Papal States, where, while she would fully perceive the want of such Missions, she would be unable to carry them out.

And so it was; this providential recall to her beloved family in illness, closed the relation of this dear “fellow helper” to our London Mission, and restored her to what she felt her peculiar vocation, the study of the art of nursing, and the training of herself and others for that purpose.

She had previously passed some time in Pastor Fliedner’s training institution at Kaiserswerth, and been brought into communication with Miss Nightingale, by whose advice, after her sister’s recovery, she entered St Thomas’s Hospital as a lady probationer,



and passed a year under instruction, followed by another year of practice in the Great Northern Hospital; after which she undertook the charge of the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary and of 1300 patients, with the training under her own hand of a corps of *paid* nurses, which it was believed would be so vast an improvement on the choosing of nurses from among the paupers themselves.

In this work, with all its peculiar difficulties and trials to the mind of a refined and accomplished lady, dear Agnes bore up for more than three years, allowing herself so little change or rest by day, or even by night, that at last, as might with reason have been expected, even *her* fine constitution has given way, and all her work on earth is finished, far earlier than, in our view, she could have been spared from it.

In order to give an idea of what this beloved one had accomplished at Liverpool, we can do nothing better than refer to a resolution passed by the Select Vestry of that town at their meeting on the 4th of March last, in which they record "their grateful sense of the devoted, self-sacrificing, and faithful services of the late Miss Agnes Jones, as Lady-Superintendent of nurses in the Liverpool Workhouse Hospital, and to convey to her family the expression of their deep sympathy in their irreparable loss. The Vestry feel that they can have little hope of again finding one who will combine such a religious sense of duty with such rare power of influencing, under



much difficulty, those over whom she was placed. They trust, however, that the friends who are lamenting the removal of Miss Jones may be comforted by the assurance that it is the earnest aim of the Vestry to continue the work she so nobly initiated, and in the carrying out of which she sacrificed her life; and they believe that in doing so they will be greatly assisted by those who, in working with her, have imbibed a portion of her spirit."

She was most truly spoken of *at that official meeting* as "so like a ministering angel," which *she was* even in her calm, sweet, personal appearance. It was witnessed by gentlemen of all shades of religious opinion, "that no one could come into communication with her without perceiving that she possessed rare endowments especially adapted for the performance of those laborious, in some respects delicate, and in all respects most trying, duties which she voluntarily took upon herself. There was force of character combined with tenderness of nature and gentleness of manner, and her quiet energy, patience, and perseverance seemed inexhaustible. She did not take up the work as a refuge from sorrow or employment for unoccupied affection, but hers was a perfect sacrifice of a life surrounded by affection and all that could make it happy. She served a perfect Master, and left all to follow Him."

The Chairman of the Nursing Committee, Mr Satchell, observed that—

"During the first year of the experiment the



attempt was made, with her hearty concurrence, to raise a number of able-bodied *pauper* women, by paying them and employing them as assistant nurses. The drunkenness and unreliability of these women added greatly to the difficulties and trials of introducing the new system, but drew from her no complaint, or evidence of discouragement.

“The pressure of sickness on the hospital accommodation of the parish during the last two winters added an amount of difficulty and labour which at last overcame her physical strength. Such, however, was the power of her character over her fellow-workers, that her influence still remained to carry on her work; and a lady who was appointed to assist her, coming from one of the wealthiest and best arranged hospitals in England, and going round the hospital for the first time unexpectedly, late in the evening, and some weeks after the nurses had been deprived of superintendence, and left to work on as their sense of love and duty to her should direct—was delighted with the cleanliness of the wards, and with finding every one at her post, and the work done as if under the eye of the most vigilant and efficient superintendent. Her nurses had been inspired with the spirit of her own faithfulness.

“From this we may hope,” said the speaker, “that though her bodily presence is removed from us, her work and labour of love will endure. *It remains our duty to see that she has not lived and died in vain.* I believe the language of the Bible, slightly transposed, will give you her real character:



—‘When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; when the eye saw her, then it gave witness to her; for she delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness, and it clothed her; her judgment was a robe and a diadem. She was a comfort to the poor, and the cause which she knew not she searched out.’ ”

Another speaker, Mr W. Rathbone, remarked as follows:—

“To a lady coming out of family life to a place like that workhouse, with its isolation and restraints, and the vast mass of misery and degradation around her, it might easily be supposed that the result would have been depressing. She was one keenly to feel all these things, yet never seemed depressed. On the contrary, as those gentlemen who attended her funeral service heard from the chaplain of that establishment, her distinguishing characteristic to the outward eye was one of cheerfulness and happiness. During her residence here, whatever difficulties and discouragements arose, her constant expression was that she had never been so happy in her life. He trusted that this might have an effect upon others who had a similar call, that the exercise of those faculties with which God may endow them, is to a human being, and most of all to a true-hearted woman, the supreme of human happiness.”



It is most delightful to preserve this *official* testimony, for it would never have been known *from herself* how truly dear Agnes had carried out real Bible work in her hospital life, and that *nursing* was, in her hand, a spiritual work, as well as a work for the body. Her nurses, trained by her, continually testify that hers will be no "starless crown." They believe her simple Bible reading was blessed to many. She never entered into controversy, but simply sought to lead sinners to Jesus.

We could have wished (how vain are after wishes!) that our dear friend had relaxed in time, and still pressed forward to *as* earnest, but, perhaps a more healthful form of devotedness, in her own line of things. It was an old and favourite speculation with us, when thrown together in the Bible Mission, that *she* should train a corps of Christian nurses IN LONDON, as a branch of the Bible work, to live, *not* in a Home, but out amongst the poor, just as our Biblewomen do, but with disciplined faculties to watch over and alleviate sickness; and it was seen that these nurses must still certainly be held in intimate connection with their sisters, the Biblewomen.

Six years passed away, and no such hope had been accomplished, during which time we may truly add that such Protestant and Christian nurses had been more than ever wanted, and during which, also, the self-denying servants of an *exclusive* party have been ever pressing in to occupy the field; but no door had opened, in God's providence, to imitate their zeal, and cope with their error, *in our own par-*



*ticular sphere*, till the recent offer made us of a "MOTHER-HOUSE," as the new centre for such a movement. Then followed speedily, unexpected facilities for the proposed further training of already tried and proved Biblewomen in various London hospitals, of which we continually took advantage.

Our full attention had not been roused to the subject till, week after week, we heard that a Biblewoman was shut out from some house of sorrow, where, with the words of God, she had entered in, because the sick child had been cared for skilfully, or the wounded limb bandaged by some *intolerant* Sister of *Charity*, who had said, "I will do this no more unless you promise to have nothing further to say to that Biblewoman;" and this called forth the need for NURSES who *love* the Bible; whose tender care for suffering is caught from the yet more tender heart of Christ—of Christ who suffers with His people, and heals their souls as they suffer *with Him*, who can whisper the word to their Master for blessing on every care that they bestow, and who will do their duty *for His sake*. There are no rules in the world's wide hospital that can prevent this blessed ministration to *both* body and soul, and in this path, we believe we shall find only a fresh kind of Bible work, requiring, it may be, a new tact and a wisdom which God will supply to those who undertake it.

Alas! The earthly friend to whom we should especially have turned for sympathy and experience in the nursing path is gone "home" to the world



where there is no more pain. May her mantle of devotedness and of purpose in life fall upon many more; and while she sings the song before the throne, may we too join in the song of praise, and trust in the Master who lives for ever.

## ABOVE AND BELOW.

“STAND up before your God—  
O! army, bold and bright;  
Saints, martyrs, and confessors,  
All in your robes of white!  
The Church below doth challenge you  
To a solemn act of praise;  
Ready with mirth, through all the earth,  
Her matin-song to raise.

“Stand up before your God,  
In beautiful array;  
Make ready all your instruments,  
The while we mourn and pray;  
For *we* must stay to mourn and pray,  
Deep prelude to our song;  
The fear of death hath clogged our breath,  
And our foes are swift and strong.

“Ye now before your God  
Are shielded from all harm;  
Safe through the grave, and the gates of death,  
Ye have passed into the calm.  
Your fight is done, your victory won,  
Through peril, and sword, and blood;  
Amid the slain on the battle plain,  
We buried ye where ye stood.



“Ye are before your God,  
 And though we cannot hear  
 The new song He hath taught you,  
 Yet—with our fleshly ear—  
 Our spirits burn that song to learn ;  
 And from the Church below,  
 E'en while we sing, with heavenward wing,  
 Some ransomed soul shall go.

“We soon shall meet our God,  
 The hour is waxing on ;  
 The day-star from on high hath dawned,  
 And the night is past and gone.  
 A captive band in foreign land,  
 Long ages have we been ;  
 But our dearest theme, and our fondest dream,  
 Is the home we have never seen.”\*

## IN MEMORIAM.

There is a tablet of pure white marble in the parish church of Fahan, in Londonderry, erected to the memory of dear Agnes, with the following inscription :—

“THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE.”  
 —John xi. 28.

“Erected by the minister and people of Fahan, and their Bishop, in memory of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, formerly of this parish ; born 10th November 1832 ; cut off by fever, 19th February 1868.”

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\* This hymn is said to be Dean Alford's, but we have seen it only in manuscript.



Underneath the inscription already quoted are the following expressive lines—by Bishop Alexander of Derry, formerly incumbent of Fahan :—

“ Alone with Christ in this sequester'd place,  
Thy sweet soul learn'd its quietude of grace ;  
On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,  
Thy gifted hand was trained to finer powers.  
Therefore, when Death, O Agnes ! came to thee—  
Not in the cool breath of our silver sea,  
But in the city hospital's hot ward,  
A gentle worker for the gentle Lord—  
Proudly, as men heroic ashes claim,  
We ask'd to have thy fever-stricken frame,  
And lay it in our grass beside our foam,  
Till Christ, the Healer, calls His healers home.”

We have always looked upon the Nurse Department of our Mission as another “In Memoriam,” permitted of God to arise in the very year and month in which He called His dear child to Himself.

We have no doubt that the influence of this holy and lovely life, as portrayed in her simple and most truthful biography by her dear sister, has already fallen silently but deeply into many another heart that has dedicated itself to the work of NURSING—and is now passing through the systematic training deemed essential to it. We have to wait a little longer for this to be seen, and meantime we must go on to present to our readers, by narrative illustration, the work of our Bible Nurses.



*CHAPTER V.*

WHO WILL HELP US TO NURSE THE NEEDY IN  
THEIR OWN HOMES?



## CONTENTS.

Who will help to find the Nurses?—They may be sought in Mothers' Classes, among those who have learned to redeem their time—The best mode of finding entrance to poor homes—Suggestions to Bible Superintendents—The persons who should *not* be recommended for nurses—The right woman often prepared by affliction—The loss of the only child—Who will offer themselves as Nurse Superintendents?—Practical sympathy and visitation required—The diseases to be met—Their prevention by judicious supplies of food—The faith of the poor—"I know you will"—Suggestions concerning cheap lodgings for them, and Convalescent Homes, by a Nurse—Gather up the fragments for the starving—A fresh picture of Nurse duties, from which a Superintendent may infer what will be needed in providing her supplies for them—Our fortnightly allowance at the Mother-House—Sales of cooked food in France and in Glasgow—The use of stick charcoal as well as carbolic lotion for bad smells—Lost for want of a word.



## WHO WILL HELP US TO NURSE THE NEEDY IN THEIR OWN HOMES?

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AND first—Who will help to find the Nurses?

The work which dear Agnes initiated, the training of pauper nurses in a Workhouse Infirmary, our Mission has sought to continue with a wider choice of agents. She could only select from those who, by want or vice, had come down to the workhouse. We can seek nurses from among the decent poor, who are able to keep out of it. We had, and we have, a perpetual growing ground, in our weekly Mothers' Classes.

There is nothing more interesting to a discerning Lady-Superintendent of a Biblewoman than the study of the different degrees of *faculty* evidenced by the members of the Mothers' Class. If she has the happiness of bringing them one after another to the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind, they are fit for something more than they formerly were. They enter—as truly as their superiors in station—as soon as they are converted from the error of their way, upon a life of worship and of work.



The one lesson which a devoted Biblewoman tries to teach to those who have hitherto stood all the day idle, is, "redeeming the time." Time is the common treasure of rich and poor. If the rich squander it in amusing themselves and others, many poor women waste it also quite as much in gossiping at their doors; but whenever "the great change" takes place in hitherto thoughtless hearts, we have a fresh reinforcement of the ranks of workers for God.

We can now bring the experience of eighteen years, to prove that the very best mode of entrance for those who wish to work for Christ in the lowest parts of a great city, is the offer of a good type Bible, for purchase, not for gift. There will always be some to whom that offer will recall memories of a childhood's home long forgotten, of a past that was holy and glad in comparison with their present; and as a kind and cheery word from motherly or sisterly lips accompanies the offer, it comes like a new event in their dark lives, and many more than one might expect, bring out the penny that would have gone for gin.

More pennies will only be obtained by many another call, but during that time, an intercourse has been established, which leads them a step upwards, introduces them to a bright and pleasant Mission room, and a kind Lady, who has more to say about God's book, and brings them into contact with noble Scripture characters, which strike them the more in contrast to their own degraded surroundings, and so again and again a soul is led to Christ for salvation,



and "born anew," not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

Many of those thus awakened have become Bible-women and Nurses, after steady, affectionate, patient instruction in the Word of God by a Lady who loves it herself.

Now we would earnestly, prayerfully, and, as it were, *privately*, ask of each lady thus engaged—*i.e.*, ask her to ask herself—if she is fulfilling this *primary* intent?—if she is daily so learning of Christ herself, as to lift Him up before the mothers of whom she has undertaken the spiritual care, and if it is given her according to the promise, to draw them unto Him? Is she weekly, with that circle which she has collected around her, pressing heavenward? leading the way by constantly helping them in the study of God's Holy Word, and sending them home with something to think about, and something to *seek* in its precious pages, ere she sees them again in the ensuing week?

To teachers like these, themselves taught of the Holy Ghost to teach their poor sisters, we have little to say; may God increase their spiritual power, and give them a rich harvest of souls redeemed from the power of the Evil One.

Perhaps one recommendation may not be out of place. The teaching in the Mothers' Class must of necessity be always elementary, because there should always be present some newly invited one who may have never heard before the simple good news of salvation by the blood that cleanseth from all sin; but



some out of this Mothers' Class there will surely always be, who wish to *know more* of the wonderful Book of God and the way to study it, and who can be led onwards in a Bible Class for *another* hour in the week, and taught how to teach it to their children, and how to lead their husbands to think about it. If a Superintendent cannot herself give two afternoons in a week, she may have a friend who will rejoice to do it, and is not this work better worth doing than anything else in the world?

For we live in very serious times. The seeds of error have brought forth a mighty harvest in our day, and our only safety is in increasing acquaintance with the Book of Truth, and not in mere desultory meditation upon it, but in observing the connection of its parts with one another, in knowing its marvellous history, and understanding how the New Testament explains the Old. The Holy Spirit of God is ready to teach us day by day, and will help us to scatter the good seed among the poor, the more needful while the enemy so diligently "sows tares," goes back to the age of symbols, and the worship of images; and when men actually parade the courts and alleys of our Protestant city with the crucifix, bidding the people pray to that, if they have done anything wrong, and they will be saved.

The times of testimony against these things must now return, and while studying the character and circumstances of each of her mothers by turns—and seeing how far each is willing to help her by a good influence on their neighbours—a watchful Superin-



tendent will from time to time light on the woman who is worth further training for a messenger to those around her, and one who may have nothing in her home and personal circumstances to hinder her from delivering such message. In many ways of voluntary service too, such women may be tested and tried, before their names are even mentioned as candidates for training.

This kind of Bible and Nurse work ought never to be thought of, as in any sense a refuge for the destitute!—as paid employment for a worn-out and poor dependent, or as offering a situation for a sorrowful widow who wishes to remain with her young children. It is a really laborious undertaking, it needs health and strength and fitness, much love and sympathy for the poor, and unencumbered energies. We accept only those who, as far as our prayerful judgment goes, promise to be efficient and capable, giving a whole heart to their duties, and we feel thankful that through all these years the Lord—who is surely watching over all work that has for its end the publication of His Word, and over all the companies of those who publish it—has Himself educated for us so many of these humble messengers often in the school of deep affliction.

The trouble of a hard life, the loss of relatives or of children, has prepared their own hearts to receive with meekness the engrafted Word, and to offer themselves for its service, in the many forms of which there is yet room for any number of consecrated lives and purses and hearts and hands.



Having themselves suffered, our Nurses learn to comfort others ; and our Heavenly Master sometimes sees fit that in the midst of their work the arrow of affliction, the mark of His love, should touch their own heart's core, for "Whom He loveth He chasteneth."

In the midst of arduous work, one of our Nurses had one great comfort in her only child, a fine boy of fourteen, who was growing up to be a help and an honour to his much-loved mother. Whatever he could do to help her in her work he did, and the purpose of *her* life appeared likewise in early youth to be *his*. She thanked God for him, and felt that his soul was given her in answer to her prayers.

But this dear boy fell ill of smallpox, which proved of the most virulent kind. His mother's attendance on her patients was of course dispensed with from the first, and she devoted herself entirely to him, assisted most lovingly by the widow of one of the poor men to whom her services had been precious in his last hours, and by all the help the Mission could send her.

But the love and care of mother and friend were vain. The Lord would transplant her treasure—he was soon entirely blind, and black all over. She saw there was no hope on earth, but a day or two before his death his consciousness returned, and he declared himself "quite happy—ready to go to Jesus." The last hour hastened on ; he sent his love to his friend the Biblewoman, and to all he knew engaged in the Mission. We were praying for him in a small assembly of those who knew the case, and that his



mother might be "strengthened according to her day" of grief, just when these words were being uttered by the dying boy—

"Say, Go—say, Go to Jesus, mother!"

"Ah!" she moaned, "how *shall* I say, Go?"

"Yes; say, Go to Jesus, mother!"

With a bursting heart, at last she said it.

"Say it again, dear mother—say it again!"

She said it—and he was gone.

The prayers of those who love and help the poor bore her up in her affliction, and after a while she was able to return to her duties, and to sustain others with the comfort wherewith she had been comforted of God.

We feel but to have struck the keynote in London, of a strain that has to echo the world over, in the declaring of God's message by woman to woman, the utterance of which is accompanied by the loving hand that brings help in the hour of need.

If we have first asked for help to find the working-nurses, we ask again, who will offer themselves as their fit Superintendents?

It is the Lord alone who can also prepare the Lady helpers. Their department is not merely to check the amount and destination of supplies administered, or rigidly to count the hours of work, but really and with prayerful sympathy to see for themselves, and to represent to other ladies, the sickness and sorrow that surges round their doors, and to rouse their individual interest in it; and then to gather together their collective help for it.



The diseases that beset the labouring classes, as before mentioned, are bad legs from long standing, diseases from impure air and want of breathing space, and poisoned blood therefrom, cancer, tumour, dropsy, scrofula, consumption, abscesses and ulcers. They are also very liable to accidents, therefore to fractures, wounds, and bruises; want of cleanliness induces skin diseases, and want of sufficient warmth and nourishment, with hereditary predisposition, prepare many workmen for epilepsy, paralysis, and other forms of helplessness; rheumatism is a universal trouble; and as the comfortable classes lie down beneath their warm blankets night by night, ought it ever to be without having done somewhat towards the shelter of the needy and the naked? But few perhaps are called to give the time and thought that must be given by the actual Superintendent of one of these nurses, but every little helps, and such help is wanted all the year round.

Our Lord has come to His Church. He has opened her eyes to see, and her ears to hear, the misery and the suffering of the poor of our own land. He stands amid these perishing ones, and He bids us for His sake "feed the hungry, clothe the naked, tend the sick."

He comes to the *many*-talented ones of His Church, and He says, "Use them for My sake." He stands before the *one*-talented disciple, and He bids her unfold the napkin, take out the talent, and use it for His sake also.

Blanketless, fireless, with scarcely any food or



clothing, are many of His chosen ones in this city. "Lord, give us food, send to us friends," is the cry that ascends still from many hearts.

"Have you any coals?" was asked of a poor old woman on a bitter cold morning. "No," was the answer, "but I know I shall have some soon, for I have been asking my Heavenly Father to send me some, and He knows I can bear the cold no longer." "Some kind friends have sent you a blanket, Mary," we said to a poor afflicted needlewoman, who lives in an upper back room in a dingy London street. "Oh, ma'am," was the reply, "I *never* had such a thing before," and she burst into tears at the prospect of so much comfort.

"How do you think you shall get through the winter?" was the question anxiously asked of one of our mothers, who, ill in body, and with an afflicted husband and two sons ill at home, bore upon her countenance the unmistakable signs of anxiety and want.

"I don't know, ma'am," she replied, "but Jesus has always sent me friends before in my trouble, and I *am sure* He will do so now—He is the faithful Promiser, and He has said 'that those who trust in Him shall never want,' and I *believe* Him."

There is a great deal of this practical faith in many a poor home, and it is always honoured of God. One of our nurses heard an anecdote which Mr Spurgeon told in one of his sermons, and which had lately happened to himself. While waiting for an opportunity of crossing the very crowded thoroughfare by



the Royal Exchange, a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice came from a poor blind man—

“Put me across, *I know you will.*”

“Ah,” said the preacher, “that ‘*I know you will*’ did it. How could I refuse? ‘*Yes, that I will,*’ said I, and soon the poor man was safe on the other side.”

Nurse used this anecdote with a poor desponding soul, telling him *that* was the way in which he must come to Jesus. And the Spirit of God so sent it home to his heart that *his* doubts dispersed, and with that “I know you will” he stretched forth his hand and touched the hem of Christ’s garment and was healed. The change in him was wonderful, for he had been entirely indifferent to all she could say to him before. He cannot read, but now loves to listen to the Word of God, and is never tired.

A Biblewoman-Nurse one day wrote us a letter:—

“DEAR MADAM,—I take the liberty of giving a few of my thoughts upon what might remove much of the misery still seen in our great London.

“It is well known that drink is a chief cause of the want and suffering, and fresh enterprise seems now called forth to open public-houses without beer and gin.

“But during the ten years I have been in and out among the poor I have always seen the great want of *well-ventilated rooms at cheap rents*. The time is past for families to have small houses with gardens in London, the ground is too valuable. I have known whole neighbourhoods of small houses



pulled down, and large blocks of lodging-houses built on their site, and very healthy convenient buildings they are, *but highly rented*. I should be glad to tell the people they could have rooms in them at 1s. or 1s. 6d. per room, and that the families of five, seven, and often nine persons, could have two or three rooms for the same rent as many are paying for one. They would then live decently, and once in, it is quite certain that the health of such families soon improves when they remove from close rooms or dark, damp kitchens, with windows that will not open at the top.

“I am often glad to find the landing windows broken, that some of the foul air may escape, but many poor houses are built without landing windows, and quite dark.

“The workmen’s trains take many to the suburbs, where convenient small houses are to be had, but still thousands upon thousands *must* dwell in London to get a living, in many different ways; and in order to prevent so much consumption and debility, I think cheap, cheerful lodging-houses would do very much. I think if the poor wives could have two or three good rooms, they could often be taught by the kind motherly Biblewoman or Nurse to take more interest in their home and family, and so their sons and daughters would feel they had a home to return to in the evening, instead of going to the cheap theatres or concert-rooms.

“*But, as things are now*, we are almost powerless in many cases, for if we talk to the mother about



bathing the children or cleaning the room, she is often too weak to fetch every pail of water she needs, up two, three, and often four flights of stairs. She really *cannot* do it, and so those of the family who do not die as little children, grow up without the needful strength for work, and often, as soon as they begin work or marry, they go into consumption.

“*Another want is more convalescent Homes.* A month’s good food and country air would often do more for the sickly father or mother than many weeks or months of doctoring and nursing without good food.

“Our Mission is accomplishing all it can; many are comforted, and souls are saved by the simple Gospel teaching, and I know the grace of God in the heart is the great reforming power. But the Lord would have His stewards roll away the stones that hinder His work, and as many of the rich are willing to work for Him, we must pray that He will teach them the many different ways in which they may do so.”

“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS” FOR THE STARVING  
POOR.

“Mr C——,” said a lady to her butcher, “there is a great deal of distress in our district, and as we have a nice kitchen range at the Mission-room, I have been thinking that if some of our neighbours would help us, we might do a little towards preparing some good nourishing food for those who need it. Should you mind giving us once a week a pound or two of



pieces?" "Not at all, ma'am," said Mr C——, rubbing his hands; "I should be very happy to do so, for I am sure so many are out of work that how they get along I cannot imagine."

"A friend of mine," continued Mrs F——, "who keeps a large school, has promised me all her waste pieces of bread, and if I can get other people to supply me weekly with the vegetables and other necessaries, I am sure it will afford a warm meal to many I know. I am much obliged to you for giving your aid, and my Biblewoman shall call on Tuesday morning for what you choose to give her."

On her way home Mrs F—— called at the shop where she dealt for milk, and making the same request, was as cordially replied to by the promise of a quart of milk, or whatever could be spared.

Mentioning the proposal to a few ladies, who had met to work for the poor, the plan was heartily entered into by some of them, and as the result, the contents of the wallet were not despicable for the beginning.

Two pounds of good meat, three potatoes, half a pound of rice, one and a-half pounds of currants, a large pan of bread, a carrot, a couple of eggs, and milk; this, with money added for the purchase of more meat, formed the materials for the first attempt.

The meat was cut in pieces, the carrot and turnip sliced and fried together for a few minutes, then water added, the rice, salt and pepper, and slowly stewed for two or three hours; some of the bread was fried, and added with potatoes, and the whole



formed a thick and very savoury dish for four families, who each received a quart, which, to make the most of, "they let down," as they called it with water. With the rest of the bread, six baked bread puddings were made, which, as they had the addition of eggs and currants, were reckoned great delicacies.

The next week a sack of potatoes was sent in, and twice as much meat, bread, and currants, in equal proportion, besides other sundries as before, so that twelve were supplied with stew and eight with puddings; we have an iron soup kettle which holds twelve quarts, and as from week to week the contributions reach us, we limit ourselves to supplying this quantity; we have also substituted pearl barley for rice, as the people like it better.

The mothers whom Mrs F—— met every Monday for religious instruction were the recipients of this bounty, and it was very pleasing to hear how gratefully they spoke of it, and wished to express their thanks to the ladies who remembered them and their necessities. The Biblewoman's mother kindly offered to do the cooking gratis. She was an elderly Christian woman, and being too much disabled by feeble health to perform any active service for the Lord, she is very glad of this indoor work for Him who says, "The poor ye have always with you."

As the donors live at considerable distances, it was thought well to appoint two trusty women to collect the gifts, and these have always a share in what is provided. This little account has



been given of what is going on amongst us, because, with very little trouble and expense, help of this kind might be given at many of the Mission rooms—this little change from soup gives a more solid meal, and teaches them how to cook their food to the best advantage. We attend first to the families of those whose husbands are out of work, and to the widows; and regret that we are unable to make it more than a weekly offering.

How many an attack of sickness might be prevented in cold and trying weather, if more individual help of this kind were directed to the families who really want it. We sometimes sigh, in common with many a thoughtful friend, over the vast amount of money that comes from endowed charities into the hands of the *dissolute* poor, to be spent in drink at Christmas time. Blessed be all the wholesome weekly dinners given to poor ill-fed children, and all institutions for discerning the true objects of benevolence, and among them, we would not have forgotten the needful and well-checked administrations by the hands of the Biblewoman Nurse. She has a list paper—which can be had at Messrs Nisbet's, with the nurse cards—for giving account to her Superintendent of the names of all who receive it, and she also brings to her Lady the bill for the milk that often saves the life of the dwindling little child, or the daily chop for a week or two, that restores the delicate mother or the ailing father. It is sweet for the givers of such help to think, on Divine authority, she “that hath done it unto the least of these My brethren, hath done it unto ME.”



We close this section with again bringing before the eye of the reader a picture of our Nurse at her work, which is drawn from the life by an accredited co-worker, and will further show with what materials she needs to be provided.

FRESH DETAIL OF THE DUTIES OF A BIBLEWOMAN NURSE.

“DEAR MADAM,—You wished to know from me what our nurses are really doing for their patients. I am often an eye-witness of the excellent way in which infants taken from the birth are bathed and treated. Many have to thank our Mission for loan of suitable bed-linen, also clothing for the mother. When a basin or pan is possessed they manage very well, but it is sometimes difficult to see how an infant, however small (and there are some very fragile ones), can be washed in a dish or broken vessel, placed on an old stool or chair, Nurse being afraid to move lest it should be capsized. However, if she takes her own soap, towel, apron, linen rag, needle, thread, scissors, and other useful articles, she gets on admirably. The infants are washed, nicely rubbed, bandaged, and dressed, causing them to sleep for hours, and showing the mothers the way to render them warm, healthy, and comfortable.

“One scarcely knows how to speak of the bed-making. I do not like to think of some of the very miserable ones. Nurse is often obliged to sew them up, and then carefully move them about. Fresh ticks are often kindly supplied from the MOTHER-HOUSE, with the loan of sheets, blankets, text-quilts,



and pillows, and of maternity boxes or bags from Mission rooms. These helps enable them to go through a month in great comfort. What with Nurse washing, bandaging, clearing away slops, bringing in fresh water, they say sometimes 'they hardly know themselves;' indeed, their grateful thanks for the care shown and spiritual advice given, often encourage the dear nurses to pray and wrestle with God for their souls' salvation that they may indeed become new creatures in Christ Jesus. I have visited ten such cases in the last four days. I should not omit the making of sago, gruel, and cooking of broth or chop, together with packets of tea, sugar, milk, which, poor things, they much enjoy, saying they do not know how it is *they* never seem to make the things so well. No wonder, for so many have no saucepan to make them in.

"I have seen this fortnight thirteen cases of bad legs, some in a very sad state, open wounds nearly all round the leg, chiefly about the ankle, one or two under the knee. Nurse syringes off the old rags and plasters, then cleanses and syringes the wounds (some being very deep), cutting her lint the size and shape of the wound, either soaking them in lotion or spreading them with ointment, as the doctor orders; or she bandages with wet rag and oil-silk. One poor woman, on Nurse F——'s district, attended —— Hospital as out-patient a long time. The ointment given her caused most excruciating pain every time it was dressed. It was thought advisable to try the effect of our carbolic lotion, from which she derived so much ease that she had at once a good



night. She uses now nothing else, and her leg is much better. She has eight children, her husband is a walking-stick dresser.

“I have seen several cases of dropsy, which require much cleansing. The poor patients cannot stoop or attend to themselves in any way, the limbs feeling so numbed they cannot move them about much. Nurse washes them all over two or three times a week, which is generally a long process, then lays cool clean rags between any portion of the body likely to chafe, rubbing the joints also with something to supple them; then makes their bed, arranges the fire, &c. We have to deal with bronchitis, tumours, and skin diseases. I think most of the nurses are very clever at making poultices and applying fomentations, and they give general satisfaction because their hearts are in the work. They abide quite by the directions of the parish or dispensary doctors, who seem perfectly satisfied with their care in carrying out their wishes.”

AVERAGE SUPPLIES, GIVEN FORTNIGHTLY, TO EACH NURSE  
DEPENDENT ON THE MOTHER-HOUSE.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Tea.	1 lb. Arrowroot.
2 lb. Sugar.	1 lb. Tapioca.
2 or 3 lb. Rice.	2 quarts Oatmeal.
1 lb. Cocoa.	1 lb. Lint.
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Corn Flour.	3 or 4 bottles Carbolic Lotion.
1 lb. Sago.	Carbolic Soap.

The nurse should have a locked box or closet in which to keep her Mission stores quite separate from



her own belongings. Some little weekly allowance should be made to her for coals, when she cooks at home what she takes to the patients (for which our London women are provided with cans). The stores can be kept in bags suspended, or in jars or canisters as her Lady may arrange. The nurse *must* have some little stock on hand to save perpetual reference—and we teach her to use the lotion as weak as it is found efficacious; the cases vary. As it is the most expensive article of our consumption, we persuade the oilmen in poor districts to sell it to the people when its virtues are known. The milk and meat required can be purchased of local tradesmen, and paid for weekly by the Lady-Superintendent, and sometimes the cooked dinner by ticket is the best help to convalescence.

#### COOKING FOR THE PEOPLE.

*(From Lectures on Food by Dr Letheby.)*

“The cooking appliances of the poor are very imperfect, and hence they resort to the cook shops of their neighbourhood; but even then their meals are scanty and wretchedly cooked. In the poor districts of London three-halfpence is the usual expenditure for dinners by children—a penny going on pudding and the halfpenny on potatoes. If they pay twopence they are allowed to sit down and have a little gravy with it.

“In Paris an enterprising widow (Madame Robert) conceived the idea of giving a poor man a good dinner for twopence. Her daily bill of fare was cab-



bage soup, a slice of *bouilli* (beef,) a piece of bread, and a glass of wine; and there in the neighbourhood of the *Marché des Innocens* did she daily provide for some six hundred workmen, who took their dinners in the open air, but sheltered from the weather, and she gained a farthing by each guest.

“ In this country a like benevolence has set on foot, with more or less success, in different places, *Restaurants* for the poor. In Glasgow, for example, the working-class dining-rooms, which are far above the rude accommodation of *Madame Robert*, are established to provide a substantial dinner for 4d. or 5d. Long ago the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in writing about them, said that he obtained a capital dinner of good pea-soup, boiled beef, ten ounces of potatoes, and pudding, more than he could eat, for the sum of  $5\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and a writer in the *Times* also stated that for  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. he had a pint-basin of pea-soup, a plate of hot minced collops, a plate of potatoes, and eight ounces of bread, while his companion had for the same sum a pint basin of broth, a plate of cold beef, a plate of potatoes, and a slice of plum pudding—all excellent in their quality, and well cooked. The practice in these places is to provide daily a variety of hot foods, as soup, broth, potatoes, rice, cabbages, pudding, tea and coffee, besides bread and butter, ham, and cold pressed beef; and every ration except beef is so apportioned as to be sold at the uniform price of a penny. The meat costs three-halfpence; and with the view of clearing off the remainder of the soups after the proper dinner hour, so that a fresh quantity may be made



every day, it is the practice to sell the soup and broth *at half-price* from six o'clock to eight in the evening, and then to give the remainder away. All the articles are of the best quality, and are well cooked. They are bought by contract at wholesale prices; and although they are sold so cheaply, yet they yield a small profit, and so give the system the stability of a commercial enterprise."

Oh for more of these "enterprises" in London!

#### THE USE OF STICK CHARCOAL.

*(From an old Superintendent.)*

The subject of purifying the air of the rooms of the poor from unpleasant smells, which annoy even themselves, is very important. I attribute much of the general weakness from which they suffer to these smells. I have often requested them to buy two-pennyworth of stick charcoal, dividing it into two parts, and laying it in the corner of their rooms; this consumes a large amount of offensive odour, without giving any smell of its own, as chloride of lime does. In a few days the charcoal becomes damp, but by placing it for a few hours by the fire it dries, and thus is fit for use again. Several of the women have tried this plan, and tell me they find great benefit from it.

Again, should they have to eat tainted meat or fish, a piece of the charcoal, the size of a large walnut, boiled with it, will render it perfectly sweet. This they have also tried with success. Stick char-



coal may be placed in a cupboard, or any place where food is, and it will be found to be the great purifier. May I add that I find these things are better received as suggestions, and not read out of books. The evil of letting the water they drink stand in their rooms all night, has been explained to them, by showing that a bowl of water consumes tobacco smoke, which may be tested by smelling the water, and the atmosphere immediately above it. As a ready to hand preservation from the effect of bad smells—our good women, who are much exposed to them in dressing foul wounds—tie a handkerchief over their mouth and nose—and in regard to fetid smells, our diluted carbolic lotion is a wonderful aid to the Nurse as well as the patient. In cases of dressing the worst wounds, Nurse holds a little in her mouth or washes it out afterwards. We have chiefly learned the need of these attentions by finding the Nurse laid aside from their neglect. She, as well as her patients, may be sometimes

“ LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD,”

for want of some early and simple care, and suffer long sickness from the neglect of common remedies. At the moment that pain is impressing the lesson, the Nurse has an opportunity of teaching that “prevention is better than cure.” She saves her own labour by showing the mother, wife, or sister, what very likely no one ever taught them before—how to nurse themselves—and also how to save themselves the need of being nursed.



*CHAPTER VI.*

THE LINKS OF OUR ORGANISATION.



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## THE LINKS OF OUR ORGANISATION.

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WE should not present a fair idea of these united Missions, if we omitted to offer an example of the kind of pastoral addresses which the Biblewomen Nurses are favoured to receive, when they assemble together for two or three hours of rest and refreshment, on the last Friday in every month. The following is given from their own recollections:—

### A PASTORAL ADDRESS TO THE BIBLEWOMEN AND BIBLEWOMEN NURSES.

*By the Rev. Adolph Saphir.\**

When I was thinking lately, my dear friends, of the work in which you are engaged, two narratives came into my mind, as instructive for you, and suggesting a lesson to all workers for Christ.

That of the GOOD SAMARITAN, as given in Luke's Gospel, x. 33:—

“But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was:”—

He being a poor man, who had been robbed, stripped, and wounded.

\* Author of “Christ in the Scriptures,” “Lectures on the Hebrews,” &c., published by Shaw, 48 Paternoster Row.



“And when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?”

And now we will turn also to the history of the ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH, as recorded in the Book of Acts, 8th chapter, from the 26th verse to the 40th.

If you notice particularly these accounts, you will find that both—the poor man that fell among thieves, and the Ethiopian eunuch—were travelling in the wilderness; but though such was the case, their circumstances were very unlike. The one was robbed, stripped, wounded, and left nearly dead, utterly helpless; the other, wealthy, noble, and of high position, was seeking for truth in the Jewish Scriptures. This man was a person of high influence, and, though in the wilderness, was riding comfortably in his chariot, when Philip, ever ready to do his Master's work, was sent to instruct him. Now, this world is a wilderness, in which we are all sent out to work. A wilderness conveys the idea of a place wild and dreary, cheerless and barren, where there is no water, and where wild beasts and robbers are constantly on the look-out for prey. The *poor* man is often harassed by robbers and wild beasts, by great and violent temptations to drunkenness, and various other fleshly sins; poverty tempts him, and difficulties daunt him; while the *rich* are also in the wilderness, and liable



to other temptations which imperil *their* souls: fashion, love of dress, novel reading—the literature of the present day is a dangerous temptation in many ways, both to young and old. All who are going through the wilderness are liable to the attacks of that great wild beast the devil, ever seeking whom he may devour. He is *so* diligent, *he* never rests, *he* is always at *his* work.

Now, who are to instruct those that are thus exposed, but such as have been saved from similar dangers themselves? The eunuch seated in his chariot was to all appearance comfortably going through the desert; but though honourable, rich, and favoured of his queen, he was not happy; he was sitting in darkness and seeking consolation. But the explanation of what he had read was given; the solution of that riddle was found in Christ.

We see around each of us a sphere of work; but how is it to be accomplished? *If I myself* have not found Christ, I do not know the *true* light that has come into the world, and the *true* love and *true* friend of those in the wilderness. How then can I help others that are seeking these things? Light must first come from above *to me*, or I shall be as the blind leading the blind. All those who are in the wilderness need to have brought to them the truth of God and the love which He has shown forth in Christ Jesus.

As the eunuch rode in the wilderness, he was reading the Scriptures—a good thing, as by so doing he was, as it were, meeting Philip half-way, who was



sent unto him as an angel from God, and asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" So you say to your poor friends. Do you know that the reading of that Book, with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, can make you fit for heaven? If you want a point of advantage to stand on, and as with a lever to move men's minds, the more you practise what you preach the better will be your standpoint. Philip *did* so. He lived to God, and was in His service, ever ready to act as the arm of the Lord, or in any way the Lord should please to use him; and so Philip, using his opportunity, preaches unto the eunuch Jesus. The Bible is full of Jesus, and all the Scriptures point to Him. I have seen a city in Germany that is built in the shape of a fan, so that, entering what street you may, the end of it terminates in a beautiful palace. I have often thought that this city resembles the Holy Scriptures, for, enter them where you will, they all lead to Jesus, and there is so much to encourage us in them. Philip set the eunuch right, baptized him, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Now for the poor man that fell among thieves. He needed mercy and compassion. Only those who have been saved themselves can have the real and proper feeling towards those that need the same mercy. There are many sufferings in life which press very heavily on human hearts. Christians, of course, suffer as well as other men of the world, but on those who are without Jesus suffering presses doubly hard. There are sufferings of poverty, sickness, &c.,



which to men with wives and children depending on them, and who have not the true comfort, or indeed any comfort at all, are insupportable, and so they break down ; and no wonder. The enemy has full power over them, for there is no resistance ; and so drunkenness, despair, and numerous other robbers and wild beasts, overcome them, leaving them nearly dead. But the Spirit of the Lord is ever ready to be met with in the wilderness.

When God converts a man or woman, how is it that He does not take them away to heaven at once ? He does not do this. He says, " They must remain in the wilderness to do My work. I want them to be mouths, lips, eyes, hands, feet, for Me. I must lengthen their days and their trials in order that they may show forth My love as it is in Jesus." True activity in God's service is a precious gift from Him. There is much talk in the world about how this, that, or the other should be done, and committees are formed, and consultations held ; how they do this thing in Geneva or somewhere else, and, meanwhile, your truly active people are doing the work without talk about it. It is a good plan to take up just as much work as comes in our way, and *do it*, and not look in the future for opportunities which may never arrive. Begin at once ; look to poor children, teach them ; help poor women around you. Assist to reclaim the drunkard bound fast in Satan's chain. Help those that cannot help themselves.

Take the example of the good Samaritan and the poor wounded man. He lifted him up, for he could



not lift himself; he had compassion on him, he gave him oil and wine. Here was self-denial, for *that* wine and oil he had with him doubtless for his own use; but he gave it to the poor man whose need was greater than his own. He does not touch him daintily, or turn with disgust from his wounds, or feel frightened to have him with him in such a condition. No, he sets him on his own beast that he has for his own use, though he himself must walk, and brings him to an inn where he takes care of him. Now it is not the innkeeper that has pity and compassion on the poor man. He lets him be at the inn for his friend's sake; he did not care for him; it was the good Samaritan who, not wishing the host to suffer loss, gave him money, and when he departs gives him a charge concerning the poor man. He does not say, as some might under the circumstances, "I have done all I can for him, I must leave him, and if he dies I cannot help it, if he recovers, all well and good. I have done all I can for him." No, on leaving he gives money to the host, and promises, should he spend more, to repay him. In this we see the Spirit of the Lord Himself; such love can come alone from God, and *Jesus* is the good Samaritan. He passed by and saw us in our pitiable condition, He lifted us up by dying on the cross, and with His wounds He healed us, and His precious blood revived us. He does not leave us without making provision for us, and He promises to come again and receive us to Himself. He gives us His Holy Spirit and the Bible,



His own Word, to instruct us and help us to grow in holiness.

He has ordained the Lord's Supper, whereby we renew our covenant, and are refreshed by the way. The ministry of His servants and many other blessings He provides for us. Jesus says to us, "You are one with me, you are my friends." Only think what a society is this, what a brotherhood of love is ours. Jesus tells us to go and do as He has done. He has set the example. We are to go onward, armed with the love of Christ. If we are deficient in knowledge and faith, let us go to Christ, He will instruct us. If we get dull while in the way, let us think of what has been done for us. And again, let us not be discouraged by the many that pass us by, when all our desire is to do them good; but let us think of any one to whom we know we *have* been of use, any one who *has* come to Jesus through our instrumentality, and over whom our influence *has* been for good, and that will encourage us, for it is a very blessed thing to lead even one soul to the Saviour.

Let us then not only think to whom we are sent, but *who sends us*. It is the Lord, the mighty God, who sends us with His message of comfort. We are to strengthen the weak, lift the fallen as Jesus did. He was the great Pioneer who went forth to show us the way; we are to walk in His footprints; teach them, as He taught us, to be active in His service; and, whatever we do, to do as to Him, and He will reward us. He will show us our work, and remember



it. Let us then go on our way looking to Him to strengthen us, help us, and comfort us, and feed us; and though wild beasts and robbers are near and lurk about us, the strong arm of Jesus will keep us safely in all our journey through the wilderness. Some day we shall reach the end of our journey, and be at home for evermore in the palace of the Great King.

#### OUR MONTHLY MEETING.

The Monthly Meeting of the Biblewomen and Nurses in their large room at Parker Street, is a very important feature in our organisation, and we have found it greatly cement the spirit of love and union among the workers, that they should receive these valuable monthly exhortations from men of God, who render us this kind and voluntary service, and who have always been guided of the Holy Spirit to address to us the word suited for the time; which greatly strengthens us in our work of

#### PATIENT WAITING FOR SOULS.

For on, on through the world of London's misery, both Biblewomen and Nurses are ever going, often meeting with each other beside the beds of suffering where they are the only comforters (relatives afar off or unable to help); and then when it comes to the last day or night of sorrow, they place the last pillow, administer the last refreshment, and sing of "Rest



for the weary," till the dying one departs in peace. It often costs watchful effort to get first access to the poor sufferers who lie hidden in their agony by the wayside of life. Here is one suffering from cancer—one of how many—who thinks God's way with her so hard. She refuses to see any of His messengers, and will never hear anything about His Word, or the way to be saved from her sins. The Biblewoman is told it will be useless trying to see her, but resolves to try again and again.

Once in passing the house she finds the door ajar, and she looks in, and seeing the invalid faint with agony, says, "You are very bad, my poor dear;" the answer is but gruff, "Yes, I am bad indeed," but the motherly visitor says, "I crept in by degrees nearer to her bed, sympathising with her sufferings, and offering to bring her a supply of rag to dress her wound, but could not at that time get in a word about spiritual things.

"I soon went again with the pieces of rag, but still could not open my lips on the subject nearest my heart, but lifting up my soul in prayer I resolved to persevere; I soon after took a copy of the 'British Messenger,' and asked her to let me read to her a pretty story, and offered to pray with her, but she would not allow me at that time; yet having once got in, I went frequently, taking her some little trifle, and one day ventured to read the parable of the Prodigal Son; she said,

" 'Well, you may leave *that* at the foot of the bed.' Of course I left the New Testament, the leaf turned



down to mark the place. After this I could go in when I pleased, and asked the Nurse and the Missionary to visit, to whom she would now listen. Her intense suffering, however, often really prevented her listening, but she came to own that she was a great sinner and was pointed to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. The last time I saw her, I said, 'I hope you do not think your great suffering can atone for your sins,' and she answered, 'Oh no, not now, I rest only on Jesus, and all my trust is in Him.' When I went again she had passed away, but I really think she had believed to the saving of her soul."

#### THE NURSE INTRODUCED BY THE BIBLEWOMAN.

Thus the Biblewoman introduces the Nurse, and often obtains entrance for her sister-worker when it is denied at first to herself. "In the course of re-canvassing a district for Bible-subscribers" (says a Pioneer), "at No. 14, a miserable face looked out, and the answer to our question was—

"'No. Bibles? No; got enough to do to buy bread these days,' and she would have shut the door, but I put out my hand to shake hands with her, saying, 'I am afraid you are very sad, you look unhappy.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' she said. 'So would you be, if you was me.'

"'Well, do let us in, just to tell you who can help and comfort you.'

"'Look at my poor girl, my eldest, thirteen, sent home incurable, and my poor little baby so



delicate, and me so ill, I hardly know what to do, I could cry all day, but that's no good.'

"Seeing she moaned, as if in pain, I asked, 'Have you got a bad leg?'

"'Yes, I got'em both bad.'

"'Would you not like a kind nurse to come and see you, and dress them for you?'

"'Yes, Ma'am, indeed I would.'

"After talking with her a little, and telling her of Jesus—the Friend of the sorrowful, I said, 'Now I am glad you did not shut us out, for you see our business is not only to sell Bibles.' 'Oh,' she said, 'God bless you, I'm glad you did come in.'

"On a second visit since (Nurse has been to dress the legs, and make things straight as only a good nurse can) she said, 'Oh, my husband says he really will begin with you for a Bible.'"

For more than ten years before their division of labour with the nurse, the Biblewomen had endeavoured to persuade those they visited into some conformity with the sanitary laws which were often explained to themselves.

#### WHOLESOME HOUSES.

"I went into a house in Bethnal Green," says one of them, "and was almost stifled with the close atmosphere—the smell was sickening. It was a delicate thing to speak about, but I could not help it. I said, 'Oh, dear! two of God's most blessed earthly gifts



are fresh air and water ; depend upon it, Mrs P——, if you would but draw up these blinds, open the windows, keep a chink for fresh air, and use a little more clean cold water, both you and the children would have much better health. I have no doubt your neglecting to do this is the cause of your languor, and perhaps hysterics too.' I was afraid I had offended her ; and she has been one of the most regular mothers at our meetings for two years.

“ I had to call about ten days after, when the door was opened by Mrs P——, as sprightly as possible. ‘ Oh, I am in such a mess, but will you come in ? I have just been saying how surprised Mrs M—— will be when she calls, but I hoped I should be put to rights first.’ Well, what a change ! The blinds were up, the windows open, the ceiling white-washed, a bit of cheap paper on the walls (but I wish there was no cheap wall-paper in London), and Mrs P—— scrubbing away, and really she has looked better ever since ! ”

In many a district the hearts of the people are gained who at first had hated the Mission. All was noise and confusion, they sat on their doorsteps and drank, and swore, and quarrelled all day, and a Mothers' Meeting could scarcely be held without a policeman standing at the door ; but now, he is never needed. The people in their times of sickness and death have learned to love the Biblewoman—and it is *then* they send for her—‘ Stand by me till I'm gone,’ they say, and she *does*.

“ I have known her do it,” says one superintendent,



“two nights together, for she works in season and out of season. She proves herself a woman of the helping hand, as well as of ‘the excellent word.’ The doctor of the district attends her for nothing. He says to her, “I look at you sometimes, and I think, what *should* we do if fever or cholera struck *you* down. So I’ll do what I can to keep you alive.”

We call this a delightful *medical* contribution to our Mission, and it is not the first such deed that has been done by doctors. Thank God for their sympathy and their help among the poor of London.

It has been said to us by the Lady-Superintendents of other nurses for the poor—How is it that we hear you have never to seek your patients? And we reply, It is because our nurses are preceded by their sisters, the Biblewomen. And if you ask why we still make such a point of selling the Bible—we answer, Because this is and always has been the foundation-stone of our work, *including the element of self-help*, and if the Biblewomen are ever on the watch to sell a Bible to new subscribers—we know they *must* be methodically canvassing their districts, and are sure to meet with real sickness that wants nursing, and not merely to recommend old favourites who only seek relief.

The simple relief cases should be met as far as possible by their own Superintending Ladies, and from relief sources. If so much were not scattered in injudicious doles to the many who will only spend it in drink, and if more were reserved and liberally bestowed on those whom it would really lift into



self-help—results would be more encouraging than at present.

The Biblewoman *not* employed as the dispenser of relief, is the best discoverer of the history and habits of the poor family—and she elicits their first aim at *self-help*—which is to be followed by others that will raise them in the social scale. The Nurse has influence in this way also, and that influence was never better exemplified than by the devoted nurse of B—— Common, whose loss we have recently deplored.

In November 1872, we received the following letter from her, which we have entitled—

HOW A NURSE TAUGHT THE POOR MOTHERS TO HELP  
THEMSELVES.

“DEAR MADAM,—You asked me some time since how I taught the poor mothers to help themselves. I have waited for twelve months since your question, to give you a true account, and to see that the lessons did not pass away with my visits. When I first became a Biblewoman Nurse, my neighbours seemed to think that I not only went to their homes to wait on them in their sickness, but likewise to clothe and keep them; and to show them I did not do this has been a work of time. But I am truly thankful to say I am well pleased with the results; for now the poor are so grateful for what has been done for them in my district that with a little advice they will try to help themselves. It has been something new to



poor mothers to have some one to look after them in the hours of sickness and trial in their own homes, so that their hearts have been softened and made to look up to God, and thank Him for His mercy; by this means sinners are brought to Christ, and our Mothers' Meetings on B—— Common are becoming more useful than ever.

“ I thank you much, dear madam, for the special permission given to the Biblewoman to open a Mothers' Meeting in *my* house. It has been a great help to me in carrying out the advice I have given to them *to try and help themselves* to make their homes and their children comfortable. The Biblewoman has taken, since January, from the very poorest mothers the sum of £11 for clothing, the most of which would have been spent in the public-house had the Mothers' Meeting not been opened. It makes one's heart rejoice to see its effect on the poor little children who for months have had to stay indoors all day of a Sunday, because their clothes were washed on Saturday night, and not dry to put on; for now they begin to look quite tidy, and the children call the meeting 'MOTHERS' SCHOOL.'

“ The Biblewoman asked me to attend a mother named W——, in her confinement, and I promised to do so. I went, and found her poor indeed; she had already six children, neither of them had a bit of underclothing. Her husband is very ailing; when he could, he worked at the docks, when he could not, he helped his wife make match-boxes. During the time I attended the poor woman, I tried all I could



to make her and her home more comfortable. I wrote to your Mother-House for a lot of old clothes, and received just what I wanted. I took the children to my own house; my girl and myself washed and dressed them, and sent them home; and about an hour after I went to see them. I cannot describe the gratitude of that poor father and mother; they both wept. I spoke to them, and told them that I thought if they tried to help themselves that God would help them. I knelt down with the husband, and all the six children, and asked God to bless and guide the parents to bring up the little ones that God had sent them.

“The man thanked me and said, ‘Missus, I did not know our little Bill or Sall when they came from your house, they did not look a bit like my children.’

“As soon as the poor woman got up she came to our Mothers’ Meeting, and paid in her pence, till she bought twelve yards of calico at  $2\frac{3}{4}d.$  a yard, which she made up in underclothes for her children, and now she has a washing-day every Wednesday instead of Sunday, to wash the children’s clothes, a thing that her husband had never known her do before. She takes twopence a day out of her match-boxes, and pays it to the Mothers’ Meeting. Her children go to Sunday-school; the mother attends the Friday night prayer-meeting. The poor man pays a shilling when he can towards getting some ‘sticks’ in his home, as he calls them; so that all our labour is not in vain, when blessed by the Holy Spirit of God.

“In comparing my last year’s list of patients with



this, I find I attended last year 84 poor women, and had from the Mother-House 30 suits of infants' clothes, besides changes for the others, and loan of sheets borrowed from different places, also 24 bags of linen. In this year I have attended 112 poor women, but have asked for only 10 suits of infants' clothes, and though the mothers were poorer than last year, I borrowed only 12 bags of linen. They had had forethought, and prepared for themselves; so I feel that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord."

THE WORK OF THE BIBLEWOMAN AND NURSE UNITED  
THOUGH DIVIDED.

A friend further remarks:—

“The work that is being done on B—— Common to enable the very poor to help themselves is really wonderful, and a kind of emulation is now aroused among them to keep their homes and children tidy. Eleven pounds is no small sum to have been collected among them since January last at the ‘Mothers’ Meeting’ in Nurse A——’s room. The ‘Fathers’ Meeting’ has also been remarkably blessed of God, and many of the men who never entered a place of worship have been induced to come, and now look forward to Monday evenings as they would to a holiday.

“At their opening meeting, a Mr J—— engaged in prayer, which was the means of the conversion of one poor man, who has since died trusting in Jesus, and on his dying bed would have Mr J—— (who is also a poor man and engaged in daily work) sent for,



saying he should die happily if he would kneel down and pray for him, for he could never get the words of his first prayer out of his mind, and never knew what peace was till he came to that 'Fathers' Meeting.' The good Biblewoman, Mrs H——, is indefatigable in her exertions at both these meetings, and in her visits among the people, and she and Nurse A—— work most happily and rejoicingly together. Many a poor man who cared nothing before for his house or home, as his spare time would be spent at the public-house, has now saved up enough to get many 'sticks together,' as they call articles of furniture, and some before their wife's confinement have sent their card to the Mothers' Meeting to purchase a pair of sheets and calico for her approaching wants.

“The little 'Ragged School' has also worked well. It was greatly desired a short time back that the children might have a treat into the country, and six weeks were given them to prepare. The children were to pay sixpence each, which they could do by saving a penny a week, and meanwhile the employers of their fathers were applied to, and the necessary funds soon collected. But the mothers felt that something devolved upon *them*, and they cheerfully saved up their pence, and bought cheap calico and neat print at the Mothers' Meeting, and when the little ones assembled for their holiday excursion there was great difficulty in recognising them.

“Nurse says that on the Sundays when they came to school, she had often used nearly an ounce of pins in



pinning their dirty rags together to make them decent, but on this occasion their flesh was clean, and they were nearly all dressed much alike from the material thus bought, and, having felt the benefit of being clean once, they have kept up the habit on a Sunday since. The tradespeople notice the difference, as the poor have more to spend, and the parish officers have inquired how it is that with a larger population they have a marked difference and decrease in the relief afforded, to all which questions Nurse replies, 'You have to thank the Mothers' and Fathers' Meetings, and she joyfully exclaims, when telling of the success achieved, 'What hath God wrought!' " Thus it may be seen that the work of the Biblewoman and Nurse is united even while it is divided. The Superintending Ladies having found the right women to introduce, and follow one another, the next link doubtless consists in the sympathising help of those SUPERINTENDING LADIES. We have described the aim of both departments in the Mission to be chiefly to set before the poor and needy the open Door, the door at which the teachers themselves have already entered in, and desire to win their poor neighbours to enter in also.

#### THE OPEN DOOR.

*"I am the Door of the sheep."*

"The mistakes of my life are many,  
The sins of my heart are more,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But I come to the open door.



“ I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray,  
But I'm coming as He has bidden,  
And He will not say me 'Nay.'

“ My mistakes His love will cover,  
My sins He will wash away,  
And the feet that shrink and falter  
Shall walk through the gates of day.

“ If I turn not from His whisper,  
If I let not go His hand,  
I shall see Him in His beauty,  
The King in the far-off land.

“ The mistakes of my life are many,  
And my soul is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But the Lord will let me in.”

One of our Ladies thus writes to us :—

“ I had lately some pleasing conversation with three of the nurses on the spiritual aspect of the cases they attend, by which I was considerably refreshed. I am sometimes surprised at the *different* teaching and training their own souls have passed through, and I observe how much of their after-work depends upon it. It is certain that simplicity and meekness of spirit is the most telling in practical work. A nurse should never be a chatterer : the words that are spoken by humble, quiet women do touch any heart, if it is not bereft of feeling ; I myself have felt the touch often and often. Nevertheless, I am also convinced that some



of our workers (not these meek ones) need a little straightforward speech to wean them from old habits of egotism or narrow views of truth.

“Of most we may say they are indeed *our* teachers, by the beauty of their holiness and self-denial. I truly feel, on our days of meeting with them, that they are my own lesson days; but still there are many who *need teaching*, and I do not think we can attach undue importance to giving them clear and distinct views of the plan of salvation; for I cannot understand how the simple trust that *abides* can ever be arrived at without this. The Nurses especially need to have it *for themselves* before they can carry it to the sick. Much of their work is very depressing, and they require to have their own souls lifted up from the sorrowful scenes so constantly before them to the sublime thought that it is *for Christ's* sake they undertake all their trying duties. I liked the word, ‘honoured work,’ used by the clergyman who spoke to them lately those few friendly words. I noticed they felt it, and did not wonder.—Yours ever truly,

“\_\_\_\_\_.”

The question of supplies for her sick people as provided or collected for by the Lady-Superintendent has been already dwelt upon; and we would only further remark that in proportion as the work of these Missions enlarges,—whether in town or country,—



## EACH MISSION WANTS ITS TREASURER,

and this treasurer need not always be a lady. The following hints will serve for either BIBLE or NURSE Missions:—

“The collections by ladies for their own Missions seem falling off,” said our accountant, “and the present claims are more than the general fund appears likely to cover.” We, therefore, look over the list to see where we can retrench. It is suggested, “Where one lady serves *three* Missions.” Ah! but this is in very low neighbourhoods, where the number has grown out of the wants of the district.

“Well, but something must be done,” so we wrote to the active and earnest lady, telling her that we must give up her third district. She is startled at the thought. She comes to tell us, almost with tears, what will be lost if *that* Mission goes; and, we are thankful to say, she brings in her hand six guineas, “enough to begin a fresh quarter,” she supposes.

“Where does it come from?” is the query.

She was so grieved to receive the note of retrenchment that she went to a gentleman, whose business is carried on in the neighbourhood, and said, “There is to be no more Mission room in this bad place.”

“Oh, dear; that is a pity,” says Mr ——. “I know what good that Mission does. I will give you a sovereign, Miss F——, that is all I can afford.”

“Ah, but a sovereign will not save it, Mr ——.



Do you know any friends who could help? Our rich people have all vanished here."

The gentleman thinks. He lives in a pleasant suburb. He thinks, and asks his friends, and the result is the six guineas for the present, and a hope that he will watch the Mission and see that it shall not die for the lack of means. No money can *buy* the comfort of that little "centre" to the poorest of the poor.

It is held in a wretched little room in a broken-down cottage, where it is a wonder more of the tenants do not die of fever. We pay 1s. 6d. a-week to those who rent it for 3s.

"What sort of people," we ask, "will miss it if it were to be given up, Miss ——?"

"Why such as Mrs X——, who understands what she hears there, and will be so glad when her Bible subscription is finished that she may find for herself in her own book, the things that we read about; and Mrs Y——, who used always to have her penn'orth of gin as she came along to our Mission-room; she has left that off now, and sits with tears in her eyes to listen—and when we spoke of giving up the room—she said, 'Then no more hearing of Christ for me.' We laid this matter before the Lord, and that Mission is not discontinued to this day."

#### HEART HELP.

"I read such a capital article in *Macmillan's Magazine* the other day" (says one of our zealous co-workers), "it was in an old number, on SOCIAL



DISINTEGRATION, in which it was shown that charity administered without personal sympathy or kindness was almost in vain. The hopelessness of desultory personal effort was dilated on, and, on the other hand, the unsatisfactory result of mechanical charity working by organisation and 'red tape,' was said often to dishearten the earnest, and afford excuse to the indifferent.

“ Now I wished I could have taken the writer a few rounds with our Nurses and Biblewomen. What an article he might then have written for *us*! Speaking of the intercourse between the rich and poor, he says :—‘ There must be nothing of assumed superiority, for patronage is resented by the poor. The rich man must come to the poor as a *friend* who has much to *gain* as well as to *give*, to learn as well as to *teach*; as a brother who having received from God more of this world’s good things does not on that account pretend to claim any superiority over his brother. The men who give most of their *heart* with their *help* are the men who exercise most influence over the poor, and receive the most reverence from them.’ ”

Our Mission is a constant proof to the glory of God of the heart given with the help of how many of its voluntary supporters!

#### THE TESTIMONY OF THE POOR THEMSELVES.

If we would attempt to collect this together it would certainly be the longest chapter in the entire



book! They do not know how to be thankful enough.

A poor man, suffering from a bad arm, said, "That's a wonderful clever woman you brought; she can dress a wound in no time. My arm is getting well. I shall soon be able to work. I hope she'll live and be a blessing to hundreds of poor people."

Mr S—— spoke most gratefully about Nurse. He cannot lie down in bed, so his fish-basket and his own clothing were piled up for him to lean against. These things were so hard that his back was very sore. Imagine the comfort of an air pillow to *him*. He said—

"She's the right sort of woman, mum, this here nurse, she understands everything. The poor was never waited on in this style afore to my knowledge. Then she's a Christian. I don't want no gossips, only wish I could read."

Another patient thinks it is the greatest blessing to poor people to have such a one as Nurse H—— to come in. "They so often want somebody just to set them straight for an hour when they are ill, and go away again."

One whose "back is so weary" says, "Nurse is a *great mercy*, she does so much for me; I don't know what I should do without her. She lifts me out of bed as no one else could do, she handles me so tenderly and carefully."

And another who cannot turn in her bed without assistance, is never able to lie down, and suffers constant and excruciating pain: she knows not how to



say enough of the kindness of Nurse ; she quite longed for the time of her daily visit to arrive. “The lotion she applies to my poor burning wounds does cool me so nicely, and she comes so kindly every morning to make my bed, and wash me and dress me, and always has a word of comfort to say to me and to my husband, too; and then she knows how to *touch* me so gently. Oh, what should I do now without her.”

One sufferer lately said, “Many charities are good, but we have to go *to them*, this comes to *us*, and so our time is not wasted, and only we poor folk know what a loss it is to have to walk a long distance, and then wait perhaps for hours before we can be attended to, so I think this is the very best thing that was ever given to us.”

A LETTER RECEIVED FROM SOME POOR MOTHERS.

“DEAR MADAM,—

“It is Now 6 years ago that through your Kindness Mrs S—— Opened our Mothers’ Meeting in A Small Back Room there was fifteen of us then but God has prospered us tenfold and the Meeting Has been A Blessing to us Our Homes and our Husbands But Above all to our souls which were dead in trespasses and Sins and are now alive unto God and His kingdom. We felt very Sorry indeed to part with Mrs S—— But we pray that the Blessing of the Lord May go with Her to prosper another meeting in her hands.



“ Since we first met here many amongst us then have Crossed the Jordan They Are Safe within the Veil Not one But was visited By Our Bible-woman Alas that she too must now leave us on account of health We do pray that in another place Her Health May Be improved and she may Be enabled to go on in the Glorious work of spreading the Word of God among the people.

“ But we would not forget to thank you for our Bible-woman Nurse Who But they that Has followed the footsteps of the Master could Have Devised such a Help to the poor How many there are on this Isle of Dogs who do Hail with Delight Her visits Many whom Death or distance Hath Deprived of A Loving Mother or Kind Sister the trained Nurse to them is an unspeakable blessing She can Help them in Many ways if she Goes to Wash the Babe that Has Come to that Humble Home she tells the Mother of the Heavenly Babe the Lord of Glory who Came So Low that ‘ in A Manger He was Born ’ to save this Sinful World, if she goes to Dress a Sore Leg or Hand, while she applies the Lotion or oil, she can tell that one who would hear none of Her Counsel Before, of that Balm in Gilead ; that Great physician there ; of His power to wash and Heal their polluted Souls if called to Smooth the pillow of a Dying one She can and does Whisper to that sick one, ‘ Jesus Died But Lives Again and is waiting to receive them saved through His blood.’

“ Dear Madam,

“ Out of the fulness of our Hearts we speak. May



the Lord Abundantly Bless Every Helper of your Mission in time or money; and may Pioneer, Biblewoman, and Nurse be so Linked together that they Make Such A Chain of Workers that Satan and all their adversaries may soon be overpowered.—We remain, yours affectionately,

“THE MOTHERS OF MILLWALL.”

### LIST OF OUR BIBLEWOMEN'S DISTRICTS.

62 Of these 181 districts are self-supporting.

26 Collect for themselves more than £20.

23 Collect less than £20.

70 Are entirely on the General Fund. The cost of a Bible-woman with her Mission Room is £50 a year.

181

*We here give a list of our Districts in LONDON and its Suburbs, where Bible Missions and Mothers' Classes are maintained in 1875 :—*

<b>East Central.</b>	<b>North.</b>	Spitalfields	Wycliffe
Clerkenwell	1. Islington	Coventry Street	North Bow
1. Cow Cross	2. Islington	Hackney Wick	Old Ford
1. Whitecross Street	3. Islington	Hackney	Millwall
2. Whitecross Street	1. Hoxton	Hackney Wick	Jubilee Street
Long Alley	2. Hoxton	Lane	Princes Street
Old Street	Hoxton, Old Town	Waterloo Town	Canning Town
Billingsgate	Hoxton Market	Norton Folgate	Harts Lane
Verulam Street	Pentonville	Mile End	Quaker Street
Barbican	Highgate	Edward Street	
2. Curtain Road	Caledonian Rd. N.	Barnsley Street	<b>South East.</b>
Holiday Yard	Caledonian Rd. S.	Great Garden St.	1. Bermondsey
City Road	Enfield	Houndsditch	2. Bermondsey
Bunhill Fields	Mildmay Park	Walthamstow	Bermondsey Wall
Columbia Market	Elder Walk	Whitechapel	Snow's Fields
	Southgate Road	1. Ratcliffe	Maze Pond
<b>West Central.</b>	Tottenham	2. Ratcliffe	Kent Street
1. St Giles	Angel Courts	Limehouse	Union Street
2. St Giles	Whetstone	Limehouse Fields	Falstaff Yard
3. St Giles	Ivy Lane	Stepney Lower	Chislehurst
Chenies Street	Stamford Hill	1. St George's	Greenwich, E.
Parker Street	Kingsland	2. St George's	Lewisham Road
Cromer Street	Canal Road	3. St George's	1. Rotherhithe
Bagnigge Wells	New Barnet	Shadwell	2. Rotherhithe
Union		London Hospital	Thames Tunnel
Gordon Square		1. Poplar	1. Mint Street
Milford Lane		Bow Common	2. Mint Street
Draper's Place	<b>East.</b>	1. Bromley	Stephen the Yeoman
Eagle Street	Dove Row	2. Bromley	Brixton
St Martin's Lane	3. Bethnal Green	Buckle Street	Wyndham Road
Holles Street	Rose Street	1. Wapping	New Cut
Covent Garden	Green Street	2. Wapping	



1. Gravel Lane	Albany Road	Brentford	Somers Town
2. Gravel Lane	Croydon	Percy	Brill
Waterloo Road	Swanscombe	Craven	Camden Town
Upper Norwood	<b>South West.</b>	Norland	1. Kentish Town
Norwood	Westminster	Newport Market	2. Kentish Town
Lambeth	Pimlico	Pall Mall	Cumberland Mkt.
Lambeth Walk	Turk's Row	Notting Hill	Bedford N. Town
Lambeth Road	Brompton	Harlington	Belsize
Oakley Street	Ferns	Campden Hill	Portman Market
Blackfriars Road	Ebury Street	Duke Street	Albany Street
1. Lock's Fields	Exeter Street	Marylebone Road	Portland Town
2. Lock's Fields	Chelsea	South End	Ranelagh
Forest Hill	Wandsworth	Potteries	Haverstock Hill
Bexley Heath	Clapham	Kilburn	St Pancras
Southwark	<b>West.</b>	Golborne	Gospel Oak
Kent Road	1. Paddington	<b>North West.</b>	Mill End
Plaistow	Foxley Road	Lisson Grove	Pioneers 12
Mitcham			

LIST OF NURSE DISTRICTS FOR 1875.

Postal District.	Special District.	Nurses. No. of	Postal District.	Special District.	No. of Nurses.
E. C.	Whitecross Street...	1	S. E.	Falstaff Yard.....	1
	Gray's Inn Road ....	1		Kingston .....	1
	Upper Thames St....	1		Bermondsey.....	1
	Clerkenwell .....	1		Bermondsey Wall ...	1
W. C.	St Giles .....	1	Horselydown.....	1	
	Drury Lane.....	1	Lambeth.....	1	
	Islington .....	2	Westminster .....	1	
N.	Caledonian Road ...	1	S. W.	Wandsworth.....	2
	Hoxton.....	1		Chelsea .....	1
	City Road .....	1		Notting Hill.....	2
	North Bow .....	1	Vauxhall.....	1	
E.	Bow Common.....	1	W.	Kensal .....	1
	Limehouse .....	1		Newport Market....	1
	Spitalfields.....	1		Kensington.....	1
	Whitechapel.....	1		Camden Town.....	1
	Poplar .....	1	N. W. :	Somers Town .....	1
	Bethnal Green.....	1		Portman Market....	1
	Wapping .....	1		St Pancras .....	1
	Stepney.....	1		Gospel Oak-fields ...	1
S. E.	Shadwell .....	1	Haverstock Hill ....	1	
	Mint Street.....	1	Kilburn.....	1	
	Rotherhithe.....	1	In training .....	5	
	Blackfriars' Road ...	1	Pioneers.....	4	
	Camberwell.....	1			
				<b>Total ....</b>	<b>57</b>

The annual cost of a BIBLE NURSE is on an average £55, inclusive of the supplies for the sick. In 11 of these districts the support is promised ; for 4 more partially so ; but 42 Nurses are entirely on the General Fund.



## THE NEED OF PIONEERS.

It will easily be conceived that with a staff of *paid* workers, as numerous as is represented by this number of Bible Districts, and as many more as are here included in the list of Nurse Districts, it was found impossible to count upon the regular voluntary assistance of Ladies for every one of them; and hence, by degrees, an *intermediate* oversight arose of about sixteen capable and paid Superintendents of various departments, who could be selected for their fitness and faculty, and be held in unbroken communication with the Central Office. The Biblewomen could not be left to take their own Mothers' Meetings, and the Nurses most especially needed co-visitation and a second judgment on any peculiar case, and for this intermediate agency we have found no better name than "Pioneers."

## THE BIBLE PIONEERS.

The attention of these "Pioneers" to Bible sales is constantly kept up as well as to Bible teaching. They are employed in training and fixing a Biblewoman in her district, and *each* also in superintending four or five districts where we cannot secure the right LADY. Alas! that there should be any such districts. Meanwhile, we believe that the "Pioneers" are extremely useful in furthering the original and primary aims of the Mission. We do not know what we should do in this large work without their steady



help and stimulating influence on the women, in their duty of systematically re-canvassing their districts for Bibles. The "Pioneer" agency was founded several years since by a friend now in heaven, who at her death left us a legacy of over £400. Mrs Holcombe was the means of the institution of Pioneer helpers, and sent us for that purpose 150 sovereigns during her lifetime, saying, "that as they lay in her lap she had prayed over every pound," and no prayer with regard to this Mission was ever more graciously answered.

It is in Monthly Meetings for prayer and conference with these useful coadjutors that we are kept informed, in far more detail than we generally obtain from Lady Superintendents, of the actual work going on in between forty and fifty districts. The "Pioneers" are teachers and trainers of *new* workers, while they take the oversight of old ones, who have no kind Lady to whom to refer, and we find that even old workers are capable of perpetual improvement in methodical work.

We will give a specimen or two from the reports we receive monthly:—

"In the summer weather," says one, "so many of the poor are from home, either out at work, or seeking the same, that I have not so much to say as usual concerning them. Even the attendance at the Mothers' Meetings is less than in the winter, it being so very warm for members to assemble in a small room. I have been somewhat cast down respecting new subscribers for Bibles, but yesterday I obtained



two, and six new mothers came to the meeting in the evening.”

This Pioneer has little reason to be discouraged. She cares for four districts, in which we have no Lady Superintendents, Bethnal Green, Cumberland Market, Caledonian Road, and Canal Road—addresses an average of 100 poor mothers a week, who bring in during the month £3, 9s. 3d. for Bibles, and more than six guineas to their clothing clubs. Her Biblewomen have also obtained 23 new Bible subscribers in the month, which shows industrious visitation in each neighbourhood, and this is in summer weather at the season when most of our London ladies are away from their homes in the City, seeking rest and refreshment by lake and sea-side or on mountain and moorland. We then turn to the journals of those useful substitutes in our Mission body—our 12 PIONEERS, with whom we can maintain unceasing relation—who do, in their turns, get a fortnight’s holiday, but who are otherwise the friends of the poor in all the seasons, and who see them alike in summer’s heat and winter’s cold; who watch year by year the changes in their humble histories, and fill up the lack of service from many a Lady who would be happier far than she is, if she had a poor Mothers’ class to think of, and correspond with in her autumn absences.

The jottings we get from these persevering helpers are very life-like. They often come from a district where the Bible-woman can write but little, though she can tell much by word of mouth. The Pioneer visits with her weekly, and afterwards takes her



Mothers' Meeting; and can thus be helpful to four or five Biblewomen in the course of a week. She makes her own *monthly* report to the centre of the Mission, the financial affairs of each district being settled likewise monthly, but at the centre, with the Biblewomen themselves. As we have before remarked, we often know in detail far more about the state of these "pioneer districts," and concerning the welfare of souls in them, than we do from Ladies, if they cannot give the time and the love which domiciliary visitation requires. We seldom hold our monthly meetings without hearing of some one who has passed away in peace, or to whom all our opportunities of usefulness are over for ever.

#### A PIONEER'S FAREWELL.

The meaning of the word *Pioneer* in our Mission indicates a work preparatory to local and permanent work, but always Bible-work. It requires, perhaps, an extra measure of grace, which is in the gift of our Master, to fulfil truly the duties of this inner circle; for those who seek souls must needs do it with all their heart; and graciously to resign the souls so won into the care of others, and truly and affectionately to help those others to take up the burden, is to have arrived at no small measure of usefulness and self-negation. Perhaps where such an agent may have been labouring for years, a Christian church at last arises, and a local Superintendent offers. The "Pioneer" then, true to her name, is transferred to



nurse in its infancy some fresh district, but the parting often costs a heartache, as the following letter shows :—

“ DEAR MADAM,—Now that as a Pioneer I have left ——, you will like to hear a little about what has been done there by the Bible Mission during the last six years. My two women have sold in that time 428 Bibles and Testaments, and though many times we worked with sad hearts, yet thank God we have not worked in vain. At our Mothers’ Meeting we have had sometimes 100 in attendance, sometimes twenty-five, and here I can give my six years’ testimony to the Bible being ‘the best story Book.’ The mothers never had a lesson from any other book during all that time. I never sought to amuse them, but to bring the Word of God to them as the best help in their often miserable lives; the tears that were shed at parting, and the regrets expressed at losing the plain teaching, did much to encourage me to go on elsewhere. The last seven mothers who came to the Meeting were asked why they came to us, as they had a Meeting close to their own homes, and ours was some distance from them; their answer was, ‘Nothing but tales read there! and when we can get out we want to hear what will do us good.’ I do thank God that so much of the good seed of the Word has been sown amongst them, and in many lives we have seen the fruit. I should think twenty have become members of churches, and many more are sitting at the feet of Jesus, of whom no one takes



any notice but our blessed Master; no record being kept of how many have received the word at the eleventh hour, but 'the day will declare it.' We have left eighty mothers on the books, forty had clothing due to them, so there will be no difficulty in keeping them together if they get the right teaching.

"God grant His blessing on the Lady, and the new Biblewoman."

#### THE SERVICE OF THE WORD.

*More Bibles sold in 1874 than in any former year except 1861.*

In the early days of our existence as a body of missionaries to the poor of London, we remember it used to strike us that as philanthropic agencies were multiplying and Mission women from various Churches followed in our wake—it used to strike us that there *would come* a time in the future in which it would be more than ever needful to keep to our first distinctive intent and principles, and to maintain our place among Evangelistic forces, chiefly as BIBLEWOMEN, mainly and prominently engaged in the service of the Word of God.

That future has now arrived; and, at the same time, a query very often repeated is answered. May not London now be supposed to be sufficiently provided with Bibles, considering its manifold and varied sources of supply? There are some who are quite ready to believe it is, and who may therefore be surprised to hear that for the last six years our



sales of Bibles among the lowest poor have been gradually on an ascending scale:—

In 1860 and 1861 they had amounted to 10,533 and 11,592 copies in the year, at a cost of £833 and £1,059.

In 1869 they had dropped to	4,910	copies	at a cost of	£719
In 1870 they rose to	6,025	„	„	785
In 1871 were still rising to	6,830	„	„	937
In 1872	„	„	„	1,089
In 1873	„	„	„	1,198
In 1874 amount to	11,129	„	„	1,503

Therefore we know by their price that they have been chiefly *good type* Bibles, whereas the early sales were often of small ones.

We owe this great increase in some degree to the steady pressure upon each of our 200 Biblewomen of the very moderate requirement of *one new Bible subscriber a week*; and we owe it far more to the sympathetic co-operation of our whole community, with very rare exceptions. Their own conviction and goodwill has gone with the rule, for they know that the sale of a Bible by small instalments opens to them in general a fresh door of access to a soul. Of course, we do not refer to houses that are fully supplied, but in the countless streets of London there are so many that are *not* supplied, and a cheap good print Bible is wanted by more than one member in a Bible-reading family. Besides, Bibles wear out, people move, and families scatter; and suffice it to say, that if a Biblewoman makes it her



first duty every week to notice changes, and canvass by turns every part of her district, the *one new* subscriber is always to be had. Here and there, and now and then, an old Biblewoman has at first considered herself "too old to be taught" fresh ways of pleasant access to the people by our earnest and experienced Bible pioneers, but the general tone and temper of our workers has been thankfulness for their occasional help.

About 143 Ladies still retain their connection with us as Bible Superintendents. The larger number of these continue as devoted and vigorous co-workers as ever, but with others the absences from London are many, and in those cases the temporary help of the Pioneers is needful and generally welcomed.

About forty-five districts are regularly under their care, for which we have no Superintending-Ladies. The attendances at the Mothers' Meetings held by Pioneers have, during the year, been over 38,000. The Bible-money their women have collected has been £507, and the number of *new* Bible subscribers obtained by them has been 3663.

We should not say so much about the BIBLE MISSION in this manual of NURSES FOR THE NEEDY, if we did not wish the reader to rise from its perusal with a conviction that it is a training, in this *first* Mission, that makes those nurses what they prove themselves to be in the *second* department.

We wish them so thoroughly to have imbibed the desire to deliver the message of the Word of God, that although they never collect for Bibles, and have



no Mission Room or Mothers' Meeting, they should still be doing the same work as their sisters in their own quiet silent way, and according to their opportunities. A Bible Nurse has many a season for gaining the ear which has refused to listen to a Biblewoman.

#### TEXT CARDS AND TEXT ROLLS.

She is from time to time supplied with TEXT CARDS and a TEXT ROLL, to hang up in the sick-room during the time she is employed in it, until earnest request is made that she will leave it behind her. TEXT QUILTS are likewise a new and most successful device for attracting attention, and we cannot receive too many of them from kind friends to lend in our districts, while we sometimes employ an invalid, as will be seen, in earning something by their construction. We add to the chapter concerning Organisation some details concerning these happily called SILENT COMFORTERS.

#### TEXT QUILTS.

The Lady Superintendent of a Nurse who is thoroughly interested in her patients, will always be throwing out ideas to her personal friends, old and young, of the ways in which she should be so glad if they will help her. To the old lady, who is a diligent knitter by her own fireside, she will present her plea for warm socks for poor children; also for large plain knitted squares—scarlet and white,



twelve inches square ; and on the white ones, perhaps the little grand-daughter will mark, in black wool and capital letters some suitable texts for the sick and the sorrowful. When these squares are knitted together they form the most comfortable blanket quilt that can be imagined for the poor invalid's bed—covered with the work of kind hands in spare minutes.

#### THE HISTORY OF A BIBLE MISSION QUILT.

The text-quilt is becoming quite identified with our Bible Missions. It is often a happy mode of approaching the sick, to lend them a clean quilt ; and we were first introduced to these quilts as made of print patchwork in very pretty devices by ladies of taste—who had adapted their designs to the prominent setting forth of squares of white calico on which were printed *texts* in large pica type. We committed one of them to the care of our Bow Common nurse for loan, and its history was very interesting. After a time she wrote thus to us :—

“ I had been attending poor T—— off and on for about eighteen months. His disease was consumption, with abscesses. He used to like me to dress the abscesses, as he said I understood them better than his wife, although she was always very attentive to him. For the last three weeks I had gone every day, and sometimes twice a day : he died last week.

“ All the while I was attending him, till the last few days, he would never allow me to read a word out of the Bible, nor speak a word to him about his



soul. Once or twice I said to him, 'Oh, pray to God to pardon your sins!' or something of that kind, when he answered most angrily, 'Hold your folly; I don't want any preaching here.'

"He has often said, he believed when he died there would be an end of him, and scoffed at the idea of an hereafter. A fortnight ago he was getting much worse; and one morning, when I went in, his wife said, 'Oh, Nurse, I am so ashamed to see you; for I have washed my quilt, and the weather is so bad, it is not dry.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I have a beautiful quilt at home, which I should not lend to everybody, but I will lend it to you;' and went immediately to fetch it. Her husband was asleep when I took it in, and put it on his bed. When he awoke he very much admired it, and said, 'Wife, where did you get this handsome quilt?' Each text was set into the quilt with red braiding.

"The wife replied, 'Nurse A—— has kindly lent it us: it is one she has in store for lending.' He continued looking at it earnestly for some time, and then called his wife, who had gone into the next room, and told her to 'take the quilt off the bed, or to turn it the other side upwards; for he would not have those words staring him in the face.' She turned it, and he went off to sleep.

"When he awoke, he said, 'Turn that quilt back again; for I had rather see the letters, than have them rising up to me through the white lining.' Seven times he had the quilt turned in less than



three hours : first to the right, and then to the wrong side.

“ On going in the next morning, his wife met me in the passage, and said, ‘ I hope you will not be angry, Nurse, whatever my poor man may say about the quilt.’ I told her she might be quite sure of that, as I should be happy to hear him make any remark about it. On going into the room, I found him with a book in his hands, looking for something ; but the moment he saw me, he hid it under the bed-clothes, and, looking very angry, he said, ‘ Who told you to get the Bible printed in a quilt for me to read?’ He pointed to one text, which describes the jailer falling down before Paul and Silas, and crying out, ‘ Sirs, what must I do to be saved?’ and said, ‘ Pray, now, who were Paul and Silas?’

“ I told him they were two servants of Christ, who went about preaching HIM as the only Saviour of sinners,—as ministers do in the present day,—only they got put into a dungeon for it. He made no remark at the time, but after I came away said to his wife, ‘ Well there must be something in it ; for I suppose, by what the Book says, it must have been a good many hundred years ago since that happened ; but if thinking about it made that man as unhappy as it has made me all night, he’d have wished he’d never heard anything about it.’

“ I visited him now twice a day, as he was evidently sinking. Each time I went his wife told me that he employed himself all day long in searching out the texts in the Bible to see if those on the quilt



were the same. On going into his room two days before he died, he said, 'Ah, Nurse! twelve months ago you told me you should not despair yet of seeing me read the Bible. So you need not despair now; for I have been reading it these four days; and I mean to read it as long as I live, that I may find what it says about these things.'

"That same evening I was surprised when I went in to see the quilt hung up over the foot of the bed, and said smilingly to him, 'Why, you are very careful of my quilt; for you are making a curtain of it instead of a covering.' 'Oh!' he said, 'it is not to save your quilt, but because I can read it there so much easier than I can when it is on the bed, or than I can see the letters in the Book.' I then said, 'What, you like reading it?' But he made no answer. On going in the next morning he held out both his hands to me, and said, 'Oh dear, Nurse! you knew the right time to bring the quilt: I sha'n't be here long now.' I said to him as gently as I could, 'I hope you believe what it says. The answer that Paul and Silas gave the jailer, is just as much the answer for you,—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I do.'

"'Do you believe that Christ died for you,' I said, 'and that the blood of Christ can wash away your sins of sixty-one years?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I do believe,' and the altered expression of his face bore testimony that he felt what he said.



“He died the following day; and I have every reason to believe that the quilt, and that alone, was the means of leading him to the Saviour. He said but little, even after he was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; but the few remaining days of his life were spent in searching the Scriptures to see whether those things were so; and the Holy Spirit of God, who in silence had given efficacy to the Word, carried on that work, through the Word, to the end. The last words which his wife heard him whisper were—

“‘Lord, have mercy, and forgive all my past sins, for Jesus’ sake.’

“His wife is a good woman; was converted many years ago at the Mothers’ Meeting in St George’s-in-the-East, and has attended *our* Mothers’ Meeting as often as she could. She is now going into Yorkshire; but she says she shall never forget to tell to everybody, wherever she goes, what wonders the quilt wrought for her poor husband’s soul. It seems that he was one of those who close their ears to all external teaching, and shut themselves up to their own infidel thought,—‘No God.’ He used to say to his wife, ‘It is well that Nurse is not one of your canting preachers; for if she was, much as I like her ways, she should not come here: and so she could only pray for him; and now acknowledges with thankfulness and praise that ‘God’s ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts;’ for if ‘He will work, who shall let it?’ or, ‘turn it back’ (see margin, Isa. xliii. 13).



“After T——’s death the quilt was returned to Nurse, and she took it to her Mothers’ Meeting, and had it hung in the room, and directed the attention of all who were there to it, saying, ‘That quilt is of far more value than its weight in gold,’ replying to their wondering inquiries, ‘that it had saved a soul from death,’ giving them at the same time a little account of the circumstances. This so interested them that in all the prayers that were offered it was especially asked that God would continue to make that quilt a blessing wherever it went.

“‘It is now,’ says Nurse, ‘lent to a poor woman in one of the worst houses in the same neighbourhood, where the whole family,—father, mother, and grown-up children, eight in number,—are utterly depraved, and scarcely open their mouths without an oath; but even *they* are not beyond the reach of the Holy Spirit; and ‘the Word of God shall not return unto Him void, but it shall prosper whereunto He sends it.’”

#### MORE ABOUT TEXT QUILTS.

Nurse N—— has one text quilt which has been made useful in two separate cases. A patient suffering from tumour when first visited, about two years ago, was a Roman Catholic, but for some months she has been resting on Jesus only. She said that many times in the night, when she had no book to read, that text on the quilt, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,” &c., so opened her eyes to her state as a sinner, and to



God's mercy in Christ alone, that she gave herself up to Him *to be saved in His way*. She was so fond of the quilt that she often said I might take anything away rather than *that*; she could not part with *that*. In her Irish brogue, she told me she thought it must have been the Great King Himself who put it into the hearts of the ladies to make it.

When she died the quilt went to Mrs M—— in her confinement; it led to her going to a Mothers' Meeting on her recovery. She told Nurse that she had read the passages many times before; indeed, they were quite familiar to her, but they never impressed her mind till she saw them on her bed. She has become an altered woman altogether, attends the house of God, and has told all her neighbours about this quilt, so that Nurse has often to take it to one and another to show it them, as they cannot understand except by seeing it.

Nurse O'B—— has one text quilt now in use for a blind and paralysed woman, very poor, but who has known the Saviour for many years. Her daughter and husband read the texts to her, which is a great comfort to her.

Nurse M—— has another quilt, which is on the bed of J. W——, who is fifteen years old, a sad cripple for the last ten years, suffering from spinal curvature and hip disease, the knees drawn up; his sufferings very great. Nurse has long visited and dressed his poor limbs and back. He has learned to read a little during his illness, but the pain is so great he cannot give attention to anything for any



length of time. He lies and reads the texts and spells them out, which interests him greatly. Nurse thinks he is really a child of God. She taught him to join little pieces together to make a little quilt for himself; and when he saw the texts on the one she lent him, he wanted to have some to put in his. We sent him one for the middle: "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

Nurse S—— has one also in use for a patient suffering from rheumatic fever. She has been very thankful to have it, and spoken of it to her neighbours as they have visited her. Could not use her hands or hold a book, but kept reading the texts, which were a great comfort to her. She was brought very low, but is now recovering. Nurse thinks she is really a seeking Christian, but her husband opposes anything like religion; still the texts sometimes arrest *his* attention.

Mrs E—— is in consumption, but seems better for the present. She has been supplied with a text quilt, which attracted the attention of her young Doctor, who, after looking at it for some time, began to talk to her about it. She is happily not ignorant of the value of those invitations and promises, and told us with joy that before he left he sat down and wept, saying that he was himself the vilest of sinners.

#### THE PARALYSED MAN AND THE TEXT QUILT.

It was in 1872 that Nurse B—— first visited W. H——, a young man suffering from spinal complaint,



who had been two years ill; has a wife and two children; "a deserving and necessitous case," says Nurse. He told me where he had most pain in his back, and I suggested a bandage, which I said I would make with brown calico and wadding to relieve the pressure. I made it, and he said it was just the support he needed, and what he had often wished for. A few days after I found he had been able to get out of bed and was sitting on the landing for air. They had been literally starving, and had sold everything just to get them bread. The wife said one morning when I called, "I don't know what we shall do now, for we have nothing more to sell; but, never mind, God will send us something."

They were always so tender and loving to each other, never making the worst of things, but always looking on the bright side. The wife was just recovering from a bad confinement, and they had two shillings a week from the parish. Nurse B—— when at the "Mother-House," saw one of the text-quilts, and suggested that as the poor man could only use his hands, all the other parts of his body being paralysed, he might try and make a patchwork text-quilt which she promised to arrange for him. Money was given her to buy the pieces, and the few remaining texts printed on calico, which we then had in hand, were also given to her for him, and she was to set him to work.\*

In a month's time she came to us again bringing

\* One kind friend sends us these texts, beautifully printed in large type, and easy for the invalid to read. Four are inserted in each quilt.



a quilt very nicely made, all done by poor H——, telling us with joy what a blessing the work had been to him. In the first place it occupied his mind, and made him feel he was not entirely useless, and then the texts were such a sweet comfort to him. He said to Nurse one day, “I trembled when you showed me the pieces, and told me I was to sew them together. I had never used a needle in my life (he was by trade a carver in stone), but one of the texts said,—

‘I will teach thee ; I will instruct thee.’

So I thought, God will teach me, I know, for He has sent me this work to do.” He soon overcame the difficulty, and the work is accomplished as neatly and evenly as if by a good sempstress. There was one text that was a special comfort to him, which he read every day when at his work, and to which he often directed others who came in to see him—

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.”

Theirs was indeed a heavy burden, but they did so, and found help. Some of his fellow-workmen came in occasionally, many were quite touched to see him so cheerfully working in the only way that now seems to remain to him. “Ah,” he would say to them, “it is God who has taught me, for I knew nothing about it.” Both he and his wife seem like new creatures ; such gratitude and cheerfulness now characterises them, and such entire dependence and trust in God for everything. A nice chair was lent from the Mother-House, for the poor man, which supports his back, and in which he can be wheeled



to the window and get a glimpse of what is passing in the street. We sold his quilts to ladies who required them for other districts for fifteen shillings each. The money that was sent him for his work cheered his heart, and anew called forth his gratitude.

He is so completely paralysed, although only thirty years old, that if he happens to stoop a little forward in his chair, it is impossible for him to raise himself; he must wait for his wife or some one to help him back.

By the kindness of many who heard of the case he was kept steadily employed for two years till he became too ill to hold the needle, and many of the quilts made by him are beautiful specimens of ingenuity in design, and patience and neatness in workmanship. He continued at this work till about three months before his death; and when too ill to work any more, he designed the pieces for another quilt, which would have been even more elaborate than the former ones, had he been permitted to complete it. But God had better things in store for him, and was about to take him to His heavenly kingdom.

Nurse says that "He has been a constantly *growing* Christian; from the time when he was first brought to see Jesus as *his* Saviour, he seemed to grow in grace, and was day by day stronger in the power of the Word. The words of comfort contained in the texts, which came daily under his notice, were so blessed to his own soul that, before he had completed the first quilt, he became a really converted man. His bodily sufferings were very dreadful, especially during the last seven weeks of his life, large abscesses



having formed in the hip and back, and down both legs ; but his lips were constantly filled with prayer and praise, and no murmur ever escaped him.

“ Some time before his death he sent for all the stone-sawyers who were employed where he used to work before his illness, and spoke to them most earnestly, then prayed with them, and besought them to meet him in heaven. He used to say, ‘ What a loving Father I have ! He has provided everything for me. I was indeed ready to perish, but He sent to me the Biblewoman Nurse ; He raised me up ; He has set my feet upon a rock. Oh, precious Jesus, how can I ever love Thee as I ought ? ’

“ His wife has been brought to the knowledge of the truth from his conversations and his earnestness, and by witnessing the change wrought in her husband. He used to say to her in his last illness, ‘ Mind and lead our children to the house of God, and pray with them as I have prayed with you.’ He also prayed often with his children.

“ The doctor called the night before his death ; he took a great interest in him, and collected 10s. for him in his last illness. He said to him, ‘ It is of no use to deceive you, there is no hope of your ever getting better.’ He looked steadfastly at him, and replied : ‘ No, not in this world. I know it, and do not wish it.’ But the doctor said, ‘ We all naturally cling to life.’ ‘ Yes,’ said the dying man, ‘ but there’s a life above which never fades away.’ The doctor saw him in his coffin, and said he should never forget what he had said to him.



“ In speaking of the goodness of God, he used to say, ‘ My Father never let me want for one single thing, nor my wife and children, after He had brought me to trust in Jesus.’ He never had a cloud or a doubt about his salvation after he first believed, but his life was praise and gladness all the day long.

“ One of his relations was a great drunkard, and he could not part with him without warning him, and beseeching him to leave that dreadful sin; to go to the house of God, and to lead a different life. He said to Nurse afterwards: ‘ It was so hard for me to tell him of this sin, it nearly tore me to pieces, but I’m so glad I had strength to do it.’

“ He quietly passed away at the time she was at the Mother-House, the first meeting in the new year.

“ The neighbours and shopkeepers all round about who knew him, respected him so much that they subscribed to defray the expenses of the funeral, and to save his being buried by the parish. Miss Chandler, from the Paralytic Hospital, sent the widow £1 and mourning for herself and children, and a clergyman also contributed £1. There was a funeral sermon preached the following Sunday evening at the Wesleyan Chapel, several of the members having been very kind to him during his illness. Fifteen of his relatives were present, and seemed much impressed. His favourite hymn, ‘ Thy will be done,’ was sung at this service.”



## THE PRIEST AND THE BIBLEWOMAN NURSE.

We have spoken of one of our text quilts as the means of bringing a Roman Catholic to "Jesus only." We think those who know our mission best will acquit us of any desire for mere proselytism; but these are days when the truth of the Word of God and all human error *must* come face to face, and, if truth wins the day and a soul is won for Jesus, we cannot but rejoice. Mercifully we yet live in a free country, where none need believe upon compulsion, and while so many are perverted by the wiles and blandishments of Rome among the higher classes, it may do good to tell of this one humble soul, who first heard of the only way of salvation, and accepted it, from the Biblewoman and the Biblewoman-Nurse.

"W. B. had been ill twelve months in consumption, and dropsy was setting in, when on the 8th of June I (the nurse) first visited him, at the request of the Biblewoman. He had been a Roman Catholic all his life. His wife was a Protestant, but not a converted character. I have since heard from her that he never obliged her to go to a Roman Catholic place of worship, though he went himself.

"When I first saw him I pointed out to him that the priest could not save him. 'Ah, but,' he said, 'the Virgin can intercede for us.' I told him that Jesus shed His precious blood to save us from our sins, and lives to intercede for us, and we need no



other intercession. I left a little tract with him, entitled 'Lord, show me my own heart,' and said as I left him, 'Now, I want you to add that prayer to yours every day.' He promised he would.

"Another Christian friend visited him occasionally, to whom he said, 'Nurse tells me it is out of the Bible we shall be judged, and I begin to think there is some truth in it.' His mind seemed quickly to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, but the priest hearing he was ill called frequently, and one day wished to anoint him. He said, 'Sir—I now want no anointing, but with the precious blood of Jesus.'

"The priest said, 'Who has been telling you such a thing as that? Who is this nurse you speak of?' He said, 'She is a *good woman*; none but such would come in and do as she does to the poor and sick.' The visits of the priest now became so distressing to him that he wished his landlord, who lived in the same house, and was a policeman, to prevent his coming upstairs; but as he was on duty in the day this could not often be secured.

"The Biblewoman also was in the habit of visiting him and reading to him daily, and when she went away for her holiday he missed her visits very much. He said, 'When you read to me "I *must* be born again," I cannot understand it—it is all new to me.' Still his mind was opening to the truth, and the fervency with which he uttered 'Amen, Amen,' to our prayers, showed how he went with us in every petition. I used to go in to see him morning and evening, and if at any time I was later than usual he



would say, 'Oh, nurse, I feared you would not come. God will reward you. I shall meet you with joy in heaven. You and the Biblewoman are the first persons who have told me of Jesus.'

"His poor wife is sadly distressed for means to live. She goes out washing, and can only earn 7s. per week, and his appetite is so ravenous that she can never get enough for him. I got him 2s. 6d. from the Board, and cod liver oil and two pounds of mutton weekly. I also take him milk and eggs, cocoa, &c., from the Mother-House. They seem as if they could not be thankful enough, but his greatest desire is to hear about Jesus. He said one day—'I often think how good God has been to lay me upon this bed of sickness. He might have cut me off in my sins, and then I know my portion must have been with the wicked.'

"W. B. died the beginning of August, and Nurse H——, in speaking about him, says:—'When I'm thinking of that man I seem not to know how to bless and praise God enough for His mercy, for I never saw so great a change in so short a time as in him. I can only in astonishment say, What hath God wrought! He told me at different times the whole of his history. He was brought up a Romanist, and was a chorister in one of their choirs. All his people were Romanists. He saw and heard of no other religion, and never thought of any other, till about the beginning of June last one of our Biblewomen, hearing he was ill, went in to see him one Sunday afternoon on his sick bed, and read to him of



the death of Lazarus, the compassion of the Saviour to the two sisters, and especially the verse, 'Jesus wept.' The sympathy of Jesus seemed to overcome him, and he often referred to it afterwards.' This Christian woman prayed very earnestly with him, and that seemed the turning point in his life. He had never read the Bible before, but afterwards he read it constantly, and day by day his eyes seemed to open to its great truths.

"Our Pioneer went to see him after one of our Mothers' Meetings, and read the last chapter of Revelation. He seemed to drink in every word. At this time (says the nurse) I used to look in upon him three or four times in the day. He seemed as though he could not be easy unless he had some of us with him, although his wife was very kind and attentive to him when she was at home.

"On my going in one day and asking him how he felt, he said, 'Oh, I feel so much better, I think I shall soon be at home.'

"I said, 'What home?'

"'Oh, that beautiful home; that Paradise which God has provided. I feel now there is no trust to be placed in the Virgin Mary; the prayers of my life have all been wrong. Oh, how I wish I had known Jesus as my only Saviour before.'

"On that day the priest called again, hearing from a neighbour that he was worse. He wished him to confess his sins to him, that he might give him absolution.

"The poor man said, 'No, sir, I cannot confess to



man ; I confess now to God, and He can and will forgive me.'

"The priest replied, 'Who has been putting this stuff and nonsense into your head?'

" 'I have learned it from the Biblewoman and the Biblewoman Nurse, and I promised I would read for myself to see if what they told me was true ; and now I find from the Bible itself that no confession to a priest can save me, it is only the blood of Jesus shed upon the cross for me that can take away my sin.'

"The priest went away very angry, telling him he would be lost entirely if he did not receive what the true Church commanded.

"I called about half an hour after, and he repeated the conversation. I said to him, 'But you don't fear the priest, do you?'

" 'No, I have none but God to fear. I have been a dreadful sinner. I ought to have read the Bible for myself. I must plead guilty before Him, I never had a Bible in my hand till the 10th of last June.'

"Next day the priest called again, bringing with him a large black dog. The poor wife was then very ill, but he ordered her out of the room, and placed his dog outside at the door, saying to him, 'Sir, you know your duty.' (It seems this dog is trained to keep the door and not allow any one to enter while his master is inside.) The wife feeling very ill went into her landlady's room, and sent for me. I was not at home. I went, however, as soon as I received the message, and comforted them as well as I could.



“The priest had not gained any ground with the poor invalid, for neither threats nor intimidations could induce him to confess. Although Father C—— came every day to trouble him, he always told him he had confessed to Christ, who had borne his sins in His own body on the tree.

“I often used to think what a bright character this poor man would have made had he known Christ earlier, for he seemed so well read in everything else, and he was so gentle in his manners; and both he and his wife were so superior that it was evidently only poverty, brought on by long illness, had reduced them to the state they were in. He often said, ‘What should I have done if it had not been for your Mission? I don’t fear purgatory now; but if you had not led me to the Bible I should have had to endure the torments of hell. I am a sinner saved by grace.’

“On the day of his death, August 2nd, I had to go to our Mother-House, but went to see him first and prayed with him. He said, ‘I have not long to live, come back as soon as possible.’ I saw him again at five in the afternoon, when he was sinking fast. Went home to get a cup of tea, and took my husband and little boy with me in the evening to see him for the last time; for the poor man was so anxious to speak to every one to the last of the love of Jesus, and could never forget His weeping with the Sisters of Bethany.

“My husband had felt so interested in this case that I could not help taking him; and my little boy had often gone to read to him when I was attending



others. They stayed some time, and we prayed around his bed; we then went home, and at eleven o'clock P.M. I returned once more.

“He said, ‘O Nurse! this is kind to come again; *pray, pray* with me;’ but he seemed not to hear distinctly, and said, ‘Is this any of the Roman prayers, if it is, I will not hear it.’

“His wife said, ‘No, it is your kind nurse.’

“‘Oh, then,’ he said, ‘pray on, pray on for me, that’s right;’ and with all his dying energy repeated a loud Amen. He then said, ‘Sweet Jesus, who hast washed me in Thy precious blood, receive my soul.’ These were his last words, and he calmly passed away.

“The day after his death the priest came to know why HE was not sent for, when the poor man was dying, to administer to him the last rites of his Church. The wife said, ‘My husband, sir, did not die a Roman Catholic.’ ‘And how are you going to have the dog buried? for if he recanted from his faith, he was no better than a dog.’ She said—

“‘I shall trust in the Lord, He will help me.’ Then adds the Nurse, ‘I did not like him to be buried by the parish, because I thought they might perhaps say he was buried like a dog; and all the neighbours knew the circumstances, and had become so much interested in the case, that I prayed to the Lord earnestly that He would help me, and then set to work in my leisure moments to collect a few shillings from one and another to pay for a plain funeral. I felt sure I should be helped, and so I was, more than I could have thought of. I was in



at a small shopkeeper's, talking to him about the case, when a gentleman from Greenwich came in, and hearing what I said, asked me much more concerning the matter, and put two sovereigns in my hand for the funeral. I could hardly believe my own eyes; and that same day another sovereign was sent me by a poor woman who had hard work to get her own living, and which at first I refused to accept, but she was determined. It was not long before the £5 was made up by sixpences and shillings, and I had the gratification of following the poor body to the grave with his widow and another friend. The Lord did indeed hear my prayer, and appeared for me in a way I could not have expected. Before night the priest came again, and said to the widow, 'Well, the *dog* is buried, and how was it done?'

"The woman said, 'The Lord has buried him,' for it was really so.

"He said, 'You must have mass said for the repose of his soul. Three masses must be said at the least, and I shall want three half-crowns for that purpose.'

"She replied, 'My husband is an angel in heaven; he wants no masses now, and I will have none said.' He got into a rage and said, 'Where does this fine Nurse live who has put such ideas into your head?' She said, 'You shall never know from me, she has been our best friend.' But *I* said I would rather she should have told him, as God would have helped me to speak to *him*. He always gives me words to say. I have often met him accidentally at this very house, but when that has been the case he has never



spoken to the invalid on any but on the most indifferent subjects,—the weather, or his health, or anything that occurred to him, and would generally wait till I went away, and talk to him afterwards. The priest locked the door once, having sent the wife outside, and said he intended to anoint him, but the poor man decidedly refused, and he was obliged to go away without. About a fortnight after Mr B——’s death the priest came, apparently in the most friendly way, and asked after the health of the poor widow, saying, ‘He supposed she missed her husband very much.’ She replied, ‘I do, sir, more and more every day.’ He said, ‘Now, I want you and your daughter to oblige me by coming to our chapel to-morrow.’ She said, ‘No, sir, we shall never enter a Roman Catholic chapel again.’ The priest replied, ‘Well, had your husband died a Roman Catholic *we* would have buried him. We did not think you would have let others come about him; but notwithstanding, we will see what we can do for you.’ She said, ‘Sir, I do not want your assistance, the Nurse has been so kind as to get me 2s. per week and the parish doctor, and God will help me. I do not fear.’ He went away very angry.

“Nurse H—— says she thinks this case will be likely to do much good in the neighbourhood, as so many of the neighbours have taken an interest in it, and have witnessed the peace and joy of the dying man when he had received Jesus, and cast away all other hope of salvation. The change was so great that none who knew him before could fail to see it, and bear testimony to its reality.”



*CHAPTER VII.*

STATISTICS OF SEVEN YEARS' WORK.



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Receipts and expenditure of seven years—Cases visited, and numbers of visits paid—Relief going out from Mother-House in 1874—Number of Nurses trained in seven years—Nurse Pioneers, their Report-Card—A word to those who especially care for Orphans—Our Amy, or the adopted child—United work and Individual work—The uniting “power of the Holy Ghost” shed abroad among the Churches—The Candle and the Candlesticks—A universal Bible Mission—Systematic Gifts, and To whom given?—Much might still be more—Our admission to Hospitals—What our Nurses should do and should not—They do not hinder the poor from self-help—Our FRIENDS IN COUNCIL—Notice to Subscribers.



# STATISTICS OF SEVEN YEARS' WORK.

“MUCH MIGHT BE MORE.”

MANY of our kind subscribers will doubtless take an interest in observing the gradual increase of our receipts and expenditure in “Nursing for the Needy” during the last seven years.

*Statement of Receipts and Expenditure of Mother-House and Bible-women Nurses from 1868 to 1874 inclusive.*

Date.	Number of Nurses.	RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.													
		General Donations for Nurses with transfers from Sick and Relief Fund.		Donations from House-Father for Mother-House.		Salaries and Expenses of Nurses and Pioneers.		Relief in Clothing, Food, Linen, Bedding, Medical Comforts, and Money.		Mother-House Rent, Taxes, Repairs, Furniture, and Expenditure.		TOTAL EXPENDITURE.							
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			
1868	14	1337	10	6	385	12	2	338	4	3	123	3	6	371	4	8	832	12	5
1869	22	1254	7	6	223	10	0	824	17	7	471	17	7	211	19	5	1508	14	7
1870	34	1767	2	0	272	14	0	1287	10	0	714	4	6	197	1	4	2198	15	10
1871	41	1997	2	6	220	0	0	1628	16	4	796	9	3	190	16	11	2616	2	6
1872	41	2569	2	4	270	0	0	1928	12	5	583	17	3	212	16	3	2725	5	11
1873	57	2738	2	8	170	0	0	2327	6	8	649	4	8	210	1	5	3186	12	9
1874	57	3066	9	10	220	0	0	2504	19	3	554	10	0	211	1	2	3270	10	5
														Balance,			152	19	1
<b>TOTAL,</b>		14,729	17	4	1761	16	2	10,840	6	6	3893	6	9	1605	1	2	16,491	13	6



## ANNUAL NUMBER OF CASES AND OF VISITS.

In 1868, were visited	99 sick persons, to whom were paid	5,000 visits.
„ 1869, „	783 „ „	27,690 „
„ 1870, „	2,110 „ „	69,009 „
„ 1871, „	2,695 „ „	87,718 „
„ 1872, „	2,985 „ „	97,279 „
„ 1873, „	3,646 „ „	111,284 „
„ 1874, „	4,392 „ „	111,601 „

Out of the number visited there were last year 371 deaths, the rest were either cured or are still on the list. The cure has often half consisted in small supplies of suitable nourishment and warm clothing, which the patient had no other means of obtaining, as well as in those appliances for cleanliness and comfort in the hours of helplessness to which the city poor are sad strangers.

The aid administered in food to the sick last year from our Mother-House has been at the cost of £331, 2s. 5d., and has consisted in meat, milk, and farinaceous nourishments, usually cooked by the nurse, and taken by her to the patient. We have spent—

For food, . . . . .	£331 2 5
Indiarubber goods—bedding, easy chairs, bed-rests, air cushions, &c., . . . . .	18 17 8
Carbolic soap . . . . .	16 8 0
Ditto lotion . . . . .	34 19 0
Lint . . . . .	36 8 3
	<hr/>
Total, . . . . .	£437 15 4

In summing up a general report of the year 1874, it appears that we have received for our nursing-work a



somewhat better income than in 1873; have increased our number of patients by nearly 750, but our visits only by 317, which shows that we have taken charge of fewer old chronic cases, because they, of course, claim so very many continuous visits. The supplies have been very carefully administered, and the kind of cases for which our Nurse is suitable more definitely considered. The regulation and inspection of the Nurse PIONEERS have proved very practical and valuable, and they are looked upon as friendly and responsible *co-workers* by the Nurses, and their visits much welcomed by the patients fortnightly, but only monthly if the nurse has also a *voluntary* Lady-Superintendent.

If thus much of Nursing and Relief has been accomplished with an income of £3000, exclusive of the maintenance of the MOTHER-HOUSE, how much more would it be possible to do, if that income were largely increased? and could anything better be proposed than to employ such women as speedily as they could be trained?

In seven years, beginning with six selected Bible-women, we have trained 78 competent Nurses, who have chiefly received instruction in Guy's Hospital. We have 57 of these still working with us; 21 have left us, *only three*, however, being dismissed for moral faults. One has married and retired, and one is dead, three could not continue on account of health, yet one of them has been found useful in a country cottage hospital. Thirteen have left by their own choice, mostly after three or four years' service, and we hear of them as engaged in private nursing,



which of course is less laborious and better paid. It also relieves the Mission from the need of pensioning, which might become onerous, and for which we have as yet no special provision ; and of 57 at present at work, we have only support promised for 12, the rest are on the General Fund.\*

#### NURSE PIONEERS.

For the early years of our Nurse-work, it was thought well to engage the services of a Lady, otherwise professionally occupied, but who could give us four hours a day to visit by turns with two nurses a week ; and also to meet with half of their number once a week at the Mother-House for reference concerning their patients. Miss F—— proved a very kindly and able assistant, and was practically fitted to give us the aid we required in the inauguration of the new agency, until our increasing numbers exceeded her power of personal visitation. The Nurses had meanwhile become accustomed to their duties, and, in 1873, nothing more seemed needful than to divide the oversight between four or five *pioneers*, elected from their own body, who had developed special fitness for the purpose, and who might have each charge of twelve nurses, *more or less*, according to the visiting aid given by the Lady who offers

\* The pension we have hitherto allotted to superannuated workers, whether Nurses or Biblewomen, is 6d. a day, or 3s. 6d. a week, which is equivalent to £9, 2s. a year. We believe we may say that no worthy members of our body have ever yet died in a workhouse, as we always, if possible, elicit the co-help of those who have known and valued their services.



*voluntary* superintendence. Each has perhaps been a resident nurse in hospital, yet it is “*not rule, but service,*” that is expected of her. In conference with the Lady Superintendent, she is often a valuable assistant to her as well as to the Nurse. The Lady has begged that she may *not* be asked to report; the Nurse Pioneer, therefore, fills in this lack, acquaints herself in turn with each Nurse’s circle of sick people, and reports it; often lends a hand, as before, in their practical treatment, confers with the Nurse on her difficulties, and, having a true fellow-feeling with her, cheers her on in her self-denying and otherwise lonely toil; also takes pains to see the Doctor who visits the case, and to make him acquainted with the Biblewoman Nurse; likewise reports *his* name and address at the Mother-House, that he may be consulted in any emergency, and we find that the welcome to our good women is thus extending daily.

In scanning and comparing the number of cases they visit, the Pioneers are instructed to study their variety. The main purpose of the Mission is *to lift up and help the people over* the “SLOUGHS OF DESPOND” in which the Nurse first finds them; and when her steady care begins to rescue the patient, the aid of any relative or neighbour should be diligently sought. These are often deterred by the bad smell of wounds and cancers, and they know not how to treat the bed-sores, which our carbolic lotion heals; but they will often continue the methods of cure *when shown the way*, and from time to time assisted and inspected.



The miniature form of the NURSE PIONEER'S REPORT, as will be seen, matches the NURSE'S CARD. (See p. 55.) It has space for Report of four Nurses.

### NURSE PIONEER'S WEEKLY REPORT.

*Name of Pioneer.*

<i>Date—</i>	187	<i>Name of District—</i>			
		<i>Name of NURSE—</i>			
		<i>Names of Patients Visited by Pioneer.</i>	<i>No. on Year's List.</i>	<i>Names of Patients Visited by Pioneer.</i>	<i>No. on Year's List.</i>
Is Nurse's Card kept regularly? .					
Number of Patients, Total . . . . .					
Ditto, Surgical . . . . .					
Ditto, Helpless . . . . .					
Ditto, Confinement . . . . .					
Ditto, Consumption . . . . .					
Ditto, Special cases reported . . . . .					
Their number on Year's list . . . . .					
No. of New Patients ⊙ (dotted) . . . . .					
Ditto, Given up + (crossed) . . . . .					
<i>Name and Address of Doctors referred to—</i>					

We have previously given various specimens of sketches of visits accompanying the above report, and have before remarked, also, how thankful our nurses are for further instruction in special cases from the doctors we find in the district, which instruction many are most willing to give. They have also the opportunity of reading Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing," and adopting her hints, as far as in their power, concerning fresh air, nourishment, cleanliness, &c. We often find the most useful woman to



be, however, not, perhaps, the one who has the most book knowledge, but the one who seems best able to adapt the knowledge she has to present circumstances, and who has the most real sympathy with the case in hand. She is the one likely to prove a practical blessing to the now dirty, shiftless, wretched poor, far rather than a two-years' trained lady, accustomed to costume and cleanliness, whose previous education and habits will naturally point her to cleaner work in cleaner places, which is always, and far better, paid. It is a flight of fancy to suppose that such a person can reside for a fortnight in the home (or room) of the poor sick woman she is nursing; there are too many other inmates. How is she to be fed? and where is she to sleep? Our nurses are humble missionaries, delivered from pecuniary anxiety by a regular salary, which involves the needful control over their actions; and they work, not for salary, but from the highest motives, of love and service *for Christ's sake*. Nothing short of this, as we have full occasion to know, *could* carry them through their daily toil and self-sacrifice.

We hope it will not be thought that in this provision of "NURSES FOR THE NEEDY" we aim to invade any province already *duly* occupied. The service of the Parochial Nurse, for instance, is spread over a wide space, and as the first Bible-woman "Marian" said in St Giles', "I could find work for a life-time—*underneath all that*." We only aim at the under-work, and desire to place it in the hands of careful *lay* superintendents. Therefore if a



clergyman, for instance, presses his claim on the gift of a Biblewoman Nurse from our funds, on the fact that he has to provide for the needs of 6000 poor people, we are obliged to tell him that one of *our* nurses could not cover a tenth part of the area he mentions; that *we* nurse with a specific purpose—to the soul as well as the body; and that, while anxious to prepare our women for practical hand service to the afflicted, we always think *first* of their fitness to become soul-gatherers beside sick-beds, and therefore *not by too many of them*.

It has been, we think, too common to view the Nurse for the Poor in a merely sanitary light; though even this has effected a great improvement on the sleepy and crotchety old woman who only became a “nurse” when she was past being anything else. The careless and drunken Sairey Gamp has, we hope, passed away with the “old watchman” of bygone years; but there are many *hard* nurses, who are dreaded by the poor; made so hard, we sometimes think, by having *too much* expected of them: expected to be never weary, to work night and day, and left entirely without that sympathy which should constantly minister to them of the strength that is from on high. We are so glad to find the devoted spirit for this most self-denying and arduous service, that we train the nurse diligently to preserve *her own* health. And here it is indeed that we value the aid of the Christian, motherly, sympathising lady, who will not think that the 15s. salary can possibly find everything—the strong shoes, the warm shawl for



the winter's cold, and the *sufficient* sustenance perhaps for a child or two besides herself. When the nurse works all day among the suffering,

“With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,  
And their bread so hard to find,”

she often returns to her own little home with appetite and strength “all gone;” and it is really marvellous how—with a good wash, food, *not* stimulant, a prayer for herself and her patients, and for a dreamless sleep—she *does* rise with strength renewed, for the work she loves, on the morrow.

#### A WORD TO THOSE WHO ESPECIALLY CARE FOR ORPHANS.

Our women often meet with cases where disease has seized upon both parents, and where helpless children appeal to their compassion, and cause us to long for acquaintance with those who make Orphanages their peculiar care, or with those who, for Christ's sake, feel called to adopt an orphan born of pious parents. It would be such a happiness to bring the destitute child and these protectors together. We dare not complicate our own large work with the care of helpless little ones, but we could often point them out, and thus help, in God's answer to the prayer of faith offered up by the dying.—We have had more than one case of our women *themselves* adopting the destitute child. They have heard, as it were, a voice saying, “Take this child and nurse it for Me;” and according to



their faith it has been unto them. When they have families of their own it seems even more possible than if they are single women, because one child often cares for another.

OUR AMY ; OR, THE ADOPTED CHILD.

A Biblewoman, who visited for some years in C—— Market, used to see through a broken window in a most wretched room a poor little baby-girl, whose mother had dropped down dead with this child in her arms, and who had a drunken, cruel father. It was stuffed into a basket of shavings, and there it sat all day long locked in the room, having for its only guardian a little brother a few years older, who had had his eye knocked out by his father in one of his drunken fits. They often cried for food, and the Biblewoman used sometimes, when passing by, to throw them a biscuit or a crust through the broken pane.

At the Mothers' Meeting held near by, it was one day said that the father had kicked the child out on the doorstep, and that it really must go to the workhouse if its life was to be saved. The Biblewoman answered, "Go; bring it here to me." It was brought—a wretched little starveling of twelve months old; and when the mothers said again, "It *must* go to the workhouse," it laid hold of the Biblewoman's cloak, and looked up at her with such an imploring look, as went straight to her Irish heart. She had married an Englishman, and had herself had



eleven children, the youngest of them then five years old, and she thought, "We'll never miss the bite and the sup of one more." She took the child up and kept it quiet, and when the meeting was over the mistress of the house reproached her for letting such a dirty little wretch harbour near her even for the hour of the meeting. Its head was filled with vermin, and its flesh all sores. Its only clothing was an old Garibaldi boddice, with the long sleeves hanging down below its poor little wrists.

"Oh," said its new friend, "you shall soon see a clean child." A pan of water and a soft washing prepared it for some clean clothing, which the Bible-woman had been out to procure. A little milk comforted it, and at night she took it home in an omnibus with her, wrapped up in her shawl.

When she knocked at her own door, with the child on her arm, her husband, who opened it to her, said, "What have you got there?" She told him that she had brought him another baby, and assured him that her own would never want the bite and the sup that this little thing would cost. He looked at its wan little face, and made no opposition. The Lord had opened their hearts to the sorrowful babe, and He kept them open to it for no less than half-a-dozen years.

The adopted child was treated as if it had been their own; the brothers and sisters looked after it kindly while the mother was out at her work. The father took to it, and it never had a blow or a bad word from the day of its adoption to that of its



death, and it became, as they all testified, "the little sunbeam and gospel of the house."

As soon as it could talk it seemed to have good words for everybody, and to win all their hearts.

The hardships of its first year had, however, sown the seeds of ailments which no loving care could eradicate; but it was most sweet and winning in its gentle ways, so that people used to say of it, "Who is that little lady?" Every year it had some attack of illness, but between these disorders it seemed as if, perhaps, it might grow up.

Its new mother named it Amy. She put it to school, and in the evenings must have dropped much precious seed of Bible teaching into good soil, which sprang up and brought forth fruit abundantly. She did not rest till she had procured admission for the poor little brother, who had lost an eye, into a country school, in which he is now doing well.

When little Amy was about three years old the Biblewoman thought she would take her to see her own father. Alas! she had to send for him out of a public-house. He seemed somewhat struck with the appearance of the child, and took her up, saying, "Come, I'm your father." But his grasp was rough, and she shrank from him, and said, "You are *not* my father, your face is so dirty, and you smell of beer." He dashed her down, and the interview did no good to either. Alas! this man was once a Sunday-school teacher.

The child had, however, her mission in the home



of her adoption, and drew together the parents and their own children, who have all turned out well. Every year they have thought Amy less like other children in her ways and sayings.

When the mother was late home from her district, this child always stood ready to bid her welcome, and often when all the others were out she has been the only companion of the father on his return from his work at the gas factory. She would read to him or ask him to read and teach her her lesson of text or hymn, and when he replied, "Why, you know them better than I do. You must teach me, Amy;" she would answer, "No, I cannot teach a great boy like you. You must teach me, father."

Seeing one of the family retire to rest without kneeling down, she named it to him next time they were alone, and said, "You know only pigs and horses lie down and say no prayers." "Do you never do so yourself, Amy?" said the person addressed. "No, never," she answered. "Well, but I know something else you do not do, you never go to church now." "No," said she, "mother can't let me go because of my cough, but when I grow a big woman like mother I'll be stronger, and then I shall never miss, no never."

She had a little rimmed and clasped Bible of her own, and was quite a little Bible student in her way. A small text book, and "Mother's Last Words," by Mrs Sewell, were her great treasures. She knew the latter by heart, and would teach it to any one who would learn it from her. It made her think



that everybody had a guardian angel, and one day she said, "Mother, how dreadful it would be to tell a story, it would make my guardian angel cry." In her little text book she would look for everybody's birthday and read them their text, which often happened to be appropriate. She called it "telling them the texts they were born under."

She was often very wakeful in the night, and her mother used to hear her saying in her crib, "Oh! my God, I give you my heart," and these were no words of course with her, though she had been taught to say them night and morning. The whole family could only think she was taught of the Holy Spirit to say the words in the way she did; no one was ever cross with *her*, say what she might. One whom she loved, had a habit of swearing, for which she checked him continually, till she broke him of it, putting her arm round his neck and saying, "Oh! dear D——, I cannot bear you to take God's name in vain. The Bible says you must not. You know it's the commandment."

A man who lived on the upper floor of the same house had a habit of weekly drinking all his pay from Saturday to Monday, then he would go to work till the day came round to drink again. Amy met him one day on the stairs, and said, "Do you know what is said in the Bible? that no drunken man shall go to heaven; God says so." He answered her, "Well, I can't go to church, I have got no clothes." "No," said she, "for you put your clothes on the public-house, you've none left for yourself at all."



This was not long before she died, and when this man saw the dear little innocent face, with its death smile upon it, he said, "I'll never forget what she said to me. I've got my coat out of pawn this week, and I'll never put it on the public-house again."

But she did not grow stronger and stronger in health as was hoped; she grew weaker and weaker, and soon had monitions in her own little heart that she was to say farewell to earth. The eldest son of the family is a soldier at Aldershot. His mother was originally a Roman Catholic, and he had been marked as a future priest, and even offered up upon the altar of the church. Reading the Bible, however, had changed his mother into a Biblewoman, and since *he* read the "Book and its Story" he has never entered any but a Protestant place of worship. When at home on leave he was the little one's teacher, and she was very fond of him. The day he left she said, with her last kiss, "Dear George, I'll never see you again, I know, and it makes me *so* sorry." He cheered her up, and as she was always delicate, did not think much of it; but she went to the window, saying to her mother, "Let me see the very last of my George."

And the last it was, for day by day she grew weaker and weaker, and no tender care sufficed to keep her longer from the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd. The foster parents, as they may truly be called, procured all aid that their limited means afforded, a kind doctor, medicine, wine, nourishment—all in vain. The watch was pawned for her sake. Even the father of the family, in all leisure hours,



was her loving nurse. He had been used, if it rained and she were at school, to run off with umbrella and cloak for her; and if ever the little feet had been damp, he would have hot water for them, and put her to bed himself. And she was so often his companion that surely as long as he lives the pleadings of the little house-angel, whom he had pitifully sheltered on his bosom when the real father and mother forsook her, will come warm to his heart. "She used to talk to me so much of God," he says, "and no one can tell how I miss her."

Yes, the child knew the power of the blood of Christ. "Mother," she said, "Jesus washes all the sins off our souls." She often repeated the hymn—

"I need Thee, precious Jesus!  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on Thy throne;  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus—  
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee."

On Saturday, the 27th January, after eating a little at dinner-time, she said, "Now I shall want no more, for to-morrow I begin a new life; only think, mother, a new life!" She was in bed that day, and in the morning had sent for a little play-mate from the rooms below; and she said to her, "Becky, I sent for you to say good-bye, I am going to Jesus; I can't talk to you, but I wanted to say



*that.*" As the dusk drew on, she asked her mother to kneel by her side and pray for her; and the mother having asked, "What shall I pray for, Amy?"

"Say my dear verse—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child ;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.'

And then she looked up, "Don't you see Him, mother? there He is, with His arms open, waiting for me; to-morrow I begin my new life. O dear Jesus, I am a poor little child, and you know I can't lie down for my cough, so let me come to you soon."

The restlessness of death was upon her. She asked to be taken up and held in her mother's arms, with a quilt around her, and her wish was met, though with the fear, if father comes in he'll say, "You'll give her cold." He did come in, and to him was uttered her last word, "Dada." With one loving look she threw up her arms, her eyes turned upwards, and then closed, and all seemed over. At his big sobs she opened them once more, one other look on him, and she was gone.

May her next look upon him be in heaven, by his and her Saviour's side.

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All particulars concerning another very interesting field for adoption of the INFANTS OF DESERTED MOTHERS will be made known on application to Mrs Main, 35 Great Coram Street, W.C., London. This Mission was originally an offshoot from our own.



## UNITED WORK AND INDIVIDUAL WORK.

It is possible that this book may have readers who will still ask, "Why do you expect a nurse to do more than her own work? and why do you not leave things spiritual to be taught by the proper people?" to which we reply—"If by the 'proper people,' you mean *only* the clergyman or those whom he sends, they may never have the nurse's opportunities to speak to many a soul hovering on the verge of another world. If there be such opportunity, the Christian nurse prepares their way."

If also, as we have known, another question follows, "Are you not afraid of making hypocrites, professing religion for what they can get from your Biblewoman Nurse?" To that we can only reply, "Our services are mostly rendered either to those who are really of the household of faith, to whom we believe God sends us, or to such as make no profession whatever, and often prevent the delivery of our message to their souls as long as possible; and it is not difficult to perceive when the power of the Holy Ghost takes of the Word of God, and overcomes *their* enmity, of which we have given many examples."

Yes, it is under-work and soul-work that is wanted with our poor. We feel that we have but struck the key-note in developing this humble agency, which may ere long expand itself in a strain that, begun upon earth will be ended but in heaven. Are not the days come in which we may say, "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby Thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary."



“Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor.

“The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it”? (Ps. lxxviii. 9–11).

A fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost will give us *all*, grace to begin again, with more earnest *individual* work than ever, underneath the divisions of all our churches. In no city in the world probably are so many of God's servants, clerical and lay, engaged *already* with all their hearts as soul-gatherers, as in our vast London. Each section knows but little of the successes of the others, but they *all* know that the numbers which God gives them to bring in *are far outnumbered by those that remain behind*.

A stranger to Heaven's unseen work with souls might visit in such neighbourhoods as Whitecross Street (where 80,000 or 100,000 is the computed number of inhabitants who could be encompassed in a twenty minutes' walk) or Tiger Bay—where almost every house is infamous—(and near which one of our most devoted Biblewomen lately fell dead in the street)—and think that *nothing had ever been done* to raise or evangelise the inmates there at all, yet that Biblewoman alone had sold seventy Bibles and Testaments there last year, and had remaining twenty-seven subscribers. We could give many a record of saved souls out of districts in which hundreds never enter the house of God, and never look into His Word. “A great many Bibles have been sold here in these worst places,” says a Pioneer, with some astonishment. “*It seems to me as if they were preparing for a great*



*Bible-reading time.*” God grant it may be so! We are certainly come to the days when the “great supper” being ready, the Master has said to his servants, “Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the lame and the blind;” and more of these are gathering in this year than ever. Yes—for churches and chapels, and mission halls, have each and all brought their good influences to bear upon these many guilt-gardens—and each has succeeded in withdrawing many from the whirlpool of starvation and destruction in their centre:—*and still the saved are as nothing to the numbers of the unsaved.*

What more shall be done that we have left undone? say all the messengers.

It is possible that we have hitherto been too much intent on delivering a message from our several churches—far more intent than on shewing the people we wished to reach that we were “*one in Christ Jesus.*” We have even heard some ministers say that if the Churches had done their duty, there would have been no need in this century for such institutions as the “British and Foreign Bible Society,” or the “London City Missions,” or the more humble community of Biblewomen and Biblewomen Nurses (each of these Societies sharing in the principle of uniting the members of different Protestant Churches in the work of Evangelism, and holding forth the Word of the Lord).

“If the Churches *had* done their duty.” This sentence obviously admits that they had only partially



done it, even in the centuries since the Reformation, and the era of the invention of printing; and the fact of the estimated existence of only about four million copies of the Word of God for the whole human race, or the supposed *eight* hundred millions of the generation living at the beginning of this century, *that one fact comprises the proof of it alone.*

#### THE CANDLE AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

Let us look at this question between the Churches and the Societies referred to. Of whom are the Societies composed but of the *members of the different Churches*, who have had the grace given them to come beyond their party-walls, and agree to work *together* for the diffusion of the Word of God, which they, as “congregations of faithful men,” had united to study and to uphold as a Candle on their several Candlesticks, the latter symbol being significant of a Church, according to the revelation of Jesus Christ unto His servant, the apostle John?

It appears, therefore, that *some* members of the Churches have, from the beginning of this nineteenth century, awakened to a sense of their duty, and have “let their light so shine before men,” as to glorify their Father which is in heaven; all men knowing that they were the disciples of Christ “if they had love one to another.”

Would it be any advance, in the seventy-fifth year of this century, to return within the party-walls, and look well to burnishing *each his own* Candlestick, but



to say that the *united* efforts which God has so signally blessed in this century would have been better if *not* made unitedly? We have lived long enough in the era when the Candlesticks have jostled one another in the streets, endeavouring to attract the attention of the poor and ignorant to the vessel that holds the light, rather than to the light itself? "See my Candlestick! Come, sit under the shadow of my Candlestick!" and, alas! it is a shadow that often hinders the light it was meant to display.

Alas! alas! for the errors that have grown up in the Churches—who have hidden their light "under a bushel" of superstitions and human inventions, which the Candle burning in the candlestick would have witnessed against in the hour of their birth—the exaltation of the human Virgin Mother to equality with her Divine Son, in whom she only rejoiced as "God her Saviour," and the eclipse of the Holy Ghost in the Divine Trinity for her sake;—the rise of priestly power on the vain *repetition* of the Sacrifice *once* offered for the sins of the people, in all its shades and varieties of assumption;—the unending growth of man's inventions, seeking to obtain respect for religion by mere outward shows and vestments, and the *poverty of the power* thus attained to win hearts for the kingdom of heaven, "which cometh not with observation." The Spirit of the Lord knows all the wood, hay, and stubble" that the Churches must part with, before He can teach them *with power* to wield His sword—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."



But if possibly we have hitherto only delivered with full earnestness the message from the Churches, and confess our comparative failure, there is a new era at hand—"The Enemy is come in like a flood." Superstition and Infidelity have joined hand-in-hand to organise their forces, and only "the Spirit of the Lord can lift up the standard against them," and this standard will be the message *direct from Him* who spreads the Gospel Feast and sends His servants (not to bid the neglectful guests—who had at first been solicited and refused to come—but) to carry the invitation of Him who has the wedding-garment ready, as He also makes ready the listeners, the starved, the shiverers and the wanderers of the courts and the alleys, of the highways and the hedges; for the House of His mercy is to be filled—and oh! shall we not *all* help to fill it?

#### A UNIVERSAL BIBLE MISSION.

Well, then, we must go forth *together!* These are startling times—without precedent in living memories. There is a Divine influence shed abroad in Scotland:—a Divine influence apparent in Ireland—a Divine influence spreading over England—at which worldly men marvel while they cannot deny it—an enduement with *power from on high* of those who have sought it as "the promise of the Father," which points afresh to the MESSAGE FROM GOD, and announces that the time is short in which it may be delivered; and not only is power from above imparted to the speakers, but the



hearing ear is given to the listeners, and thousands upon thousands seek the Lord while yet He may be found. This Divine influence is coming upon the hitherto untouched multitudes of our island Metropolis. They are ready to hear, as they never were before, the good news of the way to be saved, and it is evident that God will call *united* labourers into this harvest-field of souls.

Before this mighty and pervading influence of the Holy Ghost, all obstacles must melt away. One Christian man will no more dare to quote mere human institutions, and look forth upon our crowded areas, uttering to himself the fearful fiction, "I am responsible for all these souls;" but his eyes being opened, he will say, "If they call me the head of this parish, where are my fellow-labourers? and how shall we work *together* to bid these hundreds of thousands hear? Not only my own staff of workers, for even if we may have done all we could, *yet these remain behind*. Is it for *me* to ignore those whom THE LORD shall choose, to speak by them? Let me look round on all *beyond my circle* whom HE has already chosen, and gladly agree to a division of labour with them; for the message is from God, and the time is short."

Even London might be afresh divided by an Ordinance map, and every church might still work with its own members, if the Lord should prepare them, agreeing to be responsible for certain divisions of streets, and then there would but need a renewed and united energy on the part of bodies already organised, the



new power and life within them having come from above. Oh, surely 1875 will see this union in a Christian city, will see it also spread through our country. "According to our faith it will be unto us."

#### SYSTEMATIC GIVING, AND TO WHOM GIVEN.

In each of the preceding chapters we have endeavoured to afford our readers an idea of the various ways in which they might help this kind of work in their own localities, as well as extend it among the London poor. "The poor ye have always with you," said the Master—and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto ME!" It is, therefore, into the outstretched hand—the pierced hand of Jesus—that we are counting what we spare from spending on ourselves—and it is His all-seeing eye that knows the proportion of the gift. Ought not this to make every one of us, in future, love more, and give more, and take the Apostle Paul's way of doing it, 2 Cor. ix. 3, "have it ready;" 1 Cor. xvi. 2, "laying it by on the first day of the week"?

We received the following letter from one of the best friends of our Mission—which may here perhaps reach a wider circle than our own; and we have often proved that he practises what he here teaches:—

"It has often occurred to me to suggest to you, who have frequently to state a deficiency of funds for your great objects, that you might occasionally, and



not unsuitably, press on the attention of your readers the propriety of a habit which, I think, is too little adopted, viz., that of systematic and proportionate giving on principle, rather than from impulse or temporary pressure. If gifts were set apart regularly, and from a sense of duty, by all who profess to call themselves Christians, such Societies as yours would never lack funds. I wish our religious teachers more frequently urged this habit.—I am, yours faithfully,  
“ G. M. E.”

There is just reported in the *Times* the death of the anonymous giver of the £1000 checks to so many societies of late years. He appears to have been “an old bachelor, rich, but living very quietly. His books show that he gave away £350,000 in this way—£45,000 in the last year. A million sterling is left behind, and no will.” The Lord can open the coffers of those who have made colossal fortunes like these at His pleasure—when His work shall need it. But He loves the cheerful givers of the many lesser sums which are the chief support of missions like ours—and which usually reach us in envelopes of prayer—for a blessing on the spending.

#### MUCH MIGHT STILL BE MORE.

There are comparatively few who could devote to the use of our Bible missions £100 a month—or £200 at a time for the needs of our Sick Poor—or who could bestow such gifts as our Dormitory House for



Working Girls—or our Mother House for the supplies of the Nurses, or leave us legacies of £1000 and even £2000. The Lord inclined these bountiful hearts when such large gifts were needed, but there are still not a few who could set apart the annual salary of a Nurse—or part of it—£40, and thus ensure her kindly care for many a case of chronic helplessness or rheumatic pain, or disease, wanting daily dressings and cleanliness,—or the teaching that will ensure the life and comfort of the new-born babe as well as its mother—with likewise the no less important result of *showing the people how to nurse themselves*.

There are others, who, if they could not compass the *salary* of a Nurse, could be responsible for £10 or £15 for *supplies* of food and medical comforts for a year to her patients in a certain district; some could give £5 where they now give £2, and some £2 where they now give £1; other friends could propose the right women, and others still could superintend them. All might help more or less, by handiwork of pen or needle, the needs of a Bible or Nurse Mission. How much such help have we had already; and we believe that much will yet be more.

#### COMING FROM THE PRAYER MEETING.

One of our Nurses had been attending to a case in a poor household, when the last bit of bread they had was obliged to be used for a poultice. It grieved her to think of this on her way home, and she was



pondering how she should get their need supplied, when she met a lady coming from one of the United Prayer Meetings now held in so many districts. The Lady knew her as a Nurse, and asked her if she was acquainted with any poor people to whom *she* could show kindness. Nurse gladly pointed to this starving family, and found for them in that hour a friend indeed. The same Nurse had another singular meeting with a Lady, also coming from a prayer meeting, with somewhat similar results. These hearts had doubtless been afresh stirred up for Christ's sake to help some needy ones, "doing it as unto HIM."

The support for our nearly 300 paid agents in 1875 lies, as it has always done, chiefly in the Bank of Faith; but when the spiritual blessing we have ventured to outline comes on London, we shall no doubt have thousands *more* of *consecrated* lives and hearts and hands, and the consecrated *purses* will not be wanting. We shall all have enough and to spare for the Missions of the wonderful Book, not only at Home but Abroad.

#### OUR ADMISSION TO HOSPITALS.

When the kingdom of God, in these last days, is really "come WITH POWER"—that power will cast out the spirit of exclusiveness or selfishness from every heart that looks to Jesus, the Living Head of all principality and power. What, then, would hinder the spreading of this kind of work throughout our



country? It is very much needed. There are everywhere sinks of woe and sin, of which the decent middle-classes have no idea, and from which many of Satan's poor slaves might yet be saved ere their wretched earthly existence closes.

By the UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCHES the right agents could be found and trained, supervised, supported, and supplied with nourishments, &c., at a moderate expense, *almost everywhere*. Why has Nursing work been done *chiefly* hitherto by the Church of Rome and by those in the Church of England who, as one of her more enlightened clergymen has said, are "still bound hand and foot with sacramental grave-clothes?" Why have those who advocate the greater liberty of the Gospel *neglected it so long?* and why cannot the Hospitals or houses of healing be always open to those who would be fitted to extend their benefits, irrespective of the church to which the candidate may belong. Surely the attention of their supporters wants drawing to this point and to the corresponding one—that High Church matrons supplied from Romanistic sources have the power as well as the will to exclude all who wish to learn to nurse, but are not of their own community.

This is really the chief obstacle in the way of our progress. During our first seven years we have only been able to train our "Nurses for the Needy" in ONE of our great London Hospitals, and most thankful have we been for the help of this one, which we owe to the good offices of the presiding committee of the "British Nursing Association." On the day in which



we met that committee to apply for such official aid, the late lamented Sir Herbert Edwardes read a paper in their presence, on the Missionary Nursing of the Poor, as essential to their plans, *as well as* the Provision of Private Nurses and of Nurses for Hospitals; and to the influence of that paper we attributed at the time the fact that we obtained admission to three Hospitals for our candidates. It is by GUY'S HOSPITAL, however, and through the friendly disposition of its Lady Superintendent, that our women have been chiefly helped and trained; and we consequently account ourselves, though under independent management, a missionary branch of the BRITISH NURSING ASSOCIATION.

#### WHAT OUR NURSES SHOULD DO, AND SHOULD NOT.

Of course we are obliged to decline that any of our "Nurses for the Needy" should become Private Nurses. *Our women are not fit to be so* unless they leave us. We seek and train only those who are not too refined for the dirt with which they must cope. We have had no refusals among our lowly soldiers to meet the needs even of pestiferous and contagious disease, but they would have to be set apart to it, and this would involve increased outlay and a Mother House of its own.

We cannot in London profess to train Nurses for Country districts. A main design of this little book is, to show they can be found and trained, *wherever they are wanted*, in the atmosphere of true



Bible-work, and to induce thoughtful Christian people to seek and train them. May our Heavenly Father be pleased to use it to that end.

THEY DO NOT HINDER THE POOR FROM SELF-HELP.

A very useful co-worker thus writes to us—

“MY DEAR MRS R——,—I had a long talk with Nurse —— on the above subject the other day, and found that after seven years’ experience she had very decided opinions of her own upon it. You know she is one of those who suffered from blood poisoning in the early days of our work, and has nursed very self-denyingly among long chronic cases and the worst cancers, and seen them to the end, but she *now* does not spend her time so much on long chronic cases, but devotes it to many others.

“And first, she has a few confinement cases, of which she says, ‘They take up more of my time than any, unless I can get a kind neighbour to give me a helping hand to fetch and carry water up and down, and attend to the children who are not able to wash themselves, while I care for mother and child; and oh! dear me, there are mostly such heads of hair to comb!’ I said to a mother one day, ‘Do you know, if these children were mine I should have all this hair cut short.’

“‘No,’ she said, ‘she could not have that done for any money.’

“I showed her, however, the inconveniences of long hair to the little ones themselves, unless it can



be properly cared for, which takes more time and pains than can usually be spared.

“After I have cared for the mother for nine days, then I say, ‘*You* will wash baby to-morrow, and I will come next day, and if I find all right I shall say good bye.’

“A great many of them say, ‘Oh, thank the ladies so much. I never had such a good getting up before. I have often lain three or four days and not had my bed made, and I am sure the nourishment you bring does me so much good.’

“One woman said, ‘I never could eat gruel before, it was so lumpy, but yours is so nice; and I never could eat course oatmeal before, but I shall get some for the children, now I see how to make it.’

“The nurse often washes out what things will be wanted for the infant next day, and sees the room tidied, if no one else is there to do it.

“Secondly, Children are attended to in all kinds of ailments—bad heads from dirt and other causes, bad ears, noses, &c.

“Concerning burns and scalds, she says:—‘I attend the patient the first time, show the mother how to manage, go in and see if all is going on well, so that they know what to do next time. We very soon get the patient well with the soap, oil, lotion, and lint. A poor little boy two years old was sitting by the fire, and a brother, seventeen years old, took a live coal from the fire, and threw it on the child’s neck. The mother ran for me. I was soon by her side. In a day or two it was all right.’



“ She teaches patients to be self-helpful as soon as possible, and never does for them what they can do for themselves, or have friends or relations to do for them. She never keeps on a patient merely to swell the number on her card; if her list gets short, and she has not sufficient to do *in nursing*, which seldom happens, she takes her Bible and goes on *Bible work* again, reads to and prays with the people, her great aim always being the salvation of souls, and God has blessed her in her deed, and gives her souls for her hire.

“ Ever since the commencement of the Nursing Branch, I have been in the habit of talking *out* to this nurse any thought that has come into my mind as to its nature and aim, or any suggestion as to the best plans of work, how to deal with different kinds of people, &c., &c. She is one whose mind can take it in, and she has judgment to act out any hint she receives in a firm and loving way. Mrs ——— is not the only nurse of whom this can be said. I believe God has given us, for His service in the Bible Mission, numbers of true, earnest-hearted women. How few we have to dismiss, and how many we can commend; and in answer to believing prayer, ‘ He will do for us still more exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.’ ”

We have now only to repeat the names of the FRIENDS IN COUNCIL, most of whom, from the time these Missions began to expand in their third year, have kindly afforded their sanction and guidance in



all difficulties, to the growing work. They are selected from every section of the Protestant Church in England:—

## OUR COUNCIL OF FRIENDS FOR 1875.

### *President.*

The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

### *Treasurer.*

The Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P.

### *Honorary Secretary, and Lady-Superintendent.*

MRS RANYARD.

### *Members.*

The COUNTESS DOWAGER OF GAINSBOROUGH.	The Rev. Dr CULROSS.
The COUNTESS DOWAGER OF EXETER.	The Rev. W. ARTHUR.
Sir THOMAS and LADY ARCHI- BALD.	The Rev. Dr DYKES.
The Hon. Mrs A. KINNAIRD.	The Rev. Dr RALEIGH.
Mrs PENNEFATHER.	H. H. WHITE, Esq., Q.C.
The Hon. Miss CANNING.	J. H. FORDHAM, Esq.
The Rev. Canon THOROLD.	W. COLES, Esq.
	G. F. WHITE, Esq.
	G. A. CALDER, Esq.
	B. RANYARD, Esq.



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## APPENDIX (A).

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### HINTS FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

*(Written for our Mission Ladies by Miss Agnes Jones in 1862.)*

“So they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.”

WE have continued questions asked us concerning these occasions. As our Missions are BIBLE Missions, we feel that, in all our meetings, the Bible must be made prominent. The Biblewoman has announced to the people THE MESSAGE FROM GOD, and she calls the mothers together to hear more distinctly what that message is, so that her affectionate and educated LADY helper may read in the Book of the Law of God distinctly, and give the sense, and cause them to understand the reading.

The object of these meetings is, that each and all present may be brought near to Christ, to whom all Scripture testifies. “He must be lifted up,” as in His great love dying to be the Saviour of sinners. He must be set forth “crucified among them.” (Gal. iii. 1), “to draw all men unto Him;” shown as “the Lord our righteousness,” first as sinners, still more as saved ones.

He is called JESUS; for “He shall save His people from their sins.” “His people” are sinners—all who need Him as a Saviour. This must be taught, not as a mere doctrine, con-



cerning a kind of general salvation, which one time or other every one shall share, but it must be made an individual and present thing. He is this for *each* one here, and “just now.”

It is difficult but most important to remember the many various characters to whom we speak. God knows the needs of all, but He must teach the teacher to guide the sin-smitten one to give the first look of faith on Christ, and then those who have seen Him as their Healer need to be led to look again and again—led to learn more letters of that alphabet of love which it will take all eternity to read. The teaching can scarcely be too striking or too simple. Remember how many there are who have never heard more of God *than His name, as taken in vain*, of whom it may indeed be asked, “How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?”

It is especially important that the teacher be one who herself knows the great love wherewith Christ has loved *her*, and whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar, so that she may tell to others what a dear Saviour she has found. Perhaps our teaching would be more effective if we never went beyond what we ourselves have learned in our own experience; but how hard it is to be so true!

And we must *prepare* for teaching, by prayer and study of the Word, never offering to God that which costs us nothing. He knows how much we have prayed and thought over what we come to teach. David did not pick up the pebble at random which slew Goliath. He *chose* it, and God directed its course, after he had used the means. So must we choose; we may either take chapters in succession, or, perhaps, what suits best is, on our knees, before God, to consider the circumstances of the people at the time. *In these Mothers' Classes every member ought to be individually known; therefore, the classes should not be too large.*



Is any special lesson needed? Can any recent event be turned to account? If we know our people individually, as we ought, we shall easily find a subject; but let us know our Bible too, and God's mind through it. Every heart is so alike in its constant needs that the Lady may safely take for her mothers the lesson she has either learned, or is seeking to learn herself at the time.

There is very much in a loving way of teaching. The hardest hearts steeped in crime have not been proof against holy truth taught by loving lips. In this Christ must be our model; He must be all and in all. And then our poor hearers require especially *teaching one thing at a time*—no medley. They like to hear, as it were, one note often struck, and then they remember the key. The more we let God's Word speak the better. At the end it is well to sum up what has been said in a very few plain words, but letting the one grand memory be certainly of Christ.

So much for the main aim of the teaching in Mothers' Classes, and preparation for it. What of its auxiliaries? One lady asks, What is the routine of a Mothers' Meeting? If you have clothing subscribers, you may give the first half hour to them; but be punctual to the time for beginning the meeting, finishing the money receipts *afterwards*, if necessary. You cannot sacrifice the punctual comers to the unpunctual. Then it seems well to begin with prayer. It solemnises the mind, it seeks the blessing you desire. Let the first prayer, if you like, consist of petitions for needed blessings, and close with thanksgiving for mercies received. Do not even *seem* to forget to thank God for His great gifts. Then, if possible, you may sing. It may be well to let the women sing at their work, you giving out the lines, for you may thus cultivate the habit of their singing at home, while working.

Some would have work wholly excluded from these meet-



ings ; but others argue that the work recalls the subject treated on, while it was in hand. Besides, timid comers may plead for an hour for a work meeting, which they would fear to ask for Bible reading, and also to them time is money. We must "*consider the poor.*" Some ladies ask, Should all the time be taken up with Scripture ; may not part be given to reading something else ? If it *is* so divided, take care that the Bible gets the *most* time, but *there has been testimony from many of the people that they would prefer its having all.* In one case, where two meetings were held on the same district, the one half occupied with other reading, the second wholly with explanation of the Bible, the people chose the latter : " They could read books at home ; " and it is not only this—they feel you think of them more, you sympathise with them more, you are, in fact, more theirs for the time, if you talk to them, instead of reading. They feel (and ask yourselves if it be not true) that you choose the reading of books as the easier way. *It gives you less trouble* in preparation ; it takes less thought at the time. Besides, compare the effect on yourself of a sermon you hear preached, and one you read. It would be very little more trouble to you to study that book at home, and tell them the substance ; not only will the words be simpler, but there will be more probability of your anecdote being in character with your Bible teaching.

Regarding the things of real everyday life, we wish our mothers to learn that " whatsoever they do is to be to the Lord." Story and lesson may alike teach them this in turn. Of course, it is not meant that you may not refer to or read a *short* anecdote, but a *long* tract or book is not so effective. Besides, and perhaps this is *the* danger, you are apt to encroach on the Bible reading time if you take the other first, and an exciting story often makes the Bible seem insipid afterwards. Then, if the Bible comes first, perhaps the after reading is a



means of weakening the impressions made. Have you never found that, when in walking home with a friend, after hearing a sermon which has much impressed you, the influence of the conversation, though on that very subject, has weakened your impressions? Satan can use what is good in itself, as the fowls in the parable, to devour the seed, which, lying longer, might have borne more fruit. But if you do read a book first (as some do) that the entrance of rather late comers may not disturb the Bible lesson, try, if you find any disposed to go away before the end, whether by once or twice changing your course they cannot make time to remain the day the story comes last. Some ladies feel they cannot fill up all the time in Bible teaching, but the *power to do this grows with the practice*.

There is a plan which many have adopted, and it would be well if more would follow.

Let each person present, who can, repeat a text from Scripture in turn, the lady beginning. Each text will furnish the subject for a few remarks; try to get the people themselves to speak or ask questions upon their text—*not speculative*, but PRACTICAL, and thus you will be able greatly to help them, by solving difficulties which have perhaps been too great for them. Very often their children will have looked out the texts for them.

Then close your meeting with prayer, asking God to bless His Word, read and spoken, and pray *extempore*. Your own words—*not written*, but those God gives you at the moment, taking thought, however, before, of the outline of what you are going to ask. If you can get from the mothers, either before or at the meeting, requests for prayer, it gives more life and interest.

There is one suggestion it may be well to consider. We suppose that you yourself never open your Bible without prayer that the Spirit may teach you to understand what you



are about to read ; and is it not well to teach your poorer friends to do so by following the giving out of the chapter you are about to read by a few words of such prayer ?

And do not you forget that Mothers' Meeting when it is over. Ask God again and again to bless the words He gave you to speak, and *expect* a blessing. Plead and believe His promise, "My word shall not return unto me void ;" Jesus, you may rest assured, from among your poor mothers will cause rich fruit to be gathered into the heavenly garner, though God may not let *you* see it till you and they shall cast your crowns together at the feet of Jesus.

AGNES JONES.

We are peculiarly thankful for these practical Hints, a most sweet MEMORIAL of our Beloved Agnes, and if carefully studied, they will serve the purpose of "seeing a Mothers' Class" which we are so often requested to arrange for visitors to London, and find the request extremely difficult to meet, for some of our most valuable Ladies will on no account consent to teach before strangers.

Heart-interest taken by the Lady Superintendent in her limited circle of mothers, is sure to prompt her to intercourse with them on their everyday duties and necessities, for which she will make opportunities, and yet we feel it to be of so great importance to keep this Mission perpetually to its title—a *Bible Mission*. It is considered a quaint one by many a friend to its industrial and temperance aims ; but God has put honour upon it, and we cannot descend from our primary foundation. We do believe that all the blessing we have received, is because we began "with the right thing first." The whole work has shown that the Bible was intended to be a direct instrument in the conversion of the lowest, and that woman's love must carry its good tidings to her outcast sisters. Now that



we have gained the ear of so many of those poor sisters, what new motives have we for seeking daily fresh draughts at the fountains of inspiration for ourselves. It is not diffuse exhortation and doctrinal statement that will satisfy these poor people. The Bible is a deep well, and the men or women who have really drawn living water thence, will bring to their hearers a vital draught of refreshing clearness. This is what we have to do ; and no mission, *merely industrial*, however diligently conducted, fulfils such purpose.\*

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### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Friends wishing to subscribe to the LONDON NURSE or BIBLEWOMAN MISSIONS *or to both* may send checks, or POST-OFFICE ORDERS, to Mrs RANYARD, their Honorary Secretary, 13 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London. The Orders should be made out for the Office in Burton Crescent, W.C., London, and in the Christian name of "Ellen." Subscriptions may likewise be paid to the Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P., Treasurer, at the Bank of Messrs Ransom and Bouverie, 1 Pall Mall East ; or to Messrs NISBET & Co., Booksellers, 21 Berners Street, Oxford Street. Subscriptions arriving after the 10th of any month are too late for acknowledgment in the ensuing number of "*The Missing-Link Magazine*."

The above Magazine may be had of all Booksellers by order. Price 3d. Monthly. It is published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row.

\* See also "The Bible the Best Story Book," price 2d ; second tract of the "Missing Link" series. Messrs Nisbet and Co., Bernard Street.



## APPENDIX (B).

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### A WORKING PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

(Reprinted from the "SUNDAY AT HOME," for Oct. 1864.)

"IT has been found that a definite object is exceedingly attractive for a working party in country town or village, the subjects of interest for reading and conversation are so various. There is in London an Institution—a kind of FEMALE CITY MISSION—which employs carefully selected *poor women* in a variety of ways among the very poorest classes. Its very first object is the circulation of the Word of God by the hands of a "BIBLEWOMAN," offered for the purchase of the poor by very small sums; and, secondarily, it aims to supply clothes and bedding at reduced prices to the most indigent mothers in the Metropolis. Mothers' Meetings are held periodically, at which poor women may work up their own materials, or may purchase new ones at cheap prices, under the eye and with the help of the Superintendent. Money may then be laid by for coals or shoes in winter. Much instruction of a profitable and useful character is given. If any of our readers will take in, monthly, the numbers of "*The Missing-Link Magazine*," published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, or to be had in volumes or in numbers by order of any



bookseller, we venture to promise that they will obtain a mass of most interesting information. They will learn much as to the state of London, the poverty and degradation of some of its inhabitants, and of the efforts that are being made to relieve their distresses by a most valuable and important institution.

We take the following sentences at random from a recent volume of the magazine :—“ I have received by sale of Bibles, £8, 15s. 3d.” “ It is with dirt that we have first to grapple, and with disease born of dirt.” In contrast with which, a Lady Superintendent says, “ There is now an anxiety amongst the people to ‘ tidy up ’ their places before the next visit. One poor woman who had no soap, had actually rubbed the skin off her face by washing it with soda, that she might receive the Biblewoman with a clean face.” “ Many of the inhabitants of these miserable dens are Irish, with all the vice and recklessness of comfort which is engrained into low Irish nature and habits. Many again are tramps. Others have never entered a place of worship except for marriage or a christening. Many, alas ! not even for these purposes, who yet become heads of families. Of the Sabbath they know nothing, save as a day for sloth and riot. The condition of the women is peculiarly degraded. The home is neglected, and the children run wild.” Yet in such a district, the Biblewomen sold fifty-four Bibles in six months ! Mothers’ Meetings and prayer meetings began to be held. Many rooms, which at a first call were intolerably filthy and disgusting, are now found washed, swept, and tidied. One woman would “ have stayed all day,” if she could, to hear the new strange story of the love of Jesus to the sinner.

We could fill whole pages with extracts from these affecting narratives. But we forbear. Our object is, *to how show Working parties in country-villages may assist these Biblewomen.*



It is thus. The Superintendent of the working party purchases, as we have said, materials for such plain and simple clothing as is best suited for the poor. These materials are made up by the members. Each article is marked at the exact cost price of the materials. When enough of these articles for a large parcel has been prepared, it is despatched (carriage free) to the residence of the Honorary Secretary, Mrs RANYARD, in London, 13 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. The clothing is thence distributed to such districts as most require it. The Biblewoman produces it at her Mothers' Meetings, and the poor women eagerly purchase it at the marked cost price, paying for it by instalments. *The money so obtained is devoted to the relief of the sick and distressed in the Mission in which the sale takes place.*

The needlework, therefore, does its measure of good in two ways. It is first a great boon to the poor, who purchase good articles at very low prices, and ready made. Secondly, it contributes, to the comfort of the sick and sorrowful in that locality."



## APPENDIX (C).

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### FURTHER PARTICULARS OF BIBLEWOMEN'S MISSIONS.

To this friendly mention from the pages of the *Sunday at Home* we will add a few recent particulars, which may interest inquiring friends.

These BIBLE MISSIONS are now always spreading through the poor, low streets of London, as far as we have money sent us to extend them. The Mission began with *one* Biblewoman and *one* lady in the lanes and alleys of St Giles's, in the year 1857.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY gave the first five pounds, to engage the services of the first Biblewoman to sell Bibles in those dark places, and a lady from Ireland sent the next five pounds, because she heard that a DOMESTIC MISSION had begun at the same time with the sale of the Bible among her countrywomen.

Such was the small beginning. There has never been any public mode of collecting funds for this work. They come in answer to prayer, and as the Lord pleases to send them. We have never had a Public Meeting,—we have no Committees or Associations, yet, after eighteen years, a great Society has silently arisen, and between 400 and 500 of its agents are working together in London.

More than half of these are BIBLEWOMEN, and are paid



12s. 6d. a week each, for the consecration of the whole of their time to this service, and the lesser half are LADY SUPERINTENDENTS, each of whom undertakes *voluntarily* to watch over and help *one* Biblewoman; to preside over her Mothers' Meetings, visit her cases of distress, and in every way to forward both a Bible and a Domestic Mission in her district. So much blessing has been found to rest upon this Mission, that it has now spread by example into very many Country districts in England; and Biblewomen are found either under the superintendence of the clergy or of private individuals in Ireland and Scotland also.

This kind of Mission proves itself likewise peculiarly adapted for the enlightenment of the women of Eastern countries, and is extending itself accordingly. The little *Missing-Link Magazine*, price threepence monthly, is intended to bring together the reports of those far off workers, and interest them in each other. It often now tells of Biblewomen in China, India, Persia, and Syria. It may suggest to country friends at home the reasons of success or failure in their own first experiments; and although as the recognised organ of the LONDON MISSION, it only acknowledges subscriptions for the Metropolis, it might often be circulated to induce the necessary gifts to *local* Bible Missions. For many years our work in London has received donations unsolicited, except by the power of recorded facts, to the amount of £12,000 a year. If these donations were *doubled*, as we think they would be in proportion as the results of the work were known, we could with advantage *double* the number of our Biblewomen in this great city, and yet there would be room.

The New Department of *this Mission* arising in 1868 of BIBLEWOMEN NURSES, though included in the above numbers of workers, need not be described in this Appendix.



THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF BOTH MISSIONS ARE AS  
FOLLOWS.

1. That the Bible is fitted by Him whose Word it is, to reach our population *in its lowest depths*.

2. That a poor woman is the best agent for carrying it to women in those depths, and that she requires the constant aid and sympathy of a Christian sister *from the educated classes*.

3. That *working together* in a Bible-mission in the regions of poverty, misery, and crime, is of more importance than any of our differences as to ecclesiastical organisation; therefore we forget awhile those differences to combine our efforts in one purpose, viz., to bring the people to the knowledge of Christ; seeing that "it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

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[We here insert the

RULES FOR THE LONDON BIBLE AND DOMESTIC  
FEMALE MISSION,

which friends in the country are at liberty to reprint and modify according to their own local circumstances.]

LONDON BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSIONS.

GENERAL RULES.

1. The *objects* of these Missions are twofold, viz., to supply the very poorest of the population with copies of the Holy Scriptures, and also to improve their temporal condition by teaching them to help themselves rather than look to others:



the former to be attained by taking payment for the Bible in small weekly instalments, and the latter by assisting them to procure better food, clothing, and beds in the same way.

2. None shall be employed in this Mission but women of thoroughly respectable character, of active habits, kindly manners, and but little encumbered with family cares. They must be communicants or members of some Christian Church.

3. The district shall be of regulated extent; and the Biblewomen shall reside in or quite near their respective districts, having a room in a central position for the general purposes of the Mission, for which the rent will be paid by their Superintendent.

4. Each Biblewoman shall be placed under the careful superintendence of a Lady who may be found willing to undertake the work, and who is a resident in the district, or within a reasonable distance from it.

5. The Biblewoman shall give a verbal report of her labours to the superintending-lady weekly, who will receive such report, pay the salary, and give such directions as the local circumstances may require.

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO THE BIBLEWOMAN.

1. Your first work is to ascertain who are without the Holy Scriptures, and willing to purchase at a cheap rate.

2. Take with you a Type book, with which you will be provided, a good print Bible and 4d. Testament, and should any of the parties you visit be able and willing to pay the whole price at once take it; if not, offer to receive payment by small weekly instalments, for which you will regularly call. Be known as the Biblewoman, and always carry the 2s. 6d. Bible with you, as well as your Collecting Book and Cards.



3. You will be expected to devote six hours every day, Saturdays excepted, to your work, for which you will receive 12s. 6d. a week. You will follow the directions that will be given you as to the localities in which you are to labour.

4. As the Bible work leads to other benevolent schemes, you will be directed by your superintendent how to proceed in securing subscriptions for clothing and bedding, also in inducing the poor no longer to live content with dirt, rags, and discomfort. You will then be able gradually to instruct them in needlework, cooking, and cleanliness.

5. It will be expected that you will live in or near your district, and a room in the same house should also be available for the purposes of the Mission.

6. You will give your Superintendent a weekly account of all your proceedings, at the time and place appointed. The Lady who has kindly promised to superintend your work is ———.

SUGGESTIONS TO PROPOSED SUPERINTENDENTS OF A  
FEMALE BIBLE AND DOMESTIC MISSION.

It seems undesirable that a lady should undertake this work if she is not able to promise a fair share of time and interest to its claims, which, though at first very simple, are sure to increase in many forms. We would suggest that a Lady-Superintendent do not offer her services as merely honorary or intermitting: she must be depended upon for the vigilant performance of her own particular duties.

No bills should be paid by the Biblewoman, or any material purchased except through written orders from her lady; and great care should be taken in selection, if at any time a deputy is left in charge.



As the nature of the Mission is undenominational, and it need not be conducted within parochial boundaries—though it often may, most conveniently, be so arranged—only those can undertake its general guidance in any neighbourhood who are not necessarily limited by such considerations.

It appears desirable that the Superintendent be in friendly communication with the Ladies' Bible Association of the locality, in order that she may confer with them on the districts in which, from time to time, this sub-agent should be occupied, and also keep up their interest in the Biblewoman's work.

Regularity of payments to the Biblewoman, with kindly and often helpful inspection of the varied accounts she renders, should be considered a duty to be fulfilled, at least weekly, and at first even oftener.

If the people offer to subscribe for clothing and beds, the woman will say, "I only do one thing at a time, and the right thing first. I bring you now the Message from God, or I come to read it to you. We shall be glad also to provide you with clothing, &c., at the lowest prices, and for this you can pay, as you do for the Bibles, in small sums weekly; but you must come to my Lady to do this, at a certain hour, in my Mission-room." It is believed that if this distinction were not made, mistakes might happen in the accounts; while a particular benefit to be gained, by assembling the women at a given hour at one place, would be lost likewise.

Although it is found best that each Biblewoman should be made responsible to one lady, rather than to a committee, still, as suitable individuals may willingly come forward, saying, "What can we do to help you?" it should be the aim of the Lady-Superintendent to enlist their various activities in the regulation of special departments, such as a Bible class for the mothers who desire it, or weekly help in the Clothing



Club—reading or speaking to the subscribers at mending or tea parties—purchase of clothing materials—fixing and giving out of needlework—arrangements concerning bags of linen—timely loans—visitation of special cases, &c. All these things gradually form a part of the Bible and Domestic Female Mission ; and when money may have to be expended, account must, of course, be rendered by each lady to the Superintendent.

Without interfering with any *existing* organisations, this Mission is intended to carry down among the neglected outcasts of society the different measures for their benefit, which have long been familiar to the decent poor. The lowest classes have said that “nobody cared for them,” a complaint which it is the aim of this Mission to obviate.

Each Superintendent will see the importance of securing funds for the temporal purposes of her particular Mission. The Bible Society pays 1s. a week to each woman for our Bible work in the lowest districts of London ; and, with thirty or forty pounds besides, a good beginning may be made ; while the various elements of the undertaking are intended to be *self-paying* as far as possible. If several Biblewomen are engaged for an extended district in the country, a quarterly conference of their superintendents is recommended, to secure unity of design, with independence in details.

Frequent reading of the Scriptures and prayer with the Biblewoman will be found her most effectual preparation for the work she undertakes. Her great power is in apt quotation ; and the Lord is proving that He blesses His own Word day by day. “The entrance of Thy Word giveth light : it giveth understanding to the simple.”

All the London Biblewomen and Nurses are expected to attend a meeting on the last Friday in the month, for pastoral exhortation and prayer.



## APPENDIX (D).

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### CIRCULAR OF A COUNTRY BIBLE MISSION.

THE following specimen is given of the way in which this work may be and is independently organised in various parts of the country :—

*(Copy of Circular.)*

#### D—— BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION.

Many of the inhabitants of S—— and D—— being deeply impressed with the importance of establishing a Mission in their own locality, for promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor, on the principles and practices exhibited in “The Missing Link,” desire to enlist the sympathy and support of the Christian public in furtherance of this important work. The Mission will be entitled

#### THE D—— BIBLE AND DOMESTIC FEMALE MISSION.

The design sought to be carried out, by God’s blessing upon it, is twofold :—*First*, To supply His Word to the poorest and most improvident of the population. *Secondly*, To adopt measures for reforming their homes, by teaching them to help themselves, rather than to look to others for help ; by instructing wives and mothers how to fulfil their duties ; by endeavouring to reclaim husbands and fathers from the ale-house, and to lead them to apply that money, which is now spent in extravagance or in vice, in procuring proper food, clothing, furniture, &c.



These two objects are to be sought by taking payment for Bibles in small weekly instalments ; and by inducing the poor to add to the comfort of their domestic arrangements in the same way.

The qualifications for the women employed in this Mission, as far as can be ascertained, shall be—decided piety ; that is, their hearts must be devoted to the Lord, from a sense of His love to them personally, that they may be able to commend Him to others out of their own experience. They must have practical acquaintance with the Scriptures ; ability to offer free prayer ; be of active habits ; of a kindly disposition ; of a thoroughly practical turn in housewifery ; and have some knowledge of writing and accounts.

The Biblewomen shall reside in, or quite near, their respective districts ; and there shall be a room in a central position for the general purposes of the Mission, for which the rent will be paid out of the Mission fund.

Each Biblewoman shall be placed under the superintendence of a lady willing to undertake the work, and who resides within a reasonable distance from the sphere of her superintendence.

The work of the superintendents shall be left uncontrolled while the principles on which they are originally selected shall continue to be uncompromised.

The funds for which this appeal is made will be received and administered by a body of lay trustees, who shall also appoint the Biblewomen, the superintendents, and the spheres of their labours.

Miss E. B—— *has consented to act as Superintendent to the first Biblewoman.*

Members of any orthodox Christian communion, possessing the requisite qualifications, shall be eligible, either as Biblewomen or Superintendents.



## APPENDIX (E).

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### RULES FOR THE BIBLEWOMAN NURSE IN LONDON.

1. The Biblewoman Nurse is to be trained for three months as a Biblewoman only. Truthfulness, honesty, and kindness of heart are her essential qualifications, as well as true piety.
2. She is afterwards to spend three months in Hospital or Infirmary, half in the surgical and half in the medical wards ; and after that a fortnight in a lying-in hospital.
3. She is then a probationer for three months, either under a competent Lady or Nurse Pioneer, before she is considered finally settled in a district.
4. She works on the same principles as the Biblewoman, and ordinarily for the same hours, six or seven ; but these are modified, of course, by the cases in hand. Night work is not usually expected of her, and she can generally find her substitute in a kind neighbour or one of the Biblewoman's Mothers' Class.
5. She is expected to carry out all good sanitary principles, and to do all she can to comfort and relieve the suffering ; also to instruct the kind relative or neighbour, and in every way she is able, to teach the people how to avoid illness, and what to do first when it attacks them.
6. She is not to receive any payment or gratuity from patients, and conscientiously to inform her Superintendent



or pioneer of any *extra* aid that may be offered her for the sick, and how it is disposed of.

7. She works as in the sight of an all-seeing and loving Saviour, and is to watch for each opportunity that offers, to bring her patients to listen to His Word with prayer, and to do so with tact and prudence.

8. She is to keep in due and kindly relation to the Biblewomen in her neighbourhood, and will generally receive her patients from them *first*; but she will also take them from the Clergyman, Doctor, Scripture Reader, or City Missionary, if within her boundaries. Her Lady Superintendent will see that the cases are not too many. Her very name implies that her work is intended to be spiritual and individual, therefore it cannot be extended over too wide an area. She can usually nurse from fifteen to twenty cases a week, if she makes a point of observing diligently how much self-help might be brought out in each family she visits. She is expected to assemble with the Biblewomen at their Monthly Meetings.

9. The salary of the nurse is 15s. a week. She cannot collect for Bibles, or hold a Mothers' Meeting, though she may be glad to attend one when time allows.

10. She has a *Card* to keep regularly, in which her week's work is recorded, for her Superintending Lady or Pioneer. This card also specifies the kind of supplies to each patient, whether of food, clothing, or medical comforts, which supplies will have been received either from the MOTHER HOUSE, 20 Regent Square, or from Nurse's own Lady Superintendent in her district. She has also a List Paper (as subjoined), on which she marks fortnightly the quantities she will want, and the names of the persons for whom such articles are required.



## NURSE'S WEEKLY LIST OF WANTS.

*Quantities to be filled in for her Superintendent.*

Tea	Soap
Sugar	Lotion
Rice	Lint
Cocoa	Rag
C. Flour	Gutta Percha Tissue
Sago	Wadding
Arrowroot	Strapping- plaister
Tapioca	Bandages
Oatmeal	

## CLOTHING NEEDED.

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NURSE, \_\_\_\_\_

*Date,* \_\_\_\_\_



Names of Persons for whom Articles are required.	Articles of Food or Clothing.





By the same Author.

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THE LINK AND THE RIVET.

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GOD'S MESSAGE IN LOW  
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