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Anti-
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campaign







ELLICE HOPKINS

“ Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown
The Just Fate gives :

Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.”

SWINBURNE (“ Super Flumina Babylonis ”)





Ellis Hopkins

ELLICE HOPKINS

A Memoir

BY

ROSA M. BARRETT

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

H. SCOTT HOLLAND

CANON OF S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

“PER ASPERA AD ASTRA”

LONDON

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO. LTD.

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BZP (Hopkins)



1907

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TO
ANNIE E. RIDLEY
TO WHOSE INSPIRING FRIENDSHIP
THIS LIFE OWED SO MUCH
AND WITHOUT WHOSE HELP
AND WISE GUIDANCE
THIS RECORD
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

010

1911

1912

1913

1914

INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is the record of an heroic soul, whose physical force broke under the strain of high and perilous service and whose ardent activities were beaten down into a prolonged and hidden and difficult martyrdom.

All through her life she had done her work in spite of bodily infirmity.

Her frail frame and light build did nothing for her in those dangerous moments on a platform when it was vital for her to arrest immediate attention and often to quell lurking hostility. Her presence was indistinct, with no direct impressiveness. Her voice was not strong. There was nothing compelling or commanding in her at first sight. Yet she stepped out into lonely action, challenging criticism, daring untried situations, facing a dangerous publicity, thrown on her own cour-

Ellice Hopkins

age and resource. But she was always justified. She knew where to look for power. She found it in the Spirit. Her spiritual energy told on her audience from the first moment of her speech. She held them; she mastered them; she disarmed hostilities; she disposed of fears; she secured assent. Nay! she kindled and inspired. Most women are very good speakers, but very few rise to distinct eloquence. She was one of the very few. Her language was always effective and finely chosen; but, at times, she would rise to passages which entranced. Then, at such moments, the weakness of her physical frame added power, by contrast, to the emotional tension.

Two occasions of peculiar anxiety come back especially to my memory, when her spirit triumphantly dominated the menace of circumstance.

One was the time when she consented, at our request, to speak on Purity to Oxford Undergraduates.

Introduction

We held the meeting in the Holywell Music Room, which was crowded with men.

It was very rare in those days for the subject to be treated openly in public. It was most certainly the first time that a woman had appealed with the living voice to Oxford men. It was a delicate experiment, and we had our anxieties. But from the first sentence that she spoke all anxiety was gone. She made it felt at once that she was doing a natural and a noble thing. At the end not a doubt remained on my mind that we were absolutely right in making the venture. She had made it right.

The second occasion was in St. James's Hall, in the thick of the excitement over Mr. Stead's revelations in "Modern Babylon." It was a moment of dangerous heat and elation. Nerves were high-strung. There was a great risk lest the meeting should be carried off its feet in moral unsteadiness. Her speech that night seemed to me to be the one speech that struck the right note. She brought down upon

Ellice Hopkins

us a touch of penitence and fear. She made us aware of the dread responsibility incurred by coming together for such a cause. Everything became serious and deep under her words. It was exactly what was wanted.

The book will tell of the profound effect upon her of James Hinton's teaching. She, who was to endure so much of crippling pain, had sent her thought out into the abyss, in the loyal effort to read the secret of pain's mystery.

She had deep intellectual interest and real philosophical insight. Spiritually she took always deep counsel with her friend Bishop Wilkinson, of St. Andrew's. Then when her long weary years of trial came to her, when she was flung aside out of all the active work to which she had consecrated herself, she proved the strength of her philosophy and her faith to face the harsh facts with a high and disciplined courage. Now and again by a letter to the Press she showed all her former power of appeal that no sickness could defeat. If the

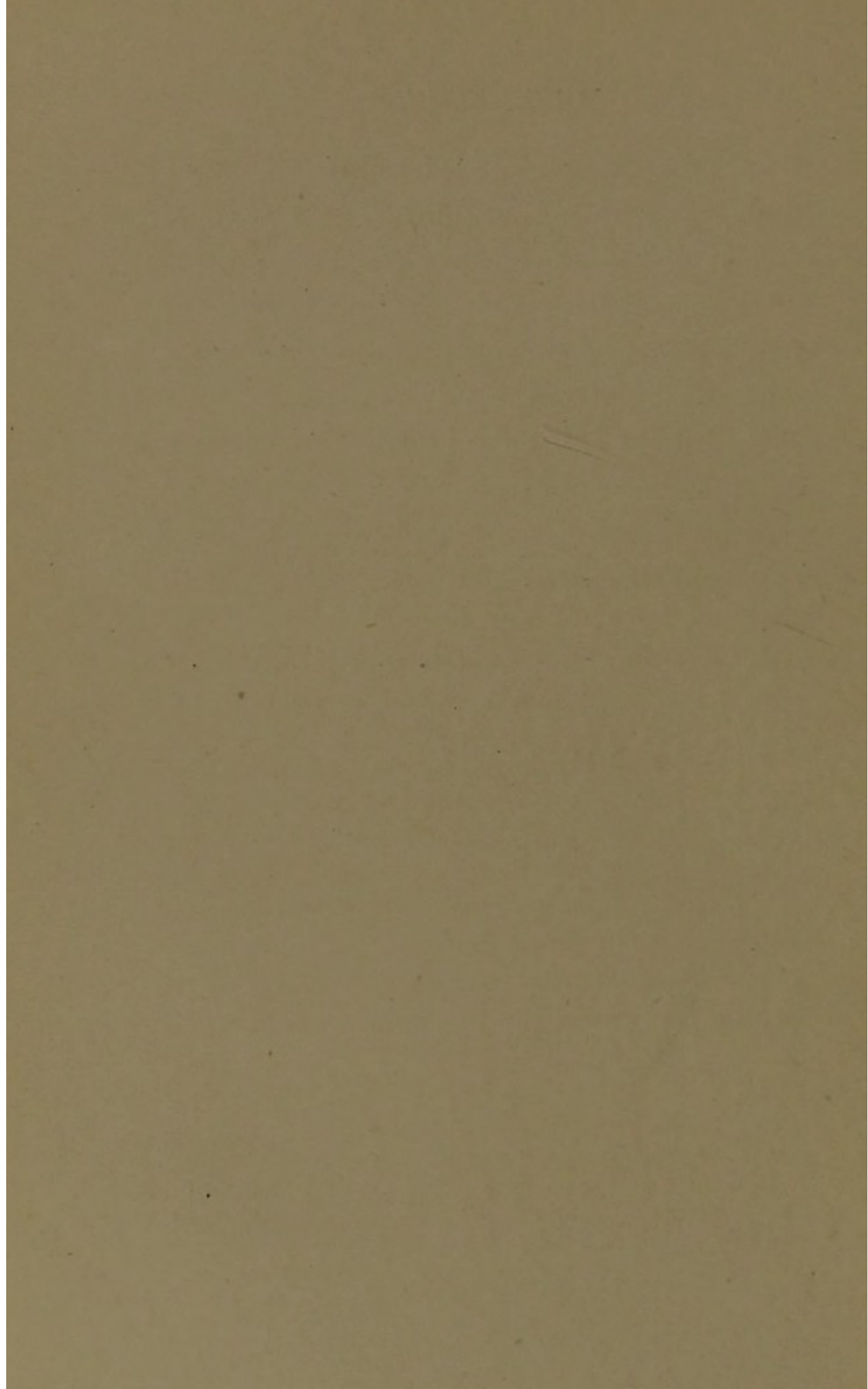
Introduction

White Cross League needed help for its work in the Army, there was still no one who could serve it as she did by an eloquent word.

She had to lie in quiet patience, while the work which had grown up under her inspiration went on its own way.

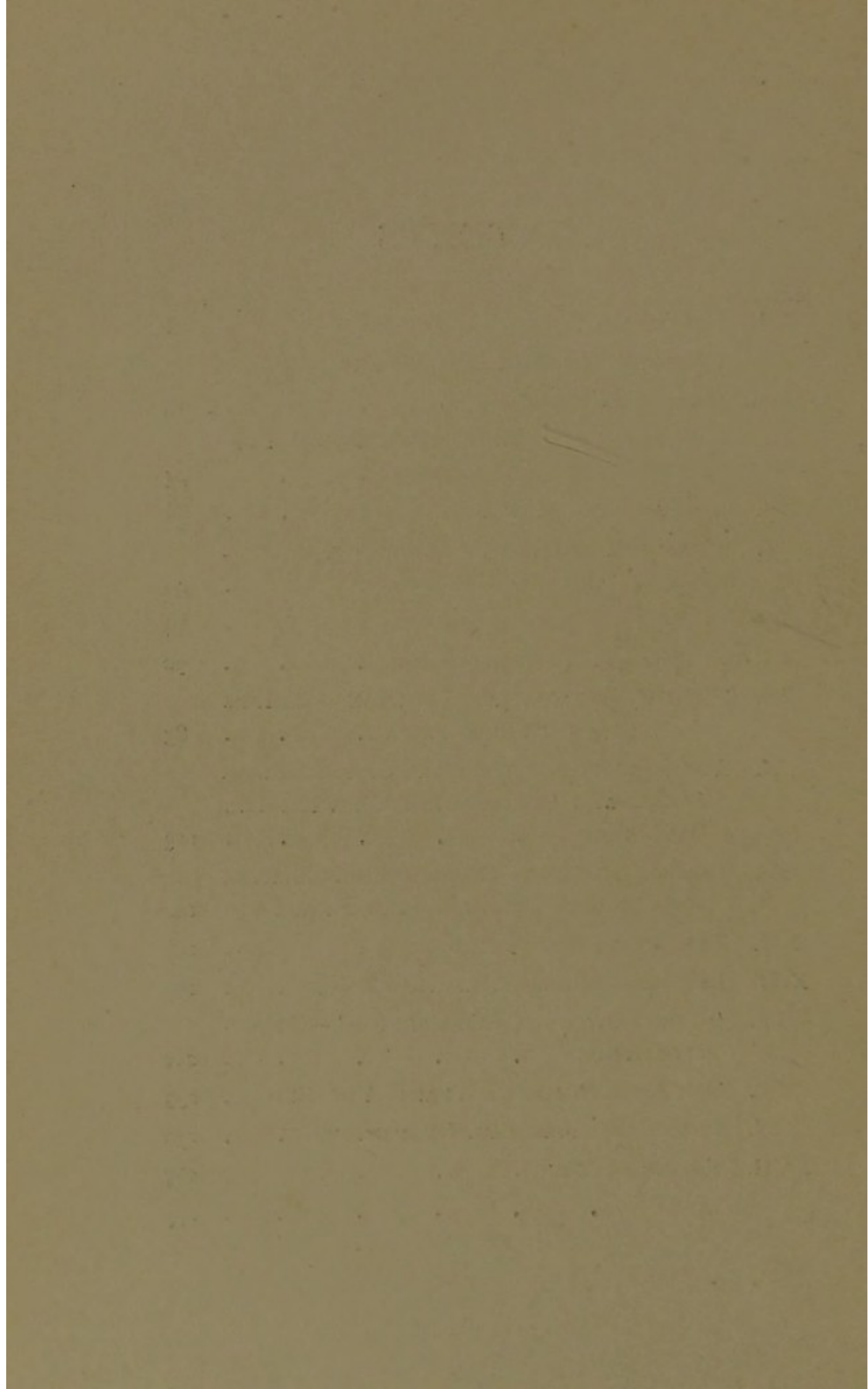
At least she had the consolation of knowing that those who were allowed to continue the work so begun never ceased to thank God for the impulse that had come to them from her.

H. S. HOLLAND.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. FOREWORD	I
II. LIFE AND WORK IN CAMBRIDGE	8
III. HER FIRST BOOK	15
IV. ILLNESS—POEMS AND OTHER BOOKS PUBLISHED—LETTERS ON DOUBT	24
V. LIFE AND WORK IN BRIGHTON	36
VI. WORK FOR SOLDIERS—"CHRIST THE CONSOLER," AND OTHER BOOKS	49
VII. IN HOLIDAY TIME—"GODS IN EXILE"	64
VIII. IN HOLIDAY TIME (<i>continued</i>)	72
IX. THE INFLUENCE OF JAMES HINTON—HIS LIFE—LETTERS ON FRIENDSHIP	85
X. ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE CARE OF FRIENDLESS GIRLS, AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. BARNARDO	103
XI. FRANK CROSSLEY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. AND MRS. CROSSLEY—FINANCIAL HELP	126
XII. THE WHITE CROSS LEAGUE	153
XIII. LETTERS—BROKEN HEALTH—TRAVEL	190
XIV. "THE POWER OF WOMANHOOD"—CORRESPONDENCE	212
XV. THE LAST PEACEFUL YEARS—THE END	233
XVI. POEMS AND PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS	250
XVII. REMINISCENCES	267
INDEX	275



ELLICE HOPKINS

CHAPTER I

FOREWORD

We cannot kindle when we will
The Fire which in the heart resides :
The spirit bloweth, and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Matthew Arnold.

THIS Life will not appeal to those in search of thrilling adventures, nor to those who look upon sentiment as the main-spring and all-absorbing interest of life. Indeed, the writing of it seemed at times a task almost beyond the powers of an ordinary pen. For how can a biography be written when there are no startling events, not a single exciting or unusual occurrence, nor even (what is more fascinating) any means

Ellice Hopkins

of tracing and recording the gradual growth of a soul, its absorption in an inward ideal or in some outward claim, its progress upwards and its gradual development in selflessness? There are no journals or diaries, no records of youth and its struggles, but the first glimpse of this gifted and heroic woman shows her already engaged in her lifelong struggle against sin, already absorbed in devotion to others. To add to these difficulties of the biographer, and to the fear that even this short record may be unread and the example of so wonderful a life may remain unheeded, Ellice Hopkins, owing to her long years of illness, had died to the public long before she actually passed away, and so is now perhaps almost forgotten, while few records even of her later work are available. Her handwriting, too, became increasingly illegible, owing to a rheumatic or gouty affliction in her arms.

Hard as it may be to construct a Life from such scanty materials, yet the character and the work of one who lifted the moral sense of the nation to a higher plane, who made so brave a struggle against the sin and corruption

Foreword

of others, whose life made our country a better and a nobler one, must not, and ought not, to pass into oblivion. What was it that so possessed this frail woman as to make her forget home, forget the pains and aches from which she was never free, forsaking even the exercise of her undoubted gifts in art, in poetry, in intellectual work, for something still higher, with a deeper claim? Who was Ellice Hopkins? What did she do that was great or wonderful, or that makes her worthy of being rescued from oblivion?

This record has been written to answer these questions. We need the inspiration of such devoted lives, and to see to what heights of sacrifice a consuming zeal and passion for the uplifting of her fellow-creatures may enable even a weak woman to rise.

It was this passion that inspired Ellice Hopkins, that lifted her life out of the common rut; it was this tremendous and overpowering devotion that kept her alive and yet killed her. Faulty, perhaps, she may have been—it is so easy and comforting to recall the little failings of those who rise above

Ellice Hopkins

anything of which we are capable—but it would be hard to find a life of nobler aims, or of more entire self-sacrifice. Gifted as she was far beyond the average, a poet with wonderful knowledge of the human heart, she voluntarily put aside not only these powers, but what was even more difficult, her intense love of the beautiful and her deep yearning for domestic happiness. With unusual mental powers, sociable and intensely loving by nature, she yet, with wonderful moral courage, took up a burden which shut her out from many homes, and made even good people shrink from knowing her, or joining in work with her; feeble in body always, she retained even in the midst of keen mental and bodily suffering an inextinguishable love of fun, a ready wit, remarkable oratorical powers, and a singularly graphic pen.

Probably most of those who remember Ellice Hopkins only think of her in connection with the special work of her later life—the formation of the White Cross League, a work of incalculable value to which she con-

Foreword

secrated her ripened wisdom and many talents ; but few know that she had already made an honoured name for herself in other branches of work and of literature. It was a very great and real sacrifice to relinquish all these ; she herself said once, " My poems went down the pit with the rest of me."

But the name and the influence and the work of Ellice Hopkins is bearing fruit to-day in the nobler, better lives of hundreds of men and women, bearing fruit in much preventive and rescue work, in many efforts to raise girls and boys to a higher standard of living and thought ; while many of the books she wrote will always be standard works. She founded, or helped to found, numberless associations, and of refuges, training homes, etc., it is believed that fully two hundred are directly due to her efforts ; these are now gathered, in most centres, into diocesan organizations. It was she, as one of her friends says, and the " influence of the meetings she held up and down the country and throughout the United Kingdom, that opened the eyes of educated women to consider the

Ellice Hopkins

grave moral and social questions which before her time had been almost a closed book to them. Her name will be remembered for her grand work in the cause of social purity, but she was a woman of extraordinary ability and many-sided talent; and when the call came to her to devote herself to the cause of lost womanhood, she consecrated every gift, and offered her life to her Lord in the service of her sisters." And another friend and co-worker adds, "No one is left with her genius, none with such gifts of expression and of sympathy."

Such was the woman whose work it is the aim of this book to describe—for her life was her work, just as her work was her life. As the Bishop of St. Andrews says, "She was a wonderful woman; what she did was too great not to have its record."

Her life stands as a lighthouse stands: it has weathered many a storm, furious waves have dashed against it and have nearly beaten it to the ground, but it has outlived the days of anguish and peril, and the light—no phantom gleam to lure souls and bodies to destruc-

Foreword

tion, but a gift from God for sure guidance—still shines aloft. It has saved countless lives, it has warned many of the dangers of the way, it has cheered and encouraged those who were almost lost and who thought their struggle hopeless; it has pointed out the safe way, the way home, it has shone steadfastly, brightly, amid the raging clamour around it, because it was founded upon a rock, the Rock of Ages, and because the light was ever pointing upwards. So may God's light, and the light He gives to shine through His instruments, illumine this life of a storm-tossed soul—of one who more than most was a “partaker of Christ's sufferings,” and “suffered for well-doing,” but who knows now, not only the “fellowship of His sufferings, but also the power of His resurrection.”

CHAPTER II

LIFE AND WORK IN CAMBRIDGE

ELLICE HOPKINS was born and spent her early days in Cambridge, where her father was a distinguished mathematical tutor. The son of a gentleman farmer, William Hopkins was brought up to follow his father's occupation, but after the death of his first wife he gave up this work, always distasteful to him, paid all his debts, and began life again as a poor man, entering St. Peter's College, Cambridge, at the age of thirty. Thanks to this courageous act his unusual mathematical powers were discovered and trained, and he soon became famous as a tutor. Twenty Senior Wranglers owed their success to him, and he was no less successful in the moral training of his pupils, for, reserved though he was in the expression of his religious views, his character was one of almost ideal beauty, and his home life one

Life and Work in Cambridge

of singular purity and tenderness. One of those whom he influenced was Henry Fawcett ; for, when he lost his sight, the greatest help and inspiration Fawcett received was from a letter written to him by Mr. Hopkins ; it proved indeed the turning-point in his life, and gave him courage, in spite of his disability, to face life again.*

Mr. Hopkins married as his second wife a gentle, loving woman, highly accomplished and an excellent musician, her harp-playing adding greatly to the pleasure of the happy home-life. They had one son and three daughters, the youngest of whom was Ellice, born in Cambridge on October 30th, 1836.

Ellice Hopkins always maintained that whatever good she accomplished was due to her father, whom she idolized, and whose pupil and constant companion she was until his death : hence her scientific bent and her wide knowledge, so unusual, especially in those days, for a woman. He opened her eyes, trained her mind, gave her an intense love of truth, of earnestness, of righteousness, and

* "Life of Henry Fawcett," by Leslie Stephen.

Ellice Hopkins

of fearlessness in following the dictates of conscience, so leading her in the right direction and all unconsciously preparing her for her future work. She used to say that he made it possible for her to realize the Divine Fatherhood of God. She inherited much of his talent, and learnt from him a habit of exact thought, and a determination to do well whatever she undertook. Whether inherited or acquired, she had also a faculty of saying exactly what she wanted to say, in writing or in speaking, in the clearest and simplest language, and in a most racy way. Indeed, the facility and clearness with which she expressed her thoughts won the admiration, and even the envy, as one of her co-workers says, of many public speakers. Several of her phrases have passed into current speech, notably one which first occurs in one of her widely circulated leaflets, and is now often used in relation to preventive work: "A fence at the top of a cliff is better than an ambulance at the foot."

The first outside work that Ellice undertook—beyond the usual Sunday-school class,

Life and Work in Cambridge

which for many a long year was the sole outlet open to earnest and religious girls and women—seems to have come early in her life, unsought and unexpectedly. It is well described by herself in one of the most practical, vivid, and entertaining of all her books, "Work Amongst Working Men." She does not, however, mention there how diligently she tried to understand her audience, what hours she spent in conversation with working men in order to understand their minds, nor with what intensity she threw herself into this work. To prepare herself, she would sit talking to a carpenter or other friendly workman for hours. She read diligently Bunyan, for the sake of his inimitable imagery, Spurgeon, and others who had found the way to men's hearts by their beautiful thoughts and terse and vivid expressions. She ransacked magazines, sermons, books of all kinds, for good strong illustrations, which, as she once said, are, to the mind of the uneducated, what diagrams and pictures are to the eye, explaining and embodying the meaning. She always had that happy gift—a keen sense of

Ellice Hopkins

humour. No doubt her courage, her sincerity, her magnetic personality, as well as her beautiful voice and her eloquence, all helped to hold her audience spellbound, for she certainly became a most persuasive and effective speaker. Ellice, from childhood, was very delicate, and public life and work for women was almost unheard of in those days; but she tells graphically, as she alone could, how, in spite of these difficulties, her work among working men began, how they gathered round her in Barnwell, a Cambridge suburb, where some hundreds of navvies were at that time employed, until seven hundred or more men who never thought of going to church came to listen to her. In time, mainly by her efforts, a Mission Hall was built for these meetings, and as a Working Men's Institute and Club.

All this preparatory work was of the greatest value to her in her later life. In the letter, however, given on page 31 her own later thoughts on it will be found. That her speaking, even at this early date, had much of the power of her later years, is shown in an account given

Life and Work in Cambridge

by the American author, Elihu Burritt, in his "Seed - Lives." In speaking of Miss Hopkins's first attempt to address working men, he says: "If this be the first time they ever heard the like of it, it is also the first time she ever essayed the like. The speaker was a young woman, apparently not more than twenty-five, of high social position and mental culture. Some years ago she was a teacher in a Sabbath school, and could talk on divine things to a large class of young girls. But now, alone with these stalwart men, the veriest infants in Christian knowledge, she opens her message hesitatingly and with tremulous accents. . . . ' Surely you will come again soon ? ' Yes, she surely will, and she even thanks the men for coming to meet her, after the long and hard work of the day. They stand up around her, their heads almost touching the ceiling above, each with his blessing for her beautiful words. Michael Donahue has a larger room, and sure it shall be full if she will come to it next time. This she gladly promises, and the men all follow her to the door. The night is dark and the

Ellice Hopkins

streets are narrow. The man Daniel touches his hat and asks permission to walk behind her to her own door. In that ten minutes' walk, Daniel the navvy gives her such an insight into the conditions and feelings of his class as she had never met before, and when she bade him good night, new ideas and plans for their good were revolving in her mind."

Elihu Burritt gave her help and interested friends in her work, and in the end, as already mentioned, a Workmen's Hall was built at Barnwell, where six to eight hundred men gathered to hear her; he describes a later visit there thus: "She was addressing five hundred labouring men, all raised by her instrumentality from the lowest depths of sin to the high road of a better life. We have listened to the most eminent revivalist preachers in America, and to many of the most impressive ministers in this country; but we never heard an address more calculated to melt an audience, and we never saw an audience more deeply moved. In diction and argument it was powerful; but in fervour and pathos it was indescribable."

CHAPTER III

HER FIRST BOOK

AN account of this work in Cambridge is given, as has been already stated, in the first book written by Ellice Hopkins—"Work Amongst Working Men," which had a large circulation, six, if not more, editions being soon exhausted. One of the reviews said, "Miss Hopkins has an aptitude for that practical work among the poor in which less gifted women are often so successful. She has great sympathy with the poor, and understands, as those only can who have lived among them, their special trials and difficulties." Her intense earnestness, her sense of the humorous, her deep love of humanity, and her clear-sightedness even while still young (for she was well under thirty when she began this work), cannot be better shown than by giving some extracts from her book :—

Ellice Hopkins

“From a girl,” she writes, “I had the strongest conviction that the gospel of CHRIST was essentially for *men*, and that only so far as a man is in CHRIST and like CHRIST can he be really a man. It was therefore with no small dissatisfaction and pain that I was constantly hearing from a number of respectable girls of my own age whom I had gathered into a Bible class at my own house, that their fathers and brothers as a rule went to no place of worship.”

Having decided to see whether Christ's teaching could not influence men as well as girls, Ellice chose a populous and ill-reputed suburb of Cambridge, where a mass of working people and a crowd of lawless roughs lived, as the sphere of her efforts.

“One Tuesday evening, at half-past five, I found myself seated in a cottage with sixteen men. Two or three of the district visitors who had attended my Bible classes had set to work with the enthusiasm with which only women can work, and by dint of seasoning all their meals and part of their evenings with my praises, had at last persuaded this limited number, with great difficulty, to come and hear me for themselves.

Her First Book

“ The next Sunday the friend who always went with me being ill, I started off alone, adding to, rather than lessening, my alarm by calling for a working man on the way. This man I knew had resisted all efforts to get him inside a place of worship or, alas! but too often, outside a public-house. But I had reached that convenient stage of terror which turns the corner and rounds upon courage, and felt perfectly reckless what became of me. Brought up as I had been in all the refined and intellectual life of a University, which, I sometimes think, more than any other separates one from the life of the people, I doubt whether at that time a sheeted spectre had the same unknown terrors for me as a rough in the ‘ too, too solid flesh.’

“ When at last I emerged from the dark street into the large well-lighted schoolroom, a scene presented itself which could only be witnessed in our own country, or that other great English-speaking land, America. The room was full of wild, rough men, some of them desperate characters enough, men who had never been known to come together in large numbers without some row taking place. I was the only woman in the room, entirely at their mercy, a mere inexperienced

Ellice Hopkins

girl, with the love of her Saviour at her heart, and wishful of saving others, but with nothing to oppose to their wild lawless strength but the invincible weakness of the Divine. Yet nothing could be more orderly and devout than the simple service we held together, and when it was over, and they crowded around me to shake hands with me, and thank me, my own brothers could not have been more reverent and careful of me than these rough men.

“ My rough congregation increased a hundred or so at a time. Men used to come streaming in from the villages round, some walking ten or twelve miles, till at last they stood packed as close as herrings in a barrel, from five to six hundred being crammed into a space meant for not much more than half that number.

“ God only knows the unnecessary anguish I went through lest I had not been earnest enough ; lest some unthought-of word of mine uttered more from the heart might have saved my brother : tormenting myself, like many another young soldier in the fight, instead of asking God for grace to do my best, and quietly leaving the issues and increase with Him. My difficulties were en-

Her First Book

hanced by a strong opposition from without, which lasted for some months, but what I needed most never failed me—the support of my own clergyman, and, what was sweetest and best, the tender, wise sympathy of my father. The opposition gave way at last before good work and practical results. Beneath the power of the Cross of CHRIST I have seen four hundred rough, world-hardened, reckless men, weeping and sobbing like children over their sins. For months I never spoke but this change took place, two or three thus receiving the word of life and becoming completely changed men.

“ But how did I get this influence over working men? I will try and reply in some detail. In the first place, it was quite useless to preach ready-made doctrines to them. My first effort, therefore, was to get them to believe in moral law—that there are great inevitable laws in the moral world as well as in the physical, and that what a man sows that will he also reap. And little by little they came to see the great Christian doctrine, that eternal sin must be, in the very nature of things, eternal punishment and eternal misery, and that salvation means being saved from the guilt and power of sin and selfish-

Ellice Hopkins

ness, and not merely going to heaven. But how to make them feel not only the consequences of sin, but what sin is in itself before GOD—its exceeding sinfulness? I frankly confess I found but one means for doing this—Christ and the Cross of Christ.

“ I soon found that you can make but very little way with ignorant minds by mere preaching. The ‘ after-meeting ’ which has since grown so common, to which those who were impressed might be asked to stay, and in which you could sit down on a bench by some poor, ignorant fellow’s side and patiently get at his inarticulate difficulties and sorrows, and talk to him in plain brotherly fashion, became a necessity. As many as two hundred used sometimes to stay behind.

“ The choice of doorkeepers was very important. I used to tell my working men, ‘ Don’t stick your arm out like a sign-post and point a poor fellow to the meeting : your arm and mine has got this bend at the elbow on purpose that it may bring our lost brother to CHRIST, link itself lovingly in with his in true brotherly fashion, and set him to come along with us.’

“ I was led also to feel the necessity of some social reforms to effect any widespread

Her First Book

good. I would have every clergyman feel that a parish is simply disgraced that offers no substitute for the public-house. A rough, North-country fellow said once, 'Well, sir, I dunno how it is ; but you see we've so mooch a gooin' on with lectures, and singin', and readin's, and entertainments, that somehow we've no time to think about the beer.' The beer was in fact, as our American friends say, fairly 'crowded out.'

"It must not be supposed that my work lay only among the men. In many ways I worked quite as hard among the women, but I confess that my whole experience has been that the best way to get at the women is to get at the men first, to recognize in this, as in other things, the Divine order that the man is the head of the woman, and while her head goes one way, it is very hard for the rest of her to go another ; whilst her husband goes to the public-house and gets drunk, it is very hard for her to go to church and get pious.

"One of the most effective, yet I must confess the most disagreeable way of getting at the lowest substratum which must always be the aim and end of a mission service, is Saturday evening public-house visitation. It

Ellice Hopkins

was the only part of my work to which I never could overcome my intense repugnance ; but I would urge it on any one who is endeavouring to reach our home heathen. I used to do it in company with another lady every Saturday evening, devoting an hour and a half to it, from six to half-past seven.

“ When once a working man embraces Christianity, remaining as he often does very defective in moral and spiritual culture, I have often been amazed at the unconscious devotion and self-sacrifice with which he pours himself out for the public good. No fatigue after his long day’s work, no excuse of late dinners, or interrupted home evenings, interferes with his undertaking night after night some work to benefit his fellow-men.”

Then making a strong plea for workers, Ellice Hopkins says :—

“ Surely I am not visionary in believing that the noblest of all ends—the service of humanity—might be so inculcated from earliest boyhood, so bound up with the thought of God in the soul, that it might become the ruling passion, absorbing into itself all lower passions. Our Christianity is so feeble, so negative, so self-circumscribed, so peeping

Her First Book

and peering, and full of fears for itself, so wanting in bold heroic outlines and strong passions, that it has little power over young men either in our own class or among working men. From the very strength of our family instincts, our family selfishness is the hardest thing we have to overcome. The hardest thing is not to give up ourselves, but to give up our dear ones to God, to let them run counter to the world and be talked about, and encounter evil and impurity with only the God we profess to believe in to keep them safe, while they are about their Father's business."

CHAPTER IV

ILLNESS—POEMS AND OTHER BOOKS —LETTERS ON DOUBT

THIS work in Cambridge lasted till about 1865; then the sorrow and trouble of her father's gradual failure in health and in mind, followed by his death in 1866, led to a complete breakdown in Ellice's own health, and her home in Cambridge, as well as her work and meetings there, had to be given up, or passed into other hands. About this time, in spite of illness and suffering, which lasted many years, and which was aggravated instead of lessened by an operation, other books were written, or at all events published; one of these was her first volume of poems—which she called "English Idylls and other Poems," by Jane Ellice, published in Cambridge in 1865, with the prefatory inscription—

TO WILLIAM HOPKINS, LL.D., F.R.S.,
THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED
BY ONE
WHO OWES ALL SHE IS AND ALL SHE
HOPES TO BE TO HIS LOVE.

Illness—Letters on Doubt

This seems to have been the only book in which she suppressed her surname, though sometimes she only used her initials. The poems contain the germ of many of her most beautiful and helpful thoughts, but she had not obtained complete mastery over the forms of poetical expression at this time.

Her active mind and keen desire to use her life in the service of others kept her from being idle even during this time of severe illness. Ever ready to give a helping hand wherever any sort of good work was going on, she took cottage meetings, mothers' meetings, and, when unable to move, wrote "Home Thoughts for Mothers and Mothers' Meetings," as well as "Sick-bed Vows and How to Keep Them," a book for convalescents, published in 1869.

By her work and her sufferings, no less than through her love, she had already gained, as these books and her letters show, much spiritual experience, although she was hardly thirty-three years old at this time.

"Home Thoughts for Mothers and Mothers' Meetings" saw many successive editions.

Ellice Hopkins

In reference to it and to "Sick-bed Vows," she writes to a friend in January, 1869: "Both of my little books are out, but I have a sort of despairing feeling that they will never get known, as through my long illness I have so completely dropped out of the working world. None the less, I have got an insane desire to be useful and to hear that both are selling well and doing good accordingly. I was looking at an old shell-crusted, storm-beaten log washed up the other day on our beach, and wondering whether it had the same longing to put forth a few fresh leaves and blossoms, as its poor fellow-log, who is being carted about in a bath-chair. Perhaps despairing human hands had clung to it too in vain. 'Sick-bed Vows' is liked as much as the other, though one of my friends cut me to the heart by saying that it threw her into fits of laughter. It is rather racy, certainly; my mind is incurably quaint, I can't help that, and I knew it would not produce laughter among working people; they are so much stronger in their mode of expression than we are, that the racy expression that is

Illness—Letters on Doubt

a patch on our silken modes of utterance and of thought is one stuff with their strong homespun. I do not think the decorous commonplace is a whit more reverent, and I dislike the water-gruel and brown sugar which forms the bulk of our religious literature.”

One or two letters belonging to this period, and written to a young friend, may also be quoted, for they show how fully she entered into the minds and difficulties of those to whom she wrote:—

“ I can certainly sympathize with you to any extent in intellectual doubt ; I think it may be one of the gravest trials of life. Nevertheless, I hold that, as mere intellectual belief does not save, there may be much intellectual doubt and difficulty that does not destroy. But there is one part of your letter which rather puzzles me. You are a Christian, and yet you say you are a member of no Christian church. As far as I can gather, you fear in becoming one to cut yourself off from other Christians in other denominations. . . . You seem conscious that not belonging to any visible church cuts you off from many an open door to usefulness ; but you say you

Ellice Hopkins

are waiting to see your way more clearly, waiting for light from on high. Do you remember the message that came to Joshua when he chose to pray and wait: 'Get thee up, wherefore liest thou upon thy face?' Joshua acting would have been more pleasing to GOD than Joshua praying and waiting. Don't you think one may sometimes pray and wait for more light, when one had better use our little light to 'go forward' and act? Perhaps you know that funny little old fable about the young bear who was puzzled to know how to walk. 'Shall I,' said he to the old she-bear, 'Shall I move my right paw first or my left, or my two front paws together, or the two hind ones, or all four at once, or how?' 'Leave off thinking, and walk,' grunted the old bear. Don't you think there may be cases where just moving one leg before the other may clear up difficulties and carry one through the open door, that one may wait a long time to *see*. . . .

"Of course, if you are waiting to find an ideal church, with which you can on all points agree, I cannot pretend that you will find such in the Church of England, or in any other church that I know; but, on the whole, with much that I may not agree with, I do

Illness—Letters on Doubt

think the Church of England does realize the most sober, practical and sound type of religious character, the best disciplined, and the least 'talky-talky,' and, so long as I could devoutly repeat the Apostles' Creed, I should think myself at liberty to become one of her lay members, and enjoy her exquisite services and her holy and restful Communions."

On the same subject she wrote to another friend :—

" I believe that the Protestant Church which departs the furthest from the letter of the ordinances, is the one that more truly keeps its spirit; that of intense joyful worship and thankful self-surrender. I cannot in any other way account for the much higher (?) place the Holy Communion occupies in the spiritual life of Christians of the Church of England, than in any other denomination. If you would remember that the spirit—the truth itself—is alone eternal, and the form which embodies it is necessarily fleeting—that it bears the same relation to the truth as the type in printing bears to the thought it conveys—and that an age, miraculous, transitional, full of intense spiritual exaltation and daily expectation of the end of all

Ellice Hopkins

things—may not be the best from which to draw the forms of an age fixed, established, and by no means given to exaltation, I think you would not find so much difficulty in the forms of the Church of England. As in moments of intense emotion we make ourselves understood almost without words, so in the first outburst of spiritual life, that passionate outburst which produced such growths as ‘the gift of tongues,’ scarcely any forms were needed; but our dim eyes need a large type to convey clearly to us the same truths. ‘The old order changeth, giving place to new.’ ”

On the difficult problem of reconciling the often clashing claims of home duties with outside calls to work, she writes to another young friend:—

“With regard to your own working, I certainly do not sympathize with those who in the heart of this agonizing world stand like the old idols—‘hands have they but they handle not, feet have they, but they walk not’—so far as good is concerned; I rather like the strong words a good man once uttered: ‘I can as well believe in a lying Christian, a murdering Christian, a thieving Christian, as

Illness—Letters on Doubt

a do-nothing Christian.' But at the same time, I do not know how you are placed ; you may have home duties or home obstacles, to which it may be a duty to give way, and I am sure it brings no blessing to us to neglect a home duty for the sake of a more attractive duty elsewhere. But is not this balancing of duties just part of our training, that we may learn to have a right judgment in all things ? I have always found obstacles overcome, and the right path [made] tolerably clear, by those slow, soft beginnings, by the power of meekness that inherits the earth. At the same time, ' he that believeth shall not make haste ' ; I think we are a little inclined in these days to think too much of work ; too little of that deep, still life of the soul in God, from which, after all, the best work must flow, that self-surrender to His will, to Himself, which is so far deeper and more blessed than even self-surrender to His work. Your age being what it is, you can afford to wait before you step out of beaten tracks ; I look upon it as an almost unmixed evil, that I had to do the work I did so young ; one is always capable of teaching dear children, if one has the love of Him who carries them in His bosom, but to teach and guide men in

Ellice Hopkins

their stormy lives, needs more knowledge of God, more deep, sad knowledge of sin and one's own heart, more soberness of thoughts and judgment than any young girl can possess. Bitter as the trial has been to me, I believe my two years of waiting, unable to carry on my work, will be, in the end, a real blessing to me."

The two letters that follow are in a more philosophic strain, and give an example of the way in which she met the intellectual difficulties her friends sometimes felt in accepting Divine revelation. If any one could help them, they knew Ellice Hopkins could, and she was ever ready to take counsel with them and, out of her own hardly-won experience and knowledge, to try and guide them:—

"Nothing strikes me so much in a life of great sorrow and trial as the deep *humanity* of the Scriptures, and of Him, of whom the Scriptures testify; hymns and most human compositions of a devout kind breathe far too pure and difficult an air, rise to far too sunny and unclouded a height for my struggling soul to breathe and live in; only in the

Illness—Letters on Doubt

Divine Book do I find the deep, human cry, only in the Psalms of David, and in the Word made flesh, do I find what suits my struggling humanity. . . .

“Do you not a little confuse between the miraculous and the supernatural? The miraculous is essentially supernatural, but the supernatural is not essentially miraculous. Conscience, the human will, God, prayer, are all supernatural truths, but you would never call them miraculous. The miraculous has been needed to vindicate and assert the supernatural, but that once done, the supernatural truth is left to take the place of the miracle.”

Much the same ideas are here expressed:—

“One remark in your letter I specially noted—that you could not believe in the supernatural if you had to confine your belief in it wholly to the Bible, and that it was Spiritualism, and the supernatural *without* the Bible in the world around you that first enabled you to believe in the Supernatural in the Bible. I entirely agree with you in the necessity you state, and it is just in these matter-moulded creeds with which we come to the Bible, and which the too exclusive

Ellice Hopkins

study of physical science unconsciously forms, that the difficulty of believing the Bible so often lies.

“ But why confine the supernatural to the ‘peeping and muttering’ of our modern wizards? Does it not lie about your path and about your bed? What is the human will but supernatural, that which is a cause in itself, not bound in by the chain of cause and effect which we call Nature? When you kneel down and pray do you not enter into a supernatural state? speaking to That which is neither seen, nor thought, nor known as in Himself, That which is nowhere, yet everywhere, Whose very Being we have to express in terms that contradict the understanding? Is not the body of the man you meet in the street the Shekinah of the Divinity, self-knowing, self-conscious of something that dwells within him and looks before and after? Once firmly recognize the supernatural in man, and the supernatural in the Bible offers no difficulty. I suppose it is the danger of confining the supernatural to the vulgar signs and wonders of Spiritualism that so strikes one and revolts one against the whole system.

“ The great supernatural truths, GOD, freedom, Immortality, Conscience, the soul of

Illness—Letters on Doubt

man, as they exist in and around us, I often think are too little the 'music of the spheres'—in that fine passage in Coleridge's 'Remorse,' 'Too vast and constant to be heard': all are possessed by them, but how few possess them! . . .

"I am pleased that you are reading Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection' steadily. . . . As the Scotchman said in defence of his favourite national dish, 'haggis,' to a disgusted English epicure, 'There is a deal of fine confused feeding' in that book! What an exquisite aphorism that is: 'All knowledge begins and ends in wonder; but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the second is the parent of adoration.' "

CHAPTER V

LIFE AND WORK IN BRIGHTON

WHILE wandering about in search of health and a home of her own, Ellice Hopkins came to Brighton, where eventually she settled down and lived for many years with her widowed mother, for the greater part of the time in Percy House, but later in rooms. From this time the trend of her life and interests began to change. She came into contact, about 1866, with a brave effort that Mrs. Vicars was making in Brighton on behalf of fallen girls, and this led her to think deeply on life's bitter problems. To help Mrs. Vicars's work and the Albion Hill Home, opened and managed by her, Ellice wrote "Work Among the Lost," and "Work in Brighton," the latter with a preface by Florence Nightingale. Several editions were published of "Work Among the Lost," and so great was the demand for "Work in Brighton," that between

Life and Work in Brighton

20,000 and 30,000 copies were circulated within a short time of its publication.

“Work Among the Lost” gives a thrilling account of how a converted Jewish lady, Mrs. Vicars (a very remarkable woman, who had a great influence on those around her), was led to take up—contrary to her own wishes and Eastern prejudices—work in Brighton among the worst characters of that class, at a time when such work was far more rare than now.

A vivid account is given in “Work Among the Lost” of the dangers run by the ladies who had undertaken, with so many misgivings and fears, the task of visiting the houses and low lodgings where these fallen girls and women lived. For many years, but chiefly between 1866 and 1870, Ellice joined in this work, helping with all her heart, and by her love winning many a poor, unhappy girl back from her sinful life. Mrs. Vicars found herself obliged after a time to open a Home, which Ellice used to visit frequently, although at this time she still felt the greatest repugnance to the idea of devoting herself specially

Ellice Hopkins

to rescue work. It is not necessary to repeat here the account of Mrs. Vicars's work, so graphically and vividly told, but the little book clearly shows the spirit in which Ellice was already dealing with these subjects, her earnestness and her eager desire that others should share in this joy of service—in this work which she now very reluctantly began to feel had such special claims on her as a woman, until eventually she became compelled to relinquish all her loved pursuits, all her other efforts in which she had been so happy and so successful. Fastidious, weak, intensely nervous and highly strung, a lover of beauty and of all lovely things and thoughts as she was, could any sacrifice be greater?

One who soon became Ellice's dearest friend and the inspirer of much of her subsequent work, writes of this time:—

“ I first heard of Miss Hopkins in 1865 from Elihu Burritt, who mentioned her in a little pamphlet entitled, “ Seed-Lives ” (see p. 13). He had heard her speak in Cambridge to her working men, and gives a description of it very full of interest.

Life and Work in Brighton

“ His words so interested me that I gladly agreed to give the proceeds of a small story I had written to the Hall that was then being built at Barnwell, near Cambridge, the scene of her ‘ Work Among Working Men.’

“ Out of this arose a correspondence which went on for some years before we met at Brighton College, where she was staying with her friend Dr. Griffith. It was a few years after this, when she was settled in Brighton, and engaged in writing ‘ Work Among the Lost ’ for Mrs. Vicars, that she most strongly influenced me, rousing me from dreaming to doing. She took me over the Home, and brought me for the first time—though I was then over five-and-twenty years old — into actual contact with what had been only a vague horror. ‘ You must remember that other women have to live what you shrink even from hearing about,’ she said, and I never could forget that again.

“ I was specially struck with a room full of little girls in the Home, all under fifteen years of age. ‘ What are these children doing here,’ I asked? ‘ Being made into happy and good women, rescued from shame unspeakable,’ was her answer. In all my thirty years I had never before come within any

Ellice Hopkins

conscious knowledge of what I only vaguely knew as some horror outside my own sheltered dreamland. That children should have any part in this had never even crossed my mind as a possibility. The shock woke me to care what happened to these other women."

A few passages from this book, "Work Among the Lost," published in 1870, are given here, because it is now out of print, though five editions of 1000 copies each were speedily issued. The determining impulse that made Mrs. Vicars devote herself to this work was given by the great temperance speaker Gough, and is thus narrated:—

"Gough once spoke of a beautiful lady, who in taking off her glove in the streets of Paris, accidentally threw off a valuable diamond ring, which rolled into one of the filthy gutters, and buried itself in the black mud. At first the lady tried to rescue it by groping about for it with the stick of her parasol, but not succeeding, rather than lose her beautiful ring, at length she plunged her fair white hand into the black mud, and after some search, succeeded in rescuing the precious jewel. 'Ah,' thought Mrs. Vicars, 'that lady

Life and Work in Brighton

did not shrink from defilement in order to save an earthly jewel, and here I am shrinking from plunging my hand into the mire of sin to save some of God's eternal jewels among these poor outcasts.' From that moment her mind was made up. She showed her hands and her feet to the Saviour of the lost, saying, 'Behold my hands and my feet; send me.' "

A suggestive thought that has a message for most workers—for are we not all too easily discouraged by the failure of any of our efforts for others—feeble and half-hearted as so many are?—may also be quoted:—

“ There is the utmost prodigality in the production of seeds in Nature, but no squandering. Though we find

Of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

yet so great is the struggle for existence which is always going on, and so great the difficulty of securing all the conditions necessary for germination, that the fifty seeds must often be sown in order that the one may be brought to bear. Did Nature do as so many Christian workers do—did she sow only the one seed which was

Ellice Hopkins

likely to germinate, did she withhold her bountiful hand from scattering the forty-nine seeds which perish, because she could not see the use of it, did she only work where she was sure of direct results—the whole vegetable world would perish. Now I want to bring home to those who are workers for God—man, woman, or child—on however small or large a scale, this deep, hopeful analogy which exists between seed and all living, faithful, prayerful work for GOD. To those who are tempted to withhold their hand because they cannot see the use of this means, or have never seen any direct good results from that agency, I would impress that we must often be content to sow the fifty seeds that *one* may be brought to bear, sowing in faith beside all waters. Life is made up of such intricate agencies for good or evil, that we cannot trace what multitudinous and indirect influences may be needed to propagate the good, and the measure of our sowing does not therefore lie solely in our own judgment of what is most useful, but in what the Master has given us to do, in what we can do, be it small or great, the most useful or not in our own eyes. And to those who are going forth weeping, bearing precious seed, working amidst sore discouragements and with no

Life and Work in Brighton

visible results, I would urge that we cannot tell what vast results lie folded up in our meanest endeavour, if living and prayerful, as in a living seed—results totally unknown to ourselves, results which may lie dormant like buried seed, till long after we have passed away. GOD'S works are full of patience, and 'he that believeth will not make haste.' ”

A few subsequent words, referring specially to her early work in Cambridge, express another feeling that every worker must often experience—deep and bitter regrets for past mistakes and irrecoverable omissions:—

“ In the place in which I worked for some years there were one hundred spots held sacred to the devil, where no servant of the Lord ever thought of putting foot; but, though I boldly claimed this ground for God, going freely in and out of the bad public-houses, I think with bitter regret, now that I am laid aside, that it never occurred to me to give the message of salvation to a publican, as if he, too, had not a soul to be saved, a heart craving the peace which the world cannot give. Neither Jews nor Mohammedans will ever tread on a bit of paper, lest the name of GOD should chance to be written upon it.

Ellice Hopkins

Oh, that we Christians may never trample on any human soul, however fallen, knowing that it was made in the image of GOD, and that the name of CHRIST is written in His own life-blood upon it."

In a similar strain, she says :—

" GOD bids us ' consider the poor,' but is not that about the last thing we do? We preach to them, we talk at them, we Bible-class and religious-meeting them, we give them food and coals, and blankets and clothing and tracts, everything but simple human consideration and human fellowship, which would enable us to enter into their sorrows and difficulties as our own, and treat them with the delicate tact and tenderness of our equals, and be more intent on loving and feeling for them than on preaching and talking at them. Now Mrs. Vicars emphatically considers her poor outcasts, dealing as far as she can, individually with each one, in the Spirit of Him in Whose eyes no amount of sin and degradation ever forfeited the right to personal consideration, and Who while redeeming the race, always dealt with the individual heart and conscience. He did not think it beneath

Life and Work in Brighton

Him to ask a favour at the hands of the sinful woman of Samaria to place her at her ease, and to raise her self-respect, Who showed a knowledge of and interest in all the facts of her own personal history, Who frankly and ungrudgingly recognized the good that still remained in the midst of degradation.”

A very useful hint, still needed in too much of our reformatory and penitentiary work, follows:—

“ What I earnestly contend for is that in not making life as bright as we can for the girls, we punish not their sin but their penitence; we make them feel that that service which in church we call ‘ perfect freedom ’ is a gloomy slavery, and we show that we are not perfect in love as our Father is perfect, who when the prodigal left his sin and the swine’s husks and arose to go unto his Father, even while he was yet a great way off, ran to meet him, and took him in his arms, and began to be merry.”

Mrs. Vicars and Ellice Hopkins were convinced that in trying to help to raise fallen

Ellice Hopkins

women, excitement, even of a religious nature, was more often than not, injurious; they felt that religious "influence needs to be a quiet, sober, intensely practical one; above all, let there be no excitement. I often think of the words of a godly old charwoman, who walked humbly with her GOD for some forty years, and is now in heaven—"I think, ma'am, religion is doing things *still*." There is a good deal of truth in those words, for ourselves as well as for those poor girls. Satan knows well enough that just as a pot boiling over, for all the noise it makes, will end in putting out the fire and half emptying itself, so if he can but get a young convert to boil over into much talk, loud professions, and preaching to others, before he can well stand himself—above all, if he can get him to boil over in his own estimation, and fancy himself something wonderful, he will soon cool down, and be left half empty with the fire gone out. The religion which bridles not the tongue is vain: saving faith works by the love which is pure and peaceable, and without holiness no man shall see GOD. And remembering the words

Life and Work in Brighton

of the wise man, "In all labour there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth to penury," Mrs. Vicars set before her girls the devout quiet of a mind that is intently looking to Jesus."

"May I not, in conclusion, say one earnest, pleading word to parents to be ready and willing, at some cost to themselves, to give up their girls to this blessed work of raising the young womanhood of their country to be a fountain of love, and life, and purity? May I not urge home on them our Lord and Master's solemn dying words, 'As the Father hath sent Me into the world, even so have I sent them *into the world*?' Are you 'sending them into the world,' as God sent His own Son into the world, repeating the Divine Self-sacrifice humbly, and faithfully, and unshrinkingly, in your parents' hearts—sending them into the world to pour out their life-blood for its redemption?"

"There is but one condition of discipleship: 'As Thou hast sent Me into the world, so have I also sent them into the world.' Sent into the world, to go about doing good, to encounter evil and impurity, to be spoken

Ellice Hopkins

against, to suffer, to die if need be, we must be if we are His. In the name of Him Who spared not His own Son for you, but freely delivered Him up for us all, refuse not your children to God. Send them into the world to do battle for the kingdom of God, to look up and to lift up. Use the evils without to cast out the evils within, and suffer its mighty forces to mould them into heroic shape, even after the likeness of God's own Son."

CHAPTER VI

WORK FOR SOLDIERS—"CHRIST THE CONSOLER," AND OTHER BOOKS

WHILE still living in Brighton, Ellice Hopkins came to know Miss Sarah Robinson (the pioneer of work among soldiers, and known as the Soldiers' Friend), and for some time about the year 1870, helped her in this work among soldiers. They both had the strongest belief in prayer, and one of their intimate friends says that it was in Ellice Hopkins's house in Brighton that these two devoted souls met to talk and pray, and here the project of the Soldiers' Home at Portsmouth was set on foot. It was chiefly to help in getting the funds for this that she wrote the little book, "Active Service": except for this account and a brief statement in Miss Robinson's review of the past given in "Yarns" (published in 1892), scarcely any record of this period remains.

Ellice Hopkins

I confess that, personally, Ellice Hopkins's facts and stories and her thrilling accounts of the work constantly make me feel ashamed. It was just as hard at first for those brave women to set to work as it would be for you and for me—yet what did *they* not do?—but we—alas! how easily most of us are satisfied to sit down at ease and forget the sin and misery we do not see, or even try and forget what we cannot help seeing or knowing about.

Miss Robinson's work among soldiers shows what one very delicate woman could do, and how one effort led to another, but she, too, shrank from what she still felt she *ought* to do, and sometimes for hours she would walk up and down striving to get courage to go into some low house, or carry out some difficult enterprise. Once she found herself by some mistake (or shall we not say she was led there?) in a thieves' den, and was received with a wild hubbub—but quickly she offered to sing to them, and then apologizing for her intrusion, asked leave to come again, and became in time a welcome visitor. Many lives were changed as the result. Can any

Work for Soldiers

fiction be more exciting and absorbing than the records of such heroism as this ?

Miss Sarah Robinson (who is still happily alive) gives in " Yarns " the following account of her intercourse with Ellice Hopkins :—

" In 1868, Lady Caroline Stirling, who had invited me down for a meeting with her village people, asked if I would visit Miss Hopkins when next in Brighton, describing her as a highly-educated and gifted woman, laid aside by some internal complaint, and fretting at being helpless. I was very reluctant to go, doubtful whether I could help or cheer. However, I promised to call at least once. So far from Miss Hopkins being the fretful invalid I had imagined, I found her blessed with a keen sense of humour—a precious gift of GOD to keep us from breaking down under difficulties and disappointments. How often, if we could not laugh, we must weep ! She also had large sympathies, and was soon listening with interest to my tales of soldier-work. I went again and again ; we talked and prayed specially about Portsmouth, which I described to her as Satan's very seat, where, from time immemorial, soldiers and sailors had squandered their

Ellice Hopkins

savings and prize-money, losing health and character, and their very souls, amidst the terrible temptations surrounding them. There was *not one* decent place of resort open to a soldier where he could take mother or sister, while thousands of the most abandoned and unscrupulous lived here only to prey upon our men, and had access to them in all sorts of ways. The question with me was, 'What can be done?' I had promised God I would never rest until a Soldiers' Institute was established at Portsmouth. In 1871 Ellice Hopkins took up her share of the work, by undertaking to write and circulate 'Active Service,' in which she embodied much that I had told her, and which really laid the foundation of the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth."

Miss Robinson describes vividly the bitter opposition she met and the ridicule and persecution she had to endure; but "friends rallied and a large sum of money was collected, the greater part at meetings throughout the country, for which 'Active Service' had prepared the way." But the begging expeditions were terrible, and indeed the physical sufferings that Miss Robinson endured brought

Work for Soldiers

such serious results that for eight years subsequently she could not leave the house. She adds (what all enthusiasts feel), "It is a good thing we cowards cannot see far ahead, or we should never attempt anything for the Lord," and she quotes the motto that was selected for "Active Service," and constantly used by Ellice Hopkins,

So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The Soul replies, "I can."

Miss Hopkins's description of Miss Robinson's work, carried on in spite of the greatest physical hindrances, might be applied to herself and her own difficulties, for—ever eager to see the good in others—she thus writes of Miss Robinson's work among soldiers in "Active Service": "Ever doing faithfully the work that lay nearest to her, however small or uncongenial to her tastes, she found herself being gradually promoted by the Master to more and more important work." She says herself, "I would rather be a faithful than a seemingly successful worker."

Ellice Hopkins

Miss Robinson gave herself and her own means entirely to this work for soldiers, and established Sailors' and Soldiers' Welcomes and Institutes, not only in England, but also in Egypt. One of the soldiers said: "We call Miss Robinson 'The Soldiers' Friend' because she isn't like some people who try to do us good: she does not sit at the top of the stairs and tell us what we ought to do, but she comes down and takes us by the hand, and looks us in the face, and leads us in the right way."

After describing the many branches of work undertaken by Miss Robinson—lectures, meetings, letters, superintendence of coffee-rooms, clubs, night schools, etc. etc., Ellice adds: "And all this good and true work done on confirmed spinal complaint,* in constant pain, and weariness and depression; while over the graves of many in full health, might in old Gurnall's words be written, 'Here lies a man who never did GOD an hour's work in

* Miss Robinson is, and has been for thirty-five years, obliged to wear a steel support, without which she can neither sit up nor walk, but she has always prayed that this might never hinder her working.

Work for Soldiers

his life.' I know not how it may strike my readers, but I know nothing more humbling to one's own laziness in the past, more stirring to do more bravely in the future, than this divine strength made perfect in a woman's weakness, the power of GOD visibly resting on one encompassed with infirmities."

Portsmouth at that time was, as Miss Robinson found, the very stronghold of Satan. Here regiments returning from abroad disembarked, often with some thousands of pounds of their savings, here they were often quartered for a year or more. Here many of H.M. troopships were paid off, the arrival of each one being awaited by crowds of land sharks. Satan's missionaries were hard at work, but no Christian voice was heard, nor was there, when this little appeal was published, a single decent place of resort where the men could spend their leisure and their money.

Miss Hopkins, brought through Miss Robinson to a knowledge of these evils, wrote her stirring appeal for a Soldiers' Institute. The appeal was successful, just as her previous one had been successful in helping Mrs. Vicars,

Ellice Hopkins

and in 1874 the Institute, costing some £20,000, was opened, with dormitories, lecture hall, refreshment and reading rooms, and every kind of convenience. Ellice Hopkins was on the Council of this Institute, which she had so largely helped to found, and she was also one of the Trustees for this and kindred Institutes established by Miss Robinson.

Another branch of work of a very different character grew out of this intercourse. During the time Miss Robinson was helping Mrs. Daniell, and as an accompaniment to their work at Aldershot among soldiers, she had, in 1864, felt obliged also to work among fallen women, the army making Aldershot at night hideous. She found that midnight meetings were useless, as many who came then were half drunk, so she tried daylight visiting in the dens. This proved so successful that Miss Hopkins longed to try it in Brighton, and began at last with others this hardest and most repugnant of all efforts. She says in speaking of it, "One must go emptied of oneself—in the strength of the *Lord* only—and pray as if there were no

Work for Soldiers

other lost soul in the world but that one you meet.”

More than one leaflet specially for soldiers (“Does it Answer?” for example) was written by Ellice Hopkins. A few words from one called “A Plea for our Soldiers,” though written long after this time, may be quoted in this connection:—

“I desire most earnestly to plead the cause of the moral welfare of our soldiers with all who would gladly render them a service in return for their courage and devotion on the field.

“We are all agreed, from Lord Roberts of Kandahar downwards, as to the necessity of the most strenuous moral efforts being put forth to grapple with the problem presented by a soldier’s life. Let us remember that a large number of our private soldiers are drawn from a class that have never received any teaching on the subject of purity beyond that conveyed in filthy jests and coarse jocularities. They join the service as mere boys, low traditions abound all round them, barrack life precludes them from the purifying influences of family life and association with pure women. Under these condi-

Ellice Hopkins

tions our brave, ignorant, raw lads are left, in the strong words of a well-known medical man, 'to blunder like blind puppies into sin,' with what results to themselves let the wards of Netley Hospital declare.

“ Only let us realize what we owe our soldiers. Their real work is not to kill, but to make alive. It is they who set us a high standard of duty, who make the whole nation alive with heroism in its performance, and set us an example of 'obedience unto death' in its fulfilment. Twice they have taught us the true attitude of the man to the woman ; once in the loss of the ' Birkenhead,' when 450 men went down without moving a muscle into their ' vast and wandering grave,' dying rather than swamp the women and children crowded into the boats ; once in the wreck of the ' Warren Hastings,' when 500 men stood drawn up mid-decks in the pitch darkness for hours face to face with imminent death, patiently waiting till the women and children were saved before they stirred hand or foot to save themselves—surely an earnest that the time will come when men will die rather than drive women and even mere children down into the bitter waters of degradation and death.

Work for Soldiers

“ I maintain that men capable of such heroism as this, and of those splendid deeds of valour and endurance almost daily wafted to us from the Indian frontier, are capable of rising from the level of the animal to the height of true manhood. Surely we shall not grudge them a thank-offering for the splendid example of devotion to duty which they set us, or refuse to stretch out our hands to save them from their worst enemies, as they are ready to lay down their lives to save us from our national foes. Surely with the strains still in our memories of that Highland piper sitting ‘bleezing awa’ amid a storm of bullets, with the words in his heart of that earlier piper, ‘Deil’ tak me, lads, if ye shall want for music,’ we in our turn are not going to stand silently by and see our brave fellows rush—alas! not to victory, but to their doom, for the want of the warning word, the living voice and example to guide them, the stirring call to arms in a deadlier fight, to win a nobler victory over sin and death.

“ I am thankful therefore to be able to state that the White Cross League, with our strong and wise Primate for its President, has undertaken to spread good, sound teaching both by the living voice and the written

Ellice Hopkins

word through the length and breadth of the Army."

For the next two or three years after the publication of "Active Service," and the work on behalf of the soldiers, the records are scanty and the surviving letters few; there were many periods of illness and enforced idleness, and a good deal of travelling about, both abroad and at home, in search of those elusive friends, sleep and health; but it must have been about this time that Ellice wrote her only long stories—one, "Fred Williams," was a tale for boys, of which three or more editions were issued, but which has long been out of print and now seems completely to have vanished from sight or remembrance. The other was a much more ambitious work, a two-volumed novel called "Rose Turquand"; this was published in 1876 and dedicated to her sister, and is a wonderfully well-sustained, though highly improbable story. The "Westminster Review" said of it, that "Rose Turquand" was a "book to be read and re-read," and undoubtedly it must have been widely read, since

“Christ the Consoler”

a third and cheaper edition was speedily called for. From her description of character and her originality in plot-making, Ellice would no doubt have succeeded in writing some notable novels, had she chosen to exercise her talents in this way.

Other small books, many of course now out of print, were also written about this time. Another, however, written in 1879, is still in demand, for a seventh edition was published in 1904. It is called “Christ the Consoler, a Book of Comfort for the Sick.” It bears the motto, “Recedat spes sæculi, et accedat spes Dei,” from St. Augustine, and the inscription :—

TO MY FRIEND

JOHN GRIFFITH, LL.D.

BY WHOM THE WORDS OF THE CONSOLER

CAME TO ME

IN SICKNESS AND SORROW

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

This book takes the form of questions, statements, or longings on the disciple's side (the Voice of the Disciple), given largely in

Ellice Hopkins

the form of passages of Scripture or quotations from well-known writers—St. Augustine, St. Francis, etc. The reply (the Voice of the Consoler) is almost wholly in words of Scripture, but a few poems or hymns are also quoted, and some passages are given from the “Imitation of Christ,” from St. Francis, and other writers. The book certainly testifies to Ellice’s deep and intimate knowledge of the Bible and of many religious writers. The late Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle wrote an introduction to it. In the preface, Ellice says: “I have earnestly endeavoured, by not using my own words, so much as the words of some of the greatest minds and loftiest souls that have ever lived, to help the sick, in the peculiar isolation of their lives, to realize that they are compassed about with a ‘great cloud of witnesses,’ that many of GOD’S best and highest have left their footprints on those parched and desert sands the sick have often to cross, and now having overcome and entered into their rest, stretch out hands of help to them, saying, ‘Labour and suffer, thou too shalt overcome.’”

“ Christ the Consoler ”

Of this book the “ British Quarterly ” said that “ The conception and the execution are equally true. It is a wise and precious *vade-mecum* for sufferers.”

CHAPTER VII

IN HOLIDAY TIME—"GODS IN EXILE"

DELIGHTFUL interludes of rest and enjoyment came into this strenuous life from time to time. The friend who shared most of them writes: "No one could know Ellice Hopkins who had not spent a summer holiday with her. In order that she might return to it with renewed energy, she then resolutely cut herself off from her work, spending her days in the open air, fearless of wind and rain. When thus set free to follow her own natural bent she showed what she would have been if she had lived the life of the ordinary woman. She was essentially domestic, loved home, and was a true 'home-maker.' Her own home, though quite simple, was always dainty, and she had to a rare degree the power of winning willing service, not only from her own servants, but from those of her friends. Simple enough, certainly, were her summer lodgings, for, generous as to her work,

In Holiday Time

she spent as little as possible on herself. Some of my brightest memories of her are associated with a brick-paved cottage at Coldharbour, where the hens not unfrequently took advantage of the open door. But the hostess gave her own charm to her surroundings, with her keen intellect, poetic taste, and most delightful humour. Sad it is to think that no picture of her can give the charm of her talk. But true it is, in the words of a friend, who, brilliant herself, knew to the full how quick and sparkling was the wit of which she writes: 'You can't describe the perfume of a flower, or convey a living impression of its effect on you. The bright passages of wit that used to delight us can no more be transferred to paper than the colours of fireworks; to strangers who only heard about them no adequate idea could possibly be conveyed of her talks.'"

With her varied powers, the range of her interests was unusually wide. Born a poet, she was scientific by training, and thus looked at Nature with a twofold vision. Many of her poems show this double gift, notably

Ellice Hopkins

“Life and Death,” “Medusa,” and “The Golden Ladder,” published in the volume called “Autumn Swallows.” Her “English Idylls,” published when she was quite young, are simple studies of English scenes, with much promise of what might have been, had her life been less strenuous. The poems of later years were the outlet for the sadness of her own inner life, and of the fight with evil to which she was called, and many of them are sad enough. But beneath and beyond the sorrow we find the strength of an undying hope and of a faith that never failed.

Many and varied are the memories of holiday meetings, not a few at Freshwater in its golden days. Some extracts from a paper written by Ellice Hopkins will give her own impressions of this favourite spot. She calls it “Gods in Exile,” thus explained:—

“Towards the latter part of the last century a most distinguished group of men and women, some of them numbered among the immortals, but all alike remarkable in one way or another, were gathered together in the quiet and somewhat remote little sea resort, Freshwater.

“ Gods in Exile ”

“ Freshwater at that time had no resemblance whatever to our modern watering-places. No railway whistle ever rent in twain its pastoral stillness, no German band ever brayed down the song of its birds. With its hollow lanes fringed with poppy-glinting corn, with the deep boom of its waves pausing as if to let in the song of the blackbird and the thrush before its mellow thunders broke again upon the air ; with its noble downs rich with the crusted gold of the gorse, and its quiet pastures spread at their feet, it was just a little bit of sweet rural England, sloping gently down to the sea.

“ It was in this restful spot that my sister took a house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. The Camerons themselves were distinguished Indian people, so distinguished that Mr. Cameron was offered the Governorship of Ceylon, an offer only refused through a sudden breakdown of health. Mrs. Cameron was one of six sisters, daughters of Admiral Pattel, who were famed for both their wit and beauty. I can see her now stepping across the common lawn of the two houses to greet me, the day after my arrival, with outstretched hands, and that lovely smile of welcome irradiating her whole face, and the

Ellice Hopkins

next moment finding myself tucked under her arm and talking to her of things in heaven and earth as if I had known her all my life. I can hear now the deep resonant 'yes' with which she met any fine thought, or noble deed, or lofty sentiment, as if she wished to seal it with her whole being. Mrs. Cameron's name was chiefly known by that which represented her rich and abounding nature least, her photography, to which, next to her family and social claims, she devoted her time. Her photograph of 'Tennyson as Prophet,' as she called it, given in his biography by his son, is the finest likeness existing of him.

"At a very unassuming-looking house at the foot of the downs lived another of the Immortals, our great painter, who always went by the name of the 'Divine Watts.' Mrs. Cameron took us to see his studio, and to be introduced to him. We found a slightly-built man with a fine head, most courteous in manner, and with the simplicity and humility of the immortal child that so often dwells at the heart of true genius. There was something pathetic to me in the occasional poise of the head, the face slightly lifted as we see in the blind, as if in dumb beseeching to the fountain of Eternal Beauty for more power

“ Gods in Exile ”

to think His thoughts after Him. There is always in his work a window left open to the infinite, the unattainable ideal.

“ By singular good fortune we were introduced to Charles Tennyson-Turner on one of his rare visits to Freshwater. For years he produced nothing, under the impression that it was impossible to vie with his brother. Yet no true lover of poetry but knows and appreciates his sonnets, with their gem-like beauty, each a perfectly cut jewel with its twelve facets, and each facet reflecting its own ray of beauty.

“ With the youngest brother, Arthur, I was at one time much thrown. He was so like the Poet-Laureate that he was constantly mistaken for him, though he had not the piercing dark eyes, which made the two faces to me so different. I had at that time, by Lord Tennyson's permission, the run of the Farringford grounds, and most of my play-hours were spent with Arthur Tennyson under a beautiful old lime ; occasionally diving like swallows into the nest-like old house, half hidden in ivy and trees, in order to fetch out of the library some book that we wanted. He was a strange, fascinating creature, absent-minded and shy to a degree. Years after, he came over to see me at Malvern during my

Ellice Hopkins

long illness, with his charming second wife, and I found him just the same delightful creature, largely occupying his time in visiting the sick and the poor. His visitations must have been unique, not to be found in any guide to parish work. One old lady who poured forth a continuous stream of ailments upon him, which left him no loophole for kindly exhortations, he used gently but firmly to interrupt by saying, 'Now, Betty, stop a bit with the ailments, and let me tuck in a text.' The text was accordingly tucked in. Not long before his death, he became quite blind through cataract, and used pathetically to say to his friends, 'You see God has sent me to His night-school.'

Now almost all of those remarkable personalities that were gathered together in that quiet nook of old England have passed away, and I can only close my reminiscences with the words of Henry Vaughan :—

'They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here :
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts do clear.
He that hath seen a fledged bird's nest,
Knows at first sight the bird is flown ;
But what fair grove or dell he sings in now
That is to him unknown.'"

In Holiday Time

This concludes Ellice Hopkins's own reminiscences of the happy Freshwater days : as they show, she was ever equally ready to enter into any fun, or to hold deep and abstruse conversation with kindred minds. She had great natural capacity for enjoyment when with those she loved, either her own family or friends.

CHAPTER VIII
IN HOLIDAY TIME
(CONTINUED)

THE reminiscences of the joint holiday-making already quoted in part, and which, although covering various years, it seems better to give consecutively here, rather than in direct chronological order, continue:—
“After a serious breakdown in health, Miss Hopkins spent a year abroad, the winter in the South and the summer by the Italian lakes, mainly on Monte Generoso. She loved the mountain heights better than the great cities, though she entered with all her soul into their history, ancient and modern, and valued to the full the sight of the Old Masters. She had not specially studied Art, but she knew enough to know a great deal more before she had exhausted her opportunities, and many vivid memories still come up of our meetings in the galleries of Rome, Perugia,

In Holiday Time

and Florence. Whilst entering into the great things, she did not neglect the small, and, as an example of her determination to succeed in what she undertook, I recall her attack in very limited Italian on the mosaic workers in the Vatican, not leaving them till she got the recipe for their cement, which she wanted for a kind of mosaic of mother-of-pearl of her own invention. Her ingenuity was only equalled by her patience in the various kinds of handiwork with which she rested her busy brain. This mosaic work,* bent iron work, flower painting, in addition to all the usual feminine fancy work, came easily to the tiny fingers that looked so very unlike usefulness, and she gave zest to her work by doing it sometimes for her charities, but much more usually as gifts to her friends.

“My one experience of her on mountain heights was in a delightful stay at Mürren, in the days when Mürren had no railway and

* The mother-of-pearl work which she did in her later years was very beautiful, and is referred to in letters given subsequently (pp. 226, 228). She invented an instrument for cutting the shell, and made wonderful frames, mirrors, and crosses for her friends.

Ellice Hopkins

only two hotels. Our journey up the Rhine was enjoyed by her with all the zest that can make so much of the most common incidents of travel. But the pearl of days was spent on the river from Bingen to Mainz, with a talk to Professor (afterwards Sir John) Seeley. He had just brought out his 'Life of Stein,' and was so steeped in every kind of German lore that we could only think of some ancient German scholar who by some chance had strayed into an English environment. He was in happy mood, and his eager listeners were well content. One thing we none of us ever forgot—his concise definition of German literature as he said: 'Every German book has too many volumes, each volume has too many chapters, each chapter has too many paragraphs, each paragraph has too many sentences, each sentence has too many words, each word has too many letters, and each letter has too much ink.'

“Several poems in the 'Autumn Swallows' give the impression of the Alps that most struck the writer. The sharp contrast of the stern awfulness of the high peaks with

In Holiday Time

the tenderness of the fragile flowerets that fringe the eternal snows are seen in a sonnet ending characteristically :—

‘Awe-struck I stand and gaze, eternal Love,
On the dread forces that have made the world,
And like some Alpine harebell poised above
A roar of waters, trembling to their breath,
Yet drinking still fresh life from shuddering death.’

“But a seven weeks’ sojourn in lonely, lovely Sark was the best test of what Ellice Hopkins could be as a companion with whom there was never a dull moment. The little wayside inn where we took up our quarters will always stand out as a centre of never-ending dramatic interest, as its daily events caught the light of her fancy in jest or earnest. At that date travellers who made any stay were few and far between. Once a week a boatful of trippers came from Guernsey or Jersey, and on those days Monsieur Vaudin (our host) took us in his pony-cart with our picnic-baskets far away from the trippers to the Seigneurie Gardens or to the rocks above the Baie du Moulin, where we found blissful peace and lingered till we had watched the sun set over Brechou

Ellice Hopkins

and the sunset glory die away over Guernsey in the far distance.

“On usual days we took up our quarters in a corner of a field opposite to the inn, which sloped downwards to the sea, giving us a glimpse of Jersey far away. Here we talked and read, and Ellice studied Dante and wrote poems of her own. For sole companion we had a pretty little heifer, who devoted herself to us from one unlucky morning, when, going indoors for luncheon, we left our belongings as we thought safely rolled up in our waterproofs. When we returned, however, our consternation equalled the confusion we found, waterproofs undone and books scattered everywhere, the author of the mischief facing us boldly with gleeful eyes, at which we marvelled not a little when we discovered that she had swallowed not only a long folio poem of the most depressing nature, but also nearly the whole of the ‘Inferno.’

“‘To think of that innocent creature walking about with all the torments of the lost inside her!’ was Ellice’s exclamation, and for days we watched for results. But the

In Holiday Time

impenitent offender only flourished on her strange diet, the sole effect being an insatiable desire for literature before which nothing in print was safe, and of which Ellice took advantage in feeding her with some papers that had excited displeasure; writing afterwards to the author that although she did not appreciate what he had sent, she could comfort him by the assurance that even in this remote spot she had found 'a disciple who not only eagerly devoured his works, but truly marked, learned, and inwardly digested them.'

"In those days Sark was still primitive and unspoiled. So primitive, indeed, that the post office was quite a recent institution. To the stranger its ways remained inscrutable, and to the native the whole thing was an object of deep distrust. In old days it had been so easy to give your letters to the first person going to Guernsey, and, if you expected an answer, what could be more simple than to go and find it where it had been put, safe above high-water mark on the beach!

"Ellice very soon made her influence felt. My first memory of her, on our first evening

Ellice Hopkins

in Sark, was of seeing her spring to her feet and dash into the road in front of the inn, her little hands presently seen grasping the brawny arms of two infuriated fishermen whose angry discussion had reached the point of blows. The surprise of this interruption was enough, and the pair slunk shamefacedly away, while our good hostess gave us a full, true, and most particular account of the main offender, a handsome *vaurien*, whom we must most carefully avoid when we wanted a boatman.

“We quite meant to take this advice, and took care in our first excursion to select an altogether nice-looking young boatman in whom we could trace no resemblance to the *vaurien* aforesaid. But when we were out at sea, perhaps from some triumphant twinkle in the blue eyes, we more than suspected what afterwards became certainty, when through the open door we heard his voice in its jubilant ‘So, Madame, I took your ladies, after all!’

“‘It is your duty to talk to him for his good,’ Ellice had said, when she first suspected our mistake, to which there was but one answer, ‘Certainly not, when *you* are there!’

In Holiday Time

But no chance offered, if even we could have made ourselves understood, for nothing could exceed the good manners of our friend as he took us round the loveliest caves and pointed out the spots of greatest interest.

“There was not much of spiritual help beyond the Church—our own service translated into French. Forty years before this the vicar had come from Switzerland as a college friend of the seigneur, and after his friend was drowned before his eyes he had never left the island. In forty years his coming and going had been restricted to an area two miles long by one mile across. Distant views of the larger islands were all he knew of the great outer world, and it was small wonder if he lost touch with it, and grew absorbed in dreams of a Millennial Jerusalem. He did his duty to the Church, but left his people very much alone till they were ill or dying. Then he visited them diligently, first deciding if a doctor should or should not come from Guernsey. Under such circumstances, as Madame Vaudin said, meaning highest praise, he was ‘every bit as good as an old woman.’

Ellice Hopkins

“The laws were not unrepresented in the island, for there was the constable, whose post might be very much of a sinecure, but had its dignity, as shown in his celebrated reply to a lady visitor taken to task for leaving gates open behind her. Very indignantly she exclaimed, ‘But do you know I am the wife of the Dean of —?’ ‘Cela m’est égal, Madame. But you do not come to do your wickednesses in Sark!’

“Another of the stories of this official shows the simplicity that prevailed in those days. An English tourist was arrested for throwing stones down the Creux, regardless of the danger to any explorer from below. It was the duty of the constable to row his prisoner over to the magistrate at Guernsey. The way was long and the sun was strong, and midway the rower thought a swim might be refreshing. Divesting himself of his garments, he commended them to the prisoner, bidding him be specially careful of the warrant in his pocket. He was not at all surprised on returning from his swim to find prisoner and warrant equally safe. The pair completed their journey

In Holiday Time

to Guernsey, where the culprit was dismissed with the injunction that 'if not guilty this time, he must not do it again.'

"During the first part of our stay in our mountain islet, we had great enjoyment in our explorations. The deep fissures in the high cliffs, and the many fairy bays, gave quite a long coast-line; while the variety of scenery included everything from jagged rocky heights to fairy coral caves, or from sunny cornfields to shady groves. Miss Hopkins had intensely enjoyed these rambles, and triumphed in her renewed strength, when suddenly came a disappointment the more intense in its contrast. In going down into the Gouliot cave she slipped and hurt her knee, so that she did not walk again till the end of our stay. But it was not long before the inevitable was accepted cheerfully, and she consoled herself with her Italian studies—the 'Paradiso' having luckily escaped our friend the literary cow—and she found delight in her microscope. I remember that she made intimate acquaintance with the whole hawkweed family, receiving with enthusiasm the new

Ellice Hopkins

specimens which gave an object to my solitary rambles.

“ Her appreciation of any little loving service was most touching. There might be times of stress and strain in her work when she could be impatient or exacting. From her excitability when overstrained, some of her friends found her trying. But this was not in holiday time, and I never knew it. She was a frequent guest in my own home, and she was always the most easily satisfied of visitors, welcomed by the whole household.

“ Very characteristic of herself, of her own dual nature—as well as of our island resting-place—was a poem she gave me one day when we had been sitting on the cliffs at the edge of a cornfield, with the larks singing above us in the blue, while from far below came the shrill cries of the sea-birds as they circled round the wave-washed rocks :—

TWO VOICES

‘ Above my head a tideless deep of blue,
Beneath my feet a deep that ever grew.

Two voices on my dreaming ear were borne,
One full of ecstasy, and one forlorn.

In Holiday Time

The one, the storm-tost sea-mew's plaining cry,
And mocking laugh at all beneath the sky.

Cry of the broken wave, the high endeavour,
That, climbing to its height, sinks baffled ever.

Voice of the weird sea-paths, that winding run
Across the lonely deep, out to the sun,

Then suddenly break off and disappear,
Nor reach the light, nor lead they anywhere.

Voice of the Sea, whose murmur never wanes,
Heard in the fruited bough, in vernal rains ;

Persistent undertone of life, faint breaths,
That breathe adieu ! adieu ! And still are death's.

The other, linking with its glittering chains
Those broken cries, the skylark's jubilant strains.

Voice of the cornfields where the children roam,
Whose many winding pathways all lead home.

Shout of the gold of GOD in harvests given,
The living bread that cometh down from Heaven.

Voice of the light and heaven's own ecstasies,
The loosened passion of the silent skies.

Oh, voices twain, I find you both for ever
In this deep heart of mine that resteth never.

A deep of pain it is, a deep of light :
I know not whether most 'tis sad or bright.

Ellice Hopkins

My sweetest uses spring from saddest tears,
My cloud-born glory sun and tempest wears,

And still two voices to my heart are given,
One of the moaning deep, and one of heaven.'"

CHAPTER IX

THE INFLUENCE OF JAMES HINTON— HIS LIFE—LETTERS ON FRIENDSHIP

AFTER the long rest and the travels already described, Ellice's health much improved, and her eager desire for work was soon re-kindled, if indeed it ever slumbered. To such a nature as hers, to see the right and the work that needed to be done, meant that at whatever cost to health, to peace of mind, to sweet fireside happiness, to ambition, she must try to do it, if no one else seemed alive to the need. The ever-deepening influence of that wonderful man and physician, James Hinton, whom she first came to know about 1872, and with whom she soon became on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship, and that of another dearly-loved friend, Miss Ridley, shaped all her future life and changed the whole current of her work, and was indeed the main cause that led to the martyrdom

Ellice Hopkins

of her last years—that prolonged agony so much harder to endure, and to endure worthily, than any single supreme effort.

Dr. James Hinton, the leading aurist of his time, and a profound philosophical thinker with a most original mind, having become her great teacher and chief inspirer during the last years of his life, laid upon her the obligation to give her life and unusual powers to the work to which her later years were devoted—the effort to rouse the world to a hatred of immorality, and to a higher standard of living. He himself had been nearly heartbroken at the scenes that met him in London streets, and by his knowledge of women's degradation, his main relief being that Ellice at length promised to devote the rest of her life to the work he could not do. In her he discerned the fitting and talented instrument to carry out his great idea, which was to rouse educated women, and through them their husbands and their sons, to a sense of their duty with regard to the social evil.

In her own account of their early intercourse she says: "The very first time he came

The Influence of James Hinton

to me at Brighton, to see if I could give him any help, speaking of all he had seen and heard, his voice suddenly broke and he bowed his face and wept like a child. That one man could suffer as he did over the degradation of this womanhood of ours has always been to me the most hopeful thing I know, a divine earnest of ultimate overcoming. The only thing that seemed in a measure to assuage his anguish was my promise to devote myself to the one work of fighting it and endeavouring to waken the conscience of the nation with regard to it."

He then taught her medically all he thought she ought to know, a knowledge fraught with deepest sorrow to both.

As her teacher, Hinton led her to face life as it really is, for he was a man who dared to look upon the awful face of life, believing that it was the marred and thorn-crowned face of Love ; believing that the evil phenomenon is ever to reveal the good reality which alone has real existence ; that, however black and meaningless it may look, it is as a stained-glass window seen from without, but radiant

Ellice Hopkins

with martyr and saint and divinest meaning seen from within. Just as men engaged in sport or contests find nothing so enjoyable as that which taxes their endurance and energy severely, so pain, he considered, is an essential element of the highest good, though felt as evil by a want in us—want of knowledge, want of love. From him, she learned to be unafraid of truth or of life's deepest problems, and recognized that the greater the love, the greater must of necessity be the sacrifice. His MS. notes contain the following illustration of this truth:—

“Suppose instead of Curtius, a slave, hating Rome, and cursing her with his last breath, had been thrown into the gulf to save the city. Yet suppose, in some future state of existence, that slave had come to see the part Rome was to play in the civilization of the world, and was to say from his heart, ‘I am glad I was sacrificed for Rome,’ at once the involuntary sacrifice would be made his own, filling him with infinite joy and satisfaction.”

So Hinton held that our most blank-seeming woes, the pains and penalties we have most

The Influence of James Hinton

grudged as barren of all good, may have forward ends—be, in fact, so much stored-up force—and become the very material of the noblest joy, when the “more life and fuller” shall have revealed the true uses they served in the redemption of the world.

This thought is worked out fully in “The Mystery of Pain,” a book “addressed to the sorrowful,” and those “to whom their own or other’s pain is a daily burden, on whose hearts it weighs with an intolerable anguish—who might give themselves up to endurance, but cannot tolerate the unreason, the waste, the seeming wrong—what they demand is to see a right and purpose in this loss and wrong. . . .

“We need not be hopeless in the presence of the problem of pain; knowledge might alter its entire aspect. There is one condition under which we know that pain is not truly an evil, but a good. This is when pain is willingly borne for another’s sake. The entire character is altered then. It not only passes into the category of good things, but it becomes emphatically *the good*. Our life

Ellice Hopkins

has nothing so excellent to show. All kinds of pleasure fall infinitely below it. Measured by self-sacrifice, by heroism, every other good not only sinks into a lower place, but becomes evidently of a lower kind. . . . Conceive all martyrdoms blotted out of the world's history—how blank and barren were the page.

“ If all pain might be seen in the light of martyrdom ; if the least and lowest in man's poor and puny life—or shall we rather say in GOD'S great universe—might be interpreted by its best and highest, were not the work done ? It *is* done ; for the light has shone, the word is spoken. . . .

“ It comes to us realized in the highest form, and raises our souls to a height which might seem too awful and too full of joy, for so regarded, all our pains—all human pain and loss—identify themselves, in meaning and in end, with the sufferings of Christ. He stands as the Revealer to us of Human Life, and the emotions which His story awakens within us become the pattern of those with which all distress may be encountered and every loss accepted.

“ CHRIST redeemed the world not by teach-

The Influence of James Hinton

ing but by dying ; it was a thing He did not like, He could not feel it to be good."

This is not the place to dwell upon the life or thoughts of James Hinton, but it should not be forgotten that to him we owe one increasingly useful and hard-worked word, for it was he who first borrowed the word "altruistic" from Comte and naturalized it as an English word. Science indeed teaches altruism, for nothing exists in or for itself in nature. One or two of his sayings are : " Love to GOD is devotion to His work " ; " Never be afraid of giving up your best, and GOD will give you His better " ; " Be such a one that you may obey your impulses."

Another favourite thought of his, for it helped him to reconcile the presence of pain and evil here with the fact of a loving and Omnipotent Ruler of the world, was that the conception of the heavenly state as loss and taking away of anything we now possess (except sinful relations) is mistaken. We shall have *added*, not fewer faculties, just as we may conceive a person with the use of sight only, having other senses, touch, hearing, and so on,

Ellice Hopkins

added: "Here this world seems sad, dark, unfinished, there we shall see it *is* redemption: GOD'S work of saving is done in this petty, wearisome life; religion becomes everything in this revelation, because it makes everything religious."

Loving and revering him deeply, Ellice wrote after his death, which took place in December, 1875, her most able and important book, the "Life of James Hinton," published in 1878. It gives a clear insight into the strikingly original mind of this idealist and thinker, a mind which, from her scientific and philosophical studies, Ellice Hopkins was specially fitted to appreciate. Perhaps the "Life" unduly emphasized his later ethical thoughts, though it is almost entirely told in Hinton's own words, for his letters to his wife, to Ellice herself, to Miss Ridley, and other friends, contain the germ of some of his best thoughts and works. Many of these are quoted in the "Life," with merely a connecting link, very brief and lucid, added. Tennyson exclaimed on hearing that such a "Life" was being written, "How could that exquisite

The Influence of James Hinton

mind be put into a book?" It is indeed a remarkably able work, and succeeds in showing clearly Hinton's idealistic, intellectual side, while leaving out the strain of derangement and wildness which at times was very evident. It was his passionate longing to redeem woman, and his helplessness, that more than anything else unhinged his mind. His life as revealed by Ellice Hopkins has proved an inspiration to many a thoughtful but almost despairing worker, in the strife against crushing obstacles. One of the many whom Ellice Hopkins guided to her future life-work, Miss Steer, of the "Bridge of Hope," says that Hinton's most marked characteristic was a passionate earnestness for the redemption of women. He had everything the world could give him—pre-eminent success in his profession, wealth and honour, a devoted wife and children and a perfect home life, yet he died of a broken heart: the reason lay in these words spoken in the height of his fame, "If I am remembered at all, I want to be remembered as a man who went mad over the wrongs of women."

Ellice Hopkins

As was the case with most of Ellice Hopkins's books, this volume saw several successive editions. Sir William Gull wrote a Preface for it, and it was widely and very favourably reviewed.

It was to carry out her sacred trust, to which she frequently referred in her subsequent public speeches, that Ellice began her efforts on behalf of purity; or rather, since she had worked in this direction before, it is more correct to say that from this time she devoted her whole energies to this work, first by founding in many towns Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls, and later by founding the White Cross League—that formed the absorbing interest, and caused the exhausting labours of the rest of her working life.

In one of her latest books, Ellice Hopkins gives the following account of how she came to give herself wholly to this work, and how she was prepared for it: “In the first place, I was trained for the work by a medical man—my friend Mr. James Hinton—first in his own branch of the London profession, and a most original thinker. To him the degrada-

The Influence of James Hinton

tion of women, which most men accept with such blank indifference, was a source of unspeakable distress. He used to wander about the Haymarket and Piccadilly at night, and break his heart over the sights he saw and the tales he heard. The words of the prophet ground themselves into his very soul, with regard to the miserable wanderers of our streets: 'This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and hid in prison-houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith, Restore!' He died prematurely of a broken heart.

"For ten years, therefore, after my friend's death, I gave up everything for the purpose of carrying on the work he left me, and beat wearily up and down the three kingdoms, holding meetings, organizing practical work, agitating for the greater legal protection of the young, afterwards embodied in two Acts—one for removing children from dens of infamy, and one known as the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which have done much to educate the public sentiment of the country."

Ellice Hopkins

About this time, when the subject was full of fresh interest, and before she had actually embarked on her ten years' campaign, Miss Hopkins wrote an illuminative article for the "Contemporary Review," on Carnivorous Plants. Even in this subject she could not help discovering and pointing out the dominant note of her thoughts—the unity of all organic life, and seeing in this "constant suffering and dying that others may live and gain fuller completion, a faint shadowing forth of the great law of sacrifice, which Christianity reveals as the very life of GOD, and the realizing of which is the highest life of man." This was the last paper she wrote on any but the topic she made so specially her own.

Ellice, so essentially a home-maker and a home-lover, chose from this time the solitary way instead, but her response to the call of duty did not lessen her humanity nor her love and sympathy, always great.

Many of her letters give glimpses of this intense power of love and sympathy which was one of Ellice's most striking characteristics, and which brought her sorrow as well

The Influence of James Hinton

as joy, but which nevertheless she cultivated instead of closing her heart, as so many of us do, as we grow older.

To a friend in bereavement she writes :—

“ You have been much in my thoughts, as I know you are just beginning to feel all the reality of your loss. For that there is no remedy—Death is a terrible reality, ‘ neither is there any remedy, but only to endure thyself,’ so far as the earthly loss goes. The only way is to recognize this, and keep one’s face steadily turned to the Light beyond, and all the noble and impersonal uses of life which lift one up above one’s own aching heart.”

And again, writing to her godchild on friendship :—

“ I think we feel singularly alike on the subject of loving ; I did so like your readiness to go to your suffering friends at a moment’s call. Nothing strikes me more than the large amount of commonplace love there is in the world ; so much of its anguish and loneliness and desolation springs from that one fact, and might be prevented if people would try and form in themselves a high standard of loving ; it would vastly increase their own

Ellice Hopkins

happiness, and oh, how it would increase the happiness of others. You have this high standard, and I trust I strive after it. . . . How one grows in the feeling that all love is not so much a gift as a sacred trust. . . . I wish the Church would make me godmother to all my friends, that I might remember this trust more than I do. How often I have thought of you in your house of deep mourning, and prayed that the GOD of all consolation may be with you, and with them. I do not know anything that helps one to realize so entirely St. Augustine's grand words, 'Let the hope of life give way, let the hope of GOD ascend,' as being a comforter in the house of mourning."

One more letter to the same friend, though written at a much later date, may be given here :—

"I always think it is much harder for you to overcome and to accept life than for me, because your work is the quiet ministration to individual souls, which is so profoundly necessary, but shows so much less than mine. I am manifestly offered up for the good of the world, and am palpably leading a forlorn hope on which the life of thousands may depend. But when one's work is much more

The Influence of James Hinton

unseen, it is much harder to forego. Your life has been a singular lesson in foregoing and patient endurance, but you seem to me always to be so perfect in what the Master sets you to do, so different from me, that in the end I always believe you will be set infinitely above my head. I have always that forlorn feeling that my work may bring me into condemnation."

This feeling recalls one of her pathetic poems called "The Sword of God," which describes the besmirching of a fair lily, and concludes—

And I wept for my lily ; and still, as I wept on apart,
I seemed to be weeping and weeping a woman's heart.

Ellice's determination to accept GOD's will, to learn the special lessons of her constant suffering and weakness—so great a trial to her active mind and eager desire to be of use to others—is expressed in this letter to a friend:—

"Have you not observed in life, in the formation of Character, how much more is done in and for us than by oneself? that we are in fact tuned like bells, by repeated and long-continued blows, in which length of time is

Ellice Hopkins

an essential element, as in all formation of Character, outside our own will and efforts. But if by an exercise of faith I could at once get rid of my discipline, the whole of the divine work, gradually and unconsciously worked out in time, must cease to be. I am conscious of two diseases; one a painful physical disease, the other a difficulty in surrendering my will to my Father's will. Alas! if I was not a most weak and sinful creature, the whole force of my prayer would be directed against the one spiritual disease of being unable to accept contentedly my life and find my sufficiency in GOD, and I suppose I should even ask for the sickness to be continued till it cured my soul-sickness. But though I may not have grace enough for this, I may at least have sufficient not to pray positively for the removal, at all hazards, of sickness, and not even to take it amiss if my Father grants my prayer for health by denying it to the body that He may give it to the soul. Read the LORD'S words by the LORD'S life is always my rule, and I find Him prefacing prayer by 'If it be possible,' and concluding prayer by 'Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' I can never understand how people can so trust themselves—their knowledge of GOD'S

The Influence of James Hinton

infinitely intricate laws of governing, or their knowledge of what is best for themselves, when they don't even know *what* the work is they are training for in Eternity—not knowing the *end*, and therefore not the *means*.”

Again, showing her determination to make the utmost use of her powers and speaking of various plans for reading during illness, she writes :—

“ One scheme is my old idea of working out the ethics of words, which, however, will take long to complete. How I abhor myself in dust and ashes for my fits of depression, discontent, and melancholy, when I think that GOD has left me this delightful faculty of acquiring knowledge. It is not the passionate sweetness of Love, but then, on the other hand, neither does it cost one the keen anguish ; it wears so well, always in all storms, keeping a ‘ place of quiet breathing ’ for one. Sometimes I think Love is the happiness of Heaven, and knowing, or rather knowing in the making—learning—the happiness of earth. Love is too celestial a growth to wear its golden flowers in this wild world.”

She was indeed always eager to learn ;

Ellice Hopkins

with a passionate love of the ideal, yet her life was spent in wrestling with terrible actualities, in efforts to grapple with the sternest and saddest facts, with the very uttermost degradation of life. She gave richly of herself—to her friends and to her work, and though her loving nature naturally yearned for home life and affections, yet she found herself called on to make not only her life, but her mind and her very heart, a sacrifice.

CHAPTER X

ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE CARE OF FRIENDLESS GIRLS, AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. BARNARDO

ELLICE'S health having much improved, she began what she used to call her ten years' campaign. The next ten or twelve years after the publication of James Hinton's "Life" she spent in the difficult and strenuous labour of organizing rescue and preventive work throughout England—work that made the late Bishop of Durham (Bishop Lightfoot) say, "She has done the work of ten men in ten years—she is the ablest woman I have ever met." When one thinks of the heavy strain involved in addressing public meetings, the constant effort necessary to any one with a highly strung and nervous temperament before facing an audience, more especially when speaking on such painful, heart-stirring subjects, the staying constantly in fresh houses, often with those who were previously

Ellice Hopkins

strangers, and the perpetually renewed effort to enter into new interests, the enormous correspondence involved, the mere physical wear and tear added to the exhausting mental and spiritual exertion, one can better understand how whole-hearted the surrender of herself must have been, and how deep was the underlying devotion to her Master and to the work given her to do, that enabled Ellice Hopkins to carry through the labour of those ten years. In spite of bodily weakness and constant suffering, that made even a short drive to a railway-station a penance: suffering that forced her to do nearly all her writing lying down, but that never conquered her intellect; with no outward physical gifts to help her appeal; unmarried; never having even come closely into contact with children—this fragile, dauntless woman talked to anxious or to indifferent mothers, to clever youths, to weary women toilers, to innocent and ignorant girls, or to thoughtful and experienced workers, and was at home at once, with each audience in turn, and that whether they were massed in hundreds, or were only a handful

Care of Friendless Girls

timidly gathered in some small room. It was all the same ; she gave of her best to each, and she knew instinctively or by long experience, or, may we not say, by the teaching of God, how to speak to each different group. That she was a most gifted orator, as well as writer, all who ever heard her know. But, alas for her biographer ! scarcely a record remains of these meetings—no complete list of them is to be found ; reporters were never, or very rarely, allowed to be present, so that even the ubiquitous newspaper fails one, and nothing but impressions remain ; those impressions are, however, ineffaceable.

With the object of promoting the cause to which she had now resolved to devote the rest of her life, and to which she consecrated all she was and all she had, sacrificing her health and her very life, she founded in Brighton (where she was still living), and afterwards in many other towns, Associations for the care of friendless girls, a large number of which are still in existence. These associations were urged to include free registry offices, training homes, clothing clubs, etc., in their work, and

Ellice Hopkins

were founded specially to keep a hold on ignorant girls when first launched into the world. In her most useful little books, entitled, "How to Start Preventive Work," "Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls," "An Account of the Work in Brighton," "Preventive Work, or the Care of Our Girls" (one of the most useful and suggestive of the series), and others,* she gives a full description of such associations, and suggests, from practical work and experience, the best methods to adopt to carry out these objects. Still further to promote them she visited and held meetings in nearly all the large towns in the United Kingdom, in order to start and organize work, mainly preventive, everywhere on these lines. One such home—though quite small—and registry office started five thousand girls, most of whom had previously been in grievous moral danger, in an honest and respectable life.

In her own words, in "Preventive Work,

* These smaller books, of which many editions were published and many thousands sold and circulated, together with the later White Cross series, were mostly published by Hatchards, Piccadilly.

Care of Friendless Girls

or the Care of Our Girls," written in 1881, she says: "Going from one large town to another in the work of forming Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls, studying in all its aspects the dark and terrible evil which underlies the word "preventive," I necessarily gain a deep knowledge of the extent of the need. What chiefly strikes me is this, that on all sides we are leaving regular manufactories of degraded womanhood in full play, and then burdening ourselves with penitentiaries, rescue societies, hospitals, prisons, asylums, workhouses, etc., to accommodate the results. Again and again I cry, Were it not better, at one-tenth of the expense and labour, to close the manufactory? Were it not better to fence this terrible social precipice at the top, rather than to content ourselves with providing ambulances at the bottom?" Here for the first time occurs this striking phrase, unforgettable because, like so many of her sayings, so true, so terse, and so pictorial.

As regards these efforts for preventive and rescue work, she says in one letter: "My fellow-creatures have suddenly discovered I

Ellice Hopkins

am a painful but necessary evil—a sort of Holloway's pill—and I am overwhelmed with invitations to speak and organize work." Miss Steer, who has already been quoted, says that Ellice Hopkins "conducted meetings first of all for women, in drawing-rooms, school-rooms, mission halls, anywhere, everywhere, where she could gather an audience. Women shrank from the subject, but she tactfully combated their repugnance, and succeeded in rousing many to a sense of their responsibility. She had an exquisite aptitude for delicacy of expression—she seldom offended, yet was never obscure, and was doubtless more really reticent, more scrupulously modest, than the anæmic souls who mistook prudery for purity, and, shocked, would at first refuse to listen to her appeals. She succeeded, however, in arousing enormous interest and in stimulating enthusiasm. She founded or was instrumental in founding numberless 'Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls,' and some two hundred refuges, training homes, or kindred institutions. She possessed in a remarkable degree the power of inspiring others

Care of Friendless Girls

to work, although, as she lacked the gift of organization, it is difficult to gather up the full result of her labours in this direction. The 'National Union of Women Workers' no doubt owed its foundation to her initiation, but that, like other associations begun by her, developed independently on different and somewhat broader lines."

In confirmation of this latter statement, the following extract is given from the "Handbook and Report of the National Union of Women Workers for 1906," under the heading, *The History of the National Union*: "Like many organizations which fulfil a need, the National Union has sprung from small beginnings. In 1876, Miss Ellice Hopkins, during her strenuous efforts to educate public opinion on questions of morals, began, for purposes of preventive and rescue work, to found Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls. In 1889 a conference of the Yorkshire Associations was held at Barnsley—the idea having been possibly taken from a very successful conference presided over by Lady Aberdeen the year before, at Aberdeen, and in 1895 the

Ellice Hopkins

National Union was formally constituted." The initiative of this important union, therefore, is due to the fertile brain and far-seeing mind of Ellice Hopkins, for another object near her heart was to try and get the various philanthropic workers in the larger towns to meet occasionally for consultation, prayer, and thought as to what still needed to be done, how to fill up gaps and prevent overlapping, and to give opportunities for learning from one another.

As the report just quoted states, it was through Ellice Hopkins's visits to Scotland that the associations were formed which subsequently developed into local Unions of Women Workers, and in an account written for the "Review of Reviews" in May, 1891, the Countess of Aberdeen gives the following résumé of the formation of this Women's Union for Women :—

"A sisterhood was formed about seven years ago in the 'Granite City' of the North, with the object of binding some of the best people together for common work.

"Shortly before, Miss Ellice Hopkins had

Care of Friendless Girls

held several largely attended meetings in Aberdeen. Very many were deeply impressed by these meetings; the feeling invoked was very real. It was a solemn time, and the public conscience was stirred by the realization that, in spite of all that individuals, all that societies, all that churches had done and were doing in our midst, yet the moral standard amongst our young people was terribly and disgracefully low. The result was the formation of this union, which was to link together all women workers for women—whatever churches they belonged to, however different their fields of work—into one body. In the words of our constitution, the union was formed with the object of ‘uniting together in one body all workers for the welfare of women and girls in Aberdeen and in the country round, with the view of their strengthening one another in their common work, and with the special aim of striving to raise the moral standard in all ways possible. In 1888, we organized a conference on women’s work of all descriptions. The outcome of this was the conference, now held annually in different towns, of the National Union of Women Workers.’”

Sometimes Ellice held quiet home meetings

Ellice Hopkins

of ladies to urge the formation of these associations, and also to speak on the moral influence of women. She constantly pointed out how much might be done through mothers' meetings in the way of giving advice, and especially in suggesting to mothers how they could manage, even in crowded cottages or small rooms, to exercise greater care and decency in their sleeping arrangements. Often she herself addressed mothers' meetings. (Her special work, however, was mainly among men, and educated mothers, and was preventive, while that of Mrs. Josephine Butler—whom she intensely admired—was more remedial.)

Her work among girls, and her previous experience with Mrs. Vicars, had shown Ellice Hopkins that all efforts to fight one special and terrible evil were powerless until there was a change in some of our laws. At that time no one had any legal right to remove children who were living in houses of ill fame, or with persons of ill repute, though an inspector of metropolitan police had roughly computed that there were then no less than ten thousand children living in these dens of infamy ; from

Care of Friendless Girls

four streets in London alone fifty-eight of these children were subsequently rescued. Chiefly through the efforts and representations of Ellice Hopkins, an Amendment to the Industrial Schools Act was passed in 1880, making it a criminal offence to keep any child under sixteen years of age in a house of ill fame, and giving power to remove children from this injurious custody, and to place them in Industrial Schools or other certified homes or schools. In one of her leaflets Ellice Hopkins says that for twelve years she and others had been fighting against this great wrong, and she explains how the Act gives power to relatives and friends to obtain a search warrant and enter any disorderly house and search every room and cupboard, if there is reason to believe a girl, even with her own consent, is being harboured there. If found, such child can then be compulsorily removed, summary punishment being inflicted on the keeper of the house, while any parent encouraging their girls in a life of vice can be deprived of all parental rights. This Act, says one who has devoted her life to carrying its provisions into

Ellice Hopkins

effect, was one of "the earliest fruits of her labours, and has been of enormous help to all who undertake rescue work, and in the moral salvation of thousands of little girls."

Out of her work in this direction grew various efforts to save young girls from threatened dangers, and her correspondence shows the amazing amount of time and care she spent over even one such case, never letting go as long as any hope of help remained. She gives this account of the passage of the Bill and its provisions in one of her leaflets :—

"Through the instrumentality of Colonel Alexander, M.P., to whom my most grateful thanks are due, a Bill was introduced to add to Sect. 14 of the Industrial Schools Act a clause similar to that which exists in the Industrial Schools Acts of five of our colonies, and which provides that any child living in a house of ill repute, or frequenting the company of abandoned women, can (if apparently under fourteen years) be removed from her vicious associations, and committed to a certified Industrial School, the parents being compelled to pay towards the child's maintenance. The Bill received the active support of Mr. Mundella

Care of Friendless Girls

(Vice-President of the Council of Education), of Lord Norton, who moved it in the Upper House, the Chancellor, the Primate, Lord Shaftesbury, and many others. It passed both Houses without a division, and only an amendment on the part of the Government, who moved that it should be extended to Ireland, so that now it is the law for the three kingdoms.”

At the end of this leaflet she repeats the phrase, now so familiar: “For God’s sake, I cry again, fence your precipice at the top. Let us have our ambulances, tender, and merciful, and wise, for those whose feet have slipped; but do not let us stop there. ‘This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.’”

In the Ladies’ Association for the Care of Friendless Girls in Brighton, founded by Ellice Hopkins, both for preventive and rescue work, each member undertook to visit dens of infamy for two hours a week. She felt that it was no use to meet and appeal to these unhappy women at night when intoxicated, nor by paid agents; when ladies go quietly as

Ellice Hopkins

friends and in the morning, the impressions made may last. This work closed more than twenty dens in Brighton. One keeper said that no Christian had crossed her doors or spoken to her for forty years.

It is chiefly the passing of the Industrial Schools Amendment Act, and the rescue of certain special girls, that forms the subject of her correspondence with Dr. Barnardo (a few extracts from which follow) during the years 1881 and 1882, but it will also be seen from these extracts how faithful and fearless Ellice Hopkins was in pointing out any errors that struck her in the methods of work adopted by her friends. The forbearance and continued warmth of friendship shown by Dr. Barnardo are equally creditable to him, and prove how single-hearted he was, and how he aimed, above all things, at perfection in his work, at whatever cost to himself. There is frequent reference in these letters to an article written by Ellice Hopkins, called "Little Mary," published first in "Good Words," and subsequently as a separate booklet, the proceeds of the sale being given to Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Correspondence with Dr. Barnardo

at Ilford. Ellice was also the medium of a gift of £200 specially given for the building of a cottage to be devoted to such children as Little Mary, though she whimsically says in a letter to Dr. Barnardo, dated November, 1880 : “ I have actually begged for Ilford in a little book I am just bringing out. This is really very good of me, when I want funds myself for every imaginable object.”

In one letter (this was before the gift of £200 had been suggested) she asks : “ Would it put you to any great trouble to furnish me with (1) cost of erection of an Ilford cottage ; (2) cost of fitting ; (3) cost of furnishing, stating the exact number the cottage holds ? ” After much correspondence, chiefly about the admission of special children, a visit to Ilford, “ with which I was charmed,” and a careful estimate of the cost of building, furnishing, and maintaining a cottage, she writes in March, 1881 :—

“ DEAR DR. BARNARDO,—I send you a cheque for £200 from a friend of mine—a reader of ‘ Little Mary ’—for a certified Cottage Home for the children coming under the Act of

Ellice Hopkins

1880. If you had twenty children, that would give you another £100. My friend will also guarantee any deficit in the funds collected in the second year. Her name is not to be mentioned—‘From a friend, per Ellice Hopkins’—and she wishes the Home to be in memory of my own beloved father, William Hopkins, of Cambridge, a name high in science, but higher in goodness and all Christian graces. I shall not wish it called after him—his name is too exquisitely sacred and precious for me to bear its common use even in this connection; but there might be just a little memorial tablet.

“I fear I must make the playground a *sine quâ non*.”

September, 1881.

“DEAR DR. BARNARDO,—You certainly do not know me if you think that the Primate himself, or even Canon Wilkinson, could get me to allow them to write anything for me under my name. If anything I write is altered or added to, it must be altered or added to by me. You need not tremble; one does not tremble at an impossible ditch or an unscalable crag. One shrugs one’s shoulders

Correspondence with Dr. Barnardo

and accepts it! I will strengthen the end but it will be in my own way.

“ Why have you put out my practical suggestion as to how children can help? I am morally certain that children’s sales of work would bring you in considerable help from many families who would not otherwise give! To keep the children amused and busy during playtime and holiday time, and to educate their sympathies, will make many parents give in this form when they would not care to otherwise. A rather poor family I know has twice sent you £9 and £7 in this way; in any other way you would not have got a penny from that family.

“ Will you not let me mention the Act, as I really want to get it universally known, and that you hope to do something towards saving the saddest class of children, many of whom, however, you are at present receiving by voluntary means? I will not press this if you do not wish to give way on this point in your turn; but, you see, I am after a great principle—that we must use the same common-sense methods against prostitution as we have used against mendicancy, vagrancy, and theft, the whole force of our educational and compulsory reformatory machinery against it, recognizing

Ellice Hopkins

it as a sin against the community, instead of leaving it to breed as we have done, as nobody's business in particular.

“ I will give an assurance under my own name that your work is excellent, and say nothing of my intense feeling of the mistake you make in giving your children no form of sound work, having no regular place of worship for them, and depriving them of all early associations with the Church prayers, the one only thing (outside of the Bible) I ever knew stand by me through all the bitter unfathomable discipline of life.

“ I do not, of course, hope that you will ever listen to me, though I do feel and recognize most gratefully how beautifully you always bear my plain speaking, but, oh, if you would trust our LORD with a little more ‘ quietness and confidence ’ to take care of His little ones, and bless both with funds and sympathy such thorough and conscientious work as yours. Forgive me, but it is your wretched human methods with which you are always trying to help out His almighty power which are always militating against your work. ‘ In quietness and confidence shall be your strength ’ ; but what quietness and confidence is there in ‘ such dire pecuniary distress, that unless,’ etc. etc.

Correspondence with Dr. Barnardo

The only result is that it gives all sensible people the impression that you are on your last legs, and that your work is a very shaky concern altogether. 'Ah, poor man,' people have constantly said to me, 'he has never got over that investigation into his work, I see he is nearly breaking down for want of funds.' Yet you told me that our dear LORD had sent you £2000 more this year than last. Of course I know that an immense work like yours always hangs on the brink of 'dire pecuniary distress'; *cela va sans dire*. Our LORD always sends us out on any great work 'without purse or scrip,' not that we may shriek out at any house, 'I am penniless if you do not give; I am in such dire pecuniary distress, I shan't be able to do the work my Master has sent me,' but that we may look in quietness and confidence to Him, and when we return, answer the gracious question, 'Lacked ye anything?' 'Nothing.' You know the worldly maxim, 'Nothing succeeds like success'; it is the seamy worldly rendering of the confidence and quietness, the trust and praise which He says is our strength.

"You certainly will hate me for my obstinacy and plain speaking, if you listen to the old Adam. But remember I stand up before your

Ellice Hopkins

bitterest enemies and say in public I know no work so thorough and economical as yours."

September 11th, 1881.

" You see I do not think it wrong to make appeals, only I think they ought to be made with the calm force of faith, without hysterical shrieks and claptrap devices, and I believe that so they are most effective when backed like yours with thorough work. I know the burthen you carry is an awful one indeed, but George Müller carries an equal one, and he has found that simply letting the heart of England know his wants and his work, without in his case any appeal except to our blessed LORD, answers best. Think it over, whether the old saw is not true, ' Nothing succeeds like success,' whether it can answer by your constant cries on the housetop of ' dire pecuniary distress ' . . . whether there is not a pig-like element in human nature which *hates* to be driven, but a divine element which will respond to quiet needs, and never let the children want ; and whether if you were to imitate Müller's quiet, dignified methods, it would not give an impression of greater soundness in your work which your present methods certainly impair,

Correspondence with Dr. Barnardo

however much your work itself deserves it. What you really want is money to keep the work going without too much crying on the housetop for it ; and good work will live down the devil himself.”

September, 1881.

“ You are a perfect *brick* to stand those abominable letters of mine. You must have true stuff in you indeed to stand such plain speaking, and it makes me more your faster friend than ever. Be thankful for one thing—that I don't use a typewriter. I have a clergyman who tells me my faults in capitals, and the effects of so indecent a display of one's spiritual deficiencies is stunning and crushing.”

January, 1882.

“ To be gravely injured one day, and then be asked to do a favour to one who has smitten you the next, *is* trying. But I believe *you* will rise to the occasion. I return you your detestable advertisement. If you could only realize the harm this flashy claptrap sort of advertisement does your work, how it injures the sacredness of it, and how unworthy it is of the

Ellice Hopkins

unspeakable sadness and sorrow of it all, the crucified CHRIST that pleads with us in our degraded little children, and that makes this such an unspeakable jar to one's innermost feelings. Is it in character with the deep, unspeakable sadness of what you relate and of your whole work? There is no claptrap in our Blessed LORD's actions.

“ Your faithful, but odiously candid, friend.”

Ellice Hopkins was living at this time, and had been for some years previously, with her mother, in Percy House, Brighton, but during the year 1881 her mother died at the great age of eighty-two. She had long been failing mentally, and for some time before the end knew no one. Ellice was devoted to her mother, and most tenderly cared for her, though perhaps there was not between them the deep and entire sympathy and understanding that there had been between her and her father; but she was a devoted daughter, and carried out in her own private life what she always maintained in public, that home duties should take the first place in a woman's life, and that no public work ought ever to destroy

Correspondence with Dr. Barnardo

the home life. Having the old ideas as to woman's work, Mrs. Hopkins shrank from publicity for woman, and was herself very gentle, quiet, and domestic. Hence it must often have been a severe trial to her that her daughter should take up work which led her along such thorny roads, and into such a glare of publicity, and even of opprobrium.

After her mother's death Ellice continued to live in Brighton, though she was necessarily away a great deal holding meetings, and eventually she gave up her house, living in rooms with a devoted companion or secretary, some of whose memories of this time are given in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XI

FRANK CROSSLEY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. AND MRS. CROSSLEY— FINANCIAL HELP

I N letters to her intimate friends Ellice Hopkins refers sadly to her need of money, and of writing in order to earn, chiefly to help her many charities, and to her physical inability. She had a small income, quite enough to keep her independent, left her by her father; but her work—the continual travelling, the expense of printing and circulating her appeals, the leaflets, and so on—made constant demands not only on her sympathy, but on her purse.

Happily some new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, came into Ellice Hopkins's life about this time—friends whom to know was an inspiration, and who brought much happiness into her life, while their generosity enabled

Frank Crossley

her to engage a helper for some of the heaviest part of her work : this was an immense relief.

F. W. Crossley, that "nineteenth-century saint," as Dr. Maclaren calls him, was the founder of the firm of Messrs. Crossley Brothers, the eminent gas engineers, but was perhaps better known as an ardent evangelist, and the head of Star Hall, Ancoats. In his "Life," by Dr. Rendel Harris, there is a touching letter to Ellice Hopkins, written on the death of his little son ; he was then in constant communication and co-operation with her, though how and when and where they first met is not clear. "I do not quite know," says Dr. Rendel Harris, "how Frank Crossley first came into sympathy with the important Vigilance and Rescue work that Miss Hopkins was doing. Perhaps his interest was aroused by a diocesan meeting which Bishop Fraser called at Manchester, in which Miss Hopkins revealed the festering evil underneath the thin and gilded surface of our modern life in such a way as to make strong men tremble. One very remarkable meeting of Manchester business men deserves special attention. Dr. Fraser was in

Ellice Hopkins

the chair, and was supported, amongst others, by Dr. Maclaren and Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford. I believe this is the only time that a Roman Catholic prelate appeared on the platform of this movement. Dr. Fraser had a reputation, as chairman of a meeting, for pouring floods of cold water on any fires that might have been kindled. But on this occasion he poured fire instead of water, and he was followed in no less earnest strain by Manchester's other Bishop, Dr. Maclaren. Probably there were few who attended that meeting, with its revelation of what were the duties of true manhood, who will ever forget what they heard." * Dr. Vaughan, in speaking, said that he thought there was no one present who had not listened with deep sympathy and interest to the eloquent address delivered by Miss Hopkins, who had treated the subject not only with profound feeling, but in a manner that commended it to their best judgment.

* A report of this meeting was published by the Manchester Society for the Prevention of the Degradation of Women and Children, and it appears to be the only full report of any of Ellice Hopkins's speeches. No notes of them even seem to have been preserved.

Frank Crossley

The outcome of this meeting, as of many others elsewhere, was very practical work in several directions—rescue work, the opening of homes and vigilance societies, and preventive work of various kinds and agencies, which did an untold amount of good. Two homes were opened for some thirty inmates each, then a larger one in Manchester for sixty-five women, now under the care of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Elsewhere Mr. Crossley speaks of having been urged to this work by Miss Hopkins, and of the effectual service rendered by an officer—whom he had appointed for vigilance work—in closing houses of ill fame, and finding them out where the police often failed. Once this officer gave one girl what was a large sum to him—half a crown—out of sorrow for her misery. “Ah, sir,” said the girl, “many a one has given me pounds to do wrong; you are the first that ever gave me anything to do right.”

At the time of her death “The Christian,” in writing of Ellice Hopkins, said of her work in Manchester: “It was by her persistent efforts in the cause of social purity that Miss Ellice Hopkins won most renown—when

Ellice Hopkins

her work exposed her to so much abuse and insult. The late F. W. Crossley, of Manchester, links her name with Mrs. Butler, Professor Stuart, the Booths, and the rest of the good people who have been in Hades for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Miss Hopkins came to Manchester and instigated a wholesale inquiry into the corruption of that city, with results which astonished the most experienced social worker. Weak in health she might be, and always was, but she was strong in her fight against evil. She yearned to create a sense of chivalry amongst schoolboys and young men, that the rising generation might cast their shield over womanhood, rather than treat it with selfish scorn. Work of this kind had to be unobtrusive to be useful, and unobtrusiveness accorded well with Miss Ellice Hopkins's temperament."

Miss Hopkins's own account of this meeting, and her impressions of Frank Crossley, are given in a long letter, which is worth quoting in full, written from Tunbridge Wells on June 22nd, 1898:—

“ I have been earnestly asked to contribute

Frank Crossley

something to my dear friend Frank Crossley's life, with regard to what George Macdonald used to call my 'great sad work,' and in which he gave me such valuable and devoted help. GOD knows how thankful I should be to contribute anything to preserving a memory so precious to me, and such an epistle of CHRIST to the world. But I cannot see my way, ponder as I may, on the problem how I can best help. The subject is one which presents insuperable difficulties for a biography for general reading, and though it certainly ought not to be passed over altogether, and in this I feel sure you will agree with me, it can only be cursorily mentioned. These dismal mud swamps grow nothing that can be gathered—no anecdotes, no interesting illustrations, no quaint incidents, only stygian growths with muddy roots, too terrible and foul to weave into any wreath. What about that young child who came into our hands in Manchester, her fair, childish body bruised all over with cruel blows and kicks because she refused to do what is wrong? How can one so much as embody in print the horrors of that work which in ten years made a wreck of me for life?

“All I think and earnestly desire should be

Ellice Hopkins

mentioned is, that he did not shrink, but when once the need was brought home to him, at once he took up the cross and went forth to meet his Lord without the camp, bearing His reproach. I presume he first heard me at the diocesan meeting called by Dr. Fraser, at which I reduced that strong man to a quaking jelly of fear and nervousness, though afterwards he learned to trust me implicitly in handling my difficult subject, and gave me his affectionate support and sympathy. Mr. Crossley at once became the secretary of the Vigilance Association which was formed, and which did a great deal of valuable work.

“One very remarkable meeting which Mr. Crossley got up through his personal influence I think ought to be mentioned. It was a meeting of some of the leading business men of Manchester, with the late Bishop of Manchester in the chair, and Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, Dr. Maclaren, and myself as the chief speakers. . . . Dr. Fraser had rather the character of seeing too exclusively the difficulties of a question. . . . But it was not so much speech that he gave us on this occasion; the whole man seemed to burst into living flame, scorching with something of the passion of his Master the baseness

Frank Crossley

of this wholesale degradation of women by men who ought to be their protectors. Towards the close of his speech he said: 'Gentlemen, I fear I must apologize for the passion with which I have spoken, but it is impossible to speak in cold blood on this subject.' And those hard-headed men of business applauded him to the echo. Dr. Maclaren followed, and was as fine in his way, that wonderful face of his now expressing the scorn of scorn, and now softening into the love of love. I do not believe that a single man left that room quite the same as he entered it, after the revelation of true manhood they had received.

"Mr. Crossley was detained for some little time after the meeting, but when he returned home he crossed the room to me, taking my hand in his, and said quietly, 'I think we have good cause to thank GOD to-day.'

"Mr. Crossley also, as you know, founded and supported some institutions for the help of young girls in peril, which, under the wise superintendence of his wife, proved very successful.

"As to his generous use of his large means, and the way in which he held his wealth as a trust for his Master's service, I should like to give one instance which occurred to myself.

Ellice Hopkins

After carrying on my work single-handed for some four years, it grew so large and so burthen-some, having spread to our colonies as well as the three kingdoms, that, what with the difficulty and the keen suffering that essentially belongs to it, as well as the incessant toil, I felt I was fast breaking down, though I had not the means to afford myself any secretarial help in addition to paying all my own travelling expenses. On going abroad for a short rest I placed my correspondence in the hands of one of my most intimate friends, telling her only to forward to me letters of great importance. Among the many she had to forward to me only one miscarried, and that was a letter from a rich Australian, offering me £500, if I would send him my banker's address. Unfortunately my friend took neither the name nor the address, nor did she mention it to me till I returned home, so that it was impossible to trace it. 'Here,' I thought, 'was the money that might have secured me help, and saved me from breaking down, and it was hopelessly lost to me.' I confess it was some trial to my faith, which, however, I am thankful to say did not break down. Writing to Mr. Crossley, I happened quite cursorily to mention the strangeness of that one letter,

Frank Crossley

and that one letter only, having miscarried, and how often we have to trust God in the dark. Instantly, by the very next post, he sent me a cheque from himself and his dear wife for £2000, begging me to secure the help I needed. I was thus enabled to procure the services of a secretary, who was truly GOD'S own gift to me, perfect in every way, Miss Emily Janes, the present secretary of the National Union of Women Workers. She relieved me of the whole burthen of petitioning the country for the legal protection of the young, afterwards secured in the Criminal Law Amendment Act, which has to a great degree done away with child prostitution, so terribly prevalent when I first began to work, and I was able to continue my work for ten years before I finally broke down.

“ In friendship Mr. Crossley was the embodiment of our LORD'S name, ‘ faithful and true,’ and his very face was a beatitude of purity ; it was impossible to look upon it without mentally repeating the words, ‘ Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see GOD. . . .’

“ Perhaps I ought to mention that my rich Australian turned up many months after. He took up an old number of ‘ The Christian,’

Ellice Hopkins

while waiting in a friend's house, and his eye fell upon my letter stating that his letter had miscarried. He immediately renewed his offer, but the £500 was for the rescue of degraded children, and I could not have diverted it to any other purpose."

Subsequently, in writing about Mr. Crossley's life, Miss Hopkins says: "He was one of those rare souls who combine deep religious enthusiasm with a right judgment in all things. I never *could* discern his faults. God grant that beautiful life may speak to the hearts of thousands, and may be a seed of life to many.

'He saw God stand upon the weaker side
That sank in seeming loss before its foes . . .
. . . Therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part.'"*

The interest of Mr. Crossley's generous gift of £2000 being used by Ellice Hopkins to help on her work, enabled her, as already stated, to engage a secretary to give assistance, more especially in the parliamentary work, and the heavy labour (which was carried on for some

* J. R. Lowell to W. D. Garrison.

Frank Crossley

years) of getting up petitions for the amendment of the Criminal and other laws. After mentioning the helper whom she hopes to appoint, in a letter written to Mr. Crossley from Percy House, Brighton, on 1 September, 1882, she adds :—

“ Heart’s thanks for the cheque, which arrived safely to-day. I will forward your letter to my friend, who has a ‘ wise and understanding heart ’ in the matter of investments, unless, like the rest of him, he has sunk it in an Irish bog. I had a letter from him * to-day, by the bye, in which I was glad to see he spoke far more hopefully of Government emigration.

* The friend referred to in this letter was Mr. Tuke, who was in Ireland at the time helping some of the poverty-stricken people there. He concludes his letter to Ellice Hopkins, mentioned above, by saying: “ Blessings without number are showered upon us. Do these blessings confer anything upon us in this world, or the next? You, I am sure, in your good though painful work must have many heaped on your head, and I cannot doubt that the blessing upon those who convert a sinner from the error of his way will be largely yours. But do the really earnest hearty blessings of the poor or others benefit us? We are pleased and glad to have them, like thanks and gratitude, and is there more than these in a blessing? Your logical mind will have a clear answer which I don’t possess, no doubt.”

Ellice Hopkins

It was owing to his immense exertions in emigrating two thousand people from the poorest part of Ireland on private resources that the Government was stirred up at last to add an emigration clause to the Bill. I send you the first part of Mr. Tuke's letter, as you might be interested in his account of the emigrants.

“ May I be faithful, dear friend, to the trust you have reposed in me. Fortunately I have a wholesome terror of the corrupting influences of money, especially, for some odd reason, other folk's money, and I think I can honestly say I have grown much more careful and business-like.

“ You know who it is has said, ‘ What thou spendest more I will repay.’ You have indeed ‘ taken care ’ of me, and spent ‘ the more ’ on me, and my Master, I know, will repay my debt.

“ Ever most faithfully and gratefully yours.”

Extracts may be given from some of Ellice's subsequent letters to Mr. and Mrs. Crossley.

PERCY HOUSE, BRIGHTON.

September 17th, 1882.

“ My work is beginning to come down on me like a mountain torrent, making me feel

Frank Crossley

doubly what I owe to you, as I have had to sit up till twelve o'clock to get through more often than I like. It is partly, I must honestly say, my own fault, as I am living two lives, my old literary and intellectual life—finishing off a volume of poems, which I want to bring out, to show folk that one can grow a few white lilies on these dismal mud swamps of mine, and just getting back into the practical work, having all my campaign to arrange. You know I always laugh and say that nature made me a singing bird, but man has made me a sewer rat. In the summer I resort to the original type ; the four legs coalesce into two, the long, sinuous tail throws out feathers on either side, the whiskered snout sharpens to a golden bill, and, lo ! the squeak becomes a song. Blessed metamorphosis. Only when it goes the opposite way, as now, and the less lovely creature is being developed, O me, it is with many a squeak, many a groan—so much so that I think in future of giving up the other life, and burying my Isaac once for all.

“ In heartfelt gratitude, ever very faithfully yours.”

With her usual fearlessness, in one letter she remonstrates with her friend on what she

Ellice Hopkins

considered his mistaken views and conduct—risking, as she well knew, the friendship and help she so deeply valued, in her love of truth and sincerity. She writes from Birmingham :—

“ Are you going to be guided by the maxims of Christianity? For if so I give it up in despair. You can get into any amount of muddle and contradictory and mischievous conduct by sticking hard and fast to the maxims of Christianity. Our LORD himself warns us here. He Himself gives us the key to His own words; the mere material sense ‘profiteth nothing, my words they are *spirit* and *life*.’ Christianity is a spirit and a life, and not a religion of maxims. I take it that our Lord purposely gave us some of His commands in such hyperbolic forms, in order that we might recognize that His is a religion of spirit and life which cannot be bound down to maxims, to rules, which the changing conditions of life must constantly falsify. Even love, if it is deep and true, must express itself at times in the form of hate, as when a father flogs his boy. . . . So we are not going to judge this question by texts, are we? Is not one of the best ways of judging whether one has got hold

Frank Crossley

of a true principle just to work it out a bit ? . . . If, in the face of your conviction that the law of patent is for the good of humanity, you refuse to proceed against those who are dishonestly infringing the law, of course you must adopt the same line of action in all other cases. You must at once give up putting the law in force against disorderly houses, or rescuing little children by the law from dens of infamy. If a ruffian knocks your little girl down, you must not take him up, but send your fatherly blessing after him. Is not this a *reductio ad absurdum*? Would *any one* who is being led by the SPIRIT—that Spirit which is defined as a Spirit of love, of power, and of a *sound mind*—act in such a way? *Would* it be a spirit of love to leave sin unpunished, and make crime easy to the criminal? Is not the error in your premises this—that you do not recognize that a great part of mankind is still under law, that law is still the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ, that throughout our Lord presupposes an existing morality, the great cardinal virtues—righteousness, integrity, truth, justice—as a foundation already laid, and that to build upon the superstructure when the foundation does not exist is simply building on sand, and great will be the fall thereof? Your first duty as a

Ellice Hopkins

Christian man is to teach those who are dishonestly breaking a just and upright law *a lesson of righteousness*—nothing higher, for the foundation is not laid for it. I always think of dear Bishop Patteson beginning his preaching the gospel to his islanders, who hadn't a notion of fair-dealing or honesty, by introducing the use of a steel yard and scrupulously weighing out *pork*, till they had grasped the conception of fair-dealing and integrity between man and man. And is not this why I have found such a grievous want of integrity and of ordinary upright dealing among evangelicals, that they so persistently build up the superstructure before its foundation is laid, and go on to the highest plane before the lower one has been so much as recognized, and therefore they get a rotten result?

“ Educate men by law to a sense of righteousness, a conviction of sin, and then show them how they can fulfil law, by the gospel. Law is literally the pedagogue (not the schoolmaster, but the trusty slave who took the boy backwards and forwards to school) that leads us to the Divine Master. Everywhere law is laying the foundation for the higher structure, whether the inward law of conscience or that outward law embodied by the community in its

Frank Crossley

righteous enactments ; and that you, a follower of the Just One, cannot, because you are a Christian man, enforce a righteous law, but can only teach a higher lesson, for which, till they have learned the lesson of ordinary righteousness, they are not prepared, seems to me, dear friend, simply a lamentable perversion. It is exactly as if you did away with elementary schools because there are universities, and the teaching of the *differential calculus* is so much higher ! ”

This plain speaking caused no diminution of friendship. A subsequent letter shows the serious symptoms of nervous failure that already began to make themselves felt, and first in a specially trying way, in powerlessness over the muscles of her arm and hand—making writing almost impossible ; and she makes a whimsical reference to the typewriter she had just begun to use.

PERCY HOUSE, BRIGHTON,

December 26th, 1884.

“ I must write you a few lines of loving Christmas greeting and deep, heartfelt sym-

Ellice Hopkins

pathy with you and the beloved wife at a time which must bring so many sad thoughts and memories to you both. All milestones have a tendency to turn into tombstones in this sad world, but no season takes so deeply the shadow of earth as Christmas, though, thank GOD, the deeper shadow with you is thrown by the stronger light, the thought of your darling boy safe in his heavenly home and in the bosom of his SAVIOUR. Even his beloved mother in her saddest mood, would not, I know, have him back again out of his SAVIOUR'S keeping into ours, which is so weak to guard and save. I do feel so intensely for her. When one is ill and weak, one has only a broken arm to bear one's burthen with, and sad thoughts settle on one like flies on a paralytic, and one cannot brush them off or rise above them. May she just be content at such times to lie still at our LORD'S feet and suffer.

“What do you think of my new handwriting? I saw Sir Andrew Clark about my shaking arm, and he said there was no cure for it but to use a typewriter, and rest it as much as I could that way. It is just over-strain of the nerve centres of the brain from excessive writing. So I stole twenty guineas from the fund your generosity supplied me with. My

Frank Crossley

own feeling is that my new handwriting is indelicate, in a world of veils and mysteries like this; one's poor thoughts stand shivering forth in all their nakedness without a rag of obscurity to hide them. The most mortifying thing, however, is the villainous way one spells, giving the impression that one did not pass one's standards in one's youth, and had a sadly neglected education. I suppose it is owing to one's not seeing what one writes, and receiving no help, therefore, from one's eye. I also object to clicking out all my finest thoughts like an intelligent Hottentot. However, my poor correspondents will doubtless bask in the unaccustomed light of legibility."

In reference to a proposed meeting in Manchester she writes:—

"As to your proposal for the Free Trade Hall, somehow my heart does not warm to it, or rather some subtle instinct is against it, which it is difficult to put into words. I have a great terror of setting the fashion of women speaking in public to men on this subject, and this would be setting it with a will. I am only 'holding the fort' till the men come up, but if I do it with others, the exceptional and tran-

Ellice Hopkins

sitional character of my own proceedings vanish.

“ If we were to decide on it, I would rather have it a mixed meeting, for this very reason, though as a rule I don't like mixed meetings on these questions. Let us pray about it, and light will be given us.”

In a letter of somewhat later date, 1885, she refers to the sudden change in public opinion that was so largely due to Mr. Stead's action:—*

“ I have been moving about in the sleepy West chiefly, and I am struck by the greatness of the work that that much abused man has done for us. I find myself moving in another world. Every one interested and with a quickened sense of responsibility, men willing to work on Vigilance Associations, everywhere the principle recognized that young girls are not to be allowed in our dens, and are not to be held capable of disposing of themselves in a life of vice, the principle that I seemed to be bleeding out my life in the dark to get recognized in vain. It is another world. It is just as I have always said, that in this work GOD

* See also pp. 250, 251.

Frank Crossley

stretches His hand across any number of mistakes, any amount of unwise actions, and blesses SACRIFICE. Mr. Stead has made awful sacrifices, risked ruin to his own wife and little children, and taken his life in his hand, *and the blessing is his.*

“ GOD bless him, say I ; I have stuck to him like a limpet, though, in very truth, it has not been easy work.

“ I have got up £950 of the money needed for the three years, thanks to your blessed help ; I have suggested that my dear Bishop should try his hand at raising the rest. I suspect I shall have to do it.”

It was largely through Ellice Hopkins's work, though Mr. Stead's action brought the matter to a climax, that the Criminal Law Amendment Act, for the better protection of young girls, was passed. It has been of the greatest service in work on behalf of young girls in moral danger.

During the agitation for the amendment of this criminal law Ellice Hopkins was much helped by those active workers in so many good causes, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bunting, the latter of whom writes :—

Ellice Hopkins

“ We remember many of her bright sayings. With all the burden of the great sin and sorrow which she laid upon her heart, she had a wonderful pleasure in a bit of fun or a clever joke, and she used to say such bright things herself. I think it often happens that people who have keenest power of suffering have also a heightened power of pleasure in music, art, wit, in nature, in human love. She certainly had. She sacrificed much that she would have loved, and to which her bright wits would have been a gain, in tying herself down to the great work of her life. But it was nobly done. She had her little weaknesses, they only showed that she was human, and that we have our ‘treasure in earthen vessels.’ But it *was* treasure.”

When illness put a stop to her meetings, Mr. Crossley's generous gift enabled Ellice to take a rest and go abroad for a time, and provided her with a companion and necessary comforts. In reference to this she writes from Brighton on 16 October, 1888 :—

“ If I have not written it is not I, but my miserable head that has been guilty of the negligence. It has certainly not been from

Frank Crossley

want of loving and grateful feeling, for I don't think a day passes without my thoughts turning to you with, oh, such a grateful sense of all I owe you. What I should have done without your loving help last winter I know not. If I did not know that a loving Father's hand is over us, I should think I was under some evil fate, so persistently is everything against my having the least chance of recovery.

“No sooner had I reached Bordighera than I discovered that poor little Annie, who had assured my sister that she was quite well and strong and able to undertake me, was almost as bad an invalid as myself, and a fortnight after she fell ill with congestion of the lungs, and I had to nurse her, instead of her nursing me, no easy thing with a broken back.

“To make things better I had so much of the offence of the cross to bear for the world's sake, which I could no longer do. I got a dreadful sense for a time that GOD was cruel. I stood beggared in His service, and helpless at His door, and He paid me with blows, and set my trembling hands to do work they could only bungle over, for I could not give the firm, tender hand so difficult and noble but intensely faulty a character needed. However, in April I went down to Cannes to a dear friend

Ellice Hopkins

of mine, and there I found my Bishop almost next door to me, and the love and goodness showered upon me mended me up again, and made me realize the Father's hand through it all.

“The discipline has been so sharp that I can't help thinking that our blessed LORD has more work for the poor little tool to do which he has plunged so into the fire.

“I thought a summer in the north would answer. Alack, alack, it was like living in a water-butt. My dear secretary, whom I owe to you, was with me, and made life a perfect feather-bed, but alas! a feather-bed afloat. . . . But for you I could not have afforded to travel, so if I do recover I shall owe it, my dear friend, to you, and I will try to give you a thank-offering in good work done.

“My most loving love to the dear, dear wife. GOD bless you and yours, ever yours most affectionately and gratefully.”

We quote one final letter to this dear friend, as it bears on the same subject, though written after her days of active work were over.

Frank Crossley

SEPEY, NEAR AIGLES,

May 22nd, 1889.

“ If my funds run short I know I may claim your loving promise of more help, as I think a second winter, ‘ with Death and morning on the frozen peaks,’ might help me over the very high stile I have to surmount. The second winter is always said to do more good even than the first. I trust I do leave it all in GOD’S hands ; I think my will is one with His : if it is His will that for the rest of my life I am to bear about in my body the marks of the LORD JESUS, I can but trust in that case He will let my helplessness and oppression and powerlessness plead for the little ones, and do for them what I would fain have done in active service. Meanwhile my beloved secretary is doing splendid work, and the White Cross is also flourishing ; so the one cry of my heart, ‘ I beseech Thee, show me *Thy* glory,’ seems answered. My long sojourn in the valley of humiliation has effectively rid me of the longing to see *my* glory. You remember Bunyan’s quaint statement in the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress,’ that ‘ the Lord of the land had a country seat in that valley.’ . . . Returning to

Ellice Hopkins

work seems the only adequate return I can make for all your love and goodness to me . . . and I can but hope and trust I am building up by slow degrees the lighthouse which in the end will bear a light for all in peril on the sea."

CHAPTER XII

THE WHITE CROSS LEAGUE

IT was more and more evident to Ellice Hopkins that if any effectual victory over immorality and degradation was to be gained, the men must be reached and won over. She embodied her thoughts on the matter in a paper, read in July, 1879, before a committee of Convocation, and also before the Church Penitentiary Association. In it she foreshadows her own future work in the following words:—

“ Would it not be possible to band young men together in some sort of brotherhood, or society, or guild, for the protection of women and children from prostitution and degradation—to give them a more aggressive form of purity, something higher and more vivifying than taking care of their own virtue, that manly, militant virtue which grows strong in fighting the battle of GOD for the weak and

Ellice Hopkins

defenceless? Mere self-restraint will never fight this battle. We want an enthusiasm to lift a young man above himself. My inmost soul yearns for some agency that would infuse into young men a good, strong, passionate sense of the pitiful meanness of it all, the utter unmanliness of crushing and degrading women, inflicting a curse which they do not share with so much as their little finger. If we could get the feeling into them of what, in their own rough language, they would call 'the beastly shame' of it all. A single stroke of active work will wake a young man up to this side of the question; the literally *untemptable* men are the men who have been actively engaged, not in taking care of their own virtue, but in one way or other in saving women."

The same thought occurs in the first of her papers on this subject:—

"It is urged that to associate men on such a question is radically unsafe. On the self basis that a young man must take care of his own virtue and keep himself right, I think there may be much truth in it. For a lot of men to meet together to coddle their own virtue, if I may express myself roughly, may

The White Cross League

not be a very safe proceeding. But, as the Bishop of Truro observed in Convocation, there is a difference between advising men to keep themselves right and putting before them a higher, chivalrous idea, the idea that God has given to man his tremendous power over the woman of making her do as he wills, not for the purpose that he might be a curse to her, but that he might raise and elevate her. Base the Association on the old, deep, chivalrous feeling of an Englishman towards woman, on the Christian ideal, that the man is to give himself for the woman, that if he be a man, and no coward nor dastard, he will protect her, at any cost to himself, from all wrong and degradation, and I believe it may be the healthiest and manliest of all movements."

In order, therefore, to strike at the root of the evil of impurity, instead of merely trying to rescue its victims, and to help to form a higher and purer public opinion, Ellice Hopkins in 1883 founded the White Cross movement, and this special branch of work on behalf of purity was the chief labour of the last twenty-one years of her life. This Society, though founded by a woman, was, and still is,

Ellice Hopkins

an association of men, working for men, and though now the members are of all classes, it is noteworthy that working men really were the first to join in the movement, which indeed they led. Miss Hopkins had begun addressing large meetings of men in many towns on this subject, when the Bishop of Durham (Bishop Lightfoot) invited her to speak in February, 1883, at the Bishop Lightfoot Institute, at Bishops Auckland, to women, and then, separately, the Bishop himself taking the chair, to men, members of the institute. That same day the Bishop, Ellice Hopkins, and two clergymen (one now the Bishop of Rochester, the other the Dean of Westminster), talked over a scheme for forming an association of men who should be pledged to try to make purity as binding on men as on women. It took shape speedily, for it existed indeed already in Miss Hopkins's mind, and to this association the name (a very happy one) White Cross Army was given, with the motto—"My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure": white standing for purity, the army for disciplined strength, and the

The White Cross League

cross for the underlying truth that the fight was for and in Christ. After the meeting at the Institute the Bishop, who had been deeply moved during Ellice Hopkins's impressive and stirring address, read out the five simple rules,* or obligations, which had been drawn up, and put them to the meeting one by one, asking those present if they would accept these obligations. No less than a hundred and thirty-nine members were at once enrolled, the Bishop writing the very next day to "The Times" an account of the league, and making an earnest appeal to other men to join. During the following weeks Ellice Hopkins addressed many large meetings of men, and began writing the series of trenchant booklets published by the Association ;

* THE WHITE CROSS OBLIGATIONS.

(I.) To treat all women with respect, and endeavour to protect them from wrong and degradation. (II.) To endeavour to put down all indecent language and coarse jests. (III.) To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women. (IV.) To endeavour to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers. (V.) To use every possible means to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure."

These rules were first formulated at a meeting held the previous year at St. Peter's Vestry, Eaton Square, London.

Ellice Hopkins

these were all submitted to the Bishop before publication. Out of a series of over thirty written during the next few years, all but four were written by her, under her own name or initials.

Curiously enough, it was also in 1883—on 25 May—that the Church of England Purity Society was formed and formally inaugurated at a meeting held in the library at Lambeth Palace, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Dr. Benson. When Bishop Lightfoot, owing to illness, could no longer direct the White Cross Society, it merged into this Church of England Purity Society, and, in October, 1891, they were united under the present name—"The White Cross League, Church of England Society." "It left an indelible mark on the history of our Society, and of organized effort in the cause of purity in the five 'obligations,' which were drawn up by Miss Ellice Hopkins and Bishop Lightfoot, and are now inseparably connected with the name of White Cross. Its work has devolved on this branch of the League, and has steadily increased in the

The White Cross League

scope of its operations and in usefulness," says the report of this Society for 1904.

In one of her later books Ellice Hopkins gives the following account of the way in which her meetings for men began :—

“ After the first two years of work among women I found that it was absolutely hopeless attacking the evil from one side only, and I had to nerve myself as best I could to address large mass meetings of men, always taking care clearly to define my position—that I had not come upon that platform to help them, but to ask them to help me in a battle that I had found too hard for me, and that I stood before them as a woman pleading for women. The first of these meetings I addressed at the instance of the late revered Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, who took the chair, and inaugurated the White Cross movement, which has since spread over the civilized world. And throughout this most difficult side of my work I had his priceless co-operation and approval ; besides the wise counsel, guidance, and unflinching sympathy of one whom but to name is to awake the deepest springs of reverence, Dr. Wilkinson, then the incumbent of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, afterwards Bishop of Truro, and

Ellice Hopkins

now Bishop of St. Andrews. But so great was the effort that it cost me, that I do not think I could have done this part of my work but for my two favourite mottoes—the one, that ‘ I can’t ’ is a lie in the lips that repeat, ‘ I believe in the HOLY GHOST ’ ; the other, received from the lips of Bishop Selwyn, that ‘ If, as soldiers of the cross, we stick at anything, we are disgraced for ever.’

“ This I say emphatically, that the evil which we have grappled with to save one of our own dear ones does not sully.”

In his account of the beginning of this moral crusade, the Bishop of Durham said :—

“ The visit of Miss Ellice Hopkins to these northern counties has awakened in many consciences the sense of a strong responsibility, un-realized hitherto, on a question affecting more nearly than any other the physical, moral, and spiritual well-being of England. Those who have heard her appeal on behalf of her wronged and degraded sisters—her sisters and ours—feel that they cannot any longer let the matter rest where it is. Penitentiaries, reformatories, hospitals—these and other curative agencies, however benevolent in purpose and useful in

The White Cross League

operation, are quite powerless to stem the torrent of misery and vice. We must strike at the root of the evil. A more wholesome and righteous public opinion must be created in the matter of social purity. Not until it is generally recognized that the man who has wrought a woman's degradation is at least as great an offender against society as the man who has robbed a till or the man who has forged a cheque—nay, much greater, for he has done a far more irreparable wrong—not until society is prepared to visit such an offender with the severest social penalties, will there be any real change for the better. So long as the violation of purity is condoned in the one sex and visited with shame in the other, our unrighteousness and unmanliness must continue to work out its own terrible retribution. Is it beyond hope, that by invoking widely the principle of association on a very simple religious basis, this end of creating a healthy public opinion may be obtained? ”

The origin of the movement is further described in the White Cross series of papers—in the first one called the White Cross Army, and in another called “ Damaged Pearls,” an instance of Ellice's happy choice of titles :—

Ellice Hopkins

“ This White Cross movement is essentially a working man’s movement. It was started among working men—some three hundred pitmen and clerks meeting the Bishop of Durham, than whom a harder working man does not exist. There, in their own institute, under his leadership, these strong, bright, young north-countrymen came forward and took on themselves the five White Cross obligations. I never had a more enthusiastic audience, and nearly half came forward boldly and enrolled themselves. From thence this movement, led by those three hundred pitmen, has spread all over the world.

“ Since then we have held very much larger meetings of a thousand to two thousand men of all classes, partly in the diocese of Durham, but partly in other parts of England. It was said it would be impossible to hold mass meetings of men of all ranks on this subject without an outbreak of the coarse jocularities with which it is treated among men. I can only say, whatever effort it may have cost me, I have never addressed meetings so solemn, so earnest, so enthusiastic, as these meetings. They have made me feel that there is a great unsuspected force in our strong, chivalrous-hearted Englishmen, to fight the degradation of women and

The White Cross League

children, now that we have got some way of disciplining and organizing it, and bringing it into the field. And it was impossible to listen to the ringing utterances of the high-minded men who spoke after me, who had been leading pure, upright lives in the midst of their fellows, but who for the first time in their life spoke out as to the utter baseness of degrading women, the utter swinishness of letting the beast run loose and the man be nowhere, without feeling that it came upon the men as a sort of revelation, and that no one went out of that room quite the same as he went in.

“ In the north of England the artisan classes are taking up this question, and they mean to protect their own class from wrong. That is one meaning of the ‘ White Cross.’ Those strong, hard-headed pitmen of the north, those artisans of Yorkshire and Durham, have got a clearer perception than some of us have of what liberty is. I do not know what answer some of you would make if I asked you to define liberty. You would perhaps say it means, ‘ Let a man do whatever he chooses.’ That is not the notion of liberty springing up amongst the intelligent and advanced artisan classes of the north. They mean by liberty equal power possessed by all classes of England

Ellice Hopkins

to impose restraints on all others for the good of all. They see that liberty has its duties as well as its rights. That is the great doctrine which is penetrating the artisan classes of England. Now if you apply this doctrine of liberty to this particular question, you will see that it means equality between the sexes in this matter of protection of purity."

Miss Steer writes: "I suppose that what will prove to be the work by which Ellice Hopkins's name will in future be best known is the founding of the White Cross Army, the name given to the great purity movement among men. During the latter part of her ten years of active service, the largest and most remarkable meetings she held were for men. Often many hundreds of all classes gathered to hear this shrinking, delicate, but most brave and eloquent woman plead the cause of degraded womanhood. In this movement she was most effectually helped and supported by the late Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham, and his then chaplain, the Rev. Armitage Robinson, now Dean of Westminster, who became the genius and first secretary of the

The White Cross League

movement. Since its foundation, and through all the later years of her life, the White Cross movement was her greatest care. She wrote numerous pamphlets, which had a wide circulation, and her correspondence with workers all over the world was enormous. She lived to see branches of the league formed in America, in Australia, and South Africa. Lord Roberts is now the President."

In the formation of branches of this league for the promotion of purity Ellice Hopkins, during the following years of heavy labour, organized work and addressed hundreds of meetings in all parts of the United Kingdom. Sometimes they were crowded by boisterous students, eager for fun and bent on making mischief, sometimes by hundreds of sad and weary working women, mothers keen to know how to protect their girls, and how to bring up their children to hate the wrong. At other times she spoke to bright, happy girls, or to small bands of intensely earnest workers, seeking for fresh inspiration, or for better methods of work. She knew how to adapt herself to all these different classes of listeners.

Ellice Hopkins

Everywhere the result was the same, absorbed attention from first to last, eager resolves to live a nobler life, new work started, life itself lifted on to a higher plane. The students' hearts were touched, they quite forgot that they had come to have some horseplay, they no longer even thought of baiting this feeble, soul-stirred woman, who had the gift of immediately seizing and holding attention, and who without waste of words, won the ears and the hearts of her audience, at once reaching their higher nature.

When she came to Dublin in May, 1885, after a week of meetings mainly addressed to bands of working women or to philanthropic workers, a large evening meeting was announced for men only. It was feared there might be disturbances, so admission was by ticket only; but all the same, it was soon found that these precautions had not prevented an influx of a band of young men, medical students mostly, bent on having a good time and making a row. The committee, in trepidation, half thought of giving up the meeting, but they need not have feared.

The White Cross League

Except for her imploring voice—eloquent, pathetically earnest, not a sound was to be heard. Her mastery of herself, her audience, her subject, was at once evident; though few, except the chairman, the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Dublin (the late Lord Plunket) and the organizers knew that she had been told of the probability that there would be a serious row, and of the courage and faith that enabled her to face so critical an audience. In other towns the experience was the same. Even with audiences more difficult to touch perhaps, I do not think there was ever a single case of failure to grip them from the very start, or of failure to accomplish her aim—that of rousing men and women to truer manhood, truer womanhood, or of failure to make those men and women realize that it was possible to lead pure and wholesome lives, and that it was for them not only to be pure themselves, but to help to raise those who were sliding downhill—to protect those who stumbled, those who were weak, even those who were willing to fall, or had already fallen, and perhaps did not even want to be saved. She needed not only

Ellice Hopkins

her burning earnestness, but all the aid that skill and practice could give in the difficult work she undertook, for often a false word, a slip, would have imperilled a meeting. Her early practice in speaking, her logical studies, and her imagination and insight, all came to her help now.

Perhaps a letter written to her sister by the Rev. Canon Scott Holland, may be quoted here, somewhat out of its chronological order, since it bears on this point of her marvellous power over her audiences :—

“ I have been asked by the Executive Committee of the White Cross League to convey to you our sincere condolence on the death of Miss Ellice Hopkins. We are printing in our paper a record of her services to the cause, and an attempt to appreciate all we owe to her. This will be sent to you, but no words can convey what those who are interested in the origin of the movement alone know. It was her impulse which alone made possible what was done under the high inspiration of Bishop Lightfoot.

“ I myself shall never forget the power and beauty with which she spoke to our under-

The White Cross League

graduates at Oxford. And her energy never failed us in dark days, and always she asked for the highest and best, and never allowed us to compromise our hope. Through all the disappointments and changes that came over the White Cross Society, she most faithfully followed on with us—even though we were not entirely on the lines that she had advocated, and throughout all her sickness she still held us true to our task. Now that she is passed away we shall owe to her that reserve of strength which is given by endowment, and which will be such a force to us who are compelled to live on the edge of our finance. Her name will always be held by us in deepest honour and gratitude.”

In another of the White Cross leaflets, “The Black Anchor,” is a further short account of the spread of the movement in Oxford (alluded to in the letter just quoted) and elsewhere. The extract also shows how Ellice always appealed to the best side of her audience, how she trusted them, and roused their sense of chivalry and their protective instincts.

“Never for one moment of the six years of such toil and anguish as belong to few women,

Ellice Hopkins

beating wearily up and down England to plead this cause of England's women and children, thrust rudely up against the most agonizing problems of our life, bearing on my woman's heart the shame and sin and anguish of my own sisters, my hands always full of children degraded by the fearfully debased manhood in our midst—never for one moment have I lost faith in the men of England. *It isn't English!* They are true at heart; they do care for a woman, and for helpless children; they will die to save us on occasion. Never have the noble women who are banding themselves all over England to fight the battle with me lost faith in you either, though at times we have seemed to be fighting at tremendous odds. And I do not believe that the sound of the shrill Highland pibroch came sweeter to the ears of the gallant defenders of Lucknow than the news which came to us of the Oxford undergraduates having banded themselves to fight this cowardly evil of the sacrifice of the weak by the strong. It was like warm blood pouring into our veins. Then came the men's movement at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when many of the highest in England came forward. And after that the great popular movement, inaugurated by the Bishop of Durham, the White

The White Cross League

Cross Army, proclaiming in its very name the white flower of manhood, the strong giving himself for the weak, the disciplined strength of numbers. And, last of all, five hundred of the leading Churchmen of England, meeting the Primate to pledge the National Church to fight this battle for us, and to form the Church of England Purity Society.

“ Are you not already justifying our faith in you ?

“ And will not the day come, and come soon, when the man will ‘ love the woman and give himself for her ’ ? when the top of the precipice will be fenced by men standing shoulder to shoulder to protect us women from being pushed over into wrong and degradation, when the great Black Anchor will give place to the White Cross ? ”

In a letter to a friend she gives one of her own vivid impressions about this part of her work :—

“ Our meetings in Glasgow were huge ; one nearly three thousand men, and my Edinburgh students were a brilliant success. The White Cross now numbers five hundred members, largely medical students, who have taken the lead and caught up the Oxford Association,

Ellice Hopkins

which is three years older. But it was a sickening ordeal; the Bishop of Durham had refused on the ground, 'I doubt my power of holding that audience.' No sufficiently eminent man could be found to take it, and I stood in the gap only because no man would. The University was dreadfully nervous about the experiment; only five of the professors stood by us. I was pushed to the front almost immediately after we got on the platform; having listened in the committee-room ten minutes before with sinking heart to the noise going on, roaring, stamping, whistling, and knew I had to control it somehow. It was an awful moment when I advanced to the edge of the platform, and stood opposite that roaring scene of young faces, many of which meant mischief. I simply cast myself on our LORD, and held them transfixed for forty minutes, through the worst hard-hitting, home-thrusting address I ever gave. I thought I would do it thoroughly when I was about it! When I finished, one of the committee said, 'I think if she had asked them to go up and storm Edinburgh Castle, they would have gone off in a body and done it!' So that difficult outpost is won—the Bishop thinks the most important in the Kingdom."

The White Cross League

The following account, probably of this same meeting, is given in one of her books :—

“ I once had to make an appeal under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. It was on the occasion of the inaugural White Cross address to the students of the Edinburgh university, now one of the first medical schools in the world. The date of the address had been fixed, the hall taken, when an unforeseen difficulty arose. Eminent man after eminent man was asked to give the address, but all with one consent began to make excuse. Spirit and flesh both quailed before so difficult and rowdy an audience on so difficult and perilous a subject. At last the professor who was chiefly interested implored me to give the address myself, or the whole thing would go by default. Under these circumstances I had no choice but to do so. But as I sat in the committee-room while the order of the meeting was being arranged, and heard my audience shouting, singing, crowing like cocks, whistling like parrots, caterwauling like cats, and keeping up a continuous uproar, I thought to myself, ‘ I have got to go into that and control it somehow so as to be heard.’ I confess I did feel wrecked upon God. Professor Maclagan,

Ellice Hopkins

who took the chair, agreed that a prayer was impossible, a hymn was equally out of the question. The only thing was to push me at once to the front ; and almost immediately, after a few very brief words from the distinguished chairman, I found myself face to face with an audience that evidently meant mischief. By some instinct I told them at once about James Hinton, whom of course they knew by name as the first aurist of his day ; how with all that this life could give him, he had died of a broken heart—a heart broken over the lost and degraded womanhood of England, the hosts of young girls slain in body and soul whom he met with at night in our terrible streets. This seemed to strike and sober them, that a man should actually die over a thing which to all of them was so familiar, and to many had been only the subject of a coarse jest. They listened to me with profound attention, and I could see that my words went home.”

The outcome of her meetings in Dublin, Edinburgh, and in most of the places visited by her, was the formation of Social Purity or White Cross Leagues, many branches of which

The White Cross League

are still actively engaged in good and useful work.

Later she writes from Brighton, 24 October, 1885 :—

“ We are in a delightful crisis of the work, all difficulties at last overcome, our young Oxonian appointed White Cross secretary—a splendid fellow with whom the work is a perfect enthusiasm—and Dr. Butler, late of Harrow, is to superintend him. This is delightful, partly that he is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Butler’s, and we are all linked in with one another in the most curious and charming way. There are other splendid agencies at work.”

Since the spoken word cannot now be recalled, it may perhaps help to show the tender, delicate way in which Ellice approached her subject and tried to open doors for its entrance, if the letter circulated in Dublin previous to the meetings she held there is given. People, especially Christian women, were greatly shocked at even the mention of such a subject as impurity, the standard of Irish men and women in this matter, as is well known, being remarkably high. The letter runs :—

Ellice Hopkins

“DEAR FRIENDS AND SISTERS IN OUR LORD,—There is a good deal of misunderstanding with regard to the meetings which we propose to hold in Dublin from the 11th of May to the 16th. Some seem to consider that the subject of those meetings is rescue work. Others are afraid that, if they attend, they will hear of horrors of which they would rather remain in ignorance. Many are doubtful as to my holding meetings of young women; and all, I am told, are opposed to my addressing educated girls.

“Will you allow me, therefore, to explain what is the real object of the women’s meetings, to which I attach far more importance than to the meetings of men? We meet with the one purpose of considering in the presence and power of our Redeemer how we can best fulfil the guardianship of the purity of the home, and the sanctity of the family, and of all children, which devolves upon us as women. Our subject will be our own womanhood as consecrated by the Incarnation, and made in CHRIST to be the fountain of life, and love, and purity to the world; and how we can best work out that consecration in our own lives. We shall enter on such questions as the training of our own sons, how we can make our woman-

The White Cross League

hood a greater blessing and help to them ; the legal protection of the young and the guardianship of little children ; and how we can best mother the rough, uncared-for girls around us, and even those who do not come under this description, but who are exposed to terrible temptations in Dublin.

“ In the meetings of young women the subject of the degradation of women will scarcely be mentioned, except in the form of a few guarded warnings. Their object is to help them to work out ‘ the divine possibilities ’ of their womanhood, and realize the true attitude of a woman—‘ to look up and to lift up.’ In my address to educated girls, which I still hope that after you have heard me you will be inclined to let me give, though we may not think it wise to advertise it with the other meetings, the subject of vice *is not once even alluded to*. It is in part a stiff intellectual address to help them to understand the plan and method of life, and meet some of the intellectual difficulties which I find everywhere among the educated young. Its practical outcome is generally that they form into a band for opening club-rooms for shop and factory-girls, and giving them the immense advantage of friendship with educated girls. I have given this

Ellice Hopkins

address to the Newnham College girls, Cambridge, and to the High Schools of Edinburgh and many other of our large towns.

“ No one need, therefore, fear that they will hear anything to shock and revolt their sensitive delicacy. One or two terrible facts about the children must be known and faced ; but what would we not bear to save them ? Otherwise our subject is the fountain and not the sewer. We do not think it such a very delicate subject to mention Sir Galahad, ‘ whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.’ Nor to speak of King Arthur, of whom our own Spenser sings that every unprotected girl could feel

That all the time he by his side her bore
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.

And how we can send forth into the world more Sir Galahads and King Arthurs, by GOD’S grace ‘ made of a woman ’ in the image of the strong and tender manhood of JESUS CHRIST, is surely not an unworthy subject for women to meet to consider. My own strong conviction is that Ireland, especially Irish women, are destined to bear a leading part in this great question of a higher and purer manhood and womanhood ; and that you can, if you will,

The White Cross League

give us an altogether fresh wave of life in what is literally the forlorn hope of the world.

“ Those, therefore, who refuse to come to our meetings on the ground that they do not approve of them, must be understood as disapproving of women facing such questions as the purity of the home and the sanctity of the family, and maintaining that they have nothing to do with guarding the innocence of little children, or preserving the life-springs of the nation as well as of their own sons' welfare in body and soul, and that our blessed LORD made a mistake when He entrusted the message of the risen life to a woman, and bade us ‘ go, tell his brothers ’ of the manhood lifted up into GOD.

“ May I not conclude with Ruskin's pathetic words to us as women : ‘ There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggles, but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope ; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you shut yourselves within your park walls and your garden gates, and

Ellice Hopkins

you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate, and of suffering you dare not conceive.’

“ May I earnestly ask each one of you to pray that these words may no longer be true of us, that we may no longer be content to accept the cruel degradation of other women and young girls because it is not we or our children that are sacrificed? Pray for our meetings. Pray that we may be able to bear the pain and the shame and the offence of the cross; that we may ‘cease to live in these dream-worlds of our own, and dare to live in this poor disordered world of GOD’S, which will work out in us a better goodness than any dream-world of our own’—even the divine womanhood that goes forth to the sins and anguish and degradation of the world, the divine motherhood before whose gracious loveliness the strongest man grows weak as a little child, and, as a little child, grows pure.

“ Very faithfully yours in our blessed Lord,

“ ELLICE HOPKINS.”

The White Cross paper for October, 1904,

The White Cross League

gave the following account of the rise and spread of this movement :—

“ In the early part of 1883 Miss Hopkins had been addressing large meetings of men in various towns of England and Scotland, notably at Edinburgh University, and she had spoken with telling force, appealing to her hearers to create a more wholesome and righteous public opinion in the matter of social purity, and to recognize a high standard as equally binding on men no less than on women.

“ Letters began to pour in from all parts of the United Kingdom, and large meetings of men were addressed by Miss Hopkins and others. Writing a few weeks later to hearten the original members of the White Cross Army, she speaks of gatherings of from eight hundred to two thousand men, at Newcastle, Gateshead, Sunderland, Carlisle, and others in prospect at Liverpool, Oxford (to undergraduates), Swansea, Cardiff, Croydon, Hull, Peterborough, and elsewhere. Of another meeting she says : “ I wish you could have seen the expression on the faces of eight hundred mill girls I spoke to at Halifax, and told them how you men at Bishops Auckland had banded yourselves together to fight this battle for us.

Ellice Hopkins

“Then followed in rapid succession that remarkable series of booklets, which soon ran up to over thirty, written with about four exceptions by the same facile pen, and all submitted to the Bishop for his *imprimatur*. Pruning there certainly was, but only in a few cases, and then it was readily welcomed by the author. For the most part her words were printed just as they flowed fresh from her pen; words full of piquant illustration and stirring anecdote, sometimes humorous, always of intense earnestness, from a heart on fire with the wrongs of womanhood and the pity of them, while at the same time charged with a profound belief in manhood and human nature touched by the Divine Spirit.”

Thousands of these booklets, written in what some one called her “inimitable, breezy, stimulating style,” were sold; considerably over two million have been circulated, and many have run into twenty, thirty, and even seventy-five editions, each of a thousand or more. Of one, “True Manliness,” the most popular and one of the best (which a friend once told her in confidence was written by a distin-

The White Cross League

guished barrister !), no less than three hundred thousand were sold within a year of its publication ; 185th thousand is marked on another of the papers of this series.

The work of the White Cross League spread rapidly far and wide. In Bishop Lightfoot's own words, " England in 1886 was dotted over with associations, guilds, brotherhoods, and the like, enrolled under the White Cross banner." Branches were formed in the army, the navy, in barracks, training ships, the fleet, in men-of-war, and in most English dioceses—in all but two, indeed. It rapidly took root in Ireland, in our colonies, and in other countries, and is working largely among soldiers in India and elsewhere. An Indian White Cross Association, of which the Bishop of Lahore is President, is doing excellent work, and making considerable progress. New York and Chicago joined in the movement in 1885. In Australia and New Zealand it is most actively at work, and associations have also been formed in Jamaica, Durban, China, Canada, South Africa, Trinidad, Japan, Hamburg, and many other places. The organizations formed in Australia

Ellice Hopkins

and New Zealand are doing most zealous work, and the White Cross leaflets have a large sale there.

Up to the time of her last illness Ellice was in constant correspondence with the heads of the White Cross movement in Australia—in-
augurated by her and by her books, and per-
haps now the most active, as it is the most
recent, development of the work. News of the
work there came as a great cheer and en-
couragement to her during her last suffering
years.

Of this Australian work she writes some
years later :—

BRIGHTON,

January 13th, 1902.

“ I sometimes humbly think that the moral
drains of *one* hemisphere are enough to be
‘ forced through the channel of a single heart.’
But it has pleased Providence to give me *both*,
and Australia and New Zealand have just
added themselves on, and, at their request, a
sixth edition of my book, ‘ The Power of
Womanhood,’ has just gone out to them (not

The White Cross League

very improving for my head). Truly I am wrecked upon God, Whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Like a poor widow with eight children I knew, 'I scuffle along somehow.' Pray for me, dear friends, sometimes, as one sore beset and bestead."

In other letters she speaks of "delightful, warm, hearty Australia." And again, "Australia gobbled up an edition of my book in a few weeks. It is doing immense good, I am told." And again, "The Australian work is inexpressibly dear to me, and I love the people. The third Australian edition of my book is in full swing—they are getting on capitally. I always write to the blessed creatures every mail. They are the joy of my heart." "The work gets on beautifully, especially in my dear Australia, or rather Australasia, for I have New Zealand and Tasmania as well. They are such a dear, warm-hearted folk, so different from us children of the north wind and the mist."

Probably this White Cross League, which, under the wise guidance of Bishop Lightfoot, Ellice undoubtedly founded, is the best known,

Ellice Hopkins

and will be the most permanent result of her life and work. He said at one of the annual meetings that "Ellice Hopkins has been the mainspring of this movement. She has devoted singular gifts and energies to this one object. She has almost sacrificed her life to it; but though God buries His workmen, He carries on His work."

To show the change in feeling since the time when Ellice Hopkins found such difficulty in obtaining a hearing:—it was proposed by Mrs. Creighton, and seconded by Mrs. Percy Bunting, at the meeting of the National Union of Women Workers in 1906, and passed unanimously in silence:—

"That the National Council of Women wishes to express its deep sense of the need for the amendment of the Criminal Law Amendment Act."

Mrs. Bunting said: "This Act, as the older among us remember, was passed on a great tide of popular feeling just twenty years ago, and it immensely improved matters. Up to that time no girl over thirteen had any pro-

The White Cross League

tection from the law in this matter. After much agitation the age was raised to sixteen. At that time many of us asked that it should be raised to eighteen, but the general feeling was not strong enough for that. Since then the feeling on the subject has grown, and we want the age of protection for a girl to be raised to eighteen."

Yet it was as recently as October, 1903, that Ellice Hopkins wrote :—

" I have now the honour of two expulsions in one year as a recognition of my services. I don't know why it wounds me so deeply ; it is partly the horrid ingratitude, when they know they wouldn't have touched with their little finger the work I have broken my health and my heart over."

Although Ellice could truthfully say, " It is foolish to shrink from criticism. It is to put yourself before your work, which is always a mistake," yet she also knew when her work was good, and wrote frankly enough about it.

" There are no papers like my beautiful White Cross papers, simply because I gave up my literary power to them, and poured it into

Ellice Hopkins

this work, into which the components of all great and vital work—tears, sweat, and blood, have all three gone.” *

In one of her letters Ellice Hopkins writes : “ Our life is our Lord’s, and everything that hinders it being devoted to His service must be given up resolutely.” She lived up to her theories.

In this pleasure-seeking, material age, is it not a stimulus to remember that there are martyrs for the truth to-day, just as much as there were in the early days of Christianity ? To be a *living* martyr, to die daily to all one’s natural desires and longings, to suffer opprobrium, and to be looked at askance, as Ellice

* “ I have promised the White Cross a legacy of £1700—dear Frank Crossley gave me the money,” Ellice Hopkins wrote. (See also p. 248.)

The report of the Society, in acknowledging this legacy, says : “ The League will benefit under the will of Miss Ellice Hopkins—our first woman Associate—who has passed to her rest after so many years of arduous and incessant labour.” Canon Scott Holland also adds that her work was “ simply invaluable to us.” Others find even more helpful the most “ useful and wholesome books she wrote for mothers.” Several of her White Cross papers are still in circulation, and some are now being reprinted by the White Cross League.

The White Cross League

Hopkins, with her sensitive and deeply affectionate nature, was, is indeed a daily sacrifice, greater, perhaps, than even the single sharp suffering of death. The martyrdom came in its sharpest form to her. After giving up her life to this painful and arduous work, her strength and her powers failed, her bodily sufferings were intense, and she had to give up the work just when she seemed most necessary to it, and when the claims upon her were incessant.

CHAPTER XIII

LETTERS—BROKEN HEALTH—TRAVEL

ELLICE HOPKINS'S correspondence in connection with her special work was enormous and world-wide. How she coped with it at all in her feebleness, with the heavy and exhausting public work she undertook, and her increasing difficulty of writing (from writer's paralysis and rheumatism), it is hard to understand. The expense was heavy too; some of her leaflets were printed at her own expense, and she frequently refers to the difficulty of finding publishers for her books, and of making them known without reviews, advertisements, or the help of circulating libraries. Most of her letters, moreover, were of such a specially private, confidential character, that no help was possible; they had to be read and answered by herself alone. As she said, "Passing from family to family, always concerned with questions that concern the innermost shrine of life, I necessarily became the recipient of many hidden sorrows."

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

However, some letters written to two or three very dear friends, whose love she greatly valued, give glimpses of some of her beautiful thoughts, and also of the deep love and intense power of sympathy that made her friendship such an abiding joy and strength. Thus she writes from Brighton :—

“ DEAREST CHILD,—Forget those things that are behind—it is no use questioning whether the sacrifice you name was required of you or not. One may plague oneself to death over the past—so little that one has done was unquestionably for the best. One can only leave it to Christ, who watches our broken efforts and imperfect endeavours with larger, other eyes than ours, and says of them, ‘Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.’ He can bless us in our mistakes as well as in our wisenesses. . . .

“Weariness is a frowsy green-baize kind of a devil that dulls the prayer upon one’s lip—oh, for St. Peter’s roaring lion of a devil!—he is a joke compared to this dull, stifling, noiseless devil! Have you not allowed the duty of waiting to weigh too strongly with you and deprive you of precious years of service in the Lord’s vineyard? What is called the force of circumstances is too often just those little

Ellice Hopkins

eddies in which helpless straws are whirled round and round, but which the living fish disregard, making currents of their own, which often set the straw free as well. If my heart drew less to you, I should not deal so openly with you."

Or, again :--

" DEARLY LOVED,—Never send me a paragraph or speech or anything that expresses disloyalty. It does me mortal harm, and makes my illness an anguish of spirit as well as much pain of body.

" Disloyalty is the one thing that does me awful harm, one is so thankful for that inscription on our Lord's warrior raiment, ' Faithful and True.' One always goes back to Him like a sobbing child, and is caught up in the Everlasting Arms and is comforted.

" I could not but be with you in spirit when you laid the earthly remains of your dear one in the grave. One can't but be thankful that the few last poor blurred, effaced pages of life are completed, and the book is closed. How true it is that the pages so inscribed with mourning and woe and weariness and pain, gild as we softly close them, and we see how very fair and bright with something of an

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

angel light the life has been, and what a precious heritage for ever to those who loved her.

“ The country is a Eucharistic hymn to GOD just now—‘ We thank Thee for Thy great glory.’

“ GOD bless you, my dear one, and help you to have faith, and look on the bright side of things—the Godward side, which all things have, even our poor little efforts after better and purer things.”

To the same friend, when depressed and burdened, she wrote from the depths of her own experience :—

“ The verse which you want more than any other, and which you had better make your whole Bible for the present, is that wonderful passage in Deuteronomy—‘ I led thee, and *suffered thee to hunger*, and fed thee with food that thou knewest not, to teach thee that man does not live by bread alone ’—no, not by what you and I think a necessary of life, that without which we cannot live—love, success, fulfilled desire—*but* by everything that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Most High, whether that word (‘ thing ’ in the Revised Version) be failure or success, love or heart-hunger, uselessness or abounding labour—by *that* does

Ellice Hopkins

man live. Our life is distinctly a supernatural life, and we are always longing for a natural life, and GOD has to let us go hungry of the natural life, in order that we may enter into the supernatural, and our wish be taken up into His. Do you know that lovely fact about the opal? That in the first place it is made only of desert dust—sand, silica, and owes its beauty and preciousness to a defect. It is a stone with a broken heart. It is full of minute fissures which admit air, and the air refracts the light. Hence its lovely hues, and that sweet lamp of fire that ever burns at its heart, for the breath of the LORD GOD is in it.

“ You are only conscious of the cracks and the desert dust, but so He makes His precious opal. We must be broken in ourselves before we can give back the lovely hues of His light, and the lamp in the temple can burn in us and never go out.”

In letters to a specially loved friend, to whom she says she owes the fact of having gone down into the horrible pit and having this awful work laid on her, she sometimes gave expression to her feelings of weariness and of depression : “ Oh, I shall be so glad when the Gate called Beautiful of all the sad and weary-hearted

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

opens at last for me. It is difficult to know when to spare oneself in His blessed service. My head is as good as the widow's cruse of oil without air, and used for real hard work, so is certainly stronger."

Another time she writes: "Persistent adversity has befallen me, and miraculous help been given me. My whole song is one song of thankfulness, but I am very low physically. God takes our worst complaint and sends it back to us as a blessing."

A year or two later, in 1888, after many threatenings of collapse, came the complete and final breakdown in Ellice Hopkins's health; all work in consequence had to be given up, as entire rest for the brain was required. Much of her suffering was caused by the heavy strain of her many years of strenuous, exhausting labour on a frame always delicate and on a highly strung temperament. In the latter she was like Mrs. Carlyle, and what might have been a trifle to a more robust person, was sufficient to cause her intense and prolonged suffering. She suffered also from that painful complaint, chronic sciatica.

Ellice Hopkins

She was fortunate in securing a most devoted companion and secretary in Mrs. McIsaac, who was with her for the last sixteen years of her life, and with whom she travelled both abroad and at home a good deal. Mrs. McIsaac* has written the following account of this time :—

“ When I first met Miss Ellice Hopkins, in October, 1888, she was suffering from a severe breakdown, and had been advised to travel for a year or two, and I was asked to accompany her. During the eighteen months we spent in Italy and Switzerland, she lived an invalid life, passing her days in the open air ; she would sit and paint flowers from nature. Some of her mosaic work, which has been so much admired, is a reproduction from drawings she took in the Vatican. She was a good designer, and could have made a good income by her art.

“ We returned to England in May, 1890, and spent that winter in Boscombe. During the next eight years we had no settled home. We passed the winter months in rooms in Brighton, going from thence to Dorking, Sevenoaks,

* In her letters Ellice refers frequently to the lovely devotion of Mrs. McIsaac and gratefully to the love shown her : “ Every one is so touchingly kind.”

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

Tunbridge Wells, Sheringham, and Hindhead, varied by visits to Scotland. Later we had a pretty little house in Brighton on the high grounds near the College, where she spent the last quiet and happy years of her life.

“ She wrote generally by dictation—she was unable at times to use her right arm, and for some years carried it in a sling. Occasionally she wrote with her left hand.

“ She had a wonderful memory—a great blessing in long fits of depression. Her greatest comfort on such occasions was St. John’s Gospel, which she could repeat from beginning to end. Often on visiting her room in the middle of the night I have found her repeating her favourite Gospel.

“ She had a great idea of occupation for the mind. Our two young maids, whom I had trained, were treated like members of the family, and when in the country had their meals with us. ‘ We must not only train them in domestic duties, but train their minds that their eyes may see for the blind, that they may be a comfort to the sick, and helpful in any position in which it may please GOD to place them.’ So she gave them lessons in Nature, and read to them.

“ On one of our visits to Sheringham we took

Ellice Hopkins

with us a little girl of seven, and it was a charming sight to see Ellice and the child start off together ; the child with her specimen tin slung over her shoulder, Ellice carrying a small microscope, and giving the child her first lessons in botany.

“ She was most generous and tender-hearted, and gave freely to those in need, especially to any lonely ones. She loved to converse with working-men. One day in talking to a young lad she touched upon religion. He appeared much interested, and said, ‘ My religion ain’t a greasy one what slips off, ’tis like a rusty nail in a door ; you’d have hard work to pull it out.

“ Hers was indeed a unique personality ; most unaffected and homely, she possessed talents of the highest order. She had a great sense of humour, and at times would talk so wittily as to convulse one with laughter. Her own laughter was like that of a very happy schoolgirl. But there were times when any one who did not understand her would have found her difficult to live with. She had never enjoyed a day’s health, ‘ the thorn in the flesh ’ was always there. Sometimes after a nervous attack she would come to my room in the middle of the night, and say, ‘ I have distressed you to-day, I am so sorry.’ On one

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

such occasion we discussed a sermon I had heard preached from the text, St. Luke II. 44, 'Supposing Him to have been in the company.' I saw into her inmost heart, and found a lovely soul.

"She had no thought of self, neither was she a slave to convention. She saw that there was work to be done, and she did it unflinchingly. GOD alone knows the amount of physical suffering she endured when writing 'The Power of Womanhood.'

"The pleasures of this life had no fascination for her. She gave her life to the service of GOD, to the purifying and uplifting of the human race.

"She often had attacks of inflammation of the eyes ; at such times she was very patient. When I was not reading aloud she would knit shawls with the left hand only ; she would fix a knitting-pin in a belt she had made for the purpose, and would knit quickly without looking at her work. She acknowledged the mercy of continued sight by never passing a blind beggar without giving a thankoffering to GOD for the blessing."

No wonder that she wrote, "I don't dread death, on the contrary, I often long for it."

Ellice Hopkins

For, " My right hand is crippled. I am always liable to ear and throat ache," she says in one letter. As was almost inevitable, she passed through a period of deepest depression in the reaction after the strenuous years in which she had been strung up to the highest pitch. She expressed these passing feelings freely to the two friends in Yorkshire, who have been already mentioned, and to whom all the following letters were written :—

GRAND HOTEL, GRASSE,

March 21st, 1888.

" I get more and more bitterly discouraged. Everything is against me. I get no rest from constant anxiety, and I get more and more worn and nervous. Oh, if you only knew how little intellect is to me now, and what I wouldn't give for a strong, loving heart to lean on, who would take me like a hurt child in her arms and do for me, and not fall ill, and not present any problems. I am so very, very tired. I feel like some hunted thing with dizzy eyes and failing limbs, and yet never suffered to rest."

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

CANNES, *April 17th*, 1888.

“ I have been waiting for the guidance that always comes to the soul that waits patiently and listens. It has come at last in a very earthly form, massage, and in a sharp return of my Riviera sleeplessness.

“ I must go back to my dear old ugly Brighton, and then to those dear, sleepy, bracing Yorkshire moors, and come abroad again when I am sounder. I have never lost the feeling that I should be too much for you to undertake, though GOD only knows how grateful my heart is to you both for being willing to undertake me. I shall never forget *that* at any rate.

“ I am having a blessed time of it here, seeing my Bishop* every day, and he is more an angel of my GOD to me than ever.”

After her return to the Yorkshire moors she writes from Harrogate, 3 July, 1888 :—

“ Five mortal weeks almost have we been in the north, and only five times have we seen the sun, and only two days have I been able to

* Bishop Wilkinson, then Bishop of Truro, now Primus of Scotland; her devoted spiritual friend for twenty years.

Ellice Hopkins

camp out. All the rest have been a witches' brew of tearing east wind, grey fog, and torrents of rain. Yet even with everything against me in the way of weather, there is something in this detestable little place which does one's rheumatism so much good ; I am actually able to walk now four miles a day, and I ride in that glorious chariot of my own ten toes in cheerful state. My back is wonderfully better, and I hope that the power of taking steady exercise will gradually tell on my miserable head. Emily Janes makes a most perfect companion, and life becomes with her a feather-bed.

“ Thanks a thousandfold for that sweet little testimony that GOD has not forgotten me at the bottom of His waste-paper basket. It does me more good than anything to hear of boys being helped and strengthened and a high ideal got into them.”

Month after month went wearily by, health did not return, her depression was often acute, but the old fun and wit was always ready to bubble up, and she managed to occupy herself when absolutely unable to read or write in all sorts of unexpected ways.

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

HOTEL DE LONDRES,

LA CAVA, SALERNO,

January 14th, 1890.

“ I missed the tender words of my two on my birthday. Surely they will not forget me on the top shelf with the old almanacks, or forget every now and then to put a few sweet-smelling flowers in that dim spot to brighten the dust and grey cobwebs.

“ Two feet and a half, nearly a yard, of ache down one side of me. It is really almost as bad as the giraffe with a bad cold which tickled Sydney Smith so on his death-bed—six feet of sore throat. But, thank GOD, I have overcome the depression that was steadily gaining upon me when I first realized that I *had* to face being crippled in body as well as mind. Doubtless it is very hard to bear, but others have to bear so much worse. I have so many alleviations—can bear reading out that so many bad heads cannot, can work a little when many cannot stir, and my mind is all right, only weak when it tries to go. I who have received so much good at the hands of the LORD, cannot I receive what of evil He has given me to bear? When once I can give up this weary flapping about the Continent like

Ellice Hopkins

so much waste paper, with nothing to do but to chase health that never comes, I shall, with GOD'S grace, find my life perfectly bearable, and even possibly do a little with it by the pinch of careful storing by which a heap of crumbs may at last become a loaf.

“ Often I think that our brokenness and helplessness must plead for those one can no longer help with the heart of our LORD, as strongly as one's active doing, and indirectly by accepting the laying down for them of one's all, one may be helping them as much as in one's stirring days.

“ I fancy the men's work misses me the most, but even there a great deal of quiet, good work is going on.

“ The death of the Bishop of Durham * was a terrible blow, and I have been miserably anxious, too, about my own Bishop, but he is better, though I doubt his being fit for his diocese again. Dearest love and Good New Year wishes for you both, and a deeper devotion to our LORD, whether in work or in suffering, for all three of us.”

* Bishop Lightfoot.

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

NEAR GRANTOWN, N.B.

August 4th, 1891.

“ I suppose you are in no way available for a desolate soul located in a pleasant spot and a splendid air in the Highlands? Sometimes I think God’s hand is against me. He seems to have only heavy blows for me, now that I have spent all in His service, and stand beggared at His door—and yet I know it can be only the scourging in order to receive. I *have* had so much trouble all through this winter. Then I got an angel to live with me, and all my sad life seemed to blossom across its limitations. But my angel had three mortal illnesses in the four months. I take a deal of killing, and I may regain my fragile footing again, but it will be always like staying at an inn now; I have ceased to have an abiding place.”

Only a scant measure of health returned, but Ellice felt she still had one piece of work that she, and she alone, could, and therefore must, do, and though writing caused her exhausted powers such suffering that often while dictating she had to hold her head in

Ellice Hopkins

both hands to ease somewhat the pangs, she determined to try and give the message (see p. 215) she knew was needed, and she writes from Dorking, 23 March, 1892 :—

“ I have quite made up my mind not to wait any longer for my head to get strong, but just use what candle-ends I have left. As soon as I can get a little more into the air, I mean to write my message to the educated mothers of the English-speaking world, which has been aching in my bones these five years, and which no one but myself has the stock-in-trade to write ; and I think the deeper aspects of the question are those which want facing the most. Practical work—rescue and preventive—has moved on splendidly, and is well to the fore. It will cost me much to write it, and I want to secure the best conditions I can, especially bright companionship to take my thoughts off it after the morning’s work. Would it be possible for you to take a house with me in Scotland for the months of July and August ? I should prefer Grantown, as the air there is for the healing of the nations ; it is on the main line, and any amount of lovely excursions could be made. If this plan were possible, it would be a great help to me, and, through me,

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

I hope the work, and would blot out the remembrance of that inexpressibly awful summer last year, which, with its dismal strain and sorrow, robbed me of almost all I had gained in my five years' patient waiting. My poor Kate died after lingering a few weeks in much suffering. It is all very dark to me, as in my effort to save her I seemed only to smash myself and not save her after all."

Her own sufferings only made her more tenderly sympathetic in the troubles that others had to bear, and she was always ready to fling herself into their needs, and to share all she had—of love, interest, money—with them, often taking endless trouble in the effort to help.

For one such she thus begged in a letter from Sevenoaks, 20 April, 1892 :—

"The drone cannot expect the companionship of the honey-bees. By the bye, I want to confide to you my distress about one of the honey-bees, who, though, like her tribe, she makes her life one sweetness, gets but little return in that ilk. I send you in confidence a letter from —, written some time ago,

Ellice Hopkins

which literally made my bones ache. . . . I spare as much as I can out of my small income and heavy expenses of illness, but what I am trying to do now is to raise £25. . . . I have been doing some lovely Venetian iron-work, and mean to make a lot next autumn giving lessons in it. Would you give me an order for *summat*?

“ My *chef d'œuvre* is an Etruscan lamp which hangs from a bracket, and has a ruby glass which burns with a mysterious twinkle, that lights up the dark corners of one's heart. One has only to light it to feel quite cheerful under the circumstances of greatest gloom. But I can also produce a lovely hall lamp, also grate screens, fern baskets (pendant), flower do., brackets, etc. I actually made £3 15s. at a shop, but, alas! the purchaser—a very small tradesman—won't pay up, and I am plunged into gloomy meditations on county-courting and the legal screw. I have also got a splendid order for a mosaic mirror, and hope to get £5 for it.

“ I shall get up a little sale of work if I can't raise the money without. I am really better, and this is my third letter, so no more. Don't, dear honey-bees, cast me out of your golden hive or sting me to death, a drone that begs

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

being too monstrous a thing to suffer and endure.”

To another friend she writes on 21 December, 1891: “ I am a little afraid to come to you in this awfully cold weather ; likely to be still colder, as they have set on a refrigerator in America, the effect of which reached the Atlantic on Sunday, and I suppose we are sure to have it. I am much better, but still rather a second-hand piece of goods.”

SHERINGHAM,

August, 1893.

“ This is a charming little place, with deep, sandy lanes, with ferny banks crowned with a posy of lovely growths, rather than anything as prosaic as hedges, and everywhere that strange charm of high blue lines of lovely sea filling up the dips and soft foldings of cornland and meadow—a touch of the Infinite, a far-off mystery to earth’s homely creatures. A lovely little sheltered lake comes rambling like a brook between its green banks almost up to my door, and I disport myself when it is windy, and listen to the sea winds piping in the hedge-tops. I don’t know any sea place

Ellice Hopkins

I like so much. The fisher-folk are a God-fearing race, and our Sundays are bright with Salvationist bands, that corybantic form of Christianity, livening up our Sabbath dullness, and a solid roar of men's voices 'issuing' from a Primitive Methodist Chapel.

"I suppose your account of A—— is the same. She is in the hands of a loving Father who knows what is best for her, and will give her His lash across our poor wishes with the relentlessness of perfect love. It may be an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living GOD, but it would be a far more awful thing to fall out of them.

"GOD bless and comfort you. I wish you had steady work to help you in this sorrow."

SEVENOAKS,

March, 1896.

"I have only the same amount to do another summer, and the book * will be finished, so I am full of hope. What reck I of pain and disablement and crippled days if I can once more enter into the joy of our LORD and serve and toil, if I can do ever so little to make our England better and purer, England the Mother

* "The Power of Womanhood."

Letters—Broken Health—Travel

of Nations, so that we send not polluted waters to all lands? I am so enjoying my walks, no longer in that monotonous covered way, but in the beautiful uncovered way of GOD's fair world, and with His blue sky closing me in with a sense of infinite protection; and my trees! my trees! great fountains of life, the elms with their exquisite russet blossom full upon them, as beautiful in its way as the first faint burst of the leaf.

“ Ever your rhapsodical

“ ELLICE.”

On practical life as a corrective for scepticism she says: “ Doubt of any kind, as Carlyle says, is only to be removed by action—Christianity is not a speculative system, but only life rightly seen and rightly ordered; but then you must be in some sort of hard contact with it.

‘ Let not fine culture, and poesy, art, sweet tones
Build up about my soothed senses a world
That is not Thine and walls me up in dreams
So my sad heart may cease to beat with Thine
The great world Heart, whose blood for ever shed
Is human life, whose ache is man's dumb pain.’ ”

CHAPTER XIV

“THE POWER OF WOMANHOOD”— CORRESPONDENCE

ALTHOUGH during the last ten years of her life Ellice Hopkins's voice was silent, her pen was busy, not only with correspondence, but during a great part of this time she was writing her two last, and perhaps best and clearest books, until at last finally forbidden by Sir A. Clarke to write more. If utterly unable to compose, instead of relapsing into a helpless invalid, as most women would, she busied herself in many ways, idleness being the one impossible thing to her. She had, however, to live in strict retirement, and so she passed from public view some years before she left her suffering body.

During these long years of patient suffering her character greatly deepened and ripened. The terrible time of her campaign could not but leave her overwrought and overstrained,

“The Power of Womanhood”

especially as she had no home circle to distract her thoughts, and so lived utterly for the one absorbing subject; but the last years of her life were comparatively happy ones, and, lovely in character as she had always been, the growth in tenderness, in sympathy, in quietness, during this time was most wonderful.

It seemed natural to turn to her in any sorrow, and one of her dearly-loved sisters says, that in trouble her first thought was always to fly to Ellice, and from her she never failed to receive tenderest love and sympathy, and the truest and best help. Such sympathy could only be given at heavy cost to herself, for she was naturally intensely sensitive and highly strung—unusually sensitive even physically, so that it seemed as if she needed to be always wrapped in cotton wool; and yet this was the woman who had been so long exposed to the fiercest blasts—to hatred, scorn, contumely, and often bitterest misunderstanding. Then, when her work began to be recognized, she was too often pushed on one side by those who had entered into it, and were ready to carry it

Ellice Hopkins

on now that the arduous pioneer stage was passed.

But this, as history teaches us, has constantly been the fate of pioneers. Others reap the honour and carry on the work, as if to show that the worker were nothing, the work everything. Yet if workers are laid aside, just when they seem most needed by their beloved work, can we not after a time see the reason for this? Here, for example, this ardent nature, after months of enforced silence, writes: "I think I am gaining a good deal more of the 'patience of JESUS.'" She was spared, too, for years after her outward activity ceased, to guide and control the purity movement, and by her very helplessness, fresh workers were stirred up; and so when death released her from her suffering body, the work did not die, but is still alive. As one of her helpers in the White Cross movement says: "The last seven years of her life, with an enfeebled body, but all the old charm of manner, the keen sense of humour, the ringing laugh, the same brilliant powers of conversation showing a cultured nature and wide read-

“The Power of Womanhood”

ing, found her still at work spending and being spent in the great cause of purity, laying down her all at her Master's feet.”

Working away, as far as shattered powers would allow, and as long as it was not absolutely impossible, she wrote at intervals during the six years between 1893 and 1899 what was perhaps the most powerful and convincing of her books—“The Power of Womanhood, or Mothers and Sons.” It was written specially for parents, and has had a wide circulation, especially in Australia, the twelfth edition indeed has now been published. Miss Steer says of it:—

“In reading her last book, ‘The Power of Womanhood,’ one almost regrets that the subject is of so ‘special’ a nature as to preclude the possibility of its ever being very widely read, the style is so masterly, so cultivated and pictorial. One gift she possessed in a remarkable degree, the saving grace of humour, and I think this helped her more than can be told over many a difficult passage. She had in her the stuff of which martyrs are made, and when we recall the fragile frame and the Herculean labours of those ten years of public work, work not only physically ex-

Ellice Hopkins

hausting, but enough in its very nature to exhaust the strongest nerves, we thank GOD for the strength and the grace given to her.

“She could have won a high and very lucrative position with her pen, but she cheerfully sacrificed the glowing future which invited her, and laid her glorious talents at the feet of her Lord and Master, living only for the service of the weakest and most downtrodden of GOD’s creatures.”

The letters she received from readers of this last book would have filled a large volume, but most were private and were destroyed at once. Mothers poured out their hearts about their boys and girls to her, who had given her life in trying to help them. The book was the outcome, as she says in the preface, of her years of work, written when, unable any longer to reach people by her voice, she was driven once more to her pen. It was published in 1899, and she then writes joyfully to a friend :—

LOWESTOFT,

August 3rd.

“My breakdown over my winter work has made my summer task peculiarly hard. But

“The Power of Womanhood”

have you carefully observed the starry heavens since the 1st August? Have you observed Saturn playing pitch-and-toss with his ring? and Jupiter following suit by playing football with his moons in maddest frolic? Have you noticed the nearest double stars rushing together for a fiery embrace, and thereby singeing their celestial breasts? Have you seen the sweet Pleiades dancing for joy, and the great Bear capering for the same? Perhaps not, as you have only the naked eye to see with; but had you the astronomer's telescope you would see and know by the aspect of the heavens that I have finished my book, and the stars shout for joy, as they did on the lesser occasion of the creation of the world. I have now only to correct it, and as my mind is the exact reverse of my body, exquisitely tidy and orderly, that does not mean much labour, and I feel like Christian after he had lost his burden.

“A single copy of the book” (this was probably an earlier book) “falling into the hands of an undergraduate by chance, has set going a powerful White Cross movement in Oxford. The Bishop of London preached to them in a large church where there was no standing room.”

Ellice Hopkins

A few extracts are given from this book, as they give her own account of her life's work and purpose :—

“ It is now some years since I have been laid aside, owing to the terrible strain and burthen of my ten years' conflict with the evils that are threatening the sanctity of the family, the purity of the home, and all that constitutes the higher life of the nation. But in those ten years the one truth that was burnt into my very soul was the truth enunciated by Ibsen, that it is to the woman that we must look for the solution of the deepest moral problems of humanity, and that the key of those problems lies in the hands of the mothers of our race. They, and they alone, can unlock the door to a purer and a stronger life. This, in Ibsen's words, ‘ is the mission that lies before them.’ And it is this strong conviction which makes me feel that, even with broken powers and shattered health, I cannot rest from my labours without, at any cost to myself, placing the knowledge and experience gained in those years of toil and sorrow, at the disposal of the educated women of the English-speaking world, who, either as mothers or in

“The Power of Womanhood”

other capacities, have the care and training of the young.

“No one recognizes more thankfully than I do the progress that the woman’s movement has made during what have been to me years of inaction and suffering. The ever-increasing activity in all agencies for the elevation of women; the multiplication of preventive institutions and rescue societies; above all, that new sense of a common womanhood, that *esprit de corps* in which hitherto we have been so grievously lacking, and which is now beginning to bind all our efforts together into one great whole—these I thankfully recognize. We no longer each of us set up in separate and somewhat antagonistic individuality our own little private burrow of good works, with one way in and one way out, and nothing else needed for the wants of the universe.

“John Stuart Mill has compared the life of a woman to an ‘interrupted sentence.’ The mere fact that our lives are so interrupted by incessant home calls, and that we are necessarily so concerned in the details of life, is apt to make us wanting in grasp of underlying principles. Perhaps it is the fact of my having been associated all the early years of my life with eminent scientific men that has formed

Ellice Hopkins

in me a habit of mind always to regard effects in relation to causes, so that merely to cure evil results without striking at the evil cause seems to me, to use a Johnsonian simile, 'like stopping up a hole or two of a sieve with the hope of making it hold water.'

"In the great mass meetings which I held for the purpose of pleading with men to come over to my side, and help me in the work of saving women from the awful doom to which men sentence them, I used to bring this home by saying to them: 'If a fire were to break out in this vast hall, who would be the first person that you would try to save? It would be me, because I am a woman'; and the roar of assent that burst forth from all parts of the building showed that I had struck home. I used to bring before them—and the sooner you bring it before your boys the better—the conduct of the men of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*. At present the stock phrase of a virtuous young man is, 'I know how to take care of myself.' You have to put into his lips and heart a stronger and a nobler utterance than that: 'I know how to take care of the weakest woman that comes in my path.'

"I say again I do not think, I simply *know*, by my own experience, that men will rise to

“The Power of Womanhood”

any standard which women choose to set them. Ruskin's noble words are the simple truth : ' Their whole course and character are in your hands ; what you would have them be they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so, for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. . . . You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no ! the true rule is just the reverse of that : a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant ; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be ; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise. All that is dark in him she must purge into purity ; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth ; from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise ; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.'

“ But to those who still hang back with a feeling of almost angry repulsion from the whole subject which makes them refuse even to face the perils and temptations of their own boys, I would address no hard words, remembering but too well the terrible struggle it cost me to make this my life-work. Only I would

Ellice Hopkins

remind them of that greatest act in all history, by which the world was redeemed. The cross to us is so associated with the adoration of the ages, so glorified by art and music and lofty thought, that we have ceased to realize what it was in actual fact, such as no painter has ever dared to portray it; the Cross, not elevated as in sacred pictures, but huddled up with the jeering crowd; the Cross with its ribald blasphemies, its shameful nakedness, its coarse mockeries, its brutal, long-drawn torture. Do you think it cost the women of that day nothing to bear all this on their tender hearts? Yet what was it that made them draw nearer and nearer, till the women who at first 'stood afar off, beholding these things,' we are told, at last 'stood by the cross of JESUS'; and, when all men forsook Him and fled, placed themselves heart to heart with the Divine Love bearing the sins of the world, and casting them into the abysmal depths of its own being, deeper even than the depths of man's sin? What was it but their faithfulness to the Highest that they had known, which made them endure the cross, despising the shame? Shall we obey the divine call, enduring the cross, and, like the women of old, win for ourselves, by faithfulness unto death, the joy of being

Correspondence

made the messengers of a higher and risen life to the world? ”

After the book was published she wrote to a friend :—

“ I am selfishly glad to have you in England, but dreadfully sorry to hear of the bad health of the house property. There is but one mansion in which I care to have any interest, and that is in the skies. . . . I am much damaged, but am better. I hope in time to recover, and oh, thank God, I shall never have so appalling a strain again. I think the book is good, and will do good, and my soul is full of thankful praises to GOD. I have learnt a lesson of the faithfulness of GOD I shall never forget—*Sursum Corda Habemus ad Dominum*.

“ I am slowly coming back to life, if this life can be called life, which is growing so full of graves that it becomes rather a place of death than of life. . . .

“ Milestones in this life have an inveterate habit of turning into tombstones. However, as one's shadows deepen they are so far supernatural that as the evening draws on they shorten instead of lengthening, and one has such shining reaches of GOD's love behind

Ellice Hopkins

one that one abhors oneself for distrusting Him in the last rough and dark bit of the road."

And to one who had lately lost her beloved father she again expresses her yearning to be beyond the veil :—

" I am so longing for a word from you. I fancy to-day you will return home, and I fear you will then realize in its full depth the greatness of your loss. . . . Your store is indeed growing in Paradise, so many have passed behind the veil. I sometimes wonder whether the moving upward into the many habitations of our Father's house, our dearest loves, our dearest hopes, our dearest aspirations, is the meaning of our LORD'S words ' preparing a place for you,' so that it may be filled with all our home treasures, and feel homelike to us.

" Oh, for the land where the inhabitants shall never say, ' I am sick.' "

To the friend to whom she owed her introduction to Mr. Hinton she wrote, with a copy of " The Power of Womanhood " :—

" It is out, on All Saints' Day, and I received it on All Souls'. Let us hope it is a

Correspondence

good omen, but—I have a feeling as if no one would read it—and yet it has cost me exceeding dear ; I was within an ace of a third breakdown. My one great comfort is that I have now done to the uttermost the work our LORD, through you, and through James Hinton, entrusted to me, and that at least *He* accepts it, with all the anguish, the brokenness, the tears, the unbearable strain—accepts it with the comforting words : ‘ She has done what she could,’ and what reck I of all else in heaven and earth if only I may win those words ?

“ You will understand the cryptic words—‘ In Remembrance ’—which I have written in your book. But for you the work would not have been done, the book would never have been written. Never was more far-reaching friendship than yours and mine. It has gone down to hell, it has ascended to heaven ; its feet have been beautiful on the mountains, publishing glad tidings of all things lovely and pure ; it has passed on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the sea, to lift up them that fall, and strengthen those that stand.”

To the widowed Mrs. Crossley she writes when sending a little memorial gift :—

Ellice Hopkins

EATON PLACE, BRIGHTON,

January 6th.

“ I have been in great sorrow ; my favourite niece, the only one who was to me as a child of my own, and with whom I had any spiritual communion, has been dying in great agony ; the last day of the year her warfare was accomplished, and her New Year’s Day was passed in the presence of her LORD. It was exceedingly bitter in many ways. She was operated on last February in Paris, where she had her studio—she was an exquisite artist, and was such an exquisite gifted creature, so young to die, just as after a terrible struggle she was gaining the topmost steps of her profession, but she had that rapturous love of our LORD, that to depart and be with CHRIST was far better to her, and so my inmost heart said, ‘ Even so, LORD, Amen.’

“ In the summer the time I could spare from my book I spent in making you a memorial cross in mother-of-pearl mosaic. It is so like him [F. Crossley], so exquisitely pure, yet flushed with the lovely hues of early dawn, rose-pink and tender green. There is no night in the memory of a life like his ; one thinks of it always as the beautiful dawn of an eternal

Correspondence

day. I thought you might like to have it on a bracket in your own room ; a corner bracket, or anywhere that gives it a cross light, suits the pearl best, and brings out its lovely hues.

“ Ever your loving and faithful friend.

“ P.S. I have finished my book. It comes out next autumn. It was a terrible struggle.”

And again, when Mrs. Crossley was wearily and almost reluctantly struggling back to life :—

EATON PLACE, BRIGHTON,

February 8th.

“ Do try and stay a little longer with us ; you are all we have left of him ; but if the Master comes and calleth for thee, send me one little word of love if you can. I have never got over the deep sadness of not knowing of his last illness, and getting no last word from him, nor being able to tell him how I loved him and thanked him from my heart of hearts for all the faithful lovingkindness he had shown me. It is very foolish, for I think our dear ones must know how we loved them in that world of love which must transmit love as this world transmits light. GOD bless and sustain you, dearest friend.

“ Ever your loving and devoted friend.”

Ellice Hopkins

“ You will find that it * wants a certain light to show its lovely early dawn hues, a cross light is always the best, and in its final resting-place it ought to be about on a level with the eye. It is so with the true Cross—turned away from the light of heaven it is hideous, and grows into an ugly daub. The Cross can be only interpreted by the divine light. It bears no inscription ; but you will never look upon it without being reminded of him, it is so like him in its purity, and those lovely lights of heaven which he reflected, not loud, noisy, flaring colours, but those quiet, exquisite reflections of divine love which were so peculiar to him, tender lights that can make a common bead look sacred.”

A few further extracts from letters written during these years of suffering may be given.

“ MY DEAREST,—How nice it is to be told that you think every day how I am getting on. It is like a certain feathery bush we have, that, while remaining flowerless the whole of the summer, suddenly at the end of October bursts into a multitude of tiny stars, so ethereal that they must come from the milky way in some unknown heaven of heavens.”

* The mother-of-pearl cross.

Correspondence

BRIGHTON,

May 1st, 1901.

“ Truly, as Arthur Tennyson once said to me, ‘ There is absolution in the sea,’ all one’s worries die and melt away into its infinite azure, and something of the eternal calm comes over one—an *absolvo te* breathed softly by its waves. My house is a perfect little sun-trap, and has a dear little garden, in which I live.”

BRIGHTON,

August 25th, 1902.

“ I am grieved to hear that you have had such a time of darkness and shutting down from the light of God’s presence. . . . But do you know that I believe such a time comes to almost all once in their lives, and that friends are of very little use to one then ; the saints of old used to call it the hiding of God’s face, and perhaps that is the best name for it ; and yet I don’t know, the darkness is with us, there is no darkness with Him. I went through it when I was about your age, only with me it lasted much longer, and I was in the hands of strangers, who showed me no mercy.

Ellice Hopkins

“ I never like to look back upon that time. But for my beloved sister coming to me two or three times, I was in such wild mental suffering that I was not in the least sure of myself, and I might have flung myself into the sea, though I think the sense of the cruel selfishness of suicide would always have saved me in the last resort. To escape from suffering oneself, and to inflict it in the worst form of remorse on those who love you, always seems to me the worst crime of selfishness.

“ What is it for? I don't know. Except that I believe that all suffering does purge and deepen in unknown ways, and ‘ makes the soul large through utter loss to hold divinity.’ Only it makes one feel the nothingness of human love, and that is not good. Still, even then one light is left burning. I do not think one is ever left in utter darkness.”

BRIGHTON;

April 19th, 1903.

“ Never was there such a derelict to bear the precious gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the dark, deep places of the world.

“ But all through that time I had the most wonderful revelation of God's love and care.

Correspondence

' Oh, my anointed to pain and thick darkness and mire, where there is no standing, no haven.' One after the other He raiseth me up comforters and champions, and oh, it was marvellous to find *Him* even in the dust, bowed down, He too with a burden too heavy to be borne, and His blessed ear close to my cry. I assure you that I wanted no angels; nor will I *ever* teach any angels, but only Him who was tempted in all things like unto us."

" Best Christmas blessings and New Year increasing nearness to God to you and my dear Jeannie; at least that wish will pass like one of Dante's great angels to a fulfilment undeterred by the crowd of sorrows and anxieties and sicknesses that throng the path of one's later years. Just now my spirit seems too burthened to trust any other 'bird of God' to bear my love for you into this unknown future."

" Like almost all men, Dr. —— is almost inaccessible in his sickness, so that he has no comfort to sheathe the cold steel of the knife that purges the branch that beareth fruit."

Ellice Hopkins

“ We did not get much soul converse together, did we ? But I did so much enjoy it, nevertheless. What lovely lilies and roses there are in our Lord’s garden. It keeps our heart sweet in the midst of the bitter world.

“ I have been living out all day in a lovely rectory garden, with an unbroken lawn that takes the long golden lights of evening, but with a jewelled fringe of flowers in profusion, and delicious woodland walks, where the leaves lay their cool healing palms on the sore places of my heart.”

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST PEACEFUL YEARS—THE END

HER book published and off her mind, Ellice Hopkins took in 1900 a house in Belle Vue Gardens, Brighton. "And now commenced," says Mrs. McIsaac, "that quiet home life which she had longed for, but had not experienced for many years. 'The Story of Life,' the companion book to 'The Power of Womanhood,' was composed in the little flower garden at the back of our house. Here she would recline in her tent the whole day long. She wrote also during this quiet time many papers on various subjects to be read at meetings held in Australia and America."

This booklet, "The Story of Life," published in 1902, is a small book specially written for mothers of boys, and attractively got up. Seven thousand copies were sold during the first year. It is largely physiological, or rather on natural history. It shows the wonders of

Ellice Hopkins

plant life, and that the methods all through nature are the same—teaching the beauty and sacredness of life and its origin. It contains the fruit of much learning and knowledge, though simply related and well adapted to young and inquisitive minds. Its special object was to lighten the difficulty so keenly felt by parents and teachers of imparting knowledge on this most difficult matter.

During the last years of her life, when unable to work or to travel, she had the great happiness of being able again to renew constant intercourse with her two dearly-loved sisters. To one of them, who was much with her, the summer days spent every year with her—generally in the simple life of some sweet English village—are an undying memory, a renewal of the happy Freshwater days, only with added depth of love and sympathy.

Two or three more letters about her last book, written to Mrs. Crossley, one of her dearest friends, may be quoted here, some breathing her quiet but intense enjoyment of nature, others showing still her devotion to her work, and her longing to be once more en-

The Last Peaceful Years

gaged in it, and all full of her deep love and sympathy.

2 BELLE VUE GARDENS,

BRIGHTON,

December 22nd, 1902.

“ My work grows and grows. I have the Antipodes added on, and have almost as much work in Australasia as in the three kingdoms ; I find it hard to keep pace with it, with my scanty powers, which will only allow me two hours, or at most three, for work. But love that shows itself not at the branch or leaf or flowers retreats into the root, and there keeps house still warm and safe till the winter is gone and the eternal spring has come. You know I bear you and the dear, dear husband ever and always in my heart, and few days pass but I think of all I owe you, and the blessing of having had our dear saint to love and count among my treasures in heaven. . . . I can only trust you are stronger and willing to stay with us a little longer.

“ You will be glad to hear that I see real progress in my work, especially among educated mothers, and in the Mothers' Unions, which, owing to the foolishness of their

Ellice Hopkins

founders, have been a stronghold of determination to ignore the worst dangers. I send you the little 'tome,' as my publisher calls it, 'The Story of Life,' in which I have attempted the difficult task of helping educated mothers to see how pure knowledge can be given to a boy before going to public schools. Instead of the cold thanks I got generally for 'The Power of Womanhood,' I now get 'warmest thanks,' and generally allusions to the immense help the earlier book has proved. It is in its sixth edition now.

"We are forming a Board of Moral Education in connection with the National Union of Women Workers, which I trust will do much good, though whether it will do anything in touching the real cancer in our nation, the dissipated aristocracy who have transferred the 'not' in the commandments to the creed, I cannot say. Their empty-headedness and their intense vulgarity I declare irritate me almost as much as their coarse profligacy, 'the manners of the stable, and the morals of the poultry yard,' as Arnold White puts it.

"The other pamphlet, 'Early Training,' is a reissue of a paper which was allowed some fifteen years ago to go out of print when I

The Last Peaceful Years

nearly went out of print myself. Its homely teaching may be useful to your Star Hall mothers. The White Cross papers are wanted now in both our armies, British and Indian, to which the White Cross has spread, being prime favourites with our soldiers, despite their hard hitting, so I have had the heavy expense of republishing them."

Later, à propos of Mr. Crossley's memoir, she writes to his widow :—

SEVENOAKS,

April 21st.

"Almost all modern memoirs are spoilt by the admission of eulogistic friends, and reduced to the level of an advertising pill. The carrying on of his work will be, next to your children, the best anodyne to the ache at your heart, till GOD places you by his side again. This world is such a terrible battle-field, and we are poor soldiers indeed if our only thought is to get away and get home and not stay to help the wounded and the agonized who so need our aid, and if even that brings you an aching longing for his counsel and man's strength, all the more you will find yourself

Ellice Hopkins

wrecked upon God, with that strange, new strength which comes to us when we have been made large by utter loss to hold His great life.

“ Ever your most loving friend.”

No wonder that after her death Mrs. Crossley writes from Manchester :—

“ I deeply mourn the loss of one that I may call a very dear friend. She has been that to us for many a year. She has been so loving and tender to me since my husband died, that the world seems lonelier since she left, and I feel her loss acutely. . . . She has left a sweet memory and much gain to the world from the life that she lived.”

After her final illness had begun Ellice wrote to a friend who had lost a dearly-loved brother, leaving behind a wife who was blind, on 14 November, 1903 :—

“ I wish I had known earlier that I might have sent some flowers for his grave, in token of my deep sympathy with his dear wife, alone in the dark with her grief; and yet surely not alone, but in close communion with her beloved, never more alive to her than now,

The Last Peaceful Years

and, above all, in close touch with the Resurrection and the Life. To her we know will be given 'the treasures of darkness.' Mercifully in old age, we feel so close to those who have passed within the veil. They seem only to have passed behind the veil, they seem only to have stepped into another room, and left the door ajar for us to follow them.

"Only think, I am being translated into Dutch by a Dutch baroness. I shall be the only one who can fire away in Dutch to our fellow-subjects in South Africa, where the state of things is terrible.

"I had such a funny little pleasant surprise in a book on dear Dr. John Brown—a sort of memoir, and it ends with some lines which, when I came to them, I thought curiously familiar, and, lo! it was a poem of mine called 'Je Mourrai Seul,' from Pascal's words. The 'Spectator' gave it in full years and years ago. What more delightful function than to sing at the grave of dear beloved John Brown, me unworthy!"

One of her last letters is touchingly sad, and yet lighted with her usual humour:—

"That precious letter is a royal balm for

Ellice Hopkins

the unkindnesses I have met with lately, and which I have no 'onger the physical strength to bear. I didn't deserve a word in the letter ; there is only one plea I may dare to offer, which will stand between me and rejection. I sometimes think the 'new name' which our LORD has promised to give each one of us will be to me as 'one who exceedingly loved the little ones.' That I have done, and gladly borne all things for their sake. But otherwise mine has been a strangely tempted life, and one in which He has kept me effectually humble.

“ And then came your letter with the charming little shawl, which I have taken into wear at once. How much better off we are than men. A man can only give a brother in affliction a boot-jack, or a pot of shaving soap, or a razor with horrid suggestions of suicides clinging about the handle—while we in affliction can wrap one another with delicious warm cosy woollen wraps, suggesting the general kindness of the outer world, and of the dear old sheep parting with his one warm coat to keep us warm and stand between us and Homer's 'chilly weeping.' . . . I still have to keep very quiet, and find it very hard to keep to *one* letter a day with my work, and hence the ungrateful delay in this. But I mean to do it,

The Last Peaceful Years

and make a fight for life till I have done something for South Africa."

BRIGHTON,

December 24th, 1903.

"Most loving Christmas blessings to you and your husband, and may the New Year be 'a place of springs' to you. I am always fond of that revised version, 'passing through the valley of affliction, make it a place of springs'; and old age is a valley where the sun sets sooner than it did, and where often affliction of one kind or another comes. My chief affliction is the loss of beloved faces, and beloved voices that once 'rang evensong to all my pain.' "

The cause of her awful sufferings during the last months of her life, after long baffling her medical man, was at last found out as being cistized stones and an internal growth. She writes: "I am oddly calm, resting in the Everlasting Arms, out of which I cannot fall, and every one is touchingly kind."

In August, 1903, she had a terrible attack of aphasia, accompanied with heart agony

Ellice Hopkins

and sickness, from which she never fully recovered, and knowing her life was very precarious, and that apoplexy or paralysis were imminent, she says, "I am so thankful to find that I am not in the least afraid of death—on the contrary, I have been filled ever since with a sunny peace."

A few weeks later she herself wrote: "A second attack may come to stay, but I take a deal of killing: it will be always like staying at an inn now; I have ceased to have an abiding place."

The sciatica, from which she had long suffered keenly, became more acute, and her memory began to fail. In May, 1904, she had a second attack, which paralysed the right side. "It was very distressing," says Mrs. McIsaac, "to be unable to gather or guess whether she was conscious or not."

On Monday morning, the 15th of August, she appeared to be sinking fast, there had been a third seizure during the night. On Thursday, the 18th, she was conscious for a few minutes; about 12.30 she fell into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, but passed

The Last Peaceful Years

into the presence of her LORD on Sunday, 21st August, 1904.

Miss Steer says in the twenty-sixth Report of the Bridge of Hope Mission, Ratcliffe Highway Refuge, 1903-4: "It is our sad task to pen a few lines of loving appreciation of our dear friend, Ellice Hopkins, who died on the 21st of last August. For now nearly ten years her voice, which was for so long heard pleading the cause of the lost and desolate, has been all but silent. It was at a meeting held by her at the Home of Industry that I first met her, and that her burning words stirred me to offer myself for rescue work in Ratcliffe Highway. Amid the bright sunshine which she loved so well we laid her body in its last resting place, sorrowfully thankful that her brave spirit had passed from the shadows of earth into the glory of the Eternal Day."

Her fellow-worker for many years, Miss Emily Janes, thus speaks of her: "She had the gifts of a poet, a genuine insight, with a robust sense of humour. She was the confidant of many troubled souls, with a touching belief in human possibilities. . . . Young men,

Ellice Hopkins

wilful girls, found in her a true helper. . . . She was very good to work with. She was so loyal a friend and so sure that one was trying to do one's best, and her friends can testify to the breadth of her intellect, and the wide range of her sympathies. There is no one left to us with her genius—none with such gifts of expression and of sympathy, and power of getting at the heart of things. Her great qualities, unflagging zeal, her insight, and rare gift of idealism, with a sense of the importance of detail, all too rare, made her such a power. Our friendship was never broken."

"The Guardian," in its issue of 31 August, 1904, wrote:—

"Miss Ellice Hopkins, an account of whose life appears in our columns to-day, was, as she said herself, unknown even by name to many of the younger generation. The years of strenuous work, during which she travelled almost constantly, holding meetings, organizing associations, and agitating for the greater legal protection of the young, wore her out before her time, and for many years before her death she was laid aside from active service in the cause to which she had given herself

The Last Peaceful Years

with single-hearted devotion. But she lived to see the movement she had initiated carried forward by powerful influence, and winning for itself support all along the line. Even more than in the societies for rescue and preventive work, and the associations for the care of friendless girls, many of which owe their origin to the impulse she gave, her influence is to be seen in the changed attitude of the public mind towards some at least of the evils which, with great suffering to herself, she brought into the light of day."

In the same number of "The Guardian," one of those who knew her best gave a brief account of her life and work, adding :—

"Ellice Hopkins is widely known as a great worker, but comparatively little has been said of the literary ability which must certainly have won distinction had she chosen the easier path that leads to success. That she was above everything a poet is plain to see in two volumes of verse, always melodious and often powerful—'English Idylls,' published in her youth, and 'Autumn Swallows,' which came out in 1883. The earlier poems show her love of Nature, to which, in the later

Ellice Hopkins

volume, we find added her passionate love of humanity—the passion that absorbed her whole being.

“ It is true that all great action has its rise in the imagination, even if success depends on steady purpose and fixed aim. But her poetical temperament alone would not have enabled Miss Hopkins to do her work, though it was of infinite help when duly restrained by the influences of strict intellectual discipline. She inherited no small share of her father’s talent for mathematics, and with it an understanding love of science most serviceable in her later books, especially in the ‘ Life of James Hinton.’ . . . To the end she was still the poet, but she willingly gave up the loveliness in which she delighted, to what her heart loved better—the care of the lost and downtrodden.

“ What the world owes to Ellice Hopkins cannot yet be known, if indeed it can ever be fully known. The influence of so potent a personality cannot be gauged by ordinary standards, even if all could be recorded. It might be possible to count up each detail of the actual deeds of these forty years of good work, or to collect the uttered thoughts of the busy mind ; but there can be no record of

The Last Peaceful Years

the souls she has touched or of the lives she has moulded. So many of the keenest intellects of the day have answered to the inspiration, so many of the largest hearts have poured themselves out at her bidding, while countless numbers of the least and lowest have owed to her all they have known of good. The most that can be done is to gather up some fragments of the harvest from this wonderful seed-sowing."

Perhaps the best summary of her own personal life may be given in a few words of her own, written to a friend: "I have often thought of that passage: 'Thou shalt remember all the way the LORD hath led thee.' Is it to make thee wise, prosperous, holy? (That is what we should all like, and ultimately shall have, but)—No! 'to humble thee.' We have all to be emptied of self-seeking. That is the first step of all; we must be made large, through utter loss, to hold divinity."

The report of the White Cross Society for 1904 speaks of the "severe loss sustained by the death of Miss Ellice Hopkins, our first

Ellice Hopkins

lady associate, who passed to her rest on the 21st of August, 1904, after many years of arduous and incessant labour in our cause and after years of ill-health, culminating in a painful illness." And again: "The Society has had to deplore the death of its largest subscriber and first lady associate, Miss Ellice Hopkins. Mindful of the needs of the Society to which she had for so many years contributed by providing and collecting funds, and by the brilliant productions of her pen to the last, Miss Ellice Hopkins left to the Society by her will a sufficient legacy to eventually provide an income of £100 a year."

The following resolution—proposed by Mrs. Percy Bunting, seconded by Mrs. Creighton—was passed at the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers at York, 10th November, 1904, on the death of Miss Ellice Hopkins:—

"That the National Council of Women desires to record its admiration of the life and character of Miss Ellice Hopkins, and recognizes her devoted and self-denying work, which contributed to the quickening of the conscience of the country with regard to the care and

The Last Peaceful Years

legal protection of girls, as well as rousing attention to the necessity of an equal moral standard for both sexes, for which purpose she founded the White Cross League.”

CHAPTER XVI

POEMS AND PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

THIS brief record has, we hope, shown a little what the character was which inspired so much work, and what impression it made on those who came into contact with it. It almost seems as if, during the years of greatest stress in Ellice Hopkins's life, her very personality was lost in her work—she herself, her individuality, almost disappeared, and only her message was left. This is, however, just what she would have wished. One who worked much with her says he found it almost impossible to recall what she was like, nor could he, even when he had only just parted from her, describe her appearance. This, too, is the experience of Mr. Stead, who at one time had much intercourse with her—the impression and the burning, rousing message remained, but the messenger vanished from sight. When Mr. Stead made his now

Poems and Personal Impressions

historic and successful effort first to find out and then to safeguard young girls from some of the many traps set for their unwary feet, and was sent to prison for his rashness, public indignation meetings were held ; feelings on both sides ran very high ; there was great alarm lest harm rather than good should result, and it was a most critical time. A crowded meeting was held at St. James's Hall, and the promoters themselves almost began to be afraid, for there was much unwise speaking, much heated feeling, much danger of rash enthusiasm ; but all was saved when Ellice began to speak. As Canon Scott Holland said, she at once lifted the whole meeting on to a higher plane ; personalities were forgotten, and she showed that while enthusiasm was always needed, it must work at causes, not at persons ; in a few moments the heated feelings died away, and all were again able to see sanely. Once more she had helped her hearers onwards and upwards. Ellice was subpoenaed to appear in Mr. Stead's trial,* "the most unnecessary piece of service

* A letter on this subject is given on pp. 146, 147.

Ellice Hopkins

my country has ever required of me," she says.

Her style both in writing and speaking was very individual and unmistakable—it was vivid, clear-cut, and graphic, combining much humour with deep pathos. She had a horror of becoming sentimental in her public speaking, and always took her stand on the very highest ground. If a thing was right it must be possible, and it must be done at whatever cost. While in her meetings for women she could be homely and practical to the last degree, yet never fail to inspire them with some high but attainable ideal of womanhood, so in her meetings for men she based her appeals on their highest possibilities of manhood, and of what their strength was meant for—for the protection of the weak and for the conquest of themselves.

No doubt her very fragility—combined with her total absence of self-consciousness, her intense earnestness and sincerity and absorption in the message she felt had been given her—was in itself an appeal to her audiences. Instead of a coarse, ranting orator,

Poems and Personal Impressions

which perhaps some came expecting to see, and hoping to confound, here was a tiny, frail woman, standing up against all odds, shrinking from the work given her to do, hating the evil of which she had to speak, yet never hesitating or turning back but spending her life in fighting it.

Then when the beautiful voice appealed to their manhood for protection, and to their strength to aid her weakness, when, instead of blame or scorn, she asked their help, pleading with them as a feeble woman and, reminding them of their power, awakened in them a longing for holiness and purity, opposition was disarmed, and all felt humbled and yet strengthened, ready at any cost to follow her lead, and to join in the warfare against evil. As some little children in whose home she spent a few days said: "We always felt we wanted to be very good when she was with us, and that we must be very gentle and well-behaved, she was so small and weak, and always in everything so delicate, such a lady."

Her early efforts at speaking have been already mentioned. She felt herself that

Ellice Hopkins

much preparation was needed, and spared no pains to improve her powers. "If any one supposes," she wrote, "that my power of speaking was a gift that came naturally to me, without any effort on my part, let them once for all dispossess themselves of any such idea. Gift, like genius, I often think, only means an infinite capacity for taking pains. One of my great difficulties at first was one which I suppose all educated people feel—how to put my thoughts into an effective and telling form, how, in one word, to speak to the people, how to put things forcibly and clearly."

She was in the habit, before one of her large meetings, of spending the day in retirement and prayer; and physically feeble though she always was, yet she never once failed to meet her engagements, or to give her audience the very best that was in her to give. The substance of her addresses in later life was necessarily very much the same, yet, by apt illustrations and analogies, she managed to vary both her speeches and her books, and to make them always interesting and readable.

Poems and Personal Impressions

If Ellice Hopkins was led to her chief life-work by others, she in her turn became a guiding and inspiring star. Through her influence Miss Steer was led to embark on rescue work in the East of London, and to start her well-known Mission and Home—the Bridge of Hope, which policemen and others say has so completely changed that part of London. How many others her burning words stirred to offer themselves for work will never be known on earth. Her life has passed on ; it is as the buried seed which must lose itself before it blossoms upwards into fruition.

To the last, though feeble, she kept her sense of humour, her merry laughter, and great conversational power. The keenness of her intellect in bodily suffering and weakness was most surprising. Most of us, if we read at all when ill, take to the lightest of literature ; with Ellice Hopkins, however, illness seemed an opportunity for study and thought. Once she said, " I must study, or I should have nothing to talk about ; it is not possible to talk about the work that absorbs me."

Ellice Hopkins

She was keenly sensitive, deeply affectionate, and very dependent not only on affection, but on the expression of that affection. "Your letters are always such a heart-cheer to me, your love for me is so precious to me, dear," she writes. Nothing hurt her so much as disloyalty, coldness, or want of sympathy. This perhaps is true of all women workers; they must either become hardened or more dependent on others, for in their work for the good of humanity they have to sacrifice so much of the ordinary fireside happiness and domesticity, that to them an unusually large share of the love of friends is necessary and is perhaps given. But no woman of this nature, however true and deep her satisfaction, or whatever her sense of fun, can be classed among the happy ones of earth. It is the commonplace woman who alone can be happy in the ordinary sense, for deep as may be the satisfaction and the abiding sense of joy in service, yet there must always remain also the longing—acknowledged or not—for something more personal. Perhaps they are hardly conscious of what they want, but

Poems and Personal Impressions

there is the fact that they are not just as other women are ; they are cut off from everyday, commonplace joys, they are necessarily constantly misunderstood, their efforts often apparently wasted. In Ellice's work this was specially the case ; many shunned her and feared to have any association with her. This was true (chiefly, indeed) even of good people. To one of her dearest friends she sometimes gave vent to her pained feelings. " I am stricken into the dust with my great load," she says ; " it is more than I can bear. It is no mean thing after one has worked for years to establish a National Board of Moral Education to be taken by the scruff of the neck, and without even being consulted, tossed out of the lifeboat one had spent years in getting built, on the ground that my name might prejudice the cause. It seemed to cut my heart. But all through I had the most wonderful revelation of GOD's love and care . . . and it was marvellous to find Him even in the dust, bowed down—He, too, with a burden too heavy to be borne, and His blessed ear close to my cry."

Ellice Hopkins

As examples of her graphic and often startling phrases we may cite a few sentences from casual letters to the same dear friend :—

“ We spent three days dusting out the dirty corners of the United States ; when I found I could not recognize the name of my next-door neighbour, I felt it was time to elope. . . . Now sleep is returning, and I can recall a vanished name with all the satisfaction of a completed sneeze. I am greatly enjoying life in the great house not made with hands, now that some angelic plumber has been pitiful enough to repair its roof.” (This in reference to a spell of bad June weather.)

“ I feel bursting with new wine, all sorts of bottled-up fun which I find the greatest difficulty in keeping the cork from flying and hitting some grave and wholly unprepared nose.”

There are constant whimsical references in her letters to her frail body : “ I have a permanent stiff neck, which prevents me from shaking my head at this naughty world.” “ My hair shirt of a body. . . . That very decayed turnip, which by some strange process of transmutation has stuck itself on to my

Poems and Personal Impressions

dorsal column, and gives itself insufferable airs as my head—the dear departed whose absence I mourn in vain.”

One of her fellow-workers at this time writes: “Ellice Hopkins was a devoted member of the Church of England. She was a High Church woman, though she cared little for ritual. What always most struck me in her Christian character was her profound belief in and constant habit of prayer. Such work as she was called to do would have been impossible had she not sought the strength only to be obtained by communion with God.”

We are so apt to think of her as only interested in rescue work and social questions that we almost forget she was a woman of exceptional culture and rare ability. Once, on remarking this to her, she quaintly observed, “Oh, you know, I take a hint from the moon, and only show one side of my face.”

Her second volume of poems, “Autumn Swallows, a Book of Lyrics,” published in 1883, had been written at various times, many of them when travelling or when enjoying brief holidays at Freshwater and else-

Ellice Hopkins

where. Most, however, bear the impress of her special work, and show its saddening effect on her mind ; but some are full of her intense joy in the beauties of nature, and all are remarkable, as one critic said, for their deep thought and felicity of expression.

One or two brief extracts will give an idea of these innermost thoughts of her heart, which otherwise only found expression in her most intimate talks or letters.

HÆMONY

Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out ;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil ; . . .
He called it Hæmony.—MILTON.

A LITTLE dust the summer breeze
Had sifted up within a cleft,
A slanted raindrop from the trees,
A tiny seed by chance airs left—
It was enough ; the seedling grew,
And from the barren rock-heart drew
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud,
And dews that did the bare rock stud ;

Poems and Personal Impressions

And crowned at length her simple head
With utter sweetness, breathed afar,
And burning like a dusky star—
 Sweetness upon so little fed,
 Ah me ! Ah me !
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear Love, such seedlings are,
That need so little, ah, so less
Than little, on this earth, to bear
 The sun-sweet blossom, happiness ;
And sing—those dying hearts that come
To go—their swan-song flying home.
A touch, a tender tone—no more—
A face that lingers by the door
To turn and smile, a fond word said,
A kiss—these things make heaven ; and yet
We do neglect, refuse, forget
 To give that little, ere 'tis fled.
 Ah me ! Ah me !
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little—nay,
 Not for the golden fruit thy bough
Ripens for thee and thine who day
 By day beneath thy shadow grow ;
Only for what, from that full store,
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor,

Ellice Hopkins

A drift of blossom, needed not
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.
A touch, a tender word soon said,
Fond tones that seem our Dead again
Come back after long years of pain,
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled—
Ah me! Ah me!
Sad hearts that go uncomforted.

LIFE'S COST

I COULD not at the first be born
But through another's bitter wailing pain;
Another's loss must be my sweetest gain,
And Love, only to win that I might be,
Must wet her couch forlorn
With tears of blood and sweat of agony.

Since then I cannot live a week,
But some fair thing must leave the daisied dells,
The joy of pastures, bubbling springs and wells
And grassy murmurs of its peaceful days,
To bleed in pain, and reek,
And die, for me to tread life's pleasant ways.

I cannot, sure, be warmed or lit,
But men must crouch and toil in tortuous caves
Bowed on themselves, while day and night in waves

Poems and Personal Impressions

Of blackness wash away their sunless lives ;
Or blasted and sore hit,
Dark life to darker death the miner drives.

Naked, I cannot clothèd be,
But worms must patient weave their satin shroud,
The sheep must shiver to the April cloud,
Yielding his one white coat to keep me warm ;
In shop and factory
For me must weary toiling millions swarm.

With gems I deck not brow or hands,
But through the roaring dark of cruel seas
Some wretch, with shuddering breath and trem-
bling knees,
Goes headlong, while the sea-sharks dodge his
quest ;
Then at my door he stands,
Naked, with bleeding ears and heaving chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray,
But GOD must come from heaven to fetch that sigh,
And piercèd Hands must bear it back on high ;
And through His broken heart and cloven side
Love makes an open way
For me, who could not live but that He died.

O awful, sweetest life of mine,
That GOD and man both serve in blood and tears !
O prayers I breathe not but through other prayers !

Ellice Hopkins

O breath of life, compact of others' sighs !
With this dread gift divine,
Ah ! whither go, what worthily devise ?

If on myself I dare to spend
This dreadful thing, in pleasure lapped and reared,
What am I but a hideous idol smeared
With human blood, that with its carven smile,
Alike to foe and friend,
Maddens the wretch who perishes the while ?

I will away and find my GOD,
And what I dare not keep, ask Him to take,
And, taking, Love's sweet sacrifice to make,
Then, like a wave, the sorrow and the pain
High heaven with glory flood ;
For me, for them, for all, a splendid gain.

LIFE'S ISSUES

A careless step and that was all.
Thy heedless foot
Passed on, no cloud did o'er thee fall,
And yet behind thee, where it prest,
A broken blossom dying lay,
Crushed in the dust its silver crest.
And now no more, at dawn of day,
Its simple star in that low plot
Will rise, or rosy set at even ;

Poems and Personal Impressions

And earth has one more barren spot,
Touched with no starry thought of heaven,
For evermore a darkened joy,
A happiness thou didst destroy,
O heedless foot !

A careless moment, that was all,
Thine idle hand
On a fair thing of life did fall,
Then thou didst wander on at ease,
But it lay there and writhed in pain.
No more to mount upon the breeze,
Nor poise in dewy shades again,
A palpitating light of wings,
That now dust-dim can only creep.
And hushed the tender murmurings
That sang the honeyed buds to sleep
For evermore a darkened joy,
A happiness thou didst destroy,
O idle hand !

A careless mood, yes, that was all
With heedless heart
Thou didst pass on and hear no call,
And yet, close to thy careless talk
A heart lay drowning in despair,
Waiting the word to rise and walk,
A heart to whom one word of prayer
Of thine, had been the touch of CHRIST,
Telling that unseen Love was near ;

211 22 7 Ellice Hopkins

But failing which, in storm and mist,
It sank, while thou went'st soft and fair,
For evermore a darkened joy,
A happiness thou didst destroy,
O heedless heart !

Child of high heaven and hell beneath,
O man, beware !
In mysteries of life and death,
Of joy, despair, thy feet are set ;
All things are big with suffering,
And in thy lightest act are met,
And prisoned up on folded wing,
Gigantic forces, good or ill,
Which way thou lett'st them loose at last.
O walk in prayer, be tender still,
And reverent move, lest from the past
Rise as thy curse some darkened joy,
Some happiness thou didst destroy,
O man, beware !

CHAPTER XVII

REMINISCENCES

AN intimate friend of Ellice Hopkins, who has already been mentioned, says that, had illness not prevented her from writing this Life : “ I should have taken as my idea that terribly pathetic saying of hers, ‘ Nature made me a singing-bird, man has made me a sewer rat.’ It is a terrible saying, but very characteristic of Ellice, and too sad if it were not so true. The other day I quoted it to a clergyman who was speaking with a little reservation about her. It went straight to his heart, and brought tears to his eyes, and he bowed his head before its truth to fact, seeing and feeling all that this fact means of sacrifice, before which the physical flames of the old martyrs count little.

“ To be born with a poet’s soul, with the keen artistic temperament, every nerve ready to thrill in the intensest degree either to

Ellice Hopkins

delight or agony—and to choose deliberately the agony and pass by the joy, is something which should be taken into account in any true judgment of Ellice Hopkins.

“ I have so often been with her in her summer holidays years ago, before the recent stress and strain of her work, while the poet was still strong enough to supersede the worker, that I can duly estimate what she has given up.

“ Now her poetry is laid aside—the crushed wings do not bear her aloft as before into the blue sky, and I recall sadly the old days of Freshwater and Sark, when we were so perfectly happy through the long summer hours, she writing and then reading to me her new poems, varied by readings of other poems old and new, with talk and criticism, trenchant often, but always tenderly appreciative of all that was good and sweet and true. She opened my eyes to the delights of botany, and we had great excitements with microscope and handbook over the treasures gathered in our rambles. And our picnics out on the rocks at Sark, near the Seigneurie, were as full of simple pleasure as if we had been still two

Reminiscences

schoolgirls, and as if for her there was no past or future saddened by the weight of the world's heaviest woe.

“ Very noticeable in Ellice even to casual observers was her keen sense of humour and her love of fun, sometimes a little startling to the staid and sober decorum of which it does not form a component part, but quite irresistible to most minds. To those living with her, in the full sympathy from which all jarring was absent, giving free and harmonious play to her high spirit, the quality was felt as one that turned common days into high days, with its light coming and going, flashing and sparkling, and bringing beauty and interest out of the meanest things. The use of this feature in keeping the balance of her mind true under the strong tendency to warp or one-sidedness, can never be over-estimated. A nature awake only to the pathetic side of things must simply be crushed by such sadness as forms the daily experience of all engaged in her work. But her keen sense of the comic was her safeguard. Her health of body might give way under strain, but in a remarkable degree she kept

Ellice Hopkins

mental equilibrium and retained the power of sober judgment. This same quality has much to do also with the point and balance of her style, giving their almost masculine vigour to her writing. Her work was done by strength of will ; even when an invalid the broken life was still devoted to others.

“ I suppose all her friends would feel alike Ellice’s great power of loving and testify to the depth of her sympathy in her friends’ joy or grief. Perhaps each may feel as if in a peculiar degree he or she knew her best ; but as I recall time after time when she has taken my life into hers, throwing into my interests all the passion of her loving heart, ready to give to the uttermost, I feel as if *I* must know most about that side of her nature. And no one could know and not reverence the strength which through all the sadness and disappointment which in a world of change and death belong of necessity to impassioned affections, can still keep sweet and strong, free from bitterness or failure, this great gift of loving sympathy.

“ It is wonderful to me, having known the

Reminiscences

depths of past feelings, the intensity of emotion possible to her, to see the triumph of gentleness in this strong soul, seeing how self-will has yielded place—not without struggle, for that could not be—to the fullest and meekest submission to the Divine will, as it gives or withholds the heart's desires, content to be poor or to abound, to do or to suffer, to work or to wait, only in everything to do 'the will of the Father.' ”

It was to this friend that Ellice once wrote : “ To touch your hand and kiss you, would be like long years of pain and sorrow effaced and all things made new.”

Another, also the friend of many years, writes in a somewhat similar strain as to this rare power of loving, and also as to “ the many-sidedness of the character of this friend whose love was unspeakably precious to me. Surely never did ‘ large-brained woman ’ cling with such childlike simplicity of devotion to those who loved her—and her gratitude for the smallest service was pathetic. The mixture of humour and tenderness, weakness and strength, in her nature made her intensely lovable, but

Ellice Hopkins

I think it was, above all, her supreme power of sympathy that drew all hearts to her. She was always bearing other peoples' burdens; she entered into the sorrows and difficulties of every one she came in contact with, and not only that, but gave all the practical help in her power. She never made her fellow-workers of limited capacity feel small beside her, but drew out the best that was in them, and always believed in them and inspired them with courage. 'Per angusta ad angusta' was a favourite motto of hers. Her personal influence was magnetic, and how far-reaching God only knows. Many and many a one who has done splendid work in the world received the first impulse and inspiration for it from some spoken or written word of hers."

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin says, "I remember distinctly the meeting which Miss Ellice Hopkins addressed * (in Dublin) over which the late Lord Plunket presided, and I remember the delicacy and tact and power with which she handled a very difficult subject."

* See p. 166.

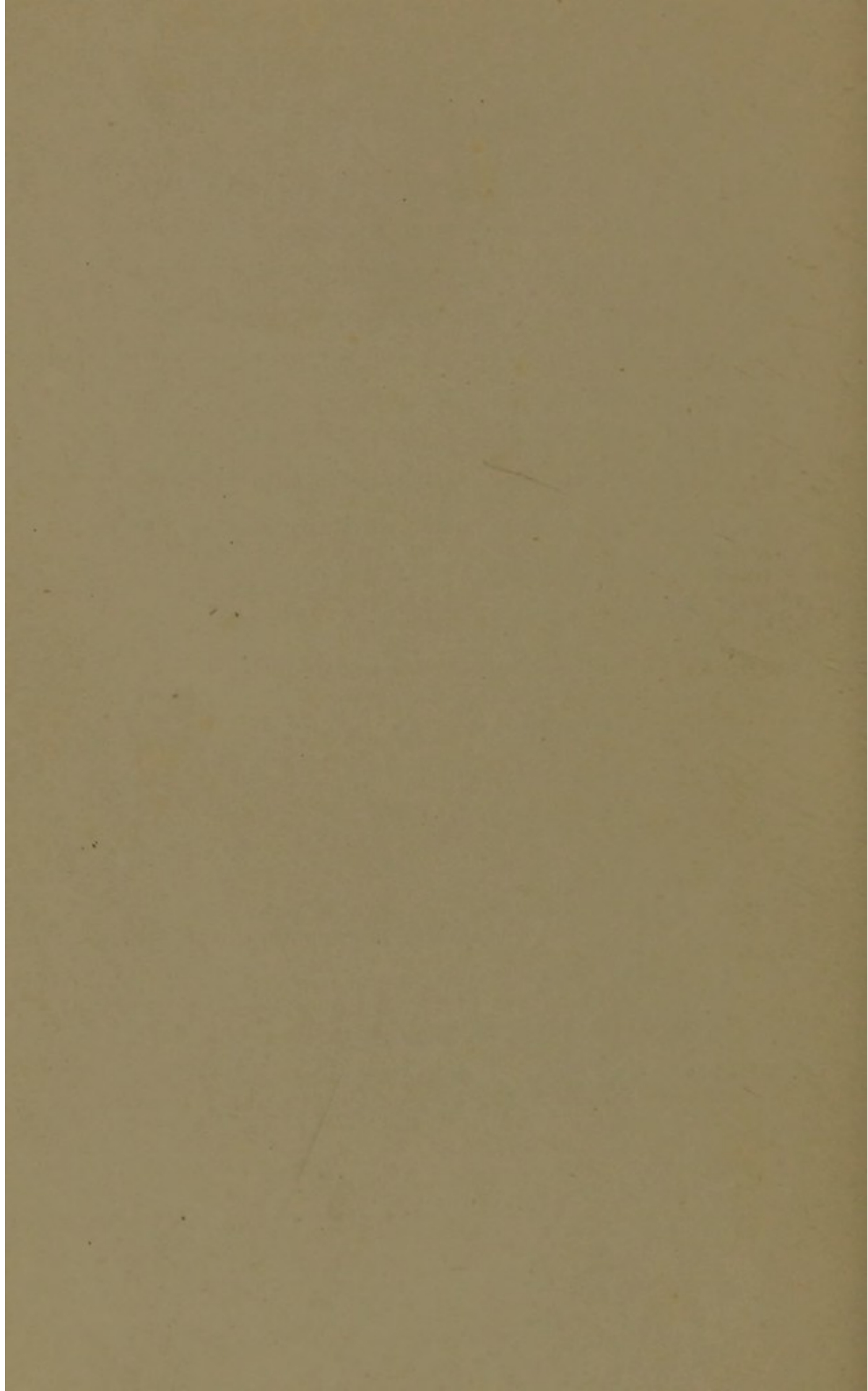
Reminiscences

May I conclude this record—so sadly imperfect—of a strenuous and noble life, with the thought it so clearly suggests, and which may help some who are wearied and disheartened in their struggle against sin and sorrow? No less in the spiritual than in the physical life, it seems true that “That which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die,” and who would not willingly die, if this death to self brought life to others?

“Thro’ loss of Self

The gain of such large life as match’d with ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.”

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INDEX

- Aberdeen, Countess of, 110
 Australasia, 183-5, 235
 Associations for Friendless
 Girls, 5, 94, 103-16

 Barnardo, Dr., 116-23
 Brighton, 36, 49, 124, 197,
 229, 233
 Bunting, Mr. and Mrs., 147-
 8, 186
 Burritt, E., 13, 14

 Cambridge, Life in, 8-24
 Cameron, Mrs., 67, 68
 Character, x, 96, 99, 207, 213,
 256, 270
 "Christ the Consoler," 61,
 62
 Church of England Purity
 Society, 158
 Church of England, 28, 29,
 30, 120, 259
 Criminal Law Amendment
 Act, 147, 186
 Crossley, Mr. and Mrs., 126-
 150, 226-28, 235-8

 Death, 242
 Dublin meetings, 166-8, 175
 -8, 272
 Durham, Bishop of, 156, 159
 -60, 164, 172, 186, 204
 Edinburgh meetings, 171-4

 Fraser, Bishop, 127, 132

 Hand work, 73, 126, 196,
 199, 208, 226
 Hinton, Dr., 85-94, 174
 Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs., 8, 9,
 24, 124
 Holidays, 64-83, 268
 Humour, 12, 148, 215, 255,
 269
 "Home Thoughts," 25

 Illness, 24, 194-9, 203, 241
 Industrial School Amendment
 Act, 113-9

 Janes, Miss, 135, 150, 202, 243

 Lightfoot, Bishop (*see* Durham,
 Bishop of)

 Maclaren, Dr., 128, 133
 Manchester meeting, 128-32
 Memory, 197
 Money matters, 126, 135-7
 McIsaac, Mrs., 196-9, 233
 Mystery of pain, 88-90, 230

 National Union of Women
 Workers, 109, 111, 186, 236,
 248

 Oratorical gifts, viii, 10, 12,
 14, 105, 165, 167, 251, 252,
 253, 254

Ellice Hopkins

- Poems, 5, 24, 66, 82, 139, 239,
245, 259, 266-7
"Power of Womanhood," 206,
210, 215-22
Preventive work, 106
- Religious difficulties, 27-34,
211
Ridley, Miss, 38, 64, 85, 194,
224, 267
Robinson, Miss, 49-55
Ruskin, 179, 221
- Scott Holland, Canon, 168,
251
Sick-bed vows, 26
Soul-hunger, 193
Stead, Mr., ix, 146, 250, 251
Steer, Miss, 93, 108, 164, 215,
243, 255
- "Story of Life," 233, 236
Tennyson, 69, 229
Thoughts for workers, 22, 28,
31, 41, 47
Tuke, Mr., 137
- Vicars, Mrs., 36-48
- White Cross books, 182, 188,
190, 237
White Cross Army and
League, xi, 153-89
Wilkinson, Bishop, x, 6, 159,
201
"Work Amongst Working
Men," 11-23
"Work Among the Lost," 36-
48
Work amongst soldiers, 49-
59



