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MEROINES

OF THE

MOUSEHOLD

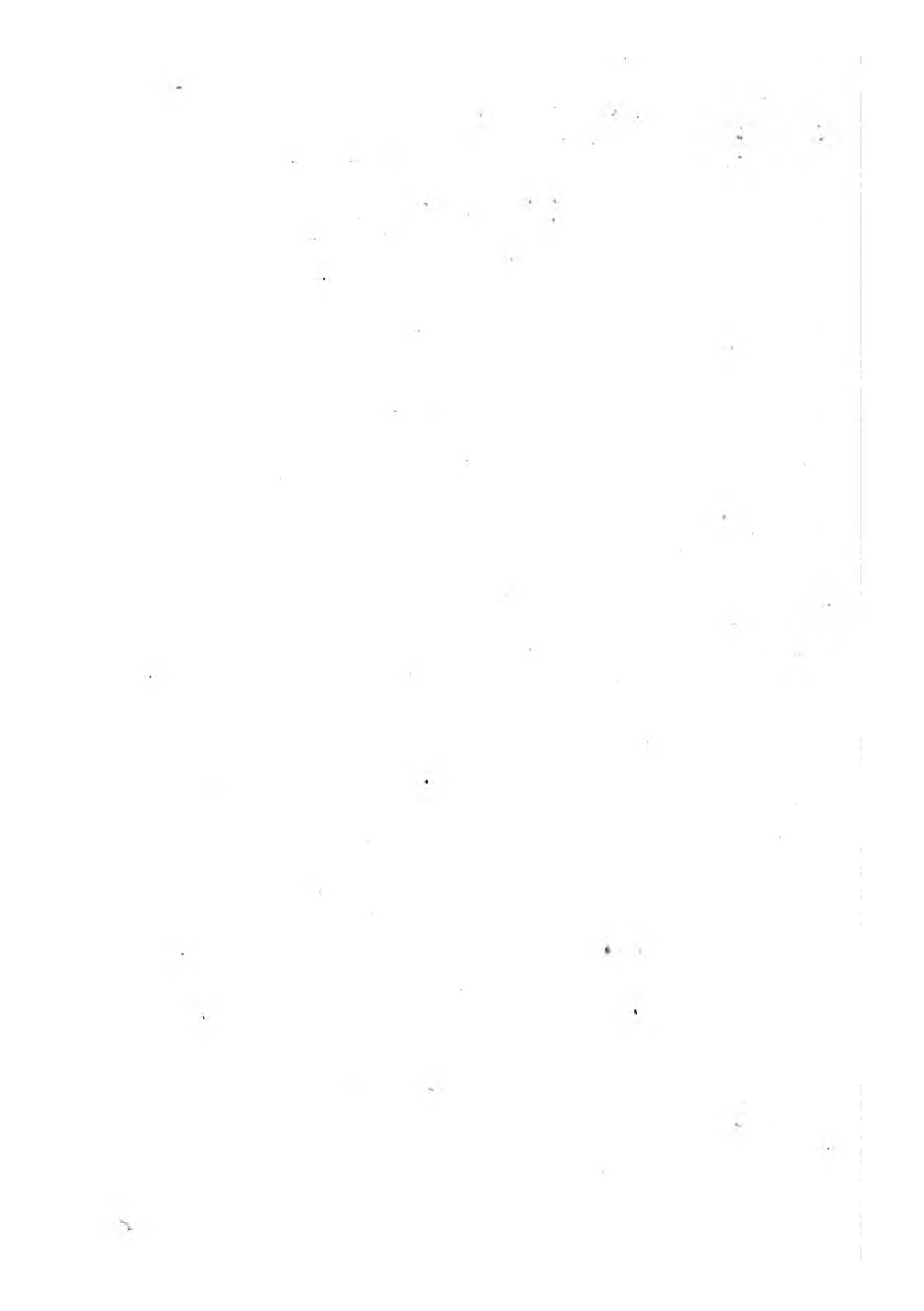




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**THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.**

A Scene from Miss Marsh's Labours among the "Navvies."

*Frontispiece.*

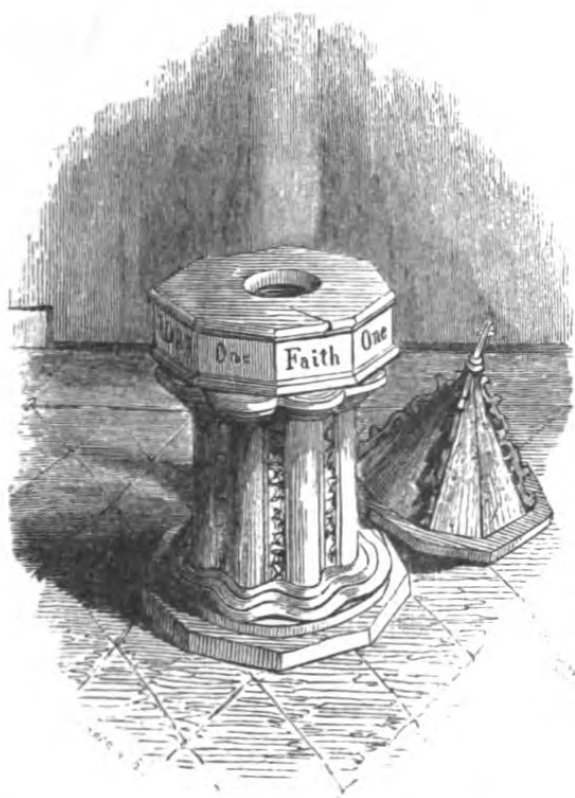
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# HEROINES

OF

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY THE  
REV. WILLIAM WILSON, M.A.,  
AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENWARD PATH," AND "POPULAR PREACHERS  
OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH."



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## PREFACE.



THE following sketches of the life, character, and work of some of the noblest specimens of Christian womanhood in ancient and modern days, are mainly intended as illustrations of woman's sphere and influence—a subject which has attracted special interest in our own time, and is of growing importance.

The examples selected range from the days of the ancient Church to the present: they belong to many lands, and to various branches of the universal Church; they represent widely different phases of character and shades of piety. The author has attempted to produce a distinct and faithful portraiture of the individuality of

each, and to describe the influences under which such lives were moulded. Widely diverse, however, as is the complexion of their outer and inner life, they have all a family likeness. In all, religion was a living power. All were a blessing to their own and other households, exhibiting the true dignity and duties of their sex in various spheres of usefulness in high and humble life.

Their biographies introduce us to some of the most important periods of history, and reveal some of their most interesting features. For Christian Female Biography is a mirror which reflects with peculiar distinctness certain lights and shades of the moral, social, and religious life of a period; and the study of woman's position and influence at any epoch is of essential consequence in enabling us to gauge the level of morals and manners, and to trace the stream of Christianity mingling with the current of Home Life.

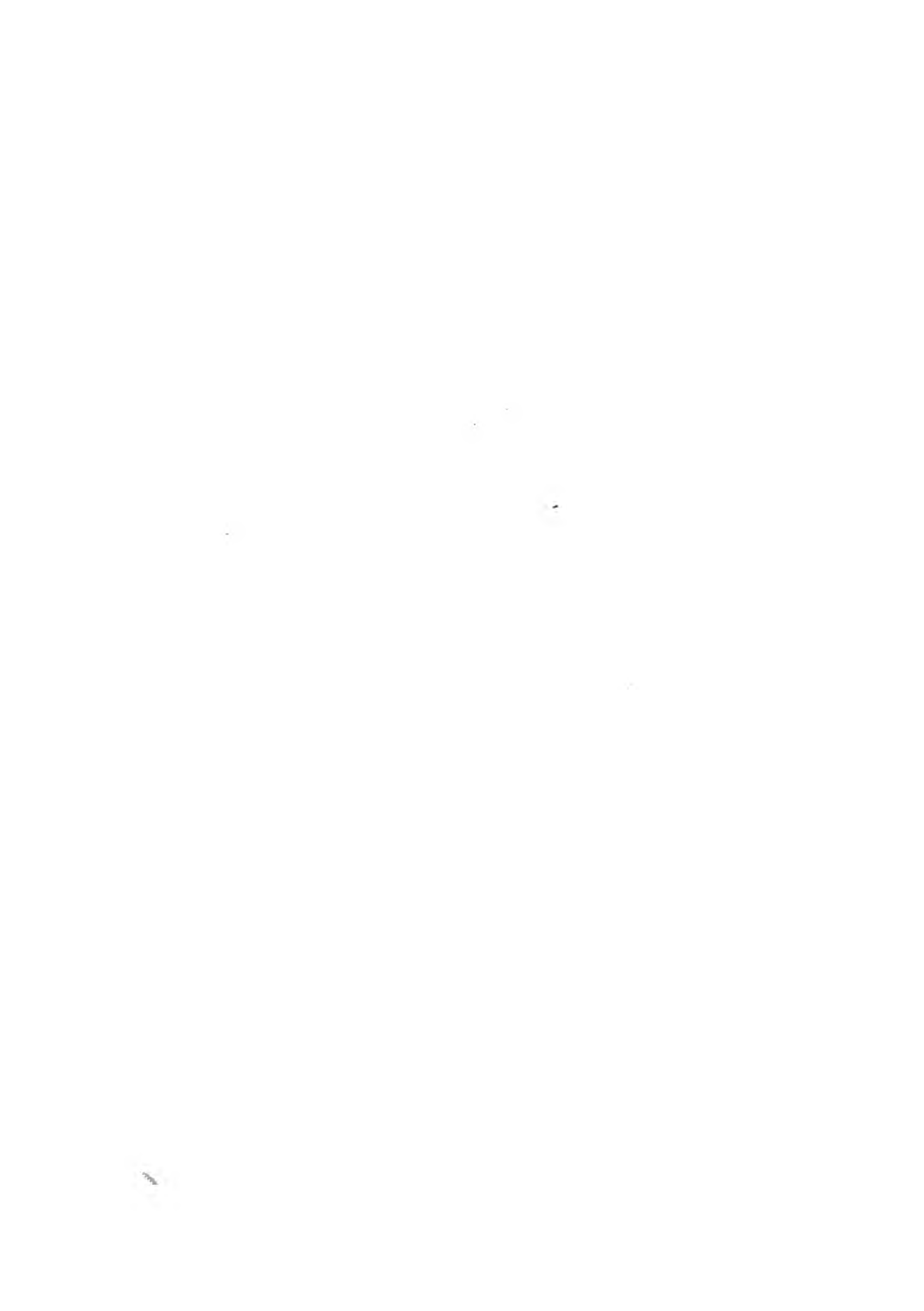
Lovely and pleasant to contemplate are the Heroines of the Household whom we have

enshrined in this little volume, meant to be a kind of Gallery of Good Women. The moral of their lives is a far happier one than that which the Laureate assigns to his beautiful 'Dream of Fair Women'—

In every land  
I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death.

Here rather we see weakness, supported by the strong arm of goodness, climbing the upward slope to life above, and smoothing for the poor, the forsaken, the mourner, and the little ones the rugged road of every-day existence.

*February, 1864.*



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**MONICA, THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTINE.**

HEROINES  
OF  
THE HOUSEHOLD.



MONICA,  
THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTINE.

THE portrait which Augustine has left of Monica is one of the most memorable sketches which filial affection ever drew of a sainted mother. From the somewhat sombre canvas of 'The Confessions' her meek mild countenance looks, the light of earthly and heavenly love beaming with winning sweetness through fast falling tears.

Christian biography has no better example of the might of meekness. Her mission, nobly fulfilled, required—what she had—the rarest qualities of a Christian woman's heart. One of the forces which, through all the years in which Augustine wandered in error and wallowed in sin, never ceased to influence him, was Monica's love; whose prayers and hopes and tears were crowned

at length with joy in his conversion. The story of her life is a record of unconquerable affection, clinging to objects unworthy of it; never ceasing to see them, in the vision of her hope, transformed into something nobler and better, and blessed at last by seeing the vision realised. It shows the influence of a woman—whose greatest power was her meekness and her love, upheld by strong and simple faith—in saving for the world and the Church one of the mightiest intellects ever consecrated to Christ.

She was born in A. D. 332, in the Roman province of Numidia, in the north of Africa, the site of the modern Algiers and Tunis. Her parents were Christians, and in comfortable circumstances in life. But we know nothing more about them. The task of training the young Monica was devolved chiefly on an old female domestic, who had carried her father, when he was a little child, on her back, as was the fashion in those days, and who remained in the family as the nurse of his children. She was a woman of great Christian worth, and deserved the trust, confidence, and respect shown her by her master and mistress. She ruled her young charge with a firm hand. Her regimen was strict, somewhat ascetic, as enlightened perhaps as could be expected from her condition in life and the age in which she lived. She would not allow the young ladies even a drop of water to quench their thirst

except at meal times, to teach them the control of their appetites, and train them up in sobriety; with what result in the case of Monica we shall by and by see. The idea of the old nurse was that, if they formed the habit of drinking water whenever they were thirsty, they would take to more potent beverages when they could get at them, as doubtless she had seen the Numidian ladies do to excess in that hot climate.

‘It is only water you drink now,’ she said, ‘because you have not wine in your power: but when you get married and have the keys of the store-rooms and cellars, you will despise water; but the habit of drinking will retain its sway.’ She succeeded in breaking them in. The sequel, however, is curious, and furnishes a notable illustration of the effects of excessive restraint and a disregard of the claims of nature.

Monica was entrusted to draw from the cask the wine required for family use. From sheer love of frolic and girlish delight at being able to do as she liked, uncontrolled by old nurse’s frowns, she thought it a good joke to put the wine to her lips as she lifted the jug from the cask, before pouring it into the decanter. At first she just tasted it and no more, having a positive dislike to it. But by degrees her repugnance diminished, till at last she enjoyed it, and could toss off a cupful at a draught, and regularly regaled herself on her visits to the cellar. ‘Where,’ asks

Augustine as he relates this, 'is now the wise old woman, and that rigid prohibition of hers? Would anything whatever prevail against a lurking disease, did not Thy healing care watch over us, O Lord? When father, mother, and nurses were absent, Thou wert present—Thou who dost create and call; and who it is that workest any good that is done for the salvation of souls, through the appointed human instrumentality. What then didst Thou, my God? How didst Thou cure? How didst Thou heal? Didst Thou not draw forth from another mind a severe and sharp reproof, like a surgical instrument, from Thy secret resources, and at one stroke didst cut away that gangrene?'

The maid who was in the way of accompanying her to the wine-cellar, one day when they were there alone, got into a passion with her young mistress, and upbraided her with her indulgence in the most insulting language, calling her a drunkard. Stung to the quick at having put herself so fatally in the power of a rude domestic, and burning with shame at the epithet applied to her, the baseness of the habit to which she had yielded flashed on her mind, and it was renounced at once and for ever.

On which Augustine sententiously remarks, 'As flattering friends pervert, so quarrelling enemies oftentimes correct.' Monica was saved. The sobriety of external restraint and mechanical

habit was now exchanged for true self-control. Her virtue was based on the deliberate act of her own will, roused by a divine providence, and rectified by divine grace; no longer forced and outward merely, but spontaneous and inward.

At the age of fourteen she was baptised, making public profession of the faith which her future life so brightly adorned, and grew up a model of modesty, sobriety, and dutifulness. At twenty she became the wife of Patricius, a citizen and councillor of Tagaste, whose moderate patrimony was barely enough to support the expenditure of his position. He was a heathen, with, as a matter of course, very loose ideas of morality; impulsive in his temperament, amiable and warm-hearted on the whole, but subject to fits of ungovernable rage; convivial and licentious.

How it happened that she became unequally yoked to this unbeliever we have not been told. But whether self-chosen or not, she never murmured at her lot, hard and trying though it was. She loved her husband passionately and devotedly, and the hope of winning him over to God, which the apostle's words to such as are in her situation permitted her to cherish, never forsook her. Hers indeed was a love which hoped all things and endured all things. I fear she will appear very destitute of that proper spirit which prompts wives to assert their independence and stand up for their rights, and without which, it is commonly

supposed, there could be no living with unreasonable husbands, or even with reasonable ones, if such exist. She certainly carried her forbearance and submissiveness beyond what almost any jury of ladies or gentlemen would consider due bounds. But her plan succeeded, where it is certain any other would have failed, not indeed in exacting on all occasions that deference and respect from her husband which was her due, much less compliance with all her caprices—the points of the matrimonial charter for which so many ladies deem it their bounden duty to battle so stoutly—but in securing domestic peace, retaining a hold on her husband's affections, which strengthened as time wore on, winning his admiration, esteem, and even reverence, and gaining by her gentleness, her compliance, the beauty, consistency, and holiness of her life, an ascendancy over her husband such men think it no disgrace to bow to; and in the end was the means of leading him to the feet of Christ.

Augustine describes the way she took to win him thus beautifully:—‘It was the effort of her life to gain him to Thee, speaking of Thee to him by those features of character and conduct by which Thou didst make her lovely—an object of reverential love and admiration in her husband's eye.’

Her female neighbours were astonished. The most of them had better husbands than Monica,

but fared much worse than she. And very ill they fared often, poor ladies. Wife-beating seems to have been thought nothing of; and it is a curious revelation of domestic life in those days, that it was a matter of wonder to the whole neighbourhood that no one had ever heard of Patricius beating his wife. Nay, what was more wonderful to them, knowing his fiery temper, they never heard of a single day's disagreement between him and Monica.

It was no rare thing for those Numidian matrons to show even on their faces the marks of blows inflicted by husbands far more good-natured than Patricius; and when they met together in friendly colloquy, their husbands' life and conduct were the constant theme of bitter complaint. Monica, being asked to tell how she got on so well, revealed her plan. She had learned that if speech is silver, silence is golden, especially in dealing with an angry man. When her husband got into one of his rages, she never did or said anything to oppose him. She waited till he was calm, and reasoned quietly with him. Of course it would have but served him right if she had let him know her mind when he broke out on her. It would have been no wonder if she had. She had a right to consider herself a very ill-used woman to have to put up with him. But she was not only a woman of thorough good sense, but regarded her Bible as implicitly to be believed



and obeyed. She regarded it, therefore, as incumbent on her, at once from piety and good policy, to follow, in dealing with her husband, the rule, 'not rendering railing for railing.' Who will say that she was wrong, although the very last thing generally thought of, in similar circumstances, is following such an example? Yet we would suggest for all whom it concerns, whether it might not be worth while to try it? Among the highest of female accomplishments, worth in any sphere but Billingsgate more than we could tell, is proficiency in the art of giving 'the soft answer which turneth away wrath.'

Her notion of marriage, too, though it has the sanction of high authority and illustrious example, struck the most of her female friends to whom she propounded it, as novel; and will be regarded now, for the most part, as antiquated and absurd.

While they blamed their husbands' lives, she blamed their tongues; conveying her reproof, however, in a jocular form. She said to them humorously, though quite in earnest, 'From the moment you heard the marriage contract read, you ought to have considered it as an instrument by which you were reduced to the position of servants; and, from that day forth, you ought to have borne in mind your position, and not show a haughty overbearing spirit against your masters.' This was, in reality, what she herself had done.

We cannot claim, however, for Monica's sentiments the merit either of novelty or originality. They are manifestly an echo of a passage written about three hundred years before, which there can be no harm in quoting.

'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation, coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands; even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord.'

It is not at all unlikely that Monica would fortify her recommendation to her married friends by directing them to this passage. Her own life was an honest, earnest, humble attempt to carry it out, and an example of its success. Some of them, Augustine tells us, followed her advice and example, with the happiest effects; and others took the opposite course, to their cost and sorrow. Wife-beating, fortunately, is now mainly confined

to the dregs of society. But domestic discord is common enough, and husbands as unreasonable as Patricius are not rare, who only have their deserts when they are mated with untamable shrews. Still it is a pity, for their own sakes, that wives so mated should so often be unable to resist the temptation to shrewish speech, and so many married couples should be such adepts at teasing one another. The subject, however, must be confessed to be weary, stale, and flat, though not altogether unprofitable. The case of Monica's neighbours shows that advice on this subject is not always altogether thrown away.

Monica's love for her husband was proof even against his conjugal infidelities. She bore her wrongs in silent sorrow; they never were the cause of quarrel. That love of hers, enduring all things, hoping all things, made her avert her tear-filled eye from her husband as he was—to what he should be, when, as she never ceased to believe, he should be transformed by divine grace.

Her unwearied patience and gentleness overcame completely her mother-in-law, who lived with her son, and from whom the young wife had at first much to bear. She was prejudiced and irritated against her daughter-in-law by the malicious tattle of some of the servants. But her feelings became so changed by Monica's kind and respectful attentions, and that quiet meek-

ness which no opposition could ruffle, that she informed her son of the meddling tale-bearers, who had been the means of alienating her against her daughter-in-law, and asked him to punish them. Patricius had the delinquent maids soundly whipped, as Augustine thinks he was bound to do—such was the way that domestics were then corrected—not only to gratify his mother, but out of regard to the proper discipline of his family and his own peace. Both mistresses and maids were manifestly roughly handled in those days. Harmony between the two ladies was never afterwards interrupted, and they were distinguished for their affectionate attachment to one another.

In the circle of her acquaintance Monica exerted also her influence to preserve concord, and to restore it when broken. She never repeated a bitter thing said to her of another; and never failed to repeat anything that might tend to allay animosity and promote reconciliation: a simple rule, which brings the blessedness promised to the peace-maker within the reach of all; but requiring for its practice the milk of human kindness, and the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Speaking of this trait of her character, her son remarks: ‘This I should have regarded a small matter, had I not known by bitter experience disturbances without number produced by a horrible and pestiferous tendency spreading far and wide, on the part of sinners, not only to carry

the words of angry enemies to angry enemies, but also to add what was never said; whilst, on the other hand, a man of right feeling ought not to consider his duty discharged simply by not rousing people's enmity, or not increasing it by evil speaking, unless he also make it his study to extinguish it by speaking well, and thus showing himself to be such as she was, by the inward teaching in the school of the heart.'

Her peace-loving disposition was as far removed from easy, sluggish good-nature, as her inexhaustible affection and tenderness from mere weak and tear-eyed sensibility. There was not a trace of sentimentality in her composition. 'She had a quick mother-wit and a sound judgement; she possessed a susceptibility for art and knowledge, and to depth of feeling united the greatest clearness of perception.'\* Her love for the Word and worship of God, her bountiful almsgiving, her assiduity in rendering personal service to the servants and saints of God, were the fruits of piety which distinguished all her married life and widowhood.

Patricius, to do him justice, never seems to have interfered in the least with the employment of her time and means, to the extent she deemed right, in attending church or works of benevolence. Nor had he any cause. Her duties as

\* Merz: *Christliche Frauenbilder*.

mistress of her household were never neglected for anything. She carried into all that she had to do the conscientiousness and energy of her character. Her housewifery was as admirable as her piety. Punctuality, energy, economy, characterised her domestic management, and, despite her husband's irregularities, produced the comforts of a well-ordered home.

Singularly faultless as Augustine's picture of her is, it is, we believe, scrupulously faithful. It was painted, as every word of 'The Confessions' were written, for the eye of God rather than for that of man; and as each successive feature was added, it was submitted to the glance of Omniscience. His mother was the most complete realisation of the Bible idea of a Christian matron which he ever knew; and, making all allowance for filial partiality in one who owed her so much and loved her so well, we must place her very high up among the holy women of old or of modern times, notwithstanding the traces of asceticism and superstition belonging to her day.

'She was,' say 'The Confessions,' 'the servant of the servants of God. Whoever knew her, greatly praised, honoured, and loved Thee in her, because they perceived Thy presence in her heart, manifested in the fruits of a holy conversation. For she had been the wife of one man, had done her duty to her parents, had piously conducted her own house, had a testimony in her good works.

She had brought up children, enduring for them the pangs of childbirth as often as she saw them deviate from Thee. Finally, O Lord—for of Thy free gift Thou dost permit us to speak to Thy servants—towards all of us, who before she fell asleep in Thee already lived in fellowship together after receiving the grace of Thy baptism, she showed such care as if all had been her children, and so served us all as if all had been her parents.’

Her distinguished son Augustine was born in Tagaste, on the 13th of November A.D. 354, when Monica was in her twenty-second year. Of her family, there is mention besides only of a brother, Navigius, and a sister whom we afterwards hear of presiding over a community of Christian females in Hippo. That she would from his earliest years train her boy in the knowledge of the truth which was so precious to herself, and with firm yet gentle hand try to mould his young heart to the love of God, is what we might be sure of from what we know of her. That she taught his childish lips to express his desires to God, we may conclude from Augustine’s statement that, as a boy, he used to pray that he might not be beaten at school. He also records that he had heard while a child of eternal life, and had drunk in the name of Jesus with his mother’s milk. He was not, however, baptised, but only marked with the sign of the cross. and

rubbed with holy salt, in token of his dedication to God. The idea was then prevalent that the sacraments possessed a magical virtue, and that baptism washed away completely all past sins; and the practice was common of deferring baptism, that the plenary discharge which that ordinance gave might cover the bulk of the sins of the whole lifetime, and as small a margin as possible left for post-baptismal sins, which were regarded as of a peculiarly aggravated character. The practical, and certainly most deadly evil that followed from this was, that sinners were in the habit of reasoning that, as baptism would clear off the whole score, they might as well take the utmost benefit of it, and run up a heavy one. In for a penny in for a pound, the one ablution will clear all, was the favourite cry. 'Let him do as he likes,' people were in the habit of saying; 'he is not yet baptised.' On which Augustine remarked, 'And yet in the case of bodily health we do not say, let the body be wounded more, for it is not yet healed.'

He was seized with a severe illness, and thought himself dying. He eagerly besought his mother to have him baptised, which he would have been had he not suddenly got well; and, in accordance with the views of her times on baptism, and of the guilt and danger of sin committed after baptism, and dreading, but too truly, that on his recovery he would fall into evil ways, she judged that she was



consulting his spiritual interests best by having the administration of this sacrament delayed. To his mother's great grief he turned out a careless, mischievous, bad boy. He liked play, hated his books, disobeyed his parents and teachers, told lies, stole dainties from the table and the store-press, to eat and divide among his playfellows, and lent a hand in robbing an orchard; he was, in short, a heartbreak to his pious mother. Yet amid all this wildness there were some redeeming points and some gleams of promise. He never gave his mother a harsh or insulting word. This was unspeakable comfort to her, and her mention of it to him when on her death-bed gave him no small joy. He early showed a talent for recitation, and revelled, with all the delight of a susceptible and passionate nature, in the fables of Latin poetry. He was largely influenced in this by the gratification they gave to a prurient imagination; and his acquaintance with the poetical literature of his native tongue was no more evidence of application, than acquaintance with Byron and Burns, and the novels of a circulating library, would be in a school-boy now. Greek filled him with the disgust which the exertion and difficulty of acquiring a foreign language will always produce in an idle boy.

Monica's prayers and teaching seemed thrown away, and sore must the trial have been, both to her love for her darling son and her faith in God.

Her efforts were on all sides thwarted and undermined. The moral atmosphere around was deeply polluted. The streams of learning of which he drank at the schools were poisoned. He afterwards most sorrowfully expressed his abhorrence at having been dragged through the filth of classical learning. He inherited the taint of his father's nature, and was banefully influenced by his father's example. At Madaura, where he had gone to study for some time, away from Monica's eye, his evil tendencies had full scope, and he returned home, in his sixteenth year, a young profligate. His father cherished ambitious views for his son, and determined to send him to Carthage to complete his education for the bar. But his means were narrow, and Augustine spent that year at home, till his father should accumulate sufficient funds to meet the necessary expenses. In that period of idleness he gave himself up to unbridled licentiousness. He began to frequent the baths, which were the great haunts of debauchery. His father had seen him there, and told Monica in great glee, quite pleased at his son having begun precociously to sow his wild oats, and to share in the vicious indulgences of young men. Monica heard him, as we may well conceive, with horror. Patricius had by this time, yet only recently, become a catechumen. We may imagine the state of matters when a candidate for Christian baptism could feel about

his son, and speak of him to his mother, as this licentious father did. Her distress was crushing. How could she hope to rescue her boy from ruin, when he was abetted in his profligacy by his own father? What was her feeble power against all the influences that conspired together for her child's destruction? Yet she lost not heart or hope. She knew that a greater was with her than all that could be against her. Her heart was bleeding in its most tender part; but she knew One who healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up all their wounds. And so, though cast down, she did not despair. She took her son apart, and solemnly warned him against indulgence in forbidden pleasures. But to no purpose. He despised his mother's earnest and affectionate admonition as a woman's words, which, were he to give any heed to, would make him lose caste among his dissolute companions. He scorned, he tells us, to be a whit behind the worst of them. He went headlong into wickedness, as much that he might be able to boast of it as from the pure love of sinning; and, in order to keep up his credit as a fast young man, he never stuck at taking the credit of fictitious adventures, in the absence of real ones. Some idea of getting him into a matrimonial engagement was entertained by his mother, as a means of saving him, but was abandoned, lest a wife might be a drag on him in his studies. These, she believed, would be favour-

able to his reformation, and she was reluctant to run the risk of interrupting them, even for the sake of a project which she thought calculated to work an immediate improvement in his morals.

With trembling on her part, with exultation on his at release from the restraints her presence imposed, she, after a year spent at home, saw him depart for Carthage. Soon thereafter, in 371, her husband died. Her prayers had been heard in his behalf; and she had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him received into the Church. Her new-found bliss she did not long enjoy. She was left a widow in her 39th year. Despite all his faults, she loved devotedly the husband of her youth, whose salvation she had been the means of securing. She wished to be united to him in death, as she had been in life, and had a place prepared for her bones by his side.

She had now control of her own moderate means, which she had brought as a marriage portion, and which would have sufficed for her own wants. But, in order to support the charges of her son's education, she scrupled not to work with her own hands. But of this burden she was relieved by Romanianus, the most wealthy inhabitant of Tagaste, who became to Augustine as a second father. But her anxieties for her son, in other and higher respects, were not alleviated, but painfully increased as time wore on. He devoted himself enthusiastically to his studies:

for he was intensely ambitious of attaining distinction as an orator. He plunged into the gaieties and pleasures of Carthage without relaxing his industry, and without descending to the lowest depths of the wild and riotous debauchery of the set among whom he lived. The ruffianly black-guardism of the Carthaginian students was too coarse for his taste. Ambition and self-respect kept him above it. His conscience, too, was never quite deadened. The memory of his early religious impressions was not effaced. Thoughtless and undutiful as he was, the thought of his mother, so gentle, so good, exercised an influence, though all but inappreciable. He could not shake himself clear altogether of love and reverence for her.

A tie, the breaking of which at last he tells us made his heart bleed, was now formed between him and an African girl, who lived with him as his wife for thirteen years. Of this union, which was characterised by all the fidelity, though not hallowed by the sanctity of the marriage relation, a son was born in Augustine's eighteenth year, whom he named, why he does not say, Adeodatus, that is, God-given.

There was much in all this to give Monica acute pain—something to sustain her hope, everything to give earnestness and importunity to her frequent prayers for her son. But what was her distress when she, whose wish and hope it was to see him received into the Christian church by

baptism, heard that he had become a heretic, and one of the worst order, a Manichæan! This happened in his nineteenth year. Cicero's 'Hortensius,' which he had been reading as part of his studies in the art of speaking, awoke in him a thirst for *truth*—a nobler craving by far than the desire of eloquence and fame by which he had been hitherto possessed. But the name of Christ was not in Cicero; and this alone damped his ardour for heathen philosophy. 'This name,' he says, 'of my Saviour, my tender heart had drunk in with my mother's milk, and held deeply treasured, and I could not be wholly captivated by anything that was without it, however learned, or polished, or true.' He turned to the Bible, but soon turned from it. To his classic ear its style seemed poor in comparison with Cicero; to his yet unhumiliated heart, its wisdom was foolishness. Dissatisfied with the wisdom of the ancients, because he found not in it the name of Christ—dissatisfied with the Bible, because of the meanness of its matter and its style, he was in the position of many then and many now, who find philosophy cold and unsatisfying to the heart, and think the Bible immeasurably below the requirements of their intellect and taste.

Manichæism promised satisfaction for his aspirations. His own account is as follows: 'I fell in with a set of proud and dotard dreamers, excessively carnal and loquacious, in whose mouth

were the devil's snares, limed with a mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the Paraclete, our Comforter the Holy Spirit. All these names were in their mouths, but only as far as the sound and noise of the tongue: their heart was void of the truth.' The system of the Manichæans was a wild attempt to construct a philosophical Christianity. They retained the phraseology of the gospel, but attached to it ideas of their own. They were never weary of pointing out the absurdities and monstrosities in the Old Testament, which they rejected as utterly unworthy of the Author of all good. There was very much in the New which their reason and their moral sense would not permit them to receive.

Manes, their founder, pretended to be the Paraclete promised by Jesus Christ to teach the whole truth. His system was mainly a jumble of the philosophy of Zoroaster with Buddhism. The eternal independent evil principle of the Persian sage, Manes identified with matter; 'and Ormuz, or the good principle, he identified with spirit, although spirit with him was only a more refined matter. By the mixture of the two, by an eruption of the world of darkness into the world of light, by the blending of portions of the Deity with portions of evil matter, the world is formed. The human soul is a part of the divinity imprisoned in evil matter.' And so all the struggles

of passion he had felt were explained. They were the eruptions of the evil principle which he could not help, and were not therefore sins. A comfortable doctrine for a sinner. But the chief attraction of this crude system was its promise of absolute truth. 'O truth, truth!' he said, 'how intensely even then my inmost soul panted after thee, whilst they were sounding thee in many and manifold ways, in empty words and many and huge volumes.'

After the lapse of about five years we find him again in his native town. He propagated his new views with all the zeal of a neophyte, although the truth and rest which Manichæism promised him he never found. He was fond of holding up the Scriptures to ridicule, and busied himself in scandalising and unsettling the faith of others.

Monica's agony was great, verging almost to despair. She detested his blasphemies so, that, though living under the same roof, she had formed the resolution not to sit at the same table with her son. But this resolution was changed in consequence of a remarkable dream, which she regarded as an answer to her prayers, and which hovered before her for long years of sorrow a bright bow of promise. She thought she was standing on a plank of wood and saw advancing towards her a radiant youth, his face lighted up with joy and smiling to her, while she was utterly prostrate with grief. Having asked the cause of



her sorrow and daily tears, she answered that she bewailed the perdition of her son. He told her to look beside her, for where she was there also was her son. She looked, and there, on the same plank, at her side was her son !

That dream of the night was the dream of her waking hours. She wept for her misguided son as one mourning for the dead. But her tears were shed to One to whom they were precious ; and in Mercy's golden vase they were gathered as they fell, to be changed into the wine of gladness. And so her faith failed not. Hope gilded her darkness by the vision of a day, for which she was resolved to toil and pray while she lived, when she should clasp to her heart her child, and weep tears of joy as she said, 'This my son was dead and is alive ; was lost, and is found.'

She hastened to tell her dream to her son. He tried to make out that its purport was that she should not despair of becoming what he was. 'No,' she said at once ; 'for it was not said, where he is there also art thou, but where thou art there also is he.' The ready and clear penetration of this answer made a deeper impression on Augustine than the dream itself.

Never, in all the long years of trouble that were before her, did the star of promise vanish from her tear-dimmed eye. 'Almost nine years,' says Augustine, 'followed, in which I wallowed in that slime of the abyss, and in the darkness of false-

hood, often trying to rise, but dashed down again with heavier force; whilst that chaste widow, pious and sober, such as Thou lovest, outstripping the tedious years in the alacrity of her hope, though not relaxing her tears and groans, ceased not, in all the hours of her prayers, to mourn over me to Thee.'

Another anchor of hope to which she clung was the answer of a bishop to whom she applied to reason with her son and convince of his errors. The bishop told her that any such attempt would be useless in Augustine's present state of mind, but that by and by he would of himself discover, if let alone, the absurdity and impiety of the heresy which the gloss of novelty made at present attractive. He bade her pray for her son. He informed her that he himself had been brought up by his mother a Manichæan—that he not only read almost all their books, but had himself written on their side; but had worked his way out of his errors. Monica, however, would take no denial, and insisted with tears on the bishop to see and speak with Augustine, till the good man's patience was fairly exhausted, and he said, 'Go from me! As sure as you have life, it is impossible that the child of such tears should perish.'

We have traced elsewhere \* the steps by which Augustine at last reached the firm resting-place of faith. We shall only make such allusion to

\* In *Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church*.

his history, during that eventful period of unrest and mental conflict which ended in giving up Manichæism in his twenty-eighth year, as is necessary to illustrate the life of Monica.

The death of a friend, whom he loved as David loved Jonathan, plunged him in deep sorrow, and made Tagaste hateful to him. Much against his mother's desire, he went to Carthage, to teach rhetoric. There his faith in Manichæism was shattered by a conference with Faustus, one of its famed teachers—a great charlatan. Disgusted with the rudeness and turbulence of the Carthaginian students, he resolved to go to Rome, in the hope of obtaining a chair of rhetoric there. Monica, who could not bear separation from him, had come to Carthage. She tried vehemently to dissuade him from his purpose; or, if he would go, she besought him to take her with him. She followed him to the sea-shore, and refused to leave without him. He got rid of her importunity only by pretending that he had a friend on board ship, whom he could not well leave till it had sailed; and with difficulty persuaded her to remain for the night in a chapel close by, erected over the grave of the martyr Cyprian, while he should go to bid his friend adieu.

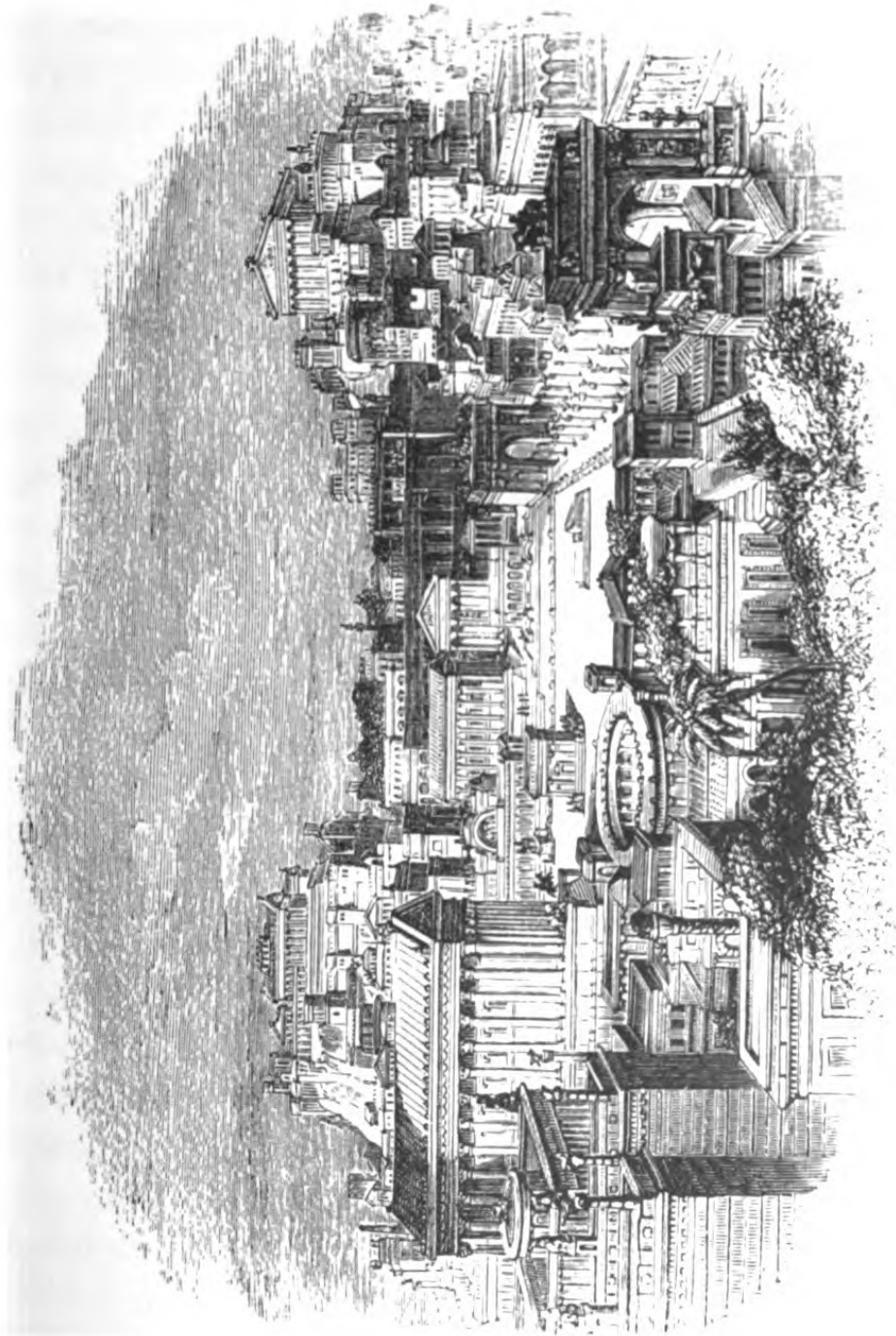
She spent the night weeping and praying that he might not be allowed to sail; for she suspected that he was deceiving her. When she found in the morning that he had sailed, she was almost

frantic with disappointment and grief. She gave vent to accusations of deceit and cruelty against her son, which soon, however, turned into prayers for him. The cruel wound which her motherly love had received she was able afterwards to see was a meet punishment of its undue and sinful excess; and with thankfulness she acknowledged that, in denying what she had asked so passionately as she kept her lonely vigil in Cyprian's chapel at Mappalia, God was only granting her heart's dearest and lifelong desire.

While she was weeping and praying far away in her lonely home, he was tossing in fever at Rome, and his life was despaired of. It was well that she knew not of his danger till it was past; for the thought of him being in peril of death would have been torture unspeakable to her. His death would, he believed, have been a blow from which she never could have recovered; such was her more than mother's love for him. Who can refuse to admire the filial love and Christian piety of Augustine, in tracing the influence of his mother's prayers for him, and God's regard for her, in his restoration to life? And who can refuse to acknowledge in this deliverance, and the better one by which it was followed, the might of maternal love, hallowed and strengthened by faith? And here, if anywhere, may those whose sorrows are kindred with Monica's, to their consolation see Love's invisible arm, holding with firm and

far-reaching grasp, the absent and the fallen; or rather, with the gentle yet persuasive power of prayer, wreathing around the objects of its solicitude the everlasting arms of our Father in heaven. This was the view Augustine took of the matter on mature reflection. 'She knew nothing of my illness, and yet was praying for me far away. But Thou, everywhere present, where she was, wast hearing her; and where I was, wast taking pity on me! . . . Wouldst Thou despise the tears with which she asked of Thee, not gold and silver, or any mutable or transitory good, but the salvation of the soul of her own son—wouldst Thou, by whose grace she was such as she was, refuse her Thy help? Nay, verily, O Lord.'

Augustine was as much disappointed in the students of Rome as he had been in those of Carthage. They of the capital were more polite, but destitute of honesty, and were in the habit of combining to defraud their teachers of their fees. He lived at Rome among the Manichæans, whose theory of sin was still attractive to him, and for whose crudities he had found as yet no substitute. Through the interest of some of them, he obtained the appointment of professor of rhetoric at Milan. Here he met with a kind reception from the famous Bishop Ambrose, whose discourses he diligently attended, at first for the sake of their eloquence alone. They were, however, the means of disabusing his mind of many misapprehensions



ROME: THE FORUM RESTORED.



of the doctrine of the Bible. By and by he was cast completely adrift on the sea of doubt. He abandoned the Manichæans, and, with a faint, though very faint hope, of being able to accept Christianity, he added his name to the roll of catechumens.

At Milan he was soon rejoined by Monica, whose affection overcame her fears at what to her was a formidable voyage. She even kept up the courage of the sailors, assuring them, on the faith of a vision which she had, that they would reach the land in safety. Whatever idea we may have of dreams, and however much we may think Monica mistaken in regarding hers as prophetic, we must own that they did good to herself and others too. They reflected the love and trust which inspired her words and actions in her waking hours. In dreams, as in other matters, she was certainly superstitious.

When Augustine told her that he was no longer a Manichæan, though not yet a Christian, the communication did not seem to take her by surprise. She received it without any extravagant demonstrations of joy. She accepted it with calm thankfulness, as part of a promised blessing, and in calm confidence of the full blessedness in store. 'She was sure that Thou wouldst give the rest, and with the utmost calmness, and with a heart full of confidence, she believed in Christ that ere she departed this life, she



would see me a faithful member of the Church of Christ.' Such were her words to her son. But her prayers were now more earnest and urgent, that God 'would hasten to his aid, and scatter the darkness of his mind, and incline him to frequent the church more diligently, and drink at the lips of Ambrose of the fountain of water springing up to everlasting life.'

Ambrose she loved as an angel of God, for the influence his preaching had had over her son. As a proof of this is recorded her desisting from an observance which she had practised all her days in Africa, of bringing an offering of pulse and bread and wine to the tombs of martyrs, to be partaken of as a kind of feast to their honour. This had led to great abuses, and had, by the bishop's orders, been discontinued; and as soon as she learned that it was disapproved of by him, she gave it up; which excited her son's wonder, who knew well how pertinaciously she adhered to what she had been in the habit of thinking right.

The bishop, on his part, was full of admiration of her pious and consistent life, and often congratulated Augustine on having such a mother. When Ambrose had to take refuge in the church from the fury of the Empress Justina, who had become an Arian, and the people watched night and day there, and, to beguile the time, took to the Oriental practice of responsive singing, Monica took a leading part in these exercises,

moved thereto by her love for devotion and her love for the bishop.

Three years of hopeful yet painful progress, not unmarked by discouraging features on the part of Augustine—of hopeful yet painful watching on the part of Monica, had to pass, ere she saw the noonday of the hope which had dawned in his abandonment of his heretical opinions. The events of this period, up to his conversion in his thirty-second year, involving profound thought and acute suffering, we may compress into brief space. Monica insisted on her son to marry. A separation, sad enough, as he tells us, was effected between him and the mother of Adeodatus, who left for her native country Africa, vowing to God that she would remain in perpetual widowhood. Her boy remained with Augustine. Monica selected a wife for her son; but, on account of the maiden's youth, the marriage could not take place for two years. Augustine ratified his mother's choice, and they were betrothed. It must have been a bitter grief to the affectionate mother, as it was afterwards a bitter mortification to him, that notwithstanding he entered again into concubinage.

But at last the crisis came. He was brought to the deepest sense of humiliation and self-loathing on account of the facility with which he yielded to temptation, and by his helpless subjection to the power of evil. Resolves were made and

broken. His pride was crushed out of him. His efforts to break his chain were changed into an agony of prayer that the Redeemer's strong arm would break it for him, issuing in all but instantaneous triumph over sin, and in one of the holiest and most devoted lives ever lived, which have made the conversion of Augustine only less remarkable than that of Paul. His friend Alypius, the sharer of his deepest thoughts and highest aspirations, that same day all but immediately after became partaker of his faith and joy.

And now, Monica, thy prayers are heard—the object of thy life is won. They rush to tell her the glad tidings. 'We tell her,' says Augustine. 'She rejoices. We relate how all took place. She exults and triumphs, and pours forth blessings to Thee, who art able to do more than we ask or conceive, because she saw that Thou hadst granted her far more in my case than she was wont to ask in her woful and tearful plaints.'

'Long had she sown in tears, but her harvest of gladness came. The bitterness of the cup she had drained was all forgot in the ecstasy of grasping the sparkling pearl of unearthly joy, which He who had put into her hand that chalice of sorrow had hid at the bottom beneath the wormwood draught.'\*

The vintage vacation—which soon came on—Augustine spent at the country-house of his friend

\* *Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church.*

Verecundus at a short distance from Milan, along with Nebridius, Alypius, and Adeodatus. Monica accompanied them, and took the charge of the whole large establishment. She was now fifty-four years of age. But she looked as if she had got back all the freshness and vigour of youth. In superintending the whole details of domestic management within doors, and the labours of the fields and vineyards, and in the serious and genial conversations at table, where she presided, she was in her element. She was as strict with everybody as she was with herself. No one was allowed to be a moment late for meals. Verecundus was the only one of the party who had not yet arrived at Christian faith, though he afterwards did; but was a seeker of truth. They spent a most delightful time, enjoying all the loveliness of nature, elegant hospitality, and intellectual and pious discourse. Augustine's pen was not idle. Some of the conversations of this choice circle, conducted after the manner of the Tusculan disputations, Augustine committed to writing. In these colloquies Monica took part, and a record of some of her remarks, of which we may give a specimen, is preserved in the Confessions. The dinner or evening meal is over. The subject of conversation, afterwards committed to writing, is the 'Blessed Life.' The question was asked, 'Whether the soul did not require a nutriment of its own?' Monica at once replied,

‘Certainly the soul is nourished only through insight into the essence of things and the knowledge of them.’ To the question, ‘Is not he who has what he wishes happy?’ her reply was, ‘If he wishes what is good, he is happy; if he wishes what is evil, even if he have his wish, he is wretched.’ Delighted with this answer, Augustine continued: ‘Yes, to wish what is evil is the greatest wretchedness. Neither can he be happy who strives after the good things of this life, which pass away; for the joy of having obtained them is always disturbed by the fear of losing them.’ On this Monica exclaimed with animation, ‘Even if such a one were sure of never losing his possession, he could never feel truly satisfied by it. He would ever be wretched, because ever needy.’ ‘But now,’ rejoined Augustine, ‘if in temporal good things he has abundance, imposes a measure and limit on his desires, and enjoys his blessings with contentment and in a right use of them, do you not consider him even in that case happy?’ ‘Yes,’ was her ready answer; ‘in that case he is happy, not, however, in consequence of his property, but his virtue.’ ‘Then,’ asked Augustine, ‘is man happy only in the possession of a good that is of itself eternal; and what is that?’ ‘God,’ was the reply that burst simultaneously from all. ‘Then he who has God,’ said Augustine, ‘is happy.’ ‘But who has God?’ it was further asked. ‘He,’ said Adeodatus, ‘who

is pure in heart.' Monica's delight at her grandson's answer was very great.

The conversation turned then on the doctrine of the Neo-Platonic school, that man possesses no certain knowledge of anything. Monica allowed the discourse to proceed awhile on this topic, and then starting up, remarked, 'These people, I see, are afflicted with the falling sickness.' With that she made for the door, and the others followed, laughing at her witty observation.

In another of these conversations, published afterwards under the title 'De Ordine,' Augustine had laid down the position, 'that evil had originated without the appointment of God; for if it had originated in accordance with an appointment on the part of God, He would then be the author of evil.' Monica interposed with the following observation: 'I cannot believe that anything could have arisen *without* the appointment of God; because evil, now originated, has originated *not in accordance with* the appointment of God. But God's righteousness has not left evil in its opposition to the divine order, but has brought, yea, forced it, into fit subordination.'

Coming in one day towards the close of one of these conversations, she observed that the scribe who was taking down in writing what was said made a note of her entrance. 'How?' she said. 'Is a woman then to have a place too in a book of the learned?' Augustine answered, 'You at least

have a place in it, for you are a true philosopher. Philosophy is nothing but love of wisdom. Christ, however, is wisdom. And Christ you love more than you love me; although you love me so dearly that for my sake you exposed yourself to the peril of death on the sea. I count it a privilege to be your son and your scholar.'

On another occasion he was discoursing on the wonderful depth and height of the words, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,' when she exclaimed in ecstasy, 'Up! let us go hence. Our Father in heaven did not spare His own Son till heaven was opened to us, and shall we not enter? Will we give away our eternal salvation, our inheritance of bliss, for a mess of pottage?'

Soon after their return to Milan, Monica had the joy of seeing Augustine, along with his son Adeodatus and his friend Alypius, receive baptism at the hands of the revered Ambrose. That event was to her a festival of joy. It took place on April 25, A.D. 387, when Augustine was in his thirty-third year. He had given up his professorship of rhetoric, alleging as his reason the state of his health, which was such as would have rendered a discontinuance of his public duties necessary, even had he not resolved to abandon them finally for higher reasons.

A few months after his baptism he left Milan to return to his native town, along with his mother and son. A young man of Tagaste, by name







AUGUSTINE AND MONICA.

Evodius, who had left the army to devote himself to a religious life, and Augustin's brother Navigius went along with them. They reached Ostia, where they stayed for a short time to recover from the fatigues of the journey, and prepare for their voyage to Africa. She was seized with fever, and expired, after nine days' illness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. Her wish through life had been to be laid by her husband's side; but by her dying request she was buried at Ostia.

A few days before she was taken ill she and her son, as they stood together at a window looking into the garden, had a sublime conversation on God, his works and ways, and a future state, for whose beatitude they both eagerly longed. An account of this conversation is given by Augustine in 'The Confessions,' and the spirit of it is beautifully rendered in the expression given to the countenances of Augustine and Monica in Ary Scheffer's picture of them. At the close of it she said, 'My son, for my part nothing delights me in this life. What I am doing here still, and why I am here, I know not, now that the hope of this world is dead. There was only one thing for which I desired to remain a little here below, and that was to see you an orthodox Christian ere I died. God has more than granted my wish, and given me to see you his servant, despising earthly felicity. What do I here?' And so, her mission over, she entered into rest.

## OLYMPIA MORATA:

### A STAR OF THE REFORMATION AND THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

THE name of Olympia Morata, encircled with the halo of fame as a prodigy of womanhood for scholarship, as a fair and lustrous star of the era of the revival of letters, has for three hundred years kept its place among other illustrious names. But little more than her name, and a vague and somewhat mythical tradition of her marvellous learning, has lingered in what may be called the sphere of the general knowledge of history and literature. What is best worth knowing respecting this noble Christian woman had fallen into dimness, and has only recently again been held up to the light. Should any one, seized with a desire to become better acquainted with this ornament of the Renaissance and the Reformation, disinter from the shelves of some venerable library the works of Olympia Morata; he may, without much danger of being wrong, indulge himself with the thought that the eyes which last read the dim pages on which he looks have been closed, in all

probability, for two centuries. But this will not be his first reflection. Instead of the ponderous folio or quarto which in his ignorance he would naturally expect to see as the fitting shrine of the productions of the most learned of her sex and the wonder of her age, there is put into his hands a volume no bigger than a fair-sized pocket Bible. The first glance at the contents will increase his disappointment; and, unless he has got a hint of their value, will incline him to regard the book only as a literary curiosity, which it is enough to have had in one's hands, but is not worth the trouble of reading through. A few short essays in Latin; Latin translations of two tales of Boccaccio; two colloquies in the same tongue; a few scraps of Greek verse, to begin with; then a collection of forty-eight letters, one in Greek, two in Italian, forty-five in Latin—occupy the first half of the volume, and are the whole of her remains. The other half is filled with eulogiums by her friends; letters, mostly to or from Cœlio Secundo Curio, the celebrated Italian reformer, one of the dearest of her friends and the editor of the volume.

But even a cursory perusal will undeceive him. He will discover that those fragments and letters palpitate with love and sorrow and faith. He will find more in them than models of classic grace, and echoes of classic inspiration; he will see the gleam of the beauty of holiness, and hear the utterances of life and immortality. They bring us

into contact with the most illustrious names, and with the most momentous struggles of that eventful yet glorious time. They are the records of one of the most noble and beautiful lives ever lived, of one of the most beautiful deaths which the annals of the good contain. They show us a life whose morning years were bright with the smile of promise and of prosperity, but which became overcast with shadows, with few intervening gleams of earthly gladness till an early death cut it short. But, as we watch the light of the world's smile dying away, we see the higher and holier light of moral and spiritual beauty brightening Olympia's path of trial and sorrow, and shedding the glory of a celestial noon on her bed of death. In her letters we have ample means for constructing the story of her life, and of tracing the successive phases through which her spirit passed in its upward course.

She was born at Ferrara in 1526. Italy was then rejoicing in that brief but glorious springtide in which the revival of classic learning, and a gleam of Reformation light, had roused Italian intellect and genius. Ferrara was one of the most renowned centres of intellectual activity. Its ducal family, of the princely House of Este, had drawn thither to fill the chairs of its university the most accomplished scholars of the day. During the first part of the married life of the Duchess Renée, of the royal blood of France and wife of

Duke Hercules, refugees obnoxious on account of their liberal and reforming tendencies, especially from France, found an asylum at its court. The poet Clement Marot resided here in the years 1535 and 1536. Calvin himself paid a visit to Renée under the name, which he sometimes assumed, of Charles d'Espeville, somewhere in that time.

Fulvio Peregrino Morato, the father of Olympia, was a distinguished scholar. He was a native of Mantua, had come to Ferrara to be tutor to the two sons of Duke Alphonso, and at the time of his daughter's birth occupied with great distinction a chair in the university. His house was the resort of men of letters, who marked with interest and admiration the rare genius which appeared in his wondrously gifted daughter even in her childhood. She breathed from her infancy a classic atmosphere. She was nursed in the lap of the Muses, and took kindly to their nurture.

We might apply to her the opening lines of Tennyson's *Eleanore* :—

Thy dark eyes opened not,  
Nor first revealed themselves to English air.

Thy bounteous forehead was not fanned  
With breezes from our oaken glades :  
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land  
Of lavish lights and floating shades.

And if we suppose the Oriental fairy to be the genius of Greek and Roman literature, and the

thoughts and sentiments and memories enshrined in the language of Virgil and Homer their gifts, we may apply to her the next lines:—

And, flattering thy childish thought,  
 The Oriental fairy brought,  
 At the moment of thy birth—  
 From old well-heads of haunted rills,  
 And the hearts of purple hills,  
 And shadowed coves on a sunny shore—  
 Jewel, or shell, or starry ore  
 To deck thy cradle, Eleanore.

Cœlio Calcagnini, writing to her, congratulates her 'that the delights of the Muses were the heritage of her home, and that she had imbibed them with her mother's milk; and that, by a happy appointment of heaven, the earthly author of her being had also been the instructor who formed her mind.' She was her father's pride and joy, and he devoted himself to the task of cultivating her rare gifts. In her twelfth year she had become a celebrity, and was the darling of the literary circle which frequented her father's house. Among these are specially to be noticed the two Germans, the brothers Sinapi, as they called themselves—exchanging, according to the wont of the learned of their country, their native name of Senf for its Greek equivalent, which in English, again, is mustard—Lilio Giraldi, Bartolomeo Riccio, and Cœlio Calcagnini, the mathematician, archæologist, and poet, a most intimate

friend of Peregrino Morato. From Chilian Sinapi, as she acknowledged in a Greek letter written to him, she received her first lessons in Greek, of which, as well as of medicine, both he and his brother John were professors; and so rapid was her progress, that in a few months she could speak it as fluently as Latin, in which she had been instructed by her father. Cœlio Calcagnini regarded her with boundless enthusiasm and affection. In a letter to her father, then at Vicenza, he sends a kiss for the little maid, nymph of Delos, as he calls her, and speaks admiringly of her sprightly chatter. Writing later to herself on her promotion to court, he gives full vent to his admiration and hopes:—

‘I congratulate you, most accomplished lady, and exhort you to advance with energy in your acquirements, and add to them day by day; so that our age may understand that the beneficence of the Deity is not exhausted, and that He has not forbidden learned studies to women; that much less—as some, seeking a pretext for sloth, imagine—is nature’s energy worn out, as if our age could not, with the necessary care and culture, produce Diotimas and Aspasia: of which you will be able to convince us, if you apply yourself wholly to study, and exchange the distaff for the pen and lint for books.’

Such were the aspirations fostered in the mind of the young Olympia by the fond and admiring



savants, whose society was her delight. To revive and reproduce the glory of ancient learning was the object of their lives. Their triumph would be complete if they could show a pure Christian lady, adorned with the intellectual gifts and accomplishments which had fascinated the poets and philosophers and statesmen of old, in their renowned Aspasia. And here was a genius, entrusted by heaven to their care, which needed culture only to become the rival of the most celebrated female prodigies of antiquity.

Such a course of education as Olympia received, it must be remembered, was very generally bestowed then on their daughters by those who could value it and procure it for them. If their intellect and taste was to be cultivated, it could only be through the medium of classical literature. It was the only literature to speak of in existence. Latin and Greek held the place in female education which French and German have among us. Olympia was not then what a young lady deep in Plato and Cicero would be now. The studies by which her mind was cultivated were the ordinary accomplishments of the well educated of her sex. It was the brilliancy of her parts, the precocious maturity of her faculties, and her intellectual enthusiasm, and not the singularity of her pursuits and culture, which formed her distinction.

Through causes not known, her father's relations

to the court necessitated his quitting Ferrara, as is probable about 1534, when Olympia was about eight years old. He visited Vicenza and Venice, in both of which places he taught with applause. During his absence he received under his roof at Venice, Cœlio Secundo Curio, the reformer; and thus began a friendship which was renewed afterwards in Ferrara, with the happiest consequences, and which, after Peregrino Morato's death, was continued between Curio and Olympia. Morato's friends were indefatigable in their efforts to procure his recall, and succeeded. He returned in 1539, and resumed his labours, amid the most cordial congratulations, which were freely expressed in the somewhat high-flown style of compliment which learned men then employed towards each other.

A new epoch began in the life of Olympia shortly after her father's return, though the exact date cannot be fixed. The Duchess Renée had bestowed the greatest care on the education of her eldest daughter, Anne of Este, afterwards the wife of Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Guise; and had the satisfaction of seeing the child make a progress astonishing for her years in the ancient tongues, as well as in her native Italian, under the able masters who directed her education. Olympia was called to be the companion of her studies. She was five years older than Anne, and was fit to guide her companion by her superior attain-

ments, and to inspire by her enthusiasm rather than to stimulate by emulation.

And now the dream of her life may be realised. We cannot wonder though she was dazzled by suddenly finding the path opened up to the unreserved enjoyment of her intellectual tastes, and to the destiny to which she had been taught to aspire. Her duties and desires were now reconciled. She had taken her part in household tasks beneath her father's roof. Much as she loved her books, her affectionate devotion as a daughter and sister, and her sense of duty, were too strong to allow her to refuse such help as she could give her mother. Her nature was unselfish. The attention and admiration she received were perilous in the extreme, and would have turned the heads of most girls. But there was training for the heart and conscience, as well as for the head, in her refined and pious, though far from luxurious home. While she was not uninfluenced by the desire of fame in her aspirations, the love of knowledge was her master passion. Conscious of her talents, she had not been spoiled by vanity; delighting to live in the ideal world of literature, from which it was with an effort that she descended to the common offices of every-day life, she made the effort as long as it was needed, for the sake of those she loved. How much credit she deserves for discharging the duties demanded in the circumstances of her family from an affec-

tionate daughter and sister, we may judge by the exultation she expresses at her release from the struggle between what, in her glowing enthusiasm, she could not but regard as incompatible objects. When the cold hard reality begins to obtrude on the glorious ideal of minds of the order of Olympia's, the jar is disagreeable, even to disgust. We can hardly expect the world to sympathise with the sighs of the youth who finds his dream-land breaking up before the rude necessity of earning his daily bread. He will probably live, however, to be sensible of the wisdom of the dispensation which compels genius even to gird on, according to Jean Paul, boots to plod on the hard or miry ways of life's common work and cares, as well as provides it with wings to soar in the ether of thought and sentiment. But he groans as he feels all the poetry is being crushed out of him, and the fine edge of his sensibilities blunted by the rough, coarse employments in which heaven-born poets and philosophers are so often doomed to toil as drudges till the celestial fire is extinguished. Olympia tells us that she tried hard to discharge her household duties and cultivate the muses, without, however, by any means satisfying herself. But now Providence has broken down the barrier which opposed her following what she believed her higher and her true vocation. She was free from the trammels which had fettered and chafed her soul. She could

not desire a better sphere than the court of Ferrara in which to prosecute her self-culture, and display her talents. She would enjoy the instruction of the best masters. She would mingle in a circle which was distinguished alike by high birth, courtly polish, magnificence, and intellectuality. And so she writes to her teacher Chilian Sinapi, whom she loved as a father, with enthusiasm and exultation: 'This spirit, formed by a divine hand, and kindled, perchance, as philosophers say, by a mysterious ray of that ethereal fire which burns in the stars and constellations above, can be perfected on earth only by the pursuit of learning, which raises it above the rest of the creation. And if such is the excellence of study, how could the needle and spindle, the appendages of my sex, render me insensible to the sweet language of the Muses? Too long did I try to resist their voice, as Ulysses did the sirens' spells. My efforts were powerless. The distaff and shuttle speak no language to me, and have for me no attractions. I therefore bid them adieu for ever, so that I may not be like the mariner, who, while guiding the helm, should forget to shift the sail to suit the direction of the wind.

In the brilliant sphere in which she moved, she fulfilled the most sanguine predictions of her friends, and unfalteringly pursued the lofty ideal at which she aimed. She was one of the brightest ornaments of the court. Her beauty

is praised in some of the eulogistic verses written by her learned friends.

With a masculine intellect, Olympia had a true woman's heart, and an inherent nobleness of nature, which raised her above the level of a mere clever girl, and prevented her from being shrivelled into a blue-stocking. Accustomed from her earliest years to the converse of distinguished men, and to find herself an object of attention and respect, she would be free from the shyness that is so often characteristic of thoughtful minds, and would acquire, without much difficulty, the graceful ease of courtly manners. She was allowed full scope to exhibit, and all means and appliances to cultivate to the utmost, her brilliant qualities.

Writing, years after, to Xystus Betuleius, who wrote to make enquiries about Olympia—of whom things so apparently incredible were reported that he was inclined to regard her as a myth—Coelio Secundo Curio gives the following account of her, as he had seen her at court:—

‘You write that you desire to be informed about our Olympia, as the most think her name to be fictitious.’ After stating that her father had instructed her in humanity at home, and that she had been invited to the court of Ferrara as companion to Anne of Este, he continues: ‘There we heard her declaiming in Latin, speaking Greek, explaining Cicero's paradoxes, and an-

swering questions in such a way, that she appeared worthy of comparison with any one of those ladies of antiquity who have been pre-eminently renowned for genius.'

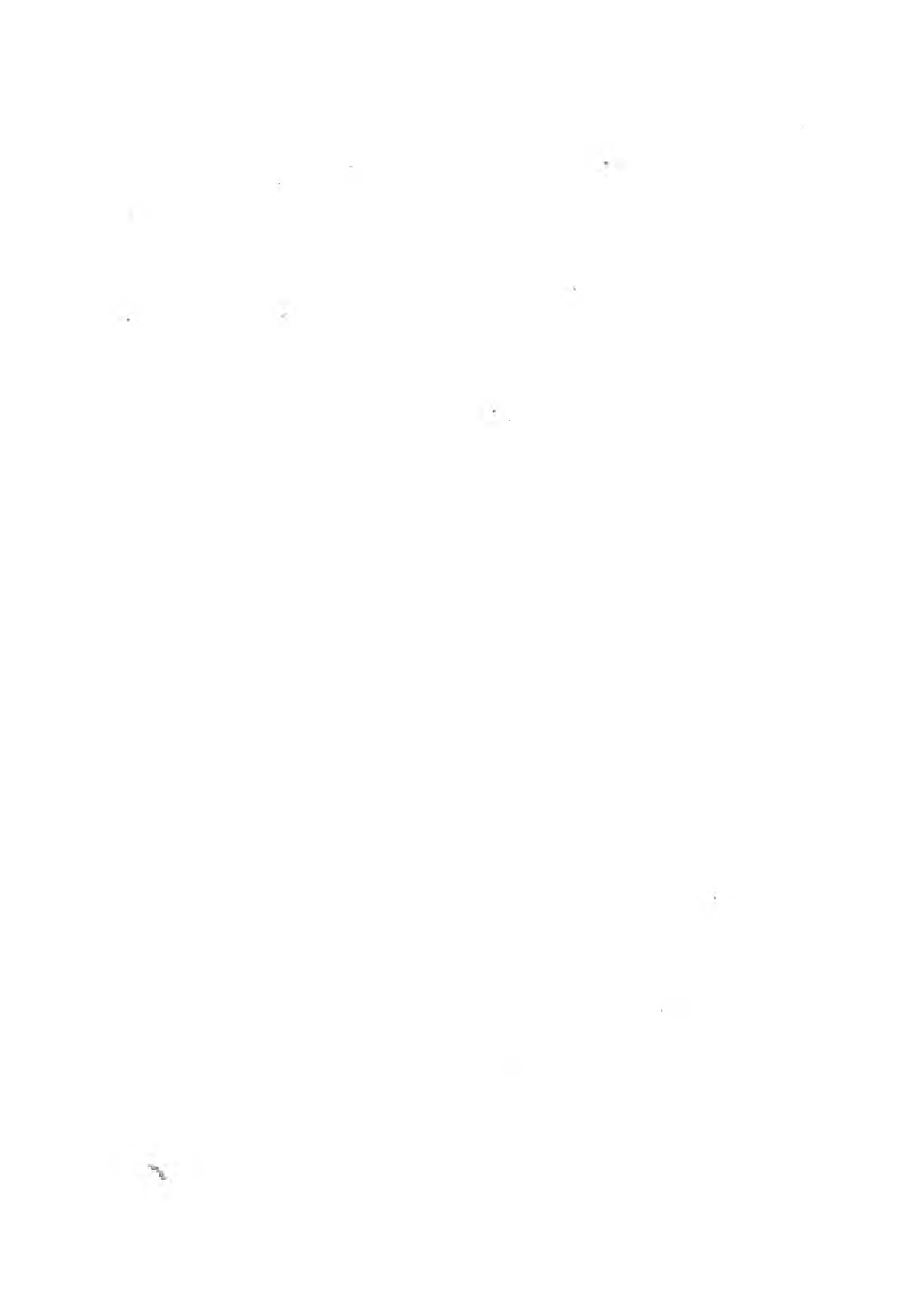
She gave readings in the classics, with explanations, to a select circle. These she was in the habit of introducing by the recitation of prologues in Latin, written by herself, in which she bespoke the indulgence of her audience.

An elocution singularly graceful and effective was one of her most remarkable accomplishments, and contributed much to the fascination she exerted. Her father had bestowed much pains on this, as is manifest from an elegant treatise in the form of a letter to her, in which he laid down the rules of the art and the arguments for its cultivation. We have extant among her works some of the earliest of her productions, the Eulogium on Mutius Scævola, in Greek, and her Lectures on Cicero's Paradoxes. Her defence of Cicero, whom the Byzantine Greeks scattered through Italy were in the habit of decrying, was written in her fourteenth year. It was dedicated to Calcagnini, whose delight and encomiums were unbounded. In the letter in which he acknowledges a gift from his pet, he says: 'Whilst it is the manner of other young maids to pluck here and there the flowers of spring, to weave for themselves a garland of many colours, you have gathered not those worthless flowers, which shed their



OLYMPIA MORATA GIVING A READING IN THE CLASSICS.





odours for a brief space and quickly die, but immortal amaranths from the gardens of the Muses.'

But her poetical effusions produced a still greater sensation. When we think of the enthusiasm with which the ancient learning was studied, we can scarcely wonder that a charming girl, the protégée of a court, the rival of the Medicis in taste and learning, should be surrounded by the incense of extravagant praise when she began to write poems in Greek. One of these fragments, written when she was about sixteen, survives. It is interesting, not only as a specimen of her talents, but as indicating her state of mind at this period. It is the joyous carol of her spirit, wandering free over the haunts of the Muses, and still finding there its heaven:—

Never has the same object been the delight of all hearts,  
 And never did Jove give the same mind to all:  
 Castor was famed as a horse-tamer, Pollux for pugilism,  
 Though both twin sons of the same mother, Leda.  
 I, though born a woman, have relinquished the pursuits of  
     my sex—  
 Threads and shuttle, and warp.  
 But the Muses' flowery mead I love,  
 And the joyous choirs of double-crested Parnassus.  
 Other women may delight in other pursuits—  
 These are my glory, these are my joy.

The whole wide realms of knowledge to which the ancient tongues gave her the key she explored; astronomy, meteorology, botany, zoology,

and metaphysics, all engaged her attention, during the eight years of her residence at court.

Olympia had been all to her illustrious companion that the Duchess wished; and the progress of her daughter drew forth the warmest encomiums of the savans of the court. Olympia was treated by Renée with marked respect, and received, on all hands, the most flattering homage. Her health had failed, most likely through intense application to study, and she had gone home. On her recovery, John Sinapi wrote her as follows: 'It is for us great matter of joy to know that you have recovered, and are out of the doctor's hands. Decide now, along with your father, when and how you will return to us. The princess has declared that your return will be most welcome to her, in whatever way it shall be accomplished. She places at your disposal the litter which conveyed you home. Choose with your father the way which appears most convenient, the sooner the sweeter.'

She returned to take her place amid the warmest congratulations. An event occurred in 1543 which excited no little sensation at the time, and was fraught with most momentous and melancholy consequences to Ferrara—the visit of Pope Paul III. He was entertained with great magnificence by Duke Hercules, who, from the contests of his predecessors with former popes about the investiture of the Duchy, and on account of

the asylum which his court had afforded to the Reformers, was in bad odour with the Vatican. The *Adelphi* of Terence was performed before His Holiness in the ducal palace, the royal children taking parts in the play, and receiving the pontiff's most flattering applause. The fruits of this visit were afterwards seen in the proscription of the reformed doctrines at Ferrara, which broke up the circle Renée had gathered around her, in the martyrdom of Fannio—of whom hereafter—and in the bitter persecution which the Duchess endured at the hands of her husband, at the instigation of Rome.

Hercules regained the favour of the Pope, and the Reformation at Ferrara was in consequence crushed, although not for some years to come.

Between Olympia and her illustrious companion was formed a most affectionate friendship. Their paths in life diverged so far as to break up their intercourse, but their feelings toward each other continued ever the same.

She contracted another friendship—one founded on a more perfect mutual appreciation, and cemented by stronger bonds—with an illustrious lady whom she met at the court of Ferrara. This was the Princess Lavinia della Rovere, the wife of Paolo Orsini, a noble-minded woman, with intellectual tastes which had been successfully cultivated, and known afterwards as one of the most steadfast friends of the Reformation.

They were worthy of each other; and it is a proof of the noble qualities of both, that they were capable of a friendship so lofty, so holy, and so enduring as that which subsisted between them. Their intercourse was the means of leading them both to a higher knowledge and a higher life. Here also she met the two sisters-in-law of Lavinia, the Signora Maddalena, wife of Lilio de Ceri, and the Countess Julia of Rangona, both celebrated for their beauty and elevation of mind.

We must not omit to mention among Olympia's friends the wife of John Sinapi, Francesca Bucyronia, one of the ladies of the court, who had eagerly drunk in the teaching of Calvin during his stay there. 'Beautiful, pious, and lively,' are the words in which Bonnet describes her and he says that Sinapi had loved as a sister long before he took her for a wife in 1538. With her and her husband Calvin closely corresponded. John Sinapi and his brother Chilian, whom we have already mentioned, were ardently attached to the cause of the Reformation.

Mention has also already been made of Morato's friend, the reformer Cœlio Secundo Curio, who had been Morato's guest, first at Venice and again at Ferrara. Between these two visits they had maintained a literary correspondence. A holier tie than that of literature and friendship was destined to unite them; for, as the fruit of that

last visit, Morato thus acknowledges Curio as his spiritual father: 'Formerly I read, or rather glanced over, some pages of St. Paul or St. John, or of some other parts of Scripture, in intervals of leisure, and this was all. Thy living voice, O Cœlio, and that mighty inspiration whose light fills thine own breast and irradiates others, has moved me so efficaciously, that now I know my own darkness, and can say that now I live, and yet not I, but Christ in me, and I in Christ.'

In order to form a complete idea of the brilliant and distinguished circle in which Olympia moved, we may quote from Bonnet, who in his life of her says:—'Cœlio Calcagnini was no more: this savant, buried in his library, where he had lived all his days, had left his spirit of investigation as a legacy to his disciples. There was Bartolomeo Riccio meditating his book *On Glory*; Lilio Giraldi preparing the elements of his *History of the Gods and the Poets*, and his dialogue *On Contemporary Poets*, which gave deep offence at Rome; there was Angelo Manzolli, the physician of Hercules II., whose satiric poems were full of biting sarcasms against the papacy; there was, lastly, Marco Antonio Flaminio, who found with the Duchess Renée the free intimacy which he had enjoyed at Naples in the select circles of Peter Martyr, Jean de Valdez, and of Vittoria Colonna, Marquis of Peschiera. Without openly breaking with the Church, all these

persons professed the most advanced opinions on matters of faith.'

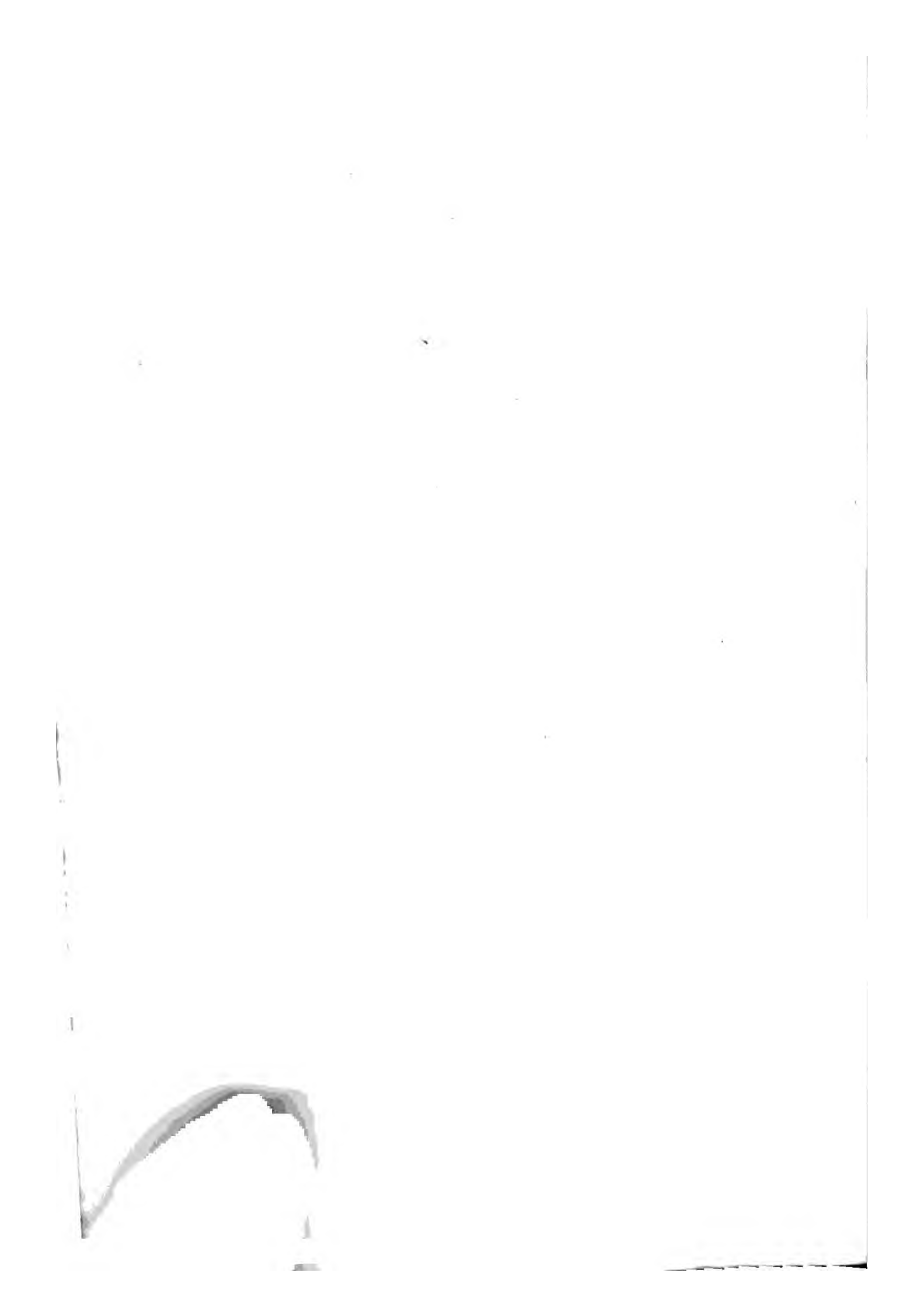
She breathed at home and in the ducal palace a Reformation atmosphere. Her friendships, affections, and all the main influences to which she was exposed, tended to detach her from Rome. Her choice and delight was to live in the past; with its sages and poets, with its gods and heroes. But, powerful as was the spell of antiquity over her, she could not, like some learned recluse, in the sphere in which she moved, walk on in an unbroken reverie undisturbed by the momentous questions which agitated men's minds. Those with whom she mingled were in too direct relations with the mighty movement with which society was heaving to allow her to shut herself up in the Palace of Art, which she had so richly furnished from the choicest spoils of knowledge, and stop her ears to the battle cries and the strife of the age in which she lived.

Her sympathies were—as they could hardly help being—in favour of reform even ere she had thought deeply on the subject, even while yet a stranger to the power of religion. In the company of Lavinia and other friends, deep problems of theology as well as of philosophy were discussed. She had thought deeply on some vital points; but had thought only so as to stumble in bewilderment and doubt. Classic beauties could not satisfy her growing mind. The Muses' flowery



OLYMPIA MORATA AT FERRARA.





meads, which were all her girlhood's joy, could not furnish nutriment for the requirements of her intellect in the maturity which it had reached; much less satisfy the deeper cravings which had begun to make themselves felt. She was no weak dilettanti, but a seeker of truth. She had become inflamed with the love of wisdom; and consecrated herself, with jealous and all-absorbing devotion, to attain it. But she sought it only in the works of ancient sages. What was to be found there alone she reckoned wisdom, and the highest good to which the soul could aspire.

But, an enthusiastic student of classic lore, she had no relish for the sacred Scriptures; of their teaching she felt not the need. She was not conscious of the deepest source of that feverish thirst, which in vain she sought to slake by draughts from the Pierian spring. She knew not that the questionings, which she sometimes stifled, and sometimes tried to answer, could find a response that would bring quiet to the soul only in the oracles of God, read by light from on high; till an unseen Hand led her by a way she knew not from her ceaseless wanderings, in delighted reverie or restless search, 'where the Muses haunt, clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill, to Sion and the flowery brooks beneath, that wash its hallowed feet.'

Reviewing this period of her life, in the dialogue between herself and Lavinia, she says, 'Would

that I had not lived so long in this state of error and in ignorance of the highest truths! For I deemed myself very learned, because I read such writers and teachers of all literature and science, and rolled in the slime of their writings.'

Her own deliberate and frequently expressed conviction afterwards was, that she was a stranger to true religion. And of this the evidence is clear. Not that she was irreligious—far from it; on the contrary, her piety and virtue were the theme of universal praise. Her purity of mind and manners, her affection, her dutifulness, and the generosity of her nature, were conspicuous.

Her piety was such as the training and associations of a pious home would develop in a soul naturally religious, combined with the influence of enlightened teaching in the gospel on an intellect singularly capable of apprehending its dogmas. But there was nothing better or deeper; religion was not a necessity of her life; her divinity was the wisdom of the world, which is foolishness with God; she had yet to learn that she must become a fool in order to be wise. Her heaven was the ideal world of Imagination and Intellect, peopled with 'the silent faces of the wise and great'—the gods with whom she delighted to dwell. She spent so much time in their society, that she had little to spare for that of the prophets and apostles; she had drunk too deeply of

their spirit to sit in humility at the Great Teacher's feet. We need not wonder, then, that her speculations landed her in error on the subject of election, and that she began to believe human affairs to be a game of chance, and the world left by its maker to govern itself. The error on election is thus described in a letter to Lavinia Della Rovere: 'that old error of ours in which we have been led till now, in thinking that before we call on God we must know whether he has chosen us from eternity. Rather, as he himself commands, let us first supplicate his mercy, and when we have done so we may know for certain that we are in the number of the elect.' It is precisely the opinion in which one would be inclined to acquiesce, who did not feel religion to be the one thing needful.

The atmosphere of admiration with which she was surrounded—the incense of praise—the inspiration of pagan antiquity—the pride of philosophy—were all unfavourable to serious thought; and would have, as she believed afterwards, soon deadened altogether her higher nature. 'Had I lingered longer at court,' she wrote to Curio, 'all would have been over with me and my salvation; for never, whilst I was there, could I relish anything lofty or divine, nor read the books of either the Old or the New Testament.'

Yet she clung long to her early dream, hushing the faint cry of her soul for something—it knew

not well what—with the lullaby that had bound it so long in charmed sleep. So that, in 1547, she wrote on the death of Cardinal Bembo, lines whose beauty and whose paganism are equally conspicuous :—

He is gone, the great glory of the Aonian virgins !  
 Bembo, the morning-star of sea-throned Venice !  
 Whose peer among mortal men there is none :  
 No one to match him in deeds or words ;  
 And, when he died, Tully himself and Eloquence  
 Seemed again to enter the gloomy abode of the dead.

But the time approached when her eyes were at length undazzled. She was soon to leave the scene of her brilliant triumphs, and to leave it for ever ; and thus to close the bright and happy period of her existence, divided between her books and intercourse with a circle equally distinguished for rank and intellect.

We have lingered long over it, but in consequence we shall be able more easily to comprehend, and to trace with a more rapid hand, the remaining changes of her life. So, ere the curtain falls on the ducal palace of Ferrara, let us look at Olympia once more. She is now in her twenty-second year, already in the zenith of her fame, her name known in the palaces and universities of her native land, and beginning to be known over all Europe for genius—the most accomplished woman of her time.

The curtain rises over a very different scene.

Morato is on his death-bed, and Olympia is by his side. She is come to nurse him during his sickness; for she is still the same affectionate and dutiful daughter that she was when she climbed on his knee to read Cicero and Virgil.

She sees him die in peace; all his learning nothing to him at that supreme moment, but a faith strong, yet simple as a child's, in the Saviour—his armour against fear. Which of all her loved books will her weeping eyes search for consolation? With those calm words of Christian faith and hope, which she heard quivering on the lips now clay-cold, dare she go to her philosophy to help her? With those dark doubts which have been lurking in her heart, dare she go to her father's God for comfort? Where be the gods of thy heaven of Poetry and Philosophy? Where their golden words of wisdom and beauty?

Must not the heart of Olympia, in the hour of her sorrow, have said, miserable comforters are ye all!

In that silent darkened house, with her widowed mother and the other fatherless children, she feels no longer as the learned and admired Olympia: she is only a fatherless girl. And where can she and they go but to the father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow?

But while she is ministering at her father's couch, Anna of Este has become a bride; and

on September 29, 1548, her nuptials with Francis of Lorraine were celebrated, and she left Ferrara for France. The two friends were parted, and never again met. But another blow yet falls on Olympia, already cruelly crushed.

Venomous tongues had been busy at court during her absence, poisoning the minds of the Duke and Duchess with calumnies against her. The nature and authors of them are unknown. Jerome Bolsec, an unprincipled French refugee, who had the ear of Renée, is supposed to have been at the bottom of it. The Duke's relations with Rome, the result of the Pope's visit to Ferrara five years before, which made him lend his hand to persecuting measures, would naturally incline him to give an ear to reports of evil against one who was so intimately connected with the Reformers, and who probably made no secret of being animated with a spirit of revolt against the Papacy. The high favour with which she was so long regarded must have excited envy and made enemies who would lend their malignant aid in procuring her downfall. We can hardly err in supposing all these causes at work; but the whole matter is involved in mystery. Of the Duchess, Olympia afterwards speaks with bitterness; and there is little doubt that she was completely turned against her. Olympia appeared at court to confute her accusers; but their influence prevailed against her, and she had to

retire in unmerited but irretrievable disgrace. Her sisters also were subjected to humiliation.

The reverse was sudden and complete. What a change has a few months made. She is bowed down with sorrow, sunk into poverty and obscurity, shunned by all her court friends, but the noble-hearted and faithful Lavinia, who remained true to her in her disgrace.

‘By those of whom,’ she says, ‘I least of all deserved it, I was abandoned and subjected to all manner of unworthy treatment. Nor was this my fate individually, separate from my sisters; but this was the fruit we all reaped—for our labour and dutiful service we received hatred. How great the pain I felt you may judge.’

Sweet, however, were the uses of this adversity. She was disenchanted; her illusions were dissipated for ever, and a nobler ideal gradually dawned through the tearful gloom that had fallen on her life. The mirage was gone; but her eye descried the heaven-piercing summits of the land of promise. The golden prospect of riches and honours in which her brilliant career seemed to warrant her to indulge, broke up and vanished in a moment. The pang was bitter; but out of it were born purer and sublimer longings. ‘Those short-lived, fleeting, and evanescent objects inspired me no longer with my former ardent longing, but God kindled in my soul the desire of dwelling in that heavenly home, in which it is sweeter to abide one short



day than a thousand years in the courts of princes.'

She did not give way to idle moans. The care of the household, and the education of her brother and sisters devolved on her; for her mother, the amiable and worthy Lucretia, was in feeble health. Humbly but heroically she girt herself for those domestic tasks, from which she had escaped with such exultation. By the glow of that lowly hearth she enjoyed a content which the glare of the court never ministered to her heart. She found time for reading the Book of Books, closed to her, as to so many, till Sorrow's pensive hand undid the clasps. She found her way, along with Lavinia, to the cell of Fannio, a victim of Rome's persecution—who two years afterwards sealed his testimony with his blood—to cheer him with her sympathy, and to receive light and strength from his simple yet heroic faith, which had once wavered, but now was firm as a rock. The studies to which she had devoted her life, she still pursued. Two stanzas, one in Latin, 'On true Virginity,' and another in Greek, 'On the Crucifix,' which she wrote about this time, show traces of the change of mind through which she had passed.

But there was another influence mellowing and gladdening Olympia's path.

A young German, an accomplished scholar, and possessed of a moderate competence, had come to

take his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Ferrara, with the view of qualifying himself for a professor's chair. He was an intimate friend of his countrymen the Sinapis, and had had opportunities of meeting and admiring Olympia. But now, whether it was that sympathy for her misfortunes had insensibly deepened into a more tender feeling; or whether the feeling existed before, but he deemed it presumption to raise his eyes to her while she was a member of the ducal court, we know not;—now, however, he spoke to her of love and marriage. The circumstances in which she was placed were favourable to his suit. He wooed and won her. With graceful humility she gave him her hand, and rewarded with unbounded affection and devotion the man who loved her in her disgrace. 'Neither by the hatred of the princes, nor by my own miseries, could he be dissuaded from marrying me. So great was his love for me, that nothing could surpass it.' So she writes to her friend Curio afterwards, rejoicing in the proof which her husband had given her of the depth and truth of his love. It was honourable to him and to her. But the prize he won was worth greater sacrifices than were required. And so, in the close of the year 1550, she became the wife of Dr. Andreas Grunthler. She celebrated the event by a nuptial hymn in Greek.

Soon after the marriage her husband left home

for Germany, to obtain, if possible, a pointment as he coveted, in some cities of the Palatinate of Bavaria. Olympia at Ferrara, under the name of Lavinia della Rovera, intending to return in the spring. A few extracts from her husband during his absence, show how he was to her, and how completely she had given herself to the new affection which was awakened in her soul—how full her heart was of all its bliss and all its solicitude. ‘I grieve that you are gone, and that you will be long. I see you no longer, and your absence leaves me a prey to all manner of tortures. I am always in fear lest you have a fall, or pain, or break your bones. To real dangers I have added imaginary ones; for I solemnly call heaven to witness that there is nothing in the world more precious than you, as you also well know. Were it not so, I should still tell you that I were with thee, my spouse! then wouldst thou understand what is the greatness of my grief for thee.’ She expresses again and again the pain of separation, her distress at not hearing from him, and begs him to hasten his return. She says she has learned to carry her anxieties and desires to heaven, who had banished darkness from her heart, and made him appear to her as the father of the fatherless. ‘I treat my husband,’ she says, ‘as I should myself, therefore

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sy.'

with George Hermann, she  
Lavinia, now at Rome, to  
half of the Martyr Fannio.  
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for Germany, to obtain, if possible, such an appointment as he coveted, in some of the universities of the Palatinate of Bavaria. He left Olympia at Ferrara, under the protection of Lavinia della Rovera, intending to return for her in the spring. A few extracts from her letters to her husband during his absence, show how dear he was to her, and how completely she had resigned herself to the new affection which had been awakened in her soul—how full her heart was of all its bliss and all its solicitude. ‘I grieve much that you are gone, and that you will be absent so long. I see you no longer, and your absence leaves me a prey to all manner of tortures; for I am always in fear lest you have a fall, or be in pain, or break your bones. To real dangers are added imaginary ones; for I solemnly call God to witness that there is nothing in the world dearer or more precious than you, as you also well know. Were it not so, I should still tell you. . . Would that I were with thee, my spouse! then wouldest thou understand what is the greatness of my love for thee.’ She expresses again and again the pain of separation, her distress at not hearing of him, and begs him to hasten his return. She had learned to carry her anxieties and desires to Him who had banished the darkness from her soul, and made himself known to her as the father of the fatherless; and entreats her husband to do the same. ‘Commend yourself, therefore, to God:

place yourself wholly in His hands, and He will be at your side. I indeed, who console others, myself need consolation. For I am oppressed with the deepest grief, and find no other remedy for this my evil case, but to implore aid of God, and admonish and exhort you all — her husband and his friends—to do the same.’

The learned men attached to the Reformation, whom Renée had drawn to Ferrara, no longer found it a safe asylum. The Duke, faithful to his compact with Rome, was their declared enemy, and even the Duchess looked coldly on them.

John Sinapi had retired to Wurtzburg, Chilian was at Spire. Things altogether were looking dark; and besides her husband’s absence, the cause of the Gospel, which Olympia had embraced with her whole heart, inspired her with apprehensions, and tried her faith. She wrote at this time the dialogue between herself and her friend Lavinia in which she traces, with gratitude to God, the way by which he had led her out of darkness into his marvellous light; and ascribes to him that love for knowledge which had fired her soul from her earliest years, and which, now hallowed and elevated by living faith in the Saviour, still burned strong within. She had time to review her past life, and calmly to estimate the worth of her acquirements, and remodel the ideal of her life. From this time forth her aims and spirit are wholly and nobly

Christian. If ever there was evidence of a thorough change, it is to be found in the life and writings of Olympia. She was still a lover of knowledge and wisdom as before. She did not cast her classics aside, nor account the years wasted, which she had spent on them. But she could now study them in the spirit which animated such noble Christian scholars as her own and her father's friend Curio, her father himself, as he had become in his later years, and others she knew whose love for the Gospel and for learning were alike conspicuous. It was a time at once of spiritual and intellectual awakening: and to her, now taught from above, as to those kindred spirits, while she could distinguish between the human and the divine, the sacred and profane, the learning of ancient days seemed an ally, and not an enemy of the truth of the Bible. They were the foes of all darkness, intellectual and spiritual. They were the friends and promoters of all enlightenment. And while she sorrowed that she had been so long a stranger to the Light of Life; she saw that a divine hand had been leading her, when, impelled by her craving for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, she had eagerly drunk in the words of the mighty masters of ancient song and ancient thought, until she was brought at last to the feet of the Great Teacher. She had learned to look and to cry to Him as the source of all light. She pictured

to herself a career of influence and usefulness, on which, by consecrating herself to God, she resolves to enter. To the weal of man and to the glory of God, in the sacred cause of truth and right, she will devote all her genius and learning; and so she studies as diligently as ever, not the Scriptures only, but the whole wide range of human knowledge, over which she had so long wandered; but now it is as God's servant, as no longer her own, but the handmaid of the Lord. 'May my poor talents turn to His glory! that will be to me the highest reward,' she exclaims, in her dialogue with Lavinia. She then breaks off into an eloquent meditation on wisdom, concluding with a prayer for the spirit of all wisdom to descend from on high. Here she means, doubtless, to give utterance to her own sentiments and aspirations, and to describe the way by which she had been led in her search after wisdom. But this is done in a disguised form. She portrays the ideal truth-seeker, or lover of wisdom, as represented by Solomon, though she does not name him. But the veil is transparent enough to reveal the history of her own mind, and the sanctified ambition which had now supplanted the lofty, but essentially selfish and worldly aspirations of her youth. Under the disguise of an ingenious youth, born to a throne, wooing wisdom as a bride, coveting the dower of immortal renown and beneficent influence which



she brings to those who love her, and asking from the source of all light and truth this celestial gift, we cannot fail to recognise Olympia's own soul, strung with lofty purpose, filled with noble longings, girding itself by prayer and labour for the life-work for which, as she believed, God had been training her even from a child, even when she knew Him not. It was but little of what she wished and purposed that she was permitted to achieve. In other ways, chiefly than those she had planned, was she ordained to glorify God, as the remaining part of the story of her life will show.

Spring at last came, and brought Olympia's husband to her. He had not procured an appointment; but he had an encouraging account to give of his prospects, and it was resolved that Olympia should proceed with him to Germany. The parting between her and her widowed mother and sisters was sorrowful enough on all sides. Her only brother she determined to take with her. It cost her a pang to leave her own sunny native land. It was bidding adieu, not only to the loved home of her childhood and youth, but also to all hope of seeing the day of light and liberty, whose dawn had been so full of promise, brighten in Italy into perfect day. It was an escape, however, from thralldom into freedom: it was the opening of a new life. The future was uncertain, but yet bright with hope. With trust in God and in her husband, whom she loves with

all her heart, with her best friends in the land of her adoption, what is there to fear? At last the final adieus are made; and in the bright days of June they commenced their journey. Along the course of the Adige; through the magnificent valleys of the Tyrol, where the famous council is sitting; past the outposts of the Imperial army in Innspruck, they descend on the plains of Bavaria, and arrive safe at Augsburg. They took up their residence with George Hermann, councillor to the King of the Romans, an accomplished scholar and excellent man, who gave his guests every mark of admiration and friendship. Grunthler's skill was the means of recovering the councillor from a severe illness, and he produced a most favourable impression in that town, to his wife's great satisfaction. They met, also, with a most flattering reception from the Fuggers—the Medicis of Germany—the liberal and enlightened patrons of the arts. They had heard of Olympia's name, and had admired some of her verses, which had been communicated by John Sinapi. Under Hermann's hospitable and elegant roof, several happy months were spent. 'Here,' she wrote, 'I am very happy. All day long I delight myself with the Muses, and am drawn away from them by no other occupations. I apply myself also very frequently to the sacred Scriptures, and from them reap more fruit and pleasure than from my other pursuits.'

This was written to Gregory Gyraldus, to whose care she recommended her mother and sisters. Here also she wrote her first letter to Cœlio Secundo Curio, who, after various vicissitudes, had been appointed professor of Latin in Basle in 1547. She wrote to claim his friendship as her rightful heritage, and informed him of all that had befallen her. Along with her letter she sent some of her poetical compositions, one of which was her beautiful translation, into Greek verse, of the forty-sixth Psalm. The terms in which the daughter of his old friend had written, deeply touched Curio's heart, and drew forth an answer full of affection, which, however, was long in reaching her, owing to the irregular state of communication. 'I give you thanks,' he writes, 'O Olympia, the glory and rare ornament of your sex, for not forgetting me after so many years, and at such a distance, and for wishing your father's friendship to be your hereditary possession.' He declared that he had never loved or esteemed any one better than her father; and that, next to his own family, she is dearest to his heart. Alluding to the psalm she had sent him, in terms of delighted praise, he proceeds: 'Would that you would handle more of the psalms in the same way; we should not then begrudge Pindar to the Greeks. Advance then, my Olympia, whither the Muse for long has been calling you. Place the sacred laurel on your head; for from a more

hallowed fount than Pindar or Sappho, you have drank the spirit of poesy.'

During her sojourn with George Hermann, she wrote to her friend Lavinia, now at Rome, to exert her interest in behalf of the Martyr Fannio. This letter was written from Kauffbeuren, a small village near Augsburg, where their host had a seat, at which Olympia and her husband spent the last weeks of their stay. It was written in reply to one that she had received from Lavinia, and exhorts the princess to steadfast attachment to the faith. Great as was the influence of this illustrious lady, and of several others who interested themselves in behalf of this prisoner of Jesus Christ, no efforts could save him from the flames.

Olympia and her husband had, at the earnest entreaty of their kind host, prolonged their stay far beyond the time they had originally intended. It was October ere they took their departure. Wurzburg, in the north of Bavaria, was the next place of their sojourn, where they were received with unbounded delight by John Sinapi and his wife. Olympia's old teacher was now physician to the Prince Bishop there, Melchior Zobel. How pleasantly the days flew by in the delightful family circle of Sinapi and his noble-minded wife, Francesca Bucyronia, Olympia has recorded in her letters. She studied, she wrote, she enjoyed the children's prattle and play. In the evening she

plied her embroidering needle in the circle in which she had often taken her place, in old times, at Ferrara. What talk of other days—of the court—of the prospects of the Gospel—of Fannio in his cell—among that group of old friends, met in such different circumstances from those in which they last met in sunny Italy!

Francesca and Olympia would speak together in their own musical Italian tongue, sweet to their ears in a strange land.

What refreshing spiritual converse they would have together!

An incident occurred while here, in which Olympia acknowledged, with heartfelt gratitude, the good hand of her Heavenly Father. Her brother Emilio fell from a great height on sharp stones, but escaped unhurt. She received him as given back from the dead by God. Her letters are full of expressions of thankfulness for the blessings she enjoyed. No weak regrets for the inevitable past disturbed her. She loved her native land; and there were those she had left behind her there, dear as her own soul. But she loved God and liberty of conscience more; and like a true wife, lovingly and heroically clung to her husband, wishing only to share his destinies, willing to follow him to the world's end. 'God has united me to a husband dearer to me than life itself; and having already followed him over the passes of the Alps, I would next follow him

to the inhospitable Caucasus, and even to the furthest shore of the West, with a stout heart. Every land is the country of the brave. Gladly will I go anywhere, where with freedom of conscience we can serve God.' Brave good words, Olympia, which will soon be followed with as brave good deeds! Enjoy thy bliss, Olympia; quaff the waters which gush forth in the green and shady oasis, where thou now reposest in peace: it is but little rest thou shalt know hereafter, till thy pilgrimage is done!

The parting time came, and in the end of October of that year (1551), her husband took her to his native town of Schweinfurt, at the extreme north of Bavaria. A body of Spanish troops had been placed by the Emperor in Schweinfurt to pass the winter. A physician was required for them. Grunthler was offered the post by the senate of the town, and accepted it, hoping that by-and-by something more suited to his views would turn up. We need not, as most of her biographers have done, stay to indulge in sentimental regrets, as we see this daughter of sunny Italy—the nursling of the Muses and the ornament of a brilliant court—taking up her abode in this obscure town by the cold waters of the Maine, under the wintry northern sky. No murmur escapes her lips. She has profited too well for that by the discipline through which she has passed, and prizes too highly the blessings with

which she has been crowned. She has resources of happiness which keep her from giving way to moping, and sorrowfully contrasting the rigours of the climate, or the rudeness of the manners and uncouthness of the speech of those among whom her lot was cast, with all that was dear to her in her loved native land, and the brightness of the past never to be recalled. It was her husband's native town; it was her first wedded home. She had, with her, her brother Emilio to speak to in her mother tongue, and to educate along with Theodora, the little daughter of John Sinapi. She had her library—the books among which she had lived from her childhood. Above all, she had her Bible, no longer a sealed and neglected book. It is her constant study, and she constantly urges her friends in her letters to make it theirs. She occupies herself in writing letters to her friends. She had set herself the task of wedding the Psalms to the tuneful numbers of Greek verse, and laboured in it lovingly and successfully, seeking thereby to consecrate to the service of the Redeemer her genius and learning. Her accomplished husband set some of them to music; and oft at eventide you might hear beneath their humble dwelling, the abode of piety and culture, the praise of God in the melodious language in which Homer and Sappho had sung, and which the spirit of God had used to record the words of Jesus and the adoring strains

of the Apocalypse. Only a few of these are extant—those which she transmitted to her friends, especially to Cœlio Secundo Curio, whose enthusiastic praise encouraged her in her task. Special mention is due to her translations of the second and of the forty-sixth Psalms; not only because of their literary excellence, but because of their applicability to the times and to the sentiments of Olympia amid the stormy conflict that was then raging all around.

She was deeply thankful to God for the asylum to which, though far distant, he had conducted her; where she could profess without fear her faith in the Gospel, and enjoy the pure ministrations of the word, and the society of a few but choice Christian friends. She and her husband had soon an opportunity of testifying to the truth and steadfastness of their attachment to the reformed doctrines. Through the interest of their friend Hermann, an offer was made to Grunthler of a medical professorship at Linz. In two of her letters, Olympia declares that the free profession of their faith was an indispensable condition of their acceptance of this appointment, so desirable in every other respect. Writing to the son of George Hermann, she says: ‘You are not ignorant, doubtless, that we serve under the banner of Christ, and that the oath which binds us to his service is so sacred, that were we to break it, we should suffer everlasting punishment.



For such and so great is our commander, that not only has he the power of life and death over his soldiers, but can even visit them with eternal punishment, and will not allow any of them to act a doubtful part. We ought, therefore, to exercise a jealous care, lest through fear of the enemy we cast away our shield, or rashly bring ourselves into perilous situations, and so sin against Him. In fear of this, I earnestly beseech you to inform us by a letter from yourself and your friends who live in the town of Linz, whether, as we have been told, it is true that Antichrist is there raging, and whether they look with a hostile eye on all who do not attend mass, and worship God according to the true religion. For it is our unalterable determination to profess the faith of Christ, and not to conform to the worship of a perverted and impious religion. If, then, the inquisitors of Antichrist, as they do in other places, should there watch us, and seek to compel us to be present at their religious rites, we could not go thither, for, as I have just said, by so doing we should sin against God.'

Here is the spirit of a martyr. The answer was unfavourable; and they remained at Schweinfurt.

More than a year passed away since her departure from Italy before she received letters from home, though she had written frequently; so uncertain and imperfect was communication

between the north and south of Europe. She was anxious especially to hear of her mother and sisters. At last her anxiety was relieved. The intelligence was of a mixed character. The Princess della Rovere had proved a true friend to her family; she took one of the sisters, Vittorina, with her to Rome; another of them entered the service of Helen Rangone of Bentivoglio, and the youngest into that of a daughter of this lady at Milan. Here she was married to a young and wealthy gentleman of this city; and, in company with him, had paid a visit to her widowed mother at Ferrara. This good news was accompanied with the sorrowful news of the martyrdom of Fannio, who was burned at the stake, and whose ashes were cast into the Po. It was with deep sorrow, and a noble indignation at the cruelty and perfidy with which the professors of the truth were hunted down that, on hearing of these events, she wrote to Curio, who was now settled at Basle. To the hope he had expressed that she would pass through that city on her way to Italy, she sadly replied that she never expected again to see it; such was the fury of the new Pontiff against all who assumed the reformed faith. At the same time, she expresses her earnest desire, in which Curio shared, to be able to take up her abode in the same city with him; for this reason, among others, 'I should be nearer Italy, so as to be able to write often to my dear mother

and sisters, who are before my eyes night and day, and to hear from them in return, which is very difficult here.' Her dutiful affection for her mother showed itself by substantial tokens. She writes to Thomas of Lucca: 'Although I am very sorry to impose trouble so often in my letters, yet at the remembrance of your affection, I could not refrain from asking you what faith and affection demand. You know how much I owe to my mother; both because she is my mother, and has discharged towards me all the duties of a mother, and also because she is a woman of piety, and bereaved of her husband. For you know well how earnestly God commends widows to us. Induced by filial piety, therefore, I send her some gold crowns. I beg you will deliver my letter into her hands, lest the money be lost; and hereby you will render a service not to her alone, but to Christ.'

Nor were her affections and liberality confined to her own nearest relatives. The poor came in for a share of both. In the second year of her stay at Schweinfurt, she composed for the benefit of her friend Lavinia—to whom in her frequent letters she poured forth her whole heart—the dialogue between Philotima and Theophila, published in her remains. Its object was to direct her friend to the sources of consolation and support open to her in the midst of her trials, caused by the absence of a husband, to whom she

was devoted, in the wars, the want of children, and the constant attacks of pain. 'It is,' says Bonnet, 'a dissertation on the true good, in which the language of antiquity lends its grace to the severe inspirations of Christian thought. It is the genius of the Renaissance smiling at grief, no longer on the faith of Zeno, but on that of Christ.' Her letters during this period show growth in personal piety, fed by devoted and delighted study of the Word of God, and the deepest interest in the eternal well-being of her friends, and in the cause of the Reformation, especially in her native land.

But days of heavy trial were in store for Schweinfurt and Olympia. Albert of Brandenburg, a Lutheran, but an unprincipled and rapacious wretch, refusing to accede to the treaty of Passau, of August 2, 1552, which afforded a hopeful prospect of putting an end to the religious war, and having kept his troops on the field, plundering and ravaging, was placed under the ban of the empire. Throwing himself into Schweinfurt, he was there besieged by the united forces of the Bishops of Wurzburg and Bamberg, Maurice, Elector of Saxony, the Duke of Brunswick, and the city of Nuremberg. The siege began in April 1553, and lasted for fourteen months. The inhabitants were in a wretched state, pillaged by the lawless soldiers of Albert, who in cruel irony claimed recompense as their defenders, as well as

exposed to the loss of life and property from the cannonade of the besiegers. The loss of life was inconsiderable from the latter cause. But famine and pestilence soon made dreadful havock among the wretched inhabitants. Olympia's husband, whose labours among the sick were incessant, caught the contagion, and his life was despaired of. She watched by his sick bed, and earnestly prayed for his recovery. Public prayer was made in the church for him. He recovered; and his affectionate wife recorded her gratitude to God in the most fervent language. In a letter soon after to Lavinia, after relating with heartfelt recognition of the hand of her Heavenly Father these events, she adds, 'Under all these distresses we have found our only consolation in the Word of God, by which we have been sustained. For this reason I have never looked back to the flesh pots of Egypt, and would rather perish in the ruins of this town than enjoy all the pleasures of the world elsewhere. And although we are not yet released from these calamities, yet as God is always so graciously present with us, we hope to be delivered from them in His own good time.'

When the siege had been maintained for nine months, the assailants were reinforced, and opened on the town such a furious and incessant cannonade, that the inhabitants huddled together in cellars, and in the spots which promised cover.

Olympia, with her husband and brother, lived in a wine cellar. At last, at the end of fourteen months, Albert withdrew from the town by night, to the great but short-lived joy of the inhabitants. Maurice and the Duke of Brunswick started in pursuit, and overtook and defeated the fugitives at Sievershausen. The Bishops of Wurzburg and Bamberg, and the Nurembergers wreaked their vengeance on the innocent inhabitants, in violation of a promise made to the emperor and princes to disperse. The town was given up to pillage, and then set on fire. The wretched inhabitants fled from their burning homes in all directions, the most towards the church, where they hoped to find sanctuary.

Hither Olympia and her husband were proceeding, when an unknown but friendly soldier dissuaded them. Turning to escape from the doomed city, they met a party of soldiers, who stripped them of everything, to the clothes on their backs, Olympia being left with only her chemise to cover her. They took her husband prisoner. She cried in her agony to God, and besought his captors to release him. Her prayer was heard, and they let him go. In this miserable plight they set out for Hamelburg, a village about nine miles off. A poor woman on the way gave Olympia a tattered gown. But she had lost her shoes, and had to toil over the flinty road bare-footed. She could hardly drag herself along with

all the assistance her husband could give her, and often, overcome by utter exhaustion, cried out, 'I can go no further; I must now lie down and die.' They at last reached Hamelburg, which she entered—as she wrote afterwards—with emaciated countenance, bleeding feet, and dishevelled hair, and in a state of fever from exposure, exhaustion, and agitation. 'I among all the poor bodies, looked like the queen of the beggars,' she remarks, with a touch of humour in her letter to Curio. Ill as she was, they were obliged to quit the place on the fourth day, as the inhabitants were afraid of incurring the resentment of the bishops by harbouring the fugitives. A new terror awaited them: arrived at another town, in obedience to orders from the bishops to put to death all fugitives from Schweinfurt, they were detained. After a torturing suspense of several days, the order came for their release. Sunshine broke now on their path. Fifteen golden crowns were sent them by an unknown benefactor, who had learned the story of their sufferings, which enabled them to pursue their journey in comfort. They were hospitably received first by Count Reineck, and afterwards by the Counts of Erbach, Eberhard, and his two brothers. Eberhard and his two brothers lived together, and were worthy and well known supporters of the Reformation. They had heard of Olympia, and entertained her with all the respect and kindness due to her worth and



THE FUGITIVES FROM SCHWEINFURT.





misfortunes. She and her husband had lost their earthly all. Her husband's patrimony, her much-loved books, and her manuscripts, had all perished in the flames of Schweinfurt. Reduced to great weakness by the fever brought on by her sufferings, the effects of which never left her, she enjoyed every comfort and even luxury in the castle of Erbach. The Countess of Erbach—the wife of Eberhard, the eldest of the brothers, and the sister of the Elector Palatine—ministered to her with her own hands, as long as she was unable to leave her bed. She gave Olympia the magnificent present of a mantle worth more than a thousand crowns. In walks in the beautiful gardens of the castle, and conversations with the countess and her accomplished and excellent daughters; in the care of her brother Emilio, over whom she watched with tenderest affection, and in whom she saw with inexpressible delight the dawnings of grace; and in listening to the discourses of the reformed preachers, on which the pious count assiduously attended, the time wore pleasantly away, and Olympia gained strength. The kindness of this noble family, and their regard for their guests, were crowned by a still more substantial token than any mentioned. The count, through his interest with his brother-in-law the Elector Palatin, procured for Grunthler the Chair of Medicine in the University of Heidelberg, one of the most famous seats of learning in

Germany. Olympia was offered the post of one of the ladies of honour to the Electress, which however she respectfully declined, her experience of court life and her change of views in the school of adversity having stripped it of its attractions.

Early in summer they left their kind benefactors, and commenced their journey to Heidelberg, through magnificent mountain and forest scenery.

The position which Olympia and her husband had so long desired and struggled to obtain was now reached. They accepted it with gladness and gratitude. Cheered by the dawn-smile of what promised to be a better and happier day, they addressed themselves to the duties and difficulties before them. Condolences on the suffering through which they had passed, and congratulations on their happy change of circumstances, in a letter full of kindness, John Sinapi sent to Olympia along with a copy of Plutarch's Lives which he had bought from some one who had found it in the ruins of Schweinfurt; the only relic of her library, 'a captive,' as he pathetically calls it, 'ransomed from pirates.'

Curio and his colleagues united in collecting a new library for her, to which the most celebrated printers of Basle made valuable contributions, which Olympia gratefully acknowledges. To provide for their new home the necessary articles of furniture, and to meet the expenses of

their frugal housekeeping till Grunthler's salary should become due, he had to borrow of one of his friends twenty gold florins.

John Sinapi wished to send back his daughter, who had returned home at her mother's death; and Olympia wrote that if she came she would require to bring her bed with her, such articles of furniture being very expensive at Heidelberg. Her home duties occupied the most of her time: but on account of her delicate health, she had to employ a servant at wages too high for her means. She wrote to a friend at Schweinfurt to procure a suitable servant for her on terms which she named. Poor as she was, she sent to the same friend some money to be distributed among the sufferers at Schweinfurt, naming particularly those which she had been in the habit of visiting and aiding with her charity while she lived there.

She received the touching answer that her poor friends had all disappeared. True to the sanctified aspirations which made her long to do service to her Saviour and his suffering brethren, she took a deep and enlightened interest in that giant struggle between light and darkness which was convulsing all Europe, and in the peace and growth of the infant Church of the Reformation. The cruel persecutions of the Christians at Ferrara filled her with sorrow. She gives thanks to God that her mother had remained firm, and wrote to her and to her sisters to come out of 'that Babylon

and join her in the land where she had found a home. She besought Vergerius to translate Luther's Catechism into Italian, and to get it circulated on the other side of the Alps. She felt for such of her fellow countrymen as were obliged to flee from England on the accession of Mary. The French Protestants were then undergoing the most cruel persecutions, and she wrote to Anne of Este a noble letter, in which she sought, in faithfulness to Christ, to rouse her to exert her influence in behalf of His martyred saints, and not, as we have reason to believe, wholly in vain. She was deeply distressed at the controversy on the sacraments, which divided so painfully the Protestant world, and fervently wished the breach to be healed. With equal honour to her intellect, which was perfectly capable of understanding the merits of the question, and to her large loving heart, she says, 'Regarding the sacrament, I am aware that there is among Christians a great controversy, which would easily have come to an end long ago, had men consulted not their own glory, but the glory of Christ, and the salvation of His Church.'

Her intervals of leisure were occupied in the education of her brother, and reading her Bible—which became dearer to her every day—and in writing to her friends. Her letters show a delightful mellowness of Christian experience, fervency of Christian love, and zeal for the salvation of those whom she wrote, and for the glory of the

Saviour. All that was most graceful and beautiful, all that was highest and holiest in her came out in rich and winning harmony during these days. A fragrance of perfect peace breathed around. A smile of sweet melancholy, like the dewy light of a summer's eve, gleamed on her calm pensive face.

A delicacy and purity which proceeded from within, shone in every act and word. 'I never,' says her husband, 'saw a truer, purer soul—a holier and better life.' She attracted around her here a circle at once grave and polished, among whom may be mentioned, the Burgomaster Hartmann, the friend of John Sinapi, Mycellus the poet, Hubert Thomas, councillor of the Elector Palatin, and her husband's colleagues in the university. Strangers eagerly sought an introduction to her. The object of all this attention and admiration was meanwhile calmly preparing for another scene and other society. She felt her strength sinking, and knew that her days were numbered. Her study was confined to the reading of the Bible. Her own dearest hope, and that of her friends, of producing some work worthy of her talents as a contribution to the glory of her Lord, she tranquilly resigned for the better hope of rest and reward above. Once only she struck the harp, from which she had already drawn strains of such melody and power, that Curio believed her destined to give birth to poetry

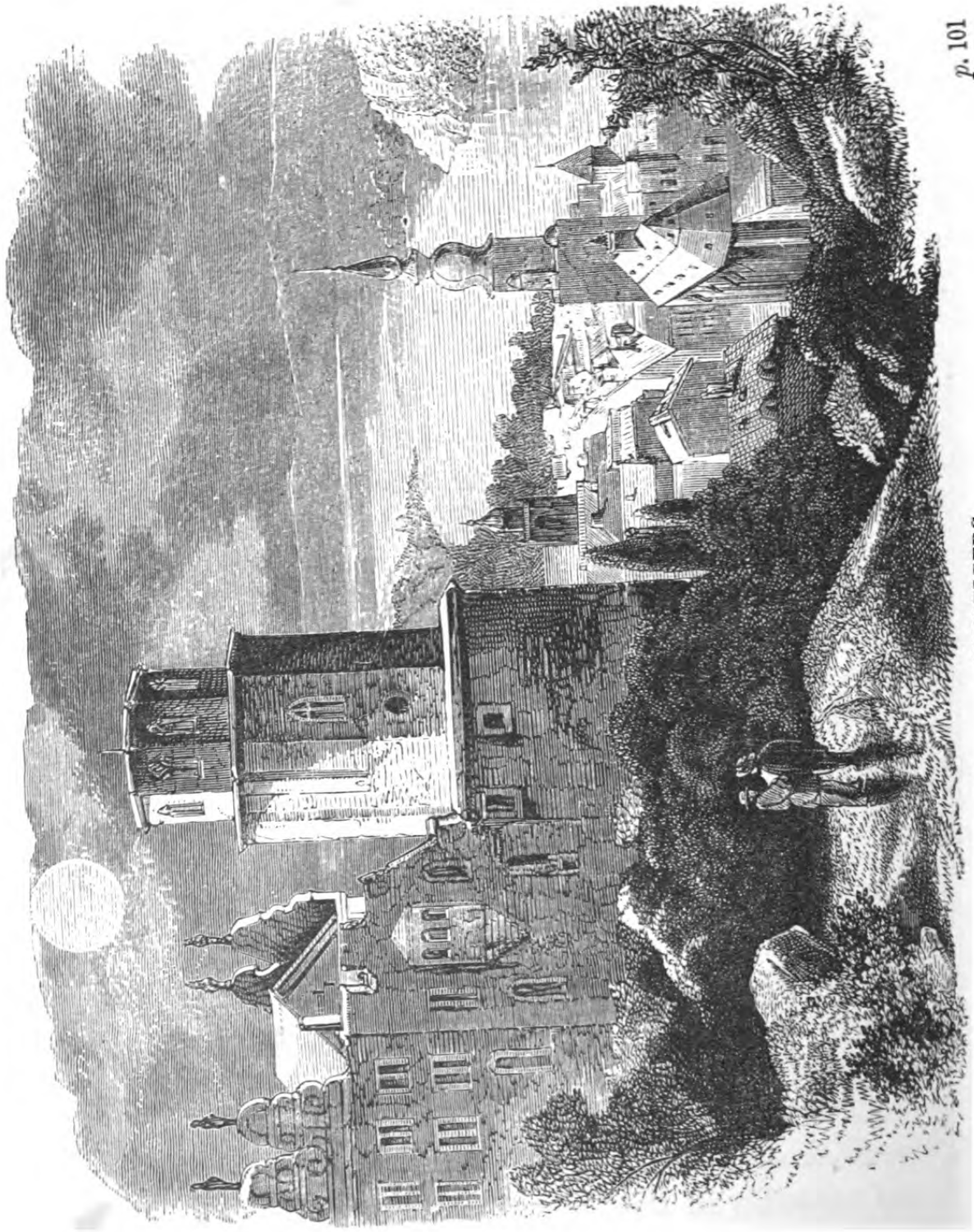
worthy of the genius of Sophocles. It was a Greek epitaph in elegiac verse on good Pastor Lindemann of Schweinfurt, whom she so revered and loved.

In June of 1555, the pestilence appeared at Heidelberg. Feeble as she was, her husband was obliged to leave her by night often, as well as by day, to attend the sick. She was too unselfish, too heroic, too tender-hearted to detain him beside her; and bade him listen only to the promptings of duty. In the month of July she became so weak that her life was despaired of, but rallied a little, so as with difficulty to be able to write to her friends. Curio, while alarmed for the life of his daughter Violanthia, the wife of the theologian Zanchius, fell himself dangerously ill.

Though scarcely able to hold the pen, she wrote to express her anxiety, and entreating him to lose no time in letting her know of his recovery. 'As for myself,' she adds, 'my dear Cœlio, I grow weaker every day; the fever scarcely quits me for a single hour. Thus does God lay His hand on us that we may not perish with the world.' This intimation of the state of her health filled Curio with surprise and sorrow, in which his colleagues at Basle shared. His reply, giving an account of his own recovery and of the hopefulness of his daughter's case, expressed his earnest desire that Olympia's life, so dear to him and so valuable to







HEIDELBERG.

the world, might be prolonged. It reached her very shortly before her end. She wrote an answer to it with her dying hand—the last production of her pen—which reached him, along with a letter from her husband, announcing that she was no more, and giving particulars of her latter end. A more touching letter was never penned.

‘HEIDELBERG.

‘How tender are the feelings of those who are united in true, that is Christian, friendship, you, my Cœlio, my very dear father, may understand from this, that on reading your letter I could not refrain from tears. For when I heard that you were, as it were, called back from the grave, that moment I wept for joy. I pray God to preserve you, that you may be able long to promote the interests of His Church. I am much distressed at your daughter’s illness: but since, as you write, there is hope that she may recover, we shall moderate our grief. In regard to myself, my Cœlio, I wish you to know that all hope of longer life is gone. As to the medicines of which I have taken much, they do me no good. Daily, and indeed almost hourly, those about me look for my departure, and I know not but this may be the last letter which you will receive from me. My body and strength are wasted away, I have no relish for food; the cough is like to suffocate me night and day. The fever is high and constant; I have

pains over my whole body which keep me from sleep, and so all that remains to be done is to breathe my last. My spirit is still present in my frame, mindful of all my friends, and of all the kindnesses I have received. Therefore I give my warmest thanks to you for your books, and to all the excellent men who have presented me with so many most beautiful gifts. My desire was to make some return, had fate permitted. In a very little, I think I shall be gone. I commend to you the Church, so that whatever you do may be of service to it. Farewell, most estimable Cœlio: if you hear of my death, do not grieve, for I know that then at length I shall truly live, and I desire already to depart, and to be with Christ. In answer to your question about my brother, I have to say he makes progress, but in such a way that he requires the spur rather than the bridle. Heidelberg seems deserted, both from the fright of most on account of the pestilence and the death of many. My husband adds his salutations. Salute your family in our name. The poems which I could recall to memory after the destruction of Schweinfurt I send you, as you desire; my other writings have perished. I beg you will be my Aristarchus, and correct them. Again farewell.'

The rest is soon told. Lovely and pleasant in her life, she was so in her death. Seldom are

the lonely mourner's recollections of the last days and hours of the desire of his eyes reft from him, so full of all that is fitted to make memory dwell on them with a fascination of mingled sadness and sweetness, as were those of Olympia's husband. Seldom have love and sorrow poured forth to the ear of sympathy the last deeds and words, or painted the image of the departed with more truth, beauty, and simple pathos, than he did in the letter to Curio already mentioned, in which he bewails his irreparable loss. It is the only record we have to tell how she died—but it leaves nothing more to be desired. He says: 'She affirmed frequently for some days, that she desired nothing more than to depart and to be with Christ; and as often as she could for the violence of the disease, she never ceased to declare His priceless benefits towards her in having enlightened her with the knowledge of His word, alienated her heart from all the pleasures of this world, and kindled in her a desire for the life that is eternal; and hesitated not in all her discourse to call herself a child of God. Nothing was more distasteful to her than if anyone, in order to cheer her, said she would recover. For she was wont to say that God had marked out for her a course of life, short, indeed, but full of labour and sorrow; and that, therefore, she had no wish now to go back from the goal to the starting-place. She was asked at the same time by a good man, whether there was any

perplexing doubt in her mind to annoy her. Her answer was, "For seven whole years before this, the devil has in all manner of ways tried incessantly to detach me from the true faith: but now, as if he had lost all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel in my soul nought but the deepest tranquillity and the peace of Christ." But time would fail to enumerate all the words of holiness, piety, constancy, and fortitude which, to our great admiration who heard her, she uttered.'

The last scene of all has a loveliness unsurpassed in fact or fiction, meet for the departure of a soul which from childhood had dwelt in a trance-world of poetic beauty, whose colours melted away before, or rather blended harmoniously with, the vision of the beauty of Him who is fairer than the children of men, by which her whole soul was filled with admiration and adoration. 'Just before her death, I saw a smile radiant with a joy of indescribable sweetness steal over her face. I approached, and asked why she smiled so sweetly. "I saw," she said, "as I lay at rest, a place filled with the brightest and most beautiful light." As she was unable, on account of her weakness, to speak any more, I said, "Yes, my wife, be of good cheer; you shall dwell in that most beautiful light." Smiling again, she bent her head in assent. A little after, she said, "I am full to overflowing of joy," and spoke no more till her eyes began to grow dim. And then she

said, "I hardly recognise you now; but all around seems full of the loveliest flowers." This was her last speech.'

As we read these words, a picture has been rising before our imagination, which, after the lapse of years, stands before us as vividly as it did when we looked on the canvas with all the fresh delight of one to whose inexperienced eye Art had begun to show her treasures.

There, on the pillow of that couch, is a face wearing the calm celestial beauty which that weird sculptor Death only can create, and which, as if in mockery of life's loveliness, or to make us forget his hateful work in the grave, he spreads over the features of the dead ere they are hid for ever from our sight. The smile with which she died is wreathed about the lips, the smile of the peace of God.

One is kneeling by that couch with bended head, his face covered with his hands, carrying to his Father in heaven his grief for the beloved of his soul. The taper which lighted that chamber, while life's taper had been expiring in the fair form which lies still in death, has burned down to the socket. But the golden dawn is tinging the purple hills, and falls through the open casement on the face of the dead. As the key to the meaning, if not the source of the inspiration of this picture, which might suitably be named, though it has not been, 'The Death of Olympia

Morata,' the painter gives the beautiful words of Isaiah, with which we well might bid her pure spirit farewell: 'The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.'



## LADY BRILLIANA HARLEY,

OF BRAMPTON BRYAN.

ROMANCE conducts a lady to the door of her wedded home, and then bids her good-bye for ever, or calls on her only when the story requires a selfish worldly matron to preach down an interesting daughter's heart. Married, she is a heroine no longer in fiction, and, sooth to say, often not in fact; although it is then that she enters on the sphere where all that is most truly heroic in womanhood finds scope and exercise. But it is not alone for preeminence in those calm domestic virtues, whose light beams steadily through the alternate shade and sunshine that make up the history of every home, that Lady Harley is entitled to the name of heroine. All the honours of that name will be gladly accorded by those whose interest and admiration are reserved chiefly for a totally different class of ideals, to a lady who had the rare fortune of distinguishing herself by a stout and successful defence of her husband's castle, in his absence, against a vigorous and protracted siege, in which she displayed such an amount of decision, forethought, indomitable



courage, and resolution, as show that the good knight could have scarcely found a trustier lieutenant than he did in his amiable and delicate wife. The story of this siege we shall come to in due course.

Want of materials saves us the task of telling the story of the girlhood and education of the subject of the present sketch. At the age of twenty-three, Brilliana Conway became Lady Harley, the third wife of Sir Robert Harley, K.B., of Brampton Bryan in Herefordshire, twenty-four years her senior, he being then forty-seven. Her father, Lord Conway, was one of the first soldiers and statesmen of the age. At the time of her birth he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Brill, whence her name; but returned with his family to England when his daughter was about six years of age. One would like to know how she came to accept the hand of a man verging on fifty, who had buried two wives, and what offers and suitors she had. But the wish is vain. For the comfort of elderly men and widowers in search of wives be it spoken, there are young women, and these not the least estimable of their sex, whose natural preferences, apart from all mercenary considerations, fit them for such a position as our heroine—as we may be permitted to call her—assumed. Sir Robert was a man of the highest worth and public spirit, a conspicuous member of the Long Parliament, in which he represented Hereford, having formerly been

member for the borough of Radnor. He was also a magistrate, and deputy lieutenant of his county. To her pious, patriotic, and sedate mind, strong and highly cultivated intellect, and grave good sense, such a mate must have been congenial; and with such a mate she was more equally yoked than she would have been with most younger men. Besides, in those days daughters were trained up, especially in grave and godly households, to regard the disposal of their hands as more a matter for their parents than themselves, and were more zealously instructed in the duty of learning to love their husbands after marriage, than in the necessity of prevenient affection, or mutual passion between them and the man of their own or their parents' choice. These are circumstances not devoid of interest in themselves, and perhaps necessary to be mentioned, in order to prevent misapprehension of the motives and feelings of Brilliana Conway in entering on her wedded life.

With a calm sense of her responsibilities she would assume the sway of that Puritan household, which she held with firm yet gentle hand, and would fall at once into her right place. It was a grave and orderly household, regulated with the strictness and sanctified with the piety of the best of the Puritans of those days, at equal remove from license and levity, and from the sanctionious sourness and wild and gloomy enthusiasm

which were characteristic of some of the sectaries and separatists, but from which Puritans of the stamp of Sir Robert Harley and his wife were altogether free. Family worship morning and evening, the Church and Parliamentary feasts, were all observed regularly. Though disapproving of some things in the liturgy, the good knight and his wife were constant in their attendance at the parish church; and what will seem curious enough in a Puritan, she procured from the rector dispensations, renewed from time to time, authorising her, on account of her extreme weakness, to eat flesh on fast days.

Fifteen calm and happy years of quiet domestic life thus glided by at Brampton Bryan, during which she became the joyful mother of three sons and four daughters; while all around, society was agitated by questions of the highest moment, in all of which, along with her husband, Lady Harley took the deepest interest, and on all of which she had formed deep and decided convictions.

The departure of her first-born and darling child Edward for Oxford, was the first break in the family circle. To mould his mind and manners after her own high but not unapproachable ideal of a Christian gentleman, was an object to which she devoted the tenderest affections of her heart, and the richest resources of her clear and cultured intellect. Happy the man whose boy-

hood has been watched over and guided by a spirit so pure, so tender, and so wise, as young Edward Harley's mother. Happy the mother who has such a son. Through a long, consistent, and honoured life, he proved himself worthy of her, and showed that he inherited the piety, patriotism, and unbending virtue of his parentage—which contemporaries acknowledged, by calling him *Ultimus Anglorum*.

Our ideas as to woman's sphere and work are undergoing a great revolution for the better. We are opening up channels for those affections and energies which, when denied scope and exercise in the sphere of home, stagnate or run to waste. We are disposed to give them a fair field to compete with men in almost all employments of head or hand. The philanthropy and religion of the day, directed by societies and churches, have manifold ministries of activity and usefulness for women to discharge; so that she to whom the names of wife and mother have been denied, may find a noble life-mission to engage the love of her woman's heart, and the gentle cunning of her woman's hand. He who on earth stretched out his hands to his disciples and said, 'Behold my mother and my brethren,' and said that brother and sister and mother to Him were all that heard His Father's word, still sets the solitary one in families. And she, husbandless and childless, who has taken under her care the friendless,

neglected, and forsaken, knows what it is to 're-joice, and sing aloud,' as bidden by the prophet, 'because more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord.'

But she who with Eve, as she looked on the first but ill-starred babe born in earth, can say, 'I have gotten a man from the Lord,' has had assigned to her woman's highest, noblest task. To train up sons and daughters into true-hearted men and women, is the mother's great and honourable mission. Few women could be named who were more thoroughly qualified for the task, than Lady Harley. Her letters to her son are models in their way. It had been well for many a youth that they had fallen in his way, instead of Lord Chesterfield's more celebrated but incalculably inferior, even positively pernicious, productions, which have poisoned many ingenuous hearts. Their tone and matter are high above the ordinary level of maternal epistles. They are manifestly the unconstrained outpourings of her inner being. The gravity of the Puritan mother is pervaded throughout by the fond familiarity of a love which found in her boy a companion and friend, to whom she could speak out more freely than to her husband.

Religion was the deepest thing in her nature, and a calm and cheerful religion too; which shed its sanctuary-light on all the details of common

life, hallowing them with a gentle radiance, won 'from worlds not quickened by the sun.' And so she could charm wisely on this theme, as the following persuasive sentences show:—

'My dearest, believe this from me, that there is no sweetness in anything in this life to be compared to the sweetness in the service of our God; and this I thank God I can say not only to agree with those that say so, but experimentally. I have had health, and friends, and company in variety; and there was a time that what could I have said I wanted? Yet in all that there was a trouble, and that which gave me peace was the serving of my God, and not the service of the world. And I have had a time of sickness and weakness, and the loss of friends, and, as I may say, the gliding away of all those things I took most comfort in in this life. If I should now say, (which I may boldly) that in this condition, O how sweet did I find the love of my God, and the endeavour to walk in His ways, it may be some may say that it must needs be so, because all other comforts failed me. But, my dear Ned, I must lay both my conditions together, my time of freedom from afflictions, and my time of afflictions: and in the one I found a sweetness in the service of God above the sweetness of the things in this life, and in trouble a sweetness in the service of God, which took away the bitterness of the affliction: and this I tell you, that you may

believe how good the Lord is, and believe it as a tried truth, that the service of the Lord is more sweet, more peaceful, more delightful, than the enjoyment of all the fading pleasures of the world.'

There is something here, we submit, easily recognisable by all, different from the common-place of religious letters and religious talk—an element without which pious counsel, however solemn, will have little power on man or boy. The mother that can speak thus from the depths of her own experience will not speak to her boys and girls in vain. Their quick intuition will recognise such reality as breathes here in every word, and will meet it in quite another spirit from what they do the scolding, rating, lecturing, and mouthing of cant phrases, which is the sum total of all that many know of the divine art of winning souls.

Her advice to him as to dress is extremely well put. We may quote it, as illustrative of her practical good sense, also to show that the Cavaliers had not on their side all the good taste and elegance of the time.

'I like it well,' says this Roundhead lady, 'that your tutor has made you handsome clothes, and I desire you should go handsomely.' But in her own wise way she delivers her mind on the subject of foppery. 'Dear Ned, it is very well done that you submit to your father's desire in your clothes; and that is a happy temper, both

to be contented with plain clothes, and in the wearing of better clothes, not to think one's self the better for them, nor to be troubled if you be in plain clothes, and see others of your rank better. Seneca had not got that victory over himself; for in his country house he lived privately; yet he complains that, when he came to the court, he found a tickling desire to be like them at court.'

In gaining and keeping the good opinions of those by whom it is an honour and an advantage to be held in esteem, she thus writes: 'I take it for a great blessing that your worthy tutor gives so good a testimony of you, and that you esteem him so highly. I bless the Lord that he has given you favour in his eyes, to set his good-will upon you. It is found experimentally true, that conquerors must be as careful to keep what they have gained, as they were to obtain it. It is alike true, that we must be as careful and studious to keep good opinions and affections towards us as we were to gain them, and I hope you will be a good practitioner of that lesson.'

How well she draws the line between self-conceit, which she would have her son avoid, and that self-respect and unembarrassed gentlemanly bearing which became his position and parentage, in the following sensible observations, preparing him for a visit from an aristocratic and travelled neighbour!



‘Mr. Scidamore, that dwells hard by Hereford, who married my Lord Scidamore’s sister, told your father the other day, at Hereford, that he would see you at Oxford. He has been abroad in France and Italy. If he do come to you, be careful to use him with all respect. But in the entertaining of any such be not put out of yourself. Speak freely, and always remember that they are but men, and for being gentlemen it puts no distance between you, for you have part in nobleness of birth; though some have place before you, yet you may be in their company. And this I say to you, not to make you proud or conceited of yourself, but that you should know yourself, and so not be put out of yourself when you are in better company than ordinary; for I have seen many, when they come into good company, lose themselves. Surely they have too high esteem of man, for they can go boldly to God, and yet lose themselves before men. Remember, therefore, when you are with them, that you are but with those who are such as yourself, though some wiser and more honourable.’

We might also, by extracts, show with how sage and persuasive a pen she admonished him on self-scrutiny, the choice of society, on devotion to his studies, and attention to the duties of religion. But enough has been quoted to show that she possessed in a rare degree the gifts and graces which fit a mother for the task of training up

her sons to true Christian manliness, and to indicate the main points of her singularly lovely and perfect character.


Conspicuous in the picture, which gradually shapes itself into distinctness before us as we read her letters, is woman's most precious jewel—her talisman of greatest power—'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' indispensable to every true heroine of the household. She was a great invalid—feeble and delicate at all times, and subject to severe attacks of illness. Recovering from one of these, and dating her letter 'From my chair by the fire,' she writes: 'I take it as a special providence of God, that I have so froward a maid about me as Mary is, since I love peace and quietness so well. She has been extremely froward since I have been ill; I did not think any would have been so choleric. I pray God if ever you have a wife, she may be of a meek and quiet spirit.'

Froward maids are as common, it is to be lamented, as meek mistresses are rare. That calm and chastened invalid, bearing with her waiting-woman's ill-temper, and regarding it as a special providence which she was to profit by, is to us a very lovely sight. There is heroism there of the true stamp. And what lady has not had, at some time of her life, ample scope to display the same? But to be heroic by suppressing bitterness and anger at a servant's harshness and ill-

nature is a thing seldom dreamed of, and will with extreme difficulty be regarded as possible by many whom it much concerns.

Her husband was an active and prominent member of his party in parliament, and took a decided and noble part in the struggle of that eventful time. His wife's whole heart and soul were with him, and with the great cause of civil and religious freedom to which he was devoted. How far her deep interest and decided convictions were due to his influence, we have not the means of knowing. As little can we determine how much in his conduct and career is to be traced to her influence over him. But a woman of such noble intellect and noble heart must have been a powerful support and strength to her husband. And it is beyond doubt that, without her, he would not have been what he was.

Before we can estimate truly a man's mental or moral power, there is often an unknown quantity whose value we require to find—we mean his wife. The same holds true, *vice versâ*, on the other side. We must know whether they are in opposition or conjunction; whether she is a disturbing or a steadying, a depressing or an elevating, a retarding or an accelerating force; ere we can assign its just moral value to a man's vacillation or consistency, or draw conclusions from his successes or failures as to his native energy. Such a wife as Lady Harley is equivalent



to an incalculable increase and intensification of a man's native power. Her thorough appreciation and admiration of her husband must have been worth in itself a great deal to him.

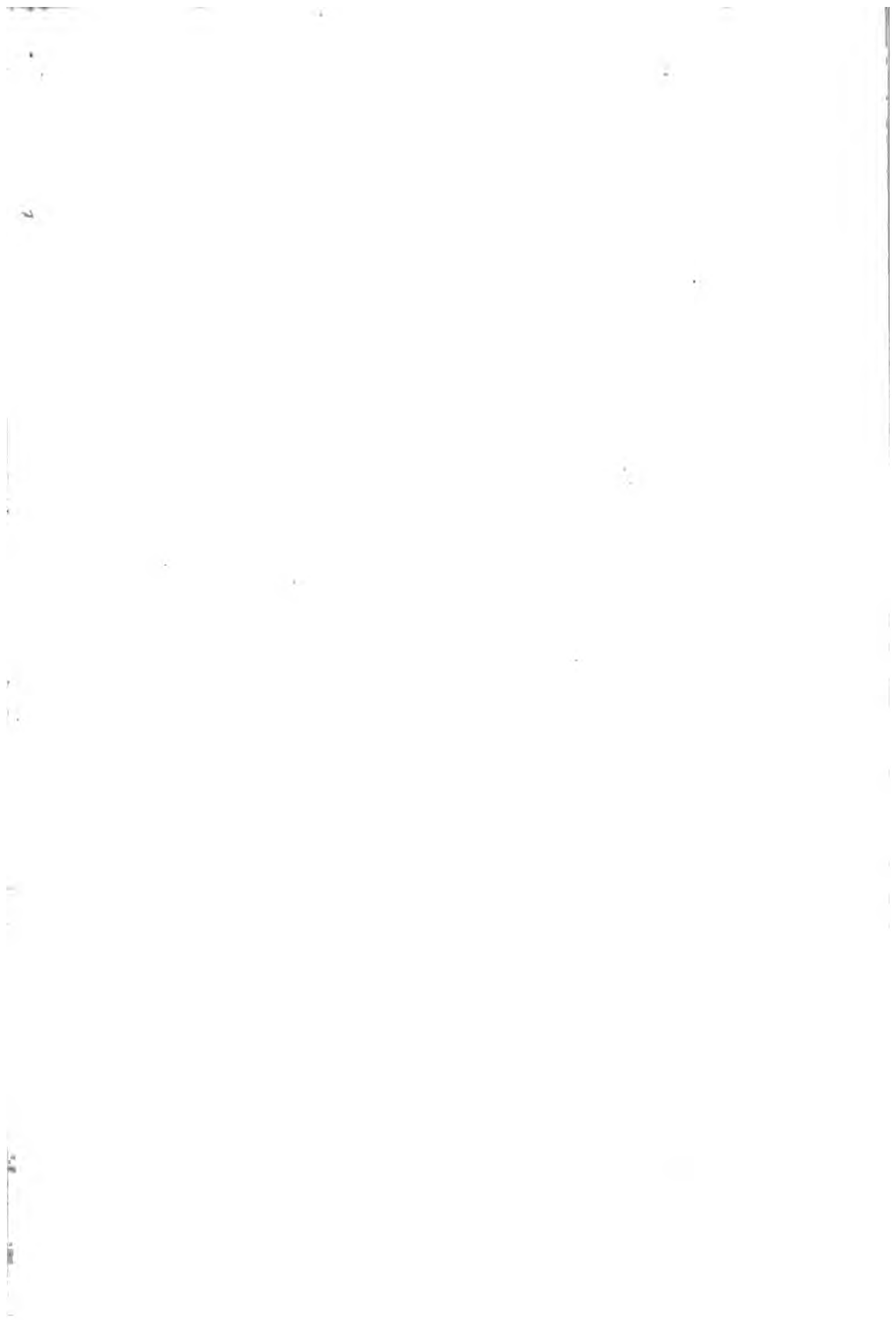
'Your father, that is worth thousands of them,' she honestly and proudly said, in a letter to her son, when her royalist neighbours, exasperated at the part Sir Robert had taken in public affairs, were reviling him.

Her presence was necessary at Brampton, during her husband's absence in London at the eventful sittings of the Long Parliament, which met on November 3, 1640. She needed to take care of his interests at home; and did so, like a true wife as she was. But she followed with as keen and intelligent an interest as if she had been on the spot, all the proceedings of that memorable parliament; and by messages and sympathy, and prayers, like many other staunch Puritan wives in the England of that day, in their distant homes, nerved her husband's arm for the conflict, bravely submitting to the necessity which kept her from his side. She thus writes in January to her son, who had returned to London in the end of December from Oxford, whither he had gone shortly after the opening of parliament:

'Now your father and you are from me, my contentment is in the happy proceedings of the parliament, which makes amend for your father's long absence.' Again, in February of the same

year, 'I rejoice that your father is well, and that is my comfort in his absence. I could wish I could undergo some of the pains for him, but I would have him act the understanding part.' 'I hope,' she writes, the following month, 'that the Lord will give your father double strength to undergo the weight of those employments which lie on him.'

Her letters from this time to her death, in the close of the year 1643, show her noble public spirit, and her thorough Puritanism. This latter term must not be understood as implying any sympathy with those extreme views and practices which developed themselves afterwards. She was a Puritan of that noble type which included at that time the most patriotic and religious part of the Church of England, and with whom the majority of the nation was doubtless in harmony. She was no separatist; but attended, as we saw, the Established Church. Her moderation—which was also that of the majority of the party with which her sympathies went—on the subject of the Prayer Book, comes out in her letters in frequent references to the teacher of the school at Brampton, who, having adopted extreme views on the subject of the liturgy, had refused to worship with those who used it, and on account of his scruples left his situation. For his piety and worth she entertained all respect; but in one of her letters she expresses herself respecting his opinions to the





THE ARREST OF STRAFFORD.

following effect:—‘I have not heard of any yet to supply Mr. Simmons’s place, in teaching the school. . . . They—he and his party—continue still stiff in their opinions; and in my apprehension upon small ground. My fear is, lest we should fall into the same error as Calvin did, who was so earnest in opposing the Papist holidays, that he entrenched upon the Holy Sabbath; so I fear we shall be so earnest in beating down their much vilifying of the Common Prayer Book, that we shall say more for it than ever we intended.’

Her heart was completely with those terrible reformers, who with a few swift, decisive blows, at the beginning of the Long Parliament, laid low the gloomy edifice of tyranny which Charles, with the aid of Laud and Strafford, had reared; and who laid deep and broad the foundations of civil and religious liberty.

She expressed her joy at the promise which dawned at the opening of the parliament, in a letter to her son. ‘Your letters by the carrier I have received, and I thank you for them, and the king’s speech and the verses. I hope the parliament will, by God’s mercy, have as happy proceedings and ending, as it has hopeful beginning.’ She feels a stern and solemn joy at the fall of Strafford, the dark and able subverter of his country’s freedom. ‘Your letter was doubly welcome to me, in that it was yours, and that it



brought me the welcome hope of the two houses agreeing about my Lord Strafford.'

Strafford was beheaded on Tower Hill, on May 12; and the news, which flew like wildfire through the kingdom, excited in Lady Harley's bosom a feeling of triumph, which could not fail to rise at the thought that, by the all but unanimous voice of the nation, the powerful enchanter, under whose malignant spells England's liberties lay paralysed, had been hurried to an unpitied doom. Here are her words, written nine days after. 'I am glad that justice is executed on my Lord Strafford, who I think died like a Seneca, but not like one that had tasted the mystery of godliness. My dear Ned, let these examples make you experimentally wise in God's Word, which has set forth the prosperity of the wicked to be but for a time; he flourishes but for a time in his life, nor in his death has peace; but the godly has that continual feast, the peace of a good conscience, and his end is peace, and his memory shall not rot.'

This first blow was followed by the abolition of the Star-Chamber, the High Commission, and the Council of York.

Whatever we may think abstractly of the merits of the questions on which Puritans and Laudians were then so fiercely opposed, it will require no small amount of prejudice to refrain from according the meed of admiration due to

the high-souled devotion and earnestness displayed by this public-spirited and yet thoroughly domestic woman. To such women every holy cause owes more than history accredits them with. It was an age of faith and earnestness, which was fertile in noble-minded women on both sides, and fertile in events which gave scope for the display of their heroism.

Meantime, the storm which soon burst in civil war was gathering, and the attempted arrest of the five members tended greatly to precipitate the crisis.

From that time, many who, dreading change and attached to the monarchy, had fondly clung to the hope that Charles might yet assume an attitude that would allow them to preserve their loyalty towards him and justify their confidence, were sorrowfully compelled to feel, that reliance on him was madness, and sternly prepared for the worst. Of this number was Lady Harley. She thus writes as the struggle became more and more imminent:—‘I am sorry the king is pleased yet not to conceive any better thoughts of this parliament. I see the distance is still kept between the king and parliament. The Lord in mercy make them one, and in his good time incline the king to be fully assured in the faithful counsel of the parliament. I fear there will be blows struck. I pray God prepare us for those times.’

With such reluctance, yet with unshrinking

resolution, did the most patriotic face the prospect of revolution. The leaders of the parliament from that time drew the sword and threw away the scabbard. Persuaded that their safety and the triumph of the cause they espoused could be secured only by a contest in which they must be prepared, if need be, to sacrifice life and property, they set a noble example of unsparing and unshrinking devotion, to which the country gave a hearty response. The House of Commons, on June 10, 1642, made an order for the contribution of money, horses, and plate, to be repaid with interest. Sir Robert Harley was ready to give up his plate, and ultimately it was given up. But his good lady's prudence did not forsake her in the midst of her patriotism, as the following, written in the same month, will show:—

‘I purpose, an it please God, to send Martin with the horses your father sent for, on Monday next. I doubt not your father will give to his utmost for the raising these horse, and in my opinion it were better to borrow money if your father will give any, than give his plate; for we do not know what straits we may be put to, and therefore I think it is better to borrow whilst one may, and keep the plate for a time of need, without your father had so much plate that he could part with some and keep some to serve himself another time. This I do not say that I am unwilling to part with the plate, or anything

else in this cause. If your father cannot borrow money, I think I might find out some in the country to lend him some. Dear Ned, tell your father this, for I have not written to him about it.' It must have cost her and many a Puritan dame a pang to pack up the family plate to be melted into coin; and we do not like her any the worse that she was disposed to exhaust all other expedients ere she parted with it. The expedients either failed, or Sir Robert did not think fit to take his wife's advice to try them. And so without much delay, only a month after the order was made in parliament, she is able to write to her son:—'My dear Ned, I have been so long in putting up the plate to send your father, that I have no time to write any more than that I long to see you. I am confident you are not troubled to see the plate go this way; for I trust in our gracious God you will have the fruit of it.' And so, as it is recorded in the journals of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Harley reported that he had brought in three hundred and fifty pounds in plate, and promised a hundred and fifty more and two horses.

But we now come to the closing period of her life, in which some of her heroic qualities were so nobly displayed. Meantime Herefordshire had begun to be in a state of great ferment. A growl of resentment and hatred met her on every side; for the county was strongly loyalist. She was

threatened with an assault on Brampton Castle, and became alarmed for her personal safety. Her husband and son were in London, and she was alone in the midst of enemies. What was she to do? Her first impulse was to quit the castle. She was deeply mortified at the rancour and abuse with which her husband was assailed, and at the ill-merited hatred and contempt which her neighbours showed towards her and her family. But she soon came to the resolution of abiding at her post unless her husband should forbid her, and defending his house and goods to the last. And so this meek invalid lady set about her preparations with promptitude and vigour. She provides herself with arms and ammunition, and details about these blend strangely with the other contents of letters written by her in that eventful July of 1642. 'I thank God,' she writes on the 2nd, 'all your brothers and sisters are well. I have received this night the hamper with powder and match, but I have not yet the muskets, but will, if it please God, inquire after them.' And on the 15th: 'My cousin Davis tells me that none can make shot but those whose trade it is, so I have made the plumber write to Worcester for fifty weight of shot. I sent to Worcester because I would not have it known. If your father think that is not enough, I will send for more.'

She wrote, asking her husband for directions as to how she could best defend herself if attacked.

She never flinched: 'I thank God I am not afraid,' she writes. Her faith in the protection of the Almighty was the great spring of her heroism; although, despite her delicate health, she doubtless was an intrepid woman. As the danger and difficulties of her position thickened, her courage and calmness rose. No opportunity of annoying and harassing her was omitted. Every effort was made to intimidate her. The collecting of her rents was prohibited. Her young horses were driven away. Her people were not allowed to venture any distance from the castle. In a letter of December 13, 1642, she says: 'I confess I was never so full of sorrow. I fear the provision of corn and malt will not hold out if this continue, and they say they will burn my barns; and my fear is that they will place soldiers so near me that there will be no going out.' Almost immediately after she was threatened with a siege by the Marquis of Hertford, which, however, did not take place. The spirit of pious intrepidity with which she faced the prospect of this danger, and the pious gratitude of her heart when it was averted, are expressed in the following words, written to her son:—'How gracious our God has been to us! On the Sabbath-day after I received the letter from the Marquis we set that day apart and to seek to our God, and then on Monday we prepared for a siege; but our good God called them another way.' She wishes, however, her

husband to take it into consideration whether it were not better to abandon the attempt to hold the castle. 'I will be willing,' she goes on to say, 'to do what he would have me do. I never was in such sorrows as I have been since you left me; but I hope the Lord will deliver me, but they are most cruelly bent against me.' But, worn and harassed as she is, like a loyal wife she holds herself in readiness to stand out, and not abandon her post until her husband bids her.

Later she expresses her conviction that to leave Brampton would be to let all go to wreck. At a council of war held in Hereford early in February, it was determined to blow up Brampton Castle. But the troops destined for this service were required to aid the besieging force before Gloucester, and Lady Harley again escaped. But though this project was abandoned, she was exposed to incessant intimidation, varied by attempts to induce her by deceitful promises to disband her little garrison. Coningsby, Governor of Hereford, and other Royalists swore to drive away her cattle and starve her out. But the brave lady was not to be imposed on, and knew well how to trust in God and keep her powder dry. In a letter of February 14 she said: 'Their aim is to enforce me to let those men I have go, that then they might seize upon my house and cut our throats by a few rogues, and then say they knew not who did it; for so they say they knew not who drove away the

six colts, but Mr. Coningsby keeps them, though I have written to him for them. They have used all means to let me have no man in my house, and tell me that then I shall be safe, but I have no cause to trust them.' In her extreme difficulty and perplexity she writes for advice, on March 1: 'Dear Ned, I desire you would pray your father to send me word what he would have me do. If I put away the men I shall be plundered, and if I have no rents I know not what course to take. If I leave Brampton all will be ruined.'

A summons to surrender, accompanied with a threat of being proceeded against as a traitor, and being attacked by a force of six hundred men, she answered by defiance. As long as Sir Robert bids her defend his house she will not leave it, whatever privations and labours she has to encounter. Her situation was becoming critical enough to try the mettle even of a bold man. 'If I had money to buy corn and meal and malt, I should hope to hold out, but then I have three shires against me.' Without money, corn, meal, or malt, and three shires against her, yet her calm confidence in God and in the right forsook her not. If Lady Harley is not a heroine, and one of a truly noble stamp, there never was one. She was no fanatic. There was no wild enthusiasm, nor theatrical bravado, no unfeminine bluster in her valour. It was upheld by deep and intelli-



gent convictions, keen sympathy with the side on which she fought—the devotion of a true wife to her lord, and above all, by faith in God.

Again the danger which menaced her was averted. At the battle of Highnam the Royalist forces under Lord Herbert suffered a signal defeat from the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller and Colonel Massey. The surrender of Hereford to Waller, and other reverses sustained by the Royalists, followed in quick succession. Brampton Castle was in consequence safe for the present, and its brave and energetic commandant was enabled to put it in a better state of defence. In the course of the summer she procured a valuable addition to her little garrison in the person of a veteran sergeant who had been in the German wars, whom Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, the Governor of Gloucester, sent at her request.

She was also supported by the presence and practical wisdom of Dr. Wright, an eminent physician of Hereford, and a personal friend, who came with his wife to live in the castle, till Lady Harley's danger and difficulties should be over.

She was now better prepared for a siege than she had been during the previous year, in which she had been so often threatened with it. And it was well she was. The danger by and by became imminent. On the 25th of July the brave little





band, over whom the Almighty had so often before so manifestly cast His shield, are on their knees around their heroic mistress, in humiliation and prayer before God. They prayed that He would save them, as He had done before, from siege, or if not, inspire them with wisdom and valour to defend themselves. The latter was His will; and, with faces which were blanched by no craven fear, they looked down that day from the ramparts of Brampton Castle on the foe, all animated by the dauntless spirit of the brave good woman whose heroism was enough to put spirit in them had they been the veriest poltroons. The besieging force was led by Sir William Vavasour, who was destined to win no laurels in this enterprise. Much injury was done. The buildings attached to the castle were destroyed: so also was the mill, which was a quarter of a mile off. The parish church, the parsonage, and other dwelling-houses, shared the same fate. The besiegers descended to arts not practised in honourable war; they poisoned a stream which supplied the village with water, and the cook of the garrison was shot by a poisoned bullet. Sir William Vavasour, after inflicting much damage, left Colonel Lingen with the besieging force to prosecute the siege; as appears from a letter of Lady Harley, dated the 25th of August, to her son, who had joined the Parliamentary army, and commanded a troop of horse under Waller. ‘My

dear Ned, the gentlemen of this county have effected their desires, in bringing an army against me. What spoils have been done, this bearer will tell you. Sir William Vavasour has left Mr. Lingen with the soldiers. The Lord in mercy preserve me, that I fall not into their hands.' Her prayer was answered. At the end of six weeks the besiegers quitted the place, being required elsewhere. They had failed to take it. The veteran sergeant acted his part with skill and courage, and had the sole conduct of the defence, although Lady Harley's second son was nominally commander. Such antagonists as this veteran, come from the wars of the Continent, and this lady, who knows so well the place and power of prayer and pains, behind the walls of Brampton, with good store now of corn and meat and meal, as well as powder and bullets, were more than a match for Sir William Vavasour and Colonel Lingen. But in the letter which records the success of their resistance, there is no self-glorification. Not to the arm of flesh, but to the right hand of the Lord of Hosts, is the glory given.

Welcome as deliverance was, now the excitement of the siege was over, it was no wonder that, after all the racking anxiety she had undergone for more than a year, and especially during the siege, she should show some signs of exhaustion. Her heart turned with fond yearning towards the son who was her confidant and friend—the light

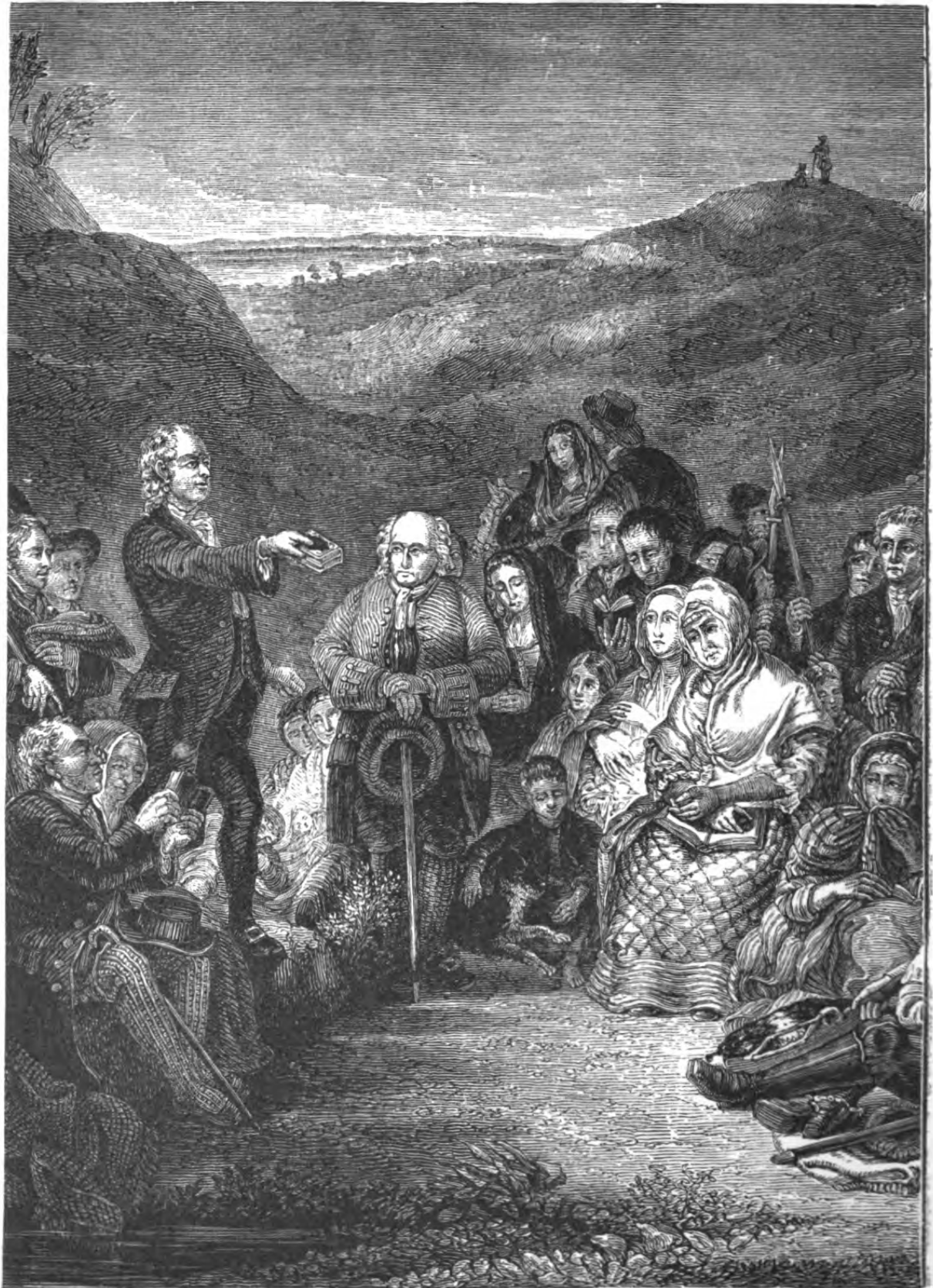
of her life. She touchingly expresses her longing to see him, and the refreshment that a sight of him would give her weary spirit. 'My dear Ned, a thousand times I wish you with me, and then I should hope by God's assistance to keep what is left your father with comfort. It is true my affection makes me long to see you: and my reason tells me it would be good for you to employ yourself for the good of your country, and that which I hope shall be yours. My dear Ned, if the Lord should be so merciful it would be such a comfort, that it would revive my sad heart, and refresh my dried-up spirits.' What increased her anxiety to have her son with her was her apprehension of another siege, occasioned by the return of Sir William Vavasour to Hereford. Yet through all her serene trust in God never deserts her: 'My trust is only in my God, who never yet failed me.' But her warfare was nearly over, and her eyes were soon to close on the distractions and bloodshed and pillage on which they had so long looked with sorrow. In a letter to her son of the 9th October, in which she repeats her wish and prayer that she might be permitted to enjoy the comfort of seeing him, she mentions that she had been ill for three days with a severe cold; from which, however, she expresses the hope that she may recover. But her delicate constitution, shattered by the complaints under which she had laboured so long, and the harassing

troubles through which she had passed, was too feeble to throw it off. Neither her husband nor the son she loved so well were with her when she died. Parted from them, she had had to struggle for many a weary day, and alone: uncheered by the voices that were dearest to her ear, and the faces on which she loved most to gaze, her calm heroic spirit fought its last battle, and rose to receive the victor's crown. Immortal till her work was done, 'when the naked sword,' it is said in the sermon preached at her husband's funeral, 'that messenger of death, walked the land, did God set his seal of safety upon her. That noble lady, and phœnix of women, died in peace. Though surrounded by drums and noise of war, yet she took her leave in peace. The sword had no force against her; as long as God preserved her, He preserved the place where she was.'

The castle, we may add, was not attacked till the year after her death. It was besieged by Sir Michael Woodhouse, and, after a vigorous defence of three weeks under Dr. Wright, surrendered.







COVENANTERS PREACHING.

## GRISELL HUME,

LADY BAILLIE OF JERVISWOODE.

THOSE whose ideas of the Covenanters are drawn from Sir Walter Scott, will do well to make the acquaintance of Grisell Hume and her kith and kin. Her blithe bright spirit glancing like a sunbeam on the gloom of prisons and poverty and exile, with which all who espoused the cause to which her family were devoted in the evil times on which her childhood and youth were cast were familiar, and when better days came, during a long life the light of her worthy and peaceful home-circle—makes a pleasant study in biography. Her early years were full of romantic incidents, and the history of them leads us into the midst of some of the most stirring events of the years that preceded the Revolution.

Joanna Baillie has made her the subject of one of her 'Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters,' and in her preface makes the following statement respecting her heroine:—

'It appears to me that a more perfect female

character could scarcely be imagined, for while she is daily exercised in all that is useful, enlivening, and endearing, her wisdom and courage on every extraordinary and difficult occasion give a full assurance to the mind that the devoted daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, and the tender helpmate of Baillie, would have made a most able and magnanimous queen.'

Her father was Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth; and after the Revolution was created first Earl of Marchmont. The Humes of Polwarth were a younger branch of the House of Dunbar, Earls of March. Her mother, after whom she was named, was Grisell Kerr, daughter of Sir Thomas Kerr of Cavers. Lady Hume had in all eighteen children, of whom Grisell was the eldest except two, who died infants, and was born December 25, 1665, at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire, the family seat.

The first scene which calls for our notice is that in which, then a girl of between ten and eleven years of age, she appears in the prison of her father's friend, Baillie of Jerviswoode, who was confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh in 1676 for four months, for rescuing his brother-in-law, a minister, from the hands of one of the minions of the persecuting government. The little maiden, whose address, spirit, and intelligence had already shown themselves at home, was sent all the way from Redbraes to Edinburgh, secretly, to

convey into Baillie's hands a letter from her father. Her mission was accomplished with perfect success. She managed to gain admission into the jail unsuspected; and there, in his father's prison, she met for the first time her future husband, George Baillie of Jerviswoode. In the absence of information as to the artifice by which she got herself introduced into the dungeon, we are at liberty to adopt the hypothesis of Joanna Baillie in the poem, that she slipped in unobserved behind the jailer, and, gliding into a dark corner, remained concealed till he withdrew, and then disclosed herself to the astonished prisoner; who is represented as raising his eyes from the book he was reading on hearing a rustling noise, and asking who or what she was, and how she came there. In her answer she is made to say:—

Long have I round these walls been straying,  
As if with other children playing:  
Long near the gate have kept my watch  
The sentry's changing time to catch.  
With stealthy steps I gained the shade  
By the close winding staircase made;  
And, when the surly turnkey entered—  
But little dreaming in his mind  
Who followed him so close behind—  
Into the darkened cell with beating heart I ventured.

Doubtless, in the happy though hard days of exile abroad, when young Baillie was a frequent guest in her father's house in Holland, and after-

wards in their own mansion at Jerviswoode, would he and she talk of their first meeting as boy and girl in his father's prison.

Her own father had just before that been released from Stirling Castle, where he was imprisoned from September 1674 to February 1676, 'as a factious person.' He had refused, along with others, to contribute to the maintenance of the garrisons, quartered throughout the country for the suppression of conventicles, and was appointed by the shire of the Merse to complain to the Council. For appealing to the Court of Session, and questioning the legality of the impost, he was imprisoned.

It was not long after—somewhere about July 1678, the exact date is not known—ere he was again imprisoned, first in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and then in Dumbarton Castle, without trial or accusation, for fifteen months, according to the account of Lady Murray, his grand-daughter. During this period Grisell repeatedly visited him, bringing him news of home, and doubtless conveying intelligence, of which the authorities could hardly suspect one so young to be the bearer.

This training was well fitted to develope her heroic qualities. Her tact and intelligence never seem to have been at fault: her youthful spirits, inherited from her father, were such as nothing could damp: her affection for her father, whom she much resembled, was most devoted. She

was a brave, unselfish, cheerful, wholesome-hearted girl, with the gaiety of a child and a wisdom far above her years.

Sir Patrick had good cause to be alarmed when, in October 1683, his friend Robert Baillie of Jerviswoode was apprehended in London, and sent to Edinburgh a prisoner, on the charge of being connected with the Rye-House Plot. It was not, however, till about a year after that active measures were taken against him. A party of soldiers sent to apprehend him, having stayed on the way at a gentleman's house, betrayed their purpose by some questions they asked. The lady of the house wrapped a feather in a piece of paper and sent it by a boy across the hills to Redbraes, as the safest and speediest mode of telegraphing to him that he must flee. He comprehended it at once; and before the soldiers arrived he had concealed himself in the family burial vault at Polwarth church, a mile and a half from his own dwelling. They were thus baulked of their prey. They searched the house on a second occasion with equal want of success. His hiding-place was known only to Lady Hume, to Grisell, and a carpenter of the name of James Winter, who lived about a mile off. It was then so common to attempt to extort confessions from servants by oaths and compulsory methods, that it was not safe to entrust any of the domestics with the secret. Their confidence in Winter was

not misplaced. By his assistance a bed and bedding were carried to the vault during night; and, surrounded by the mortal remains of the Barons of Hume and the rest of his buried ancestors, the good knight—familiar to prison life, full of humour and cheerfulness, and, above all, with serene trust in God—would, even the first night on which he occupied that noisome and gloomy abode, sleep, and sleep soundly. He passed a whole month there, and Grisell during all that time had to discharge a task of love, far more trying and difficult to the grown woman of nineteen than was the exploit which she so dexterously performed in her eleventh year.

At dead of night she regularly stole alone to this weird and dismal place with food for her father. It was an undertaking which but few young ladies would have had nerve for, and which her strong filial love alone rendered possible for her. Her first difficulty was the barking of the minister's dogs, which was so loud and incessant as to make her tremble lest it should lead to a discovery of her nocturnal visits to the churchyard.

Lady Hume hereupon saw no way of disposing of this difficulty but by the bold stroke of trying to persuade the minister that his dogs were mad. She sent for him next day, and, it is averred, got him convinced that they were mad. He certainly had them hanged; which a humane minister, it

might be supposed, would not have done, had he not been persuaded that they were dangerous. It is not at all, however, unlikely that, to oblige Lady Polwarth, he would put his dogs out of the way, reckoning it a sufficient reason that she had taken an antipathy to them or was frightened by them, although her arguments failed to convince him that they were mad or dangerous.

But the churchyard at midnight had terrors far more appalling than the manse dogs. Grisell Hume was both a brave and a good girl, but was by no means free of the superstitious fears rife then, and not quite extinct now. As she groped her way over the graves in the pitchy darkness, or crept stealthily along in the shadows cast by wall and tree when the moon was up, she would often start at some eerie sight or sound, which, at the witching hour of night, would, spite of all her piety and philosophy, excite her imagination:—

What whispers near?

The babbling burn sounds in mine ear.  
 Some hasty form the pathway crosses—  
 'Tis but a branch the light wind tosses.  
 What thing is that by churchyard gate  
 That seems like spearman tall to wait?  
 'Tis but the martyr's slender stone  
 Which stands so stately and alone.  
 Why should I shrink? Why should I fear?  
 The vault's black door is near.

Sir Patrick, eagerly listening, would catch the faint noise of her light and cautious tread; and,

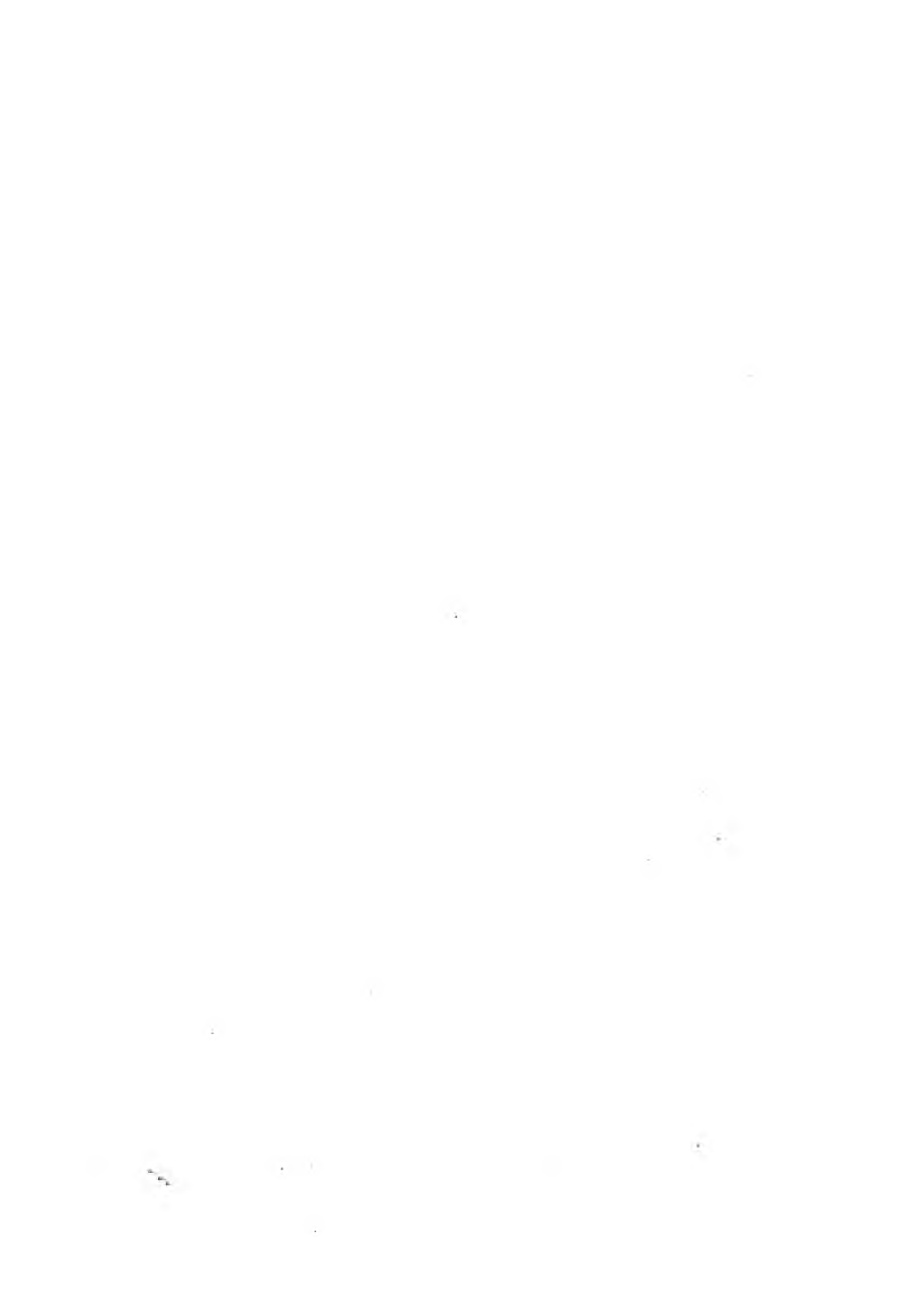


scarce waiting for her low tap on the door, he would quickly undo the bolt, and as quickly fasten it behind her. And then what a glad greeting! The narrow slit by which the light and air were admitted by day has been carefully closed. The small lamp is lit. Grisell's nimble hands spread her stores; and a substantial and often dainty meal, not without choice additions from the cellar at Redbraes, is before him in a trice. Without letting ourselves be betrayed into the unnecessary supposition into which several of the narrators of this incident seem unconsciously to have slidden, that this was Sir Patrick's only feeding-time; we may be sure that even at that *untimous* hour he would, to his own and his daughter's great content, make a hearty attack on the store she had brought, reserving the rest for the stated meal-times by which he divided his long day. And a merry repast it was. What would many a man at the head of his own sumptuous and lordly dinner-table give for the appetite and spirits with which Sir Patrick Hume, in the gloomy resting-place of his dead kindred, could discuss the cheer before him!

It was a task of considerable difficulty and ingenuity to cater for him without rousing the suspicions of the servants. Grisell had to slip meat from her own plate into her lap, which was no easy matter to do without being observed by the quick eyes of the children at table. So each scrap she



GRISELL HUME, THE BRAVE DAUGHTER.



had brought had its own history, which, as it was produced, she related with glee. There is that plate of sheep's head for example, juicy, gelatinous, and plenty of it. The capture of that was a bold stroke. It had raised a loud laugh at home, and she knows that the story will be a seasoning to his favourite dish, which will make his eyes water and his sides shake with suppressed laughter.

Little Sandy, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, had his father's liking for sheep's head, or at least the appetite of a healthy boy of nine years old. The little fellow, on finishing his broth, observed with dismay that the meat which had been placed before Grisell, and of which he had expected a share, had disappeared. 'Mother,' he cried in amazement and disappointment, 'will you look at Grisell? while we have been eating our broth she has ate up the whole sheep's head.'

Sir Patrick was highly amused, and ordered Sandy to be remembered with a share the next time there was sheep's head for dinner. A quick-witted young lady like Grisell, who gave her mind to secreting whatever scraps of food she could lay her hands upon, and who did not hesitate at such attempts as the above, would find abundant opportunities of adding to her father's cheer. In after years, her daughter, Lady Murray, says she never wearied speaking of those times, and had an inexhaustible fund of stories like that of the sheep's head.

She stayed with her father as long as it was safe, and gave him an account of all that was doing at home, taking care to return before anybody was stirring.

Sir Patrick's chief resource in his dismal abode all day was to repeat Buchanan's elegant Latin translation of the Psalms, which he had at one time committed to memory—an employment congenial at once to his scholarship and his piety, both of a high order. He was all his life a diligent student of the Bible, and knew it well; and drew from it solace and strength. His natural buoyancy and cheerfulness, elevated and enlivened by cheerful piety, for which he was distinguished all his life, forsook him not even now.

There is a tradition of his sojourn in the vault, which shows that he was a man of firm strong nerves and cool philosophic turn. Sitting one night at a small table with a light and his beloved Latin Psalms before him, he happened to direct his eyes to a skull at his feet, which seemed to move slightly and at short intervals. He looked at it till there was no doubt of its moving; and he became convinced that it was neither an optical delusion, nor the hallucination of his imagination excited by the gloomy relics of mortality around him. He accordingly turned it over with the point of his cane, and started a mouse that had been burrowing in it, and had been the cause of the startling motion.

Meanwhile a hiding-place was being prepared for him at his own house. With the assistance of James Winter a large hole was dug beneath a drawing-out bed in a room on the ground floor, the key of which was kept by Grisell. The operation had to be performed during the night, and was effected by scratching the earth up with their hands. They dared not use any tool for fear of noise. Grisell had not a nail left on her fingers by the time the work was done. The earth was disposed of by putting it in a sheet and emptying it out at the window into the garden.

This subterranean chamber was filled with a box constructed by Winter, furnished with a bed and bed-clothes, large enough to contain Sir Patrick. It was pierced with holes to admit air. This was intended as a retreat to which he might betake himself in case of the house being searched. The delight of Grisell was great when the hole was finished. But being underground, it was necessary, before trusting to it, to make sure that there was no danger of its being flooded with water. For some weeks, therefore, Grisell examined it every day, and finding it perfectly dry, her father ventured to return to his own house, to their great joy. His stay, however, was but short. His daughter examined the hiding-place every day to see that all was right; but on going as usual one day, a week or two after her father had returned home, she found it full of water, the

bed bouncing up to the top when the boards were lifted. She almost fainted at the discovery; for in case of a search it was the only place of safety. So Sir Patrick declared he would tempt Providence no longer, but seek safety abroad. Grisell, therefore, set to work to alter his clothes so as to disguise him, and plied her needle night and day till she was done. The sad news, meanwhile, had come by the carrier of the execution at Edinburgh of Baillie of Jerviswoode. All the more necessary, therefore, that Sir Patrick should haste his flight. It was necessary to take the grieve, John Allan, into confidence, who fainted when he was told that his master was in the house, and that he must accompany him next morning across the Border; the pretence to be alleged to the rest of the servants being, that he was going with some horses to sell at Morpeth fair. Accordingly, the plan was carried out; and just in the nick of time. For that very morning a party of soldiers came to search Redbraes, and finding the horses gone from the stable followed on their track and came up with Allan. Providentially, however, his master had not yet joined him. For Sir Patrick took the wrong road, and came upon the Tweed at a place which was not fordable; and by this fortunate mistake was saved from capture, the soldiers having left his servant before he had time to join him. He reached London safely. He then crossed over to France, and through the

Netherlands to Holland. He was soon after declared a rebel, and his estates and property confiscated, for not appearing to answer the charge 'of contriving the death of His Majesty and the Duke his brother, overturning the government, converse with rebels, and concealing of treason.'

The death of Charles II. took place soon after. Hume took a leading part in the conspiracy for invading England by the Duke of Monmouth, and Scotland by the Duke of Argyle, and accompanied the latter into Scotland. After Argyle's failure and apprehension, Sir Patrick Hume lay concealed in Ayrshire, first at Longshaw and then at Kilwinning, where he composed his narrative of Argyle's invasion, in the form of a letter to his wife. Having found the means of crossing to Ireland, he reached Dublin, and sailed from that to Bordeaux. After a few months' stay in France he walked on foot to Geneva, and then in the same way to Rotterdam. He arrived at last at Utrecht. In the meantime, Lady Hume and Grisell had gone to London to endeavour to obtain from government an allowance out of the forfeited estate. With much difficulty they succeeded in getting a grant of 150*l.* per annum, a very scanty pittance for a family of ten children.

This settled, they returned to Scotland; and soon after the whole family, with the exception of Julian, who was ill at the time, joined Sir Patrick at Utrecht. Grisell afterwards returned to Scot-



land to bring over her sister, and to manage some business for her father; among the rest, to collect some debts due to him. What we have seen of her already renders it almost unnecessary to say, that her discretion and energy enabled her successfully to go through the business with which she was entrusted. The voyage back to Holland was disagreeable enough, in consequence of a severe storm they encountered, and the brutality of the captain, who ate up all the provisions which the prudent Grisell had provided for herself and her sister, and took possession of the cabin bed, for which she, as well as three or four more ladies, had separately paid. She and her sister were fain to lie on the cabin floor, with some books they were taking across for their father, for their pillow.

Their troubles were not over when they got to land. They had to walk in a cold wet dark night from the Brill to Rotterdam. Poor Julian, who was but a girl and weakly, lost her shoes in the mud; and Grisell had to carry her on her back, a gentleman who had been a fellow-passenger, a refugee from Scotland, carrying their luggage. And thus they reached Rotterdam, where they found their father and their eldest brother Patrick waiting to welcome them and hear their adventures; which they would have to repeat again when they reached Utrecht, amid much thankful gladness, in the happy and numerous household of Dr. Wallace—for such was the

name by which Sir Patrick Hume was known abroad.

A pleasant domestic history is that of this family during the three years and a half of their exile in Holland. Scanty and pinched as their means were, they oft looked back to it as the happiest time of their life. What put the idea into Joanna Baillie's head of imagining the kind of a queen her heroine Grisell would have made, puzzles us to conjecture. During this period she was certainly the model of a poor gentleman's daughter; one of the most difficult, and yet one of the most common posts a lady is called to fill. This daughter of a Scottish gentleman and an earl to be, did not regard herself above the meanest task that the comfort of her family in their reverse required to be done. 'She went to market,' says her daughter, Lady Murray; 'went to the mill to have their corn ground, which it seems is the way with good managers there; dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them; in short, did everything.' A quarter of their whole income went for the rent of their house, which was a good one. They could afford nothing in the shape of a servant but a little girl to wash the dishes. And, except the small help she could give, Grisell did almost all the duties of housewife and general servant.

She lighted her father's study every morning before six o'clock; awoke him; prepared his morning draught of warm small beer with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he took all his life the first thing in the morning; dressed the children, and had them all brought into his room to their lessons. Sir Patrick and Lady Hume conducted the whole of the education of the children between them—he taking English, geography, writing, Latin, French, and Dutch; and she the accomplishments that were usually taught by the female teacher. What time Grisell could spare she took lessons in French or Dutch, and practised music a little. A book of songs in her handwriting, written in Holland, at once attests her love for music and poetry, and the little time she had for their cultivation. 'Many of them are interrupted,' says Lady Murray, 'half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence.' It is conjectured that some of these songs were her own composition. One with the title 'Were na my heart licht I wad dee,' afterwards printed, and well known, is regarded as undoubtedly hers. She had frequently to sit up all night in order to get through her numerous tasks. Many a late hour did she spend doing up her brother's point-lace cravat and cuffs and linen, that he might appear as a gentleman, although then doing duty as a private in the Prince of Orange's Guards.

Her sister Christian had no turn for such tasks, and they never seem to have been expected of her. She was full of life and humour, and had a decided taste and talent for music. A harpsichord which they managed to purchase for her for a small sum discoursed most excellent music. Her playing and singing, which were excellent, were a source of great pleasure to the household and their numerous visitors. Many a joke did Christian and Grisell make, in all good humour, on their respective occupations. We should have admired Christian more had she taken her share in the drudgery. But we need not be hard upon her. She was not useless in that household, where playing and singing were so much relished; and where there is a member of a family so energetic, handy, and self-forgetting as Grisell Hume, it is not unfrequently the case that all the rest are spoiled. All the trouble and toil our heroine—surely she well deserves the name—claimed as her natural right, and found in service to others her highest pleasure. She was a noble creature as ever lived, and a better daughter never blessed a father's fireside.

The professors and literati of Utrecht frequented the house, glad to hear the learned Dr. Wallace's discourse, and drink a glass of his alabaster beer, the best he had to offer them. They hardly ever sat down to dinner without four or five Scottish refugees along with them, who

were always welcome to share their frugal meal. One of these deserves special notice, George Baillie, the son of Sir Patrick Hume's old friend, the martyred Jerviswoode—the friend and comrade of young Patrick in the Guards, and the lover of Grisell; although, in the circumstances in which they both were placed, they deemed it prudent to conceal from all but each other their mutual attachment, which seems to have dated from their first meeting in the prison at Edinburgh.

He was in a manner domesticated in the house, and was generally her escort when she had to go out of doors. She had two offers of marriage during this period from gentlemen in Scotland, which, to the disappointment of her parents, she declined; being determined to wed George Baillie or not at all. No wonder that Holland was a sunny spot in her recollections, with George Baillie to go to mill and market with her.

It is time now to describe her personal appearance, which we are fortunately able to do very completely, in the words of her daughter. 'She was middle-sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in her features: her hair was chestnut; and to the last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen.' To the simplicity of her mother's

tastes in the matter of diet—porridge and milk being her favourite feast, and wine being disagreeable to her—Lady Murray attributes the permanence of the freshness of her complexion. She was also to the last an early riser, which doubtless had its effect in preserving the rose-bloom.

The better days, for which they hoped, which would restore them to Polwarth, and, as she and her lover had decided between them, would make her mistress of Jerviswoode, at last came; but the dawn was chequered with clouds. Her father, her brother Patrick, and George Baillie, sailed with the Prince of Orange. But the fleet was dispersed, and driven back by a storm. When the disheartening news came, she hurried with her mother and sister from Utrecht to Helvoetsluys, to get tidings if possible. Three days of painful suspense passed, during which beds, chests, horses, &c., that had been thrown overboard to lighten the vessels, were constantly coming floating in, before the first ships with the Prince of Orange on board came in, but without any intelligence of the ship in which those dearest to them had sailed. We may imagine the agony of their despair, which, however, was soon turned into joy by their arrival safe and sound, though with the loss of all their baggage—no trifling matter to them in their circumstances.

The fleet again set sail; and the news of the landing at Torbay, which filled many a broken-

hearted exile with a delirium of joy, and was to raise their broken fortunes to prosperity and honour, reached our exiles on a day on which they were bowed down with a sore and sudden affliction. That day Christian died unexpectedly of sore throat, the consequence of exposure in the open boat from Utrecht to Helvoetsluys. Her death was a bitter drop in the full cup of their prosperity—acutely felt by Lady Hume and Grisell—so that Lady Murray says, ‘when that happy news came, it was no more to my mother than any occurrence she had not the least concern in.’

They soon returned to their pleasant home at Redbraes. Honours were in store for the house of Hume. In 1690 Sir Patrick was created Lord Polwarth in the Scottish peerage; in 1692 he was made Sheriff of Berwickshire, and next year one of the four extraordinary Lords of Session; in 1696 he was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland, the highest office in his native land; some months after he was created Earl of Marchmont, and represented the king as Lord High Commissioner in the Scottish parliament in the session which began in July 1698.

Mary, won by the charm of the engaging person and character of his daughter, wished to make her one of her maids of honour. But Grisell had other views. So she went home with the rest of the family, and on September 17,

1692, she was married to George Baillie, who had got back the family estate of Jerviswoode. This union, which lasted forty-eight years, was one of rare felicity. She often said that she and her husband 'never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding; no, not for a moment.'

He entered political life soon after the Revolution, being a member, first, of the Scottish Parliament, and after the Union a member of the House of Commons. He gave himself assiduously to his parliamentary duties. Both in public and private life he was a most exemplary man. He made a noble appeal to parliament, although he was then in office, to save from execution the unfortunate victims of the rebellion of 1715. He alluded to his own lessons in the school of affliction in which he had been bred; and concluded by pressing on them the counsel of Elisha to the King of Israel, not to smite those taken captive with the sword and bow, but to give them to eat and drink, and send them to their master. He pled in vain. But he showed all hospitality and kindness to their relatives; and on the day of the execution of the noblemen, he shut himself up in his room in sorrow; while his wife and daughters, at his desire, did their best to console the unhappy mourners.

Mr. Baillie had family worship regularly, both in London and in Scotland. He spent much time in secret prayer, and in the course of his private



devotions, read the Bible through three times in the year. He was grave but cheerful in disposition. His pecuniary affairs, and the whole management of the household, devolved on his wife, who also was his privy-counsellor in graver matters, which her intuitive perception of what was right and suitable, and her practised sagacity, well fitted her to be.

Meantime sunshine and shadow were falling by turns on the hearths at Jerviswoode and Redbraes, as elsewhere, diversifying the serene and quiet flow of an existence blest in rare measure with all the elements of a happy and useful life; in which, blending with all that was virtuous, amiable, and pleasant, was a deep undertone of true religious feeling and principle and of the fear and love of God.

Lady Grisell Baillie's first child was a daughter, named after herself, born in 1692. On January 20, 1694, was born Robert, who died in early childhood, the only son; and on February 23, 1696, Rachel, the youngest daughter.

The children were under the care of a governess who lived forty-five years in the family, which did not prevent their mother devoting herself to mould their minds and manners and promote their happiness. She made herself their companion and friend, joined in their amusements, and entered into all that interested them. Her sprightliness and good humour made sun-

shine from morn to eve at home; although in general society she was somewhat reserved, wondering often how people could talk so much about nothing. She had a positive dislike to compliments. We are not aware that there is on record a single brilliant or clever saying of hers. Her pleasantry was that of simple-hearted kindness and shrewd humour, rather than wit.

She never allowed 'could n't help' as an excuse. She had complete faith in the proverb, that 'where there is a will there is a way' to avoid or amend faults. She frequently told her daughters, what they could not have otherwise suspected, that she was naturally quick-tempered. But she was never heard to utter a hasty or unkind word. From all accounts, her daughters seem to have grown up like her.

Of her affection for her husband, Lady Murray thus speaks: 'To the last of his life she felt the same tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed her principal pleasure was to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him.'

Lady Hume, her mother, died in 1703, which was a very great grief to her daughter, who loved her with no common love. In our history she has been kept very much in the back-

ground ; but she was a noble wife and mother, a worthy helpmate of Sir Patrick Hume in all the vicissitudes of his life—worthy to be the mother of the daughter who, when, along with the rest, summoned to Lady Marchmont's dying bed, hid herself behind the curtain, that she might give vent to her grief. Looking round on them all, and missing Lady Baillie, the dying countess said, 'Where is Grisell?' She came forward to her mother, who took her hand, and said, 'My dear Grisell, blessed be you above all, for a helpful child have you been to me!'

Lady Murray adds, 'I have often heard my mother tell this in a flood of tears, which she was always in when she spoke of her mother at all.'

Very beautiful is her character as drawn by Lord Marchmont in an inscription he wrote in her Bible, which he gave to Lady Baillie after his wife's death : —' She was of a middle stature, of a plump, full body, a clear ruddy complexion, a grave majestic countenance, a composed, steady, and mild spirit ; of a most firm and equal mind, never elevated by prosperity, nor debased or daunted by adversity. She was a wonderful stay and support to me in our exile and trouble, and a humble, thankful partaker with me in our more prosperous condition ; in both which, by the blessing of God, she helped much to keep the balance of our deportment even. She was constant and diligent

in the practice of religion and virtue, and a careful observer of worship to God, and of her duties to her husband, her children, her friends, her neighbours, her tenants, and her servants. So that it may justly be said, her piety, probity, virtue, and prudence were without a blot or stain, and beyond reproach.'

Mr. Baillie and his wife gave a reluctant consent to their eldest daughter, Grisell's, marriage to Mr. Alexander Murray, afterwards, on his father's death, Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, Bart., a man of prepossessing manners, but 'of a dark, moody, and ferocious temper,' as the young wife, to her sorrow, found. Judicial separation was, after an obstinate resistance on his part, obtained at the instance of her parents in 1714, about three years and a half after the marriage had taken place. Lady Murray returned to Jerviswoode, of which she was the heiress. Her delightful memoir of her mother is the main source from which the facts of her history are gathered. Her youngest daughter, Rachel, married Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington. Her eldest son, Thomas, succeeded to the earldom, and her second to the estate of Jerviswoode, taking the name of Baillie. As the eldest of the family, Grisell had all along taken a motherly charge of the rest; and this relation continued unchanged after she left her father's roof. She managed the

children and affairs of her brother Alexander, Lord Polwarth, while he was on the Continent, whither he went in 1716 as envoy extraordinary to the Courts of Denmark and Prussia.

Her father lived to the age of eighty-four, and, as in days long gone by, she was to the last his right hand. When she was in London, she wrote every post to him or to Lady Julian, her unmarried sister, who lived with him, and sent him books and newspapers. She set his accounts to rights when age unfitted him for the trouble himself. On one occasion, at least, for two whole months she was busy at them from five in the morning to twelve at night; from which it appears that they must have got into considerable confusion before she began to lend her aid.

The good old man retained his humour and cheerfulness to the last. To blend the pleasant with the useful was his aim through life. His favourite maxim, found written in his books and manuscripts, was Horace's line, 'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,' often only the three first words are written. 'None had,' he said, 'so good reason to be merry and pleased as those who served God.' On one occasion, two years before his death, fourteen of his descendants were gathered round him, and among the rest, Lady Murray, who is our informant. He asked Grisell to take the book, and try him in his Latin Psalms, and the old man of eighty-two repeated, word for

word, every one she selected, 'and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions,' as we know they were in the vault. He set the young ones a dancing, and told them to dance as long as they could—it was the best of medicines; and though he was not now able to dance, he could still beat time with his foot. He had always been thin, and latterly had shrunk to skin and bones. A few hours before his death, Lord Binning, his son-in-law, who was with him, observing the dying earl smile, said, 'My Lord, what are you laughing at?' 'I am diverted,' he answered, 'to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones.'

He was no irreverent jester, but a pious and good man, with an irresistible propensity to see the ludicrous as well as the grave side of things. Grave enough and godly, though calm, were many of his thoughts about death.

He died in 1724. The year after, Mr. Baillie, being turned of sixty-three, retired from public life, in accordance with a resolution he had formed on entering it, that he might have a season of calm preparation before his end. It was his intention to go to Scotland; but a winter in Italy having been recommended to Lord Binning, whose health had broken down, Mr. Baillie gave his consent to the proposal that they should all go together,

it being the invalid's wish to have them all with him. Accordingly, Mr. Baillie, Lady Grisell, their son-in-law, his wife and family, and Lady Murray, set out for the Continent. They passed through Holland, where they revived the recollections and revisited the haunts of forty years before: Lady Grisell was all life, speaking Dutch again, and acting as cicerone to her daughters. At Utrecht she took them to see the house where they had lived in the old times; but was mortified exceedingly at being refused admission by the Dutch lady of the house, lest the floors of the rooms should be soiled. The ladies offered to take off their shoes, but the *vrouw* was inexorable.

They reached Naples, where they took a villa and remained sixteen months. Lady Grisell soon acquired the language; so that she could do the shopping and manage her Italian servants. Mr. Baillie devoted his mornings to retirement, but went into society in the evenings. Lord Binning gradually sank, and died in 1733, at the early age of thirty-six. He was an amiable and accomplished young man, and deeply attached to his mother-in-law, who loved him as a son.

His numerous family were henceforth her and Mr. Baillie's chief care, and their training and education the great object of their life. For the sake of being near Lord Haddington and his two brothers, when at Oxford, Mr. Baillie established himself there. The infirmities of declining years

had come upon him, and his physician recommended him, for the sake of his health, to spend less time in the seclusion of secret devotion, but to pray while taking a walk in his garden or a drive in his carriage: 'You are a better physician than a divine,' was good Mr. Baillie's answer, 'since you would only serve God with your own convenience.'

Here, on Sabbath, August 6, 1738, he died, after a short illness of two days, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. On his death-bed, he was occupied with constant prayer for himself and his family, and enjoyed the calm serenity of Christian faith and hope.

The loss of him whom she delighted to call 'the best of husbands and delight of my life for forty-eight years,' completely prostrated Lady Grisell Baillie. Her excessive grief brought on a dangerous illness, and she would have willingly followed her husband to the grave; yet the hope of being useful to her family made her resigned to the prospect of life. For the sake of her grandsons, she stayed nearly two years longer in Oxford, where her health gave way again, in consequence of continual brooding over her loss, from living in the midst of strangers, and in a situation where her former active habits were laid aside.

They returned in 1740 to Jerviswoode, her once happy but now desolate home, where every-



thing reminded her of a bright day that had faded into darkness, and of the light of her life now gone. Her daughter writes: 'Everything at home so continually renewed her grief, that scarce a day passed without her bursting into tears; though she did her utmost to command herself, not to give us pain, yet it often overcame her. . . . One day, looking round and admiring the beauties of the place, she checked herself, burst out in tears, and said, "What is all this to me, since your father does not see and enjoy it?" Such reflections she often had, and neither amusements nor business could put them out of her thoughts.' She solaced and at the same time fed her grief by reading his letters to her, of which she had several hundreds, he having never missed a post when absent from home, as he frequently was for considerable periods. She wished to have them buried with her, but at the earnest entreaty of Lady Murray they were preserved for posterity.

The return of her grandsons from the Continent, where they had been travelling, was the source of great pleasure to her; and loath as she was to exchange the quiet of home for the fatigues of a long journey and the bustle of London, she decided on settling with them there. Her hopes and affections were mainly centred in them. With a pardonable and praiseworthy ambition, she was desirous that they should distinguish

themselves, and neglected nothing that she thought likely to contribute to their advancement; 'but yet,' says Lady Murray, 'whenever she spoke about them, the great thing she expressed herself with most concern about was that they might become virtuous and religious men.' Time's restorative influence had been at work; and though now advanced in life, she displayed amazing alertness and activity; and her genial kindly nature, chastened but not crushed by the great sorrow of her life, blossomed out into a cheerful and beautiful old age.

The year after she went up to London was the melancholy '45. The rebellion she regarded as a judgment for the sins of the land; and her heart bled for the miseries of her unhappy country. The distress to which many families were reduced gave occasion for displaying beautiful traits in her character, which the events of her life which we have already reviewed have not furnished us with the opportunity of exhibiting. Family affection, in all the beauty of tenderness and self-sacrifice, has never been exhibited more nobly than in the history of Grisell Baillie from girlhood to old age. But her sympathies were by no means confined within the narrow bounds of home. Her kind heart felt keenly for those that were in distress, and her purse was ready to relieve want. To those whom the rebellion had ruined, of both parties, she gave of

her own until it was exhausted, and even borrowed money to relieve their destitution. But the pressure at last reached herself. No money could be got from the impoverished farmers on the estate in Scotland. Her conduct at this crisis was characteristic. She assembled the tradespeople with whom she had long dealt, and whom she had hitherto paid punctually once a month, and told them her circumstances; gave them warning that she might never be able to pay them all, and said that they could decide whether they would continue to supply her as before or not. Their unanimous answer was that they would cheerfully run the risk, or, as Joanna Baillie has it—

No, noble dame ! this must not be.  
 With heart as warm and hand as free,  
 Still thee and thine we'll serve with pride  
 As when fair fortune graced your side.  
 The best of all our stores afford  
 Shall daily smoke upon thy board ;  
 And shouldst thou never clear the score,  
 Heaven, for thy sake, will bless our store.

Her grandson, George Hamilton, delighted her greatly by selling his horse and giving her the price to meet the expenses of house-keeping. The marriage of her grandchild, Grisell Hamilton, to the Earl of Stanhope, which took place this year, was to her a very gratifying event.

Her last days were spent in tranquil happiness in the pleasant circle of her children and grand-

children, where she was the centre of attention and affection, and the life and soul of its cheerful and dignified flow to the last. Her religion was a well-spring of peace and charity, that sweetened the trials and sorrows of life, and gave her serenity at death. The silver cord was gently loosed. She caught an epidemic cold, which confined her to bed a few days, and then cut her off.

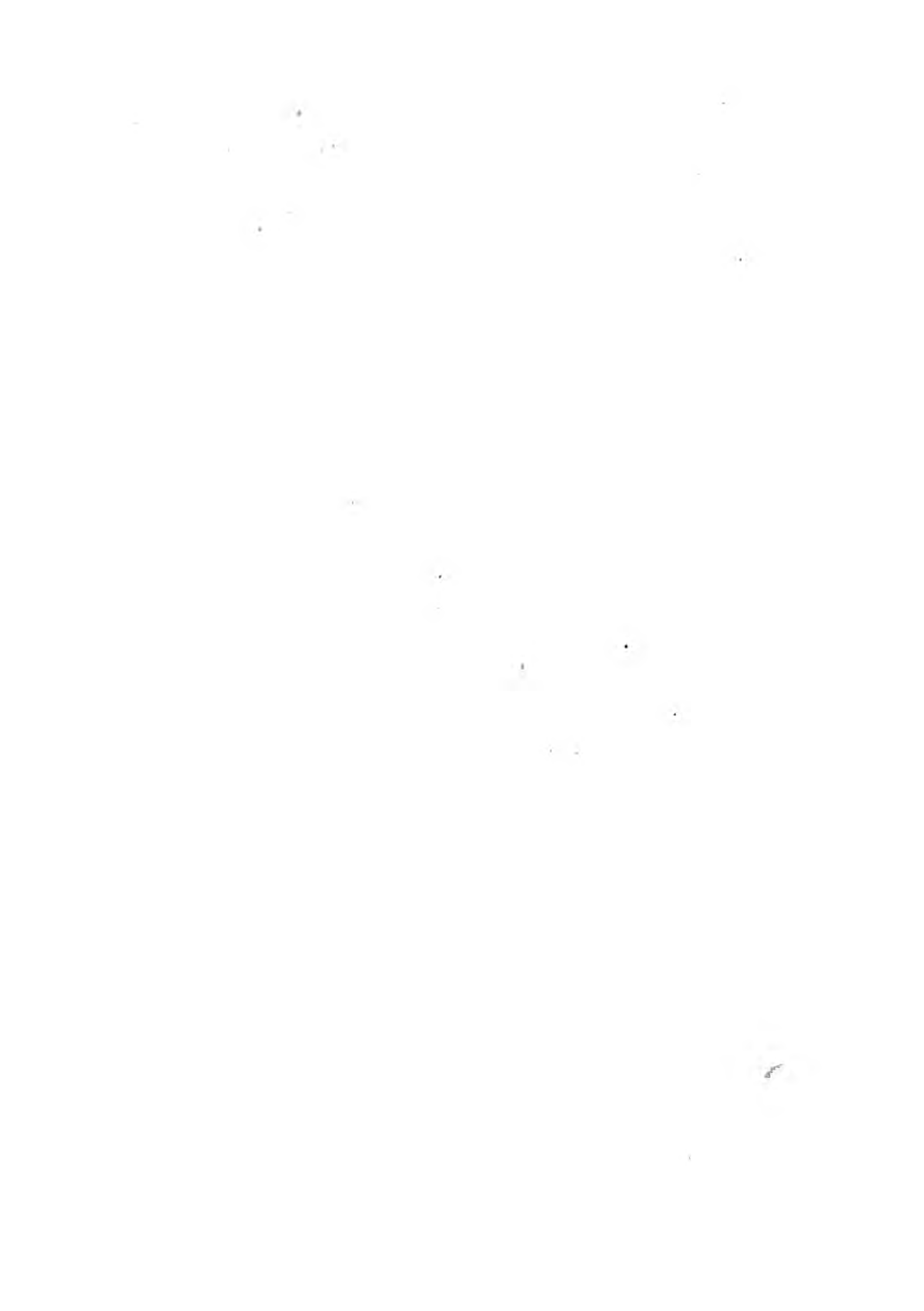
Her end was characteristic. Two days before her death, her family being all in the room with her, she said, 'My dears, read the last chapter of Proverbs: you know what it is.' She was very anxious that her grandsons should choose good wives; and Lady Murray concludes that it was this which made her ask them on this occasion to read Solomon's picture of the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies.

Next day she gave her last directions to Lady Murray. Her husband had been laid in the family burial-place at Mellerstain: there she wished to be buried, and had provided the means of enabling her family to carry out her wish in case of dying away from home. She told Lady Murray that she would find money enough in a black purse in her cabinet, which she had kept there long for this purpose. She then said, 'I have now no more to say or do;' and after tenderly embracing Lady Murray, she laid her head on the pillow, and scarcely spoke after.

The hope of meeting her beloved husband in heaven had been her solace in the years of her widowhood, and, now that the meeting was near, cheered her at the hour of death. 'Now, my dear,' she said to Lady Murray, 'I can die in peace, and desire nothing but to be where your father is.'

On her birthday, Christmas, 1746, she was laid beside her husband, having completed her eighty-first year. By her own request, she was buried in the same unostentatious manner.







MADAME DE CHANTAL, MADEMOISELLE  
LEGRAS, MADAME DE MIRAMION,

LADY-FOUNDERS OF SISTERHOODS AND SERVANTS OF  
THE POOR IN FRANCE.

THE seventeenth century in France saw a remarkable development of female piety, in the rise of sisterhoods for personal service to the poor. These met a most clamorous need of the time, and have ever since then held their place as unquestionably the most useful and beneficial agencies of the Church and country where they took their rise.

There was no lack then of female religious Orders. But the cloister separated them from the outer world, and for personal service to the sick and poor they were utterly useless. They could give a dole to the pauper at the convent gate; but with their terrible irrevocable vows it was not safe, neither was it their business, to mingle in the outer world of sorrow and poverty and pain, to bless with kind words and helping hands the forsaken, the sick, and the dying.



There were, indeed, some charitable orders, such as Hospitaller Nuns and Grey Sisters; but their monastic fetters cramped them, and it was but little they were able to effect or attempt. For two centuries, the convents, for the most part, had become educational institutions. Lay sisterhoods, for the exercise of practical charity, had existed since the eleventh century, but had all gradually been drawn into close relation with the female monastic orders, and many of them had become cloistered.

Such was the state of things previous to the rise of those female associations for doing good, whose history is connected with that of those distinguished female characters, conspicuous, in the religious annals of France in the seventeenth century, as servants of the poor.

‘Servants of the Poor’ was the name which St. Vincent de Paul gave to the order, afterwards widely known as ‘Sisters of Charity,’ and serves admirably as a general designation of several similar societies formed at the same era. It is the best title we could select for that noble order, highest in the heraldry of heaven, whose service and honours have been coveted in every age and under every form of Christianity, both by honourable women not a few, who have felt that in stooping to minister to the poor they were being exalted to minister to Christ; and by many also in lowly life, whose highest ambition it has been to

serve, in the persons of their poorer brethren and sisters, Him who said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

The task we assign to ourselves here will lead us to look at both classes, and to see them hand in hand pursue their mission of mercy, showing what women may do in the highest and lowest ranks; what especially might be done by the lady of birth and position, taking her humbler sisters as her associates in deeds of mercy. Conspicuous among those to whom the grand cross of this legion of honour is due, are three French ladies of the seventeenth century, Madame de Chantal, Mademoiselle Legras, and Madame de Miramion, whose histories are blended with the rise and progress of those associations for charity and personal service to the destitute and miserable, whose good and evil it will be our aim to point out.

All these three ladies were in many respects similar. They were all of honourable, one of them of noble birth, all possessed of wealth, and all occupied influential positions in society. They were all married young, and all left widows after a comparatively short (though different in the case of each) enjoyment of the married state. They all were truly servants of the poor, giving not only their means but their personal service, and performing the humblest and most repulsive

tasks when needed. They deserve our honour as widows indeed, who, in all respects except age, came up to the Apostle's standard: 'well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work.'

All the three were the ruling spirits of sisterhoods, organised and united for relieving the poor and perishing by alms and personal service. They were all Roman Catholics. Even when divested of the romantic halo of sainthood, wherein their biographers have enshrined them, when we contemplate their imperfections, as well as their virtues, and keep full in view what was false in their religion, and trace its baleful influence on them, they yet appear before us among the loveliest specimens of Romish practical piety. They are among the fairest objects that we can descry in the dismal times in which they lived, gleams of light and purity falling on the noisome darkness of a corrupt Church, sunk in the foulest abominations. We see them gliding like angels of mercy through scenes of sickness, and sorrow, and death, to tend with their own hands, and bless with their presence, those for whose souls and bodies a licentious aristocracy, which ground the people to the dust, and a debased and dissolute priesthood, cared equally little. And

while our sober English sense, and our enlightened Protestant feeling, are often offended at the tone of their piety, and at many of the ways in which it showed itself, there is much in them to admire and to imitate.

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## MADAME DE CHANTAL.

Madame de Chantal, the friend of Francis of Sales, and the grandmother of Madame de Sévigné, one of the most remarkable women of her time, was the earliest of the three. She was born in 1572, and died in 1641. In her girlhood she was the subject of deep religious impressions, under the influence of which, as was natural in one brought up in strict attachment to the communion of Rome, she wished to take the veil and become the bride of Christ. This was opposed by her father, whose opinion, though a staunch Catholic, was, that 'Christian virgins should remain in the world, and edify it with their virtues.' We mention this as showing the early bent of her warm enthusiastic nature, that could do nothing by halves, to a life of consecration to God, which was certainly more usefully attained by the career on which she entered than it could have been in the cloister, although the latter, in her eye, seemed the goal of Christian perfection, and was embraced at last.

She was married in her twentieth year to a husband of her father's choice, the Baron de Chantal, a man of wealth and noble family, a distinguished officer, and a favourite of the sovereign, and then twenty-seven years of age. Her married life was spent at the feudal château of Bourbilly, where, in the ordering of her household and the management of her husband's property, which he had insisted on her assuming, in her passionate love for her husband, and care of the poor, she displayed many of the qualities by which she became famous. It was, no doubt, the happiest period of her life, and not the least useful. Had there been more such ladies as she in the châteaux of France to soften the rigours and relieve the hardships of vassalage, the world would have been spared the horrors of that day of terrible reckoning, when the people that had long toiled as 'a beast of burden, pricked with goads and stings,'

Rose a hungry lion, tossing to and fro  
The heads and crowns of kings.

When the choleric baron shut up, as he sometimes would, an unlucky vassal in his prison, his gentle lady unlocked the dungeon door and lodged the captive for the night in a comfortable bed, locking him in again in the morning; and when her husband was getting up, would enter his room, and with her irresistible woman's smile and

persuasive art, procure the offender's liberation. She preferred sharing the devotions of her husband's vassals in the parish church, to having service performed in the private chapel of the château, as was the wont of the grandees; thus giving one of many proofs of her love and sympathy for the despised common people. Her charity was unbounded. In a time of famine she dispensed daily bread and soup to all who came for miles around, and superintended in person the distribution. Besides this, she secretly aided many, whose honest pride shrank from the humiliation of public relief. And so the years wore on, during which six children were born, of whom two died. Her husband was the object of her fond and passionate love. When he was at home, as she confessed with sorrow, her devotions were often omitted. When he was away, she wore the homeliest attire, answering, when spoken to on the subject, 'Speak not of this to me; the eyes I must please are a hundred miles off.' To order the affairs of her household well, and guard its purity, were the first objects of her solicitude; which she set about with all the impulsiveness and decision natural to her character.

But a great sorrow suddenly darkened her home and heart. Her husband was accidentally shot while hunting. She was soon by the side of the bleeding baron, though only recovering from her last confinement. Her agony was frantic.

‘ You *must* save him ! ’ she cried to the physician, whom she found on the spot, employing the best resources of his art. All that was dear to her, her wealth, her children, she passionately offered to heaven, for the life of him who was dearer than self, than all else on earth. But it was otherwise decreed ; and, nine days after, she was a widow in the twenty-eighth year of her age. Her passionate loving heart was torn with uncontrollable grief. She vowed she never would marry again. She wished to bury herself in the cloister. But for her children, she would have bidden adieu to France for ever, and gone to live and die in the Holy Land. She gave away to the poor her costly clothing, and determined from that time forth to devote to them, not her means only, but the service of her hands.

This henceforth was her great life-work, although the care of her children—a son and three daughters—and other duties of her position claimed and received what she deemed a due share of her time and energy. She was recalled from Dijon, whither she had gone with her children, to live with her father, by a peremptory order from her father-in-law to reside with him, accompanied with the threat, in case of refusal, that he would marry again, and disinherit her children. Accordingly she and her children took up their abode with him at his seat of Montelon, near Autun, where she resided for several years,

during which were performed many of those self-denying labours of love at which we shall have occasion shortly to glance. During this period began her friendship with Francis of Sales, who acquired unbounded influence over 'that strong heart of hers,' as he called it, 'which loved and willed mightily;' which he wielded so as to increase her peace of mind and usefulness. He opposed her frequent wish to carry out her youthful aspiration to join some religious community; till 1610, when her family, as he thought, no longer requiring her care, he made her superior of an order he had founded in Annecy in Savoy, his native town, for the visitation of the sick and afflicted. Here she prosecuted her congenial work of personally ministering by the bed of disease and death; until, by a change in the regulations of the order, the members of it became cloistered nuns, and, though they still relieved the poor by alms, were prohibited from visiting and nursing them in their homes. She devoted herself to the extension of the Order of the Visitation, as it was called, and died in peace on December 13, 1641, sixty-nine years of age. One of her younger daughters had died ere she went to Annecy.

Her father and father-in-law, her eldest daughter, and her husband all died in succession. Next, her only son fell fighting against the Huguenots.



A few years after, her youngest daughter and her husband were taken away, and within a few months of them her son's widow, whom she had tenderly loved. Her brother was gone, and a heavier loss than all, nineteen years before her own death, death had removed her friend Francis of Sales. One relic of her kindred was left, her son's only daughter, afterwards known as the witty and worldly Madame de Sévigné, whose pleasant letters give us such valuable information respecting the manners and characters of her time.

Madame de Chantal died in the odour of sanctity, a celebrity of her day, and, it is fair to add, was canonised a century after her death. This latter circumstance we mention not so much on account of its consequence as a certificate of her merits; but because we regard it as the source of some difficulties in the way of our thorough knowledge and appreciation of her. The Romish ideal of sainthood is a long way off from our ideal of the perfection of womanhood. Female saints, as they appear in their panegyrics, are, as far as the chief features held up to our admiration are concerned, painful spectacles of the perversion and distortion of some of the best and holiest feelings of woman's nature. We may fairly pronounce the most of them not only disagreeable, but impossible beings, as they are represented. It is no easy matter to discover, from the disguised and highly coloured portraits of their biographers, what man-

ner of persons they really were. Full allowance must be made for this in trying to estimate the work and character of the subject of our sketch.

She was manifestly a born philanthropist, one of those with whom it is naturally as much a matter of inclination to give, as it is with others to keep. Her generosity and philanthropy were deepened and hallowed by religious principle. She never, it is said, refused alms when asked for the love of God. She gave away everything which was hers to give; and when money was needed and she had none, she gave the ring from her finger. Even the choicest morsels, to which she was helped at table, were set aside on her plate for the sick and poor—a proceeding which was undoubtedly allowable, in certain circumstances even commendable; but which smacks somewhat of the theatricality and unnecessary self-mortification by which her piety was doubtless tinged.

She also had the faculty, innate too, and to be taught only to a very limited extent, of performing with tact and with delight the ministries of the sick-room. So much pleasure did she find in such offices that, in the false spirit of her faith, she deemed it necessary, as an act of voluntary self-denial, to abstain occasionally from indulging in them. How priceless to woman, in high or humble life, is the gift which makes her feel at home beside sickness and death; which makes her footfall noiseless, where that of another, equally well-mean-

ing, creaks and rustles ; which teaches her hand to smooth the pillow for the weary head, and makes it handle with painless touch the aching limbs, where another hand is torture. Such a gift had this noble lady received from heaven, and nobly did she exercise it towards the poor and perishing in days when men were often left to die like dogs. She shrank not from the most tainted air, nor from the most loathsome object. It was a noble example she set to those of her rank, and of all ranks, dressing with her own hands ulcers and leprous sores on miserable wretches whom few besides could touch. We do not intend to mention particular cases, which her biographers relate in all their disgusting details, to show the self-mortification she underwent. She often performed offices of a menial kind, which would have been as well done by menial hands. Thus, for example, she claimed the privilege of laying out all the dead. She did not, and could not, except by miracle, escape the deleterious influence of the false piety, which teaches that works of a menial and loathsome nature, voluntarily undertaken, are specially meritorious in the sight of heaven. Hers was not a happy religion. She was for a long period subject to deep-settled religious melancholy, which occurred occasionally after the darkness had been dispelled by the instrumentality of Francis of Sales. She was a true lover of the poor, and regarded it a privilege to be their ser-

PERSONAL SERVICE

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AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MADAME DE CHANTAL.

vant. When found fault with for bestowing on the poor the time which she ought to devote to her father-in-law, she denied that she neglected him. 'Besides,' she continued, 'has he not many servants to attend on him? whereas the poor of Jesus Christ will have none if I forsake them.'

A beautiful incident is told illustrative of the high-wrought enthusiasm of her faith, which hallowed and glorified all things around by the holy memories of her Redeemer's earthly life, in which she habitually lived, ensphered, as it were, in a trance-like halo, which blended ever with the light of common day. A poor woman, overtaken by the pains of childbirth, took refuge in a stable, where she gave birth to a child. Madame de Chantal was soon on the spot, though it was at some distance. Kneeling beside the poor mother, she took the little one, baptised and tended it, and nursed the mother till she recovered. She said afterwards, that all the time she thought of the infant Jesus in the stable of Bethlehem.

As she set forth with the two women who usually accompanied her in her errands of beneficence, she would say, 'We are going on a pilgrimage to Calvary,' or 'to the Mount of Olives,' or 'to the Holy Sepulchre.' When she was asked how she could tend repulsive objects as she did, she gave the answer, which is worthy of being written in letters of gold, 'Because I do not see them, but Jesus Christ in them.'

MADEMOISELLE LEGRAS,  
AND THE SERVANTS OF THE POOR.

The name of Mademoiselle Legras is inseparably connected with the servants of the poor, or sisters of charity, established by St. Vincent de Paul. She was a highly gifted and highly cultured woman, whose contemplative bent and strong religious feelings inclined her to seek the seclusion of the cloister. From this fate, happily, the feeble state of her health, unfit for austerities, saved her; and the energies which the death-like calm and mechanical monotony of convent life would have lulled into stupor, found scope in a career of practical beneficence. During her married life, she was the friend and servant of the poor. The death of her husband, in 1625, left her, after twelve years of married life, free to devote her wealth and personal service wholly to the succour of poverty and the alleviation of misery. To this work she wished to consecrate herself by a vow; but was prevented by St. Vincent de Paul, her confessor, until during four years, by various trials, she had put to the proof her fitness for the vocation to which she aspired. Her devotion, energy, power of organisation, and zeal qualified her eminently for the service he imposed on her in 1627—the visitation of the various charitable sisterhoods he had established throughout the country,

to revive their expiring life. She accomplished much good wherever she came; but the spirit and efficiency of those associations were too far gone to be revived. Their fate is a sample of that of all popular religious and philanthropic movements which require self-denial and the sacrifice of time and comfort. Husbands grumbled at their wives going where there was infection, with the risk of bringing it home. When the novelty of the thing wore off, the ladies who had taken to visiting the sick, because it was the fashion, got tired of it. Of those who were animated by higher motives, many discovered that the work did not suit them. In consequence, the great ladies had devolved the practical part of it on hired servants, who of course were for the most part destitute of any fitness for the task.

An idea struck the benevolent founder that he might get pious girls in the lower ranks, whose poverty excluded them from a convent, to whom such employment would be congenial. But he found by experience that those who offered themselves for this service were in the main unsuitable. The idea, however, was too good to be lost sight of, and having found three or four girls of what he thought the right stamp, he entrusted them to Mademoiselle Legras. After a period of training in her house, they were sent forth among the poor of the parish. Now that the right persons for this mission were found, trained, and placed under



the guidance of one for whom the care of the poor and the sick was a passion, who had a natural aptitude for ministries of mercy, a contagious enthusiasm, and the power of organisation in a very high degree, the scheme proved a success altogether beyond the expectations of its founders.

The sphere of their labours widened. They were to be seen cooling the fevered brow, and dressing the wounds of prisoners and galley-slaves. They were bound to none of the austerities of the cloister. 'Your monasteries,' are the eloquent words of their founder, 'are the homes of the sick; your cell a hired room; your cloister the streets of the city, or the wards of the hospital. Let obedience be your solitude, the fear of God your grating, and a strict and holy modesty your only veil.'

Candidates for admission were received only if their characters were, on strict enquiry, found to be satisfactory. Six months after admission they put on the dress of the sisterhood, were put under instruction, and were sent out where required, when they were thought to be sufficiently qualified. At the end of a probation of five years they took the vows, which were renewed every year.

The Foundling Hospital in Paris was at first a most wretched affair. Moved by the pathetic appeals of St. Vincent de Paul in behalf of the poor little half-fed and ill-cared-for inmates,

Mademoiselle Legras and some of the sisters hired a house for them, and undertook to rear them. The undertaking was successful, and soon became one of the most useful charities of Paris. In concert with the other 'Ladies of the Association,' a ladies' visiting society, of which Madame de Gaussault was the founder and first president, Mademoiselle Legras rendered the most effective service to the 'General Hospital for Mendicant Poor.'

Her devotion to the poor was complete and lifelong. 'They are,' she said of them, 'our brothers and our masters.'

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MADAME DE MIRAMION, AND THE DAUGHTERS OF  
ST. GENEVIÈVE.

'At this day,' says a lively French book, in a brief sketch of Madame de Miramion, 'her name is very insignificant; but two hundred years ago, this name resounded to the interior of China, and the death of this lady, unknown in the present day, was regarded in France as a public calamity.' It is well remarked, also, by the author, in speaking of the times in which she lived, that 'in this age of marvels, everything has an air of exaggeration—even piety.' In France especially, woman played a singularly conspicuous part in good and evil. From the sickening

annals of frivolity and vice, which compose the history of those days, it is a relief to turn to the few names whose savour of religion and good works somewhat mitigated the general putrefaction of society. The work Madame de Miramion got through, notwithstanding a constitution of extreme feebleness, was surprising, and from the amount of misery she relieved, she is entitled to stand in the highest rank among those honourable women not a few, who, often with scanty light, yet with much love, have made it the business of their lives to serve Christ in the afflicted and poor. Her piety was quite French and Catholic—of that kind of which Madame de Chantal may be regarded as the type. We have to remark the same personal mortification, which the false idea of its meritoriousness held by her Church encourages.

The shadow of death cast its gloom very early on her young heart, and inclined her to the morbid and rigorous piety of the cloister. When she was nine years old, her mother died, and when she was fourteen, death deprived her of her father. On the eve of her sixteenth birthday she was left a widow, having been only half a year married. A few months after she gave birth to her only daughter. Young and rich, she was persecuted with offers of marriage. She was even carried off by force by the infamous Bussy de Rabutin, as heiresses often were, in those days of lawlessness, by seigneurs who coveted their hands

and dowries. She however effected her escape. In the house of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, where she resided for some time with Mademoiselle Legras, she resolved to consecrate herself to the poor, and to the education of her daughter. Among the many works of benevolence on which she bestowed her money and her personal services, her efforts in behalf of young women occupy a peculiarly prominent place.

She tried to reclaim fallen women. She made a small but judicious beginning, by placing seven or eight of them together in a house, under the charge of two discreet matrons. Her plan was attended with such success, that she was able to prevail on the authorities, although with considerable difficulty, to erect an asylum at the public expense, known since as 'St. Pélagie.'

To prevent young girls falling into a life of sin was her next care. For this purpose she opened work-rooms, where they came in the morning worked all day, and got their dinner. They returned home in the evening, and were paid for their work at the end of the week.

Among the first objects of her benevolence were forsaken children. She opened a home for twenty orphans, and provided masters to instruct them. She spent much of her time among them, and often took her meals with them.

But her sympathies and energies were not exhausted by these efforts. They overflowed into

other channels. She devoted her mornings to visiting the poor in their own homes, and the afternoons to the hospitals. She undertook frequent excursions to the country, to establish schools and to instruct peasant women.

In 1661, when in the twenty-second year of her age, she retired with five or six pious women to a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and founded the community of the daughters of St. Geneviève, or Miramionennes, as they were also called, after their founder, which supplied the country districts with school-mistresses and sisters of charity. The order spread to the provinces, to which she made frequent journeys, in order to establish auxiliary institutions to the parent society, over which she presided in the capital; the object of them all being to render personal service, as well as alms, to the poor. It is worthy of remark, that she had at first a strong repugnance at encountering squalor and misery. It was not strong nerves and blunted sensibilities that fitted her for spending her life in the midst of scenes of wretchedness and sickness. It was only by dint of self-denial and perseverance, upheld by unquenchable pity and kindness, that her self-imposed tasks became congenial. Her case is not singular among those whose visits in dingy and fever-haunted lanes and alleys have brought ease to the sufferer's couch and peace to the sinner's heart. Their refinement of taste and

feeling they have reckoned it a duty and a privilege to lay on the altar of sacrifice. Thus have they left a lesson which may be read with advantage by all who regard themselves as too fine for works like these, and look on their exquisite sensibilities as a fortunate disqualification, and the indication of a superfine nature. Madame de Miramion had very strongly a woman's, and a Frenchwoman's, tastes for finery in dress and furniture. It was a sacrifice, and a very considerable one, to part with her pearl necklace, to sell her plate, to cut her hair close, to wear plain grey woollen, and cover her furniture with cloth of the same sober hue. Though not necessary, yet done from a spirit of self-sacrifice, and not from ostentation, all this must be granted, on the most purely evangelical idea of the place of good works, to be allowable, nay even commendable, in certain circumstances. She showed herself thus at any rate to be thoroughly in earnest. As a lesson in voluntary self-denial to her daughter, she offered her the choice of two dresses, saying, that if she chose the one of inferior value, she would have four pistoles over to give to the poor.

When, in a time of dearth, the General Hospital for Mendicant Poor was, in consequence of the high price of corn, in extreme difficulties, through her influence and example the necessary funds were procured. The pestilence was raging at Melun, and a hundred were dying daily; the

as their place of rendezvous, fled under cover of the darkness to escape a rebel's death, the French being within a few hundred paces of Wandsbeck.

Caroline immediately prepared to follow, and, with the seven children and a nurse, set out for Nütschau in a light open carriage. The parting from her parents had been very affecting; *she* alone remained calm, as it seemed to her, even cold. They reached their destination in the morning, but Perthes came not that day. 'If I had but met Perthes here this evening,' she says, in a note to her parents, 'safe and sound, as I had hoped, I believe I should have forgotten all my sorrow. I am still cold and hard as a stone, and shrink from the thought of the thawing. I feel all day as if everybody were dead, and I was left alone on the earth.' Perthes arrived next day, but intelligence brought by John Claudius made him leave immediately, along with his son Matthias. Caroline followed on June 3; and on the 7th met her husband at Eckernförde, the estate of Count Caius Reventlow. 'Here,' says Caroline, 'we wept freely together, which, in all our trouble, we had never been able to do before.' Thence the whole family removed to Aschau, a summer villa on the Baltic, which the count gave them the use of; 'and there,' Caroline wrote, 'I for a while forgot all our troubles, for joy that I had got my Perthes; and I can truly say that we were inexpressibly happy in each

other. I thought neither of the past nor of the future, but thanked God incessantly, and rejoiced that out of all these perils He had brought my husband to me safe and sound.' For the next few weeks, Perthes, by the aid of his business books, which he had brought away with him, managed to get an insight into his position, and exerted himself, as far as he could, to secure his debtors through his creditors. These were happy days for Caroline while they lasted. But Perthes received word from the Danish Government, that in case of his being demanded by the French, they could not protect him at Aschau. Besides, he was there shut out from such intelligence of the position and progress of affairs as was necessary to enable him to lay his plans for the future, and so, on July 8, he took leave of his wife and family. He describes it as the most painful parting of his life. At the end of seventeen years he had the world to begin again. But his spirit was buoyant and hopeful. A journal he began at this period commences with these noble words: 'I enter again into the world, into a new and unknown world, full of great possibilities, and also full of perils; but I have spirit and courage to meet them cheerfully. Resignation to the will of God, firm convictions, and rich experience, a heart full of love and youthful feeling, truth, and rectitude; such are the treasures which forty years of life have given me. Lord, my



God, I thank Thee for them; forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation.'

We must resist the temptation to trace the career of noble and useful effort for his country's weal on which he now entered, and direct our attention to his wife, left with her children in the solitary cottage beneath the gloomy pines on the shore of the Baltic. They were fifteen miles from the nearest doctor. They had four miles to go for all the necessaries of life, except milk and butter, which they got from the farmer close by, their only near neighbour; Altenhof being three miles off, and no other inhabitants for four miles. For eighteen weeks they had neither meat nor white bread. Their cooking utensils and dishes were on the most limited scale. The house consisted of one sitting-room and a few small bed-rooms; it had twelve windows down to the ground, and no shutters, and was full of draughts. The consequence was, that during the rainy season the children were constantly ill; and Caroline herself, then in a delicate state, was often confined to a sick bed. She had only one servant, but her sister Augusta was a most efficient help. She received kind attention from the families of Count Stolberg and Count Reventlow. Matthias, the eldest son, was educated along with Count Reventlow's children, and had to walk every morning, for that purpose, three miles to Altenhof.

She was thankful and resigned amid all the hardships she had to endure. She maintained outwardly a calm demeanour, and struggled hard after patience and cheerfulness within.

But she could not at times preserve herself from the gloomiest forebodings. Letters could be received from her husband only at rare and irregular intervals, and her anxious heart dreaded the worst. Unable to overcome the fear that he would be taken from her, she says in one of her letters to him, 'Perthes, my dear Perthes! to fulfil your slightest wish would be my only pleasure, were you to be taken from me, and I were to have the misery of being left in the world without you. Tell me, then, more of your views regarding the children, and of what I can do to please you.'

In another, she piteously implores him not to leave her in her dreary solitude during the winter—her loneliness and uncertainty about him would, she said, bring her to her grave. 'I am surrounded,' she continued, 'by darkness and perplexity, and I see before me a sad and painful death-bed, to which I may at any moment be called. But I will not despair.'

Filled with these melancholy anticipations, which she disclosed to none but her husband, her great solicitude was for the spiritual welfare of her children, which she expresses with rare wisdom and beauty in one of her letters. 'If

you love me, take care that in the event of my death, my children, especially my little children, be entrusted to the care of those who will teach them to love God, without knowing that they are learning it. . . . Ah, my Perthes! may God help us to awaken the love of Himself in our children, whether we are to live together or apart in this world. My hand trembles, and I can write no more.'

Perthes' letters were full of tenderness and longing for home, but hopeful and assuring. He counselled calmness and patience, convinced that he was in the path of duty. Her children, and especially her darling Bernard, were an unspeakable solace and support to her; in her infant's face she saw calm confiding love, and prayed to God that she might be as her child. On September 17, she and the family left Aschau for Kiel, where Count Moltke gave up for them his apartments. Here she had friends and medical aid, but was often sorely in want of money. Of her husband she had no tidings from the 7th of August till the 2nd of October. In the end of the latter month she wrote: 'I struggle even more and more to keep thought and fancy, heart and yearning, under control; but O, my beloved, I suffer inexpressibly. And,' she nobly adds, 'I take God to witness, who is more to me than even you are, that I do not wish you to do anything but your duty.'

She had the happiness of receiving from her

husband a speedy reply, assuring her of his being engaged in a mission of perfect safety. At Lübeck he heard of the birth of his son Andreas on the 10th of December, in less than a fortnight after that event took place; and on Christmas eve, in the twilight, he came in unlooked for on his wife and children, after a trying separation of nearly six months. What a meeting! Even Caroline's eloquent pen, so facile in the expression of emotion, could only write: 'I had the happiness of restoring all the children to him safe and well, with the addition of a darling healthy infant. What this was none can know but one who has experienced it.'

He left again, on January 14, for Flottbeck, to aid in the administration of the money given by the Crown Prince of Sweden for the relief of the exiles from Hamburgh. Davoust, besieged within its walls by General Bennengsen, committed the greatest atrocities. The suburbs and surrounding villages were burned to the ground; and 20,000 old and young were driven out of the city to wander in the December snows, on eighteen hours' notice. Davoust ordered the hospital, in which were 800 sick and idiots, to be vacated and burned. By incredible exertions, the helpless patients were all removed ere it was committed to the flames; but 600 of them perished from exposure and excitement. Besides his exertions in behalf of his unfortunate fellow-

townsmen, he had a hand in all that concerned the position and destiny of Hamburg. Little Bernard had been ill when he left, and three days after, he wrote to express his surprise that he had got no word, and to ask if he was alive. Ere Caroline's letters, one informing him of his child's illness, and another of his death, reached him, he was at home. Cheerfully entering his wife's room, he asked if all were well. She led him to where the little Bernard lay, beautiful in death, and the strong man was overcome; but the love that made Caroline cling to him for support now gave her strength to sustain him. 'My anxiety for *him* carried me through this painful day,' wrote Caroline to her sister. In a few hours a summons came to him to go to the Russian headquarters to consult respecting Hamburg. Caroline said, 'Called at such a time, and under such circumstances, you must go.' But he was completely prostrated, and unable to leave his house: 'Caroline's heroic spirit,' he wrote, 'was greater than my bodily strength.'

But it was no time for the indulgence of private grief; and when he recovered the first shock, he was again at his post at Flottbeck, where he received a contusion in his foot, and caught the infection of a fever, then prevailing in the regiment stationed where his quarters were. He reached Kiel on February 19, when it was discovered that one of the bones of the foot



**THE STRENGTH OF A TENDER WIFE :**  
**A Passage from the Life of Caroline Perthes.**



was broken. He gaily hoped that his biographer would not fail to record that he had walked about for nearly a fortnight, and driven twenty miles in a waggon, with a bone broken. He was prostrated with a dangerous attack of nervous fever, and was confined to bed for nine weeks. Caroline was thankful that he was at home when taken ill, and that she had the privilege of nursing him. They left Kiel on April 19, for Blankensee, a fishing village nine miles below Hamburg, where they spent six weeks, which Caroline declared the happiest part of her life. On May 31 they returned, after an eventful year, to Hamburg.

Their house, which had been occupied by French soldiers—the ground floor being used as a guard-room—was a perfect wreck; dirt and rubbish a foot high on every floor; the wood-work burnt; the furniture broken or dispersed, with the exception of such articles as friends had managed to secrete. By dexterous management, Besser, through a confidential assistant, Dr. Haspe, had succeeded in delaying Davoust's intended confiscation of the stock in trade, and it was saved. Money was scarce, and there was great distress in the town. But nevertheless, by dint of address and activity, Perthes soon had the business in full operation, and before winter the traces of French vandalism were removed from the dwelling-house, and all was once more in order.



With profound thankfulness for the past, Caroline resumed her old life, yet sadly missed her Bernard. The past year had told on her, and she suffered from incipient heart-complaint, and disease occasioned by great excitability of the nervous system. She often felt that her duties were too much for her. But she had still the same freshness of feeling, and strong as ever her more than bridal love for her husband; and so we find her writing: 'The old song is every morning new; that, if possible, I love Perthes still better than the day before. How inadequate seems all the gratitude I feel, for having been permitted to retain him!'

Her father died beneath her roof—an event which was a great trial to her—and the old longing to enjoy more of her husband's society returned, while the hope of realising this happiness grew less. 'My hope becomes every day less, that Perthes will be able to make any such arrangement of his time as will leave a few quiet hours for me and the children. There is nothing I can do but love him, and to bear him ever in my heart, till it shall please God to bring us together to some region where we shall no longer need housekeeping, and where there are neither bills nor books to be paid.' She wrote to Perthes, when he was on a journey, that she felt hurt that he had not written to her, although his companion had written to his newly-married wife.

He, in his reply, defended himself by pointing out, very philosophically, that after eighteen years of married life, love does not require to express itself exactly as when the relation is new, although he had addressed her as his ever-youthful bride. He continues: 'It would be absurd indeed, were I now to be looking by moonlight under the trees, and among the clouds, for young maidens, as I did twenty years ago, or were to imagine young ladies to be angels. Nor would it become you any better, if you were to be dancing a gallopade, or clambering up trees, in fits of love-enthusiasm.'

This was far from satisfactory to poor Caroline, and she replied: 'I never took you for an angel, nor do I now take you for the reverse; neither did I ever beguile you by assuming an angel's form or angelic manners. I never danced the gallopade, or climbed trees, and am now exactly what I was, only rather older; and you must take me as I am, my Perthes—in one word, love me, and tell me so sometimes, and that is all I want.' 'Your answer,' said Perthes in his reply, 'was just what it ought to have been; only don't forget that my inward love for you is as eternal as yours is for me; but I have so many things to think of.' 'And so,' as her son remarks, 'ended the correspondence on a subject which perhaps is not altogether unknown to other married people.'

There was certainly no want of devotion on

the part of Perthes to his wife, or of demonstration of his affection either. Nor had all the romance of early days melted into dull matter of fact, as is wont so oft in wedded life. Caroline was to the last, in her husband's eye, surrounded by a halo of the ideal. But he was her whole world, and this she could not be to him. Love was the very breath of her life, and the love of her Perthes was blended with every feeling and pursuit.

It would have shown a stronger mind, had she acquiesced more easily in the conditions of her lot, and discerned more clearly the difference between a man's world and a woman's world; but it would be doing her much injustice to identify the cravings of her noble heart with that weak desire for petting and that peevish exaction of attentions which are not uncommon.

Change of air and scene becoming necessary, she spent the summer of 1815 with her mother at Wandsbeck, her husband and she writing almost daily, like lovers. The younger children were with her. 'I am seated in the garden,' she says, in one of her letters to him, 'and all my merry little birds around me. I let the sun shine upon me, and make me well if he can. God grant it!—if it only be so far as to enable me to discharge my duties to my family, for I feel myself too unhappy as a mere cipher.'

Her characteristic warmth of affection, and

freedom in its expression, pervade these daily letters. She thanks her husband for the sight of his dear kind face; she tells him of the pleasure she had in the children, and adds: 'But you, dear old father! you too are my joy and my delight.' She begs for a little letter, and says she will read it ten times; she bids him not forget the poor people in the mud-huts; and after telling him that she longs for his coming as much as she did eighteen years before, adds: 'Affection is the greatest wonder in heaven or on earth, and the only thing that I can represent to myself as insatiable throughout eternity.'

She returned to Hamburgh in the middle of August, 1815, though not fully recovered, yet greatly better.

Many interesting letters passed between her and her husband, while he was on a journey to Vienna, along with their son Matthias, now sixteen years of age, in the autumn of next year. In one of his letters he describes one of Rubens' pictures in the gallery at Munich, and enlarges on his genius in painting the dark side of human nature. In her reply, she reprobates art like this as an abuse of heaven-sent genius, and thanks her son for some descriptions of nature he had given, adding: 'I glory in God's work—Nature; she comes from Him and leads to Him, and happy is he who has it in his power to look upon these works as you have done. Dear Matthias,

fill your soul with such pictures, and let them live there till you have learned to draw nigh to your Creator in another and higher way.' In another she said, in reference to some remarks Perthes had made, 'You must retract what you said of the Catholics being more familiar with God than we, and of our making a rush to Him only on Sundays.'

The eldest daughter, Agnes, was, on May 12, 1818, married to William Perthes, who had succeeded to his father's business in Gotha. In the first letter to her mother, the day after the married couple went away, Caroline said, 'God give you a joyous festival; and why should He not? since He has made every day a festival by the deep and abiding love that He has put into our hearts. That He can give us nothing better in eternity is certain, only we cannot yet understand the greatness of our blessedness, because we know so little at present of pure love to God, although we have some foretaste of it in the delight we feel in the outgoings of our feeble love towards our fellow-creatures. The children are all gone out, and I meant to read a sermon of Tauler's; but you and William, your happiness and your hopes, have stirred my heart so deeply that I have been unable. . . . I have, to my great delight, just opened the balcony door for the first time this year, and am quite transported with all that the sweet spring breathes, and with all that it reveals to

eye and ear. The little birds know not how to leave off singing and rejoicing, and I would sing and rejoice with them.'

Her chief solicitude was the spiritual welfare of her children. To her daughter, who complained of the preaching at Gotha, she wrote that she had found the hymns and chorals of the Church the most powerful stimulants of her spiritual life, as the clergy for the most part preached only morality, which she said was but meagre fare for immortal souls. While still longing after more retirement, she acknowledged that now she had become convinced, after all, that an active life was best for her.

On the news of the birth of her first grandchild, the expectation of which had filled her with great delight, she wrote: 'Oh that I had a thousand tongues, and a thousand voices, that I might strive together in praising God for what He has done for you!' This happy event helped to alleviate her anxiety for her second son, Clement, then and for many months seriously ill.

In the April of 1820, Matthias left for the university, and her second daughter was married to a gentleman of Gotha, named Agricola. The parting tried her very greatly. She maintained constant correspondence now with her three absent children.

She tells Louisa that she would like to be with her, and look into her presses, and be behind the

door when her husband came home from the courts; says that she is sure that then she would be in the way; and tells her that she ought to say more in her letters home about little things, like her sister Agnes, who fills hers with cabbages and turnips.

To Matthias her letters are full of motherly love and sage counsel. After telling him, in one of them, that she knew that he would by and by come to see many things in a different light from his father and mother, but did not say so to him while he was under the parental roof, because she believed that he was earnest and truth-loving, and trusted that God would guide him aright, she added these wise words:—‘I know that man can impart but little to his fellow-man; each must seek and find for himself. . . . I have found that it is better not to think of one’s self so much, but rather to think more of God, and to long earnestly after Him; and if we have fallen, to rise at once, and go on trusting in God; thus we are continually advancing, by God’s grace, towards a peaceful and blessed end.’ She urged on him the formation of studious habits, neatness in his dress and apartments, entered sympathisingly into his thoughts and feelings, and freely communicated her own. On his birthday she wrote: ‘How I long to see you face to face, and to hold you in my arms, tall as you may be; for maternal love is not appalled by height, and the

child is a child still, though he be a man. You, my dear old Matthias, I would so gladly have with us. Keep well, and enter on your one-and-twentieth year with joy and energy. May God be with you, and preserve you, and grant all my wishes for you, and bless you for evermore, as I believe He will. I send you the birthday wish and prayer with which I this morning awoke, that you may make it your own:—"O Thou Eternal Light and Strong Rock, let the light of Thy life-giving word shine upon him, and teach him to know Thee aright, and to call Thee Father with his whole heart: teach him that Christ is our Lord and Master, and that there is none besides, that he may seek Thee only, and trust in Thee with all his strength." My beloved child, may God grant it!'

Her nervous irritability and heart-complaint had, during the last three years, become alarmingly worse; but she enjoyed within a deep and abiding peace; and many are the beautiful utterances of Christian faith and hope, and mellow spiritual experience, occurring in her letters. She notes a change of views and feelings with reference to this world and the next, and increasing serenity and assurance as she realised herself as nearing her journey's end. She attained, not without a struggle, a remarkable degree of resignation to the will of God. She saw and acknowledged with thankfulness her husband's growing



earnestness and grace; and it was a source of unutterable joy to trace with him the mercies of God in all the way by which they had been led, and especially in the goodness and happiness of their children. From her many letters, we select the one written on the day before the last anniversary of her betrothal, which shows all the old freshness of feeling, blended with thoughts and reflections won from experience of life's changes.

‘To-morrow will be my day of days, the 1st of May, and gladly would I wander with my beloved bridegroom amid the hills and woods, where I might see and hear none but himself, and might thank God that after four-and-twenty years I can keep the day with feelings of the most thorough joy and satisfaction. A few sighs may escape, for my breath is short, but joy shall be continually renewed. Yes, certainly, the woods, the green woods, would be my chosen home; though when I look through the fresh green leaves at the blue waters and the unclouded sky, all is so beautiful, that it is only with shame and self-reproach that I can really wish for more. Such a fulness of spring splendour and beauty, I think I have never before seen; the loveliness of the trees, foliage, grass, and flowers is inexpressible. And the great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might say in a few hours. When we stand in the sweet springtide, looking through the tall,

bright green trees to the pure sky, one can scarcely realise all the trouble and sorrow that may be within us and around us; yes, spring is the time of joy, and that joy carries my heart upwards to that bright and happy land where there shall be no more pain or sorrow.'

In the middle of July she went for quiet and fresh air to Wandsbeck. She enjoyed another anniversary of her wedding day, and wrote on August 2, that she had been able to walk several times round the large meadow with her husband, or, as she called him, her dear bridegroom. Had it been God's will, she would fain have been spared a while to her husband and children; for life to her was full of enjoyment, and she continued to hope even against hope that it might be so. Near the middle of August she returned to Hamburgh, to be near her physician. But she daily grew worse. The old German hymn, 'Lord, I would venture on thy word,' was her constant solace; and when, through fever and pain, she had difficulty in fixing her mind on the words, she would take her pen and write a few of the verses, that she might be able to keep them closely before her, and to grasp them firmly.

On Friday, August 24, she had severe and frequent attacks of cramp internally; and after this, fits of delirium, complete prostration, painful gasping for breath, and deep sleep succeeded each other. There were intervals, however, in

which she was free of pain and had full possession of her consciousness, and during these she enjoyed perfect peace and assurance of the love of God. A stroke of paralysis put an end to her sufferings, and loosed so suddenly the silver cord, that ere word or look of farewell could be given, her spirit had taken its flight. She died on the night of August 28, 1821, at nine o'clock. Perthes had been long prepared for this blow; but when it came upon him it made his heart and home very desolate. The bustle of his business became oppressive to him, and he carried out a step he had been long contemplating, the transference of the Hamburgh business to his partner, Besser, and his own removal to Gotha, where his two daughters were settled, and where he proposed establishing a publishing business, that would fully employ without harassing his activities. At the close of March of next year, with deep emotion, he took leave of the old house at Hamburgh. He formed a second marriage with a worthy and suitable mate, who sympathised with him in his admiration for Caroline, whose memory he fondly cherished till his dying day.

## MARY ANNE GALTON

(MRS. SCHIMMELPENNINCK).

THIS lady's autobiography is a very remarkable composition. Written when she was seventy-five years of age, and broken off by the hand of death before its completion, the aim of the gifted and accomplished authoress was to trace the development and progress of her inner life, and to describe and estimate the influences under which her intellectual and spiritual character was moulded. In doing this she has presented a series of vivid pictures of her life, from her early childhood, and characterised with great power, conscientiousness, and fidelity, the remarkable men and women among whom her lot was cast.

Mary Anne Galton was born at Birmingham, on November 25, 1778. Her father was Samuel Galton, an opulent English merchant, who distinguished himself by the pursuit of science, and was a member of the Royal Society. Her mother was Lucy Barclay, of the well-known family of Urie, an intellectual, refined, and noble-minded

woman. Both belonged by descent to the Society of Friends, and to that community they adhered, though they were by no means strict. The autobiography contains most interesting reminiscences of her childhood—her recollections going back to four years of age—and introduces us at once to the main peculiarities of her home and training. She remembered being taken on Governor Hutchinson's knee, and being told of Niagara and bison hunting. She retained a shadowy recollection of old Lord Monboddo approaching the house on horseback with a huge package behind him; which made her call to her mother that the tame dromedary, which they had seen a few days before, was coming back again. Her father used to tell her about the siege of Troy, and had named his carriage-horses Hector and Ajax, Balius and Xanthus. She was taught to put together dissected maps, and had the camera obscura shown and explained to her by her mother.

Her father taught her the Linnæan Orders, to her great delight, and exemplified them by an examination of the teeth and claws of her numerous pets, among which were a monkey, a dog, a cat, and a rabbit. From this we see that her training from the first was philosophic in the extreme.

Both her father and mother inculcated on her the endurance of pain like a Stoic. One day, some cotton having caught fire in her hand, the

poor child was desired by her mother to walk the whole length of the room to her, slowly, lest her dress should catch, and not to mind the pain. She was severely burned. She had been told before of the Spartan boy who stole the fox, and, to prevent discovery, hid him beneath his dress, and allowed the animal to tear out his entrails, without betraying any sign of pain. An illustrative anecdote we shall give in her own words.

‘I well remember one day when George Bolt, the Friends’ dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the Primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bolt said I was the best little girl he had ever seen; and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, “Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain, or the little Spartan boys?” He laughed heartily; and my mother just then coming in, he said, “Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits as a mark of love and kindness,” to which I acceded with great delight.’

She was an apt pupil; not, as she confess

afterwards, through any love for philosophy, but partly from love to her mother, whose temperament had a deal of philosophic calm and fortitude, and partly from a desire, to which most aspirants after philosophic superiority to common ills might plead guilty, of seeing her own doings from a grandiose point of view. Among the books she read in her childish years, and which influenced her character, she mentions Berquin's 'L'Ami des Enfants,' Mrs. Barbauld's 'Little Charles,' and Brook's 'Natural History;' the latter of which inspired her with the strong desire she ever afterwards had to obtain a knowledge of natural objects. This taste was sedulously fostered by her parents. Among her early memories are listening to her mother telling her scraps of history, and describing wonders of nature and art; such as Mount Hecla and Mount Vesuvius, the Pyramids, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Great Wall of China, and, when the bonne gave a good account of her, showing her after tea the plates of animals in Buffon, and reading an account of them.

'Sandford and Merton' was an especial favourite, and, with her mother's instructions founded upon it, had a decided influence in producing a contempt for finery in dress and for aristocratic distinction. A lady came one evening to take tea with her mother, with a very smart head-dress and feathers. Little Mary Anne, feeling kindly

disposed towards her, asked 'what she had done,' and 'if she might not take off her fool's cap.' Among her childish reminiscences, she mentions hearing of Madame de Genlis' work on education, of her Swiss bonne talking of the Jura, the Alps, and the Lake of Geneva, and of an aged Swiss minister relating to her his visits to Herculaneum and Pompeii, telling her all about their history, and giving her a bit of a vine from Seneca's garden, which she kept to the last.

Few have preserved such distinct recollections of the years of their life between four and six; although, perhaps, the influences of these two years do more than those of any ten years to determine the character. Few children have had the opportunity of receiving so much valuable general knowledge before they are six—a matter that need not cause much regret; but in the records of those years we see the dawn of a better than an intellectual day. Deep and ineffaceable was the impression produced on her mind by her mother's first lesson about God. This incident is, in all its details, characteristic both of the mother and the daughter. Mrs. Galton was fond of encouraging Mary Anne to trace things to their causes—as, for example, light to the sun, and water to the clouds or the sea. The child at last asked, 'But where did the sun and the sea come from?' Her mother told her to think about it for a day, and if she could not find it out, that she would tell her



The day seemed interminable, and her efforts were fruitless. Next morning she again asked her mother, who took her alone into a room, and with much solemnity told her that the answer to her question was the most momentous thing she could hear in all her life, and that on the use she made of it depended her happiness or misery. She then spoke of God, of His omnipotence, His omnipresence, His wisdom, His benevolence; of conscience, His voice in the soul; of prayer, and of thanksgiving, by which she bade her begin and end each day. That lesson made a deep impression, and the room and everything in it remained vividly before her mind till her dying day. From that time her mother, on Sundays, taught her one of the Commandments, or a text from the Sermon on the Mount, explaining it; or a question from Dr. Priestley's 'Shorter Catechism.' The good that she derived from her mother's religious teaching, she afterwards thankfully owned; its defects, which were serious, she afterwards clearly perceived and deplored. The change which about this time came over her Aunt Polly, her father's sister, who used to tell her fairy tales and Scripture histories, and which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck afterwards had reason to believe was a true conversion to God, she reckons among the salutary influences that affected her childhood. The fairy tales were given up, and she told her niece more about Scripture, and more sweetly

than before, and spoke simply and earnestly about God. She shortly after took ill and died. On taking leave, to go to Bristol for her health, she said she was going never to come back. Mary Anne said, 'Oh let me go with you!' to which her aunt replied, looking gravely upwards, 'If thou wouldst be where I hope to be, thou must trust where I desire to trust.' These words left an ineffaceable impression on the child's mind.

Being weakly, Mary Anne associated more with her parents and their friends than the other children, whose noise she disliked. She was from the first of a pensive and melancholy cast. A skull, which an artist who lived next door had given her, and the structure of which he had explained to her, caused her many musings. She took to wondering where the soul was that had once dwelt in it, and what had been the history of the individual to whom it had belonged. She saved her allowance of sixpence a week to buy a nice box to put it in, and asked from her mother a piece of silk to wrap round it, and thought, 'If there be a heaven, and if any of those who once loved thee look down, they will see one at least who tries to show kindness to the face they loved.'

When she was about seven years old, the family removed to Great Barr House, seven or eight miles from Birmingham, the mansion of Sir John Scott, who, after spending three fortunes,

which he had successively inherited, had retired to the Continent. It was situated in the midst of delightful scenery. The house itself consisted of portions built at different times, each with its own hall and staircase, and was more like an agglomeration of several houses under one roof than a single house. One part was occupied by the apartments of her parents and those of herself and sister; another was appropriated to visitors, and was never empty; another contained the rooms of the servants; and a fourth the nurseries of the younger children. The result of this arrangement was, that except at meal-times, in the public rooms, the different sections never met together. Mrs. Galton was especially careful in guarding her children from mixing with the servants, to prevent all vulgarism of ideas and habits. Their moral and intellectual culture was prosecuted with great care. The children in their walks collected plants and insects, bringing their treasures to their parents, who instructed them in botany and entomology. Mary Anne devoted much pains to teaching her Latin vocabulary to a magpie, which she wished to rival Plutarch's, that imitated all the evolutions of a flourish of trumpets, and to a parrot, which she determined should equal the famous one of Prince Maurice. When her Swiss governess ridiculed her attempts, she said, 'Lord Chatham says, "I trample on impossibilities; and what man has done, man may do."''

Her mother was fond of dwelling on noble and heroic achievements and characters, and used to read to her daughter selections from Stretche's 'Beauties of History,' 'Plutarch's Lives,' and the 'History of the Barmachides.' The ideals there presented to her she regarded afterwards as tending to develop self-confidence, and a disdain of the opinion of others. In contrasting the influence of her father's and of her mother's conversation, she says: 'My mother's conversation spoke forth the fortitude, brilliance, and beauty of her soul. It breathed self-devotion, generosity, and sacrifices for her friends. With the most entrancing eloquence, she told of calamities bravely borne, self-sacrifices nobly achieved, or sufferings in the midst of which the soul rejoiced for those it rescued. My father, on the other hand, in the recital of the same chances, loved to detail all the ingenuity of intellectual resource by which they might be mitigated or averted; the presence of mind, or science, or ingenious evasion, by which they might be turned aside.'

The visitors at Barr comprised many celebrated scientific men, Mr. Galton being a member both of the Royal and Linnæan Societies. He was one of a society of gifted men which was called the Lunar Society, from the members meeting once a month at each other's houses in turn. The butler at Barr House called them 'the Lunatics.' Among these was James Watt, and his partner,

Mr. Boulton, the father of Birmingham; Captain Keir, a man of wit and polish, who often brought with him his intimate friends Mr. Edgeworth and Mr. Day; Dr. Withering, the celebrated physician and botanist; the famous Dr. Priestley, an intimate friend of the family.

As each member might bring his friends, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck saw at these meetings, more or less frequently, Dr. Parr, Dr. Darwin, of whom more hereafter, Sir W. Herschel, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and Dr. Afzelius.

A frequent visitor at Barr was the Rev. Joseph Berrington, author of the 'History of the Middle Ages,' a gentleman of ancient family, and Roman Catholic priest at Oscott, a mile and a half off. His sister, Miss Berrington, often stayed for months at Barr; and as Mr. Berrington's house was a great rendezvous for Catholics, many of them visited the Galtons; and regularly on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, there was fish on the table, in case any of them should drop in. Among these were Bishop Berrington, Dr. Ben, a doctor of the Sorbonne, and Miss Lunn. Miss Galton's maternal grandfather Barclay, of Urie, M.P. for Kincardineshire, visited them as he went and returned from parliament; and his neighbour, the eccentric Lord Monboddo, was a frequent sojourner, as were also Judge Oliver and his niece, Miss Clarke.

A welcome contrast to the brilliant and stimu-

lating intellectuality at Barr was afforded by the household of Miss Galton's paternal grandfather at Dudson, consisting of her grandfather himself, and Lizzie Forster, who had been governess, and, since the death of her grandmother, was at the head of the establishment. Old Mr. Galton and Lizzie Forster were a noble pair, and won Mary Anne's deep love and reverence; they were truly good, benevolent, and devout, and strict Friends. A spirit of kindness and usefulness pervaded all the servants, from the butler downwards, and quietude and order reigned. The feeding of the immense flock of pigeons of all kinds kept at Dudson, of the wild-fowl of all descriptions in the large pond, that came to the old gentleman's call—the birthday guineas, and the not unfrequent half-crowns, which he gave his little granddaughter—her visits with him to his conservatories and hot-houses—his visits to the aged poor and sick around—his giving her a share of his breakfast of toast and clotted cream, and his quaint, kindly, pious speech—remained amongst the most delightful reminiscences of her childhood, and exercised a most beneficial influence on her plastic mind. The household of her grandfather was, what her father's was not, strictly Friendly in principle and practice; and some about him were exceedingly anxious to gain over Mary Anne to their views and habits. One of them pointed out the modest plumage of the linnet,

the dove, and the red-breast, adding, 'I hope thou wilt imitate them in their attire.' To which she gave the ready and somewhat confounding answer, 'But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?'

This sally, however, was not made out of any dislike to the Friends. 'Their meeting' was to her young heart delectable and holy ground. She watched the sunbeam lighting up successively the placid countenances of the silent assembly, and again and again breathed the aspiration, 'Oh that a ray of light from God like that sunbeam would come to me, and teach me truly to know Him!' It was not till long afterwards that she knew—for she had never been taught—the doctrines of the Cross; but her childhood was pervaded by deep religious feeling. It afforded her exceeding delight to walk out alone, and look on all the beauties of God's works around her pleasant home—the hills, and woods, and water, the flowers, the birds, and insects—and to think that God had made them all, that He was her Father, and that she might speak to Him; and she reflected, if this world were beautiful, how much happier must it be to dwell in a still brighter world with Him above. One day as she looked on a rustic funeral, that of a young person she had known, the thought arose, 'Oh, happy person!—then she is with God,

and she really sees that beautiful world which I can only imagine.'

A leading principle inculcated by her mother and acted on in the family at Barr, was that we should *be*, and not *seem*. Everything in the house was for use, nothing for mere show; this utilitarianism, however, being guided by taste and intelligence, was by no means synonymous with Spartan simplicity, but was compatible with elegance and even luxury. No difference was made in table or dress for company, except in the quantity of viands; but the taste must have been sumptuous and fastidious indeed that could not be satisfied with the every-day arrangements.

It is but right to remark, that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck says, although no difference was made for rank, or fashion, or riches, she is sorry to say that there was for intellect. Yet the principle mentioned above was so well inculcated, and was so thoroughly believed in, that in the altered circumstances in which she found herself afterwards, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was able, much to her own comfort, to act upon it. Commendable as was the simplicity of taste that reigned in this household, and laudable as was the attempt, in the midst of overflowing wealth, 'to live agreeably to nature,' yet the heroic vein in which the clever little subject of our sketch was wont to speak of luxury, borders on the ridiculous. Lady Scott, when residing for some weeks at Barr, one



day laughed at Mary Anne for thinking it a treat to be allowed to stay up to sup on brown bread and honey with an old lady of ninety-six, then on a visit, who had been housekeeper to one of her mother's aunts, and told her what a supper she would give her if she would visit her at Boulogne. The little miss, however, intimated her preference for a supper with the old housekeeper, for this potent reason, 'Because I had rather sup with Fabricius than Lucullus.' 'Besides,' she went on, as Lady Scott kindly laughed, 'perhaps you and the French ladies have not heard what Jesus Christ says of the unhappiness of those who wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but I thank you very much.'

A violent attack of spasmodic asthma, some time after they had gone to Barr, which occasioned intense suffering, laid the foundation of that nervous timidity from which she suffered so much all the rest of her life.

The terror inspired by Apollyon and Giant Despair, about whom a lady read out of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to amuse her, was nearly fatal. Her mother tried in vain to cure her of her timidity, by sending her from room to room in the dark. She notes, however, one good effect of her terror, that it turned her thoughts to the Keeper of Israel, and made her realise herself as under His care.

A visit to Tenby followed, and was the source of delight and interesting instruction; her mother teaching the historical associations of the locality, and her father making the children collect shells and sea-anemones, and giving them lessons in natural history.

An incident of this period is worth relating, although possessing no special significance as respects the subject of this sketch. Walking one evening with her mother on the cliffs, they were startled by the appearance of a weird-looking woman, tall, gaunt, in a tattered dress of scarlet, with a brace of pistols in her belt, who stretched forth her arm and said, 'The sea is beautiful, the sun is glorious, the earth is glorious; but man upon it is false, false, false!' They learned afterwards that she had wandered for years in that neighbourhood, and nobody knew anything about her.

We now enter on another period of her life, extending from her ninth to her twenty-third year. The impressions made on her by books and the people with whom she was brought into contact in the pleasant outer world in which she lived are traced with great vividness. The sweet morning calm and freshness of childhood is gone. In a home furnished with all that wealth can command to give ease and dignity to life, under the guidance of a singularly gifted and noble-minded mother, and a father who, besides being in all the

relations of life an estimable man, was enthusiastically devoted to scientific pursuits, she did not find life easy. She bore about an aching heart through those years of change from girlhood to ripe womanhood; and no one near detected her sorrow till she reached the goal to which, by a way she knew not, an invisible hand was guiding her.

She loved her mother with the most passionate and admiring devotion, and inherited much of her pure, elevated, and refined character; she also imbibed her father's scientific tastes. But her nature was essentially different from both. She had a sensitiveness of character and a hunger of heart for affection and sympathy, which their calmer, self-sufficing minds, rejoicing in the sway of Reason—the goddess of that age, and specially of their coterie—never knew and never comprehended. Besides, she became conscious by and by of higher and deeper wants, of which they had not even dreamed. Had it been her destiny to be fashioned after the mould of those who then ruled the hour in the worlds of intellect and morality, her path would have been easy and pleasant, and the persons and influences surrounding her would have helped her on her way. But destined as she was to reach quite another goal, they were hindrances instead of helps. Indeed she could hardly have been more unfavourably situated for arriving at the goal where afterwards she rested

all her life-long—simple faith on the Saviour. Launched on unknown seas, she had, without sounding-line or chart, to beat about for many years on her dim and perilous way, ere she descried the haven of rest. How completely she was shut out from the very knowledge of the vital truths of the Gospel, with all manner of sources of information open to her, and with such a wide and varied acquaintance with religionists as well as savants, is a curious but most instructive feature of this biography, though it is by no means rare. There is nothing, however, in the narrative of this period agonising to read. It continually introduces us to the most interesting people, whose conversation is reproduced and whose characters are drawn with great distinctness and power. It is delightfully flavoured with anecdote, and with reflections full of wisdom and spiritual feeling.

The period of her history of which we are now treating, and of which we shall try to sketch the main features and incidents as briefly as possible, began with her first sorrow, her mother's serious illness. On Christmas morning, 1787, she learned that her mother's illness had taken an alarming turn, and that she had just gone away with her father in the carriage to consult a doctor at a distance. A letter from her mother was given to her, bidding her farewell, as not expecting to see her again, and full of wise and affectionate counsel. The

child's heart was smitten with an unutterable feeling of desolation.

She looked for tidings day after day, and either received no answer or was told to mind her lesson. Her distress was such that she was unfit for her tasks; and many were the punishments she received in consequence. For the kind and wise rule of her mother, there was substituted that of a Miss P——, left in charge, and the French governess.

At length, towards the middle of February, good news came of her mother, and they set out to meet her at Bath, where Dr. Darwin had ordered her to drink the waters. To Mary Anne this was like life from the dead.

At Bath, though living under the same roof, she was only occasionally allowed to see her mother; but as Mrs. Galton's health improved, she was more with her. Bath was to Mary Anne a new world, and much she enjoyed it. Her mother, however, became again worse, and had to be removed to Birmingham. The children were left at Bath under the superintendence of Sir William and Lady Watson, her mother's sister, who usually spent some part of the spring there. The following anecdote of her Bath life is characteristic. She noticed one day in the river a little dog tied to a basket of stones, half drowned, and by bribes and entreaties got him taken out. Immediately released he licked her hand, and she felt

‘Here is a creature that will love me.’ She says that she thought of Pharaoh’s daughter, and wondered whether she too had felt unhappy for want of something to love, when she found the little Moses in the Nile. She called the little animal, which was a miserable cur, Moses, and kept him. ‘Great was the solace,’ she says, ‘my little Moses was to me.’

Her aunt, Lady Watson, who was a kind, sprightly, sensible, amiable woman of the world, did all she could to promote the children’s happiness. When she left Bath with her family for a villa they had near Dawlish, lodgings were taken close by for the little Galtons. Here they were allowed in a measure to run wild. They spent the mornings sometimes at their lessons, and sometimes out of doors, ‘daily laying up for themselves rebukes for wet shoes and dirtied frocks.’ The rest of the day they spent with their uncle’s family. There all manner of books were allowed to be read, and Mary Anne read some that were far from wholesome. The brilliance and benevolence of her aunt’s character fascinated her imagination, and she found soothing and solace for the sadness which secretly preyed on her heart, in the companionship of her cousin Christiana Gurney, whom she greatly admired and loved. In relating this part of her life, and characterising the influences to which she was subjected, she says: ‘My mother’s praise was, “It

is noble." "It does not seem, but is." My father's, "It is useful." My venerable friend Lizzie Forster's, "It is suitable." My grandfather's, "It is wise." On the other hand, my aunt Watson's word of praise was, "It is brilliant." My cousin Christiana's, "It is captivating, engaging, refined."'

The ideas and principles instilled by her mother began to be undermined. She began to entertain, and act on the idea, that to please others was the great end to which she should devote herself; for the more she did so, the more she would resemble God, who is infinitely good, and the better she would fulfil His will. Her mother had taught her that truth is the most sacred of all things, and the search for it the noblest of all pursuits. Now 'truth appeared to her as a harsh and inflexible tyrant, whom it was necessary to cast overboard, in order to preserve love.' She even doubted if truth could be found. Her intellectual and moral energies were thus sapped, and her time unprofitably frittered away. She sadly missed her Sabbath lesson all the time of her mother's illness. She felt a weariness and dissatisfaction with her whole life. She seemed herself to be cut hopelessly adrift, and was tortured by the unspeakable misery of the thought that she was forgetting God. She tells us how she felt her whole being brightened by the arrival, one dismal Sunday, of a good old Christian schoolmistress, sent from

Barr with the welcome intelligence that her mother and father were coming to Dawlish. After their arrival, her time was spent to better purpose. A young clergyman, tutor to a son of her aunt's by a former marriage, gave her every day a Latin lesson, and one in 'memoria technica,' and to his instructions she was much indebted. In the hours of recreation she had a clever and agreeable companion in William Priestley, son of Dr. Priestley, who had come to spend his holidays along with Mr. Galton's family.

Great was her delight when her mother's health permitted them all to return again to Barr, and to resume their old life, interrupted by her illness. Back in their pleasant home with her mother, her inner doubts and perplexities, though by no means disposed of, were thrown into the background, and everything around wore a sunnier hue. Her mother's Sabbath instructions in the Bible were resumed; and by and by she was allowed to accompany her in her morning walks. She read with zest Tacitus and Virgil under a tutor. The Friday visits to Dudson were resumed; and the peaceful, quiet, holy Quaker life there is to be regarded as among the most elevating, as it was the most pleasing, of the influences which she came under. Then there was the Roman Catholic circle at Oscott, and the meetings of the Lunar Society. Mr. Berrington,



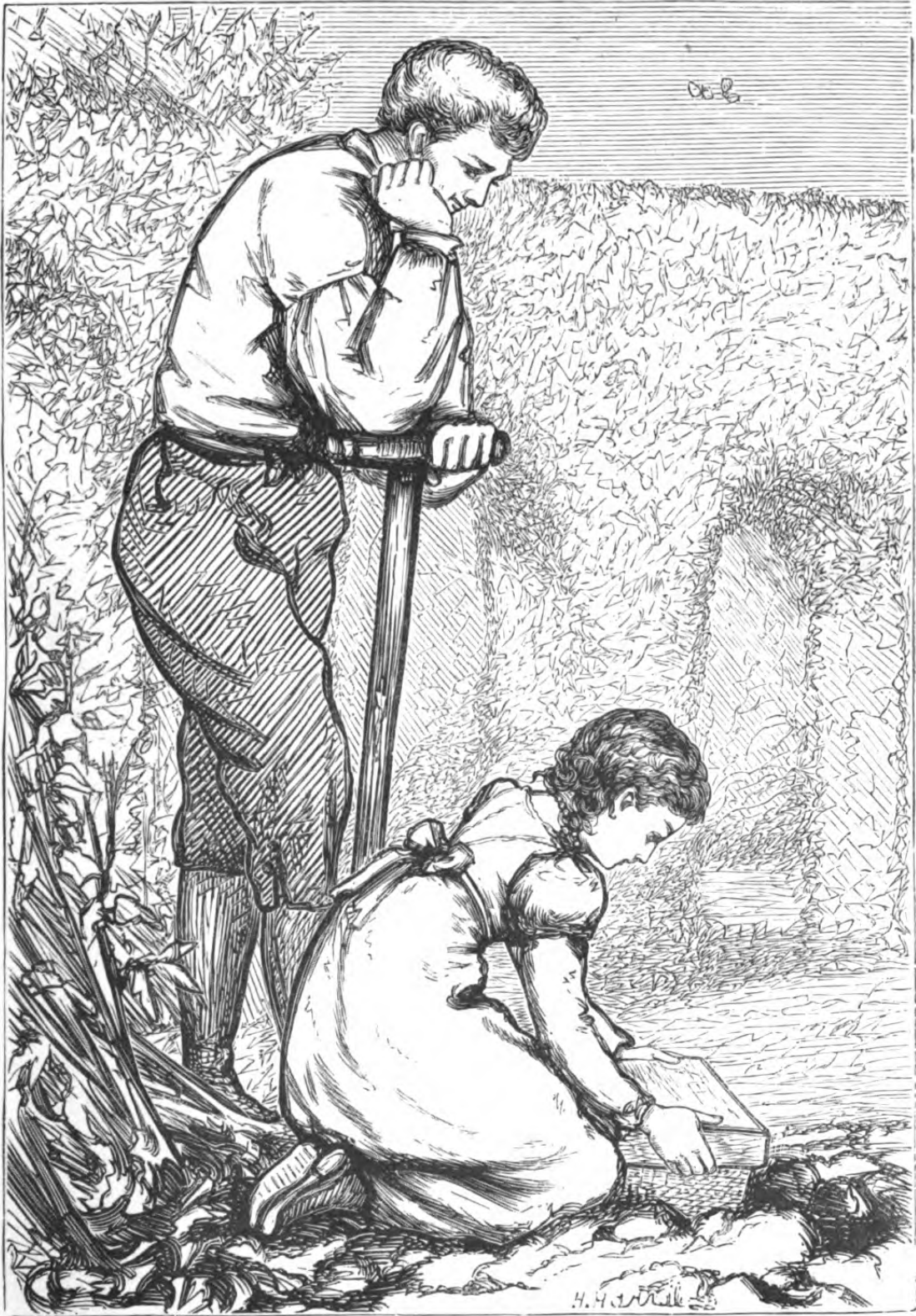
Dr. Priestley, and Dr. Darwin, were frequent and honoured guests; and the impression their society and conversation made on this observant and thoughtful girl, feeling earnestly but secretly for a stable foundation on which to build her life, she has described at length with great discrimination in her autobiography. Mr. Berrington, with his dignified and courtly manner and slightly sarcastic expression, relating anecdotes of the poet Cowper and of his lady friends, and in his rich sonorous voice, reading aloud the 'Task,' is drawn to the life. So also is Dr. Priestley; unassuming in manner, lofty in his aims, his whole bearing and character breathing a simple unaffected piety, but rarely found associated with his cold and incomplete creed. But the largest space is given to the delineation of Dr. Darwin, whose voracity at table, cold materialistic epicureanism, and flippant, heartless sneers at religion, inspired Miss Galton with an aversion approaching to disgust. Little did the idolised physician and poet imagine that the shy, sensitive young girl, who shrank half frightened from him, was thinking her own thoughts of him, and was to draw so true and so disagreeable a portrait of him. One anecdote we give. Her mother, in conversation, referred approvingly to the description he had given of the Upas tree in the notes to his poem 'The Botanic Garden,' but added, that till then she had always considered what had been reported of the Upas to

be a myth. The doctor laughed and said, 'And so do I, my dear madam. There is not one word of truth in it; but so long as I can get the public to believe me, by dint not only of my own poetry, but also by the notes of my ingenious friend, and as every line puts ten shillings in my pocket, I shall go on *ad infinitum*, as, haply, the monks of old did with their equally true saintly legends.' Mary Anne at once set him down as a man who did not value truth, and regarded this incident as furnishing a standard by which to measure what he said on other subjects.

That she was an extraordinary child, with much that would be called odd about her, is discoverable from what we have already related. The following example of her self-chosen tasks will give a good idea of her peculiarities and pursuits. She had got a present of another skull, in addition to the one of which we have already told. She chose to imagine one of them to have been that of Babington, the conspirator, whom she credited with all manner of chivalrous and noble qualities, and the other that of John Polley, the betrayer of the plot, whom she considered an example of all that was base and mean, and composed an imaginary history of each, showing how, little by little, the character of the hero and the poltroon were developed. Their histories she wrote on some old yellow paper she got from her grandfath

and which she fancied belonged to Queen Elizabeth's time, in the Old English character. Each, along with the skull to which it was supposed to appertain, was wrapped up in lead paper, and put into a separate box along with some coins of the Elizabethan era; the good ones into Babington's box, and the spurious ones into John Polley's. She wrote on the outside a solemn warning to all whose characters were not yet formed, nailed up the boxes, buried them with the gardener's help, and planted over them laurels and two oaks. She reflected thus: 'The oak lives three hundred years at least, and I shall have been long dead ere these boxes see the light; yet by their means a word may be said which may be useful to somebody. Though I am but a child, God may perhaps bless it.'

Hume's 'History of England,' which she read at this time, interested her in Elizabeth and Mary and the characters and events of that period. She had taught herself Anglo-Saxon, and got hold of Anglo-Saxon and original histories of England. She read Rollin's 'Arts and Sciences of the Ancients;' saved her pocket money to buy Mezerai's 'Book of Military Tactics;' arranged the ancient battles with hazel-nuts and holly-berries, according to the plans of them given there, and made models of the old engines of war. She also attempted to model in clay the façade of the Temple of Diana, and ransacked all sources to



PLANTING FOR THE FUTURE :  
A Child's strange Fancy.



acquire the necessary knowledge of architecture, and of working clay. These childish employments were the means of adding vastly to her fund of information.

The reading of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a copy of which her mother gave her as a birthday present about this time, formed an era in her history, although she had no idea of the meaning of the allegory. But the book that influenced her most deeply was Lavater's 'Physiognomy.' Its sublime religious sentiments and ideas took a firm hold of her; though she remarks that the moral effect was by no means in proportion to the vividness of her impressions. She had always been fond of studying faces as an amusement; but Lavater had taught her to seek the traces of the Divine Image in those she met, and to try, by the expression of love, to make it shine forth. And now she never saw a human face without this feeling, and at times it was all but on her lips to say, 'Thou art created in the image of God; thy glory and thy dignity is that thou art invited to be eternally happy in contemplating His glory. Oh think of thy destiny!'

Her love for her mother was the deepest feeling in her heart, and the hours spent with her the happiest of the day. Many a beautiful incident, illustrative of their mutual attachment—of the calm, wise, elevated affection of the mother and of the admiring, devoted, clinging love of the

daughter—belongs to this period. Many a noble sentiment and maxim uttered by the mother's lips, and treasured in her child's heart, is recorded in her autobiography, showing her to have been worthy of her daughter's devotion and admiration, and leaving us in no doubt that she was, as Mrs. Schimmelpenninck believed, the determining force and mainspring of her daughter's life.

Her French governess having ridiculed her for giving up the use of sugar, as a practical testimony against slavery, when Mary Anne recovered her spirits and good humour, drew a picture in which Mademoiselle figured as Apollyon, and herself as Christian. This mode of revenge seems to have answered, for on another occasion Mary Anne drew a picture of herself and her sister as Christian and Faithful, confined in the cage at Vanity Fair, and Mademoiselle and some of her friends, who had joined her in ridiculing their plain Quaker dress, as the people of the town mocking and gibing them. This she put up in Mademoiselle's bedroom, who took the joke very good-humouredly.

Her health had always been delicate, and got more so as she grew up to womanhood. She was condemned to wear an instrument for supporting the spine, where the seat of the evil was supposed to be, which caused her constant pain.

It was taken off only at night, and for an hour and a half during the day. She wore it for seven years, with disastrous consequences, as it rendered exercise impossible, and the pain shattered her nerves. Her father, in consequence of her feeble health, undertook to direct her studies, to the great discomfort of both. She was sensitive in the extreme, and in great dread of him ; he was unreasonably strict, and incapable of comprehending her, and rated her often as stupid. He could, however, give only the odds and ends of his time to her, which was so far fortunate ; but, precluded from taking active exercise, she was thrown too much on her own resources. The consequence was, a deal of indiscriminate reading, in which she specifies Shaftesbury's 'Characteristics,' Voltaire, Molière, 'Gil Blas,' Bolingbroke, and Swift.

Under these circumstances, her inward state gradually darkened into the gloom of doubt. She often wished herself dead, and says of this period, 'I knew not if there was a God, and knew not right from wrong ; darkness brooded over the deep, and my misery seemed hopeless.'

One day, looking at the picture of a heathen sacrificial procession, representing the victims garlanded and decked with gold, in a book of beautiful prints, the thought rose to her mind that, if there were a God, perhaps He was leading the whole human race thus to one common doom, to form



one vast sacrifice. We need not trace the steps by which she gradually sank to this miserable state. But she continually laments, as the main cause of her aberrations, the want of definite doctrinal teaching. This element was altogether wanting in the religious books that were to be found in Quaker circles. In the intellectual circle in which her father and mother moved, the religious opinions she most frequently heard expressed were rationalistic and Socinian; and Dr. Priestley's books were the only religious works spoken of there with respect. These she determined thoroughly to study, in order to determine the truth or falsity of Christianity.

She began with the idea that Christianity, if true, was the most glorious thing in the universe; and, to her disappointment and sorrow, Christianity, in Dr. Priestley's hands, was stript of all that had made it attractive to her imagination, and that seemed to promise satisfaction to the cravings of her heart. A Bible so interpolated with error that each man was thrown on his own reason to separate the true from the false, and a Saviour who was not all-powerful and omniscient, but only a good man, were so far below what she had vaguely dreamed them to be, and the wants of her soul craved them to be, that it seemed scarcely to matter whether she believed in them or not.

She became involved in a perfect chaos of doubts and perplexities, arising out of the cold

low creed which she found presented to her as the Gospel. The requirements of God's holiness and mercy seemed utterly antagonistic. She landed in doubt, if not disbelief, of a life beyond the grave, and in dark and dismal murmurings against the Divine Being, for having subjected her, during the brief span of her earthly life, to ill-health and to unkindness. 'Thus,' she says, 'was I left a stricken desolate waif upon the stream of circumstances; and thus, hoping for no love from God or man, my heart became changed within me, and the dark and bitter waters of which it was full soon overflowed on all around.'

Her mother, through all this period, was an elevating and sweetening influence. She guided her daughter in the selection of the books she read, and imbued her mind with her own classic taste. Homer became an absorbing favourite, and her chosen companion on week-days. The Sermon on the Mount, and other portions of Scripture, still, as of old, formed the theme of Sabbath instruction, from which, although sceptical now, she derived no inconsiderable pleasure. Yet she felt the antagonism between the heroic spirit that engrossed her enthusiasm in her week-day studies and the spirit of the Gospel. They seemed both to blend harmoniously in her mother; but to Mary Anne they were irreconcilable, and she has recorded her conviction that her studies in classical literature exercised an enervating

influence on her, and formed a barrier to her reception of the truth.

We pass on to the year 1758. She was then on a visit to her relations the Gurneys, at Earham. Walking alone in the gallery, which was full of portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century, she began to reflect, What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from the earth? Being joined by her cousin, Catherine Gurney, she said: 'I am twenty, thou art twenty-five, and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true; and if it is, I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it, and if it is not, I shall think no more on the subject. And,' she says, 'I prayed, if there were a God to hearken, that He would reveal Himself to me.'

Among the events of this year was a visit of a month to Mrs. Barbauld, at Hampstead. In consequence of her very delicate health, frequent change of air and scene was necessary. She spent one winter in London, another at Bath. The following is a description of her about this time, by a lady who took her to a public assembly:—  
'She was dressed with perfect simplicity, and, as was the fashion of the day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it, the

colour on her clear cheek heightened by the scene. She looked beautiful, her simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance, and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which ever characterised her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned.'

She, however, grew more and more unhappy. But peace at last came. One day she was on her way, with her mother, to the pump-room, but felt such a reluctance to enter, that she asked leave to wait in a bookseller's shop close by. She was shown into an inner room, and becoming absorbed in her own melancholy reflections, she burst into tears. On looking up, a young woman, whose presence she had not till then observed, said to her, gently, 'I am afraid you are much afflicted; is there anything I can do to assuage your grief?' 'Oh!' was the answer, 'can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where or how to obtain peace?' After a pause the reply was given: 'There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy—the Lord Jesus Christ.' The person who addressed her was Miss Tucker, a labouress of the Moravian Church. Their conversation was closed by the entrance of a lady of Miss Galton's acquaintance.

Her parents judged it desirable that she should remain at Bath for the sake of her health, and the doctor recommended a family suitable to receive her. Her surprise was great, on going to her temporary home, to find herself welcomed by Miss Tucker, who lived there in the family of Mr. Hazard, who were all Moravians. She had never before associated with professed believers, with the exception of her pious Quaker friends; and the instructions, the kindness, and the holy loving life of those among whom she was thus providentially thrown, had the effect of guiding her feet into the way of peace. From this time the dawn gradually broadened and brightened; although it was not for years that she attained that serene and joyful confidence which gladdened the meridian and the close of her life.

In 1806, and, consequently, in her twenty-eighth year, she married Mr. Lambert Schimmelpenninck, a Bristol merchant, a man of worth and accomplishments, and related to the noble Dutch family of the same name. Her married life was a happy one, though not without its trials. Although her mother chose to joke about her ordering boiled hares and roasted turbot, and her early life and training had left her utterly ignorant of housekeeping, yet, true to a resolution she had early formed—'Whatever I undertake I will perform in the best possible

manner—she was able to remedy her defects, and presided over her household affairs in a very creditable style.

The nobleness of her character was strikingly exemplified in her conduct in connection with her husband's affairs. From some circumstances in connection with the shipping interests at Bristol, her husband's affairs became seriously embarrassed. The state in which they were he long concealed, from mistaken motives of kindness; but one day, when they were expecting a large party to dinner, he told her. She entertained her company as if nothing unusual had occurred; but when they were gone enquired into the whole circumstances, and sat up the most of the night with her husband, making calculations how difficulties were to be met. To her energy and good sense her husband was largely indebted. She cheerfully and bravely accommodated herself and the whole household expenditure to circumstances, and by and by things again righted.

It was at this time that she first became acquainted with the 'Port Royal' writers, with whom she has so honourably associated her name in literature. As the fruits of her studies in them, she gave to the world, in 1813, 'Lancelot's Tour to La Grande Chartreuse and Alêt,' and in 1816, 'The Demolition of Port Royal des Champs,' with biographical notices of its later inhabitants.

These, with large additions, were in 1823 published together under the title of 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal.'

In 1814 her husband and she made a tour on the Continent, and, among other places, visited Port Royal. In 1815 she published her 'Theory of Beauty and Deformity.' With her friend Mrs. Richard Smith she began the study of Hebrew, and published, as the fruit, in 1821, a volume called 'Biblical Fragments,' to which she added another in the following year. She published from time to time many Abolitionist tracts, which did effective service. These years of literary activity, in which she was encouraged by the sympathy of her husband, who had the highest admiration of her gifts, were marked by events of considerable interest to her. Two years after her marriage she was baptized by a Methodist minister, and in 1818 she was received into the Moravian Church as a covenant member by the lot, her scruples to this, which she long entertained, having been removed.

But the greatest trial of her life was the alienation of her mother, and all her immediate relations but one, from her and her husband. This arose from pecuniary matters, and though she left no means untried to procure a reconciliation, and her affection for her mother continued as admiring and as passionate as ever, the breach was never healed; and in 1818, to her great

anguish, her mother died. At the close of every year during the rest of her life, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck put on mourning in memory of her.

Amidst all her literary occupations she found time to attend to the poor, and took a deep interest in the cause of education. She delighted to impart knowledge; classes of young people met at her house, to receive from her instruction in various branches, especially in natural history, of which she was very fond. Writing letters to her friends was a congenial employment, and many of these, rich in thought and feeling, have been preserved.

Her life was pleasantly varied by visits to her friends; those she made to Falmouth, in the years 1824, 1825, and 1826, she particularly enjoyed, and, in a series of letters to a friend, she gave lively and interesting accounts of the place and people. The Cornish miners, the natural history and traditions of the locality, the Friends' meeting and circle, are all described with a graphic pen. We have a characteristic specimen in the account which she gives of a conversation with a lady to whom she was there introduced. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was intent on mineralogy, the other lady on hearing the biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, and so the colloquy ran as follows:—

*Miss ——. ‘You enjoy a great and unspeak-*



able privilege, madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advantage of sitting under Mr. ——'s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine.'

*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.* 'Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much. But what a delightful situation you have, so near St. Michael's Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations.'

*Miss ——.* 'Do you know the Honourable Miss Powys, and Lady Southampton, and the Miss Buchans?'

*Mrs. Schimmelpenninck.* 'I have occasionally met them. Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which this mount is so celebrated? or can you tell me where I can meet with them?' &c. 'Miss ——,' she added, 'talking like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," and I like Mammon in Milton's "Paradise Lost."'

In 1837, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck had an attack of paralysis, from the effects of which her health and mind recovered only very gradually. Her husband's health had been long precarious, and for the benefit of both they had removed to Clifton. Here he died in 1840. He was devoted to his wife, and proud of her, and withal an accomplished and most estimable man. But we very

rarely hear of him in the biography, and if his death left a great blank in his wife's existence, the author of the memoir, which completes the autobiography, has kept back all trace of it. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck has left on record her opinion that woman's proper sphere is to be man's helper; and we saw how nobly she did her part in an important crisis of her husband's affairs. She was her husband's idol; and, for aught we know to the contrary, he was what the husband of a clever woman is generally supposed to be—an appendage to his wife. As it is, almost the most trivial event recorded in the book appears of greater importance than his death, and the most insignificant personage noticed there of more account. It were surely passing strange, if in all Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's letters and papers there is to be found no utterance respecting him—no reflections on their mutual influence on each other, no tearful reminiscences of the husband of her youth, in the day of her bereavement and widowhood. A dutiful wife she doubtless was, but there is no trace of absorbing devotion to her husband.

She appeared to the greatest advantage in the domestic circle. Her conversational powers were of a very rare order. Her range of knowledge was wide, as was that of her sympathies; and in the quiet privacy of home, surrounded by her friends, her mind poured forth its treasures in an

inexhaustible copiousness and endless variety. Her admiring biographer, who sees no fault in her subject, thus describes her, premising, however, that no description can give an adequate idea of the charm with which she was invested:—

‘Her deportment was alike dignified and simple; her countenance betokened strength, delicacy, and high mental culture, and in the latter years of her life, added to the refinement which was an integral part of her nature, there was an ethereality in its expression, which told of more converse with heaven than earth. Her eyes, of dark hazel, were beautiful, full of sensibility and softened brightness; her finely chiselled features, her grey hair waving across her noble forehead, her clear yet pale complexion, all were in harmony.’ Her voice was clear, melodious, and flexible. ‘Her speaking countenance and her musical voice ever varying with her subject, sometimes it was deepest pathos; sometimes it was merriment itself; while her ringing silvery laugh seemed the very echo of joyousness and glee.’ She was fond of animals, and had a large acquaintance among the dogs at Clifton, for which she always carried a pocketful of biscuits. She also had a bag filled with oats, to regale any stray horse or ass. Her industry was incessant; and among her other accomplishments was knitting, which she plied in making coverlets and petticoats for her friends.

Her religious sympathies, as we might infer

from her culture and course of development, were singularly wide ; while her doctrinal opinions were definite and decidedly evangelical, although broader and deeper than much to which that epithet is often applied. As to dogma, she frequently laments her own ignorance of it in her early years, and believes that many a weary step in her pilgrimage towards peace would have been saved, had the truths of the Gospel been taught her in distinct dogmatic shape.

The solace and benefit she had derived from the Port Royalist writers, and the pleasant and profitable intercourse she had had with pious and estimable members of the Romish Communion, tended to make her look on it with a partial eye, and to veil its worst abominations. Besides, the importance she attached to symbolism—a subject on which she had thought deeply—her appreciation of art, and her high idea of its use as an handmaid to religion, all aided the fascinations of Romanism.

During the weakness of her later days, when seventy-seven years of age, she was subjected to strong pressure by some of the Roman Catholics who were about her to induce her to enter their Church. For a time her mind was seriously disturbed, to the great anxiety of her friends, so closely was she plied with urgent efforts. But the snare was broken and she escaped ; and from that time she had little or no intercourse with Roman

Catholics. The enchantment, in which Romanism had been enveloped to her eye, dissolved; her ideas on this subject underwent a complete revolution; and she wished the result to which she had come to be known as widely as possible.

She was an earnest and laborious student of the Bible. The Hebrew Psalter she almost knew by heart, and she often chanted the Psalms in the original tongue, for her spiritual solace and delight. When more than seventy, and unable to rise early, as had been her wont, she had her books brought, that she might make her 'spiritual breakfast,' as she called it, on the Word of God, and books of devotion, or such as tended to elucidate the meaning of Scripture, in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, and especially her beloved Port Royalists. She was passionately fond of music, especially of her organ; and, in the midst of a select circle of Christian friends, she delighted to accompany with its music the Moravian hymns, or execute the compositions of Haydn or Palestrina. For the singularities arising from absorbing devotion to her own pursuits, her biographer apologises mildly; her faults are all but covered with a veil of silence, mention, however being made that she was not free of those incident to her temperament. This slight allusion to her peculiarities gives occasion to mention one of the noblest traits of her character, her readiness to acknowledge her errors. Often has she been seen, 'with tears in her eyes, hold out

her hand, and ask pardon for a hasty word, or some such trifle, of a servant, perhaps, or of others her inferiors in age, in mind, in excellence.'

In the beginning of the year 1856, she was attacked by the illness of which eight months after she died. She had been declining gradually for long before. She endured the trial and suffering of her last illness with patience, and died in triumph on August 29, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. Shortly before she died, when in extreme weakness, she said: 'Rejoice with me, rejoice with me! I am entering my Father's house.' A little after, as if listening with delight, she was heard to say, 'Do you not hear the voices? and the children's are the loudest!' These were her last words.



## THE KAISERWERTH DEACONESSES.

WHILE painstaking enquirers are laboriously hunting up the scanty scraps of ecclesiastical history which relate to the ancient female diaconate in the Christian Church, and trying to settle its precise place and functions, a practical solution of the question, what a deaconess is, and what her sphere of work, has been worked out in the insignificant village of Kaiserwerth. It has produced deaconesses such as the world needs, and that already in no inconsiderable number. The success of the movement is decided, and will do more to carry conviction and stimulate effort, than any amount of learned investigation, on the diaconal functions of women, in the dim tracts of antiquity. The institution has taken deep root in Germany, and spread to America, to Egypt, to Jerusalem. In its rise and progress, it is a noble example of what the Christian faith and love of a single individual can achieve.

Its founder and head is Dr. Fliedner, ordained pastor of the village in 1822. It is pleasing to record that to impulses he received on a visit to

this country, by what he saw of the work of Christian beneficence, he traces the beginning of those philanthropic efforts out of which at last sprang the institution of deaconesses. He saw that there was much to learn from the Christians of this land; and, as the result of the career of emulation in labours of love which he began, he has much to show us from which we may learn in our turn. He first turned his attention to the reformation of prisoners, and with success. He paid a second visit to England in 1832, with the view of following up investigations that for some time had been occupying his attention, with reference to the province of the Church in regard to prisons, the poor, and education. The first-fruit of this visit was the opening in the garden-house of his manse, in the face of much scorn and ridicule, of a refuge for discharged female convicts. His wife, like-minded with himself, gave her valuable help. They began with one woman; more speedily came; and a house suitable for the purpose was procured.

The garden-house next became an infant-school for the poor neglected children of the district, whose numbers likewise outgrew the accommodation. His next effort was in behalf of the sick poor, whose case had long been a burden on his heart. The idea of a hospital, which should embrace all that Christian love could do for body or soul, and which should send forth a body of nurses trained



in heart, and head, and hand for ministering to the sick, was the result of his thoughts. Others were urged in vain to undertake it, and he girt himself for the work.

A suitable house, the largest in the place, was bought; and on October 13, 1836, it was opened as the Deaconesses' Institution. The appointments were meagre—a table, some rickety chairs and bedsteads, and knives and forks not of the best. He was obliged, furthermore, to begin with an interim matron and maid. A beginning, however, had been made. The first year the deaconesses numbered seven, and the patients forty. Its fame spread apace. Similar institutions sprang up in Holland, France, and Switzerland; and applications were made for Kaiserwerth nurses to conduct them. Utrecht, Berlin, America, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Bucharest, and Florence all successively received labourers from Kaiserwerth. In the meantime the institution had been expanding. An orphanage, partly to afford an asylum for the daughters of poor clergymen, and partly to supply recruits for the ranks of the deaconesses, was added. A large building was erected as a seminary for nursery maids and governesses; a barracks, presented by the king, was turned into an asylum for the insane; a Magdalen asylum was added to the refuge; a home was provided for infirm and aged deaconesses, the foundation-stone of which was

laid by the king; and a pleasant and healthful country retreat, where those that required it might go to recruit their health, was also acquired—all in addition to a residence for the deaconesses. Connected with the institution, also, are a druggist's shop, one of general merchandise, a publishing office, and a museum. It has its own baker, shoemaker, carpenter, tailor, and other handicraftsmen. About a hundred deaconesses are at Kaiserwerth, and about 220 more are scattered over seventy-four stations, in the four quarters of the globe. The institution has sent out more than 800 teachers; and besides the nurses required for the various departments, fifty are spared for private families.

The institution at Kaiserwerth is a training school for the education of Christian women in all the varied ministries of Christian love suited to their sex. The necessity and value of special training, in order to do much good among the poor and the sick, are beginning to be recognised; and to this result Kaiserwerth has largely contributed. Its peculiarly Christian character claims particular attention. It seeks to enlist only those who truly believe the Gospel and truly love the Saviour; for all the practical good which it aims at achieving, it intends to be the expression of Christian love, and to combine help and healing for the soul with ministering to the bodily wants. But the deaconesses are not an ecclesiastical order, they have

no clerical character; they form an association of Christian women, giving their personal service in Christian work. There is no vow. The period of service is understood to be five years, but is terminable at any time on giving six months' notice. A probation of six, nine, or twelve months is required to test the Christian character and aptitude for diaconal work of the candidates, and has the effect of stopping more than a half of them. A plain dress of blue, with a white collar and cap, is their costume. There is nothing ascetic in their constitution or habits, nothing in the least resembling convent-life, nothing that has any affinity with the miserable caricatures of Romish sisterhoods, which have proved such sad failures in England. We would hold their association up as the pattern which, with modifications necessary to suit special circumstances, should be followed by Protestant sisterhoods; although the name of 'sisterhood' has contracted an unpleasant savour.

The Kaiserwerth deaconesses are of three classes: the home nurses, employed in the hospital and the asylum, orphanage, &c.; the private nurses, who give their services to families; and the parochial nurses, whose duty is, by personal service and by organising helpers, to try to overtake the care of the poor, the sick, the children, and the fallen in the district allotted to them.

There is abundant scope in almost every parish for such a labourer as this last; but the combina-

tion of qualities required for the prudent and effective discharge of her duties is very rare indeed.

She fills a place which never can be filled by the other sex, or by the mere lady visitor. Dr. Fliedner says, 'A deacon, for example, can never teach the housewife how to keep her house clean and orderly; how to wash the wild and dirty children that are scampering round the floor; to mend clothes, or darn stockings, or earn an honest penny by knitting, or sewing, or spinning, or such other housewifely work.' All this the parish deaconess tries to do, and as much more in the way of promoting their temporal and spiritual comfort as she can.

As to the propriety of the name of deaconess, thus assumed by the Kaiserwerth band of workers, it is to be remarked that their services are strictly diaconal—that is, such ministries of mercy as belong especially to woman to render.

Their affinity to sisterhoods consists solely in their being united together into one association. Their strong contrast consists in the total absence of vows, and of the ascetic element; there being no sympathy with, or tendency towards, the cloister. The essential features of this diaconate are the training those who aspire to it receive, and their exclusive occupation in its duties while they hold it; and a Christian female agency with these essential features must achieve a vast deal of good.

They may be more or less connected with particular congregations or Churches, and have more or less of an official character; their separation to their work may be more or less regarded as ordination. Individuals may work alone, or several may live together with a view to economise time, strength, and money. But give us Christian women, trained thoroughly for this work, and set apart to it, though untrammelled by any vow, and free to retire at any time on due notice; and we have the deaconesses we want—true servants of the Church, true representatives of the practical benevolence of the Gospel—and we shall be able to grapple far more effectually than we can now, notwithstanding all our good intentions, and our well-meant, but often unskilful efforts, with many of the sorest evils by which we are surrounded.



## MISS MARSH'S LABOURS AMONG THE NAVVIES.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in the annals of Christian philanthropy is the record of Miss Marsh's labours among the 'navvies,' as given in 'English Hearts and English Hands.' 'Its purport,' as the authoress says in her postscript, 'is to show men and women, who are placed by the providence of God in another position of life, how much of high and delicate feeling is to be found amongst that great mass of their countrymen who eat their bread under the heavier portion of the primeval curse. Its object, also, is to suggest how much of that trial may be softened, and of that labour lightened, by the manifestation of a kindly interest in their daily toil and rare pleasures, of a ready appreciation of their better feelings, and of a true sympathy with all that they know of earthly sorrow or of heavenly hope.'

In both these respects this book is one of the most valuable contributions to Home Mission literature in modern times. To the most of those to whom it is addressed, the navvies were as much unknown as the Japanese. The power of detecting

and drawing out the better feelings and tendencies of human hearts amid the base and repulsive admixtures with which they are found in combination, is the rarest of gifts, but it is an indispensable element of success in the work of ameliorating mankind. It is not to every eye that the vein of genuine ore existing in the rugged specimens of humanity with which Miss Marsh had to deal, would have disclosed itself. Ministers, missionaries, and lady-visitors not a few, with the same opportunities, would have had quite a different tale to tell of the navy as the result of their intercourse with him.

The simple but thrilling narrative of her intercourse with those rough but honest hearts, reveals in her a rare combination of qualities of head and heart, without which she could never have won or kept her influence over them. The advantages of her position are not to be overlooked in considering her success. Such opportunities and such gifts are perhaps equally rare. But inborn kindness of nature, deepened and refined by the love of Christ, is a talisman of power, even in the hands of the feeblest.

There is no lack, alas ! of similar material lying more or less neglected in every parish and town in Britain, so there need be no lack of workers. The results of honest effort will verify the truth of the lines appropriately prefixed to the first chapter of 'English Hearts and English Hands : ' —

The rugged rock oft holds within its bosom,  
Deep hidden, a fount of sweet and living water,  
That needs but the power of some meet influence  
To call its gushing forth ;—thus, too, the heart  
Of many a rough neglected child of labour,  
When gently touched by the mild words of kindness,  
Is found to be a source whence flow all plenteously  
Trust, gratefulness, and truth, and those sweet sympathies  
Which make man lovely.

A sentence or two from the preface, written by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, Rector of Beckenham, will serve to introduce the scenes and incidents at which we shall glance. ‘When the author of these pages first began to speak to the earliest group of strangers who came to seek a labouring man’s lodging in Beckenham, it was little thought whereunto this would grow. It was little expected that two or three hundred navvies could take up their abode in a country village for two winters, and, instead of spreading moral contagion, set a good example to many of its inhabitants. It was as little supposed that memory would be crowded, as it is, with incidents and recollections of deep and hallowed, as well as of warm and manly friendship, on the part of some of them, who, having witnessed a good confession, have finished their course with joy.’

They came to work at the erection of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. On Sabbath, March 13, the authoress began to make friends among them in the following fashion. She went to a family where some



of them lodged, and asked for one of the members whom she had formerly visited in an illness.

'Harry ain't here just now,' was the answer given by a tall, strong navvy through the door, scarce opened wide enough to see his face.

'But I suppose I shall see him if I wait, shall I not? I will walk in, if you will allow me.'

'Well, you can if you like; but we're a lot of rough uns.'

'Oh, thank you, I do not mind that; you will be very civil to me, I am sure. Would you get me a chair?'

The chair was instantly brought by an intelligent youth, who dusted it with the tail of another man's coat, and placed it near the table.

None of them had thought of going to church. An account of Mr. Chalmers's morning sermon, which contained a sketch of the life of a benevolent medical man in Beckenham, who had just died, elicited the remark from the young man, 'Well, ma'am, it's a beautiful story, but in a measure it passes by me, because I don't believe the Bible.' The navvy's doubts had reference to the difficulty of reconciling eternal punishment with the love of God. His visitor silently prayed for wisdom, and replied, to his partial satisfaction. 'Well,' was his answer, 'I do see that is a different case from what I thought before. But now look here. I am a poor fellow, don't pretend nor profess, yet I have a quarrel with a

mate—feel to hate him—will drub him well next time we light on one another. Think better of it—offer him half my bread and cheese when we chance of meeting, and we're friends. Now why can't God do a generous action like that, and forgive us outright?'

This too was answered, and the simple Gospel of God's love in Christ to sinners stated, and the appeal made, 'Are you willing to let Him save you?' 'I am, I am,' he said fervently. 'I never thought of Him before but as an angry God. You make Him out *a Friend*.' His visitor concluded her reply with the question, 'Shall I pray with you?' 'I should like it,' he said. 'But this man,' pointing to one behind him, 'never opens his mouth but to swear.' 'But he will open it to *pray* now. Will you not, my friend?'

'Yes.'

The upshot was that they all knelt down together, and with sobs repeated after her the words of prayer. As she left, she heard the tones of the young man's voice, reading aloud to the rest, the third chapter of John's Gospel, as she had requested. He read on till late that Sabbath evening, and remarked of the conversation above repeated, 'It was all true that she said to me; I felt it in my heart.'

Such was the beginning. The next step was the formation of classes for religious instruction on the Sabbath evenings and twice a week, few

of the men ever thinking of attending any church.

‘Will you come to church next Sunday?’ she asked of one young man, whom she describes as ‘the wildest piece of nature’ she had yet fallen in with, on their first meeting.

‘Church! No; I never goes to such places!’

‘Will you come to a cottage where we have a Scripture-reading for Crystal Palace workmen?’

‘No; I goes to nothing of that sort.’

‘Perhaps you would like a little Testament, to carry in your waistcoat pocket?’

‘I shouldn’t mind that.’

She received similar answers from another whom she had crossed the road to speak to. John, however—for this was his Christian name—had followed her, and thought better of it.

‘I’ll come now to that ’ere reading you spoke of. Where is it?’

‘And so will I,’ the other said. ‘I’m Henry, elder brother to he.’

They came, and ever after attended regularly.

This same John, feeling very much ashamed at being seen by his lady friend in a company of young men, shouting and singing, said, the next time they met, ‘You ain’t a going to ask me to come to the lecture after the way you heard me shouting the other evening. I had been to the “public.”’

‘I was sure of it, John. But still I want you to come this evening.’

‘No; never again.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because,’ he said, in words that deserve to be italicised, ‘*it don’t do to live two lives.*’

Being earnestly entreated to come again, and make a fresh start, he consented, and volunteered to bring six more. He was true to his word, and came with his recruits.

Thus the work progressed. Between thirty and forty were by and by got to attend the school-room services. Notes written by Miss Marsh in printing characters, when she was from home for a few days, to some of these men, requesting them to attend church regularly, drew out about thirty of them. John, above mentioned, had refused to take the letter with his address from the postman, being sure it could not be meant for him.

A tea-party in the school-room was a great success. Each man was there, ‘clean as a baby on its christening day; and,’ adds the authoress, ‘no gentlemen in the United Kingdom could have conducted themselves better.’

‘Never spent a happier evening—never no how!’ was their own account of the entertainment.

A navy one day wished ‘to speak about his difficulties, if it was not giving too much trouble.’ He wanted to know whether heaven

were 'happier than sitting in the "public" over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going?' 'I thought,' says Miss M., 'of their homeless lives, and wishing to sympathise as far as I could, said, "Well, I dare say you do find a pleasure in it."

"A pleasure!" he interrupted me to exclaim, "you can't think the pleasure of it!" with an earnestness that was truly affecting, as the thought arose, "Is this the highest pleasure within the grasp of these noble fellows?"'

Faithfully and simply, then, was the more excellent way pointed out to him. And so the good work went on the first year: the cottage readings were thronged; a number regularly attended church, and some of them were confirmed, and partook of the communion for the first time. The navvies might have been addressed by their Beckenham friends in the words of Paul to the Thessalonians, 'We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.' Much wisdom and tenderness, much faith and patience, was needed, in guiding these fine impulsive children of nature. Here is a scene which, perhaps better than any other in the book, shows how firm and wise was the hand to which Providence had committed them. Tall George had absented himself from the readings in Paget's house, because, as he said, when asked, the latter had been rude to him. She asked him to resume attendance nevertheless. A few words were enough

to elicit the reply, 'Well now! I care more for you, ma'am, than for Paget, a thousand times. So I'll not mind about his being rude. I think I'll go.'

This was settled; but Paget being encountered, intimated next, that though sorry to vex Miss M., he should feel obliged to order tall George out, if he came to the reading. Tall George had said that Paget stole a medal off the Christmas-tree at the tea-party. It was suggested that he should take no notice. But it would not do. 'No,' he said, 'I'll order George out.' But he gave way. So George came, and was not ordered out. Their kind friend determined on attempting a reconciliation; and on its being put to Paget whether he did not think that a Sunday, and a new year in one, made a delightful day for making up a quarrel, he agreed that it would be rather a goodish thing. She walked back to George, declining the escort of the navvy who had waited to carry her lantern; because it would look as if she feared a fight, and had brought him to take care of her; and she knew that this would likely defeat her hope of peace. We shall transcribe the colloquy that took place between her and George.

'George, I am sorry about this matter between you and Paget.'

'Well, I dare say you are; but I am not. What business had he to say that I drank ten cups of tea, and ate seven bits of cake at your tea-meeting?'

‘Indeed, that was bad manners, George; and I am surprised to hear it of Paget. But if I had been you, I would have answered, If I had eaten a dozen slices of cake, and drunk twenty cups of tea, she would only have been the better pleased.’

‘Well, that would have been a good un! I wish I had thought of it.’

‘So do I. But if you did not think of a ready answer, you had no right to say that Paget stole a medal.’

‘I didn’t say he stole it. I said, I seed two medals in his hand, and never seed him put down neither.’

‘Oh, George! that was almost worse. It was so mean. I could not have thought it of you. And then the next person said he had stole it—and so the story went round. How sorry you ought to have felt when you heard it.’

‘No, I wasn’t; I was very glad.’

‘That was very wrong. But you are growing sorry now? Come with me and tell him so.’

‘No, I can’t—no, never.’

‘Then I shall go home sorry.’

He paused for a little, and then, with an effort, said,

‘No, no, you shan’t do that for my doings. I’ll go to Paget.’

They went, and the men were brought face to

face. The peacemaker thought the most difficult part of her task over. But words very soon ran high; fists were brandished; till she began to think that she had done a foolish thing in bringing them together. A pause occurred, she expostulated, and proposed prayer. She at first knelt alone, but soon heard the two men fall on their knees. When they arose the tears were streaming from Paget's eyes, and he said, 'I'll never say another word about it after that prayer.' I'll forgive him from my heart, out.' The other, however, chafed by the angry altercation, held out.

But he had to succumb. The lady was more than a match for the rough navy. On her side were the might of gentleness, and the resources of Christian womanly wisdom, as well as strength of will, and the blessing which attends the peacemaker in the work of making peace, to enable him to earn the blessing which is its reward. She thus tells the issue:

“Give *me* your hand.”

“That I will.”

“And now, Paget, give me yours.”

‘Two huge rough hands met in mine, and then, independently, shook each other as heartily as if the men had been friends from the cradle, and would be to the grave.’

It was a beautiful sight—those two rough navvies, with their hands joined in the palm of a



Christian lady, and a blessed work for a Sabbath and a new year's eve. The reconciliation was permanent.

The men were tended in sickness; in a time of temporary scarcity the wants of those who were suffering were supplied; many satisfactory instances of outward and inward change took place; wanderers were reclaimed, and backsliders recovered from their falls. Conquering old foes was hard work, and the deadly spell of the 'public,' or the taunt of meanness—held by the navvies in special abhorrence—drew back some of the most hopeful for a time to drinking. One man kept himself sober, he said, by praying hard whenever he saw a tavern.

The following is illustrative of the simple means by which much good may be done. A navvy had not seen his mother since he left home nine years before. He never wrote to her. Being asked the reason, and if he could write, his answer was:—

'Oh yes; but, you see, there's so many things to think of in writing—too many for a navvy. There's the cover, and the stamp, and the paper, and the seal, and the pen and ink—that's six. The offer of a self-sealing stamped cover, and pen and paper, being made, he said, 'Well, I'll give you half-a-crown for them.' This offer being rejected, of course, and the suggestion made that he should purchase stamps to that amount, and

enclose them to his mother to buy a new cap, he remarked,

‘Well, that *is* a good thought!’

The letter was written, and was the means of renewing intercourse between the pious mother and the son whom she had wept over as lost for nine years. His conduct afterwards was most satisfactory.

Here is an incident that speaks for itself. One of the men to whom Mrs. Chalmers had showed kindness, being asked why he had not, like the rest, come to ask for her in a dangerous illness she had, replied with tears, ‘It wasn’t that I did not mind. I waited, and watched for them as came, to ask how she were; but I didn’t like to come to the house. I have been going on pretty middling badly of late, till just lately.’

‘What made you change, just lately?’

‘Why, I did not like to be going on so, whilst *she* lay ill.’

Miss Marsh and those who laboured with her were rewarded with many a proof of deep gratitude and delicate feeling.

Three of the men enlisted to go to the Crimea, mainly in order that they might have an opportunity of being near Captain Hedley Vicars.

The formation of the Army Works Corps, early in the year 1855, brought a number of men to the neighbourhood of Sydenham. They assembled to be chosen at the Crystal Palace Office, and remained in the neighbourhood till they embarked

for the Crimea, many of them in Beckenham. The first of them arrived there towards the latter end of May, and as the first detachment, consisting wholly of railway labourers, did not sail till July, there was time and opportunity for prosecuting among the strangers the labours of love which had been carried on so auspiciously among the Crystal Palace workmen. The same results followed, and many a thrilling incident of hearts won and changed, of reconciliation, of reformation, of holy living and holy dying, occupies the record. Daily visits were made to the place where the men assembled; and twice a day for a while, beneath a railway bridge, Mr. Chalmers, whom they called 'our parson,' preached. But we must omit details, to give space for one memorable scene in which Miss Marsh's power over these 'English hearts' was remarkably shown.

Having heard that a fight was going on at Penge between them and the police, arising from somewhat less than a hundred out of the six or seven hundred congregated together having spent what they believed their last night in England in drinking, she drove thither. She arrived at a critical moment, and drove between the combatants. 'Like Nehemiah,' she says, 'I prayed to the God of heaven. Then turning to the crowd of some five hundred men, with already upraised missiles, I said, "The first man who throws a stone is my enemy. We will have no more fighting

to-day, by God's help. Haven't we had enough of it already—two policemen nearly killed, and seven of our poor fellows perhaps to be transported for life, or hanged if the wounded men die. Go back and give over, for my sake—for the sake of that God of peace of whom I have so loved to speak with you." A brief silence followed, and then some remonstrated: 'Do you go away, ma'am. We wouldn't hurt you for anything; but it is not fair to hinder us paying off the p'lice.' She expressed her resolution to stay, and in answer to the determination expressed by them to 'set their mates free,' she pledged her word that they should be free, and asked if they would trust her.

'Trust ye to the world's end!' was shouted after a pause.

'Then prove it by going back within the Crystal Palace gates.'

In five minutes she was left alone with the police and the prisoners. 'A lady's gentle voice can do more with us than forty thousand p'lice,' they said to Mr. Chalmers, an hour after, and made the air ring with shouts, 'God bless the peacemaker!'

Next day, after shaking hands with each man, believing that they were about to embark, an official called her back to report that it was their united wish 'that she should go out with them to the Crimea, to keep them straight, and to be with any of them who should die out there, in

their last hours. 'And they humbly begged to know if they might take the best place on board for me, and pay for it amongst themselves.'

This, although loath, she was obliged to decline to do. They had gratefully accepted her offer to take charge of any portion of their wages. The receipts which she offered them for the money-orders drawn out in her name were unanimously refused. Each man's will was written on the back of those money-orders. Out of the savings entrusted to her, not only wives and families, but dependent relatives were generously provided for. They had other opportunities of saying farewell, and of pleasant intercourse, as the ship did not sail for some days.

Though the conduct of the men, as a whole, in the Crimea was not what their kind friends expected, one of the missionaries out there found 'Beckenham' a spell of power to calm them in their wildest moods; and many a precious letter reached the circle at the rectory from their navvy friends.

A second battalion of artisans and railwaymen was formed in the months of August and September, and afforded fresh opportunities of doing good; although, in order to take advantage of them, Miss Marsh and her sister had to come twice a week from Brighton, where they were spending the autumn. By this time the receipts from money-orders averaged about 500*l.* a month,

and the letters from the men in the Crimea about fifty a week.

While the third battalion was forming in November, many of the men were in a starving state, while waiting to see if they should be chosen. Their kind friends from Beckenham greatly alleviated the distress by distributing daily from one to two hundred hot penny pies, bought on the spot from a London pieman, who came down on speculation, or by giving coffee and bread and butter. By small loans of money, and in other ways, they helped some of them, who all behaved with honour and gratitude. Many letters full of trust, of thankfulness, of friendship, and piety, from the Crimea, gladdened their benefactors' hearts.

A joyous meeting again awaited them, on the return of the Army Works Corps to England, though not a few were missing whose absence was mourned. Then there were savings to be handed over, and advice to be given as to how they were to be invested; and of all who had deposited their money-orders with Miss Marsh, she says there were not more than six in regard to whom there was any fear that their money would be imprudently spent. Then there were partings to all points of the compass of those who had been drawn within the sacred influences of Beckenham, to remember, and be remembered by, their honoured benefactors there in life and death.

Beckenham has become to thousands of hearts holy ground, and 'English Hearts and English Hands' will be to earnest workers in the rich yet wide home mission field a classic book. They will read it to find the way to the hearts of the sons of toil, and from its pages will learn to grasp with heartier trust and truer sympathy the workman's horny hand. We honour its author as a noble pioneer in the most urgent and hopeful work the Churches of the present day have on hand, and to which if they only gird themselves in the right spirit, they will be able to deliver the working man from those charlatan counsellors and patrons to whom he has been but too apt to lend a credulous ear. True Christian sympathy is the secret of her power. You see in her a Christian lady, going as a sister among the rough unsophisticated sons of labour, and receiving at once their confidence and friendship; her high culture no barrier between her and those simple souls, but, softened by Christian love, teaching a readier, deeper sympathy with them; her piety not testifying its existence, as is so common, chiefly by being shocked and horrified at the conduct of those with whom she has to deal, but by overcoming evil with good.

Her deep desire for their spiritual good, and her clear knowledge of the way to attain it, will be willingly overlooked by some, but unless observed, the greatest lesson of her labours is lost. Her aim

was to get hold of the soul on the side nearest to God and eternity ; hence the strength of her grasp. Our influence for good over our fellow-men will be in proportion to their value in our eyes. And no one holds them so precious as he who, like her whose works we have been contemplating, sees in each human being the traces of the Divine image, now faded and dim, but capable of being restored in all its perfection. The means on which she relied are not novel, though they are forces often ignored in attempted solutions of the problem of the elevation of the masses. The Gospel, simple and definite—the atonement of Christ—the work of the Holy Spirit—and the need of pardon and renewing—were the truths which she set herself above all to teach. And whatever the craving of learned scribes for something more philosophic and refined, this Gospel proved itself to simple navvie the powers of God unto salvation.





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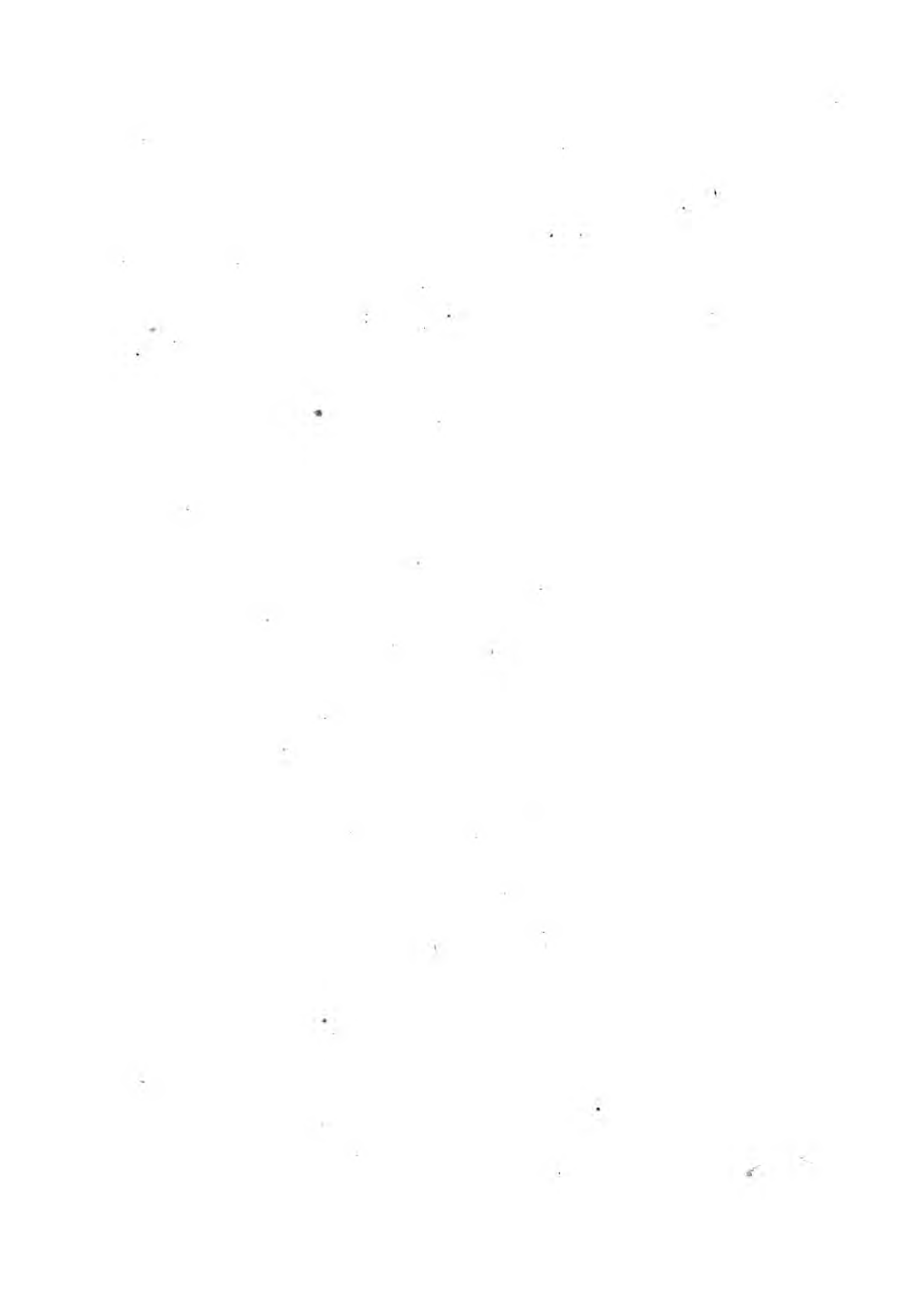
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