

dered off to the shadowy meadows around them, now thickly strewn with brown and golden leaves, and she saw the gleam of the river between the stems of the great elms. The calm and the sadness of the dying year seemed to be stealing over her spirit; youth was gliding away; a fuller life, with all its unexplored paths, was waiting for her inexperienced feet. Meanwhile, it was sweet to be dreaming here in the autumn sunshine and quiet shades.

If Miss Thornhill had not been unusually occupied with her own musings, she would have noticed that two of her pupils were missing. Pamela Rye and Agnes Quinton had merely moved to a little distance, and were watching a lady artist sketching under one of the old trees, and vigilantly guarded by a large Newfoundland dog. But Charlotte Ashley and Minnie Wood were nowhere to be seen.

(To be continued.)

AGNES JONES.

"WHO was Agnes Jones?" most of our readers will say. Let them hear what Florence Nightingale, known and honoured by all, thought and wrote of her, and they will feel interest in learning more about her life and work. Miss Nightingale became famous over all the world, because her good deeds were witnessed on a grand scale during the Crimean war. What she did amidst camps and armies, Agnes Jones did in the humbler and less public sphere of hospitals and workhouses, but with equal devotion and as noble self-sacrifice. This is what Miss Nightingale said of her sister in deeds of mercy and kindness.

"She died, as she had lived, at her post in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nurses had been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from the desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say most free, she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did."

"This young lady," Miss Nightingale goes on to say, "in less than three years reduced one of the most disorderly workhouse populations to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She inspired fifty nurses and probationers with her own admirable spirit; she converted a Vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses; she converted the Poor Law Board to her views; she disarmed all opposition, conciliated all classes and denominations, and won the hearts of the paupers."

"How," asks Miss Nightingale, "did she do it all? She did it simply by the manifestation of the life that was in her—the trained, well-ordered life of doing her Father's business; so different from the governing, the ordering about, the driving principle. And everybody recognised it—the paupers, and the Vestry, and the nurses, and the Poor Law Board. As for the nurses (those who understood her), her influence with them was unbounded. They would have died for her, because they always felt that she cared for them, not merely as the instruments of the work, but for each one in herself; not because she wished for popularity or praise among them, but solely for their own well-being. She had no care for praise in her at all. But for

rather because of this) she had greater power of carrying her followers with her than any woman or man I ever knew. And she seemed not to know that she was doing anything remarkable."

Miss Nightingale's testimony to her character and her work is valuable, but the following extract from a letter gives us deeper insight into the true secret of her devotedness: "I often think," wrote one of her nurses, "how closely she followed her Saviour, in leaving her home, where she might have had so many comforts, and yet she left it to associate with the poorest and lowest of mankind. . . . You know we entered here amid great difficulty, but with her help and love we were able to surmount it all. Before she took us into the wards she commended us all to God in prayer, and besought His blessing and help in the work. That was the secret of her success in everything. She took all to Jesus, and always exhorted us to do the same."

Agnes Jones was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the 12th Regiment; she was born at Cambridge, on November the 10th, 1832, and, following the regiment, went at the age of five to the Mauritius, where she remained a few years. The home of her family in Ireland was mostly at Fahan House, a lonely spot on the banks of Lough Swilly. For this place, and to all the people round about it, she acquired a very strong affection. At an early period she had serious thoughts, and on her birthdays would make many good resolutions, which it grieved her much to find she had forgotten almost immediately after. Ardent in nature, and affectionate in feeling from the first, her character developed with her years. In 1850 her father died, and from that time she was more decided in regard to religion, and her heart was given to the Lord. During this winter she began to teach in the Lurgan-street Ragged School (in Dublin, to which the family had removed), where the deep spiritual and physical need of her scholars awakened her liveliest interest, and called forth her deepest sympathy.

The year 1853 brought her the joy of a Continental tour. The bent of her mind was shown in the living interest she took in a meeting of the *Ceuvre des Diaconesses* of Paris, and in their various operations. On June 21st, the whole party went to Kaiserswerth, Pastor Fliedner's well-known training home for nurses. She was so delighted with the place that she returned to spend a week there. In her journal she wrote: "It may be pleasant in a few years to know with what feelings I looked upon the going to Kaiserswerth, for it seems to me that it will exercise a great influence on my future life. I have no desire to become a deaconess; that would not, I think, be the place I should be called upon to occupy. No, my own Ireland first; in Ireland is it my heart's desire to labour."

The effect of the visit to Kaiserswerth was a strong desire to return there and be trained for Christian work. A year or two were spent in Dublin, Port-Stewart, and Fahan House; and at the last-named place especially, the much-loved home of her girlhood, her desire to be employed in ministering to the sick and sorrowful began to be realised. "In the school; by the sick bed of the dying; in the lowly cottage, where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and prompt wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope." So much was her heart in the work that nothing would have been deemed harder than to give it up. "What a sore trial it would be to be forced to cease from visiting them! Their cordial welcome cheers me, and the hope of doing them good is such an incentive; when I come to one who is a Christian, and hear her prayers for me, there rises within me a deep wellspring of joy."

Stormy weather and bad roads were certainly not welcome, yet they did not overcome her purpose. "I thought, the snow is heavy, the roads slippery, my head aches severely; how gladly would I remain at home! But how can I with these words in my ears—'the Lord hath need of thee'?"

Thus busy with the work of faith and the labour of love, the years of Agnes Jones's life ran on till, in 1860, the way was open for her to return to Kaiserswerth. Leaving her mother and sister was a great trial, but at first it was not thought that her absence would extend beyond a month. She wrote that she was as happy as the day was long, the Sisters had told her much of Miss Nightingale, and filled her with the desire to know such a loving and lovely womanly character. One told her that many of the sick remembered much of her teaching, and some died happily, blessing her for having led them to Jesus. It was soon made apparent to her that so short a stay would be useless, and great was her delight when longer leave to stay was granted. She was much struck with the ways and ideas of Kaiserswerth: the absolute obedience that was required; the constant endeavour to make the work reproductive, by training others to do it; the effort to elevate the nurses, by giving them a higher education; the evangelical teaching; and the order and method pervading the whole establishment.

On leaving Kaiserswerth, her first work was to assist Mrs. Ranyard in her scheme of employing Bible-women among the London poor. At this time she came into contact with Mrs. Pennefather, then of Barnet, for whom personally she had a great love and admiration, and whom she strongly urged to engraft some plan for training and employing deaconesses on her useful work now carried on at Mildmay. In the following winter she was summoned suddenly to Rome by the illness of her sister. When the danger was over, and she had leisure to move about, her heart leaned to wherever there were deaconesses; in short, it was apparent that her heart was in the occupation of nursing. At Rome, at her sister's bedside, she felt she had somewhat of the nurse's faculty; but the question arose, Could she teach and govern others? She went to St. Loup, and learned something there. At Riehen and Zurich she saw how God could even use feeble women to give guidance and help to others. At Strasburg she discussed the matter with a Sister, and her fears became less. Then she determined to go to St. Thomas's Hospital, and see whether she might not be able to say, when others kept back from the work, "Lord, here am I; send me." Her mother could no longer resist her wish, and when the family arrived in London, Agnes entered into correspondence with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper, and it was arranged that in October she should enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a probationer.

Miss Nightingale was very desirous that she should count the cost; she must remain a year at St. Thomas's, and act as a common nurse; with companions moral and respectable, but not, as a body, Christian women. All this she had looked in the face. Her motto was, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God"; and her hope was that God might even there give her a mission to the nurses and patients. To St. Thomas's accordingly she went. People might pity her in her hospital costume, and with her hard and apparently repulsive duties. But her heart did not sink. She could take the humerous side of a heavy duty, write to her friends how they would laugh if they could have a peep at her giving medicine to forty-two men, and see one of them open his mouth for her to pop in a pill, and stopping to thank her before he swallowed it. She could describe herself as "happy Agnes," and tell of her privileges, the goodness of God, the

favour which she found in the eyes of others, the happiness of morning prayer and a daily prayer-meeting. She got a day now and then to pay a visit to Barnett and enjoy the refreshment of Mrs. Pennfather's comments and prayers.

When her year was out, she accepted a situation for a time as superintendent of a small hospital in Bolsover-street, and, later, in the Great Northern Hospital. The latter position made great demands, and brought on an affection of deafness which was very trying. She had to go for a time to rest amid the familiar scenes of Fahan or other quiet spots in Ireland. Thence she was summoned, in

then at the Great Northern Hospital, asking her to take the post of Lady Superintendent of the proposed trained nurses. After consideration and consultation with Miss Nightingale and others, she agreed. It was a great undertaking, and it was some time after she went to reside there before she began her work. "Again and again," she wrote, "I have asked myself, Shall I ever be able to meet the dreariness, the loneliness, the difficulties, jealousies, restraint, disappointments, isolation? In my own strength, no, never. And yet when I look back, I see how God has helped me, how in the darkest moment a something has come, sent by that loving

or indolence. More important than that, she had the training of the nurses and probationers, the inspiring of them with the true spirit of their work. There is no detailed account of her method of procedure. From half-past five till near midnight, her time was occupied going through the wards, meeting with the nurses, having prayers, presiding at meals; but she was ever active and bright. When her mother and sister paid her their first visit "she was the picture of happiness, and evidently delighted in her work; finding pleasure in every proof, however small, that through her or her staff, more of physical, as well as moral and spiritual good, had been



AGNES JONES.

1865, to what proved to be the great scene of her triumph and of her death. In Liverpool, Mr. W. Rathbone had proposed that in the great workhouse hospital trained nurses should be substituted for the very unsatisfactory women that had heretofore been appointed to take charge of the inmates. Knowing how difficult it is to infuse one's convictions on such a topic into a public Board by arguments, however strong, he had offered to bear the whole expense for the first three years, believing that at the end of that time the arrangement would plead its own cause and commend itself to the Guardians on every ground. In the spring of 1864, he wrote to Miss Jones,

Father—a little word, a letter, flowers, a something which has cheered me, and told me not only of the human love, but of the watchful heavenly Friend who knew His weak child's need, and answered her repining or fearing thought by a message of mercy which bade her trust and not be afraid." In that spirit, trusting and not afraid, she set to work, and achieved results which drew universal astonishment and admiration. She had a double duty—the general charge of the whole institution of six hundred pauper patients, most of whom, as was acknowledged, had come there through their own fault: through one or other of the great causes of pauperism and misery—drink

brought to those under her care. Early in the summer she began Sunday evening readings in one of the wards where there were none but Protestants. She could not be ignorant that Roman Catholics did attend; but as they came uninvited, she did not consider herself called to exclude them. This class she continued to the end. "I shall never," continues her sister, "forget the one at which I was present. . . . The room had filled; on each bed men were seated, closely packed together, others standing by the wall, or grouped around. . . . She began with a short prayer, then read part of a chapter, on which she commented in very simple but striking words

FANCY DARNING.

closing with a practical application and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of all present. . . . She had also every Sunday a Bible-class for her nurses." She had another Sunday class which mounted up to a hundred children. But she did not depend on dealings with her people in the gross. Before she began, she had said, "It is the *individual* influence we shall have, the individual relief and the individual help for mind and body that will be ours." And so it was. "It was one of the characteristics of her work that she never overlooked the individual in the community, but cared for the pleasure of each as if they stood alone. She had great faith in the softening influence of happiness, and her tender heart went out in active sympathy for those who, immured for life in these hospital wards, had ceased to expect that brightness or gladness could ever come to them."

Although cheerful in her work, she was often sad and discouraged from the necessary evils that result from crowding together numbers of poor people in a huge institution. "I sometimes wonder," she said, "if there is a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of the vilest. I can only wonder how God stays His hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All lie passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it!"

Nevertheless, about the end of that two years, and one year before the time arranged for trying the experiment of trained nurses, the sub-committee of the Workhouse Committee presented a report on the working of the system, so favourable that the Vestry determined to adopt the system as a permanent one, and extend it to the whole of the Workhouse Infirmary. "This success," Mr. Rathbone wrote to Miss Jones, in April, 1867, "would have been impossible had it not been for your cheerful firmness and faith. I do most warmly congratulate you on having been so faithful a servant to Him to whom you look in a work so truly His own."

After this, there was hardly a year's time for work. Her system had doubtless been overworked, and this rendered her more liable to the attack of one of the worst and most fatal of diseases, typhus fever. She died February 19, 1868.

No words could describe the grief that overwhelmed the hospital. It had seemed impossible that such an angel of mercy should die. When the coffin was carried out, the poor patients crowded the stairs and landing to get a last look of all that could now remind them of her who had been such a treasure and blessing among them. Her remains were carried to her own Ireland, and laid in the churchyard of Fahan, where the waters of Lough Swilly ripple to the foot of the Ennis-hoven Hills.

Our last thought is, what a wonderful capacity for usefulness, what a power of benediction there is in thousands of girls and women, if only they were in the same state of union and communion with Christ as Agnes Jones was! It may be given to few to do such work as she did, with her rare gifts and graces of character; but the same spirit of devotion, of kindness, and unselfishness, may be shown in lesser spheres, and even in the narrow circle of our own home. The more such spirit is shown the more will this earth be like heaven, and true Christianity be spread among the children of men.*

ORDINARY darning, as you are all well aware, consists in the imitation of linen weaving, by passing over one thread and under one, to form minute, almost imperceptible squares. This mode of mending is often, for rapidity, made less precise by missing two or three stitches. Fancy darning, however, is more complicated, as it comprises the reproduction of different styles of weaving. It includes the hosiery or stocking web, the small and classical designs of old, covering the linen ground with a series of long straight stitches, which delineate the pattern by crossing over and under an irregular number of threads, besides the damask with its ground intersected by diagonal lines, obtained, like some other twills, by darning over four and under one, with this distinction: that the damask twill leaves a thread between at every line, whereas the ordinary twill forms a continuous streak, each stitch touching the other. Since writing this article I have unravelled numerous specimens of damask to discover some easy and quick patterns for beginners, and have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly impossible to reproduce the designs stitch by stitch. The round threads of modern naperies are so clotted together by the strength of steam power, that with the finest needle and cotton scarcely a quarter of the pattern can be represented in its corresponding space. Hence it is best to practise the two varieties of the stitch which produce the different effects of light and shade, and then work out the design in the best way possible, guided by the eye. In this case it is essential to keep the pattern in front of you, and to work upwards with the needle from you, breaking the thread at each row, to save the shifting of the work. By all means avoid the usual ridge of ends on both sides by finishing off the rows irregularly.

We have already made some acquaintance with plain darning and stocking mending, these being the two indispensable modes of repairing. Bear in mind, though, their mutual invention dates from very distant periods. To the early Egyptians we owe the manufacture of linen, while the stocking-frame has only been known since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Pharaoh, we read, "arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen" (Gen. xli. 42); but Western people seem not to have been so favoured, as Englishmen did not indulge in the luxury of linen shirts before 1492, when Flemish weavers established themselves in Great Britain to teach the art, under the protection of Henry III. In 1589 the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Nottingham, found out the secret of imitating the web of knitting stockings in a frame, just twenty-five years after we had learnt to knit them with needles. This last-named discovery, it generally appears, hailed from Mantua, in Italy, where it had been slyly studied by an English apprentice-boy, who brought home his precious knowledge, and on his arrival presented to the Earl of Pembroke a pair of worsted knitted stockings—the first of this description seen in this country. On the other hand, it is also reported that, in 1560, Mrs. Montague offered to her sovereign, Elizabeth, a pair of black silk knitted stockings, probably of Spanish make and material. The difference in date is of little moment; evidently the occupation of hand-knitting came from the South, and silk stockings were the speciality of Spain, where silk, at that time, abounded.

Ah! it would indeed be interesting to follow, step by step, the progress of textiles; impossible, though, to dive into such investigations, for to-day our allotted space must be devoted to the practical rather than to the historical side of the question. However, I strongly recommend all needlework teachers

to render that great bore—the mending class—more attractive by a chat on the gradual spread of these textiles. This term, in its widest acceptation, refers to every kind of stuff, no matter its material, wrought in the loom. A lively survey of this kind would soon transform the proverbial dry task into a delightful lesson, full of moral bearing. Our own annals alone show the enormous labour spent in bygone years, with spinning from a distaff, and weaving with primitive hand-loom. What real martyrdom, too, was suffered by those who, at the cost of fortune and life, offered to the world improvements which slowly and surely have conduced to all the comforts enjoyed in the nineteenth century—comforts denied even to kings and queens of yore. On hearing these details of self-help, self-sacrifice, and perseverance, what pupil will not set to work with alacrity and thankfulness? Will it not seem to her quite a pastime to reproduce so quickly and easily a fabric which, in its origin, called for an untold amount of energy and inventive power.

The first diversity brought to the linen consisted in dyeing the texture either in one unbroken colour or in stripes—a process for which Britons held the palm.

The next phase resulted in obtaining a woven pattern by regular divisions of coloured threads. Checks naturally suggested themselves at the outset, and although invented by the Gauls, there is every reason to believe that these were the fundamental designs from which arose the Scotch plaids, universally worn throughout the island from the second century. Boadicea, the warrior queen, always garbed herself in a tunic of native woollen stuff, chequered all over with many colours.

Accordingly, the second lesson in darning always runs upon the elements of fancy darns—coloured blocks and stripes—still woven on the principle of take one, leave one. There is little to be said about these series, the squares having been already explained in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of April 4, 1880, page 271, and the stripes being worked on a similar principle. Matching of colour and size of thread constitute such important points of mending that, as a rule, the darn is scarcely a success, unless ravellings of the very stuff itself are employed.

Gradually, patterns have been introduced, all of them small and geometrical, and invariably retaining the plain ground. These designs were primarily woven in costly silk fabrics alone, and passed in the early Middle Ages by the name of "diaspron"—a Byzantine-Greek word, which means "I separate," to signify what distinguishes or separates itself from things around it, as every pattern does on one-coloured silk. From the Latin adaptation "diasper" we have "diaper."

Other authorities give a much more recent origin to the word, which they derive from Ypres, in Flanders, a town wherein the same style of weaving was carried on, but in flaxen thread. The silken fabric fitly served, in mediæval times, for expensive dresses and furniture, while its flax imitation provides the modern towelling and naperies.

No better example of the diapered stuffs could be shown than the "bird's eye" (fig. 1) a pattern ever new and popular, albeit so many centuries old. Needle and loom alike have vied in representing its spotted diamonds or lozenges. The more antiquated the embroidery, the more constantly is the "bird's eye" met with for grounding and garments, either wrought in silks or artificially raised over cord, and glittering with metallic thread. Even in our days the veriest child is taught to reproduce the speckled diamond on her canvas-work, and every branch of industry still retains the tiny linear figure. It is really so familiar, that it has been thought as well to illustrate it here under a more uncommon aspect—viz., in

* The materials of this memoir are chiefly taken from a book by the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, "Leaders in Modern Philanthropy." Published by the Religious Tract Society