

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

EVERY now and then in the course of our lives it is our good fortune to become acquainted with men and women who combine characteristics of no common order, whose lives are self-sacrificing, and whose determined purpose is, with the loving Father's help, to remove or lessen some of those evils which ruin the happiness of His people, and almost blot out His image in their hearts.

Enthusiasm, devotion and courage, combined with simple, child-like faith, must of necessity be the characteristics of these people.

When such an one is moving in our midst we all feel the better for it; it lifts us out of our thoughtless indolent lives and gives us a living picture of what one individual can do, who goes out to war with crime and disease in the strength of God and with His blessing. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance and power of such a life.

There is such an one with us now—a woman—and a very womanly, gentle woman. She is one who cannot fail to create in us the deepest interest and an enthusiastic desire to help her in her work.

Miss Kate Marsden is not unknown to us. She has already done good service among the sick and wounded both here and abroad; and her influence upon the rough miners in New Zealand and the instruction she gave them in Ambulance work should fill our hearts with thankfulness that God has put it into the heart

and power of a woman to be of such service to the age in which she lives.

This, however, is but a prelude—a preparation for the wonderful and almost impossible task she has now set herself to do.

We, who have had the privilege of listening to her plans and seeing her simple preparations, are reminded of David of old going out to meet the giant with a sling and a stone. She is just as fearless as he. She is going out against the giants of disease, misery and oppression in their most hideous forms, and her answer to all prophecies that "her flesh will be given to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field" is that of David, "I am going in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

This wonderful and dangerous mission undertaken by Miss Kate Marsden is to travel through Russia up to the remote parts of Siberia to see for herself the condition of the lepers, of whom there are so many scattered throughout this awful country, and to find some means of alleviating their misery and improving their physical condition; and further, to comfort the Christian exiles, among whom are delicate refined women and children.

For years these poor helpless sufferers have been waiting for some one to intercede for them, and to do this is one of Miss Kate Marsden's objects.

She has been working during the past year to overcome obstacles and to make

the path clear for the accomplishing of this mission.

She was presented to our good and gracious Queen in March last, and was desired by Her, through the Lord Chamberlain, to let Her know something of her life and work.

This was a great thing gained, as presentation to the English Court would obtain for her an entrance to any foreign Court which might be necessary for the success of her mission.

The Princess of Wales, having heard of Miss Kate Marsden's work, telegraphed to her to come to Marlborough House, and in the kind and gentle manner which has won for her the love of every one in England—man, woman, and child—received her and talked with her, listening to her plans for the relief of the lepers and hearing from her of the necessity of an interview with the Empress of Russia, this last being an almost unheard-of thing even to contemplate much more to accomplish, so impenetrably is the Russian Court hedged about.

The Princess of Wales wrote to her sister, the Empress, and told her of Miss Kate Marsden's desire to see and speak with Her; and without delay this brave woman started for St. Petersburg, there to await the command of Her Imperial Majesty.

In due time, and to everyone's amazement, she found herself in the presence of the Empress, who, while Miss Kate Marsden was making a very low curtsy, went towards her and kissed her on both cheeks, saying: "I receive you not as a stranger, but as a friend of my sister the Princess of Wales," and made her sit while she talked with her.

Patiently and with great interest she listened to the account of how Miss Kate Marsden had first seen a leper while engaged in the Russo-Turkish war, and how from that moment she had longed to study leprosy, in order that she might be the means of mitigating the sufferings caused by this disease, and how she desired to devote her life to this object.

She begged permission of the Empress to visit the leper hospitals in various parts of Russia and to go to any place in the kingdom where lepers dwelt, that she might study the disease and learn to rob it of some of its horrors, for there are many lepers in Russia, in some parts as many as fourteen in a thousand of the inhabitants.

The Empress entered into all her plans with an enthusiastic interest and found out what it was she needed help in and promised it to the utmost of her power.

Certainly Miss Kate Marsden had put great faith in the result of this interview, but it never would have entered into her brain to imagine a fraction of the benefits and kindnesses showered upon her, nor how the difficulties, which had, up to this moment, been deemed insurmountable, were to be smoothed down or made to disappear altogether.

She left St. Petersburg with permission to visit the hospitals, prisons and mines from one end of Russia to the other, to take photographs and notes as she pleased; and the escort of Dr. Duncan, a privy councillor and the head of the sanitary department of the kingdom, was promised free of expense to her in any place of danger.

In addition to all this, the Empress bestowed upon her the decoration of the Red Cross Society for her work in the Russo-Turkish war.

Full of thankfulness for all the kindness she had received, not only from the Emperor and Empress, but from all about the Court and from the high officials, she returned home to England to make her arrangements for departure. On arriving here an offer was made to her by a lady to defray all expenses

and to help her in every way possible; and thus everything seemed plain, but, unhappily, this help failed utterly—no need here to state the cause. And thus it happens that Miss Kate Marsden, having spent all her private means to bring her work up to this point, has had to postpone her departure for a short time in order to get means for the journey.

She must have a certain sum lodged in the bank for her use—it would be an awful position for a woman, alone and in the remote districts of Russia, to be stranded for want of means.

Picture in your minds a woman thirty-one years of age, of refined and gentle habits, leaving home and every one she loves, and starting alone for the utmost corners of the earth, for the sole object of learning to minister to the dread disease of leprosy! Surely such a thing is heroic; even Stanley in darkest Africa pales before her. He had company, she will have none; and only up to a certain point will there be any decent means of travelling. For five thousand miles there, and the same back—that is through all the country beyond Tomsk—she must journey in a jolting cart or sledge night and day through cold such as we in this climate can form no conception of.

Her bed during these days will be on straw, and if she get food of the coarsest kind once a day she will be fortunate; and then, again, she will be subject to the attacks of wolves and wild dogs! All this is no exaggeration. As a woman I should say Stanley will have to take a back seat.

We asked her if she were not afraid to trust herself with the drivers alone on these long journeys. Her answer was, "Not in the least; a man, be he ever so rough, always respects and takes care of a woman who puts faith in him." And she made this clear by one or two glimpses of her life while working among the miners in New Zealand. For example:—

Finding herself one day in an outlying district, the only woman in the midst of a number of miners who had asked her to come to teach them what to do in case of accident or sickness, one or two of them said—

"Missus, ain't you afeared to be here among us rough miners?"

Her answer was, "I am not in the least afraid of you while you are sober, for I know you will take as much care of me as my mother herself would do, but I am horribly afraid of drunken men, so will you promise me you won't drink while I am here?"

"All right, missus, we promise," was the hearty response after a moment's hesitation.

When the night came they made her a bed of ferns and a tent of their shirts and coats—a very usual method of providing for her in these remote districts—and a big fire of

brushwood, and, setting a watch, they wished her good night.

She thanked God and lay down to rest, relying implicitly upon the men's promise.

In the middle of the night she heard a thud just outside the tent, and on going to the entrance inquired what was the matter.

"All right, missus, you go to sleep," came the answer.

"But what was it?" she asked.

"Well, you see, we promised not to get drunk, so we put the two-dozen case of brandy in your tent as the only safe place we knew of, and here's a fellow sneaking round for it, that's all. But he won't try it again."

Her headquarters were at Nelson, and the men would come seventy or a hundred miles for her, and without any other particular than that she was needed she would start off with them, either driving or walking, or boating or riding, to their destination; and except one practical joke, for which the man was intensely sorry, she never received anything but the most considerate care and kindness, and never for a moment did she repent her confidence in these men.

In this way she spent a whole year, and who shall say what good was done by her?—for, beside being a skilful nurse, she is a deeply religious woman.

She has a marvellous affection for the people of New Zealand, which will abide all her life long.

Every one will rejoice to know that Miss Nightingale is intensely interested in this mission of Kate Marsden's, and sent for her to talk it over. After the interview, Miss Kate Marsden said she felt that she had spoken to one of the noblest women God ever made, and that she would willingly become a scrubber of floors in her service if by so doing she could be always near her.

She says, in a letter to Miss Kate Marsden, "Thinking much and anxiously of your noble plan of searching out lepers." Again, "It is such a large scheme." "God teaches slowly," and finishes it by praying that the Father Almighty, Omniscient, who is Infinite Love, may be her guide and her help, and surely no human being ever needed the loving Father's help and guidance more than this brave woman.

All who read this can see what a noble work is being undertaken by her, and how beset with dangers and hardships; and the only way in which we who stay at home can help her is by never ceasing to think of her in our prayers and to send contributions towards the expense of the mission to the Editor, who has kindly consented to receive them and place them in her bank—the Joint Stock Bank, Pall Mall. It is very necessary that she should start without delay, otherwise she will be enveloped in ice and snow ere she reach her destination.

While writing the above some of Kate Marsden's friends have presented her with cheques sufficient for her to make a start, and it must be our care to get additional contributions lodged in her bank so that she may have no anxiety about money, and that the object of the Mission fail not for want of it. Any donation, small or large, sent to the Editor of this magazine, will be lodged in Miss Marsden's bank and sent over to her as she may require; and acknowledgment will be made in these columns.

Contributions paid in:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Williams (of Hitchcock and Williams)	10	0	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	25	0	0
Mr. George Spicer	10	0	0
Mr. Hugh Matheson	50	0	0
Mr. Gurney Barclay (Bevan)	10	0	0
Mr. Benjamin L. Cohen	5	0	0
E. B.	1	0	0
J. R. B.	0	5	0

A most valuable contribution has been received from the Directors of the Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System in the form of a complete outfit for her journey. It is impossible to exaggerate the benefit of this gift, for no single thing has been omitted, and the lightness, softness and warmth of the clothing are exactly what she needs. She, who as a rule thinks so little of her own personal needs, is as delighted as a child with each article as she takes it up and shows it, testing the softness of it on her cheek.

A second contribution, and scarcely less valuable, is a beautiful little medicine-chest, the gift of Burroughs, Wellcome and Co. It is not heavy, and contains everything necessary for dressing wounds and healing the sick.

Another is from our Editor, consisting of an aneroid barometer, thermometer and compass combined.

The last day of her stay in London has come; she has her mother's hearty sanction, and at last has wished her good-bye—no easy task, for she and one brother are only left out of a large family, and she loves her mother dearly. She is to-day a very woman, not a heroine.

The dawn of the day she has so longed for is breaking. She knows not what is before her, whether success or death, but with faith, hope and courage, together with a perfect trust in God and a certain knowledge of the need these poor loathsome afflicted ones have of her help, she is going forward.

Sept. 19.—I have just returned from seeing Miss Kate Marsden off on the Paramatta. She is full of spirit and hope and has cast fear behind her.

EMMA BREWER.

VARIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"SIR—May I call the attention of your readers to the fact that about the end of November the Church Emigration Society will send to Australia a protected party, principally of single girls, under the care of a matron. The demand for female servants is very great; a correspondent in Adelaide says that Australian girls will not go into service, and soon there will be no servants; a correspondent in Melbourne reports that a parlour-maid recently sent out by the Society is getting £36 a year, and a general servant £40. All particulars of the party, cost of journey, etc., can be obtained from the Rev. Edgar Sheppard,

49, Victoria Street, Westminster, or from Miss C. E. Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.

"I remain, Yours truly,

"C. E. DENISON."

SWEET REVENGE.

Young Wife: "I am going to make a nice cake for supper."

Young Husband (with recollections of the last one): "Ahem, I did intend to bring a friend home to-night."

Young Wife: "Well, so much the better. The more the merrier."

Young Husband: "All right. I shall fetch him along. He served me a mean trick himself once."

HOSTESS AND GUEST.

Hostess: "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler?"

Guest: "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can almost eat anything."

THE RIGHT WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS.—It is said of some gardeners that from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So, often, in order to examine abuses in things beneficially, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view.

I saw his grey hair and pleasant face I thought it was my cousin Leonard. Picture to yourself my delight in having a friendly hand held out to me. Oh, he was so kind, so fatherly. I have called him monsieur always to myself."

"I wonder what these two young workwomen are chattering so busily about?" asked a quiet voice at this moment, and Averil smiled at them from the threshold. "So the mutual improvement society has begun, eh, Lottie?" as the girls greeted her with delight. "Annette, how fast you work. Why, that dress is nearly done!"

"She is ever so much cleverer than I," returned Lottie, mournfully. "Oh, dear, how quickly the time has passed. Luncheon will be ready directly."

"Never mind; lay those dresses on the bed, and Unwin shall add the finishing touches. You both look as

tired as possible. Annette, we really must put some colour into those pale cheeks."

"You have none to spare yourself, my cousin," she replied, with an affectionate glance. Averil looked wan and thin, and there were dark circles round her eyes.

"Come, that is too bad! when my headache has gone, and I expected a compliment. You are as bad as Unwin, who wanted me to go to bed. Now Lottie, I am going to show Annette the parks this afternoon. A drive will do me good; and if you like you shall go too. I shall tell Mrs. Willmot that I want you to act as *cicerone*, as I am not equal to any exertion. We shall not go very early, so you will have time for an hour's practising." But she was not allowed to finish her sentence, for Lottie was kissing her in the most merciless manner.

"You dear, sweet thing! I do so love a drive. And the Park will be so amusing. Perhaps we shall see the Princess of Wales. A concert yesterday; the Park to-day;—really I am getting quite gay!"

"Are you sure you feel fit to go?" remonstrated Annette. "Lottie, I thought you said my cousin disliked crowds."

"Oh, no! unless I have to entertain them. It is a pretty sight, I assure you; and I too, like Lottie, find it very amusing. It always reminds me of Britain Row in *Vanity Fair*. I am sure my Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain-glory, and Sir Having Greedy, are still to be found in the nineteenth century." And Lottie laughed as though she understood Averil's allusion.

(To be continued.)

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PART II.



VERY detail, about a person who stands out from the ranks of her fellows a bright example of devotion, courage, and self-forgetfulness, is interesting

to the masses who look on, and for whose benefit these rare qualities are exercised. Questions come thick and fast as to her birth, her parentage, her early home, her education, her surroundings, and her preparation for the life which she is living. It is well for the heroine, and for the success of her work, if, when she finds herself in an elevated glass-house, with the light full upon her, she can stand calm and undismayed, and bear with equanimity the curious peering eyes which are looking her through and through to see if she be genuinely true and worthy of the post she occupies.

It is certainly not a bad sign of the age in which we live that heroism, courage, and intellect alone do not satisfy us—we must also have truth, honour, and purity in the person we delight to love and reverence. And whenever the people, or the public, as they are called, take the trouble to come to a conclusion on the worth of a prominent person, their judgment is rarely at fault.

It is not in our power to give any consecutive history of Kate Marsden and her doings, but the few touches we can supply will serve to give

an outline which may be filled in as time goes on; and if they do nothing more they will bring us into sympathy with her and her life.

She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Marsden, Solicitor, of 59, Friday Street, Cheapside; her mother, a gentlewoman of the old and most refined school, is still living. There was a large family of children, but all have died of consumption except Kate and one brother.

Her childhood was free and joyous, and to those who have decided that it was a very quiet, thoughtful one, and unlike that of children generally, we shall, I fear, cause a shock by giving the true version, viz., that Kate Marsden was the veriest little pickle possible; indeed, so constantly was she in mischief that whenever she was out of sight her gentle mother would ring the bell and enquire of the servant, "Where is Miss Kitty?"

"Don't know, ma'am."

"Pray go and tell her *she mustn't*."

I have spoken with several people who knew her as a child, and their description of her is that she was utterly fearless, very brave, never quiet, nearly always in mischief, never told a lie, had an intense sympathy for suffering, hated the sight of blood, loved animals, and, in fact, was a noble-minded girl.

Her father dying when she was fifteen, she struck out a career for herself, and determined to be a nurse. She subjected herself to severe training, and in November, 1877, when she was but eighteen, she was considered quite capable, and was sent out, with nine other sisters, to nurse in the Russo-Turkish war. They were attached to the Sixty-eighth Hospital, which belonged to Russia.

Having arrived at Bucharest, they went from place to place—wherever, indeed, their services were needed—but without being told the names of the towns or villages in which they halted, for fear that under the nurse's garb there might lurk spies.

They performed the journeys in rough carts with straw at the bottom, drawn by oxen, and these were generally the only means of transporting the wounded and dying from the field to the hospital.

It must have been a curious sight to watch these young sisters going from hut to hut on their errands of mercy all muffled up, and armed with sticks to keep off the dogs.

Poor young nurses! They too suffered for want of decent food and accommodation. They

made their tea in the saucepan which had cooked their midday meal of vegetables and bread, and Kate was often sent out to try and catch a fowl for supper.

That which distressed these sisters most was that they could not keep their hair and bodies free of insects. Each felt so horrified at what she considered an awful disgrace that she was ashamed to mention it to the other for fear she was the only one. At length they found it was a common sorrow, and they mingled their tears and their grief over a single candle in their huts before getting a short sleep.

At length these nurses began to fall into bad health, and two of them became dangerously ill of typhoid fever; and the remainder returning to England, Kate was left to nurse these girls all through their sickness, as well as to help the sick and wounded. The intense strain upon mind and body would have broken down anyone less brave and fearless, but she went on from November to April fulfilling her duties, and carying with her brightness and consolation wherever she appeared.

It is needless to say that she earned the deep gratitude of the sick and wounded, as well as of the authorities, for her untiring patience, gentleness, perseverance, and brightness in the performance of her duties. For the work done here the Empress of Russia has not only given her the decoration of the Red Cross Society, but has bestowed upon her a special cross of honour.

It was during these months that she first saw a leper. The effect upon her was such that she made a vow that with God's help she would never lose an opportunity of helping lepers wherever she met them.

On her return from the war she became superintendent and head nurse at the Liverpool Woolton Convalescent Institution, where she remained four years and a-half, and on being compelled, through ill-health, to resign her appointment, she received from the ladies' and the gentlemen's committees, and from the nurses and inmates, a hundred pounds, a handsome tricycle, and a beautifully-illuminated address, as a sign of their appreciation of her services.

The chairman, speaking of her, says: "She is, both by birth and education, a lady. She discharged her duties in a most efficient manner;" and further, "She possesses considerable administrative as well as nursing ability." She left here in 1882. Dr. John

Fletcher Little says he had great opportunities of judging of her work at Woolton, and that she is most conscientious, and loves her work for its own sake, and that whatever work she undertakes will be performed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Her next move was to New Zealand, whither she went with her mother to nurse her sister. On her death she became matron of the large hospital at Wellington, and it was here she learned to know Sir William (the then Governor of New Zealand) and Lady Jervois, both of whom have been, and are, her very good friends. Sir William says that she did invaluable service in the hospital and in the maintenance of an ambulance corps at Wellington. Her life, brightness, and hopefulness, her energy and activity in making everybody happy and comfortable was felt over the whole institution.

It was while matron at Wellington she became conscious of the great sufferings caused to the miners and people living far away in the hills from their want of knowledge of ambulance work. They would bring a man many hours' journey to the hospital who had broken a limb without touching it, and, naturally on arriving at the hospital the arm or leg would be so swollen, bruised, and ulcerated, that it was almost impossible to touch it.

One day she heard a loud noise outside the hospital, and one of the doctors said, "That must be an Irishman."

"No," said Kate Marsden, "it sounds more like some one in pain."

Down she went in a second, and found a poor man in a cab who had been kicked by a horse, and had sustained a double fracture. His poor leg was hanging straight down, the people not having bound even a handkerchief round it, not from want of thought but entirely from want of knowledge. They often came enormous distances with broken legs unset and suffering intense pain, and it was this state of things which first suggested to her the idea of giving ambulance lectures.

A severe accident occurred to her at this hospital which prevented her remaining longer than the year, and she determined, on the recovery of health and strength, to take up her residence in Nelson, and from there backward and forward to go about in the mining districts and give lectures and practical lessons to the men on the methods to be adopted in case of accident or sickness; and, true to her determination, she spent a whole year in this wonderful work.

It is impossible to say the amount of good done by this brave woman during the year. When it became known that she would visit in the far away districts, and teach the people themselves how to act in case of accident and sickness, she had not much idle time, and the experiences of this year alone, her travels and her interviews, would fill a volume with interesting matter.

She never questioned where she was going, or how; it was quite enough for her that she was wanted. She was fetched sometimes by a couple of men, or she was sent for, and went alone. A two days' journey or a five—it was nothing to her. She was ready when summoned in a few minutes, putting on her bonnet and taking with her, of course, her little medicine chest, and something else which you will not guess—a few pairs of old boots and shoes, without which she rarely took a journey.

She always begged these of her friends, for it frequently happened that she met young Englishmen of good birth tramping along in search of work, and then she never failed to put the question, "Are your feet sore?" to which, as a rule, the answer came, "Yes, indeed they are." In that case she would stop, and attend to and bandage their travel-worn feet, and give them a pair of boots from her stock. We were struck with the Oriental side of this picture, viz., attending to the feet the first thing.

On taking these journeys from one wild spot to another she would trust her purse and anything valuable to the miners who were her guides, and they never betrayed the trust reposed in them.

Kate Marsden saw a good deal of the Maories during these expeditions, and entertains a very high opinion of their kindness, truth, and generosity.

On one occasion she had a long journey, and one beset with danger, to make. She could not afford a conveyance, and asked the Maories to lend her a buggy.

A buggy is a large, cumbersome carriage, very light, having four broad wheels.

They lent her one with pleasure, for she was a great favourite, and with two thoroughbreds off she started alone. On the way she saw a herd of wild bulls coming. She knew her only safety lay in rushing towards them as fast as she could, for if you walk to meet them they will walk to meet you, but if they think you stronger than they, it frightens them. So she stood up, and yelled and cracked her whip and urged her horses on, and succeeded in passing them safely. But further on she came on eight more, with their heads down, and looking dangerous. She lashed her horses, and urged them on, and, being thoroughbred, they simply flew. One of the bulls gored the horse nearest to him, ripping its side, but she dared not pause, and eventually the bulls were left safely behind. That night she slept in the forest alone, after having sewn up her poor horse.

She tells wild and thrilling stories of mid-night journeys through trackless bush, solitary night-watches by camp fires, hairbreadth escapes from wild creatures, fording raging torrents, and swimming for life. One is reminded while listening to her of Bret Harte and Rider Haggard.

There is another side to the pictures she draws, a lighter and brighter one—accounts of merry picnics, when all were gay and light-hearted; of Bohemian dinner-parties.

When Kate Marsden left New Zealand Princess Julia, of the Maori pah, or settlement, although she had a bad leg, came all the way from Nelson, and gave her jelly, fruit, a bunch of flowers (exquisite ones), and a bunch of onions! beside other things.

"Harra mai Kiruto!" was the greeting the Maories yelled out to her when she was starting from Nelson for England. There were about thirty of them, and they continued to shout until they reached her. Her mother exclaimed, "Who on earth are these?"

"They are Maories, mother. Do you go on board at once."

"Oh, child, come and hide," said the mother.

"Why?" she replied, and began to call

back in a loud, clear voice, "Harra mai Kiruto."

Then they all squatted, and she with them, and they chatted like so many parrots. One said, "You seek (sick), Kate Marsden?"

"Very," was her reply.

"Me hold your headee all the way. Me give skipper hundred pounds to hold your headee."

She explained that six weeks was rather a long time to hold her head. Then they talked and rubbed noses all round, and she, pleading a headache, bade them good-bye, and went on board. They, however, waited on the wharf to see the vessel start.

At length she was once again in England, with her whole heart set upon being of assistance to the lepers; and, as I have before stated, she sought presentation to our Queen to enable her to do this work more thoroughly.

She is very proud of having been presented. But she says, with an amount of distress, "The dress cost me fifty pounds: think what I could have done with that!" And she further remarked, "If I should not return from Siberia will you give that dress to some poor lady who has to go to Court, and yet cannot afford the expense?"

She must have looked very well in her Court gown, which was a pink salmon satin draped with Brussels lace, and ornamented with bouquets of roses mixed with brown leaves.

She wore a simple black silk dress when she was received by the Empress of Russia, and in the little bag she always carries with her she placed her cap, thinking to put it on the last thing before entering the presence. The guard, however, did not like the look of the bag. Seeing this, she put it into their hands, and as they gathered round it somewhat eagerly, she smiled at their surprise in finding only a nurse's cap.

I went to see her off on the *Parramatta*, which was to take her a certain distance on her way to Russia and Siberia. An intelligent good-looking porter came to our assistance at Liverpool Street, and while arranging the luggage said to me, "Are you going very far, ma'am?"

"It is not I who am going, but the other lady."

"Why, she looks so happy, ma'am; not at all as though she were going to foreign parts."

I said, "She is going a very difficult and dangerous journey quite alone, and for the purpose of helping the lepers, and those who may need help."

"Please, ma'am, may I ask what her name is?"

"It is Miss Kate Marsden."

"I've heard her name before." And then he asked, "Shall we read anything about her?"

"Yes," I said. "I think the first notice will be in 'THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER;' but that of course you don't read."

"Indeed I do, ma'am. I take it in regularly."

We have received the following for the working expenses of Miss Marsden's Mission, which sums have been placed in the bank for transmission as required.

	£	s.	d.
C. R. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Simmons	1	1	0



partly from impure air and insufficient food. I thought, Why should not Lydia Bennet make a home for my dear old men. I spoke to Mr. Harland, and he humoured my fancy. Dear father was just dead, and he thought the plan would occupy my thoughts a little. He bought the cottages for me, and the field, and I furnished a few rooms. Mother Midge took possession, and then came the two old men and wee Robbie. Barty and Deb came next. It

is only a family, Annette. We do not pretend to do great things. Three of my children—little Barty, and Freddy, and Nan, have left us—flown away, as Mother Midge says. Jack will be the next to go. We have room for two more. And as the pensioners die off we shall replace them. You have no idea how wisely Mother Midge and the Corporal rule. These neglected children learn to obey, and soon discover that their happiness consists in keeping the

rules. We allow no idleness. Every child feels that he earns his or her daily bread. Even Dick, with his limited intellect, has work that he can do. Ah! there they go to their lessons," as the little knot of lads hurried past, with the Corporal at their head. And then came Mother Midge with her knitting, and wee Robbie. "No one can teach wee Robbie anything. But in his own way he is as happy as the day is long."

(To be continued.)

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

WHILE we are awaiting news from Russia of Miss Kate Marsden and her mission it may be of interest to know something of her journey thither.

It is two months since she left by the *Parramatta* for Alexandria: her opinion of life on board ship is that it is made up of stupidity and laziness for the passengers, cleaning, scrubbing, and preparing of meals for the crew, and that the officers live their own life apart from everyone.

There were a good many Lascars employed on the *Parramatta*, and she was interested in watching them. They worked steadily for about ten minutes and then quietly basked in the sunshine, and by their movements it was quite easy to tell when an officer was approaching or disappearing, the sign being that they would work as if life depended upon it as he drew near, and as soon as he moved to a distance they again basked in the sun and were happy.

At times when the young people among the passengers were enjoying themselves on deck, the elder ones would sit and look on, some doubtless thinking of the past, and some carried away by the thought of the perils the future might have in store for them, yet knowing all the time that they could not cross the bridge till they came to it.

The ship arrived at Malta about five in the morning, but many of the passengers were up at three and on deck, watching the setting of the lovely moon. "It was perfect as she neared the water; her colour changed to a lovely golden-orange, and then she just dipped down into a bed of exquisitely-tinted clouds, which for a time quietly and gently hid her from sight. In a few minutes the whole horizon was tinted with a soft delicate hue. It was a sight never to be forgotten." Gazing upon the whole scene, Miss Kate Marsden says she felt instinctively her soul brought nearer to God, the Father of the Universe. Later, another faint silver road was noticed on the sea, which was really the reflection of a star so brilliant as to cast all the others of the firmament into shade. They stood and watched the day dawn, and as soon as anchor was cast, Miss Marsden, with a few other passengers, finding there would be time, went on shore to get a glimpse of Malta. She thought it looked so odd to see English names in such a very foreign-looking place; and she was specially delighted with St. Joseph's Church.

An unusual incident occurred between Brindisi and Alexandria. A sailing vessel in the distance appeared to be making for the ship in which Miss Kate Marsden was passenger—the *Parramatta* having been left at Brindisi. The boat looked lovely in the sun with all sails full set, but as it came near a call was heard from it, and the men were signalling. By the aid of glasses it was seen that she was crowded with men and boats, and that the former were

doing their best to attract attention. The captain at once gave orders to heave-to, and altered the course of his vessel so as to reach her. By this time all the passengers were running to see what was the matter, and all available glasses were brought into use. "One of our boats," says Miss Marsden, "was quickly manned and lowered, and away it went, leaving us all intensely excited. Every few minutes we had to change our places as the vessels became separated by the wind and waves, and I being tall, could just look over their heads." When the boat returned they learned that it was a foreign sailing ship with a number of men whose occupation was sponge gathering, and that the small boats attached to her were necessary for their calling. The poor fellows had been fifteen days trying to find their port, which was somewhere near Candia; they had also lost their chart, and had been five days without water. The captain ordered their casks to be filled, sent them two bags of biscuits, several bottles of vinegar,* and a chart. One of the passengers speaking their language went in the boat and explained to them. The crew were very grateful, and sent six sponges just as they had been gathered, one for the captain, and one to each of the sailors who had manned the little boat. Miss Kate Marsden bought one of them from a sailor for two shillings, and photographed the boat.

The short time she was in Alexandria was very much occupied. Of course she went to see Pompey's Pillar, and on the way passed through streets crowded by specimens from almost every nation: the roads, she said, were very sandy, and not well kept. She met droves of camels, goats, and donkeys, and men carrying skins filled with water. Her driver shouted to avoid running into people, but they all took it very quietly. They also passed groups of Arabs sitting down, Turks smoking, and a few Mohamedans going through their form of worship utterly lost to the outside world. To get to the Pillar she had to walk up a bank, and found that high strong boots, a light dress, and umbrella lined with green, were quite right for the expedition. At the foot of the Pillar were women lying and sitting half asleep, stupefied by smoking opium. The Pillar does not look so grand at a distance, but as Miss Marsden says, once get close to it, and you are filled with awe at the gigantic work. It is in three pieces, making a height from base to summit of about ninety-nine feet: the centre is a magnificent specimen of granite twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference, and over seventy feet high.

Not far from the Pillar is the cemetery, and being Thursday when Miss Marsden visited it, all the women that could be spared were there wailing. They seemed quite at home among

the tombs, which were like small houses; some were praying, some wailing, and others lying apparently asleep. On her way she drove along a canal, and saw the perfect way each little garden is irrigated, viz., by making a trench all round each bed, with an inlet from the canal and one outlet; and starting the water from the highest point, the whole garden is flooded daily. She noticed the women washing their clothes with stones, and thought they did it in a most inelegant manner.

She visited the German Hospital in Alexandria. Of its kind she says it is perfect and wonderfully clean: the floors are inlaid with a composition which resembles different marbles: it is always cool, and very easy to keep clean. The Sisters are homely, kind people, and the patients well cared for.

On returning to the hotel from Pompey's Pillar, she met two men running rapidly down the principal street followed by a grand carriage: this is an old custom still kept up by the great people, although it has outgrown its use, which was to clear the road for the carriage at a time when there were no footpaths, and the roads were the only means of traffic for pedestrians.

Miss Kate Marsden spent a very interesting day outside Alexandria. Having taken a return ticket for Schutz, she left by train soon after breakfast, laden with umbrella, glasses, and photo apparatus. The train wound its way through a kind of waste, then through pretty townships, with date trees in full bearing and palms growing up among them—the beauty of all was increased by the natives in their picturesque costumes. At the station she was met by Mr. Anderson, two donkeys, and two donkey boys. "I eyed the creatures carefully, and wondered whether anything with such slender legs could possibly carry me," says Miss Marsden. She mounted, however, and started at a quick run, and by the time the ride was accomplished she says every bone in her body ached.

The Andersons' house was in view at last, and very pretty indeed it looked—the one green home-like spot in the place. Mrs. Anderson, a pretty, delicate little woman, welcomed her, and all went within. The rooms were large and high, and a breeze running right through; the hall was a good size, and the drawing-room opposite to it extended out into the garden. Soda-water into which lemons were squeezed was brought in, and found to be very refreshing. The lunch was well cooked by a native servant, and well served by another native.

It was three o'clock before they were ready to start on an expedition agreed upon. The sun was decidedly hot when they mounted the donkeys again. They rode a long distance through what was formerly a large lake, but which is now drained by the energy and perseverance of a Mr. Grant. The ground is watered by a system of irrigation from the

* A little vinegar in water makes it go twice as far, and all soldiers and sailors use it in this way when water is scarce.

Nile to clear it of the salt, and in a few years' time it will, in all probability, be a thriving city. It is bounded by a canal and railway, and being near Alexandria, will prove a splendid market for fruit and vegetables. The ground is very rich indeed with deposits from the Nile, and as soon as the salt is got rid of it is expected to be wonderfully productive. A large English company is doing the work, and owns the land.

"We rode," says Miss Kate Marsden, "partly upon the bank of the canal, and met camels laden with stones and wood: these animals are dangerous, and often bite one before it is possible to prevent it; therefore we kept our distance." One house was pointed out to her as of great interest. It appears that while digging out the canal the work-people came across an old village, and put the huge masses of stone, which must have been about two thousand years old, on one side. All the broken pots they put into a mass, and made a kind of concrete of it, and with these stones and pots of far-away ages they constructed a modern house.

On returning to the home of the Andersons they were met by Mrs. Anderson and her baby, the ayah decked out in a red Indian silk dress trimmed with a yellow border, and the old Scotch nurse of seventy-five in her useful Scotch clothes: they made such a pretty picture that Miss Kate Marsden, with Mr. Anderson's help, photographed them as they stood. They came out well; but the ayah was greatly disappointed that the colours in her dress did not appear.

When she started again for the station it was nine o'clock, and quite dark; therefore, on mounting the donkeys each had to carry a lantern. In a very lonely part of the road she heard a mixture of sounds of all sorts of rough music and whistling and chirruping of birds. Mr. Anderson explained that it was a Bedouin wedding, and that this kind of festivity was kept up sometimes for three

days. Their tents are made of filthy rags and camels' skins stitched together: they lie upon a little straw, and live upon theft—not very nice neighbours for the Andersons.

Arriving once again at Alexandria, she made her way to the hotel, sore, as she says, from head to foot. She found a card on her table saying the Khediva would receive her on the morrow. The Khediva is the wife of the Khedive. They lead a very simple, good life, and their Court is more like the residence of English gentle-people. Miss Kate Marsden gives a very amusing account of the difficulty she found herself in as regards dress suitable to appear in. She had only her Jaeger dress, which was splendid for the journey, but scarcely the exact costume to wear at a Royal reception. However, she appeared in the grey Jaeger dress; and all would have passed muster but for her boots, thick, high, and clumsy, made expressly to resist snow. Still, they had to be worn—she had no others. Arriving at the Palace, which was painted white, she got out of the carriage and walked through the outer hall, which was very prettily decorated with green creepers; the floor was a kind of mosaic made of stones in two colours, all turned on their sides, not *flat* mosaics, such as we always see. In the inner hall, which was plain, were several maids waiting to show one upstairs. They were all dressed alike in plain black and white print. There seemed to be no men at all on this side of the Palace. Miss Kate Marsden was struck with the remarkable plainness and simplicity of all parts of the Palace. The only pretty room was the centre one upstairs, which had some exquisite mirrors and candelabra. The floor was inlaid and polished, and strips of carpet were laid about where one was likely to walk. This was a sort of waiting-room for those who were to see the Khediva. The lady who presented Miss Kate Marsden went first and shook hands with the Khediva, then followed Miss Kate Marsden. The Khediva stood to receive her, shook hands,

and handed her to a seat on her right. Her Majesty is very good-looking, kind and genial in her manner, with bright brown expressive eyes, and a good figure, well dressed in black. After sitting a few minutes some maids brought in little cups without handles, on stands, filled with some liquid unknown—it might be perfume or coffee; and it was not till her Majesty took one up and drank its contents that Miss Marsden knew what was expected of her, and she did the same. When the reception was over, her Majesty again shook hands; and as she passed into the pretty centre room, the "Master of Ceremonies," a lady of high rank, came forward and talked with her, and put her quite at ease, while she drew from her something of her Mission, which is always uppermost in her heart.

The next day she put together her belongings and started for Jaffa and Jerusalem. Her dragoman passed her at the Custom-house, and then put her in a little boat which took her to the Russian steamer in which she was to make the voyage.

All interested in her work will be glad to hear that since the first article appeared the writer has received the following subscriptions, which have been paid into the bank:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Henry Simmons . . .	1	0	0
C. R. S. . . .	5	0	0
Dr. Samuel Smiles . . .	5	5	0
Mrs. Faulkner . . .	2	2	0
Per Mrs. Brewer . . .	2	12	6
Sale of needlework, per Mrs. Brewer . . .	0	11	0
Mr. S. Morley, per Mr. Scott . . .	10	0	0
Mr. C. Selencourt . . .	5	0	0
Mr. Lewis Barnes . . .	5	0	0
Mrs. Craig . . .	1	0	0
"Friends in Scotland" . . .	1	0	0

Also E. 5s.; M. B. 2s.; L. T. 5s.; J. Hartley 10s.; Kate Redman 2s.; Anonymous 2s.



TO THE NEW YEAR.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

O, WISE New Year, with your pen of gold,
And your fast-sealed volume of Time,
What tales you will write, ere your hand grows old,
Of scenes to your magical gaze unrolled!
What records never to mortal told
Of conquest and deed sublime!

Your first fair page will be surely filled
With purpose and hope and aim,
With good resolves, by the feeble willed,
To fade, alas! by life's testing chilled,
And die, forgotten, ere throbbles build
And crocus spires are aflame.

You will write the tale, as the days go on,
Of this marvellous world of ours;
How the trees of the forest are clothed upon,
And bird songs wake when the rains are gone,
And the fields, by the goodness of God o'ershine,
Are brodered anew with flowers.

You will write, O scribe of the patient hand,
Of conflicts by men unseen,
Of Greathearts, wrestling alone and grand,
Where the powers of sin in their legions stand;
Of others, who wait on their Lord's command
In the stillness of homes serene.

And if, for some, ere you pass away,
The page shall be rent apart,
And Death shall finish all you would say,
Where stricken mourners for comfort pray,
And lilies of peace in farewell lay,
Above the God-stilled heart,

It will not matter, though incomplete
The record on earth below,
If only there, where the victors meet,
And the hitherto of the years repeat,
They write, in token of triumph sweet,
The "Blessed" that angels know!

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

PART IV.

ON THE WAY—AT JERUSALEM.



WE left Kate Marsden on board a Russian steamer bound for Jaffa, her desire being to acquaint herself with the condition of the lepers at Jerusalem and other parts of the Holy Land. A second reason for wishing to go to Jerusalem was to obtain introductions from Russians of the Greek Church, who dwell here or who come as pilgrims. All Russians love the Holy Land.

She arrived in Jaffa about six o'clock in the morning, and but for Cook's agent there, she would have fared badly, for the rabble surround travellers and confuse them with their frantic talking and gesticulations. She speaks most highly of Cook's agents, and says that wherever they are stationed a traveller is safe, and would advise that every difficult journey should be taken under similar guidance.

From Jaffa to Jerusalem is but an eleven hours' journey by carriage, and this she made in a cart drawn by three horses. On the way, at short distances, she met rows of camels and donkeys all moving one behind the other, and heavily loaded. She had time at Ramleh, while the horses were being attended to, to go up the tower of the old mosque which for a time belonged to the Crusaders, and from the unrailed plateau obtained a glorious view of the surrounding country. She passed through the valley of Ajalon, which looked to her very stony and dusty, but full of interest, nevertheless, to every Bible reader.

Darkness came on while yet she was some distance from Jerusalem, and who can wonder that she felt anxious, and thought of home? There she was, quite alone among all kinds of people, not speaking their language, and entirely at the mercy of her driver, who, by-the-by, had no light; and as the night grew darker, they shaved camels and donkeys, men and mules, which appeared like a shadowy moving mass just under the horses' noses; and then came the cracking of whips, the whistling of the drivers, a scramble, and many words not polite before they could go on their way.

"My first sight of Jerusalem," says Kate Marsden, "was a row of lights, and when I called to mind that Christ our Saviour had

Himself been over this ground, I again dedicated myself to Him to work for His poor afflicted ones; and as I neared the outer gates, I felt that He would accept this. May it be so, and may He grant me strength to persevere against all and every obstacle."

She saw nothing of the city on the night of her arrival, for, being very tired with the long journey in a cart without springs, she went to bed at once, and slept through every form of discomfort in the shape of fleas and mosquitoes.

By ten o'clock the next morning she was out and ready for work. She called upon the English Consul, who promised to stamp her passport in order that she might travel anywhere in Turkey. She walked down the dirty streets, and it was not until she reached the Jaffa Gate that she realised that her feet were treading where the Master's had so often gone before; and then, indeed, she felt inclined to take off her boots and bow her head reverently; the whole place at once changed, and every nook and corner became sacred.

Just inside the Jaffa Gate is a high tower which was actually begun by King David. We are so apt to think that the people and places of the Bible are so old as to have quite passed away, but there in the Holy Land the reality of the Bible is made clear to us. On this her first day in the Holy City she went to the Deaconesses' Mission Home, one of the coolest, quietest houses in Jerusalem, and heard all about their work, and interested them in hers. She says the sister who met her was a specimen of the true English gentlewoman, and looked as if the sacred surroundings had written upon her gentle face God's peace. Miss Kate Marsden did not see Mrs. Meredith, who belongs to this home, as she was in London carrying on her Prison Case Mission.

The following day she paid her visit to the Moravian Leper Hospital, which is about two miles out of the city. The Bishop of Jerusalem and Mrs. Blythe were so kind as to accompany her. They were all mounted on donkeys,* making rather an odd procession, headed by the Bishop's servant in native costume, and followed by Kate Marsden's little donkey-boy. It required patience and cleverness to thread their way through the crowd so as to avoid running over some one or being run over. The natives, in their carts drawn by three horses, dash along, calling out some unintelligible words, and it is necessary to drag one's donkey by main force to one side, or even to jump off. Then, on the approach of camels,† care is needed still more, as they are vicious creatures, and stretch out their long necks to give the passers-by a bite before they are aware of it; and thus it was they made their way.

Just outside the city walls were congregated a number of lepers, who prefer the freedom of a begging life to being cared for in the hospitals; and yet, as Kate Marsden says, could anything be so unwise as this freedom? Here are these poor lepers with their diseased hands receiving money from passers-by and circulating it among the people within and without the city. There are the flies, too, those carriers of disease, which swarm round them, and come

and settle on the travellers as they pass; and if they have prick or wound on their bodies, of course they first come to that. The result of this freedom to the poor lepers is disastrous, not only to them, but to the people around them, and it is time the authorities should awake to the danger.

The Hospital is a large substantial-looking building, well looked after and cared for by the sisters who have devoted their lives to the service of these poor afflicted ones. They live among them, doing their best to help and comfort them as they pass through the valley of the shadow of death—for what is their life but a living death? Many of the inmates were extremely ill, and the sight of them made Miss Kate Marsden very sad, and filled her with a longing to be among them with some effectual remedy.

On returning to Jerusalem she spent a quiet home-like evening with the Bishop's family, who, she says, are teaching the Saviour's life, love, and tenderness in their daily life and example, and are ever ready to help the poor and the afflicted. Their simple home and home life seemed in keeping with Jerusalem. One could not imagine a grand episcopal palace here with all its attendant grandeur. It would be such a contrast to our Lord's life.

At an early hour she went to the hotel and to rest, but sleep was impossible owing to the barking of the dogs, the braying of the donkeys, and, above all, the liveliness of the fleas and mosquitoes; so she rose at dawn, and at eight o'clock was ready to start for Bethany.

Out of St. Stephen's and past the Golden Gate, around which such strange traditions linger, and which has been closed since our Saviour went through, and now stands a silent monument of the old days of Jerusalem. The steep, narrow, rugged paths of the Mount of Olives were to the left as she rode straight on, facing the beginning of the vast wilderness, whose bare and bleak aspect gave her a shock. She photographed part of it, and also a portion of the Mount of Olives our Saviour's feet had so often trod, and then went on her way to Bethany, the place which is always associated in our minds with the only peaceful moments our Lord knew when on earth in the house of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. She rode direct up to the house Miss Crawford has built in connection with the Deaconesses' Home in Jerusalem, and from the top of this obtained a perfect view of Bethany, which lies just below, and of which Miss Kate Marsden took four photographs.

Bethany seems to have little changed since the time of our Lord, and remains the same quiet little place it was then. Going down the hill to the ruins she was met by the usual number of beggars and poor people asking for help; but as all the poor are provided for if they will only work, it encourages idleness and pauperism to bestow alms. She wound her way down the rocky slopes called streets, and was taken to see the supposed tomb and house of Martha and Mary.

On returning to Miss Crawford's house, Miss Kate Marsden says that she and the two English deaconesses joined in simple prayer, asking earnestly God's blessing on their work. While taking a little lunch with them, she advised them always to offer travellers some tea before allowing them to talk or go over the little village, as they become so absorbed in the place and its history as to forget food, and they become faint and exhausted. The journey from Jerusalem is fatiguing, and the sudden changes in the temperature are dangerous.

She rode back to Jerusalem over the Mount

* The ass of Palestine is stronger, taller, and fleetier than in any other country, and is greatly valued. A good ass will fetch £40.

† The one-humped camel is the only one used in Palestine.

of Olives, and went down a very steep path through the places our Master must have often visited. Just outside St. Stephen's Gate she noticed a donkey lying half dead, and was told that by the Jewish law they are not allowed to be killed, but must die a natural death; and thus it was the poor creature was left there.

In the evening she went out, with a boy carrying a lantern, to see Miss Blythe and her work among the Jewish women. On her way she tripped over some stones and hurt herself; this scared the boy, who promptly dropped his lantern and began to call out. She got on her feet as quickly as she could; for it does not do to show fear on a pitch dark road, with high walls on either side. She was introduced this evening to Dr. Wheeler, a very energetic and enthusiastic man, who is the missionary to the Jews in Jerusalem.

The next morning, the weather being perfect, she started for Bethlehem, partly riding and partly driving. The Field of the Shepherds, she says, is a calm, lovely spot, and she found it easy to picture the scene at the birth of our Lord. Bethlehem is now full of houses, all looking very dirty, and Miss Kate Marsden says her first thought was, "If cholera should ever come here, what havoc it would make!"

The Church of the Nativity is still here, and in fact Bethany and Bethlehem are both very much as they were thousands of years ago when once you get away from the recently-built houses.

On returning to Jerusalem she went to the wall where all the Jews wail. It was the saddest sight possible. Here they must come and wail, repeat psalms, and kiss the old wall of Jerusalem—calling upon God to restore the city to them. And could those at home hear the wailing, and witness the sight, they would indeed feel sorry for them, and long to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ, and so take away their misery.

Previous to leaving Jerusalem, Miss Kate Marsden had herself photographed as a Bethlehem and also a Jerusalem woman, that we might know their appearance.

She made the return journey to Jaffa in the springless cart, and on her arrival, in the middle of the night, was shown into a bedroom, which evidently had not been opened for some days; but she was too tired to be fastidious, and was asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. In the early morning she witnessed a Turkish funeral. The coffin, painted green, was borne along the road by bearers, and followed by men and women, some of whom were weeping and others talking. The men's dress was white except their headgear and waistbands, which

were coloured; the women entirely covered in white except the eyes. The whole formed a curious and interesting picture to an Englishwoman.

As soon as she could make arrangements she started for Constantinople. She was very much struck with the contrast the view of it from the harbour presented to that within the city itself. The first was like Paradise—the second a place filled by dirty people; narrow streets, some of them not even paved, dogs everywhere, lying about in groups of four or five, fighting, quarrelling, or being hit and kicked by passers-by—the very picture of dirt and wretchedness; and the finishing touch to this view is the filthy people selling grapes and peaches in the streets, handling them with hands quite disgusting to look at. But her visit was to the lepers. What of them? Simply this—that their condition and treatment struck her with terror and dismay. She tells us that there are about four hundred lepers utterly uncared-for in the streets of Constantinople, buying, selling, and begging in the markets, and the only accommodation provided by the Turkish Government for their lepers is a house in the midst of a large cemetery. The description of her visit to this leper house is most touching.

According to the directions received, she took a boat and was rowed a long distance from the city to a place which looked cold and dreary, but still with the beautiful sea in view; and this made her glad, as she considered it an advantage for the poor lepers. But she had made a mistake. This was not their home. She had here to take a carriage, and in it she drove for some time towards what looked in the distance like a forest of cypress trees, but the white stones which could be just distinguished induced her to think it must be inhabited. However, as she approached, she became aware of hundreds and thousands of graves packed as closely as it was possible for graves to be even in Turkey. It was a vast city of the dead in which cypress trees were planted every few yards apart. She asked the guide why so many cypress trees were planted there, and his answer was: "To kill the smells from the graves, madam." She drove a long way into this forest of cypress trees and stones: all view of the sea was gone, and she found herself shut in by the dead. Yet not alone, for it is here, in the midst of this enormous graveyard, that the poor unhappy lepers are driven by the Government. The guide looked horrified when he learned that Miss Kate Marsden intended going straight in among them all, and did his best to dissuade her from doing so. She went inside the house and was

there among them, and her opinion is that no living death could be more awful. She says she was dumb with amazement that any nation, however barbarous, could subject its people to such misery. No sunshine sheds its healthy rays in that place, and the chill which went through her as she stood there gave her an idea of what it must be for the poor lepers. As far as she has yet seen there is no place in the world where they are treated as in this paradise of Constantinople. The one thing in their favour is that they have a thoroughly good doctor, whose name is Pasha Zambaco. He has done everything in his power to induce the Sultan to provide properly for the lepers, for he is devoted to them; but in such a country and with such a people he is almost powerless.

Miss Kate Marsden says that the wind came howling through the gloomy trees and blew in sharp blasts through the door of the house, and she noticed the poor lepers who were standing about shudder and draw closer round their poor bodies the rags which helped to cover them, but which were quite inadequate to keep out the cold even from people in health. She declares that the whole scene was too awful to describe in detail, but it had the effect of binding her closer to the cause of the lepers, and proved to her the necessity of seeing for herself the way in which they exist. As she left them, they sang for her the "Lepers' Song," a most dismal wail, but which was quite in keeping with their condition, and it made her shudder. She departed with her whole being quivering with agony at the depths of misery she had witnessed. The guide was evidently disgusted at her having been in among the lepers, and kept his head turned from her and avoided speaking with her on the return to the city.

* * * * *

While I was writing this account, Miss Kate Marsden travelled from Moscow to Petersburg in order to see her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, who has a second time received her with affection and every mark of favour; and not only this, but has given her letters to the various Governors* of the districts through which she must pass, and a photograph of herself with her name written under it.

The ladies of the Russian Court also have not been behind in following the example of their Imperial mistress in her kind treatment of Kate Marsden. The detailed account of this interview will appear later.

* These Governors have almost unlimited power.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I HEAR THAT WE HAVE TO CONGRATULATE YOU."

A FEW more weeks passed. The summer days flew merrily by for Annette and Lottie; and if, as time went on, Averil's hidden anxieties and secret watchfulness did not relax, and a growing fear pressed more heavily upon her, she made neither of the girls her *confidante*. With that innate unselfishness that belonged to her nature, she refused to burden their youthful spirits with the shadow of coming trouble. But on those summer nights when the moonlight was stealing into each sleeper's room, its pure white beams would often fall on one small

kneeling figure; for in those days Averil prayed for Rodney as one would pray for some unwary traveller hovering on the edge of a perilous abyss.

Frank Harland had kept his promise loyally, and the Thursdays had become an institution at Redfern House. Ned Chesterton frequently accompanied him; and as Rodney often condescended to don his flannels and join them, his sisters' fridity relaxed, and as one or two other young people would drop in, there was often a pleasant party collected on the trim green lawn. Averil would sit at her window with her work and book and watch them contentedly; it

amused her to see the young men's stratagems to secure their favourite partners. Georgina was inclined to monopolise Mr. Chesterton, and he often had to have recourse to some innocent ruse to win Lottie to his side. Averil noticed, too, that Frank's choice generally fell on Annette. "Outsiders see most of the game," she thought. Averil was always ready to fulfil her duties as hostess, and talk to Frank in the pauses of the game, to listen to Ned's artful praises of Lottie's play, to interest herself when any defeated combatant talked of his or her ill-luck. There were always iced drinks and tea to be had in the gay

fatigue and trouble into the safe keeping of dreamless sleep.

Dr. Aitkin was, as his housekeeper had anticipated, tired, hungry, and cross when, as the church clock struck ten, he dismounted at his own door. In spite of her anxiety, and her uncomfortable knowledge of what was in store for him, her woman's nature tempted Mrs. Piggott to make enquiry from the doctor as to the condition of the distant patient whose troubles had been the cause of his late return.

"All right now," he said gruffly, as he took his seat at the supper-table, at the opposite end of which the housekeeper presided. "Twins this time. As if there were not mouths enough already for all the bread there is to give them. Fools people are," he grumbled on testily. "Where should I be now if I'd had to bring up a dozen young ones, I wonder? I am thankful there's neither chick nor child in this house."

Guiltily conscious of what had taken place during his absence, Mrs. Piggott took no notice of this churlish thanksgiving, but with an expression of sympathy for the mother of the unlucky twins allowed the subject to drop.

Supper over, the doctor prepared to enjoy a pipe over the glass of cold gin and water which was his summer nightcap, and as he leaned forward to light it at the nearest candle, his eye was caught by Lucile's letter, which had been purposely placed upon the mantel-shelf. The housekeeper, anxious to escape, or rather to delay as long as possible, the storm which she knew must break sooner or later, had remained in the kitchen, whither she had conveyed the remains of the evening meal, but at the sound of her name, uttered in loud tones of sudden anger, she returned to the parlour with a quaking heart.

Familiar as she was with Christopher Aitkin's outbreaks of temper, she was startled by his aspect. In one hand he held the open sheet of Lucile's letter, and with the other, from which the long clay pipe had fallen and lay broken on

the floor, he grasped the table by which he stood. His tall spare figure literally trembled with rage, and he seemed to require the support which this grasp afforded. His eyes glared from under his grey eyebrows—every wrinkle in his thin face seemed alive with wrath.

"Who brought this?" he almost yelled, holding out the letter in his shaking hand.

"Lucile's child," replied Mrs. Piggott, her voice, in spite of herself, shaken with an emotion very like fear.

"And where is she?" he continued in the same shrill key.

By this time the woman had recovered herself. His anger was not likely to hurt her, she reflected, and as the truth must be told, the sooner the telling was over the better.

"Upstairs asleep in my bed," she answered as firmly as she could. "She came here with that letter in her hand at one o'clock, and—"

"If I had been at home—" he interrupted, and then stopped, for the physical effect of his passion was making itself felt, and he sat down with a sudden feeling of exhaustion. "The huzzy," he muttered; "the impudent huzzy; when I had told her that I would have nothing to do with the child."

The tide had turned, and had begun to ebb without overwhelming the housekeeper, who was extremely glad not to have to defend her unavoidable action in the matter.

Mrs. Piggott brought another pipe ready filled, and without a word laid it upon the table at her master's elbow. He pushed it from him with an air of irritation.

"Read that!" he said, smoothing out the sheet of paper which had been crushed into a ball by his angry hand. The housekeeper adjusted her spectacles and did so.

"I am sending Venetia to you," Lucile's note began, without a word of preface, "as I said I should do. All her clothes are in the trunk that she will

bring with her. Be as good to her as you once were to me and she will be happy. I shall leave England immediately, and do not know when I shall come back. Another year of this life would kill me.—Your grateful sister, LUCILE."

She laid the letter down after reading it without a word of comment, and looked over her glasses at the old man seated opposite. His face was pale and set, and though the spark of anger had died out of his eyes, there was a light there which did not promise well for the happiness which Lucile demanded for Venetia at his hands. She broke the silence with a time-honoured little jest.

"Put on your nightcap, sir," she said, pushing towards him the untouched glass, "and go to bed. It's late, and you've had a bad day."

"Ay, ay," he muttered, as he lifted the glass with his still trembling hand; "a bad day—a very bad day."

Ten minutes later Christopher Aitkin went slowly up the narrow staircase, closely followed by Mrs. Piggott, who carried beside her own the lighted candle which he had forgotten. As he passed the open door of the room in which Venetia lay, he paused.

"In there?" he asked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the door, and without waiting for reply he went into the room.

The pretty child lay flushed with sleep in an attitude of complete repose, her brown curls tossed loosely over the pillow, her hands folded tranquilly upon her bosom; a sight fair enough to warrant Mrs. Piggott's impulsive words of admiration—

"She's like a picture, isn't she?"

"I'll never forgive her!" said Christopher Aitkin, in tones of concentrated bitterness, as he turned from the sleeping child. The housekeeper caught her breath with a horrified little gasp. But it was not Venetia who was in the old man's mind as he uttered that threat.

(To be continued.)

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

PART V.

ON THE WAY—AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND TIFLIS.



THROUGH the kindness of the American Minister, Kate Marsden, during her stay in Constantinople, had the rare privilege of seeing the Sultan quite close at a review. He is so seldom seen face to face

that it will be interesting to hear her opinion.

She was in her place an hour before the Sultan arrived, and saw the assembling of the troops. The masses of colour proved very effective. There was a sea of the Turkish red fez cap—a body of soldiers with a green cord

bound round the cap, white gaiters, red waistcoats, and blue coats, and the horsemen, on grey horses, holding red flags, made a very harmonious whole.

Shortly before the moment of the arrival of the Sultan a number of small carts filled with sand appeared on the scene, and very rapidly the ground was strewn with the *clean dirt*, as Miss Marsden calls it. Presently the bugle sounded, the soldiers presented arms, and the Royal carriage appeared; then suddenly in the intense silence a weird cry was heard, which was the signal for the troops to raise a shout of welcome, a shout that travelled away and away, and echoed from every hill.

The Sultan is an elderly man, dark, very thin, and somewhat Jewish in appearance. He was talking to Said Pascha, one of the most powerful of his subjects, and just raised his hand every now and then in salutation. She says there was no ray of sunshine in his worn face, and he looked wretchedly ill.

All the old generals, who were drawn up on either side of the door of the Mosque, bowed low and saluted him, while the soldiers turned their faces to him the whole time. He remained there about an hour, and then returned, driving himself this time. He whipped up the horses, and as they dashed off all the old generals scrambled after him as best they could; for, strange as it may seem to us, they are not allowed to drive or ride, but must always follow on foot.

It seemed rather an undignified ending to such a grand spectacle to see these old and tried generals fairly out of breath endeavouring to keep up with the Sultan's carriage.

Miss Marsden says she would rather be a beggar in England than a Sultan in Turkey, for there is no freedom or liberty, as we understand it, for him. He dare not leave the palace without a strong guard, and even on Friday in each week, when he goes to pray in the Mosque, about a hundred yards from his

gates, he is surrounded by soldiers. No wonder he looks worn, ill, and wretched.

Another day was spent by Kate Marsden in the English cemetery at Scutari, where seven thousand of our brave countrymen are buried. Starting early in the morning, she walked from the hotel down the principal street to a dirty station, where all sorts and conditions of men were congregated to go by train towards the bay. The carriage was a large compartment, with a seat placed all round, into which she hurriedly stepped—for it is a case of first come, first served—and then the train was driven down a tunnel very quickly. She describes it as a most unpleasant way of travelling. The men stand in this compartment smoking and spitting, and the women elbow their way through in the most reckless and selfish manner; and just as she began to wonder how long it could be borne, the train suddenly pulled up with a jerk, and she stepped out, dazed and giddy, and made her way down to the boat, where dirt, discomfort, and everything disagreeable were forgotten. How could it be otherwise with the fresh pure air fanning her, and the beauty of the surroundings acting like a spell upon her. The bay was alive with boats of every nationality, and put the last touch of beauty to a most exquisite scene.

Miss Kate Marsden says that as she sat in the boat she pictured to herself how, in the midst of this same scenery, thousands of our brave soldiers had travelled in weariness and in pain, longing for the homes and the dear ones they would never see again.

Arriving at the port, she took carriage and drove straight to the cemetery, which she describes as most perfectly kept; it is in truth a little bit of England amid eastern surroundings.

Noticing that some of the graves were very large, her guide told her that he was on the spot and saw the burials—that each body was wrapped in a sheet and then placed one at the head and the other at the foot, and so one on the other till there were in some cases sixty in one grave, rich and poor alike—no coffin, just the bare earth.

She says the view is perfect as you look away over the bay; the hills on the left and Constantinople on the right; while the sea comes up to the cliff on which the cemetery is situated. All this her glance took in as she stood there, the living among the dead; she with her life-work before her, they with theirs finished, and quietly resting and awaiting their summons. Her heart was very full as she looked round, and thought of the labour ended and the sorrowful hearts of those to whom the labourers had been dear, and resolved afresh, in the presence of her dead countrymen, to do the work well and with all her heart that God had given her to do.

Leaving Constantinople, she went on board a Russian steamer, which was to convey her to Batoum. The fact of having been received by her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia made everything easy for her, for to be in touch with the Court acts like magic. The stewardess came to kiss her hand, and just to touch the Red Cross Russian medal which she wore. The best cabin was allotted to her; and this was well, for both decks were filled with third-class passengers, who spread all their dirty rugs over the decks, and lived there day and night.

Some Turkish women outside Miss Kate Marsden's window interested her. They kept their faces covered, and hung up a large shawl to shield them from the men; but as their faces were exposed to the gaze of two or three favoured ones, she thought the whole thing a farce.

As they drew near the Black Sea many strongholds and forts were to be seen on all sides, and made her realise how easily they could sink a vessel were they so inclined. Notwithstanding that the Black Sea behaved

its best with scarcely a ripple to break the surface of the water, she was glad to find herself in Batoum for a few hours before setting out on the railway journey of eighteen hours to Tiflis.

Batoum is, she says, a pretty little place, with broad streets and good conveyances—which is rare in Russia; but the hotel, kept by a Frenchman, was so awful in its sanitary arrangements that she wondered the whole family were not dead of fever.

The journey was extremely picturesque, but a remarkable feature was that men were stationed at short intervals throughout the line, whose duty it is to traverse every yard of it day and night for its protection.

She arrived at Tiflis about eight o'clock in the morning, where again she was spared all trouble by the magic wand of her Imperial Majesty's favour. She called upon the Military Governor, a man all-powerful, who treated her with the utmost politeness, and promised her any help within his power. He placed one of his *aides-de-camp* at her service, and gave directions that she should be admitted to any of the hospitals or institutions in Tiflis. Arriving at the first hospital, she was accompanied through the wards by several doctors. She found everything scrupulously clean and tidy, each patient having an iron bedstead, mattress, table, and cupboard; but of course the air of homeliness and comfort belonging to our English hospitals was lacking. She did not hesitate to ask many questions, and there seemed no reserve in answering them. Beside other patients, there were many lunatics, who seemed to be well cared for. The whole hospital was heated by naphtha, and a more dangerous looking place than the engine-room or house she never saw. They have frequent explosions. In order that she might see how it acted they lighted the vast engine, and the flame shot out quite seven feet from the furnace. She said she longed to start, but dared not show fear before so many foreign spectators; but she was thoroughly glad to be away from it. She found both typhus and typhoid within the building.

As she was leaving the hospital a cart drawn by two buffaloes arrived with a sick Armenian: how the rough roads in that uncomfortable springless cart must have hurt him, coming, as he had, from far up in the wild Caucasus Mountains, lying only upon straw, and being weeks on the journey! He was removed from the cart and taken in at once; and there stood the empty cart, the buffaloes all covered with mud and dirt, and the wife and children sitting on the ground crying, and all the straw scattered about. It was a sad sight: they had no home, and must leave their poor sick one there while they toiled night and day back again to the mountains, living as best they could, and not able to hear how their dear one fared for months. How little our English poor know of this kind of suffering! They can always remain near to and visit their sick friends within reasonable limits: but there it is quite otherwise.

She then drove through the town and far out of it to the Military Hospital. Here everything was different. Soldiers guarded each entrance. The paper from the Governor authorising her to visit the hospital was given in and carefully read, and she was at length received by the colonel, inspectors, and doctors, but by no means heartily: it was an unheard-of privilege that an English lady should be permitted to inspect the Military Hospital of Tiflis, and they evidently did not approve of it. At length, seeing that she was really interested in their work, they began to thaw, and the inspection went on more pleasantly.

It is a large hospital, for four hundred men; most of the wards are well ventilated, and certainly not overcrowded; but, to use her own

words, "in the typhus wards the air fairly took away my breath—it was horrible." She only went through three of these wards, and envied the doctors who could remain outside.

It is purely a military hospital, and seeing that Russian soldiers are born and bred in every kind of what we should call hardship in order to fit them for their duties, she was not so very surprised to notice the hard beds, scanty clothing, and utter want of comfort; but she wondered what our soldiers would say to the same fare and treatment if they were ill. The men have their soup in tins with wooden spoons, and have a large piece of black bread for one meal, and for the second, tea and a piece of meat.

The wards showed no signs of loving women's hands about them, as at our Netley: the few Red Cross sisters who devote their lives to the sick and wounded have as much as they can do in simply nursing and tending them.

One very sad sight came to her notice. At the door of the operating theatre two sentries stood with bayonets fixed, while inside a man was being operated upon who was a prisoner, and these men were his guard. The poor fellow was under chloroform, and so entirely in the hands of all the doctors that it seemed rather out of place to have his guard there; but it is the law, and so it must be. With this operation before her eyes she left the hospital, very tired, but glad that she had been permitted to see the inside of these two Russian hospitals and to find them so much better than she expected.

She went from Moscow to St. Petersburg for a few days in order to see Her Imperial Majesty the Empress about her journey to Siberia. On her arrival she went at once to the Winter Palace to see the Countess Tolstoi, who has always been a kind friend to her, and on the second day of being in St. Petersburg she was graciously received by the Empress. Nothing could exceed the gentleness and kindness with which Miss Kate Marsden was treated. Her Imperial Majesty presented her with her own photograph, and her name written on it, an honour hitherto only bestowed on her most intimate friends, and in every way possible smoothed the way for her difficult journey.

She then went back to Moscow, her starting point for Siberia, to finish her preparations. The Empress gave her £100 towards her expenses, and some Russian of wealthy position gave her £50, and she was permitted to lecture in the Historical Museum of Moscow upon her past travels and future work. This was to take place under the protection of Her Imperial Majesty and of the Governor-General, and the police were to form part of the audience. The entrance fee was to be a rouble (about 2s. 5d.) each, and to go towards her expenses of the journey, which will cost at least £400.

When last I heard she was starting for the far North-East, and so for the present we shall have no news; but a message will be sent whenever there is an opportunity. In the meantime we can only help her by our prayers, that she may be kept safe in all the dangers with which she is surrounded.

We have received and banked since our last publication the following contributions:—

Miss Gertrude Colman, £1;	£	s.	d.
A. J. B., 5s.	1	5	0
G. A., 10s.; H. C., 2s.;			
Sympathizer, 10s.	1	2	0
Mrs. Frank Newman	0	5	0
Bessie Matthews (collected)	0	7	6
Miss Bullock (collected)	0	5	6
Mr. Silvester and friends'			
Entertainment	20	0	0
The Misses Tregarthen			
(from Scilly)	3	5	6