

something of great importance that I want to say. I enclose a postal order for expenses. Bring your wife—and come *to-day!*—Yours truly,

“ALBERT WELDON.”

CHAPTER III.—A FRESH START IN LIFE.

JOHN FORDHAM and his wife sat by the hospital bed, and Mr. Weldon, lying back on his pillow, gazed at them eagerly.

“My business weighs on my mind,” he is saying fretfully; “and I have had another letter from that tiresome and foolish woman, my housekeeper, to say that the place must be closed, if I can’t send someone to look after it! Now will *you* go, Mr. Fordham?—children and all! I have seen and heard enough of you to know that I may entirely trust you. There is plenty of room: and your wife will find herself in her right place exactly—or, at least, it is my belief that she will. And you shall have full liberty to do precisely as you think best until I come back: and then—but there will be time enough to settle that afterwards. Will you go?”

But John and his wife could only look at each other in silent bewilderment, instead of replying. Mr. Weldon, however, almost immediately continued—

“And, if I never come back—which may happen—why, I have neither chick nor child, and Lawyer Searle and I will talk the matter over, and make such arrangements as shall satisfy you, I hope.”

Here was a turn of life’s kaleidoscope, indeed! And, to shorten my story, Mr. and Mrs. Fordham acceded to their new friend’s plan, and, after surprisingly little delay, proceeded to London. And change of air, scene, and society, freedom from anxiety, good nourishing food, and plenty of it, and, in a word, the different life altogether, soon made a new man of

John Fordham. And when Cousin Fanny (no longer Fanny Gay, but Mrs. Arthur Dixon) by-and-bye came to London, bringing the two little girls, she scarcely knew him, he looked so much better.

And when only a month had passed, Mr. Weldon returned, not, indeed, well enough to take up his former way of life, but well enough to be at home again, and to watch John Fordham filling his place so efficiently, always with the help of his brave wife and two good, industrious boys.

And there was plenty of work for them all, for Mrs. Fordham made a certain little wheatmeal cake to be eaten with the coffee, and it had come to be greatly preferred, and in fact it was already promising soon to double the number of Mr. Weldon’s customers.

It was a bright December afternoon. During the lull between dinner and tea, John Fordham had taken up a new kaleidoscope which Mrs. Dixon had brought the boys the week before.

“Life wants ‘turning and turning’ as the boys say, just like this,” he remarked. “But some people don’t think of doing that, or perhaps they haven’t the heart. And that is how I felt, Dorothy. But now I see that there must be no standing still, and that, like the Israelites of old, we must, through all, ‘go forward;’ and then we shall presently find that we have passed through the deep waters unhurt, and also left our hindrances and our enemies behind us.”

His wife looked at him with a smile as she stood behind the counter, busily drying cups and saucers. “Thank God!” she murmured, softly, “Who has given me back again my good, brave John, with new heart and hope, and new prospects too; so that we need not any longer look back at a sorrowful holiday, but forward, to all that has grown out of it.”



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT MOSCOW.



SURELY there is no city in all Europe which, for historical interest and quaint fantastic beauty, can surpass the world-renowned city of Moscow. Others may have their own special treasures of art or architecture, their riches of the past or present, but still, amongst them all, Moscow rests unique.

It stands in the midst of the endless flat monotony of Russian territory—almost an oasis in a desert—unique with its innumerable spires and cupolas, glittering with gold or shining with many-coloured tiles; its green-roofed houses; its winding, irregular streets, with their noisy, bustling crowds and flying droshkies; its stately churches, and, amidst all, the quiet Moscow river, winding, like a blue ribbon, round the foot of the Kremlin walls.

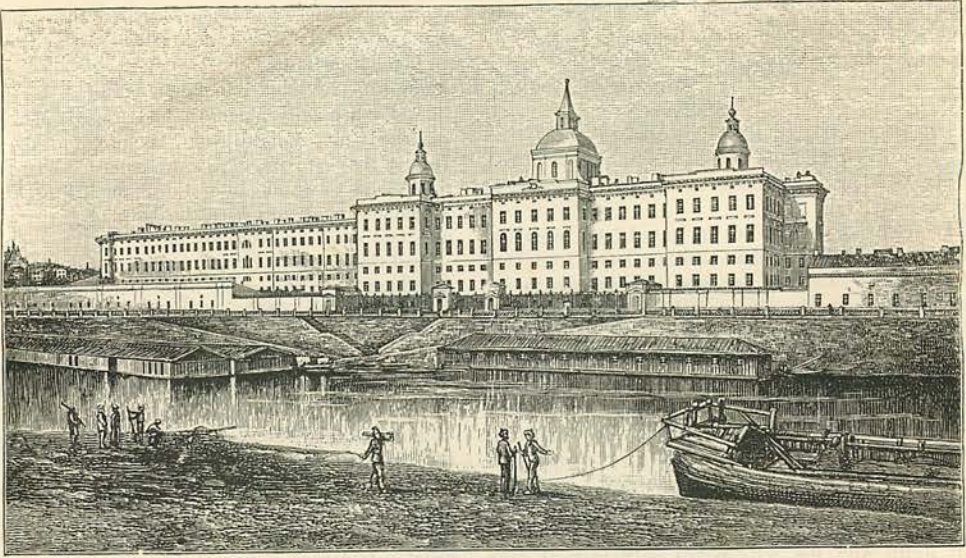
Just beyond the Kremlin, glistening white with its walls and rich carving of highly polished “Labrador”

stone, stands the scarcely finished “Church of the Saviour,” a truly magnificent structure, rich in marbles, paintings, and precious stones, looking as if the foundation had been laid but yesterday, so clean and white the stone remains in the dry, clear atmosphere.

This church—built, like all Russian churches, in the shape of a Maltese cross, which gives them such a curious squat look—was commenced in 1812, as a thank-offering for the defeat of Napoleon’s armies.

Near by is the renowned Kremlin, with its four churches, each one crowned with gilded cupolas, which shine like burnished gold in the sunlight; its treasury; its Imperial palace; its courts of justice; its spacious gardens and courtyard; and its rows and rows of cannon, standing there in harmless array, telling a silent story of a stormy past, and preaching an eloquent sermon upon the vanity of human ambition. For most of these guns were taken from Napoleon,





THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, MOSCOW.

and still bear his initials, "N. I.," with their own names engraved also—"Victory," "Glory," and so forth. How dim and distant, and utterly useless, all that past glory seems now!

In the courtyard, too, stand the huge bell of world-wide fame, and close by, overtopping all else, rises the great white tower of "Ivan the Terrible," from whose open galleries may be heard, from time to time, the melodious peal of bells.

Just outside the great walls, which have seen so many vicissitudes—fires and battles, victory and defeat—rises the quaintly curious church of "St. Basil

the Beatified," with its eleven towers, each crowned with the unfailling cupola, each of different shape and colour, and its eleven small and lofty chapels, reached by narrow winding passages, whose walls are covered with various coloured designs, rudely painted on the white plaster. The whole building is more remarkable for its quaintness and unique character than for its beauty.

It would be easy enough to write many pages descriptive of this wonderful city of Moscow, but it was not with St. Basil or the Kremlin, or any other object of historical interest, that we were concerned, when, one afternoon last August, we found ourselves just outside the great Kremlin walls, and rattling along the uneven, cobble-paved streets in a somewhat shaky drosky. We were bound for the big white building, not far off, which forms by no means one of the least interesting of the "lions" of Moscow.

This is the Foundling Hospital, probably the largest in the world. The one at St. Petersburg, though by no means a small one, only takes in on an average about half the number of children annually.

I am not going now to enter into the difficult question of the wisdom or morality of such institutions, nor to try and argue how far the State is justified in making it so easy for any parent to relegate the sacred duties of fatherhood and motherhood to other hands; but my object is simply to describe this huge public nursery as it is, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The hospital is approached from the high road by a long, shady avenue, and as we passed down it we saw several women wandering about, all wearing the same pink cotton dresses and long aprons crossed over the bosom, a dress which, with the little dark velvet head-covering, might have been both becoming and picturesque had not the wearers been almost invariably plain and slovenly. These women proved to be



"In one room two or three were being bathed."—p. 674.



some of the nurses, who all wear the same uniform, though they are allowed the liberty of exercising their own individual tastes in the colour of their caps, and in the addition of such feminine adornments as necklaces and embroidery.

We found our way to the principal entrance, and there, after a little delay—which our limited knowledge of the Russian language made more difficult—we were courteously given leave to visit the hospital (Russian officials we almost invariably found to be courteous), and were consigned to the care of a guide.

We were not shown over the whole of the institution, which comprises, besides the public nursery, a hospital for women, and two schools, one for boys and one for girls. These we were not anxious to see, our interest being confined to the foundlings. The institution was opened in 1763 by the Empress Catherine II., and part of the expenses of keeping it up—which are enormous—are met by the proceeds of a monopoly of one particular industry.

The facilities, however, which increased railroad accommodation gives for conveying children from distant places to this common centre, have so increased the number of cases, that the institution has been compelled to look to the State for further aid. Some few years since the annual government grant amounted to £180,000.

It being summer weather, the small inmates of this huge State nursery had been removed from their

the language, fortunately handed us over to the care of a French-speaking lady, who seemed to fill the post of superintendent of the place.

Most kind and courteous she was; and as we made the tour of the place she afforded us all the information she could, and was politely ready to answer any questions our curiosity prompted us to ask.

It was indeed a curious and striking sight, and one not soon to be forgotten, when we came upon the long rows of little iron cots ranged under the trees, each with its tiny temporary owner, who was either lying there asleep or being fondled and soothed in the arms of its respective *nourrice*.

All the little cots were the same; the nurses all wore the same uniform, and each baby was tightly wrapped up in white garments that called to mind the swathing-bands of the New Testament. And of these tiny morsels of humanity, all under a month old, there were no fewer than 1,300.

One thousand three hundred little helpless infants, not one of whom had parents either able or willing to nurse and care for it! parents who were either too poor, too careless, too hard-hearted, or too much ashamed to own their little ones, who must in consequence grow up without the love of father and mother, which is the birthright of every child.

In spite of all mitigating circumstances, the sight was inexpressibly sad. The little disowned creatures were mostly poor and puny. Here and there you saw one with a bright, bonny, intelligent face, but



WAITING FOR AN ENGAGEMENT AS NURSE.

ordinary quarters in the hospital to the gardens, where are built a row of wooden houses for their accommodation at night or in wet weather. When practicable, the daylight hours seem to be spent in the open air, when the children are strong enough to bear it.

At the gate of the garden our Russian-speaking guide, who would have been of but little use to us as a cicerone, owing to our comparative ignorance of

these were the exception. By far the majority were plain and wizened, and many had the faces of old men and women, grave and sad, as if from their earliest infancy they were to be denied the happy, careless joy of childhood.

One could not help pitying the little helpless creatures, as one saw them lying in their swaddling-bands, which prevented all the freedom and movement of tiny limbs which a healthy baby always delights in.





"Long rows of little iron cots."—p. 673.

These poor little mummies, when once carefully enveloped, could move neither hand nor foot.

I ventured to question our guide as to the wisdom of keeping the tiny creatures so closely wrapped up, but she indignantly scouted the idea of their being in the least *serre*, and no doubt being always accustomed to this mode of baby garmenture, knew of none better.

Our guide informed us that no fewer than 10,000 of these poor little waifs had been received in the hospital since the beginning of the year.

When the child has been received, its admission is registered in the books of the institution, and a number assigned to it, which is worn round its neck, and which also figures on its cot, and a corresponding number is given to the person who brings the child, thus affording every facility for the baby's being traced, should its parents at any time wish to claim the child again.

The little one is then undressed, weighed and passed on to another room, where it is bathed, and dressed in the hospital garments, and consigned to the care of one of the women who happen to be waiting for engagement as nurses. Of these there seems to be an unfailling supply, and when we paid our visit quite a large group were sitting on the floor waiting the chance of their turn coming round.

These nurses are mostly peasant women from the country, who are tempted to neglect their own children and offer their services to the institution for the sake of the pay—about sixpence or eightpence a day—and the good food which the hospital offers. Indeed, it is said that a mother will sometimes leave her own child at the hospital, and then go and offer her services for another child, and thus receive the desired remuneration. The very idea is heartless, but perhaps among a poverty-stricken peasantry such as the Russian there is but little opportunity for the cultivation of finer feelings or family affection.

We were shown over some of the wooden houses where the nurses and children slept, and where the

delicate babies who were too fragile to lie in their little beds in the open air were kept.

In one room two or three were being bathed and dressed, and it was pleasant to see the swift and skilful manipulation of the nurses, who seemed to treat their little charges with the greatest possible care. Even the big copper baths were all lined with flannel, a delicate attention which I fancy few children receive in England.

Where the tiny creatures are especially delicate, they are laid in copper bassinets, which are made hollow, so as to allow of the space between being filled with hot water, to keep a warm and even temperature, and to supply an artificial heat which the little fragile mites require.

But all the care the institution affords, and all the best medical skill, which is not lacking, are not always able to save the baby lives, and we saw outside the door of one of the houses a pathetic sight—a tiny rough-hewn coffin.

It is a sad consideration to know that after all the skill and care bestowed in the hospital, the poor little waifs, after a four or six weeks' stay, are, if they are strong enough, drafted off, each with its foster-mother to her native village, where, owing to rough fare, careless treatment, neglect, and the severity of the climate, hardly one-fourth grow up to maturity—a truly pitiable minority.

Amongst the children, too, of these foster-mothers, who are deprived of the maternal care which is their right, the mortality is very great. One chief reason for this is perhaps the habit amongst the Russian peasant women of leaving very young babies for hours alone with the "soska," a sort of milk poultice, by their mouths, to nourish or choke them as the case may be.

In the hospital the children, as before observed, are only kept for four or six weeks, and then when they are strong enough, having been named and vaccinated, are sent off with their foster-mothers, the women receiving about four and sixpence a month for looking after the little creatures, while the doctor of that district is also expected to supervise their welfare.

We were shown the plainly furnished little chapel, also the stable where three or four calves are kept for vaccination purposes, for it appears that the operation is performed direct from the animal. These are



kept for about a month, and, lying in their respective stalls, did not appear to be at all unhappy or uncomfortable.

Out in the garden were little groups of nurses off duty for a while, who were enjoying their tea and black bread under the shade of the trees, chatting and laughing amongst themselves. All rose politely and saluted the superintendent and the visitors as we passed.

We asked our guide how long she had been at her

present post, and I think she said twelve years. "And you like the work?" we asked. "Oh, yes," she answered; "and it was a good work and a Christian work." We assented, but I could not help adding "A sad work too," but to this she did not agree.

But the conviction remained, and as we bade adieu to the courteous superintendent and left the place, we went away with the impression that, in spite of all mitigating surroundings, the sight we had seen was both saddening and sorrowful.

E. W. FIRTH.



"WHEN I WAS A GIRL!"

WHEN I was a girl," said grandmamma,  
 Who stooped with her weight of years,  
 "My step was as light as your steps are,  
 My form was as straight, my dears!  
 With laughter and song my youth was gay,  
 I had more bright days than sad  
 And so, little maids, to you I say,  
 And bear it in mind—Be Glad!"

"When I was a girl"—she sweetly smiled  
 On each fair young face upturned—  
 "I kept the love and faith of a child,  
 And in all things God discerned!  
 His constant blessing my spirit knew  
 His guidance I understood:  
 And so, my children, I say to you,  
 And lay it to heart—Be Good!"

J. R. EASTWOOD.

PETER'S LOVE AND BOASTING.

THE QUESTIONS IN THE UPPER ROOM.—III.

BY THE REV. J. TELFORD, B.A.

"Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, whither goest Thou? Jesus answered, Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards. Peter saith unto Him, Lord, why cannot I follow Thee even now? I will lay down my life for Thee. Jesus answereth, Wilt thou lay down thy life for Me? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied Me thrice."—ST. JOHN xiii. 36—38.

THE previous part of this chapter shows how carefully Jesus had prepared the way for those glorious revelations of truth which still beam on us from the Upper Room. Strife was silenced; the traitor was dismissed. Now Jesus is to bid farewell to His disciples. Before the Cross—in its very shadow—He lit those lamps of promise which have shone forth for ten thousand mourners in every generation. What an awful light is thrown on the "choice of Judas" as we linger here! His path diverged from that of Jesus and his old companions. Which took the better road? The contrast between their choice and his should do not a little to open our eyes.

A cry of triumph burst from the soul of Jesus

when the door had closed behind the traitor. He knew the plans of Judas. He Himself had spurred him to his task by those parting words, "That thou doest, do quickly." It is a sight to make us pause: Jesus exulting in victory, whilst Judas hastens to the priests. "When, therefore, he was gone out, Jesus saith, Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him; and God shall glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him." That is the grandest hymn of victory that ever rose above the storms of sin and death. It is the "Son of Man"—the representative Man who undertakes the cause of our ruined race. He is glorified—He and all His disciples—

"The Cross on which He bows His head  
 Shall lift us to the skies."

His might and His love are there to be magnified