

term, "corso di perfezionamento," when I shall hope to have them entirely with me, and to arrange with the doctors for sets of lessons more thorough than those they will have had in the first course.

Our President, Mrs. G—, and my dear Cssa. S— have talked to the Mother Superior, with the Hospital Director (Prof. T—, on our Committee), and she promises that her Sisters will do all they can to teach our girls. They—the pupils—must wear the regulation costume—a big white pinafore, reaching from throat to feet and wrists. Prof. T— reasonably objected to having other uniforms in his wards, as there are already his own Sisters, in black and white; the novices, in lilac; and Sisters of a missionary order, who have had leave to get a little practice in the wards before going to Africa, etc., and who have a different habit.

May 10th.

I went to S. Spirito, and found the nuns in great grief again. The Mother Superior had died, quite suddenly, last Saturday. Suor. M— seemed utterly broken by it; she had been her faithful companion for so many years, sleeping in the room next her, etc. She told me Suor. Agostino's death had really been the cause of the Mother's illness—she had never recovered the terrible shock of seeing the mutilated body laid at her feet. I fancy she already had some cardiac affection, and the distress augmented it. She was very much beloved. Suor. E—, the surgical nun I liked so much, was really grand in her humaneness of grief. She told me two such troubles were too much in six months—"E'tropo! Questa volta non posso rassegnarme, il Signore non ha fatto bene!" It was magnificent somehow—the human love (which is divine) drowning all the commonplaces of doctrine, even in a nun. She would not say God had done well whilst she could not feel it—"Questa volta non ha fatto bene . . ." She continued telling me how they all kept disappearing to give way to their unhappiness—"Si cerca questa, Suora., non c'è; si trova posti vuoti a tavola, non vengono." Human, too, this hiding of themselves to freely vent their sorrow. "Povere toro, e felice ella!" is all one could say; but it is good to know of such grief and love, for in many cases the repression of home affection results in hardness and indifference, but here, evidently, there has been genuine spiritual mother love to keep soft and warm the human heart.

E. VERE.

Inventions, &c.

AN EXCELLENT FOOD.

OUR attention has been directed to the cocoa prepared by Ph. Suchard, and we have not only tested it carefully, but given it various practical trials.

Analysis proves it to be a perfectly pure and unadulterated preparation of cocoa nibs, with their characteristic flavour. In view of many so-called cocoa preparations which now flood the English market, it is highly satisfactory to find so pure and, therefore, valuable, a preparation, for, like all other articles of diet, cocoa unadorned is the most adorned, rare, and desirable. Still there are many excellent things which are not advisable for invalids, and so we have tried this cocoa for persons unable to take some other forms. In every instance it has been pronounced most palatable, and it has certainly proved to be easily digested, and most nutritious. We, therefore, confidently recommend it to the notice of our readers. It can be obtained through any grocers.

Outside the Gates.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

MURDER OR MANSLAUGHTER?

THE house and workshop of the village carpenter abutted on God's acre, so that it was quite natural that Mester and Mrs. 'Uggins should have been deputed, in conjunction with the vicar, who was a bachelor, to rule the parish in spiritual matters. 'Uggins acted as clerk, and drowned the gentle tones of the parish priest—in weekly praise and prayer to the Almighty—and Mrs. 'Uggins cleaned the church, and, in return, let loose her live stock, including the ass, the swine, and feathered fowls, amongst the lush grasses of the graveyard, which would otherwise have obliterated the outlines of the mounds raised over the remains of the village dead.

Poor rheumatic, misshapen dead, who had usually, by long laborious days, well earned repose, and for whom 'Uggins supplied rough hewn deal coffins of grudging dimensions, into which Mrs. 'Uggins—who prepared a corpse with skill and dispatch—had sometimes difficulty in disposing the remains. "But, bless you, Madam at the 'all was that generous at times of family affliction that, besides the run of the cellar, there was allus to be 'ad for the asking, one of t' Squoir's best shirts, or 'er own fine bed-gownds, to say nothing of the finest flowers i' the garden." So that, by the time Mrs. 'Uggins had completed her task of laying out the dead, "there was allus as beautiful a corpse as yer could wish to see."

And the whole village tipty-toed in to see and praise her work, each person feeling a warm glow of satisfaction that, "should their turn come, Mrs. 'Uggins was at 'and," and then they turned away somewhat sobered by the awesome sight of death, and refrained, for a few hours, from lying and stealing and all uncharitableness.

Mrs. 'Uggins stood in the doorway of her husband's workshop—an airy wood annexe, sweet scented with a carpet of fresh shavings—" 'Uggins was 'umming the 'undredth psalm," as she said afterwards, in minutely describing the scene, "and I ses to 'im, I ses, 'ave you 'eard as 'Allam's Sarah 'as met with another misfortune; this is the second time, mind yer; and mark my words—as that there child won't live long to see the light of day—and warn't I right? Why, the very next morning, 'er mother come a-crying and saying as Sarah's been and overlaid 'er infant, and it were stone dead afore she knowed it. And 'er father that nesty, as 'e were fit to bite a tenpenny nail i' two. And t' Squoir says as 'ow it was a very serious matter, 'e wouldn't stan' by 'er a second time—and Madam niver could abare Sarah, cos of 'er ringlets and 'er taste i' dress—and all the time Sarah as innocent as a babe unborn."

"Well," says I, "I can't say as I 'old wi' overlaying infants, but bless yer, accidents will 'appen—and when shall Mester 'Uggins bring 'ome the coffin?"

"The coffin?" says she. "Oh! we ain't going to 'ay no coffin—my Sarah's got a blue bandbox, and —"

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