

"your father could be rather hot-tempered sometimes. Now one day, I do not know how it happened, I had broken a window in his study with a ball, and hid myself, fearing the well-deserved punishment, in a rabbit pen which used to be, as you know, in the old garden. Your father searched and searched in vain for me. But your mother had noticed my hiding place. When your father had gone into the house again she came, opened the lid, stroked the head of the frightened boy, took me by the hand, with the words 'Here sits the little culprit,' led me into the study, and bade me stammer my 'pater, peccavi.' The storm passed over graciously without breaking upon me."

With counsel and active help there was also enough to do in the congregation which, although not large, was still very poor. She founded a Women's Union for the purpose of securing better provision for the poor and the sick, industriously visited the needy ones herself, and never became weary of making good soup and strengthening food for them. During the hard times in Altenberg the young girl had sighed in the past, "Bread of tears, whoever has tasted thee, knows what it means," now she learned also the reason why the Lord had given it her to taste in order that she might know how to weep with those that mourned, to dry the tears of others, and to take into her own heart the sorrows of the stranger. Many years after her death Fliedner said to one of his daughters, "The way your mother had with the poor reminded me always of the words of Scripture, 'Let the poor find thy heart.'"

She had a special gift also in dealing with souls, and although as a rule silence was her helper, yet at the right time she could say the right word.

In order to instruct the girls of the parish in sewing, &c., she willingly gave up the little summer house, and under the guidance of Jettchen Frickenhaus a knitting school was opened, out of which in 1835 grew the infant school.

When her husband, as was often the case, was absent on business, she made it her duty to form a living bridge between him and his people by means of painstaking information. "If I could only hasten to you at the end of every day" she writes to him to Berlin, "in order to tell you how the Lord has again helped me in grace, love and faithfulness; specially as I know that you are more than usually anxious." Then she tells him of the Jewish proselyte Baruch, whom one of the congregation, the miller Rehmann, had found standing in a narrow pass the open Bible near him, quite

confused and in despair having been thrust out by everyone. His own people persecuted him, the Christians distrusted him. "He appears to be not only confused but really in an anxious state of mind on account of his old sins. He told Rehmann that if he did not baptise him at once and give him the Holy Sacrament he would go to the Roman Catholic priest. He could not live any longer without being baptised. At two o'clock in the night he had again knocked at the door, saying that had the house been on fire people would have thanked him; he, however, was more on fire than a house." She was prepared to receive the poor man into the parsonage, but before she could do so he had disappeared; it was feared that he had done some injury to himself, and she concludes: "May the Lord be merciful and gracious and forgive us wherein we have failed." Her prayer was heard, the lost one reappeared, and Fliedner was able, after thorough instruction, to receive him by baptism into the Christian Church in the autumn of the same year.

Trouble and sorrow were not wanting in their own family. Several children died early, the delicacy of others brought anxiety to the heart of the mother. The health also of her husband became impaired during the first years of their married life by his many journeys and the work he had undertaken in the interest of his congregation and in the service of the Prisoners' Aid Society. But neither hesitated to offer themselves for the fresh work and burdens which the Lord laid upon them. But of that in the next chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

### **Able to Teach!**

Within the past year, glancing over the advertisement columns of the various nursing papers, it is noticeable that when a Sister is wanted, the qualification, "Able to teach probationers" is more often demanded now than formerly.

"Good!" will murmur approvingly every one who has the training of nurses at heart. It is the silver lining, at last appearing, of a black cloud that too long has hung on the horizon of our training schools.

No true nurse would be disloyal to her training school, nor find any delight in showing its weak seams to the public, but there can be no winking at the fact that there are very, very many Sisters who, however well their wards may appear, are in no way fitted to teach. It is a fact worthy of note that, in "Training Colleges for School Teachers" of the marks

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