

year of their work, bitter in its disappointment, sweet in the freshness of its enthusiasm. They love to recall the little pleasures and amusements that gave sunshine to their hours of recreation; their tiny tea parties and forest rambles; their reading parties, and the visits of the Queen. Their pleasures are simple now as they were then, and almost always in connection with their Church and its festivals.

It is delightful to witness the childlike joy with which the Sisters hail a fine day for their "Missions Fest" (mission festival) spent, like most German fêtes, out of doors, under the green trees.

I think if the good Sisters reflected how closely their German instincts led them to imitate their heathen forefathers of 2,000 years ago, when *they* glorified Odin beneath the forest trees, they would be startled, and most of them would laugh merrily at the thought of there being yet a remnant of relationship between the rough-locked sons of Mannus, with their war clubs and bear-head helmets, and the black-robed Sisters of the Henriettenstift.

The nurses left in charge on such occasions listen eagerly to the accounts of their more fortunate sisters' doings on their return, and look forward to "next time, when their turn will come."

As a thorough change from work in the wards, Sisters occasionally join a working party in the upper rooms of the Children's Hospital (Bethlehem), adjoining the main building. The work done in the "Paramantik,"—such is the name given to the work-rooms—is of a most artistic and pleasing nature. It consists in the designing and embroidery of altar and pulpit cloths, in fact of decorative church needlework. To make the change of surroundings perfect, lady friends of the Hospital are invited to join the daily working party, and to help according to their talents. They come at different times, and on various days, so that the room is constantly changing its aspect. One old lady, of about eighty, could do nothing but wind silk, which she did, time after time, with great energy.

One day the silk entangled, and she was quite unable with her feeble eyes to put the threads into place. A young lady-worker immediately came forward to assist her, but the old lady was deeply grieved.

"Ah, Sister," she said sadly, "I am no longer of any use to you. I am only hindering the work."

"Indeed," replied the Directing Sister, with ready tact, "you are mistaken. The example of your energy in our cause, at a time when you might rest without shame, spurs us younger ones on to do our utmost."

The old lady was contented.

Some few are occupied with drawing and tracing designs at a large table, a work which requires some skill and great neatness, as the Directing Sister is particular; one reads out to the workers, the book chosen being generally a biography or a missionary story. Most of the ladies and Sisters do needlework, which is afterwards sold for the benefit of the Hospital.

This large, airy work-room, with its windows wide open to the blue sky on a summer day, is as pleasant a place as can well be imagined. The sun looks in unhindered on a busy, quiet and perfectly contented group of gentlewomen, their sober dresses contrasting well with the bright and beautiful materials they are handling. A pale, tall Sister directs the work. She seems everywhere at once to help or advise, and yet she herself finds time to trace a splendid old Gothic design on the crimson cloth before her, with all the decision and grace of an accomplished artist.

And Sister A. is an artist, with all the true artist's delicacy of touch and world-wide interest in beauties of Nature and with all an artist's power of interpreting them. She never tires of following out the meaning of the quaint old traceries, that first sprang into life—who knows how long ago, and from the mind of what imprisoned monkish genius? To her the trailing vine, the fluttering dove, the conventional lamb and rose and lily are full of a sacred symbolism; and carefully she preserves all their details in the designs worked under her eye.

No worker, however willing, finds bad work tolerated.

"If you work here at all," she sometimes says with unmistakable decision, "you must do your best."

And the work sent out is of the best, almost severe in its conventional exactness—classical and correct. It finds a ready market, and the Sisters' hours of recreation, spent in the "Paramantik," are of considerable gain to the Hospital.

The Hospital is under the guidance of a Matron and a clergyman, or rather, of a clergyman and Matron—all other workers are subordinate.

To enforce prompt obedience and humility is considered an indispensable feature in the training of the young Probationers, and they must be provided with a good stock of patience to learn their lesson, which is not made easy for them.

The Probationers and Sisters receive no salary, but are provided for in sickness and health by the "Mother-house," which is the name they give to the main building. They have to pass through at least four years' careful training before entering the inner circle of the Sisterhood, the first year being merely a preliminary trial.

Great pains are taken to test the character of

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