

with the words "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." It was chosen and made by the donor after his recovery from an illness, and given to the Sisters and sick of the Hospice—to the Sisters because they serve the Master who is there holding out His hand to all, and who inspires their work; to the sick, because Jesus does not wish them to be discouraged, and says to them, "Come unto Me." Such a beautiful, helpful thought to all those who go there in search of help and comfort!

Then we saw the Sisters' rooms, as simple and neat as they are themselves, but with just those few belongings dear to every woman's heart, and which showed the link which still binds them to the world outside.

Presently we descended to the kitchen, where the good, wholesome, and well-cooked food was being placed into hot water lined tins for transport through a subway to the other buildings. "We all have the same food," said Sister. "But the patients are all served first, and when they have finished we have our meal, and should anything run short the patients do not suffer."

A Sister and two servants do all the kitchen work; another Sister looks after the garden, with the help of a man—who lives in a little chalet on the estate—to do the rough and heavy work.

I asked if they choose their work, to which came the prompt reply, "No; but we are always put to the work for which we show the most aptitude." We were shown the recreation-room, upon the wall of which a Sister had painted a huge spray of Virginia creeper in all its glory of autumn reds, looking so very natural that we almost thought it had been brought in from the garden and hung up, instead of being painted there.

A Sister sitting in the room looked up and greeted us with a most friendly, welcoming smile, and told us she was "hurrying with the bonnets she was trimming, as she was leaving to-morrow." There is a small hospital with a little operating theatre and dispensary, all very complete in a small way, in which are received all cases from the neighbourhood. Also an infirmary for chronic cases, a children's hospital and isolation house; also a convalescent home for children, open usually only in the summer months. A new house has recently been built for the Sisters on leave or sick; those who are no longer fit for active service live in the old home, and are part of the permanent staff.

Everything is kept in exquisite order, and the Sisters, whilst being under strict discipline and control, yet live, speak, and act quite freely without any appearance of the repression which is apt to mar some communities.

The work is carried on by donations and subscriptions, and much faith is needed when stress of work means buildings; but so far all has gone well.

The Pastor conducts the services in the chapel, and gives instruction to the Sisters in Scripture, anatomy, physiology, &c. Both the Pastor and the Mother are appointed by the committee. The Sisters have no voice in the election of the Mother, who may, or may not, be one of the community. The Sisters enter as novices; but are bound by no vows, being free to leave when they please on giving three months' notice.

After their training in the Hospice is finished, they are drafted into the various hospitals, cantonal or otherwise, which are nursed by the Sisters, and after a period of three or more years are admitted by a religious ceremony into the full title and privileges of deaconesses.

Knowing that the dinner-hour must be very near, we suggested "that we would rest in one of the arbours in the grounds, whilst Sister had her meal, and we would have an *al-fresco* lunch until she could show us the remaining buildings." But to her kindly nature that seemed very poor hospitality, so, after saying something about "sharing their simple meal, and asking the Mother," she trotted off, to reappear in a short time to invite us to share their dinner, an invitation we willingly accepted.

We were ushered into a long dining-room, where the tables were arranged along three sides of the room, the Mother being seated at the centre of the middle one, the Sisters being ranged on either side; to-day, however, on her left was seated a novice, whose plate was surrounded by a wreath of flowers, whilst bunches of blossoms were grouped near her, denoting a festival of some kind. Sister Eliza quickly explained it all; it was the young novice's birthday, and they were keeping her fête by giving her the seat of honour beside the Mother. How glad they all seemed to give pleasure to another! Whilst we were finishing our meal, there came a troop of cripple children, marshalled to the door by a Sister, to sing pretty songs in honour of the fête of their nurse. So delighted, yet touched, was the little novice that she could not entirely repress the tears which started to her eyes, when she heard these little ones singing to her. How happy, contented, and willing to spend, and be spent, for others they seemed; and what a delightful home to belong and come to when the clouds seem to be very low over one's horizon!

Surely this is the ideal life! Community of work and interest, without the binding vows which so many think it necessary to impose.

We think the Ecclesall (Sheffield) Board of Guardians have done wisely in appealing to the Local Government Board before compelling their Superintendent Nurse to attend the institution chapel on Sunday mornings, contrary to her conscientious convictions. Several of the guardians were for coercion, considering that the nurse was setting their authority at defiance. But this sectarian policy was outvoted.

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