

The preparation for such distinction entailed what nurse described as "a regular 'urrican," vigorous rubbing, and scrubbing with yellow soap, and terrible tussles with recalcitrant curis—tugs, and hugs, and kisses—over which was cast a veil of white muslin frocks and open work socks, and perky silken sashes. Thus attired they were admonished "to mind yer mannerfolds and play the agreeables," and hand in hand down the broad staircase they trip as pleasing a pair of poppets as eye could light upon.

On either side of the Man of Mercy they sit as prim as posies, and partake of his bounty, as he plies them with fruits and fizzie water. They dabble their fingers in his ruby bowl, and later cling like limpets to his stalwart arms, as he paces purple pathways in the nightward hours.

Reverting to prisons, it is then in commending the quality of mercy that he tells them of Elizabeth Fry.

It was not until forty-five years had passed, and with them two of that happy trio, that the "ruffy-tuffy" headed girl stood beside the grave of Elizabeth Fry, the "dove-like Betsy," of whom it was prophesied that she should be "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame," whose name is still as ointment poured forth.

Those who work must wander, and it was in such humour that I felt like worshipping at the shrine of someone great.

"Let us go to Barking and touch the grave of Elizabeth Fry," I suggested.

Dear "Matron" said yes, so we went.

A pale beautiful January day.

As we crept through East London our hearts warmed to it.

"It's as full of goodness as a pea pod," we agreed—and so it is.

When we came to Barking we would be directed to the resting place of Elizabeth Fry. "We do not know the lady," one and all replied.

Alas! alas! And how ignorant were we.

So we wandered amidst lordly tombs, and found it not. We enquired of drowsy vergers, polite policemen, and other persons of worth, but no one had heard of the great evangelist who carried the beautiful light of sympathy into the prison dungeons of England a hundred years ago. By and bye someone said, "Try the Friends' Burying Ground at the end of the town." To this we wended our way, and here enclosed by an old brick wall we found a peaceful acre.

Accompanied by the caretaker of the Meeting House opposite, we were guided to the spot where for 65 years has rested all that was mortal of this beatific being—in one grave with her husband, and close by the little child she wept such bitter tears to lose.

All the stones in this quiet place are uniformly simple, after the custom of Friends. That of Elizabeth Fry stands back to the wall, and growing from her grave was a beautiful white holly bush, full of waxen berry.

We begged two sprays, which were given to us.

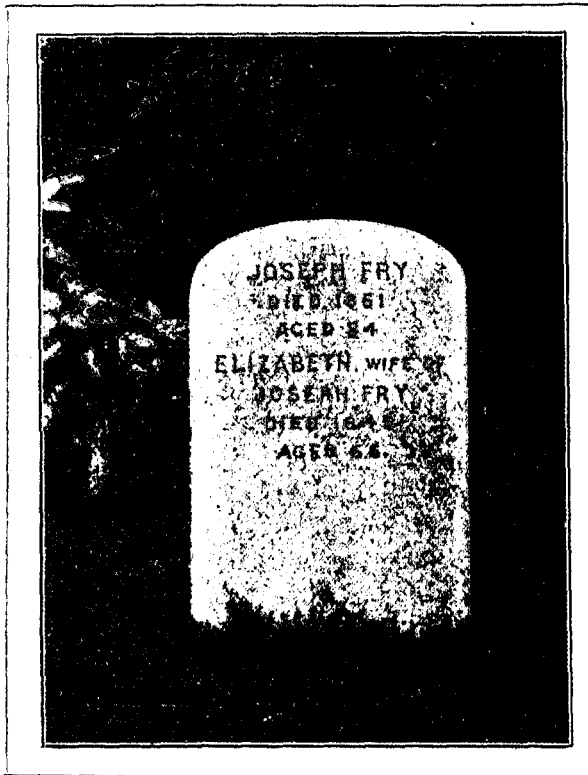
Think of it. *This tree has in its sap of her great heart's blood.*

"Earth to earth. Dust to dust."

Yea verily. Yet for ever and for ever Life to Life.
E. G. F.

THE ELIZABETH FRY LEAGUE.

We do earnestly wish some ardent person would devote time to the organisation of a League to improve nursing in prisons, and to obtain for prison workers educational advantages to fit them for their very special and self-denying task.



GRAVE IN FRIENDS' BURYING GROUND,
BARKING.

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