

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

A museum of souvenirs relating to the reign of King Albert of the Belgians has been opened at Marche les Dames, not far from the rock where the late King met his death. The proceeds of admission fees will be given to the fund for Belgian disabled men.

The news of the birth of a second son to King Leopold of the Belgians and his consort Queen Astrid was received with pleasure by many British nurses whose sympathy was extended to the Belgian nation in its recent sorrow, and who now rejoice with the King, Queen and people in their joy.

The Royal infant was born on the night of June 6th at the Stuyvenberg Chateau, near Brussels, and has received the names of Albert Humbert Theodore Christian Eugene Marie. The baby prince has, by Royal decree, been created Prince of Liège.

The christening took place with great state on June 28th, in Brussels.

"The Noble Women of the Atrium Windows in the Lady Chapel of the Liverpool Cathedral," by the Rev. William McNeill, B.A., which has been presented to the British College of Nurses, is an extremely interesting record of women whose activities in various departments of life have gained them this honourable recognition. The three windows, each containing four portraits, commemorate Josephine Butler, and all brave champions of purity; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and all who have seen the infinite in things; Charlotte Countess of Derby, and all steadfast women; Queen Victoria, and all noble Queens; Juliana of Norwich, and all who have sought the inner light; Susanna Wesley, and all devoted mothers; Lady Margaret Beaufort, and all patronesses of sacred learning; Catherine Gladstone, and all loyal hearted wives; Anne Clough, and all true teachers; Christina Rossetti, and all sweet singers; Angela Burdett-Coutts, and all Almoners of the Kingdom of Heaven; Elizabeth Fry, and all pitiful women. This brief record of the lives of so many notable women, distinguished in such diverse walks of life, has been extremely well compiled, and contains the information which all who give serious study to the portraits will need.

The selection shows genuine catholicity of selection ranging as it does from Juliana of Norwich—an anchorite—to Susanna Wesley, the daughter of a Nonconformist divine—though at the age of thirteen she attached herself to the Established Church, the mother of John and Charles Wesley. The only woman of this goodly company who was a native of Liverpool was Miss Anne Clough. We could wish there had been included Agnes Elizabeth Jones, who rendered such conspicuous service to the city in the reform of nursing conditions at Brownlow Hill Infirmary, and laid down her life in accomplishing it.

And where is Florence Nightingale?

The book is published by the *Liverpool Post, &c.*, Victoria Street, Liverpool.

The jubilee of the foundation of the Community of the Resurrection of Our Lord, Grahamstown, which occurred on April 23rd, brings to mind memories of its remarkable Mother Foundress. Inspired by a sermon preached by Bishop Webb, of Grahamstown at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Cecile Isherwood, at the age of 21, offered, and was accepted, for work in that diocese. She was clothed as a novice by Bishop Webb on the Feast of St. Mark, 1884, and was professed as Mother on November 14th, 1887 and from that day until the day of her death in 1906, with brief intervals in England, she was engaged in fostering the life of this South African Community, which now numbers over 100 Sisters

and novices, and in developing its work, which is chiefly educational. We read of her "exuberant vitality, her amazing capacity for hard work, the long hours spent by her in prayer, and that what made her really great as a leader was her Christlike power of seeing the very best in people, in getting at it under the most unpromising exterior and of uplifting them to a level above themselves." And again, of "that large and loving heart, that tender and appealing voice, so full of sympathy."

Hers was an outstanding personality, and the fragrance of her life still permeates and inspires the Community which she founded so wisely and guided and loved so well.

The memorial window to the saintly George Herbert, for many years Rector of Bemerton in the 17th century, was unveiled on June 14th by Lord Pembroke and Montgomery, and dedicated by the Bishop of Salisbury. It shows him standing before the cathedral in Salisbury with his lute under his arm as though just attending the weekly music meeting in which he was accustomed to take part in the years when he lived at Bemerton. The other light contains a portrait of his friend, Nicholas Ferrar, who is shown standing before the church of Little Gidding and holding in his hand the manuscript of Herbert's volume of verse, "The Temple." Above the two lights the tracery opening contains the crest and shield of the Herbert family.

The Church of England, since Henry VIII constituted himself its head, has canonised none of its saints, else might its Kalendar be enriched by the record of St. George of Bemerton—he is indeed appropriately, if unofficially, adopted by many journalists as their patron saint, for he placed before them the highest standard for their work, and at the same time shewed them how it was attainable, when he wrote:—

"Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to man Thou has made known Thy ways.
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise."

A CREED IN A GARDEN.

By NEWMAN FLOWER.

For this is my creed:

I believe in the God of my garden, the God of the trees,
The God with the feet of the fairy who treads on the breeze
And makes of the rose-leaves a carpet. The God of the Light,
The God of the dusk and the sunset; the God of the Night
Who freshens the scents in my garden with breaths of the Earth,
And juggles and frets with the tulip and brings it to birth.
I believe in the God of the thorn-bud, the God of the bird
Who fashions a song from an egg-shell; of the new world stirr'd
By the sudden comfort of April; the God of all grief
In the whimpering pain and the death of the leaf.
I believe in the God of the sky-paths, whose cumbersome cloud
Shakes warm laughing rain o'er my garden, Who whispers aloud
To the slumbering ant and the earthworm, to the uttermost weed
His challenge of Life and Achievement—
That is my creed.

The Sunday Times.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)