

been more than a "poor musician" in every sense of the word, and that his children should aspire to the honour of military and naval distinctions, *solely* through the reflected interest which they possessed through their uncle and aunt, seems to have ruffled her considerably. She says plainly, "The lot of the children of a poor musician, and descendants of a menial servant, is not to look too high but to trust to their own good behaviour, and serving faithfully those who can employ them."

Herein speaks a very royalty of pride, — the nobility of Work has its *cachet* put upon it, by one of the best-worked women of this or any other age.

In 1796, only a few months before her death, Alexander von Humboldt conveyed to her the Science Gold Medal. It was a tardy recognition from the King of Prussia, but we can fancy that it gave enormous pleasure both to the envoy and the recipient, for Humboldt and Brewster were not the least admiring of her many admirers.

Within four days of her death, in reply to General Halkett's message that he hoped soon to come and give her a kiss, as he had done on her ninety-seventh birthday, the dear old lady looked up quite saucily and said, "Tell the General that I have not tasted anything since that I liked so well."

Her characteristic fortitude never forsook her,

but at last she "fell asleep," and on the 9th of January 1848 she joined her brother in that land where no sun, no moon appeareth, where no shadow ever falls.

In the old garrison church where she had been baptised ninety-seven years before, the burial service was read over the body of Caroline Lucretia Herschel. Garlands of laurel and cypress covered the coffin, and within it, at her express desire, were buried with her a lock of her brother William's hair, and an old almanac which had belonged to her father.

" Earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

SISTER DORA

Born at Hauxwell, near Richmond, Yorkshire, January 16, 1832.

Died at Walsall, December 24, 1878.



DOROTHY WYNDLOW PATTISON.

("SISTER DORA.")

From a photograph by F. Brown, in the possession of Mr Kirby.

SISTER DORA.

FIVE years before the beginning of the Victorian era, in a far village in the north of Yorkshire, Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison was born.

Times have changed since then, — railways and penny postage, steamships and bicycles, have brought English people very much nearer together than was possible in those days; but the little village of Hauxwell is almost as unknown now as it was then, except for the interest attaching to it as the birthplace of Sister Dora. And even that fact is comparatively little known, as compared with the world-wide notoriety of Walsall, where she lived and laboured and died. Life in the "Thirties" was a very different thing even in a country rectory, and the delicate child had largely to make amusements for herself, as she was not strong enough to enter fully into the frolics of her brothers and sisters. There were no less than twelve little Pattisons—two boys and ten girls,—and of these Dorothy was the youngest but one.

A bright and happy party they were, full of energy and fun, and all devoted to the youngest girl, whose frequent illnesses seemed but to endear her to the sturdier members of the family.

In spite of much petting, little Dorothy was never spoiled, for she was innately unselfish and grateful, and her judicious parents early instilled habits of strict obedience and self-discipline, which were of incalculable value to her in later life.

Very early, however, she exhibited much force of character and a determination to obtain, in some way or other, whatever she had set her mind upon. This characteristic is apparent all through her life, but fortunately it was tempered in most cases by an equally characteristic justice and common-sense, so that even those who at first most resented her "domineering ways" gradually came round to her view, and surrendered gracefully to what seemed as inevitable as the income-tax.

Possibly, too, her fascinating personality had a good deal to do with the power that she almost unconsciously wielded over all with whom she came in contact, for the crisp curly hair, twinkling brown eyes, beautiful teeth, and dainty colouring must have made her very fair to look upon, apart from the charm of manner and unusual mental qualities which made her almost irresistible when she meant to be so.

The loving care which had been lavished upon her in childhood brought her safely through attacks of illness which were serious and prolonged, and at twenty years of age few more beautiful or more healthy girls could have been found. For nine years more she apparently sat at ease in the quiet country home, but all the time she was inwardly chafing at the monotonous comfort of her daily life. To spend and be spent for others was second nature to her, and in the restricted life of a lonely village there was no sufficient outlet for her active mind and energetic body. Riding and driving were delightful, as amusements, and the poor people of the parish were a great source of interest to all the sisters; but even the greatest pleasures pall when they are matters of routine, and to a restless spirit they gradually become insufferable, as still "the days go on."

We had mentally bracketed Sister Dora with Saint Theresa long before the publication of Baring-Gould's delightful book, 'Virgin Saints and Martyrs,' and probably they will often be thought of together. The same dominating will and cheerful obstinacy characterised each, but, luckily for Walsall, Sister Dora had not the iron rules of the Roman communion to retard her errands of mercy or her schemes of charity. It may well be that her father, who was a Low Churchman of the old school, yet knew enough of the 'Lives of the

Saints' to feel some alarm lest his "Sunshine" should gradually merge her winning individuality in the hard-and-fast uniformity and the mild terrorisms of a Sisterhood. It was a needless fear, for Dorothy Pattison was too practical a Christian ever to have taken any vows which would permanently have hampered her free will; but after her mother's death, in 1861, the quiet respectability of Hauxwell, with its population of two or three hundred people, became almost unbearable, and, in spite of all that her father could say, she compromised matters for the time being by taking charge of the village school at Little Woolston, in Buckinghamshire.

One wonders at this point whether his ideas of parental guardianship and filial duty were not rather overstrained.

In the twentieth century it is such an everyday occurrence for the girls of a family to earn their own living when they are hardly out of their teens, that Mr Pattison's objections seem groundless and almost unreasonable, especially when we remember that she was now twenty-nine years of age, and had no special home duties to need fulfilment by her. Be that as it may, it is pretty certain that affection for his winsome daughter was at the bottom of his opposition; and on her deathbed, when speaking of this time, she said most earnestly, "I was very

wilful, I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example."

Duty is one of the hardest things in the world to define, but to do that which "lay nearest" seemed to her, who had a positive distaste for an easy everyday life, too luxurious a course to be justifiable when there was within her the insatiable longing to be up and doing. In America the first thing asked of any one professing conversion is, "And now what are you going to *do*?" but there is a hymn, the authorship of which is unknown to us, which has in it a verse beginning—

"Cast thy deadly doing down—
Down at Jesus' feet"

Such a sentiment is surely strangely subversive of all Biblical teaching, which insists with almost ceaseless reiteration upon the faithful stewardship of such gifts as the great Giver of all has bestowed. Love and Service generally go together, and as St James has it, "Faith without works is dead"; and again, with a sort of veiled satire, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."

Granted that it is often easier to do than to suffer, there is still human nature to be taken into account. There are times when it is almost a matter of self-preservation to use those energies which would otherwise atrophy and dwindle, for,