In Birrell's latest essay[1] on Hannah More he still cannot refrain from the rudeness which he deplores with manifest insincerity and disingenuousness.

But her views on Education are so diametrically opposed to those enunciated in the so-called "Education Bill,"—then, perhaps (1905), already simmering in his brain,—that the reason of his inherent antipathy is not far to seek.

"Hannah More is incapable of a literary resurrection," says the Minister of Education.

It may be so, but when the struggle of 1906 is only remembered as one more illustration of the extraordinary bias which early training can give to the mind of a man learned in the Law and the Scriptures, the Church shall be quietly extending her boundaries throughout the world, and educating generations of children whose Imperial instincts shall march side by side with the principles and practices for which Hannah More pleaded more than a hundred years ago.

"Practical Piety" is going out of fashion quite fast enough: we do not want to ignore its Principles also.

Who knows but that the "ever-rolling waves" of Time may once again bear upon their crests the quaint old text-books of God-fearing Faith and Morality which were written—and acted upon—by the little lady of Barley Wood!

[1] "In the Name of the Bodleian," 1905.

MARY CARPENTER

Born at Exeter, 1807.
Died at Bristol, 1877.

MARY CARPENTER.

From a photograph, by C. Voss Bark, in the possession of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter.

MARY CARPENTER.

THE clever sketches of Phil May have rendered the tricks and manners of "gutter-snipes" familiar to most of us, but comparatively few are old enough, or willing to confess themselves old enough, to remember the time when the streets teemed with scores of such urchins, who prowled about at their own sweet will, and were under the control or surveillance of no one more humane than the primitive policeman of those days.

It is to Mary Carpenter that the honour belongs of having been the pioneer of a movement which resulted in the establishment of Industrial and Reformatory Schools in every large town in the country.

She was born in Exeter on the 3rd of April 1807, but as the ministerial labours of her father were transferred in 1817 to Bristol, where he definitely settled himself and his family, she may fairly be claimed as a Bristolian.

When quite a child she showed a diversity

and yet a definiteness of gifts which are seldom combined.

As a verse-maker her attempts were unusually melodious, but it was for perseverance in difficult subjects and a "patient waiting for" of opportunity that her life from start to finish was chiefly remarkable.

"Something craggy to break my head upon," was Lord Byron's impatient aspiration, and it might have been Miss Carpenter's also; for when duty called, no obstacle was too great for her to attempt the mastering of it, and difficulties seemed only to brace her energetic mind into putting her ideas into action.

We reap with joy where she sowed with many tears; but it is a matter of thankfulness that she lived long enough to see many of her schemes carried into effect, and, while giving God the glory, to realise that the world was better because she had lived in it for seventy years of unsparing work and sacrifice. At first it seemed as if her high-born dreams were to be merged in genteel governessing and the uneventful routine of a first-class school, but she was only possessing her soul in patience, and when the fulness of time was come she was quick to seize her opportunity and to devote herself to more active and arduous duties.

Life to her was always a most earnest business

—no mere game of chance to be carelessly enjoyed, but a solemn trusteeship to be sacredly discharged.

How she discharged it this chapter shall strive to tell.

Although, from her earliest years, there was an innate purpose and religiousness underlying the varied gifts and accomplishments of Mary Carpenter, perhaps the two great moving factors of her life were the Bristol Riots in 1831, and the visit to England, two years later, of Rammohun Roy.

These two events, diverse as they appear, stirred her to an intensity of earnestness and a realisation of personal responsibility which had previously only smouldered unseen, and the solemn vows then registered by her were to be performed in after days with corresponding solemnity.

Mary Carpenter was at no time a handsome woman, but her "great grey eyes, so slow and wise," gave to her face a look of far-seeing intelligence which was accentuated by a broad brow and a determined but humorous mouth. Though loving beauty in all things, with a keen eye to nature's glories and a brain and hand which loved to portray and to write of them, she was singularly careless of her own personal appearance, and the first impression which she created was apt to be one of disappointment, on account of an indescribable lack of attention to feminine details which are

supposed to be among a woman's charms. Tall and angular always, she certainly owed nothing to her "fixings," but all was forgotten when once her interest was aroused or her sympathies honestly awakened; while her intelligent criticisms on science, art, and literature are enough to reassure us as to the charm of her conversation, and to testify to her busy and assimilative brain.

History, German literature, Poetry, Geology, and General Science were each and all a delight to her, and while loving mystical and metaphysical subjects, nothing ever diverted her from her self-chosen task of bettering the masses.

Scientific methods characterised all her philanthropic work, and the zeal and skill with which she had classified geological and botanical specimens in early years were not wanting when subsequently applied to the classification of the poor little mortals who swarmed in the streets of Bristol,

It was on the evening of Sunday, October 30, 1831, that all England was startled by an outbreak of brutish passions and insane destructiveness which to this day has left its braces on the old metropolis of the West, It is difficult in times of peace to realise the fury of war and the danger of a false security, but as long as the world lasts a substratum of crime and violence will always exist under the veneer of a superficial civilisation. This fact was painfully brought home to the sensitive spirit of

Mary Carpenter by the horrors of that autumn Sunday. From her sheltered home in Great George Street she could hear the clamour of the infuriated mob, the roar of the burning buildings, and the tramp of the soldiery. Against the glare of the conflagrations the many spires of "the city of churches" stood out like stern fingers of judgment; but all unheeding the rioters sped on, until the streets ran red with mingled wine and blood.

A stultified etiquette and a mistaken forbearance entailed the death of many, and the destruction of much that was of priceless value to the city; and while the "storm and stress" of life was brought home to her in such vivid colouring, we can imagine how all that was best in such a nature as hers would yearn, with a divine discontent, for the redemption and betterment of men. Not until then had she given much earnest thought to the wretched condition of the poor and friendless, though for many years she had devoted part of every Sunday and some hours of every week to teaching and visiting her Sunday-school scholars and their families.

But the Bristol Riots gave a fresh purpose to her life, and her real "soul's awakening" may justly be dated from the shock of that awful Sunday. The suicide of Colonel Brereton was not the least sad of the many sad results of that fatal day, for it could not have been personal cowardice

that induced that unfortunate officer to send away the troops and to behave in a manner so contrary to all the traditions of the English army. A certain "iron-sidedness" is *necessary* sometimes, and summary retribution for rebellion is often the truest kindness in the end, even to the rebels themselves.

To the vow made by her, five months later, is directly traceable the work which eventually became alike her goal and her monument. What she determined upon almost in desperation became the real love-story of her life, the motive power of all her subsequent career.

On the 1st of January 1882 she wrote, "How awful the state of public affairs in which we have entered this New Year! I feel deeply moved that I can do no more towards alleviating the distress of the poor, but I hope that I shall be enabled to do so"; and the following is the entry in her Diary on the Fast Day appointed in view of the first advent of cholera, on the 21st of March in the same year: " I wish on this day appointed for public humiliation before God to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow-creatures, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father is, to guide me by His light into the way of discovering the means and of rightly employing them. The first and most obvious way is by myself giving to others such as may glorify their Father in

Heaven, and I must do this by simply and humbly, but zealously and constantly, working the work of Him who placed us here. I must be careful never to neglect any *certain* duties, for others which only appear to me useful and desirable; but when the hand of Providence does point out any way of doing good more extensively, I must engage in it with thankfulness and ardour but with humility, caring not at all for my own comfort or labour. These things I have written to be a witness against me if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my *active* exertions in this life."

This is not the emotional utterance of a "kid-glove philanthropist," but the deliberate resolution of one who "saw life steadily," and in the seeing of it was stimulated to a great desire to devote herself to the improvement of her fellow-creatures.

But the time was not yet.

Home duties, pressing and various—"the daily round, the common task"—-involving as much real concentration and unselfishness, but without any of the "kudos" of public work, were all-absorbing for the time being, though the visits of Dr Tuckermann and Rammohun Roy alike re-inspired her ardent longings for a larger life and a more apparent self-surrender.

But the inner life of Mary Carpenter was too sincerely religious for her to dream of neglecting the duties of home.