from bed to attend an important case which needed the best nursing available.

But the "luminous steps of Duty," as Farrar puts it, were not as yet lighted for her, and once more she had, as it were, to begin the ascent of the hill Difficulty burdened with a redoubled sense of loneliness and renunciation.

Sister Dora was specially skilful in her treatment of burns, owing to her extensive experience in this particular line, and in the case of children she had a plan of her own which proved eminently successful. To soothe their nerves was her first solicitude even before dressing their injuries, from which, however, she carefully excluded the air. After a few hours of sleep the little ones generally allowed her to do as she liked, for her magnetic motherliness fascinated them into obedience, and sometimes she even lay down to rest with a burnt baby on each arm.

The one rule of the hospital was Love,—first for God and then for Work; and even the servants were taught to understand that service was a privilege.

Eye practice was another of her specialities. The frequency and severity of accidents to the eyes rendered it necessary that prompt treatment should be available, and as there was no resident surgeon in the hospital, the "first aid," at any rate, generally devolved upon."Sister Dora..

To help others, unconsciously as well as consciously, was one of her special gifts, and even the clergy acknowledged the influence of her unhasting, unresting enthusiasm and her infectious cheerfulness.

It was in 1875, however, that her faith and service were tried to the utmost, for in that year an epidemic of smallpox again broke out with terrific severity. The poor people, with that ignorant fatalism which distinguishes them as a class, would not send their invalids to the hospital which was prepared for them, but preferred to conceal their condition, saying by way of excuse that "they would far rather nurse them and let them die at home, and were not afraid for themselves."

Things were getting desperate when Sister Dora came to the rescue, offering to leave her own general work to nurse the patients at the Epidemic Hospital. Such an offer could not be refused, for the authorities knew well that nothing would have such an effect upon the masses as the spell of Sister Dora's name.

And they were right in their conjecture, for no sooner was it known that she was the nurse in charge, than the people were as desirous of being sent there as they had before dreaded going. All the king's army and all the king's men would never have persuaded them to take this reasonable measure for checking the epidemic; but the

mere fact of her presence was sufficient to inspire them with confidence, and almost unaided she fought hand to hand with the fell disease. One or two of her former patients at the cottage hospital persisted in coming over to see her, but otherwise she was often quite alone, and her behaviour during those months of horror and isolation was in many cases heroic beyond description.

She did not expect to leave the Epidemic Hospital alive, thinking it almost certain that she would succumb to a second attack of smallpox. But, wonderful to relate, she did not take it again, though many times did she bring back the life into patients who were sinking into a state of fatal collapse, by putting her mouth to theirs and breathing into them until they could once more breathe for themselves.

Another instance of her fearlessness of infection —to which, as we have said, she was peculiarly susceptible—was evidenced in the case of a child in the last stage of diphtheria. After the doctor had made an incision in the trachea, she deliberately sucked the poisonous mucus from the little one's throat and saved it from choking to death. In all these things prayer sanctified her work, and, like Elisha of old, she in effect "shut the door upon them twain"—herself and her patient— "and prayed unto the Lord."

The English Church truly can boast of many

uncanonised saints, and on that golden roll the name of Sister Dora is writ large in ineffaceable characters. *"For His sake"* was her lifelong motto. The more loathsome the patient, the more pitiful and compassionate did she become. Only infinite love can fully gauge the pathos of human life and suffering; but the spirit of the Great Healer was meted out in fullest measure to this intrepid woman, who gave up her life, not grudgingly but gladly, to the tendance of sickness and of sorrow.

To her was given to realise the poet's dream which, we are told, held James Russell Lowell in a sort of ecstasy for forty-eight hours—that exquisite paraphrase on the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

The gruesome leper at Sir Launfal's gate who begged an alms for "Christ's sweet sake" was transformed when, in the name of "mild Mary's Son," the alms was bestowed.

> "The leper no longer crouched at his side,
> But stood before Him glorified,
> Shining and tall and fair and straight
> As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
> Himself the Gate whereby men can
> Enter the temple of God in man ;
> And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
> 'Lo, it is I, be not afraid !' "

Full of vigour and vitality, she counted time lost that was not devoted to the Master's service; and

if sometimes we almost wonder at the apparent lack of affection which she showed to her family, we must remember that she dreaded above all things any looking backward, and with single-eyed devotion kept straight on the path which she believed to have been made plain for her feet to walk in.

Had it been in any way possible for her to have discussed such a subject, she would doubtless have vindicated her absorbedness in hospital work by contrasting the comfort of her relatives with the need of her patients. These last so depended upon her, that even when the end was within measurable distance when she should be parted from them, they could not believe it, and the general conviction among the poor of Walsall was, "Her never can be going to die!" For more than twelve years she had laboured among them, and they could not believe that the capable fingers would soon be still for ever, and the warm heart cease to beat in the form which to them was associated with nothing but life and strength and beauty.

Of her mortal disease nothing was known, for with almost unreasonable wilfulness she concealed the fact that cancer was fast eating away her life. Until the weakness which it induced became too overpowering she dressed her own wound, and only the doctor was aware of the incurable nature of her malady, he being pledged by her to strictest

secrecy. It was early in the year 1876 that she first became conscious of some loss of her usual ease in lifting heavy weights, and her own medical knowledge doubtless conveyed to her the fact, which the doctor's opinion only confirmed, that, for her, life was nearly over.

"The night cometh when no man can work" was not to her as the message of a death-knell, but rather a trumpet-call to added service, to more loving discipleship. As the days slipped by she grudged herself even the moments spent in sleep, and for many months of suffering she carried herself undauntedly, egged on by the knowledge that the time was short wherein she could work for the Master.

No better description of those later days could be given than that which Charlotte Bronte gives of her sister Emily; and indeed the two natures have much in common, though their lives and aspirations were so strikingly different. "While physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful part was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same

service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

The same inflexible will and tireless energy characterised both; the same magnanimity and warm high-spiritedness are, in each, distinguishing traits; but while Emily Bronte languished when away from the moors, and only knew happiness in the midst of their bleak solitudes, Sister Dora found her delight in work—the harder the better,—and the beauties of nature were to her more of a luxury than a necessity.

Hopeless as was their recovery, they each kept their independence almost to the last, and it was the watchers perhaps who suffered most, at the sight of weakness and pain which they could not alleviate and of physical effort which they were not permitted to help or share. The conduct of both in this respect, and in this respect only, was prompted less by the resignation of a meek and quiet spirit that bears all with a sort of passive saintliness, than by a relentless stoicism and self-control such as nerved the pagans of old—the spirit of Epictetus rather than that of the Christ.

But the time came at last to Sister Dora when concealment was. no longer possible, and when, one by one, the daily duties had to be laid aside. From October 1878 she never left her bed, and the sufferings which she endured were terrible— even opiates finally failing to take any effect. But at intervals

her old spirit reasserted itself, and when able to see her friends, she was sometimes "that cheerful and jolly" that they, not knowing of her incurable disease, came away from her deathbed quite hopeful of her recovery. Outward forms had but little attraction for her; it was on a personal Saviour that she wholly relied, and His Cross and Passion were to her such a very real thing that at times she could not look at the crucifix which hung upon the wall opposite her bed, saying, " I cannot bear the sight of His sufferings; my own sink into nothing by the side of them, and yet I am *so* impatient." Hymns had been a great comfort to her at many crises of her life, and when at last she had to give in, she often begged that they might be read or repeated to her.

The rumour of Sister Dora's secession to the Roman Church was altogether unfounded, and her simple faith and trust in our Father's gracious keeping was well known to all those who were connected with her either in friendship or work But Faber's hymns were a continual refreshment to her, second only to the Bible. No wonder that she whose life had been one long "Entsagung" should sigh for the rest of which he sings, and that, in realising the welcome to the weary which Heaven's morning will bring, she could find consolation and joy even in her saddest hours. The "huge tenderness" of the Good Shepherd was her strong rock

in times when physical and spiritual weakness lay most heavily upon her, and knowing in Whom she believed, she knew also that

" There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given."

Next to the Bible there is no branch of literature so remarkable for its catholicity as hymnology. Almost every sect is represented in the most ordinary hymn-book. Roman and Methodist, Ritualist and Evangelical, vie with one another in their singing, and all their differences are merged in the one great chord of love and praise with which the whole creation rings.

Vainly was it hoped that Sister Dora would be able to open in person the new hospital which she had been instrumental in raising, but not until six weeks before her death was the ceremony possible, and her last earthly anxiety was that some one thoroughly competent to undertake its management might be found before she herself passed away.

The opening was naturally a very simple and sad one, for all hearts were full of sorrowful regret for that "dear lady" who could never bless it with her presence. The little silver key, presented to her by the Hospital Committee, was one of the last things which gave her any real pleasure, and this she was

able to give into the hands of the Mayor, asking him to open the doors in her name. Although every day showed increasing weakness, she lingered on through weeks of intensest suffering, aggravated by paroxysms of coughing in one of which it seemed inevitable that the end would come.

But not until the 24th of December did she hear the last call from the Master, and then, very gladly, she rose up and followed Him—through the gates, into the City.

All pain had left her some hours before, and alone with Him whom she had so loved to serve, she met and conquered the last enemy.

Some people know little of solitude. Life for them is made up of society, and until death sets them apart in the solemn mystery that can come to every one but once, they appear, at any rate, as if only in association with their fellows was life worth living.

Sister Dora had never been one of these—her work, though carried on in the midst of appreciative surroundings, was singularly solitary. The greatest fault that could be laid to her charge was the monopoly of labour which she claimed, which made it so difficult to find an adequate successor to take her place. Doubtless she herself realised this fact when, with the clearer vision and wisdom of her deathbed, she looked upon the back-

ward way, which she had trodden with a pathetic loneliness not altogether unmixed with a very human pride in her own self-reliance and powers of resource.

"I have lived alone—let me die alone—let me die alone," was her cry as the watchers stood beside her, and once more her strong will prevailed, and in the silent room they left her. Her prayer was granted, and ere Christmas morning broke she sank into the arms of God and fell asleep in an unclouded calm.

Four days later almost the whole of the Walsall population followed her body to the cemetery. By her express wish the funeral itself was of the simplest character, but the long procession of mourners was rendered doubly impressive by the personal love and sorrow which had brought together such masses of people, many of them maimed and poor and miserable, to whom she had ministered.

For more than a mile they followed her to her last resting-place, and she, the silent centre of that silent crowd, was borne upon the shoulders of eighteen railway-men whom she had nursed back to health and strength.

Not even in death was she divided from the poor, whom she had so loved and served, for the funeral service was read simultaneously over her coffin and those of four paupers—"Just as Sister Dora would have wished," as one of her nurses said,