Be near us yet, because thou art with God;
Be with us still;
And help us on to do, on life's rough road,
Our Father's will."

The Red Lodge stands at the top of Lodge Street on the foundation of an ancient Carmelite abbey dating back to 1590. Its history has much in it that appeals to the imagination, for which we must refer our readers to books on the subject, but there is a striking contrast, which the least imaginative mind can readily grasp, between the past and present inmates of that historic house.

After forty years of varied experiences Mary Carpenter left Great George Street, and, in 1858, took up her abode in the Red Lodge, where she laboured with ever-increasing zeal for six years.

As an instance of her perspicuity and ready wit we may relate the following anecdote:—

A girl at the Red Lodge had a rooted objection to laundry-work, and the weekly washing-day was invariably the signal for a seizure of the most alarming kind. She became absolutely rigid, foaming at the mouth, and altogether in a most abnormal condition. Miss Carpenter's observant mind took cognisance of these regularly recurrent fits, and in her own practical fashion she formed her conclusions and determined on the remedy required. Having sent for the doctor she saw him alone, and requested him to notice the

symptoms and to corroborate her proposed method of treatment.

"I have been strictly investigating the nature of these fits, doctor," she said quietly, as they stood together by the bedside of the apparently unconscious girl, "and I find that the most efficacious cure is the application of hot iron to the soles of the feet."

The doctor acquiesced with a professional gravity that did him infinite credit. Turning to the nurse Miss Carpenter said sharply, "Heat me that poker red-hot Immediately."

The *prescription alone* was instantaneously effective!

The maiden sat up and began to speak. There were no more fits on washing-days!

We stated at the beginning of this chapter that the two great moving factors in her life were (l) the Bristol Riots, and (2) the visit of Rammohun Roy. The manifold results of the former having been imperfectly sketched, we must now touch briefly upon the influence which the memory of the latter exerted upon the last ten years of her eventful life.

In 1864 the subject of Female Education in India was strongly brought home to her by a visit from Mr Tagore and Mr Ghose, two Hindu gentlemen from Bengal who were studying in London; and having once been imbued with the

idea that she was to be the pioneer of that movement, she waited patiently until once more her way should be made clear.

Two years later that time came. It was in 1866 that she sailed for India, and on arriving she at once set to work to establish a free school for "the poorest of the poor" at Calcutta.

After six months of glorious work she returned to England, feeling that the establishment of Female Normal Training Schools in India was *en train;* and Lord Dufferin, than whom none can speak more weightily, lays much stress upon this first visit.

The interest shown by the Queen was most inspiring, and Miss Carpenter's interview with Her Majesty at Windsor, in 1868, gave a prestige to this fresh undertaking which would otherwise have been lacking. On this, as on all occasions, her personal feelings were absorbed in the *object of her visit.* She characteristically says, "I was not in the least nervous. I was not going for myself, but for the Women of India."

The two womanly women saw all that was best in each other,—the Queen-mother and the motherly old maid,—met and conversed and parted, mutually gratified.

Later in that year she went out again, but was obliged to hurry back on account of illness, returning in 1869 to see how the good seed was

fructifying, Her satisfaction on this occasion was extreme; and when she returned to England in 1870 she exclaimed, "The work *will* go on. In faith and hope I can say, "India, farewell!'"

But she paid one more last visit in 1875, returning the following year with the two eldest boys of a Bombay Babu, who were to be brought up in England under her care. The appearance of these boys was most quaint.

The dusky figures, surmounted by small peaked caps, with black tunics belted over loose white trousers, looked as if they had just stepped out of one of Mrs Trimmer's illustrated story-books. They were objects of much interest in Clifton, and thoroughly enjoyed their position; but after her death they were recalled to India by their parents, and were soon safely deposited upon their native shore. After the inevitable feting which resulted from their close association with Mary Carpenter, and the personal interest shown in themselves, one of the boys found Indian life very flat and unprofitable, and determined to make his way back to England. This he succeeded in doing, but found his reception very different from that which he had experienced on the former occasion, No welcome was accorded him, but only reproaches; and within a few days of landing he was once more on his way to India—Mr Estlin Carpenter having secured a free passage for him

on condition that he performed the duties of a steward's assistant! There is something tragi-comic in the whole proceeding, but it is satisfactory to know that he subsequently filled a good position in an Indian Government Office.

The visits of Mary Carpenter to India which we have so briefly summarised were productive of enormous good. Jails were visited, schools were established, and the emancipation of Indian women was advanced in every direction.

The discipline of prisons also received her special attention, and, at the request of the Indian Government, she made many suggestions relative to the treatment of prisoners and the non-imprisonment of children.

These suggestions have for the most part been carried out, and the influences first started by her are still rippling on. The phonograph of life is re-issuing in varying tones the words that she uttered years ago, and she, though dead, "yet speaketh."

It is not a hundred years since the children of the streets were regarded only as a part of that huge social problem roughly tabulated as "the lower classes," and it was left to Mary Carpenter to disintegrate them.

By her they were divided into three distinct sets of scholars: —

1. *Habitually depraved children,* for whom a Reformatory only was suitable;

2. *Lesser delinquents and vagrants,* who were worthy of training in a Certified Industrial School; and

3. *Neglected waifs,* whose worst feature was ignorance, and who might be early weaned from an atmosphere of vice to one of pure living and hopefulness by a Day-feeding Industrial School.

All these institutions she secured to the nation by unremitting hard work and heroic self-sacrifice; while in India to-day much is still going on which may be Indirectly traced to her efforts and her example. As one of England's living thinkers[1] strikingly puts it: "Force is never lost or destroyed, but only changed from one form to another. As in the material world every physical action produces an effect and thereby leaves a record, so in the moral world does every act, whether good or bad. There must be a conservation of moral as well as of physical energy. The effects of every thought and of every action are immortal, and cannot be lost."

Within a month of her death she delivered the last of her six lectures on India; and so clear was her diction, so accurate her phraseology, that no waste of time was involved, and for an hour and a quarter she was able to rivet the attention of a cultivated and critical audience.

Not least among the gifts of this remarkable

[1] Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.

woman was that of knowing exactly what she wanted to say and how to say it, so that at the end of her longest addresses the reporters had no need to make any emendations in their short-hand notes.

There was no appearance of impaired vitality, no falling off of energetic sympathy, when, on the 6th of June, she delivered her last message on "The Religious Aspect of India."

The extraordinary strain which she had put upon herself all her life, and the frequent rheumatic attacks from which she had suffered, lessened somewhat the shock of her death, though the end was nearer than any mortal could foresee.

Only a few days before, she went to visit an old gardener, and he subsequently declared, "I never in my life saw any one *so* tired,—she just sat down in. that chair as if she would have gone through it."

It was on Thursday the 14th of June 1877 that God's hand "beckoned unawares."

After a longer time at her desk than was usual to her at this date, she lay down to rest after her last day's work, and so—*resting*-—they found her.

Four days later a long procession filed past the stately burial-place in Arno's Vale Cemetery of Rammohun Roy, whose influence had so permeated her life; and side by side, near the open grave, stood the two Hindu boys who represented his race,

and some of the ragged boys and girls of Bristol for whom the cry of her life had been, "Save the children!"

Truly are there many "mothers in Israel" who have never known the anguish of bringing another life into the world, or the rapture of a child's first kiss.

Such an one is Mary Carpenter—the children's friend—the saviour of many a broken life,—whose influence in slumland will be felt for generations to come. Servant of God—well done!

# CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL

*Born* in Hanover, 1750.
*Died* in Hanover, 1848.