

SISTER DORA. ✓

JANUARY 16, 1832, in the village of Hauxwell, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England, was born Dorothy Wyndlow, tenth daughter of the Rev. Mark Pattison. From her mother she inherited uncommon beauty of features and complexion, and from her father a fine figure and bearing. Fortunate in many ways, it was not the least of her advantages to be one of the youngest in a large family, left from that very reason to follow her bent with less restraint and discipline than falls to the lot of older children, while still the atmosphere of obedience, the air of good breeding, and the gayety of a household of young people were around her from her birth, giving her the best educational influences. Until her fourteenth year she was a very delicate child, with no promise of the superb physical development, amazing endurance, and immense strength, which she afterwards attained. From fourteen to twenty she rapidly grew in vigour and health, engaging in active out-door exercises, so that she became noted for her skill in various boyish games, and was quite famous for her daring as a horsewoman. Her eldest brother at this time made her his frequent companion, and with him she studied classics and mathematics, writing at his dictation, copying for him, and entering, as through her life it was her habit to do, with unflinching zest and ardour into all that she undertook.

Her family were in easy and, indeed, affluent circumstances, but were distinguished by their devotion to the sick, the poor, and the suffering. It was usual among the sisters to plan how they could make their clothes last as long as possible, how they could save from their travelling expenses, or how deny themselves at the table, that they might be able to give away more generously than they were able to without the self-denial. As little children no reward could be offered them so great as to be permitted to perform some deed of love, and this feeling grew constantly stronger in Dora. For her there was no pleasure in the world equal to that of service, the service of the sad, the sinful, and the repulsive. The nine years after twenty were so beautifully spent in her home, that her father called her his "Sunshine." She faithfully attended upon her mother's failing strength, and watched beside her death-bed. When she felt that she could not be happy any longer at home, that a voice, divine as that which whispered to Joan of Arc, was summoning her forth to labour, she went out, sad because of her father's reluctant consent and her sister's disapproval, yet compelled to go. To her had come that call which many a soul hears, even as our Elder Brother heard it, "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"

Her beginning was a very humble one. It happened to be the first open door, and she took it. She became the village school-mistress in the parish of Little Woolston. For three years she taught the poorest children, worked obediently under the vicar's direction, and lived in a bit of a cottage, where she did her own work, and craved no society. But she was not satisfied with this, and her next step was to enter the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, at Coatham. Here she underwent an exceptionally severe

course of training, shrinking from no hardship, stooping to the pettiest details, and choosing danger and hardship rather than ease. Gradually she rose from subordinate positions until she became the Sister in charge of the Cottage Hospital at Walsall.

The cases which crowded the beds here were many of them the results of accident; men and boys were brought in wounded from the coal pits, torn and mangled in machine shops, or hurt on the railroad. Children were brought who had been fearfully scalded or burnt, and often men and women who had fought like wild beasts, when crazed by drink, were carried hither to be healed and helped. Sister Dora's keenness of eye and deftness of hand fitted her to excel in surgery, and the physician in charge, attracted at first, as men always were, by her rare beauty of face and form, and then delighted by her wit and common sense, taught her thoroughly, so that she became a practical setter of bones, and a remarkably successful nurse for people who were the victims of bodily injury. It would be impossible to tell in a sketch, a quarter of the wonderful stories related in connection with her hospital service. She was very tender towards little children, and had great success in quieting them when fretful and soothing them when in pain. "Don't cry; Sister's got you," she would say to the struggling babe, carrying it safely in her right arm while going about doing needed work with her other hand. And presently the little one would yield to the magnetism of her gentleness, and go into a happy sleep. Once a child of nine, dreadfully burned, but past the period of feeling pain, was brought to the hospital. The extreme exhaustion of approaching death frightened the child, and sister Dora sat down by her, and talked to her about the Saviour, and the bright home she was going to soon, till the terror was exorcised, and a smile of content wreathed the pallid lips. "When you come to heaven, Sister, I'll meet you at the gate with a bunch of flowers," were the little girl's last words, her eyes resting, no doubt, on the flowers which Sister Dora always kept within sight for the comfort and cheer of her patients. A man whose arm she had saved by pleading with the doctor to let her try to do so, when he thought amputation imperative, felt for her a gratitude and admiration which knew no bounds. Long afterward, when she was very ill, he walked eleven miles, Sunday after Sunday, his only day of leisure, to enquire how she was, always saying, "Tell Sister her arm came to inquire."

Once sitting up with a small-pox patient in a wretched cabin, the inch of candle was rapidly burning out, and Sister Dora sent a woman, who was her fellow-watcher, to buy another. She did not return, being presumably tempted by the charms of the gin-shop, and in utter darkness the kind nurse sat by the bed of the dying man. She knew he could not live till dawn, and she waited with him for the coming of death. There was a pleading voice from the couch, "Kiss me, Sister, before I die," and she put her arms around the poor loathsome wretch and gave him the kiss which enabled him to pass away in peace.

Sister Dora was noted for several qualities which always inhere in successful workers. She was prompt to decide, and thorough to execute. She

was a thrifty economist. "Mind you waste nothing," was her constant injunction to her assistants. She was patient in mastering details, and child-like in accepting instruction. She had a quick sense of humour, and her mirthfulness oiled many a rough place, and saved from friction and attrition. She was a devoted believer in Christ, and followed Him daily, praying over her cases, with simple trustfulness that her prayers would be heard and answered.

She was not perfect. Sometimes she manifested too much pleasure in the compliments paid to her winning personality and her marvellous success in managing difficult and brutal men. Sometimes she was too easily influenced by her feelings of attraction or repulsion. Sometimes she was too willing to do the hardest work herself, and to accept inefficient subordinates from what seemed an aversion to divide her duties with one who was upon an equality with her. Sometimes she lost her temper. But, take her all in all, she was a magnificent woman, grandly benevolent, splendidly capable, and an honour to her country. The poor who mourned for her when, in 1878, at the age of forty-six, she went to her rest, paid her the tributes of their honest tears, and their love will long keep her memory green. *Selected.*

A LITTLE WON'T HURT. ✓

Sometimes the devil comes to a boy or a young man and says, "Come, let's go and drink a glass of beer. It won't do you any harm, but will make you feel good." Boys, if you ever hear these words, or any like them, don't answer, "Yes," for it's a "false prophet" speaking to you.

"Oh mamma," said a bright nine-year old boy, "did you hear the fire-bells ring early this morning?" "Yes, my dear; where was the fire?" she answered. "Why, mamma," said the boy, "the City Hall was burnt down, and a young man who had been put in the lock up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death. He was a real nice, kind man. He thought last night that he would drink a little liquor, only enough to make him feel good, but it made him real drunk and he got into a scuffle with some rowdies and was arrested. The officers think that in lighting his cigar toward morning a spark fell on something in his cell that kindled very quickly, and so the building was burned and the poor man with it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not help him, for it was too late. People are so sorry that he was burnt, for he was a very kind-hearted man, and he was only a little tipsy."

Don't you see, boys, that when the tempter said to him, "a little liquor won't hurt you," it was a "false prophet" speaking to him. Instead of having "a good time," as he expected, he suffered greatly and died a drunkard's death. Drinking a little liquor doesn't always end so sadly as that, but it is very apt to be followed by a miserable and unhappy life.—*Robert T. Bonsall in Christian Union.*

O THERE are golden moments in men's lives, Sudden, unlooked-for, as the little clouds, All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates Of the lost sun.

WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY

☉ If blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible

Oh learn to earn the praise of men
Oh learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road

And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest forest?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty, I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," replied Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep, if I were to sell my time which does not belong to me and the sheep should get lost it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide?" I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head, "The sheep," said he do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me false to my master, how do I know that you will keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy, and I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke who owned all the country around. The duke was so well pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.