

THE STORY OF LENA, THE IRISH NURSE.

It is not very long ago, only last August, that the news reached Canada of that terrible massacre, by the sect of the Vegetarians, of C. M. S. missionaries in China, among them Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and their two little children: Herbert aged six, and the baby. Since then we have had sent to us a book telling more about the lives of these devoted people, and also containing a sketch of Lena, the Irish nurse, who died while trying to protect the baby from the assailants.

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It was in the "Green Isle," the land of poetry and song, the land of the shamrock and harp, the country where the people are famed for their warm hearts, and the maidens for their purity of lives, that Lena, this daughter of Erin, lived. It is a country, too, which numbers its brave military commanders, and foremost amongst them the famous Duke of Wellington, and surely we might say in the breast of Lena their lived a soul as true, as valiant, and as faithful, for so great was her brave devotion that she met with her death while covering the baby from the blows of the rioters; and we read that when Kathleen, the sister, went into the room she had to drag the little one away from under the body of the dead nurse.

We now give extracts from her story in this book ("Robert and Louisa Stuart," by Mary E. Watson):—

Lena was called by God when quite a child in one of the Dublin Mission Homes. She heard the call and recognized the voice. . . . She was a bright, clever girl, and her friends thought she would make a good teacher in one of the Mission schools. But Lena, herself, had other views in her little mind.

In the world outside the Elliott Home changes had been taking place. Miss Louisa Smyly, a great favorite among the Mission school children, had been married and had become Mrs. Robert Stewart. She had gone out to China with her husband, followed to her far off, foreign home by the love and interest of many to whom she had been helpful in Dublin. But in one little Elliott Home girl's heart there was a special link of sympathy—a God-given link.

The wise little maiden felt that if she could help forward God's work by helping Mrs. Stewart and setting her free to teach the Chinese women, her great wish would be fulfilled.

Some years passed by and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart returned from China with a family of little children. In the summer holidays they went to Wales to be near the sea. Mrs. Stewart wanted a girl to help her in the care of her children. And though Lena's desires were locked up in her own little heart the matron of the Home had her ideas on the same subject, feeling that her capable, trustworthy pupil might be a real help to Mrs. Stewart, and she gladly recommended her for the vacant place. And Lena found herself promoted. for the time at least, to the work she had so desired.

She proved herself so faithful and useful during the temporary engagement that the next proposal was, to her unbounded delight, that she should be permanently installed as nurse and go back to China with the family on their return. I need hardly say the offer was accepted, even with tears of joy. And from that time (with one interval of a year, when she went to stay with her mother who had emigrated to America) the little voices that called on "Ena" for help and counsel in their daily joys and sorrows and occupations filled her life with happy useful work.

Not without its trials; such as the long hours when Mrs. Stewart was out among her Chinese women, and the bright, young Irish

girl—she was only seventeen when she went out—was left alone with her little charges, no other English-speaking person within reach. It was well that her life-path had not been lightly chosen; and, better still, that she had learned to know Him who says: "I will never leave thee."

When Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had to come home in 1888, as already stated, to recruit their health, Lena, of course, came with them. She proved to be a great comfort, not only through her watchful care of the children but by her ready thoughtfulness and Christian sympathy.

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During the short happy time that they called Bedford home I used to see Lena occasionally, and not the least important part of a day's visit to my sister was the little time with Lena in the nursery.

On day baby would not sleep. And Lena had something on her heart to say, but even the hearts of babies are in the Lord's hands, and He turns them whithersoever He will. Baby slept, and Lena could tell her request for prayer. It was for a blessing deep and lasting on the Y. W. C. A. in Bedford and for special meetings about to be held.

Lena was a Y. W. C. A. member, and deeply interested in the Association.

Mrs. Stewart was made President of the Bedford Association while she was resident in that town. Lena and her mistress were always one in spirit and they both loved the Y. W. C. A., and I am sure they both prayed God to bless it, as long as they lived.

To this union of spirit between mother and nurse we attribute much of the blessing which, through God's mercy, had been given to the children.

In all the little difficulties which always arise with a family of seven or eight children the one resource with Mrs. Stewart and Lena was prayer.

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Lena never forsook her old love for the new. China, the land of her adoption, was the new love, Ireland and her people, and especially "The Elliott Home," her own home, was the old. Every year the savings from her wages were sent to its funds. Earnestly and fervently she prayed for the children, and heartily did she thank God for the Dublin Mission Homes and schools.

The arrangement made when Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were returning to China, in 1893, showed how highly they valued Lena's capability and trustworthiness. It was, of course, impossible to take little children on a missionary tour in Canada, which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart undertook en route for China, so they were left to make the long journey to Foochow in their faithful nurse's care.

How vividly we remember the start that October evening, the little travellers well wrapped up for their night journey, dear little four-year-old Herbert clinging to a stuffed calico "pussy," and Lena moving about among them, so quiet and self-possessed, seeming to know everything and to remember everything that was necessary.

The journey was safely accomplished, and we heard with joy of the happy meeting in China.

Since then Lena's letters have been interesting, full of nursery news, well written and well expressed.

In spare evenings Mrs. Stewart taught Lena Chinese so that when she went out with the children she could give a simple message to the Chinese women who came in her way.

She soon learned to say, "Jesus loves you and died to save you."

One of Lena's last letters, written in May, 1895, tells about the flight from Kucheng at the first alarm of the Vegetarians; how she packed blankets and clothes in baskets for Mrs. Stewart and the children.

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Then the letter goes back to nursery details, very touching to read now; how baby caught cold on the journey, and how her teeth were troubling her; but finally the careful nurse says: "She is quite bright again," and goes on to tell of more little plays and sayings.

Sweet, happy home-life, not ended, only carried within the veil by that wild outbreak of fanatical fury. We know how the faithful nurse went Home by that rough path with two of her nurslings.

"Faithful in that which was least," Lena was also "faithful unto death," and has now received her reward.

A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.

The following letter is from Jessie Parsley, and gives us a glimpse of farmhouse life:

"I received the copies of UPS AND DOWNS, and am really delighted with that paper. I think it will be a great comfort to thousands who come to Canada; I know that the girls' part of it will help us. I think it a grand thing.

"Well, I would like to tell you of some of my life in grand Canada. I have been here eleven years. When I first came to Canada, I did not think much of it; but, as I grew older and wiser, I loved it more and more. . . . I don't intend to move around like some other girls I see, for 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' and, besides, the roving and discontented ones get very little respect. Before I came to N. G., I lived in Western Canada, but the people I lived with had a large orchard; but, on account of my failing health, was compelled to try some other place. I live with a farmer, and love farm-life; it is so independent and pleasant watching everything grow from such little things to be big. I help with everything I can, but am not worked too hard. I think it is our duty to try and be faithful and good to our mistresses and masters, and, when doing right with them, we are doing right with ourselves. I help milk the cows; and two of them are great friends of mine, and will run after me to milk them. I love to feed the little calves; it does me good to see them run to their feed when I call them.

"Mrs. S. puts in a lovely flower garden, and I love to pull bouquets; it is the nicest flower garden in all the country. She sent to Toronto this fall for a large collection of bulbs. It is amusing and pleasant to see them growing in our house now. Some of them are knotting to bloom.

"I have got a good home, and am happy and contented; there is no place I feel so much at home as here."

If all the days were holidays,
Before the year was done,
The hardest work that you could do
Would seem the biggest fun.

MARRIED.

Jane Nash, married on February 4th to Edward Winger, Jarvis.

The following is a list of our girls who were married during the year '95.

Elizabeth Sarah (Lily) Rogers.	Fanny Peters.
Harriet Peters.	Ellen Dovestone.
Mary Blaney.	Isabella Hollingsworth.
Ellen Fincham.	Alice Barnaby.
Charlotte Diniage.	Alice Stubbings.
Fanny Coxhead.	Florence Atkins.
Eliza Phillips.	