

SISTER DORA.

A statue stands in the town of Walsall, in the Black Country, "the first ever erected in England to a woman with the exception of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria."

A singular story lies behind this event. Walsall, a large manufacturing town, was filled, twenty years ago, with a rough, drunken community of laboring people. The drainage and streets were in a deplorable condition, and every year small-pox and low fever raged unchecked.

In 1864 Dorothy Pattison, better known as "Sister Dora," went to Walsall during a fearful outbreak of small-pox, nursed the sick and dying, and even with her own hands laid out and buried the dead, when no man would dare to perform the last friendly office. So violent was the antipathy to the gray gown of the sister, that she was stoned and driven through the streets of Walsall with vile obscenity and abuse.

Once a stone thrown by a boy cut her in the forehead and felled her to the earth. She went on with her work quietly, but with indomitable resolution, treating her rough enemies, when they became her patients, with infinite tenderness, mixed with a shrewd, joking humor, which caught their fancy. One of the very men who had stoned her was brought in, crushed almost beyond recognition in a coal-pit, for her to nurse. He became her most devoted friend.

Slowly she won over the multitudes of ruffianly men and women. She became "Our Sister Dora" to the ignorant, faithful souls.

On one occasion, when the hospital was filled with cases of virulent small-pox, she closed the doors to prevent the spread of infection, and with one man's help nursed, cooked, washed and scrubbed for them all. One patient, when in the last agony, raised himself with a terrible effort, and cried out, "Kiss me once, sister, before I die!" which she did instantly.

When she fell a victim to her work at last, the people mourned for her as if each man had lost his nearest friend. One of the eighteen laboring men who carried her to the grave said:

"We want her cut in marble, with her cap an' goon and blessed face. It's not that we'll forget her; no danger o' that, but we want her to be there, so that when strangers come and see her standing up there, they'll say, 'Who's that?' An' we'll say, 'Who's that? That's our Sister Dora.'"

The statue referred to, and but recently erected, was built by countless small contributions from the poor, and stands in the very square where she was stoned, to show one triumph of pure womanly goodness in the world.—*Selected.*

HENRY M. STANLEY seems to be emerging safely from his long and dangerous experiences in Central Africa, and is expected at Mombassa, a port on the East Coast, in a little more than a month.

"WATCH the tightening grip of Christian civilization upon the African slave trade, which is the most hideous scandal of our century, and is almost entirely the work of Arab Mohammedans. Take a broad outlook over the field where are gathered the momentous interests involved in this Mohammedan problem, and let us have the prayers of Christendom in the interests of Christ's kingdom and its blessed reign. Within the memory of living men the Christian church was praying for open doors in Asia and throughout the heathen world. To-day the church is sending her missionaries through a thousand avenues into the heart of heathendom. Let us have another triumph of prayer. If the Church of Christ will march around this mighty fortress of the Mohammedan faith, sounding her silver trumpets of prayer, it will not be long before, by some intervention of divine power, it will be overthrown. Let it be one of the watchwords of our Church in these closing decades of the nineteenth century that Christ, the Child of the Orient and the divine heir of her tribes and kingdoms, shall possess His inheritance. The Moslem world shall be open to the gracious entrance of the Saviour and the triumphs of the Gospel. The spell of twelve centuries shall be broken. That voice from the Arabian desert shall no longer say to the Church of the living God, Thus far and no farther. The deep and sad delusion which shadows the intellectual and spiritual life of so many millions of our fellow-men shall be dispelled, and the blessed life-giving power of Christ's religion shall supplant the dead forms and the outworn creed of Islam."

AN influential Hindu, the Dewan Ragunatha Rao, has made a powerful protest against the prevalent marriage contract in India in the light of the Bombay trial. He entreats the Indian Government to display sufficient moral courage by proposing remedial measures in order to rescue millions of Hindu women from a life which is not less detestable than slavery itself. A paragraph from his letter says, "British blood and money have flowed like water in efforts to stamp out slavery in other countries; yet in India the British Government sits by with folded hands while a father is permitted with impunity to sell in marriage a daughter of eight years to a man of 47, already rendered notorious by his marital tyranny. This child-wife is then segregated from the companionship of her own sex, and is so persecuted and terrorized that, child as she is, she is driven to attempt suicide rather than continue in such cruel bondage. And yet the British magistrate is compelled to state in open court that the law gives him no power to restrain revolting oppression of this character, as it is justified by law." It is unnecessary to remark that an epistle of this nature, which clearly reflects the opinions of an advanced and enlightened section of the Hindu community, will hasten the abolition of a crying abomination lying at the very root of Indian national life.