

## MISS KATE MARSDEN.

Some months ago there appeared in the newspapers a letter telling of the visit of Miss Kate Marsden to the Russian capital. Many then learnt for the first time that this brave, unselfish Englishwoman was about to devote her life to the mitigation of the sufferings caused by leprosy. They were told how Miss Marsden had gone to the Imperial Palace armed with a most kindly letter from the Princess of Wales to the Empress of Russia, how graciously the Empress had received her, and by what an exceptional favor Her Majesty had personally bestowed upon her the decoration of the Red Cross Society, with a second cross "for care of the wounded," in recognition of her services during the Russo-Turkish war. But Miss Marsden, proud though she was to bear these honors, had yet another boon to crave. She informed the Czarina that it was during the war she had happened, for the first time, to behold cases of leprosy. The sight had appalled, but not unnerved her, and from that day until the present it had been her first desire to study the disease, in order, as a nurse, to rob it of some of its horrors. Leprosy being rife in many parts of Russia, Miss Marsden preferred the request that she might be permitted to visit some of the principal leper hospitals in the empire.

The favor was no sooner asked than granted. The Empress entered into the discussion of Miss Marsden's plan with enthusiasm, and offered every possible facility for its execution. The example set by the court was followed by the Government officials. Prince and Princess Golitsyn, and the favorite ladies-in-waiting on Her Majesty, Countess Tolstoi and Mlle. Osenoff, heaped kindnesses upon Miss Marsden, while several of the busiest heads of departments, who are ordinarily unapproachable to strangers, threw open their doors to her, and gave her letters of recommendation to their subordinates throughout the empire. Miss Marsden, when she left St. Petersburg, was empowered to visit the hospitals from the western-most boundary to the furthest limit of Siberia—from the Caucasus, if need be, to the Arctic Ocean. She might take what photographs, make what notes, she pleased, and in order that she might have no difficulty on any other score, the Emperor promised her the escort of Dr. Duncan, the principal medical officer at St. Petersburg, whose expenses would be defrayed by the Russian Government.

Touched and almost overwhelmed by such generosity as this, Miss Marsden returned to England in order to make the necessary preparations which a journey of so long and perilous a character would involve. But upon her arrival in England a fresh prospect awaited her, and considerations were presented to her, which have led to an alteration of her scheme. An intimate friend of Miss Marsden, a lady of means and benevolence, had conceived the idea of building a leper hospital. This hospital, she determined, should be built upon an island, and should be designed upon a new plan whereby the utmost possible isolation of the patients is secured and the danger of infection being conveyed to the outer world is reduced to a minimum. But, in order to make her intended gift of the utmost value, Mrs. Deane, such was the lady's name—proposed to make a journey throughout the countries of Europe where leprosy exists to discover where the disease is most prevalent, and to investigate the various methods by which it is treated. Mrs. Deane invited Miss Marsden to co-operate with her, and the latter, feeling she could thus become the instrument of a scheme which promised to realize all her philanthropic desires, very readily gave her consent. Miss Marsden's only regret in the matter was to find that her Russian tour could not now be undertaken so soon as she had intended. But it is postponed, not abandoned.

The two friends accordingly left England for the Continent a short time ago, but before doing so Miss Marsden had an interview with her whom the whole nursing profession justly revere—Miss Florence Nightingale—whose kindly counsels strengthened her courage and confirmed her purpose. Miss Marsden also saw M. Pasteur not long since in order to learn from him whether it might be possible by inoculation to protect persons from a fate even more terrible than hydrophobia. M. Pasteur was unfortunately not able to hold

out any such hope. Miss Marsden has a map of Europe which shows, by means of a dark shading, the districts where the disease of leprosy exists. It is not a little alarming to note over how many countries this shadow is cast, and to be told by Miss Marsden that this awful plague is on the increase. With the help of this map, Miss Marsden has traced the plan of her tour. On leaving England, it was her intention to proceed first to Stockholm and Copenhagen, then, having learned all that the medical authorities in the Scandinavian Peninsula could teach her, to proceed to Paris, thence to Venice, Florence, Rome, and Athens, and by Constantinople to that terrible headquarters of the disease—the Crimea. Yet further eastward she would turn her steps to the Holy Land, then, turning back again, go westward by way of Egypt, Sicily, Madrid, to the Canary Islands, and, if possible, conclude by a visit to Robben Island. Surely a great venture this, if undertaken for pleasure alone, but accompanied as it must be by peculiar perils, and undertaken solely in order to lessen the afflictions of suffering humanity, it becomes a noble mission, fit only to rank with the self-abnegating deeds of a Florence Nightingale.—*Churchman.*

told that you were to leave your home and go to a distant village to live, and that you were to be ready to start in an hour, what are the things you would select to take with you? This girl thought of her Bible. But she must not be seen in the street at that time in the morning. So she called a little neighbor girl of lower caste, and said to her, "Run quickly to the missionary's house and get that book we study in the school—the Bible." And the little girl ran to the missionary's house and got a Bible and brought it to Dasammah, and she hid it in her cloth, and that was the only thing she took with her when she went to a distant village to live with her husband's mother. She was the only Christian in that village; there was not a missionary there, or a native pastor, or a native Christian. But day by day she studied her Bible, and day by day the Christ of whom it told became more real and more precious to her.

After a time her husband died suddenly, and then, as is the custom in India, her relatives treated her very cruelly; and charged her with the death of her husband, saying she had used charms or something which had caused his death. The girl said that she had done nothing to cause the

strengthened her in the hour of her great trial. After a time, the pain was so great she could not bear it, and she fainted away. When the men saw that, they were afraid she would die, and that the English Government might call them to account for their conduct. So they untied her hands and feet, and then carried her away into a dark room, and left her there. In the middle of the night consciousness returned to her, and she got up and felt for the door, and found it open. She went out and went straight for the missionary's house. It took her that night, and the next day, and late into the next night, to reach it. She walked part of the way, as well as she could, on her poor sore feet, and when she could not travel thus any further, she got down and crawled on her hands and knees. When she came to the missionary house she knocked. The missionary lady came to the door and looked at the girl, but did not recognize her, she was so covered with dust and looked so wretched. She said to the girl, "Who are you?" The girl told her. Then she asked, "Why did you come?" The girl said, "I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to be baptized."

The missionary lady took her in, and when she saw what a condition her feet were in, she was very sorry for her. She dressed her feet and all the time she was doing this the girl never uttered a single murmur or complaint, but only said, "Oh, how good you are! how you must love Jesus Christ, to be so kind to a poor girl like me!" After a time her feet healed, and she said to the missionary lady, "You have a Bible-woman who visits in the homes and teaches the women; I should so like to help her to tell the women about Christ. I could live on very little, all I should want would be rice and salt; two shillings a month would be quite sufficient to buy my food. If you could find some one who would pay that for me, I would spend my whole time teaching the women in their homes." The missionary lady furnished her with the needed means, and she is now a Bible-woman, and very happy in her work. This girl had only known about Christ a short time, but she was very precious to her, and she desired to tell others of him.

I wonder if you who read these lines love Christ as much, and if you are letting your light shine as brightly. If Christ were to stand before you in bodily form, and say to you as he said to his disciples, "As my father hath sent me, even so send I you," how would you feel in his presence? Would you be able to look into his dear face and say, "Lord Jesus, I do desire to be in the world as thou wast in the world. Make me more and more to be like thee?"

## SEVEN QUESTIONS.

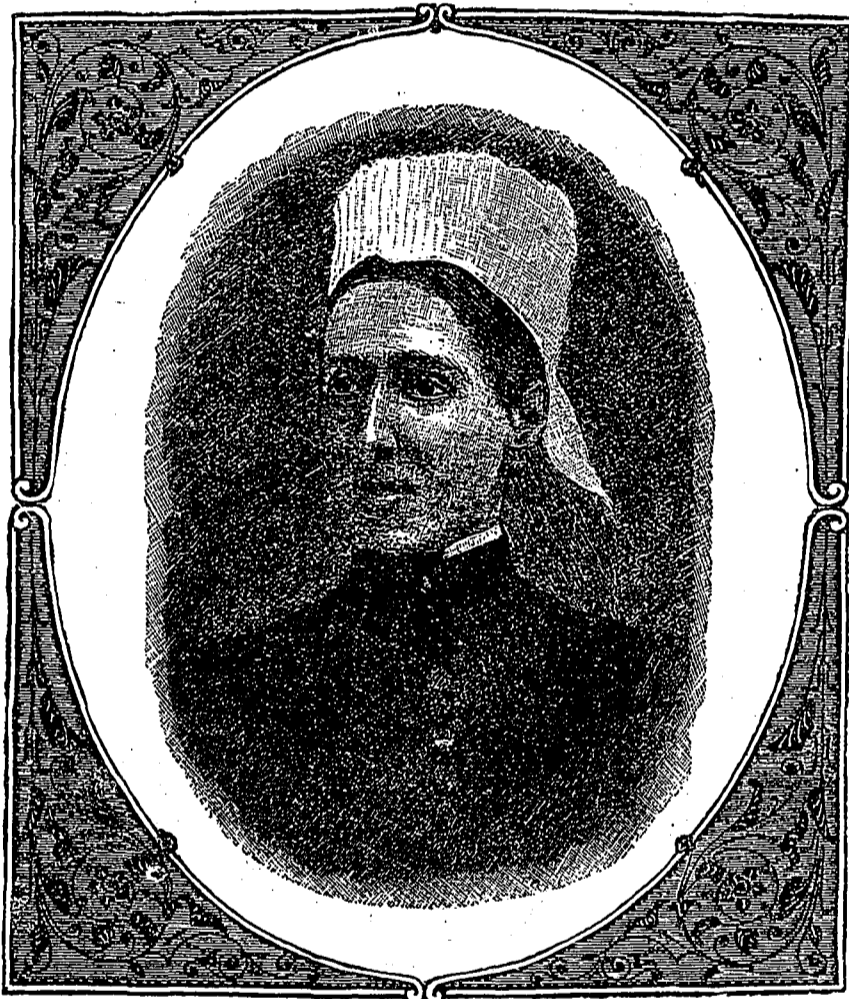
If you meet with an Atheist, do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises, you must learn to make the rabbi's answers "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:—

1. Ask him, Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?
2. Ask him, Where did motion come from?
3. Ask him, Where life came from, save the finger tip of Omnipotence?
4. Ask him, Whence came the inquisitive order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the Divine Comedy of Dante, or plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?
5. Ask him, Whence came consciousness?
6. Ask him, Who gave you free will?
7. Ask him, Whence came conscience?

He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous nonsense. This, then, is one of the foundations—one of the things which cannot be shaken, and will remain. From this belief in God follows the belief in God's providence, the belief that we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

## COMPARED WITH HIS.

The Chief of the Gospel history is certainly a great being in the effects produced by his life and death. This greatness in the effects finds its proper explanation in the greatness of himself. Compared with his all other greatness, except that of God himself, dwindles into insignificance.



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

## DASAMMAH.

BY MISS LEITCH.

I should like to tell about a girl who studied in a mission school in India. I will call her name Dasammah, though that was not her real name. When she came to the mission school she was about twelve years of age. She was married, but her husband allowed her to attend school. She was a very modest girl, and used to take her seat back in a corner, and drew her cloth closely over her face, so that she should not be much noticed. When questions were asked of her she seemed to be very timid about answering, but the missionary noticed that when she was teaching the Bible lesson, this girl seemed always to lean forward and to be drinking in every word. One day when Dasammah went home she told her husband that she did not believe that the idols which they worshipped were true gods, but that she believed that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour. When her husband heard this he was much alarmed, for he feared she would become a Christian. So the next morning he said to her, "Get your things ready quickly: I am going to take you to live at my mother's house; be ready to leave in an hour."

If you who read these lines were to be

death of her husband, but that it was the will of God that he should die at that time. Then they said, "It is because you have given up worshipping our gods, and are worshipping the Christian God. Now you must come back and worship our gods, and promise that you will not become a Christian." The girl said, "Oh, how can I promise that? I do believe in Christ. I am a Christian." They spoke with her many times on the subject, but she could only give them the one answer—"I am a Christian."

One day the men of the house banished all the women to the women's apartments, and taking this little girl out into the yard, drove four stakes into the ground, and tied the girl's hands and feet to these stakes. Then they said to her, "Now we will bring fire and burn your feet, unless you promise that you'll not become a Christian." And the girl answered, "I do believe in Christ. I am a Christian." They put the fire to her feet and let it burn them, and the pain was very great. Then they said to her, "Now will you promise that you'll not become a Christian?" The girl answered, "Oh, I cannot promise, I am, I am a Christian." Surely he who walked with the three children of Israel in the burning fiery furnace was with this poor girl, and