

Autobiography.

Part VII. My Life-Work

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CLM/MS/A/53

1889.

I now want to run as swiftly as possible over this year, & the few after it. If the details of my life are of interest to any one, there are the little close-packed diaries in a row, telling of smooth & prosperous work, varied with exhibitions, interesting lectures, parties, debates, matches, innumerable visitors, & all else; & if the inner life is wanted, there is the large square "Greenbook", & the record is a dreary one.

There are certain interests which lie as it were between the two records, which I ought not to omit, & so will take them in order.

First, I must speak of Effie, for this was the time I really loved her. A poor object indeed she was, with white face, crossed eyes, lips rather swollen & pale, blue veins sandering here & there round her mouth, & a slight nervous shake of her head. Harry used to say in the mornings when he kissed her kindly, - "Ugly beyond all ugliness!" Like a pale shoot in the sun she expanded in the fervid glow of my affection, & by Jan 16: all was changed. The little face was the smooth "pigeon's egg" oval, a little rosy colour began to steal into the lips & under the olive skin, & animation kindled her expression. I will refrain from telling any of the pretty little incidents of my love, for they are described at length, but will only say that the mother-instinct in me was satisfied at last, & I brooded over her till the little being caught fire & responded in moments of inexpressible sweetness. She would sit on my knee & sing, "Comment, jamais reculer? Non, jamais reculer! Je combattrais jusque à la mort, Et jamais, jamais reculer!" Then I would hug her close, close, & say "My own little girl!" & she would say "I love you." Tears were a thing of the past, & a deep, warm satisfaction seemed to come to me & to nestle in my empty heart. Alas & alas, the elements of her character were such that this could not go on, could not ripen into the friendship I longed for, but the first six months or so, amid all the toil she occasioned for me, gave me glimpses of a kind of happiness I can never, never forget. My poor, poor child, I can at least thank her for that.

The next point was the George & Jean were not getting on well. His visit to Moyallon at Christmas had shown her the narrow & obstinate side of his

character, & she seemed like a bird, ready to fly off at the least motion or sound, but never quite doing so. She wrote me many touching letters, & knowing how kind & generous he could be when I lived with him, I could not but cheer her on. Whether I did right or not, I cannot tell. Prosperity somehow did not agree with him, & it was a very good thing that early in Feb. business called him to South Africa; he returned on May 20th, & for awhile things went better, but he could feel as well as I could, that there was no security. I truly tried to sympathise, but I knew the fault was his not hers, & there was a sort of remoteness between us which I could not surmount.

The Term kept up the usual routine, & beside this there were a few distinctive things. Mr. Richardson had his portrait painted by Percy Bigland, & I went twice with Anne to see how it got on, & to cheer up the dear old man. Also J.R. Gray gave some lectures on "Greek Life & Thought," & I made large rough sketches of the frieze of the Parthenon to help her. Also Anne & I had a few lectures on Elocution to help us in public speaking, & these were rather interesting. Also she had the Cape diamond set for me, & I have worn it ever since; it had lain some 6 years in dear Father's purse, minutely folded up in soft paper. Also I had some visits from Graham Wilmer Brooke & had talks on Africa & on the spiritual life, & about March 1st he & his second cousin, Margaret, were engaged to be married.

Thus the time sped on, but the inner life was the same desolate thing as before. On my birthday I write, "I read Is. 61. Here is all I long for, but it is only words, words, words. Crouched by my bed I cry & cry till both head & heart ache, yet no one answers, 'I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold I will heal thee.' There is no Nannie now & no Ralph, both are too occupied to think of me, every weight in the opposing scale has been emptied out, & I remain broken, useless, silent, till the Lord comes. 'The promise of the Father', that is all I want, the promise, the only promise worth speaking about, for all else may go. I offer my life & opportunities unreservedly to Him;

"Gaded are its pleasures, poor & dim. It is not worth living without Him -

Nothing from His altar would I keep; to His Cross of suffering would I leap -

Walking with my Saviour heart in heart, None can part."

There is more of this, but that will serve as a sample, & to this day I cannot explain my mournful condition.

The Easter Vacation came + went like a flash, Gazy, Dora + I working hard at Father's library, which books should be kept, + which sold, + also turning out the depths of our school-room cupboards, undisturbed for some 25 years, for we wanted to let Oakfield if we could.

All the rest was Effie, who had slipped back in the most incredible way under the care of a lady at Hastings. Among the rosy Moilliet children she looked sallow as a ghost, she had picked up a Cockney accent, she was pert + extraordinarily ignorant, - could not tell the names of colours or the days of the week, or the order of the seasons. Yet there was a clever promptitude about her, boastful, wrangling, sharply on the look-out for her own interests, securing + hiding the toys, + all sorts of odds + ends, so that every night I had things to restore. I had to be very patient, for the moral sense is not awakened in her, + I kept her with me, + taught her many little things, + so extraordinarily receptive + imitative was she, that the evil ways quickly slipped off her, she became affectionate, + we stood nearly where we were before. On Ap. 28: I took her to Mr. Cooper at Eastbourne, + that was successful, + she stayed there a long time.

The May Term also had its incidents. Anne was practically made an offer of the Principalship of Somerville College, Oxford, if only she would join the Ch. of England; there was long discussion, + she refused. Then the Pol. Economy Meetings at Mr. Beaton's were exceedingly interesting, one on 7th May on "The Morals of Interest," being very enlightening. Ardent young Socialists ^{spoke}, + that wise man, Philip Wicksteed, sympathised with them, + yet held the balance true, + shewed what could, + what could not be done. Then, for the first time I went on a Sat. "up the river," with a pleasant crew of Students, + marvelled at the crowd of holiday-makers at the "rollers". Also, I had read aloud Browning's "Balauktion," + the Students acted it fairly well; + there were several Tennis Matches (+ we won), + in the middle of June a grand Garden-party, with 236 guests.

This spring was I think the first one that I had a real "nostalgia" for Nature, which never missed my mind afterwards. The spring was late + came with a burst of beauty, + I, who love my room in the winter, with the desk + lamp, the heavy curtains drawn + the dancing firelight, now felt it a prison. The blue sky with huge white clouds sailing, the buds of the horse-chestnuts,

the "million emeralds" of the lime, miles + miles of these lovely things, all fresh, all in sweet solitude, + I am not there to see! It seemed to me positively cruel, + I thought if only I might leave, + live in a cottage with Effie in the midst of all the simplicity + beauty, I might gain the blessing. The College life seemed to be tearing + rending me, some little incidents seemed to indicate that I was in for a fathomless, life-long loneliness, + I could only say, "Not accepting deliverance, - that shall be my watchword." I simply will not transcribe the details given in my Greenbook, for they are many + wearisome. "Satan always shoots most at the highest marks," Mamie used to say, + this vaguely cheered me to hold on.

The Long Vacation.

The first 3 weeks were all Effie, whether at Eastborne with Dora's children, at home, or at Westfield, + though sometimes she became forward + riotous, she was on the whole, good. There was a grand "Hay-fee", with 58 village children to amuse, + there was the beautiful swallow Gery had brought up, so tame it would hardly leave me alone for an instant as I sat out of doors. No lying awake, no fears now, but a binding claim for every half-hour all the day long. The little white figure with the tousled black head would come to my bed-side very early, scramble in, + have Scripture stories told her with exhausting minuteness. Then came the bath, + like one of Alma Tadema's little heathen she would prance round the room singing + shouting. How I longed to get all that was rich + pure + beautiful into her little unformed soul! I would take her to the lime-trees, + bid her stand quite still + listen to the humming of the bees, + smell the wonderful fragrance, + look up + see the great tower of golden-green blossoms against the cloudless sky. I seemed to see her standard of beauty in the very act of rising between my hands, + I grudged being away from her for an hour, till we had the Goodnight hymn in bed + the long clinging embraces. On July 18th I was able to send her back to the Coopers, + then after a few days at Westfield of work without looking up, I went to Keswick.

Five Students I took with me to Keswick, + I met five more there. We had beautiful addresses from Hubert Brooke, George Grubb, + above all Theodore Monod, whose sermon on, "Can God? God can," was as it were translated

by me to suit my own mind, & gave me help. Do I want the sun brighter or the moon rounder? Do I want more stars or more colours in the rainbow? Do I want the lightening quicker, or a rose fresher & sweeter? No, all is quite satisfactory, & I see what God can do. And in the world of the mind it is equally clear. Do I want more patience than Christ shewed when He was buffeted & spit upon? Do I want more attractiveness that when the crowds trod on one another in the doorway, or more dignity & wisdom than His preaching? Do I want more compassion than ~~He~~ felt toward the sick & the lunatic, or more faithfulness than we see in Gethsemane? No, that will do, I can think of nothing better, nothing higher. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith", - then I should get His whole character at once. The only point is that He does not do it. Yet He wants to do so, for this is His reward. He says, "I stand, I knock, I will come in," the promise is quite definite. I do not know how much of all this was Theodore Monod & how much was myself, I only know that "God can" was a steady support, & over & over again I said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst".

But I wanted something more intimate, more personal, I wanted to find a "confessor", some one further on than I was, & I chose Mrs Tottenham, & had a long talk with her. She was kind & motherly, but she could not really help me. She began as Mamié did. "You are important from your position. Satan will struggle hard for you. But is not Christ stronger than Satan?" I told her I could well imagine His coming & taking possession, in fact I knew that it was (though I did not tell her of Twinde), & the only point was that after the real struggle of complete consecration & faith, there was a blank failure. Only this morning in the Tent there was a woman beside me whose wet waterproof crackled every time she moved, & a man behind me who sang with a loud drab, & I felt full, full of irritation, till I really felt as though I could not stand a drop more. She told of the Saviour's power & then said, "Behold I stand at the door & knock - you believe that?" I said, "Don't be shocked, dear Mrs Tottenham, but it is I who stand outside & knock. To ask & to seek is a matter of degrees, but "Knock & it shall be opened to you", represents a crisis. There are no degrees, you must be either in or out, & the door does not open, & I stand in the outer darkness". She seemed puzzled, & asked, "You believe the life of Christ is possible?" & I answered, "Yes I do. The promises in the Bible are clear, & besides I have been to the Cape with Dudley Kidd, & seen the power of Christ in daily life. I know

what I am feeling, & I work hard, for I know if I let go my life will go to ruin, but I am very, very tired." She said, "God has no favourites, & what He has done for other people, He will do for you." She gave me a "Card of Consecration" to sign when I wished, & I left her, & went to the top of Castle Hill, & spent alone a very solemn hour. The life of entire loss of my own will in God's will, looked to me unnatural, walking on stilts, constrained, & liable to fall with a crash. Should I then give up the attempt? No, no; to give up is to sink into self, into blackness of darkness. Any effort is better than that, & even if the reward is not given me, I will go on struggling till I am quite old. So I decided, but the waves of passionate ^{desire} swept over me, & once more there were the bitter, helpless, hopeless, indignant tears of one who sees the good & may not touch it. "Never mind," I said to myself, "here I will live & die. Though prayer is not answered, though the Bible seems dry as saw-dust, yet there is no possible alternative. To whom should I go? Here at any rate are the words of eternal life, & some people find them more than words. I will hold on." So I ran down the hill home."

Among the crowd I had seen Dudley Kidd, but the gravely beautiful youth had turned into the bearded man, & I felt far off from him. Once in the press I touched him on the arm, & asked him to come & see me, & he came. Yes, his future was clear at last; for 3 winters now he had rallied the Hospital, & honestly tried to get forward with his Medical degree, & every spring he had completely broken down in health, & now his father did not wish him to try again. He was free, free, & as his heart had remained in S. Africa, his body might now follow! Wasn't it grand? Two or three fellows were going out with him, & they were to be called the "Cape General Mission," & their motto was to be "God First," & they meant to let none join their ranks but those who knew what the Baptism of Fire meant, & then splendid things would happen to English, Dutch & Kaffirs alike, - wasn't that fine? So he went on with his quick, slightly husky & toneless voice, & his blue eyes beaming with hope & joy. I remembered the telegram found on board the Athenian at the last moment, "South Africa desires your return," & how he looked at the densely crowded jetty & the waving handkerchiefs, & said solemnly, "In three years, please God, I'll come." And now he will touch their soil again about a week before the three years is up. He spoke gladly with convicting joy shining in his eyes, & snatching up his cap said, "I don't say Good bye!" & was off.

But now Keswick was over, & on Sat. 27th July, we were to go on to Moyallon, we being the beautiful Griselda Campbell & myself. It was a sad visit, but the journey was most beautiful. As we crossed to Belfast it was a glorious evening, & the full moon shone on the gently-moving water like dead silver. Griselda & I went to the stern alone, & as we leaned over the bulwarks & watched the gleaming track, we sang together right through, -

"My heart is resting, O my God, I will give thanks & sing,"
 & as we reached the lines, "A calm assurance for to-day, That to be poor is best,"
 again a slight wave of heavenly peace passed over me which, could it but be permanent, would make every duty a joy, every sacrifice a gain. Once more I said to myself, "I know I have fulfilled the conditions of surrender, & so Jesus is with me, only I cannot as yet see Him. That will come soon, soon."

Moyallon was in full summer beauty of murmuring limes & long rows & curves of scarlet geraniums, & we had a most hospitable welcome, but ⁱⁿ a day all the beauty faded down & I was bitterly unhappy. They were a large party, & I was totally unaccustomed to the jokes of worldly young men. Sewerton Harris was the worst, but Wakefield had a sort of sly pleasure in a "double entendre" that to me was hateful. They fastened at once on Griselda, & pursued her all day with open admiration & open teasing, trying in every way to shake her calm dignity, & let them see her in a new light, till I longed to rush in & save her. Beauty above the average is a hard thing to live rightly with, & a price has to be paid for it as for every other advantage, but this was not sufficiently respectful, & to me, accustomed as I was to my dear George, it appeared ungentlemanly & to be hated. There was a new little dog & they proposed to call it after her, that they might have the pleasure of showing her name. Then they got hold of some joke about Westfield, half wrong & half right, about my dear S. Sitwell dressing up in sailors' clothes, & she sketched her dancing a hornpipe, & went on with foolish cross-questioning of Griselda & me as to exactly what happened. Another time Wakefield told how his mother was talking very seriously to a pretty shop-girl about her soul, & all the while he had hold of her hand the other side, & assured her in a whisper that she had "a very pretty finger for a ring." Once they turned full on me & said they supposed that very pious people, e.g. people who came straight from Keswick might travel of Sunday, while they, poor creatures, were not allowed this freedom.

Alas, here was the bitter sting of truth - That I, I who had been so strict & careful, I who had missed many beautiful sermons because I would not travel on Sunday, should be held up to scorn, because I had foolishly fallen in with Anne's arrangement. - I could only sit there convicted & dumb. There were hints of other things too, & everything seemed to be made worse by the smoking of huge pipes, & they lolled about looking the very picture of negligent selfishness, & on the lookout for fun at anybody's expense. Anne took it all quietly, oblivious & smiling, as though that were the way of men & nothing could stop them, & I became more & more sore, till about the third or fourth night when she came up to my room, I said with passionate grief, "O Nannie, I wish I hadn't come!" Her kisses seemed to draw out my very soul, & I went on, "It sounds unkind to say it, but if one thinks one has gained even the least step spiritually, nothing in the whole world can make up for the loss." She said gently, "How long have you felt this?" & I replied, "From the very first, Nannie, but worse, far worse, every day, worst of all this evening." Burying my face in the pillows, I went on recklessly, "Every home has some difficulties, but here it's the endless standing on defence to protect things & people one loves, & I'm all rubbed up & miserable. Nannie, let me go away, & take my Griselda too!" With a grave understanding gentleness she spoke to me for a long time, & under her hand I seemed to be soothed & healed, & at midnight she left, after we had prayed together.

On Sun. 4th August, Mr. Richardson asked me to preach in her Mission Room at the evening service. I did not think the men would come, but there they were, Mr. James, M.P. for Armagh, Seorton with a face of acute criticism, & Wakefield leaning back with his long legs crossed, looking insolent. I had prayed, "Lord, make me honest; - if nothing else honest," & I spoke on Psalm 3. & put into it a more mournful tone than I had intended while preparing, dwelling chiefly on v. 1 & 2. "How are they increased that trouble me!" The Christian life only gets more difficult as it goes on; look at the glorious blessings you might be having in v. 3-6, where private & public life are both wholly satisfied, & yet we stand still in difficulties, & give the impression to those around us, "There is no help for him in God." I found afterwards that Mr. Richardson, Edith & Miss Bax the Missioner, were all disappointed, & said, "Why did you not give a happier more attractive view? We were counting on you for a testimony of joy!" I

think, however, I must have been guided, for from that day every bit of the teasing stopped, & I was treated with quiet respect, & my College was no longer the object of ridiculous questions. My Griselda meanwhile lived in a perfect storm of chaff & compliments, & more & more did I admire her sweet dignity at ^{the} moment, & how when alone with me her mind turned at once to more serious & enduring as to a welcome relief.

Then came some interesting talks. Miss Bax was a dumpy, commonplace little person, but one could feel she was indeed taught of God. She told me she had the "gift of insight," & believed she could read my position; I was whole-hearted, I was clean, & I stumbled not at giving, but at taking the things God is longing to give. To claim, to take, to praise for, to use as a witness, - that was the whole of the Gospel for me. Then Mrs. Richardson took me out a long drive, & told me her story; how she had wasted a number of years in praying for a definite Baptism of the Spirit; how she read Finney's Autobiography & agonised more & more, & nothing happened, & how at last she determined to walk steadily with God & never mind her feelings, but just do what she could. No overwhelming joy had followed, & yet she knew she really had some power by the effect on the village people. Another day I went out a ride with Jean & asked her to tell me her thought on the matter. She said she had passed a year holding on to the word of God in a sort of twilight, waiting for just one answered prayer, one divine assurance, waiting day by day & hour by hour, nearly giving up hope, & then how in one moment the quiet Presence of God seemed to fold round her soul & had never left her since, & how "nothing could ever go wrong" now. On Monday Aug. 12th I left, & next day reached Westfield & plunged into letters. The whole outing seemed to have done me no good, & I felt somehow as though I were cursed, left aside from all the blessing that fell upon others, forbidden, empty, useless.

Then came home, & a plunge into Effie, who now was strong, bold, & ready for anything, perhaps self-assertive, but clever & winning, & a tremendous force as she does not like to be one instant alone. From her creeping into my bed in the very early morning asking for hymns & poetry, to a day of harvest & hopping, & making a scrap-book & leaving things, all through to a sweet Goodnight half-hour, my mind seems forced to follow hers. All fears are banished, Kestrel has blown over me like a gust of wind, here one moment & forgotten the next,

but I want to remember Moyallon, its sorrows & its joys. I felt I must be alone, so one night I took off shoes & stockings & stepped out into the moonlight. Under the trees all was deadly dark & still, but the long grass was hoary with dew, & my feet looked startlingly white. I felt alone, alone in all the world. "I will not leave you orphans," - but that is exactly what I am, an orphan, unclaimed, unwanted, homeless. No, this tide of desolation, must be somehow wroth, & I went in, tidied myself, & found the 4 maids assembled in the kitchen & at work. I described the huge tents at Keswick, & told some of the beautiful things we had heard there, & they brightened up & were pleased & grateful. At the end I prayed with them, & left amid kind thanks to go to bed. The very last drop was now emptied, & all within me seemed hollow & dry & dusty. "Rivers of living water," did He say? That is far enough away from me, for never before was I so conscious of the exact opposite, the wringing out the last drop, & leaving an aching emptiness. I knelt down by my child's bed & looked into her quiet sleeping face, & felt she ought not to be such a burden, dragging me down. Yet the next day was just the same.

And now came a wholly new experience, Effie's illness, which called out my mother-love as never before. On Mon. 26th Aug. she was burning hot & clung to me more closely than ever. Then it was pronounced to be Measles, & on the 30th it was found she was in a very critical state, & Mr. Young feared the worst, saying it was a cross between bronchitis & pneumonia, & that her state could not last many hours longer. I did not know flesh could be so hot, as I stroked & fondled her smooth little body all over. She was not delirious, but spoke of one subject after another with amazing accuracy & clearness, going over her whole stock of knowledge & of observation. She said thoughtful things about being forgiven & "washed quite clean", but I must not be betrayed into copying. I only want to record here, that I had a wonderfully solemn night, for I sent all the household to bed, & sat up in to see if the minutest care & love might yet save her life. Oh how thankful I felt for the exact obedience which made my task easy! - Linseed poultice back & front, & a soft shawl, & I held her in my arms the whole night through, gently rocking her & repeating one piece of poetry after another. That was the only way to stop her coughing & restlessness, but it was quite successful, & lasted hour after hour. When I paused at the end of a piece, her black unwinking eyes were fixed on me, & the low whisper came, "Say another." Then after a few words of preface

I would begin "There is a little berry black," or "Around the Throne of God in Heaven," & go slowly through. After midnight her breathing became less & less, & the dead white face, pale lips, & black circles under the eyes, showed life was all but gone. The clock struck 3, & I thought, "Vitality is lowest now," & she will die, but still those unwavering eyes were fixed on mine, & her ears wanting to hear more, & one five minutes after another passed in safety. My arms ached steadily with my sweet burden, & all my heart seemed to go out in love & healing, - my child, my own child, lent me for such a little while, eight months to the very week, & now perhaps motherhood must end. I thought of the future; my tall, clever, incisive Roman girl, my Stephanie, who was either to be my successor at the College, or to be the support & comfort of my old age, I did not know which was best. My daughter, how could I part with her? Again & again I laid her into the arms of the Lord, saying, "I cannot, I will not choose. Thy will be done." Yet I felt ready to give all I had in the world to rescue my bright bud of promise, & said to myself, - "If I make her life worth living, I may die in Dorothy's arms." Well, she survived the night, & made an almost incredibly rapid recovery. Faults she had but I seemed to see through them into something noble & great, & I had a sense of comfort in keeping her ever beside me, & on 28th Sept. I was able to take her back to Eastbourne, well & strong. Looking back, I think I never loved her quite so well as at this time. My eager heart seemed to hover over her with intensity, longing to settle down & brood there for life. It was not to be, but for a little while it seemed to begin. She lamented leaving me, but I explained to her about Westfield, & how it was the will of God. She said nothing at the moment, but in the train she nestled on my knee saying, "Do you know, Auntie, I like doing things for God. He tells me something to do, & I sort of want to do it, & it's so nice, Auntie darling," & she gave me a long sweet hug, as if she did not know how to have enough. Would it had been well that she had died that night? - Perhaps it would. Yes, I think so.

The October Term.

I began the Term by making a mistake in the order of the University, the first mistake & I am thankful to think, the last. The names of intending candidates for the B.A. Examination must be sent in in Sept. & here it was the 8th Oct. before I realised the omission. There was

only the one to send in, A.S. Abernethy, who had been a most troublesome-ly expensive Student, learning Classics all alone, & I had been so buried in my Effie that I never gave the matter a thought. Now I went about with unremitting energy to Sir James Paget & the other authorities, but it was all in vain, it was not to be retrieved. Nancy behaved with real heroism. As we went down stairs after the final verdict at Burlington House, she grasped my hand & said with a suppressed sob, "It is Providence has done this!" & I felt it was grand to see this undisciplined spirit choose the right way. The mistake was wholly mine, & I grieved more than she did. She said she would spend the year in New Zealand & it would do her good. She sailed before October was out, sending back a little note from S.S. Valetta. "My own Mistress, I can't go to bed without a Goodnight to thee. I wanted a better Goodbye -- I can't tell you what you have done for me, in bearing with me always, & not learning to hate me! Perhaps I shall reform myself after a few weeks of sleep. Goodnight, & "To meet again!" from Nancy. My Mistress." And she enclosed the beautiful sonnet beginning, "Tis, shall Thy will be done for me, or mine?" The voyage was most successful.

The next important thing was that the H.M. ship of the Mount-School, York, fell vacant, & the post was offered to Anne. "How I should hate it!" she said laughing, "not real learning, but just setting other people right!" But it was not easily dismissed, for her parents wished her to consider it. In the meantime Sarah Gray's Medical degree being successfully attained, she took the old father to live with her, the flat was given up, & Ralph returned to live with us. All storms were over now, & we lived very

the reasonableness of the proposal, & said I would help her, but I confess my heart sank. Late at night came in, "Ralph has told me all she told you, & I am sure she is right. That, my own dear love, that decides me. I shall write to Mother & tell her York is off, & I won't go. As long as you had Ralph it made me feel free, but I think she will soon go, & so I will stay with you to the end." This was consolatory indeed, & she fulfilled her promise.

This November, after years of looking at large houses or pieces of land, the Council at last agreed on Kidderpore Hall. The estate was in the market, & was being rapidly cut up for sale, & it was an ideal situation for our permanent house, & it was unanimously voted that we should buy it for £12,000, - just the central solid old house & immediate garden. I walked up alone to see over it, & I prayed fervently that scores & even hundreds of young lives might here be tended & nourished, & go out from this very door to do some true & valiant service for the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Term meanwhile pursued its way, full of work & full of interests. There was a Debate in the School of Medicine, that "Discontent is essential to Progress." I drew a sharp line between Discontent & Dissatisfaction, & there were some bright skirmishes. The chief Agnostic, Mr. Dowson, sat beside me & was extremely friendly, saying she hoped some day to come & "consult me psychologically." I do not remember that she ever did so, but not long after this, through dear Lettice Bernard's friendship, she embraced all the essentials of Christianity.

Perhaps the chief exploit of the Term was the starting of Monthly Lectures of an apologetic & critical kind, for the instruction & help of the Women Students in London University. It was far more Anne's doing than mine, & she worked at it bravely. The Students Christian Union was not even yet born to do the work required, & this was one of its preliminaries. We called it the W.S.C.A. & the meetings were held in Dr. Williams' Library, Gordon Square. I called on Dr. Wace, at this date Principal of King's College, & explained the whole plan, & he very kindly promised us the Dec. Meeting. We also called on Dr. Horton, & he was even more enthusiastic about this new entrance into the world of Students, & promised to come whenever asked. Then came the collecting of the names for the audience. The School of Medicine was invited through L.C. Bernard, Anne & Ralph were each able to help, & I remember calling at the Slade School, & copying down the long list of names out of the dingy old book I knew so well.

+ sending each one a card of invitation. On Dec. 11th the first-Lecture was given, + it was a very good one. Our persevering labours had collected between 60 + 70 Students, + Dr. Wace gave a capital address on "The Grounds of my Belief in Christianity," every word well weighed, solid + good, + rising to a grand height of confidence + appeal toward the close.

About this time Prof. Elmslie died, - oh, such a pity, for he was only 41 + had exactly the type of mind needed in the present age. Anne + I went to his funeral in Donald Fraser's church, + it was very solemn + beautiful. The Dead March was played, with all the awfulness of death + then the angel heard singing far far away, + then Dr. Fraser gave an account of his short + unblemished life, + then the 2,000 people present passed slowly alongside his coffin in single file, + no one seemed able to believe that he had so suddenly left us.

Then came illness; all my Staff with chills or bad colds, + nearly all the Students had something the matter, E. Phear being the most serious, + I write, - "Here is every body rather ill but E.S. Duke + me!", + I allude to the breakfast-table covered with "hateful little trays," + seem altogether overcome.

Miss Smea was by this time Secretary to the Council, + a very good one she was. She + I + Miss Metcalfe went carefully over Kidderpore Hall, measuring ^{the rooms} ~~them~~ + assigning them to their different uses. We found it could accommodate all the Staff + all the servants + one Student, so the new wing must be built for at least 30, + also we should like a grand dining-hall. Of Lecture-rooms there are enough at present. Meanwhile we were full + over-full, + new Students must be refused, so I put up a "patriotic appeal" asking people to propose themselves as willing to "couple" in the larger rooms. My good, hearty H. Commelin responded at once as willing to take M. Hofmeyr, but not one more. Days went by in silence + then came murmurs that it was not what they had paid for, ^{it} + ~~it~~ should not be asked of them. I felt permanently disappointed, + shut myself into my room saying they were poor, slight, self-indulgent creatures who did not know how to face a difficulty generously. Illness still hung over the College, + there were laments + grumbles + an immense waste of food, + I felt as though they were not in the least degree worth all I was spending on them. I don't think that ever again I thought so slightly of them.

Dec. 12th was my sweet little Margaret's Wedding day. It was I who bought her wedding ring, for Graham somehow could not manage

it, & I who gave her the guard-ring, & the church was full of friends. I ran up to her modest little room & helped her to dress, & brought her down looking rosier & sweeter than ever in her soft brown travelling dress & a dark crimson cloak edged with fox-fur. Just before we left her room, she threw her arms round my neck & said, "My best friend, my darling, do you know this wedding is not like most, - it is quite a transitory thing, - it is only for a little while?" I held her from me & said laughing, "Child, what a thing to say on your marriage day!" But the soft cheek pressed to mine meant something serious, & I held her close & whispered, "How so, darling?" She replied, "It is this. Graham & I have both of us a strong presentiment that one of us will die. We don't know which. We think it will be about two years. He has had 63 attacks of Malarial fever already, & though the Niger fever is quite different - to the Congo one, he cannot stand many more. But somehow I think I shall die of the fever, & that he will get killed. Sokoja is outside British Protection, you know, & they easily get people away into their huts & kill them." And then she added quietly, "Some of the tribes are cannibals too." Then we had to go down & they drove away. The whole settlements up the Niger seem to be an experiment; the C.M.S. has been slow to give in, but they have at last done so.

But this bright day of the culmination of a long long tried & proved, was like a little warm island set in the midst of desolate tossing water, for there was a monotony of loneliness & sorrow that is wearisome to describe. I used to say to myself, "Truly the Lord is a hard man, reaping where He did not sow, expecting power & light & billing service where He has not given them, expecting treasures of goodness out of my poverty, darkness & confusion. Yet I do try, - how can I cease from trying? My one hope, my sole Possibility! The Bible is full of words, but nothing more. Yet I cannot, oh, I cannot go away, or look in any other direction, I can only pray for the thousandth time to come nearer. My whole heart melts into, "Jesus, please, please speak! - do something, I don't care what, only show that you are alive & that you care." I try to keep in mind Mr Pearsall Smith's motto, "Well, Hannah, & where is the Lord?" & act upon it. But nothing happens."

Again a month later I write, "I woke at 5.30. & putting on my Pleasant fur cloak went for an hour beside my bed in the chill darkness & dawn. I

wanted to lend the Lord my whole being without reserve that He might speak write & act through me. The resolution was tried at once. One Student left the bath turned on & made a flood, another came down too late to get her breakfast, & others bore slack in clearing the room for Examinations. Each thing was small, but the total made me sink down baffled. At intervals I thought, "Well Constance, & where is the Lord?" & my heart bravely rose up against my reason & replied, "He said He was here, so He is, of course He is," & I think I kept a fairly smooth outer course, but within was ever the same awful blank of loneliness. Nothing happens, nothing."

Then came the close of the Term, & on 20th Dec. I went home for a few days, & then to spend Christmas at Tunbridge Wells with Dora & her flock. Effie & I were in lodgings near by. She had come back with a sad report of lies & general badness, & with the Moilliet children she was selfish & rude, but with me she was charming as we read the Pilgrim's Progress together, intelligent, eager, serious, loving, & full of aspirations. It was at this time my real sorrows with her began. I took the two little girls out a walk, & we were to "tell each other stories". I told Hans Andersen's "Mermaid", dear Gaylie told a tedious, hesitating, dull affair about a monkey trying to build a nest, & Effie's was incoherent & horrid, about a wicked old witch, who was "cut up into strips", & some children rescued which she was going to eat. It was all very characteristic.

The last night of the year. Frosty air coming in at the open window, Effie sleeping peacefully behind me, & I alone, wrapped in my soft cloak, looking out on the moon behind flat grey clouds, & listening to the strong chime of St. Peter's near by, filling all space. My heart was full of the bitterness of failure, both in my work & in my attempted approaches to Heaven. I called myself a fool ever to be contented & even seem to be happy, while this was the only account I had to give, & again I was drowned in tears. Midnight struck, & after a moment's pause came the glorious clash of the full peal. I wrote, - "He says, "I will not fail thee." Behind these words I do still believe there lies a reality."

1890.

From the point of view at which I now stand, I begin to think it is of little or no use re-writing the record of the next seven years. There the story lies, embedded in two sets of books, & there let it lie, let it sleep & never be awaked. To know one year is to know the general trend of them all, & the tale is not only disappointing, but seems something of a disgrace that I should be so miserable amid successes. The little diary is bright enough, & no one reading it could possibly guess at the unending dreary wail going on beneath. It seems I am a good actor, for I had a cheerful greeting for every event, & no one knew of "the aching hollows of the heart" which asserted themselves in a groan of pain whenever I was alone. Let me see into how few pages I can compress this year.

Sent Term - Crowded with work, & I often at night felt almost ill with weariness. Yet everything outwardly went well. We had some good Debates with 30 visitors, the Meetings in Dr Williams' Library on "the grounds of my Belief in Christianity" were beautiful & some of them touching, there was some serious illness in the College, but it ended well, & I saw Graham & Margaret Brooke start for the Niger in full happiness. Many interesting things happened which it is of no use to record, but I stumbled through them all, & whenever I had a moment I read Ruskin's "Pictorita" & then "Irons Glavigera," for these filled my mind & drowned me in an interest which made other thoughts impossible.

One day stands out to be remembered. Our faithful friend, dear Pleasance Burroughes was said to have a kind of dropsy, & to be rapidly sinking. Surely I must have a Goodbye, & on Feb 28th I went to Mulbarton which lies 6 miles out of Norwich. It was bitterly cold with snow & whistling winds, & I was 14 hours away from the College, but truly it was worth it all. There was Pleasy quite herself, half country squire, half ardent Salvationist, the

stalwart, innocent, noble old thing. Our meeting was a solemn one, & yet there was a kind of grotesque simplicity about her ways to the very end. Looking death full in the face & not the least sparing to say so, she yet had soon said enough on the subject, dismissed it abruptly, & asked a torrent of questions about all sorts of trifles in the lives of my sisters, so that we had to smile again & again. It was only on the 20th that she knew she ~~knew~~ was really ill & in danger, & that she had some 3 weeks to live. She had no definite pain, & she lived on sips of milk, single grapes, a little jelly, & soda water, & quietly wasted away, & died on March 14th. Her red-gold hair lay in bright-springy waves, her sun-burned face was scarcely paler than before, & her confidence seemed unbroken, unclouded by a single doubt. She had not much to say on the matter, & preferred to talk of other things. Her sister, Miss Addy, was engaged to be married to the Hon. Charles Bortie, & the whole story was a mournful one. She had been deeply repelled by Plesy's S.A. ways & by her friends, & the fault was not all on her side. She was a brave & affectionate soul, if even an ignorant one, & her marriage turned out a tragedy, & I wish now I could have looked her up in her forlorn solitude, but I lost sight of her. Plesy & I had a little prayer together, & I remember my last sight of her, wrapped in a very manly dressing-gown, waving to me from her window in the whirling snow.

That is the only day worth recording. Then I plunged back into College. All my Staff were ill with Influenza, & little I Ashby had a spot of "local Peritonitis", & was in agonies such as I had never seen. We struggled through, & I kept well & active all the time, but I was glad when the Term closed on March 27th & I was free to go home.

Meanwhile the inner life was very unhappy. I was supposed to have an easy temper by nature, but now I became unbearably irritated many times. Anne betrayed confidence by shewing a private letter from E. Rawlinson addressed to me, to Ethel, & I spoke cutting & scornful words. Then I mentally stoutly refused to be sorry, & settled down by my fire to read my Ruskin & his enchantments. After a bit I roused myself to pray & the words came to mind, "First be reconciled to thy brother, & then," - so I went across to ask pardon of Anne; she smoothed it over & all was right.

but my obedience did not seem to bring me an inch nearer to Heaven. Again I was angry with Goldsmith about some extravagance in the coal. She defended herself with the illogical iteration of the uneducated, & on my side was the sharply rising tempo of impatience & contempt shown more in look & tone than in any definite words. When for the 4th time her circle of explanation began in precisely the same terms, I stopped my ears rudely enough, & she went out of the room. At once all life seemed hard & mechanical, & not the least worth going on with, & all one mass of failures. Again I was angry with Goldsmith about the Laboratory fire going out & the Students catching cold, & my life seemed a short & Nessus, an intolerable pain at every point; no help, the clinging poison every where, & I went on writing in a sort of fierce despair. Again the conditions came to me, "First - then," & I rang the bell, & when she came I apologised, told her we were too old friends for such words, & that I was very sorry. She burst into tears saying, "Oh indeed I have served you for love & not for fear all these years, & if you speak displeased I cannot bear it!" The sorrow of such a faithful heart is very pathetic, & a clasp of the hand & a few affectionate words soon set her right. But what of my side? I once more read Is. 61. & splashed the page with tears, saying, "Oh when, when wilt Thou come unto me? I will, - you can see I will by this difficult obedience, - I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." I paced my room till midnight - offering my all to God as the sea lies open to the full moon, yet nothing happened.

There are other incidents, there is a struggle not to love Ralph too well, there is seeing Mr. Horton stepping out into a new life of joy & power & feeling left behind in a clinging morass, - but it is no use recording them, & I turn to the Pastor Vacation. My Council were not pleased with my account, & were determined "to reduce the expenses of tuition," & I felt really ill over the whole College, inside & out. I found my Effie irritated & often crying over the teasing of two of her little companions, but aboundingly happy & demonstrative with me, & I gave her some amusing examinations on the subjects she had been learning. Set me copy one single entry.

"Sunday March 30th" All the household was gone to the Hall, but I stayed to put Effie to bed, & at last, at last alone, I walked in the garden. That child seems to take my very soul away, & I was bitterly tired of life.

The Passover moon was rounding to the full, it was breathlessly still, with the sweet earth-scent of growing things pushing through the damp soil, & of green buds unfolding. The garden is like a map of my life. I went to the Shaw, & it represents infancy, with Jock harnessed to the little green carriage, & the smell of the moss as George & I dug together in the loose bank. The lawn with the scented laurel & the blossoming laurel is my childhood proper, & the furlong is my youth, for here from 16 to 23 I walked constantly, sometimes happy, sometimes not, but always longing & yearning over the future, like a climbing plant stretching out its slender tendrils to grope aimlessly about the blue air. Nothing was too high or too far off for my desires, & yet here now I stand, nothing but "a wish & a regret" where I ought to be a life & a power. Even now, old as I am, I could do beautiful good. The position is attained, the fire is laid, but the match cannot be found, & I remain cold & useless. The silence in the Furlong was perfect save for the tiny tinkling rill on the other side of the hedge which gave out subdued & gurgling notes, as I walked the length up & down. I touched the soft green leaves in the hedge, & said, "Oh spring, delay, delay! give me time before your beauty mocks me with another year of defeat & failure." The tears fell fast. Think of my two lads in Africa. Christ is strong for them, could He not be strong for me? "Shine arrows stick fast in me & Thine hand presseth me sore." I went up the steep hill into the moonlight again, & stood at the end of the hedge where my heart seemed literally to break nearly 3 years before. Yes, I did not exaggerate. Human love is a terribly strong thing, & here it broke under my feet & let me through into blackness. I look on all this with heartfelt pity, as I would say, "Can no one save her?" Palm Sunday, but it brings me no hope.

The rest of the Vacation was all one swamp of Effie, who was intelligent & amusing to the last point, but in character not satisfactory. There were depths in her of the untrustworthy & even the coarse that began to frighten me, though they were hidden under affection in plenty.

The May Term.

Never was a busier or a brighter Term on the surface. As I read over my little Diary there is hardly one day without its event, & it all seems new to me. Here are a few of the interests. ⁽¹⁾ Took my flock to the National Temperance League, where Canon Fleming's noble address won all hearts. ⁽²⁾ A day at Holloway College, & was shown all the splendours.

(3) Presentation Day at the University, & Mrs Scharlieb's At Home. (4) Watching Ethel King's wonderful Tennis-playing, & arranging Matches. (5) The Chinese lady, Mrs A-Hok, & her appeal for help. Her jade pins, splendid dress, tiny useless feet, her stalwart maid who carried her on her back, all were very interesting. (6) the day on the River, exquisitely fair & sunny. (7) The Factory Girls party, again at kind Mrs Tucketts, lasting from 2 till 8, all Games & Recitations, & very lively. (8) The Friends' Yearly Meeting. (9) Went Home for the day, a thing I never did before or after, but it was to sort out Madhur's Library. (10) A great meeting about the iniquities of the Opium Traffic. (11) The Crommelin family over from Holland & much talk about dear Harriet. (12) Matriculation Ex: & sent in 5 Students. (13) The Stanley Exhibition; awful yokes & tortures of the Slave-trade, also Livingstone's cap & Bible, Gordon's diary & clothes, & all Hannington's things, the largest duck known (180 lbs) & photographs of disgusting natives. (14) Great plans & constant visits to Kidderpore Hall; demolition going on fast, & 153 workmen settled in. (15) Conventions of Head Mistresses at Clapham School. (16) School of Medicine Tennis Match, finely contested & we won. (17) Play of Julius Caesar acted, & Ralph as Mark Antony & H.M. Greene as Caesar were really very fine. (18) Biological Soirée at University College, very amusing. (19) The annual Garden Party with 270 Guests. (20) The Belstead Gathering & a very good one. (21) "Time & Talents" Conference, & I spoke. (22) Gorton v. Westfield Match, & they only just won. (23) Antigone, acted in Greek in a carved out chalk-pit at Theale, near Reading. This I greatly enjoyed. (24) Match, Cambridge v. London; E. King played well, but Cambridge won.

This is the superficial account, & behind all the duties & pleasures lay a blank wall of unhappiness. My Council endlessly complained of my extravagance or of something else, I got no word of sympathy, & used to come back quite "flattened out", as Anne called it, & Miss Metcalf's visits were hours to be dreaded, & I simply cowered down before them. The Meetings we had arranged in Dr Williams' Library on "The Grounds of my Belief in Christianity", was very good indeed & ought to have helped me greatly, & yet when in secret I went over the beautiful & encouraging words, a few minutes brought me into such a rage of tears & despair, that I found it far wiser to take up "Pretorita" or "Jors Clavigora" & read even a couple of pages. Still I kept to the Rosary I had instituted some months before, & now & then record

the result. For instance on Sun. 11th May. I write, "My Rosary shows 3 hours + 5 minutes of prayer for this last week, + every minute has been toil + pain. The dragging, urging, labouring, beating, no one can know, for surely no heart is so heavy + so earth-bound as mine. This settled repugnance leads me to despair, + yet I go on. Sometimes when rising from my knees I spend two minutes in turning my thoughts quite away, + think of a Norway pine-forest, or a clear rushing stream, or a mass of dewy lilac in bloom, or a field of buttercups all staring at the sun + how each little golden cup is filled to the brim with the wine of pure happiness, anything will do so long as in its own direction it is the "highest point" attainable; + such thoughts console me, + seem to dry my tears + make life possible again."

A few days after this I was asked to take Trinity Church Devotional meeting. They chose the hymn, "Oh the pure delight of a single hour which before Thy throne I spend," + I looked round on the assembly with pity + with scorn + wondered if they were all singing lies. Had any one there spent the "single hour" I wondered? Oh if I could find one it would be so such a help! - but I was alone, alone. Again, I read my dear Port Royal all through again + was impressed with the thought that communion with God was our one + only hope. It seemed a kind of solace to say as I knelt down, "Here I am, O Lord, but I hate the coming. I would rather have half-an-hour's toothache than this dreadful dragging at my soul. But the only alternative is "outer darkness"; when I shall either go out of my mind or commit suicide, + this dragging at my soul saves me from that, + go on I will. I told Anne a little of it + she was kind but of no use, + Ralph was worse than no use + shewed me how utterly human love could fail me as well as the Divine. The one point I was sure of was that Christ had cured thousands + thousands of people, + some must have been as bad or worse than I, + that if He would only turn + touch me all would be well. Could a man help being a leper? Oh, I would rise from the dust + begin once again. These miseries are recounted with wearisome insistence, + then I write on June 6th "This morning I woke with a voice in my ears. Not the endless "Has He come? No. Do you want Him? Yes."

but a kind, compassionate, sensible voice, which said, "Give it up! Give it up!" It was like a mother with a sick child, - "Dear, you stretch & stretch till you are nearly broken in half, & no one comes to meet you. Is it wise or right? You have a noble piece of work on hand, & you will kill yourself this way, indeed you will. Be sensible, & give it up." I turned to the wall & said, "O Jesus, I couldn't! Don't ask it, any of you, for I couldn't. I have tried it, & it is the very touch of the Second Death. I must go on as I am. Prayer might remedy all, & prayer I hate." I was hardly awake even now, but each word was as distinct as fire, & I went on, "O Lord Jesus, it is not Thee I hate, I never never said that, it is the awful unnatural effort to get to Thee. I have to fly without wings, & that kind voice really spoke the truth, for the effort continued for years is killing me." Again, I write on June 22: "In this life all is wrong. I give good Bible Classes & win the interest of my Students, but to me it is a patch, a makeshift, a coat of paint, something which ought to be true, but is not really so. Yet if I think of death, perhaps of drowning, perhaps of being struck by lightning, anyhow of suddenly finding myself a naked soul, - then I cannot fear. O Jesus, face to face with Thee at last! O my one Refuge, my one Love, all hope springs up at sight of Thee. No more complexities, no more distance, all barriers, all heaviness swept away. My whole being lies bare before Thee, & I'm so glad, so glad to be bare! How nice that life is over, & I may lie here alone with Thee."

Thus I tried to comfort myself, but though there is plenty more I will resolutely turn away from this wretched story within. It was all made worse by my finding others in the same case. Nancy Abornethy saw glimpses of heavenly light, & then prayed & agonised for months, & then gave up, & smiled at herself for rejecting the pleasures of the world, took them up again & regained quiet & calm. A dress-maker, a Miss Owen, lived in peace & was of much use in saving the souls of others, & in bringing comfort & light to dying beds, & then one day she suddenly found she had nothing, nothing. It was like opening a door, expecting light & warmth & food & a loving welcome, & finding an empty unfurnished room. God had gone away, - & perhaps there never had been any God? These

