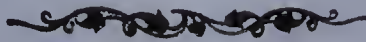


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PENCILINGS IN JUNE.



BY THE

REV. THOMAS W. LAVELING, D.D.

" For through all Springs, with rainbow-tinted showers,
And through all Summers, with their wealth of flowers,
And every Autumn, with its harvest home,
And all white Winters of the time to come,
Crooked and sick for ever they must be."



1875.

LONDON :


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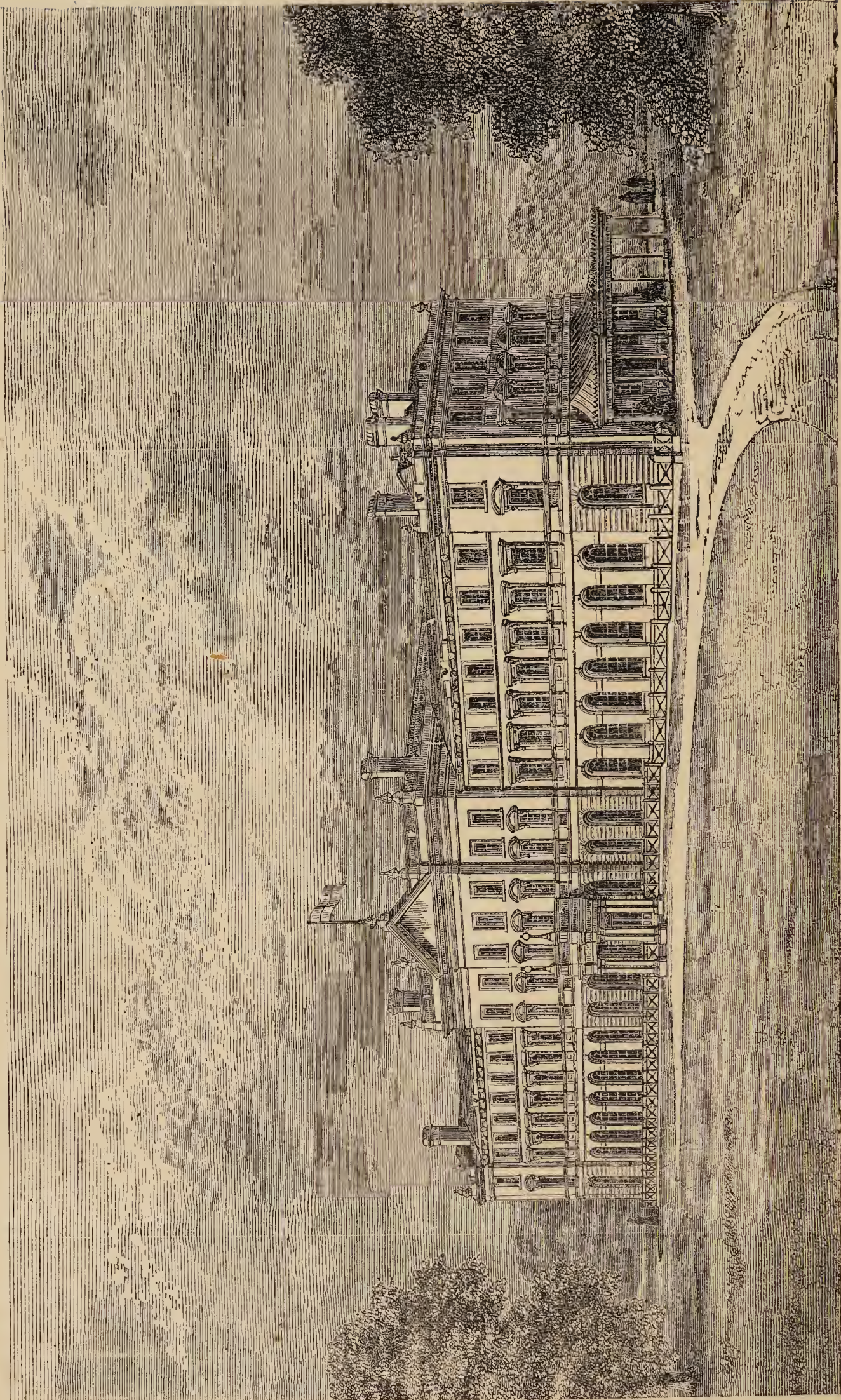
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THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, WEST HILL, PUTNEY HEATH.

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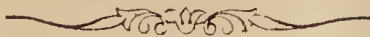
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LONDON: Hospitals (Royal Hospital for
Incurables, Putney):
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N. J. POWELL & CO.,
LONDON.



TO THE READER.

THE following sketch is offered for your perusal, as illustrating a work of public philanthropy that has been carried on, during the past twenty-one years, in the neighbourhood of London. The manuscript has been kindly presented by the Author, to the Board of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. It is now published, in the belief that the interesting pictures it contains, traced with no less skill than feeling, may win for the Institution a large measure of public attention and sympathy.

The Author, Dr. Aveling, to whom the Board are greatly indebted, was the personal friend of the founder, ANDREW REED, and has himself rendered especial services to the Institution. His testimony will, therefore, be received as a sterling tribute to the good work of which he has taken the pains to be an eye-witness. The "Pencilings" are simply an illustration. To judge fully of the great benefits of the

home, with its 175 inmates, it must be *seen*. There will then remain the list of 357 out-door pensioners. If a tour could be made amongst these, a view would be obtained of humble homes, gladdened by the seasonable relief afforded to the invalid member; there, a parent, stricken in years, and stricken also by painful disease, from which death offers the only hope of release; here, a son, his manhood wrecked by a fearful accident, prostrate, pale, and needing tendance, as a child; or a husband, whose frail condition has caused the wife to be both nurse and breadwinner; or a daughter, with emaciated face, and eyes that have lost the light of youth and hope. Yet to all, there remains the best earthly treasure—*kindred*; the ties of home have not been cut by sharp necessity, there is still the ministry of natural affection. If you ask, what has prevented the breaking up of home, the reply will be “the pension of £20 a year.”

Such, in above 500 cases, is the practical work of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, founded not upon an idea, but upon a sad, in many cases, a dreadful reality. In comparison with this condition of hopeless, life-long suffering, the temporary ills and inconveniences of life are forgotten, or remembered only as part of the common lot. But these incurables appeal to our deepest sentiments of pity; they have been struck down in the midst of their days, they have been deprived of the means of living, yet shrink from pauperism, as from death. Such have surely a precedence of misery, a first claim upon the bounty of their more fortunate brethren and sisters.

A principal feature in the scheme of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, is the *economy* of charitable relief. There is a greater and a lesser benefit. The majority of approved applicants are referred to the latter, as sufficiently meeting the requirements of the case; whilst the severe or more destitute cases are permitted to enjoy the larger advantages of the Home. At the same time, a Pensioner, whose circumstances may have materially changed, for the worse, is permitted, with the approval of the Board, to become an inmate of the Hospital for the remainder of life.

The election of candidates rests with the Subscribers only. It is the duty of the Board carefully to examine all cases proposed for nomination, to ascertain if they are eligible by the rules, and to nominate the most urgent. The list thus selected, is submitted to the Subscribers, whose decision is final.

It has been urged that the power of elections should be vested in the Board, as by this means, the most deserving cases only would be chosen. The Board feel that it would not be in their power to insure such a result; difficulties arise, even in determining the preliminary question of fitness, which would be increased beyond measure, were they charged with marshalling upwards of 150 persons, variously afflicted, and differing in age and circumstances, according to the degree of urgency. Election by the Subscribers, on the other hand, not only enlists their judgment, as to the merits of the candidates, but secures, in many instances, a personal

interest in the recipients of their bounty. It is the opinion of the Board, that this arrangement has contributed mainly to the success of the Institution, and its present high rate of election, viz. 60 additional cases per annum.

The Royal Hospital for Incurables, has, by the blessing of Almighty God, gained a position of great usefulness, as will be seen by the numbers above quoted. Fresh candidates arise, and although the list is kept as low as possible, it still numbers nearly 150. New friends are greatly needed; the charity is losing, by death, many of its old supporters, and for two years its income has declined. The sum necessary to maintain the Hospital, and the Pension List, is fully £16,000 a year. The Institution has no debt; on the contrary, its working charges are almost covered by the interest of its investments. Funds are, therefore, sought, purely for the maintenance and extension of the work—not to extinguish a debt, nor even to defray the cost of administration.

The Board make this statement without hesitation; it is due to those whose help is sought; and it is a *true* plea.

The loss of income has been principally in *annual* subscriptions. The Board respectfully urge the necessity of increasing the roll of yearly subscribers. They consider that the liabilities of the Institution require a list of £10,000 in annual subscriptions, or £4,000 more than at present.

The chief object of the present appeal, is to raise a part of that amount, and thus, at the same time, assist to retrieve losses, and place the charity upon an adequate basis. A hearty and generous response will do this, and cause the Christmas of 1875* to be unusually conspicuous in the annals of the charity.

FREDERIC ANDREW,
Secretary.

Offices, 106, Queen Victoria Street,
Christmas, 1875.



* * * *The Hospital at West Hill, Putney Heath, is open every week-day, and the public are respectfully invited to pay it a visit.*



“Great as may be the vicissitudes to which the happiest of us are exposed, yet, in the midst of our greatest sorrows and misfortunes, we are still attended by the Angel of Hope. However black the shadow which falls across our lives, its darkness cannot altogether extinguish the gleaming of her pinions ; and, in our moments of greatest prostration, her gentle voice still whispers of happier days to come. But from all consolations of this kind these must be for ever excluded. Their fate, as far as this world is concerned, is sealed. It is true, Hope’s fair form is not altogether placed beyond their ken, but dark and dreary lies the waste that removes her from their reach, and few there be that can look toward her with unquailing eyes ; for she stands hand-in-hand with death, and her finger points to the gateways of the tomb.”—*Earl Dufferin, K.C.B., 1862.*



PENCILLINGS IN JUNE;

OR

A VISIT

TO THE

Royal Hospital for Incurables.

LAST Wednesday, I paid a visit to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, at Putney, preparatory to preaching a second time for the Institution, on "Hospital Sunday."

Since my first visit, in 1868, many of those who were Inmates then have gone to their long home; but not a few of the old patients remain; and of these almost all remembered me, and the Lecture, on "Jerusalem," which I delivered to them the following year. The very first person elected to the advantages of the Hospital is still in the house, and she received me with a smile of recognition and welcome.

Everything, both within the dwelling and without, was as bright and buoyant, and soothing to the feelings, as it could be: with a lovely and healthy neighbourhood; an extended and pleasant prospect, stretching from the undulations of the country around Putney, up to the Crystal Palace, whose tall towers were distinctly visible. The rooms of the house were all well-lighted, airy, and cheerful; care being taken, even in the colour of the paper on the walls, to present to the languid eyes of the sufferers that which was lively and inspiring. These walls, themselves, were adorned with beautiful engravings, or pictures; most of them the gift of Mr. Huth, the munificent treasurer, and the principal friend of the Institution. Everything

was spotless in its cleanliness, perfect in order and arrangement, and admirably adapted to the wants and woes and physical disabilities of the patients. The Matron is rightly deserving of the name, so motherly and tender is she, even with the querulous, and those whose pains make them impatient ; while the servants, male and female, moved about with subdued voice and quiet step, as if desirous to respect the sensitive nerves and unquestionable weakness of the objects of their attention.

Nothing that ingenuity could devise, and a loving forethought provide for these incurables—oh, the deep, sad meaning of that word !—was forgotten.

One simple contrivance shewed this. At the foot of the beds of several of the inmates, who were confined to their couch, was placed a swing glass, on a high frame, which could be so fixed, by the attendants, before the window, that the patient, though quite recumbent, could see the grounds outside the building. A perpetually changing aspect was given to the scene by the passing and re-passing of some of the inmates,

or of visitors ; and thus a portion of the outer world, into which the sufferer could not go, and from an active participation in whose engagements she was for ever excluded, was brought, by reflection, into her chamber, and the dulness and dimness of otherwise monotonous life was thus pleasingly invaded. By means of this contrivance some of the patients, whose rooms were on that side of the house which looks towards the Crystal Palace, could, the other evening, see distinctly reflected in the glass, many of the splendid fireworks that rose in the air, though the place of display must have been some four or five miles distant.

A lift is in frequent use, to enable the patients,—who, though not confined to bed, are incapable of walking, and who are wheeled about in noiseless and easy carriage chairs along the corridors of each story,—to descend to the parlours, where many sit for company ; some working, if they are able ; and some reading or listening to the reading of patients or visitors, or to the music played by some kind Samaritan, who, like the daughter of a General, whom I met there that day, will come two or three times a week to sing to the inmates,

and so wile away the hours of the afternoon or evening, that must otherwise hang heavily on the patients' hands.

Most of the female inmates are unmarried, and many of them have out-lived their friends. One, who had been afflicted upwards of thirty years, spoke with deep gratitude of the goodness of God to her, in giving her a home in this Institution, and of the benevolent friends, by whom it was sustained.

So that now, when all who once gathered around her in the days when she was a glad and sprightly girl—little dreaming of the long and dreary course of life before her—had one by one passed away, and her only helpers, and those from whom the sympathizing word and look came for which the heart hungers—no matter how lowly the dwelling—were the officers and committee, and visitors of this home; from them she received so much attention and kindness, that her cup of blessing seemed to overflow.

Another patient, an interesting and intelligent girl, who had once filled a respectable position in a family

at Stamford Hill, was in one of the rooms where the bed-ridden are found. She was "quiet as a child that is weaned of his mother," though all her woman's yearnings and hopes had been blighted, by an accident that had reduced her to her present pitiable and hopeless condition. A fall down stairs had fearfully injured her spine. By degrees the side, feet and hands became paralyzed, through the terrible wrenching of the vertebræ. Now she has no power to move the limbs, except one toe of the left foot, and one finger of the right hand; yet with that last-named solitary member she was able to feed herself, through an ingenious contrivance for the purpose.

Not one word of complaint trembled on her lip—not one shade of disappointment or dissatisfaction with the divine dealings interfered with the calm, peaceful aspect of her countenance; and though my heart was full of sad sympathy, I blessed Him who had provided that "quiet resting place" for this wounded and weary sufferer, who, in the midst of buoyant youth and brightness, had seen her prospects so suddenly overclouded, and her sun of womanly anticipations go down while it was yet day; who had watched others, her contempor-

aries and companions, pass her in the journey of life, and go to sweet homes, and wifely honours, and matronly joys, while she remained a helpless cripple; the subject of a lifelong suffering, with no hope of cure: her only prospect—but that, blessed be God, is bright—the one across the river—“over there.” She reminded me of a bird, with broken pinion, that some kind and gentle hand has taken up, where it had fallen, and given a home in a friendly cage. It does not chafe or flutter in impatience, or beat itself angrily against the bars; but sits silently and movelessly, as the hours pass by; looking out wistfully, now and then, on the green fields, slumbering in the sunshine,—over which it will wing its flight no more; and on the woods, waving in the summer breeze, within the shadow of whose leaves its voice will never be heard again.

But *this* caged bird, with broken wing, was looking out hopefully to the land afar off, where “the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick;” where there is “no more sighing, and no more pain, and the weary are at rest.” Towards that country she seemed at times to turn, with a look in her eyes, as of one who was gazing on that which was very far off, as if arrested

by a bright passing vision, and as though on her ear soft sounds were falling, soothing and subduing as a mother's cradle song. As I turned from her bedside her farewell look seemed to whisper to me, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth him good:" and I thought of the words of the prophet, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

Another case was that of an unmarried female, sixty-eight years of age. For forty-seven years she had been an invalid; and for thirty-six of these she had been confined to her bed. Think of that! more than one-half of "the days of our years, which are threescore years and ten," she had been a prisoner in a sick room, and most of that time in the dingy neighbourhood of Bethnal Green—the very name of which, to us who know it, sounds a mockery. Her powerless limbs were chained to the couch of pain; and over her there seemed to hover the voices which in Longfellow's poem make such awful utterance,— "For ever, never," "Never, for ever," and the grim spectre of despair began to settle on her threshold. But when, by the interposition of the friends of this

Hospital and hers, she exchanged her poor dark dwelling in the East of London for the pleasant and cheerful room in which I saw her at West Hill, it was as though she had been transplanted from a desert to the garden of the Lord. It seemed almost to make her young again.

Mrs. V. has not walked for twenty-one years, She is now seventy; with as sweet a face as ever beamed beneath a bonnet. She had solaced her hours with making a picture of wool, for picture it was,—though an imaginary composition—with singular skill of colouring, considering the material of which it was formed. The grouping was admirable, and the work must have wiled away many an hour.

Another patient was quite blind. She was not born so; it was in consequence of a fit. One evening, she said, when the sun set, she could see, as she had done all her life long, but during the night the stroke came, of which there was no premonition. When morning returned it still seemed dark around her; but ah! the darkness was within, and not without. Yet with a divine serenity, she lay there, listening to

the words of kindness that were uttered, with a silent submission to the overwhelming calamity which had befallen her. There was an eager expression of face, that became perfectly touching and pathetic, as she turned in the direction of the speaker, and which seemed almost to compensate for the intelligent glance of the eyes. It was a comfort to her, she said, that when anyone spoke of colours she had sufficient remembrance of what they were ; and though,

“ Light, the prime work of God, to her was extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might, in part her grief have caused,”

yet as the orbs of memory were still open, she could look out with the spiritual eye, from the depths of that physical darkness which had engirded her, and see light.

Another, sixty-four years old, and who never leaves her bed, has been forty-five years incurable. She was taken ill suddenly in a workroom, in the midst of her companions, to whom she never afterwards returned : and all those long dreary days the power to use her limbs has been denied her. This, which is one of the saddest

cases in the hospital, was in another sense, one of the very brightest. When I said, "Then you have no hope of restoration?" She replied, with a sweet smile, "Yes, one bright with immortality." "God," added she, "gave me grace, sir, before he laid me on a bed of suffering. He prepared me beforehand. Every bitter cup has secretly put into it something to sweeten it." Aye, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," I thought.

When I asked her if she could sit up to read any book; "No;" she replied, "this is my library," pointing to two large papers, one on each side of her bed's head, with texts of Scripture; the only literature with which she could solace herself; and this she could read as she reclined, now on one side, and now on the other. "I stored up a good deal in my youth," she said, "which in these latter times I find to be of great use. It comes fresh and beautiful now."

But the room where my chiefest sympathies were called forth, and to which I went back again, before I finally left the hospital, was one in which were three sisters, all suffering from spinal affections.

An indefatigable friend of the Institution, Mr. Dix, heard of this case at Islington, and visited the sufferers. He ascertained, by diligent enquiries, the worthiness of the family, and then vigorously and successfully exerted himself to secure the admission of the afflicted ones into the house at Putney.

At seventeen years of age, the first girl became a victim to the disease under which she and her sisters labor—the latter two succumbing earlier to the attack than the eldest. They all three lie in one room—hopelessly incurable; yet around them a calm, moral atmosphere seemed to float, that was redolent of heaven; and the influence of which, on my heart, I think I shall never lose. The quiet submissive spirit; the lady-like gentleness of these women—for now the eldest is thirty years old—and their consistent, simple, and intelligent religious conversation struck me marvellously, and I thought, that what a liberal education is known to do for those who are of humble birth, affliction had done for these sisters; it had spiritualized and refined them to an extraordinary degree. One had as an intelligent a forehead as I ever saw. She was able to move her-

self a little up in her bed ; her hands, too, were capable of action ; and skilfully and artistically had she used them ; for a most splendid bed-pocket, fit for the couch of a princess, was shewn me, which she had worked for the member of the Committee to whom she owed so much. The bright, piercing intelligent eyes of all three sisters ; the sweet *spirituelle* face of one, over whom slightly the genius of poetry had waved her silver wing, and the gentleness of expression in another, apparently the most afflicted, stirred the deepest sensibilities of the soul. My heart ached and rejoiced, at one and the same time ; and but from fear of the consequences, and that it would have been misunderstood, and might almost have suggested to these submissive spirits the feeling of discontent with the Divine dealings, I could have wept in deep, deep sadness at the blight which had come over these afflicted girls. I hold in my hand some lines written by one of them, which exemplify my remark about the meekness of spirit with which she received the stroke of her Father's rod :

“I HAVE CHOSEN THEE IN THE FURNACE OF
AFFLICTION.”

My home—it is not here,
For my Father dwells above;
And not a moment longer
Than he sees fit, in love,
Will he leave me here below,
Heart-sore, and with eyes oft dim;
But I learn to trust his wisdom,
And will leave it all with Him.

Yet fain would I have flown,
Had “I had wings like a dove,”
Beyond all sin and suffering,
To that bright home above.
For I know, by tender chastening,
My Father doth prepare;
And oft I cried in wonder,
“Then why am I not there?”

When lo, I heard Him answer,
In tones so soft and sweet,—
“The work I have begun in thee,
Is not, my child, complete,

“ Only a little while longer:
If slow this trial by fire,
Thou will come out all the brighter,
And soon have thy desire.

“ For a home of bliss awaits thee,
And a crown that's for thy brow:
It's my will that thou should'st wear it,
Although, my child, not now.”
Then let me wait with patience,
Until I hear Him call,
A whole life-time of suffering's
But a moment after all.

And as I wait he whispers,
“ Thou'lt own when the hour is come,
This suffering was the chariot,
I sent to fetch thee home.”

I was glad to find that the singular case, which I and every previous visitor had noticed, of the patient, who for years was able only to move her head, all the rest of the body being paralyzed—had so far benefited,

by the treatment adopted with her, that she was now able to use her hand, and the writing, which before she had contrived to produce by means of a pencil placed between the lips, she was now able to form, by the more natural process of using her fingers.

While I was in the hospital, the Hackney and Dalston Choir, which had come to give a concert to the inmates, in the evening, went round from ward to ward, in the different corridors where the bedridden patients reposed, and sang some of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Pleasantly their voices stole among the passages, and came floating softly into the chambers, and died in subdued tones around the couches of the sick ones, soothing them in their pains, and wafting their souls, on the wings of melody, over the dark sea of earthly suffering and sorrows towards the radiant celestial shore. "How sweet!" whispered the listeners; whispering, as if they feared to lose a sound—when from the lips of those kind and sympathizing visitors rose the refrain, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Over there, Over there."

Not unnaturally their pleasure is great at such visits;

and a few were evidently gratified when, on seeing a piano in one of the sitting-rooms, and enquiring whether any of the inmates there were able to use it, I offered, if one of them would play, to be the precentor for the occasion. It appeared that there was but one, who had sufficient knowledge of music and the piano, to venture on the acceptance of my offer. But, as all seemed to point to her, at my reiterated request, she was wheeled to the front of the instrument. To my amazement, I found that both the hands of the performer were shrivelled and deformed with rheumatism; only one finger and the thumb of the left hand, and two fingers of the right having any power in them; yet, with these, she played through, without hesitation, or difficulty, or mistakes, one of the pieces just named, and shewed that she had evidently, in other days, known how to do it well. As I fulfilled my promise, the spirit of song soon spread; and my solo gave place to a regular chorus, in which all my neighbours in the room took a part.

Among the men, there were several cases, equally hopeless with those in the female wards—one, where

the patient is blind, deaf, dumb, and partially paralyzed — communication with whom is only effected by making forms of letters and words on his hand.

Yet this pitiable and helpless object is cared for as kindly and tenderly as any one; perhaps more so. Most of them, if able to leave their rooms, seem to delight much in society, and are seen, more frequently than their suffering sisters, inhaling the breezes out of doors, under the spreading foliage of the trees, or in the grounds of the Institution. I must confess, without any design of instituting invidious comparisons, that the female patients appear to me to have more right to that specific designation than the male. One gentleman sufferer said, with a kind of irritability which I could quite understand, however much I regretted it, “I’ve been ill, sir, for four years—hopelessly, hopelessly.”

And yet I had just been talking with some on the other side of the building, who had been ill *forty* years, and they, too, were suffering “hopelessly, hopelessly,”—yet not one had complained. I suppose we men are

not so used to suffering as our sisters are—hence our impatience. The good Lord will pardon us, for “He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust.”

One thing struck me much ; on making inquiries as to the age of the inmates,—all, especially among the females, looked so much younger than they really were. I suppose this was the result of possessing and exercising a spirit of contentment.

I left the Royal Hospital for Incurables, with my lips and heart breathing benedictions on the memory of the founder of the charity, and on the heads of those by whom it is now so admirably and efficiently managed ; and felt the least I could do was to bear this testimony—honest and unexaggerated—and which, from actual examination, I feel warranted in offering—to the worth of this institution, and to the powerfulness of its claims on your support. Help it by your sympathy ; by your prayers ; and by cordial co-operation in the replenishment of its funds. Bethink you of the day when the Divine Master will call you to the great account—when these objects of your tender interest will stand beside

you, not as they now appear, but with their mis-shapen and paralyzed limbs restored to their normal condition—deformity giving place to symmetry; that which “is sown in dishonour, raised in glory”—a natural body exchanged for a spiritual body—weakness yielding to power; the blurred “image of the earthy” lost for ever in the perfected and glorious “image of the heavenly,”

“Then shall the blind receive their sight: the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing,” and while they will not forget your work of faith, and labour of love, and consecration of property, which tended to mitigate their pains and griefs, He, whose they are, and who “knows their sorrows,” will graciously greet you with the thrice blessed assurance, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”



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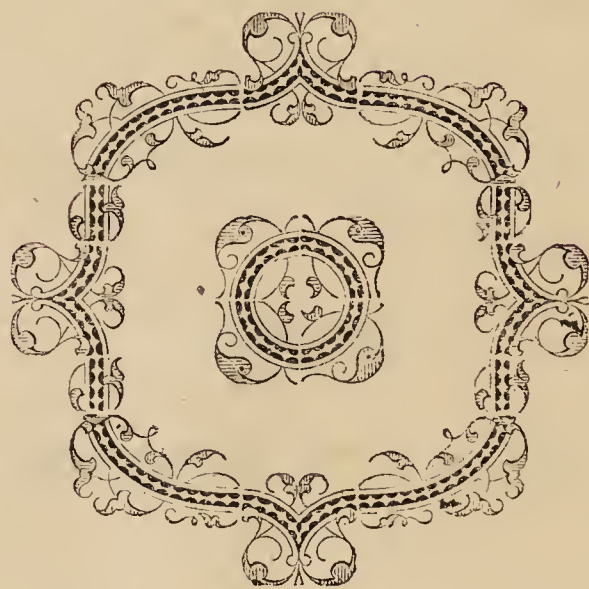
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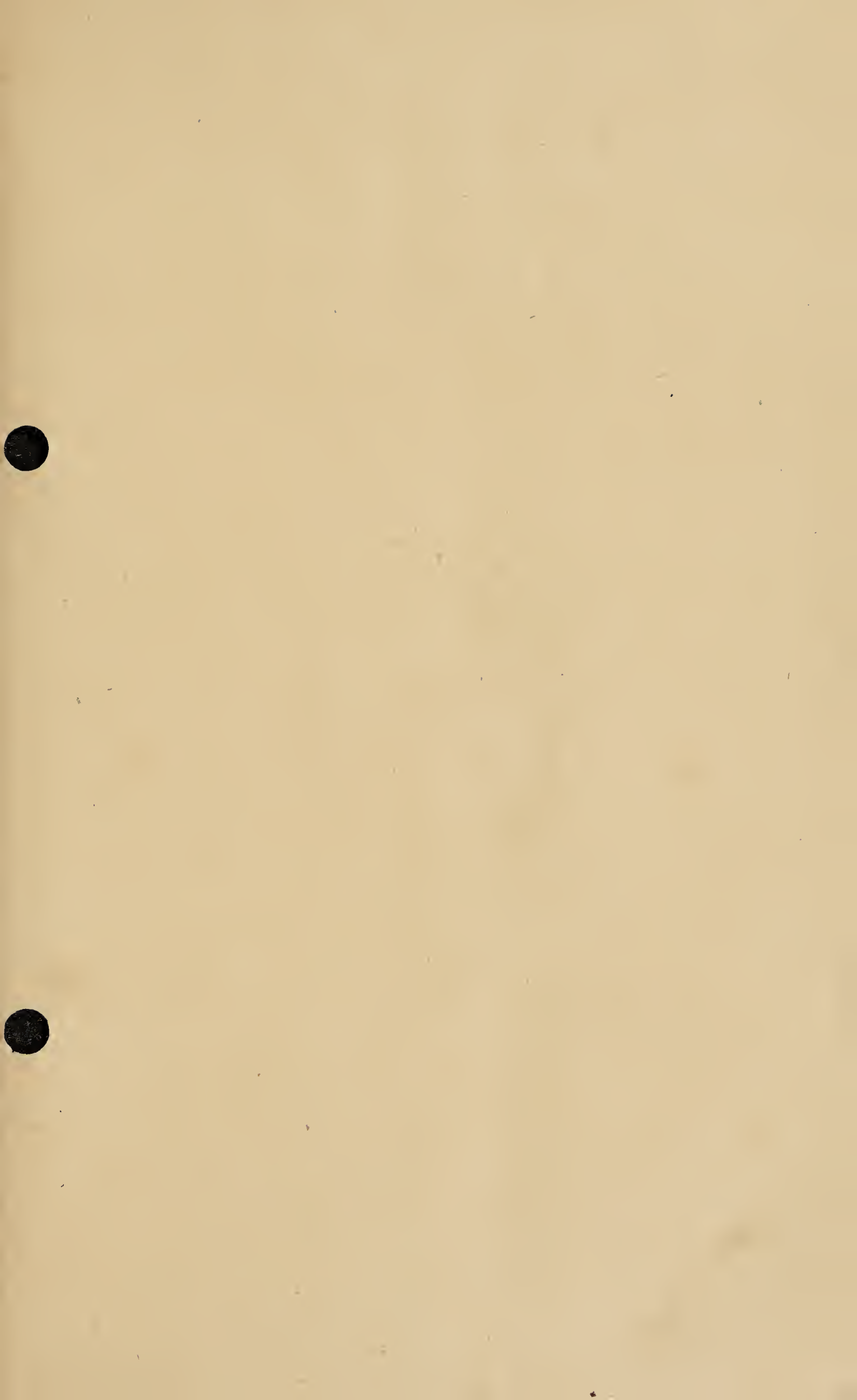
I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, instituted 31st July, 1854, the sum of _____, to be raised and paid by and out of my ready money, plate, goods, and personal effects, which by law I may or can charge with the payment of the same, and not of any part of my lands, tenements, or hereditaments, to be applied towards accomplishing the charitable designs of the said Institution.

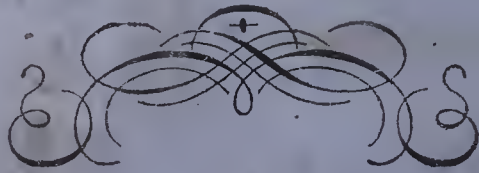


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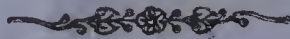
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MAN IS A CHILD OF SORROW,
AND THIS WORLD IN WHICH WE BREATHE
HATH CARES ENOUGH TO PLAGUE US,
BUT IT HATH MEANS
WITHAL TO SOOTHE THESE CARES;
AND HE WHO
MEDITATES ON OTHERS WOES,
SHALL
IN THAT MEDITATION
LOSE HIS OWN.



THE HAND SHOULD BE THE AGENT OF THE HEART.

