

bound for Scutari. It was at great risk—at the risk of life, hardships, dangers, and perils of all sorts. But who thinks of risk when duty impels the brave spirit? Miss Nightingale undertook everything that was asked of her. She went into the midst of human suffering, nursed the wounded soldiers and sailors, organized the system of nursing, and undertook the control of the whole.

The wounded were inexpressibly relieved by the patient watching and care of the English lady. The soldiers blessed her as they saw her shadow falling over their pillows at night. They did not know her name; they merely called her "The Lady of the Lamp."

"He sleeps! Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone, and here he hath no friends.
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No! 'Tis an earthly form with human face!"

The soldiers worshipped the maiden lady. They forbore from the expression of any rough language that might hurt her. When an operation was necessary, they bore the agony without flinching. They did all they could to follow her advice and example. She, on her part, took quite an affection for the common soldiers. She not only looked after their personal comfort, but corresponded with their friends in England, in Ireland, and in the far-away straths of Scotland. She saved their money. She devoted an afternoon every week to receive and forward their savings to their friends at home. How thankful the soldiers were! And how thoughtful and careful she was of them!

"The simple courage," she says, "the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence—what nation shows more of this in war than is shown by her commonest soldier? . . . Say what men will, there is something more truly Christian in the man who gives his time, his strength, his life if need be, for something not himself—whether it be his queen, his country, or his colors—than in all the asceticism, the fasts, the humiliations, the confessions, which have ever been made; and this spirit of giving one's life, without calling it a sacrifice, is found no-

where so truly as in England." Thus we have much to learn from the life and example even of the commonest soldier!

Miss Stanley followed Miss Nightingale to the Crimea. A second detachment of fifty nurses and ladies was confided to her charge. She took them to Constantinople, and she remained in Turkey for four months, assisting in the naval hospital at Therapeia, and afterward in establishing the military hospital at Koulalee. When she saw the wounded soldiers brought from Inkerman, she wrote to a friend at home, "I know not which sight is the most heartrending; to witness fine strong men worn down by exhaustion, and sinking under it, or others coming in fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday was spent in sewing mattresses together, then in washing and assisting the surgeon to dress their wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as comfortable as the circumstances would admit of, after five days' confinement on board ship, during which their wounds were not dressed. Out of the eleven wards committed to my charge eleven men died in the night simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped could I have laid my hands upon such nourishment as I know they ought to have had."

On Miss Stanley's return to England she devoted herself to befriending the soldiers' wives and widows. She purchased a house and garden in York Street, Westminster, where she founded a large industrial laundry. She obtained a contract from the Government for the supply of army clothing, and thus secured a large amount of employment for the forlorn women. Miss Stanley threw herself with great energy into the relief and nursing of the women of the London poor. She was only one where there ought to have been ten thousand, but the true woman finds and does the work that lies nearest her. She gave her life daily to the service of others. She was an embodiment of self-sacrifice. It did not matter whether she secured the approbation of others or not. To some, who wish to tread the steps she had trod, she said, "Never forget Dr. Arnold. I repeat his last entry in his journal to myself twice every

day: 'Let me labor to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God so wills it should be.'

Good example always bring forth good fruits. Other ladies followed faithfully in the same steps. Among these may be mentioned Miss Florence Lees, who has not only nursed in the field, but taught to others the duties of scientific nursing. Strange how the first impulse to do a good thing springs up in the heart. It was the loss of a dear brother in China that nerved her for the effort. He had died in the naval hospital at Shanghai, and as she thought of him, tended by strangers' hands, she felt a great longing to do for others what others had done for him.

This happened when she was a girl. The late Bishop of Winchester was consulted. He said that it was too early to devote herself to such a mission. "Wait until your grief has passed away, wait until your mind has matured." But her mind was possessed by resolution and hope. Miss Nightingale was her heroine. She consulted her and obtained from her the best advice and help as to her training. At last, after three years' waiting, she entered St. Thomas's Hospital, and began her training as a nurse. She afterward went to King's College Hospital, and acquired valuable practical experience. To complete her knowledge of nursing she spent several years in Holland, Denmark, Germany, and France. At Kaiserworth, in Germany, she passed through the usual practical training of a nursing deaconess, and received a certificate as to her efficiency. Through the kindness of M. Hasson, the Director-General of civil hospitals in France, she obtained permission to work in the chief hospitals of Paris, under the charge of Roman Catholic Sisters. She was associated as a "Sœur Postulante" with the Augustinians, the Dames of St. Thomas de Villaneuve, and the Sœurs de Charite of St. Vincent de Paul. It was with great satisfaction to the Sisters, and with great happiness to herself, that she worked so harmoniously with them, notwithstanding their differences of religion and thought.

The kindness of the Sisters to her, personally, was beyond words. She was indeed treated by them more as a sister

and friend than as one separated from them by creed, country, and secular life. In addition to the practical knowledge thus gained, she learned from them many a lesson of quiet cheerfulness under difficulties, of hope and trust in an overruling Providence, even when all things seemed going wrong, and of firm self-denial and an utter giving up of themselves and all that they had to Him whose they were and whom they served. Here, too, she learned what a virtue cheerfulness is for all those who would serve and nurse the sick.

Miss Lees' last and most valuable training was obtained through the kind permission of General Lebœuf, then French Minister of War. Through his influence she was permitted to work in the French Military Hospitals, a training which was doubly valuable through the interest taken in her improvement by the late Michel Levy, the Director-General. He had been what he termed a "comrade" of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, and for her sake he made Miss Lees pass through a severer course of discipline and training than, he admitted, would have been possible for any French Sœur, or, as a general rule, for many Englishwomen. The practical experience, however, which she derived through the personal kindness of M. Michel Levy, at the Val-de-Grace, was so valuable that in the course of her after life it was never forgotten.

Shortly after her return to England after this long probation in nursing, war was declared between France and Germany. The newspapers were full of the results of the first sanguinary battles. The conquering army swept on and left the wounded to die. They lay in the open air by thousands, untended and uncared for. The nurse's heart was roused by pity and by sympathy. She at once set out for the Continent, accompanied by three German ladies, but they were soon detached in different directions. She went across Belgium to Cologne, where she saw the wounded soldiers lying in rows along the station platform. Then to Coblenz and Treves, and then to Metz, which was her station. It was a rough journey when she left the

steamer. In the midst of the confusion she had lost her baggage, but she was there herself, alone.

Marshal Bazaine had taken refuge in Metz, with a large body of French troops, and Prince Frederick was investing the city with an army of Germans and Bavarians. Miss Lees was appointed to an hospital at Marangue, in the rear of the investing army. She reached the place. It was only an old farm-steading. The barn was the hospital. It was a very comfortless place. The accommodation was miserable. The nurse slept on a bit of sacking filled with straw. There was little medicine and less food. The principal disease to be encountered was typhus fever, occasioned by the dampness of the trenches. The Lazaretto or Hospital accommodated twenty-two beds; and these were always full.

The nurse of a field-hospital has no light task before her. When the men came in fever-stricken, they had first to be cleaned. When they came from the trenches, their feet were so incrustated with dirt that it had to be scraped off before they could be washed. When cleansed, they were put into their beds, and had medicine administered to them. There was the washing out of the men's blackened mouths, the attention to their personal cleanliness, the wetting of their heads by night to keep down delirium, bathing their hands and faces, changing their couches to prevent bed-sores—and all this in the midst of the most depressing circumstances.

The men sometimes became furiously delirious. Miss Lees has herself told the story of her life in the Fever Hospital before Metz.* One night she was alone. She heard a noise in the room up-stairs. She went up and found a delirious soldier trying to force the door. The poor fellow wished to go home to his "liebe mütter." She called another patient to her help, and, telling him he would go home to-morrow, got him into his bed again. Another delirious soldier, down-stairs, searched for a knife under his bed-fellow's pillow. Miss Lees got hold of the knife, which

**Good Words*, 1873.

was really there, and hid it in some obscure place. But, when the surgeon came round, she entreated that she might not again be left alone in the hospital at night.

The nurse worked there for many weeks. Many died, some were cured and invalided home, and a few returned to duty. At last Bazaine surrendered; his prisoners were sent into Germany, and the Red Prince and his troops marched on to the siege of Paris. Miss Lees had done her work at Metz, but her self-imposed task was not over. She was taken, partly on a locomotive engine, to Homburg, where she was put in charge of an hospital of wounded soldiers, under the superintendence of the Crown Princess of Prussia. The principal difficulty she had to encounter there was in securing proper ventilation. German doctors hate draughts. So soon as the nurse opened a window the doctors in her absence ordered it to be closed. She then appealed to the Crown Princess, and at length obtained the proper ventilation.

It is unnecessary to follow the history of Miss Lees. After her return from Germany she prepared to make a voyage to Canada and the United States, to inspect the hospitals there. She accomplished her object in the winter of 1873, and saw everything that was to be seen at Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Annapolis. Of late years Miss Lees has become Directress of the Westminster Nursing Association, and still continues in her good work.

Many women, young and old, nobly devote themselves to work such as this. They go into the courts and alleys of our towns and cities and nurse those who might lie and die but for their services. Neither their hands nor their minds are stained by performing the humblest and most repelling offices for their suffering fellow-creatures. Need we mention the work of Mrs. Walker among the poor girls in Poplar, Miss Octavia Hill in the West End Courts, Mrs. Vickars among the fallen women at Brighton, Miss Robinson among the soldiers at Portsmouth? It must be confessed that these are exceptional workers and that the world is still crowded with the helpless, the fallen, the poor, and the destitute, without any help.

There is a great deal of heroism in common life that is never known. There is, perhaps, more heroism among the poor than among the rich. The former have greater sympathy with their neighbors. A street beggar said that he always got more coppers from the poor street girls than from anybody else. Virtue commands respect even in a beggar's garb.

"Men talk about heroes and the heroic element," says Mr. Binney; "there is abundance of room for the display of the latter in many positions of obscure city life, and many of the former have lived and worked nobly, though unknown. The noblest biographies have not always been written. There have been great, heroic men, who have toiled on in their daily duties, and suffered, and sacrificed, and kept their integrity; who served God, and helped their connections, and got on themselves; who have displayed, in all this, qualities of character, of mind, courage, goodness, that would have honored a bishop, a general, or a judge."

We have lately had taken from us Mary Carpenter, a true Sister of Charity. In the course of her active life she devoted herself to the reclamation of the neglected poor. She founded and superintended a reformatory institution in Bristol, the success of which proved a revelation to the country at large. Armed with purity of purpose, she went into courts and alleys through which a policeman could scarcely walk. The horrors of the black slums were opened to her sight. Nothing daunted, nothing disgusted her. She obtained the children for her Ragged Schools from these miserable quarters. She went to work with an intrepidity equal to that of John Howard himself. Her pen was always at work, keeping the subject continually before the public. At length she won a great victory, for the government adopted her project, and established Reformatory and Industrial Schools which have done so much for the abandoned classes. There are thousands of men in our army and navy, and in all our industries, who have reason to bless the name of Mary Carpenter. Age did not stay her merciful work. In her sixtieth year she went out to India, to

plant the seeds of her educational system in the eastern world. She paid in all four visits to India—the last being in 1876, when she was approaching her seventieth year. She lived to see the fruits of her labors springing up in all directions—in a generation of men and women who, but for her, would have been left in the surroundings of vice and crime. What can be said of such women, and of their noble sisters in such self-denying labors, but that they constitute the honor and the hope of the human race?

The late Mrs. Chisholm adopted a new field of work. She devoted herself to helping young women to emigrate, and to watch over them until they were properly cared for. When about to start from Southampton with a large number of emigrants, she and her husband were entertained at a banquet, at which she gave an account of the manner in which she had been impelled to take up her labor. "The idea of life," she said, "being a task leading on, when well performed, to the inexpressible happiness of Heaven, I learned on the knee of Leigh Richmond when a mere child. And I remember myself, after this, in my childish years, playing with boats of walnut-shells, at removing the separated members of families across the sea to rejoin each other in a foreign country. And I also distinctly remember putting a Wesleyan preacher and a Roman Catholic priest in the same shell as being part of my play. My notions on these points must have arisen from the practice of my mother of letting me stop in the room when neighbors called, some of whom were travellers, and men of thought, who talked of missions—missionaries then beginning to be a topic of conversation. These ideas continually haunted me as I grew up. And I had the advantage of a mother to whom I owe whatever energy of character I have; for it was her constant maxim to me never to shed a tear, or allow a fear to turn me from my purpose."

As she grew up she became attached to an officer in the Indian army. But before the betrothal she told him that she felt a commission had been given her from above to devote all her energies to relieving human suffering, whenever the scene of his duties might lie abroad. He

loved her all the more because of her maiden confession; he agreed to all that she proposed; and the handsome couple were married soon after. The husband faithfully adhered to the condition of his marriage; and not only so, but he helped his wife in her work. The time arrived when it was necessary to make arrangements for the interest of the emigrants who had been sent out in 1850; and Captain Chisholm immediately set sail for Australia at his own expense. Before going, the two halved their small income and separated.

Mrs. Chisholm afterward went to India and founded an Institution for the daughters of European soldiers, called a Female School of Industry, which still exists. In 1838 she and her husband visited Australia for change of air.

"There," she says, "I found some hundred single women, unprotected, unemployed, numbers more continuing to arrive in ships; and almost the whole falling into an immoral course of life, as a necessary result. I applied myself to the task of getting these poor creatures into safety, and decent situations as servants. I met with discouragement on all hands, but I persevered, and I succeeded in my object. The governor, at length, allowed me to sleep in a small room with the girls at the Emigrant Barracks. It was, it is true, full of rats, as I found the first night I entered it; but these I poisoned, and stuck to my post. I was thus able to get a personal influence and control over the girls. I founded a college to get them engagements in the bush, and I got some hundreds of girls into good places. In pursuing this object I at length found it necessary to take large parties of these unprotected girls into the bush to procure places, and that I must accompany these parties myself. This I did for several years. The parties varied from 100 to 150 each. So I worked on for many years in Australia. I advanced much money for the conveyance of emigrants; but so honestly was I repaid these advances that all my losses did not amount, during this period, to £20. And, under God's blessing, I was the means of procuring engagements, and of settling no less than 1,000 souls, in the aggregate, before I left—a vast proportion of whom, being young women, were saved from falling into a life of infamy. I shall never forget the warmth of my reception this day, and that of the health of my husband and children, whom I have bred up in the maxim—to trust to themselves, and work for themselves; and never, if they have any regard for their mother's memory, to look for government patronage, or take government pay."

Some may think that those are no true examples of hero-

ism. More striking examples may be given—of men and women devoting themselves to rescue the lives of shipwrecked mariners at sea. A story comes to us from Western Australia telling us of the brave deeds of a young gentlewoman—Grace Vernon Bussell. The steamer *Georgette* had stranded on the shore near Perth. A boat was got out with the women and children on board, but it was swamped by the surf, which was running very high. The poor creatures were all struggling in the water, clinging to the boat, and in imminent peril of their lives, when, on the top of a steep cliff, appeared a young lady on horseback.

Her first thought was how to save these drowning women and children. She galloped down the cliff—how, it is impossible to say—urged her horse into the surf, and, beyond the second line of the breakers, she reached the boat. She succeeded in bringing the women and children on shore. There was still a man left, and she plunged into the sea again, and rescued him. So fierce was the surf that four hours were occupied in landing fifty persons. As soon as they were on shore the heroic lady, drenched with the sea-foam, and half fainting with fatigue, galloped off to her home, twelve miles distant, to send help and relief to the rescued people on the sea-beach. Her sister now took up the work. She went back through the woods to the shore, taking with her a provision of tea, milk, sugar, and flour. Next day the rescued were brought to her house, and cared for until they were sufficiently recovered to depart on their solitary ways. It is melancholy to have to record that Mrs. Brookman, the heroine's sister, took cold in the midst of her exertions, and died of brain fever.

Not less brave was the conduct of a young woman in the Shetlands, who went to sea to save the lives of some fishermen, when no one else would volunteer to go. A violent storm had broken over the remote island of Unst, when the fishing fleet—the chief stay of the inhabitants—was at sea. One by one the boats reached the haven in safety; but the last boat was still out, and it was observed by those ashore that she was in great difficulties. She capsized, and the sailors were seen struggling in the water. At this juncture,

Helen Petrie, a slender lass, stepped forward and urged that an attempt to rescue them should be made at all hazards. The men said it was certain death to those who wished to put off in such a storm.

Nevertheless, Helen Petrie was willing to brave death. She hastily stepped into a small boat. Her sister-in-law joined her; and her father, lame of one hand, went in to take charge of the rudder. Two of the crew of the fishing boat had already disappeared, but two remained, clinging to the upturned keel of their craft. It was these the women went to save. After great exertions, they reached the wreck. Just as they approached it, one of the men was washed off, and he would certainly have been drowned had not Helen caught him by his hair, and dragged him into the boat. The other man was also rescued, and the whole returned to the haven in safety. Helen Petrie afterward earned her bread in obscurity, as a domestic servant, until her death the other day reminded people who knew her story of her existence.* Heroines must, one would suppose, be abundant in a country where such a thing could happen.

And Grace Darling! Who can forget her—the heroic woman of the Longstone Lighthouse? The desolate Fern Islands lie off the north-east coast of Northumberland—a group of stern basaltic rocks, black and bare, with a dangerous sea roaring about them. In stormy weather they are inaccessible for days and weeks together. They have no other inhabitants but the gulls and puffins that scream about the rocks. But on the farthest point, the Longstone Rock, a lighthouse had been erected to warn off the ships passing between England and Scotland. Two old persons—a man and his wife—and a young woman, their daughter, were the keepers of the lighthouse, on a wild night in September, 1838.

The steamer *Forfarshire* was on its voyage from Hull to Dundee. The ship was in bad condition. The boilers were so defective that the fires had to be extinguished shortly after she left Hull. Nevertheless, she toiled on until she reached St. Abb's Head, when a terrible storm drove her

* *Standard*, June 28, 1879.

back. She drifted through the night before the wind, until, in the early morning, she struck with tremendous force on the Hawkers rocks. The ship broke her back, and snapped in two. Nine of the crew took possession of a boat, and drifted through the only outlet by which it could have escaped; they were picked up at sea and taken into Shields. Most of the passengers and crew were swept into the sea and drowned. The fore part of the vessel remained stuck on the rock; it was occupied by nine persons, crying for help.

Their cries were heard by Grace Darling at the lighthouse, half a mile off. It was the last watch before extinguishing the light at sunrise, and Grace was keeping it. Although the fog was still prevailing, and the sea was still boisterous, she saw the wrecked passengers clinging to the windlass in the fore part of the vessel. She entreated her father to let down the boat and go to sea to rescue the drowning people. William Darling declared that it would be rushing upon certain death. Yet he let down the boat, and Grace Darling was the first to enter it. The old man followed. Why speak of danger? The chances of rescue, of self-preservation, were infinitesimal. But God strengthened the woman's arm, as He had visited her heart; and away the two went, in dread and awe.

By dint of great care and vigilance the father succeeded in landing on the rock and making his way to the wreck, while Grace rowed off and on among the breakers, keeping her boat from being dashed to pieces. One by one the nine survivors were placed in the boat and carried to the lighthouse. There the mother was ready to receive them, to nurse them, to feed them, and to restore them to health and strength. They remained there for three days, until the storm abated, and they could be carried to the mainland.

The spirit of the nation was stirred by the heroic act. Gifts innumerable were sent to Grace Darling. Artists came from a distance to paint her portrait. Wordsworth wrote a poem about her. She was offered £20 a night to sit in a boat at the Adelphi Theatre during a shipwreck scene. But she would not leave her sea-girt rock. Why

should she leave the lighthouse? What place so fitting to hold this queen? One who visited her speaks of her genuine simplicity, her quiet manner, her genuine goodness.

Three years after the rescue symptoms of consumption appeared. In a few months she died, quietly, happily, religiously. Shortly before her death, says Mr. Phillips, she received a farewell visit from one of her own sex, who came in humble attire to bid her Godspeed on her last journey. The good sister was the Duchess of Northumberland, and her coronet will shine the brighter for all time because of that affectionate and womanly leave-taking. Joan of Arc has her monument. Let Grace of Northumbria have none. The deed is registered

“in the rolls of Heaven, where it will live,
A theme for angels when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed.”

On the mainland of Northumberland, nearly opposite the Fern Islands, stands the Castle of Bamborough, on a high triangular rock. In olden times it was a strong defence against the incursions of the Scots, as well as an important fortress during the civil wars of England. Of late years it has been used as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and Archdeacon Sharpe. Lord Crewe's noble appropriation of this castle has been productive of more good than any private benefaction in this country. Shipwrecks frequently occur along the coast, and every possible aid is given to the sufferers. Apartments are fitted up for thirty mariners. A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along the eight miles of coast, and if a ship appears in danger the life-boat is launched. During fogs bells are rung to keep off the vessels. When a ship is observed in distress a gun is fired, and a second time if the vessel is stranded or wrecked on the rocks. At the same time a large flag is hoisted, so that the sufferers may know that their distress is observed from the shore. There are also signals to the Holy Islands fishermen, who can put off from the islands at

times when no boat from the mainland can get over the breakers. Every help is given to those on land as well as at sea by this Samaritan Castle on the cliffs.

“Thus, like a mighty guardian angel,” says William Howitt, “stands aloft this noble castle, the watching spirit over those stormy and perilous seas, and this godlike charity lives, a glorious example of what good a man may continue to do upon earth for ages after he has quitted it. When any one sees at a distance the soaring turrets of this truly sacred fabric, majestic in its aspect as it is divine in its office, dispensing daily benefits over both land and sea, let him bless the memory of Lord Crewe, as thousands and tens of thousands, in the depths of poverty, and in the horrors of midnight darkness, have had occasion to do, and as they shall do when we, like him, sleep in the dust.”