

the virtue of her citizens, and a town owning a hospital like the Henriettenstift, whose Sisters silently preach the beauty of Christianity by their lives, has reason for more than pride—for gratitude.

I do not know of any other great public hospital (I hope many exist) whose Sisters are in sickness and health so truly "children of the house," whose matron is so thoroughly "the Mother," and where, though labouring unceasingly for, and among outsiders, there is always a family life for the Sisters in the sweetest and happiest sense of the word, a life sacred from all the rest of the world and beautiful to those who have had the privilege of catching a glimpse of it. Beautiful, especially through its undoubted unity.

At a very early period of its existence, when the little embryo Hospital was nursed into life by "great lady patronage," it was decided that it should be a "Christian Institution with a Lutheran Sisterhood," that no worker holding any other confession of faith than that preached by the sturdy miner's son—however willing, however capable, should ever belong to that "family of mercy." This resolution caused some resentment and dissatisfaction at the time, but the committee remained firm, and at present the united character of the Sisterhood, as well as its strength and influence, is said to be due to this rule.

The Hospital was named after the Duchess of Wurtemberg (mother of Queen Marie of Hanover), a lady famed for her extreme piety and charity. History tells of her, that she was "a mother of the poor," "a pillar of the Church," that "her house was plainly, almost meagrely furnished," and that "her greatest pleasure was to benefit others, to comfort the oppressed, to heal the sick and care for the old," and that at her death, "her country wept."

The hospital was opened with great ceremony on the 27th of June, 1860, in presence of the King and Queen of Hanover. The rooms destined for its use had been hired for the sum of 600 thalers (£90) a year, and there were three Sisters and a Matron to take care of them. They proved to be more than sufficient. Not a single sick person came. People eyed the whole affair suspiciously, shook their heads over "neurungess" (novelties), and preferred to nurse their own sick, or be nursed by the Roman Catholic Sisters whom they knew. This last fact was especially trying to the members of the Henriettenstift, the conviction of the necessity for a *Protestant* staff of sick nurses having been especially impressed upon them.

Germans are cautious. They are now. They were so to a far greater extent in past years before victory had given them confidence, and the union

of all the petty States had broadened their views. They mistrusted novelties.

Protestant Sisters were a novelty, consequently they were mistrusted. Moreover, sick-nursing was considered a horrid and fearful task to be dreaded and avoided (if possible), a task one could understand an enthusiastic Catholic taking up in fervour of self-abnegation; but for a possibility to be opened to their own daughters and sisters of burying themselves alive in a hospital was not to be encouraged; in fact, it was a dangerous sign of the times. The Sisters were ignored and the hospital was avoided.

The Sisters clung lovingly together during that time of trial. They felt their aims were misunderstood.

The staid burghers gave them credit for wishing to appear eccentric and exciting attention, and the housewives shook their heads, and asked if they had nothing to do at home?

Had the Queen not been the leading spirit of the movement the murmurs of discontent would have sounded more loudly. As it was they were not wanting?

Meanwhile the poor little hospital was meekly waiting for patients, and the Protestant Sisters and their "Mother" were assembled together in prayer, that their hopes and work might not be in vain.

It was a great day, a day never to be forgotten, when their hopes were realised in the shape of a patient, who had relations brave enough (or anxious enough) to brave public opinion, and send her to them to be nursed.

Fancy what it must have meant to them. Can anyone imagine the love and care lavished on that solitary "case" by the House Physician, Matron, and Sisters?

She, surely, and her relations, had some reason to spread abroad the wonderful news "that at the Henriettenstift one was nursed by angels."

This broke the ice so completely, that in a very short time the number of rooms, and of the Sisters, were far too small to satisfy the demands made on them.

From this time forth the work grew and increased with almost marvellous rapidity. In the course of twenty-four years more than sixty Hospitals, Nurseries, Industrial Schools, and Stations for district nurses—all doing well, and highly appreciated—were formed through the mediumship of the Henriettenstift. The Sisters of all these branch Institutions regard the Henriettenstift as their centre and home, its Matron as their mother, and each other as her daughters, and are governed by its laws as willingly and completely as planets revolving round their solar system.

There are Sisters living, who remember the first

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