

painted with that crude blue, and dust and dirt—covered windows high up, or even non-existent; then down some steps and to an underground passage, the men calling, "*Tenga la testa bassa*" (Keep your head low), lest she should knock against the roofing; this to her must have seemed purely infernal. Up the other side, across a passage, and through a yard, with its old well and spider-net of iron bars reaching to the various windows around. Another turn—knocking against a wall, Rachele calling, "*Adagio ragazzi*," (Gently, boys), and they laughing; across a quaint little bit of garden, up a step or two, past an ante-room, and at last into the huge ward where now the "chronics" live. This ward has a beauty of its own, with its old pictures and chapel at one end; fair light and sunshine (windows high, but sky beyond), and seems home-like and restful. But she is carried past all this and into the boarded off part of another huge ward, where all cases which may give infection are put, erysipelas, gangrene, &c., &c. In the bed next to the one destined for her is another victim of the same terror, but her face does not bear equal witness. She is white, not lead-colour, and is sitting up dressed. We put our poor patient into bed, and speak to Cecluria, the Head Nurse, an elderly woman, with the most gentle, sympathising manner and kindest of smiles. She is one of the unknown humble saints, whose years of constant kindness of service make one feel humble and ashamed. The doctor has followed, and gives instructions, saying she may have more morphine later if necessary, and then we leave her, she imploring, "*Non mi abbandoni, Signora*" (Do not forsake me). And, of course, I must continue going to her, though not in my ward, for it is quite curious what an interest it is to them—my existence here. I never make out whether it is because they think I know a great deal, or simply the class difference.

(To be continued.)

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

MESSRS. EDMONDSON, of Leeds, supply most of the uniforms for the Nursing Homes, Hospitals, &c., in Yorkshire and districts. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that they have a wonderful stock of most excellent serges at remarkably low prices. Their Estamene serge for rough wear at 1s. 0½d. yard, will come as a boon and a blessing to Nurses. The firm also have a serge that will wash, and not shrink, at 1s. 4d. yard; this would be useful for cloaks, and winter wear. Cravenette Imperial Cheviot, is a cloth that Messrs. Edmondson specially recommend; it is 56 inches wide, and they stock it in three good colours, navy, black, and brown, at 3s. per yard. Matrons and Nurses, and in fact ladies generally, would do well to send to this firm for patterns of their special autumn goods. We are assured that careful attention is given to orders by post, and the goods are all not only reliable, but are principally of English manufacture—a fact which in these days should be a strong additional inducement for their purchase.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has addressed the following letter to the Rev. T. G. Clarke, curate of St. Philip's, Birmingham, and local secretary of the Balaclava Anniversary Commemoration:—

"London,

Oct. 21st, 1895.

My dear Sir,—I could not resist your appeal, though it is an effort to me who know not what it is to have a leisure hour, to write a few words: I have not 'time to make it any shorter.' It seemed as if the most profitable way of answering your appeal was to show the great virtues of our soldiers in time of war and discipline, and to ask them to show the same virtues in times of home life in peace. As a great writer has said, 'We hate war, we admire discipline as an aid to duty.' It seemed useless to enunciate this without giving a few splendid examples which I could multiply an hundredfold, but I know it is much too long, and I generally resist all temptations to write except on ever-pressing business. I am often speaking to your Balaclava veterans in my heart, but I am much overworked; and what I speak in my heart is something like this:—The soldier has such good stuff in him, he really loves his comrade as himself; when he himself has returned out of gunshot, or he finds his comrade or his officer missing, he goes back to bring him off. How many have lost, or rather 'gained,' their own lives in this way, killed or wounded! And there has been no swagger about it. And when he loves his God, he really does love Him; accustomed to discipline, to obeying orders exactly, he sets his heart to obeying the orders of God, the great Commander-in-Chief, exactly—the orders of truth, holiness, and love. He becomes a real Christian; he resists temptation; he becomes pure, sober, active in doing good to others—to his wife and children first, if he has any.

There are brave home-livers, brave cripples, brave invalids, as well as brave soldiers. Men are not always fighting with bayonet and gun, but with the world, the flesh, and the devil; not minding being chaffed, keeping their bodies as the temples of God, just and truthful in all their doings. In India a well-known Commander-in-Chief, whenever there was anything very hard to be done, used to say, 'Call out the saints, for Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk.'

Fight the good fight; never forget you are the brave soldiers of God, who loves you. You are fighting for Him and His England now. God bless you, and He will bless you. Such are the thoughts for the old soldiers of His faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

A very interesting "Occasional Paper," issued by the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, gives a very hopeful outlook of the prospect of women obtaining their long-wished-for vote. From a calculation based on previous support and promises from the members of the existing House of Commons it would appear, in the event of a debate

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