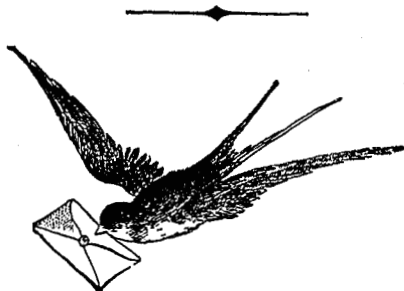


British Home for Incurables, Streatham (Office : 72, Cheapside, E.C.)—Helpless! Hopeless!! Homeless!!! These pathetic words form the motto of the British Home for Incurables at Streatham, which national charity provides for the Nursing and comfort, but not expensive luxury, of the suffering inmates of the Home. The Board of Management earnestly appeal for 500 new annual subscribers of one guinea each to enable them to fill the empty beds in the new Home now in occupation at Streatham, and which was opened in July, 1894, by the Princess of Wales, this being the first charity in England to receive the patronage of Her Royal Highness. The charity has now 59 inmates, 15 having been elected at the recent half-yearly general meeting. The Home is supposed to accommodate 70 in-patients, but the furnishing of some of the rooms is not yet complete, owing to lack of money. The Home is intended for those who once having been in a position of comfort are now in necessitous circumstances, and so far incapacitated by incurable disease as to be unable to assist themselves, and are either bedridden or greatly dependent on others in the various offices of life. The Home provides medical attendance, good nursing, and the comforts of a Home. Those only partially disabled, and living with friends, are granted annuities of £20, and there are now nearly 300 such pensioners. The charity is perfectly unsectarian. A Seaside Home has been opened at Margate, for which funds are urgently needed. Applications are constantly being received from all parts of the United Kingdom. Cheques and postal orders to be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and sent to the Secretary, Mr. Robert G. Salmond.



Our Foreign Letter.

A GERMAN PIONEER.—I.

TO-DAY when so much is being said and read about "white slavery," overwork and oppression, I fancy a short sketch of the work of a Nursing pioneer of half a century ago will not be out of time or place. It is from early chronicles of the great order of Deaconess Nurses (an order already described in the NURSING RECORD of May, 1895), that I have culled my notes.

The last census of the order of Deaconesses lies before me. It shows that 3,641 centres employ 10,412 Deaconess Sisters. In Protestant communities of Germany there is no more popular class of Nurses. Nursing reform in Germany owes much to them—more than it is possible to calculate in these days of universal progress and improvement, when the rising generation of Nurses is inclined to rap the knuckles of its ancestral colleagues, unaware or indifferent to

the historical fact that they had to combat difficulties of which the present race is almost incapable of judging.

So fully do the Deaconess Nurses and their work, their numerous subordinate helpers, their equally capable "imitators," enter into the lives of the people, that it is difficult to imagine a time in which they were not—that it is only 62 years since the first seed of the harvest of good works was sown by a simple-hearted woman who, to save one wretched girl whom all the world cast out, turned her little primitive summer-house at Kaiserswerth into a refuge, and worked in all singleness of heart to save this one poor waif. This little summer-house is acknowledged as the *first* of the Kaiserswerth institutions, and to this deed of humanity that has hallowed its memory is given the honour of being the *first* link in the great chain of after-events.

It was Frederika Fliedner who owned the first institution of Kaiserswerth. She was a clergyman's wife, a woman full of practical common sense, true to home and parish duties, true to her husband, true to her children, true, above all things, to the creed of charity that she professed.

Frederika was born on January 25th, 1800, in the picturesque town of Braunfels. Her father was a teacher in a boy's school of the place, and she herself one of those happy natures who instinctively carry out the spirit of the text—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Added to this she was unconsciously charitable and unselfish, working for others from infancy to her death at the age of 42 with a fervour and faith that never wavered in the course of action she accepted as her duty. With all her deep religious feeling there was nothing hysterical or ecstatic about Frederika. In her clear, well-balanced mind, thought always led her to action of extremely practical nature. *No* duty seemed small to her, no work that wanted *doing* impossible. And best of all, when the work was done she could honestly and whole-heartedly thank her Creator for having brought it to pass, while she herself—far too busy and simple for vanity—*turned to the next thing.*

Precise and lengthy chronicles of her daily life lie before me as I write, chronicles that paint a career of daily courage and patience which make great results seem natural.

Until the age of 25 Frederika was busied in her father's household, occupied just as faithfully and earnestly in the welfare of her brothers and sisters as she was later on in the broader interests of humanity. Although these interests had appealed to her for many years, she did not leave her family until she fully realised that she could be spared. She began her publicly beneficent career in an asylum for orphans and destitute children that had been founded by Count von der Recke in Overdyk. There she worked earnestly for two years, when a severe brain fever obliged her to rest.

In 1828 she married Theodore Fliedner of Kaiserswerth, a man whose humanity equalled her own. In 1826 he had founded the Rheinisch-Westfaelische

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