

## A Mission of Mercy.

TRAINED NURSES may be proud to count as one of their number Mrs. Ormiston Chant, whose large-hearted sympathy with all forms of work for the good of women, and whose intolerance of injustice and oppression are well known. Mrs. Chant (formerly

Miss Laura Ormiston Dibbin) was trained at the General Hospital, Nottingham, in the seventies, and held the responsible position of Sister of the Sophia Wards at the London Hospital for upwards of two years. Here presumably "love told a flattering tale," as we next hear of the brilliant Miss Dibbin as the wife of Dr. Thomas Chant.

The Editor was anxious for information as to Mrs. Chant's late visit to Bulgaria on a mission of mercy to the Armenian refugees, and as a reply to a request for this, I received a courteous invitation to breakfast at 49, Gower Street, as a preliminary to obtaining the information we desired. I gladly availed myself of the invitation, and was introduced to Mrs. Chant's home circle. I found myself

wondering why this gentle lady, of all people, should have been forced into the disagreeably prominent public positions, into which her principles have at various times constrained her. In her own house she is the centre around which all revolves. Beloved by her husband, and adored by her children, she is evidently supremely content with her lot, and is probably the last woman of whom it could be said that she had taken up public work to fill a gap which circumstances had left empty. But her

high ideal of duty has forced her into the very forefront of the fray, in the battle against vice, oppression, and wrong, and like all pioneers she has suffered much from detraction, misrepresentation and insult. Happily for her peace of mind Mrs. Chant is able to look beyond the present, and sees in the far future causes for which she has suffered so much, victorious and triumphant.

I cannot do better than to give her graphic account of her recent visit to Bulgaria in her own words.

"I went out, on Lady Henry Somerset's behalf, to distribute two tons of clothing to the destitute and starving refugees who had escaped from the horrible massacres by the Turks in Armenia. This was contributed from all parts of England and Scotland, and was so bulky that it had to go by ship, and meet us at Varna, a little seaport on the coast of the Black Sea. One Scotch firm alone had given a case of 100 blankets. This clothing was partly distributed in Bulgaria, the rest being sent to the interior of Armenia, where the destitution was far more terrible than in Europe. I also went out to gain all information possible as to the conditions and number of re-

fugees, and the amount and kind of relief required. I was special correspondent for four American papers, and had one of the most interesting experiences that can be imagined. I was accompanied by an Armenian gentleman as secretary and interpreter. This was all the more necessary as I did not know a word of Armenian, Bulgarian, or Turkish. On the journey out our first stop was at Vienna, where we were most hospitably entertained by the owner of the most beautiful theatre in the world—Keith's Theatre,



MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

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