

to hold their own in deep debate and discussion—in a word, here one has the opportunity of learning at first hand the movements and tendencies of modern life from the very people who are working them out. Questions of municipal management, the schools and educational problems, industrial and economic conditions, the various directions in which social reforms are trying to develop: all these are being lived by the people who come to the Settlement, and this daily contact with the real things that are going on in the world gives an indescribable charm and fascination to the life. One seems, there, to be at the very heart of all things.

The practical side is sure to occur to nurses, and they will now ask "how is all this supported and kept going?" One naturally thinks of executive boards, of committees, reports, and all that sort of thing, but here there is absolutely nothing of the kind. The Settlement is entirely elastic and uncrystallized. It has never been hampered by any formula or code. There is no outside management, no committee of ladies, no board of directors. No public or formal reports are ever issued, no appeals are ever made for money. Even in the daily press the head of the house, with great skill and tact, avoids "writing up." Only in papers or magazines having some bond of interest does the Settlement go into print.

The houses are given, and provision for the nurses is made in the form of fellowships, offered by different persons who are interested and want to help. One is given by the Directors of the Presbyterian Hospital and the Nurses' Alumnae Association of the training school. Nurses frequently offer their services for a month or two, or come there and pay their board to get an insight into the work. Eleven people constitute the two regular families, and they share alike in the expenses of living, no fixed allowance being attempted, or stated sum. One member undertakes the housekeeping, sees the people who come on all sorts of errands, and presides in the little dispensary where appliances of all kinds are kept on hand for emergencies, and where supplies of clothing and conveniences for the sick are stored, to be carried out and used or loaned by the nurses.

An "Emergency Fund" to meet the incidental expenses of district nursing and Settlement work is well remembered by sympathetic friends.

The next establishment to be opened in connection with the "Nurses Settlement" is a small country house. This they plan to have in readiness before many months and hope to extend their hospitality to the city-worn and convalescents to whom a few weeks in the country might be restorative.

"Parliament Joan."

It is to the glory of the nation as well as of Florence Nightingale herself, that her noble work was not allowed to be a failure, for historical evidence proves undeniably that no individual alone has power to bring about reform if the spirit of the times is not ready for it. Florence Nightingale was happily born in the present century, which has seen the awakening of the National Conscience to the recognition of the duty owed to the poor and suffering, and she found other women ready to help her in her philanthropic efforts, and suffered from no lack of funds to enable her to carry out her work.

A far different tale is told of a woman inspired with the same enthusiasm of love and self-sacrifice over two hundred years ago. According to the accounts collected from the State Papers of that date and given us by Professor Gardiner in his latest published volume on the Commonwealth, it appears that after one of the great naval battles between the Dutch and English which took place during the struggle for the North Sea in Cromwell's time, the sick and wounded were distributed amongst the towns and villages on the East coast. Surgeons were sent down to attend them, and a kindly widow, Elizabeth Atkin, familiarly known as Parliament Joan, volunteered to tend them on their sick beds. It was easier in those days to organize help than to find funds to support it. The householders on whom the wounded were quartered, complained bitterly that they were left unpaid, and they grew tired of their guests, while Parliament Joan herself could get no advance on the £5 given her when she went down to Harwich, beyond 20s. from the Mayor, and £10 from Major Bourne, who had charge of the Maritime District. The whole of the latter sum she spent not only on the English sick and wounded, but on the Dutch prisoners as well, seeing, as she wrote, "their wants and misery were so great, I could not but have pity upon them, although our enemies." The constant strain on her strength bore her down, and she was compelled to return to London, her life wrecked by her lonely strivings to assuage the sufferings of the seamen. We can imagine the heart-sickness with which she looked for the help that never came, and the anguish it must have caused her to part from the poor sufferers she had nursed without leaving anyone to take her place. Another two centuries were to pass over England before similar efforts on the part of a woman met with the appreciation due to them; Florence Nightingale is a name familiar to all; that of Elizabeth Atkin is known to few, but it is nevertheless not the less worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of her fellow women.

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