response to the still small voice within, carrying into practical effect the injunction of Him who Himself had entered that quiet little home at Bethany, and "wept" there, "Do unto others as (similarly situated) ye would that others should do unto you." In good sooth, we have never read of Miss Nightingale passing by on the other side, as many do, in such a time as this.

However, in due course, Miss Martineau recovered; and the public will not soon forget how nobly and how well these two friends worked in concert together—the one by personal service, and the other with her pen—throughout that prolonged and terrible Crimean War, notorious for its blunders, officialism, and red-tape. Then happy, thrice happy is the heart which recognises that brooding peace, that ever-present love which needs no creed profession, no flowing emotion, no excitement of nerve to see God, which knows that the Lord is not in the tempest, or the earthquake, or the fire, but in that *still small voice.*

Of the thrilling incidents of the Crimea we have just caught a passing glimpse; but these have hastened us on a decade or more. It was on the 21st of October, 1854, that Miss Nightingale, accompanied by forty-two Trained Nurses, set sail for the Crimea. Upon the details of this war it is unnecessary for us to enter now. On the occasion of her return to England, Her Majesty presented her with a jewel in commemoration of her work, and the country recognised it by subscribing the sum of fifty thousand pounds as a testimonial. But such services can never be paid for with money at any time. Then Miss Nightingale's social position had previously raised her above dependence. Content therewith, she did not accept the money for her own personal benefit. It was ultimately devoted to the permanent endowment of schools for the training of Nurses in St. Thomas's and King's College Hospitals. So the work developed. The mantle shed by Mrs. Fry, it would seem, had fallen upon the shoulders of Florence Nightingale; and time has since shown how gracefully she has worn it, and how stainless she has kept it.

> "She laboured better than she knew,
> And the mighty work to beauty grew."

Since Miss Nightingale's labours in the East, no European war has taken place without calling forth the services of trained bands of skilled Nurses.

Passing on, a cursory transit through the following decade shows it to have been big with meaning and pregnant with results. And evidence is not wanting which leads us strongly to the conclusion that the potent influences set in motion during the Crimean War, had, in the meantime, shaken the entire European world to its very foundations. So now we catch a passing view of an incidental circumstance—viz., its representatives sitting in deliberation at the Geneva Convention, making rules and regulations with the avowed object of ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded in war. This brings our sketch down to a generation or so back. "By this convention," says Mrs. Fawcett, "all ambulances and military Hospitals were neutralised, and their inmates and staff were henceforth regarded as non-combatants. The distinguishing cross of the Geneva Convention is now universally recognised as the one civilised element in the savagery of war."

Proceeding with our "lantern views," we next obtain a bird's-eye view of the Workhouses and Workhouse Infirmaries of from twenty to about thirty years ago; for truly there is something strangely fascinating and interesting in *tracing*, as we can sometimes do, the connection of one piece of work to another. Well, about this time two more remarkable women became distinctly visible in the "Nursing horoscope"—Miss Agnes Elizabeth Jones and Miss Dorothy Wyndlaw Pattison. Of Agnes Jones's training, Miss Nightingale once said, "She went through all the work of a soldier and thereby fitted herself for being the best general we ever had."

"Sister Agnes," as she was called, was made of good stuff, and hailed from the Emerald Isle, although she was born at Cambridge in the year 1832. Up to the time of her death, however, she remained loyal to her own "dear old Erin." The ancient and populous town of Liverpool is the place with which her name stands chiefly connected. Mr. William Rathbone, of Liverpool, unto whose name in the training and organisation of Nurses, also the development of Nursing, the future historian will undoubtedly allot a prominent place, was at this time taking a great interest in the amelioration of the condition of the sick in Workhouse Infirmaries. These were, in those days, in a deplorable condition, and it was deemed desirable to relieve them of that wretched system which spelt the care of the sick confided to "worn-out old thieves, worn-out old drunkards." It was under these circumstances that Agnes Jones, now thirty-three years of age, was called to the post of Superintendent of a band of about fifty Nurses, one hundred and fifty pauper "scourers," and from one thousand two hundred and twenty to one thousand three hundred and fifty patients. Then the two winters which followed—1865 and 1866—will perhaps long be remembered as the terrible and distressing period of the cotton famine in Lancashire.

That Agnes Jones's was a depressing, difficult,

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