

monasteries. The monks understood medicine, and the nuns (as they are now) were devoted in sickness—what they lacked in science they made up in self-abnegation and patience. Besides this, there were not so many diseases. The march of intellect has done much since then, and people led much more simple lives. At that time, too, ladies of high rank made the care of the sick their study; and villagers used to flock to the castle for "my lady" to try her hand on. Herbs and plants were greatly esteemed, and used with great skill. I think these ladies, and the Sisters of Charity, who were silently famous, will bring us to the

PRESENT CENTURY,

which, for the rapid progress of everything—the great development of science, art, and knowledge, the culture of taste, and the universal "go" in all directions—stands unsurpassed in the annals of the world's history. We have yet a few years of this marvellous nineteenth remaining, and if we conclude with the same velocity that characterises the present pace we are now running through the sands of time, we shall probably find ourselves landed, not "up in a balloon," but much more advanced—"up in the clouds." Many, to my knowledge, have "attempted" flying-machines, and only just missed it. The *idea* is there, and that it will soon be realised is within the bounds of possibility. Many people, in their despair and unutterable grief, run into song, and, with the Psalmist, cry, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" It is a beautiful idea, as well as poetic and romantic; but what a large *dove* some of us would require ere we could be wafted away to forgetfulness and elsewhere. Yet it will doubtless be a wish easily gratified "in the sweet by-and-by"; and there may be the same variety from which to select in point of size, colour, and bearing power as we have now in dress as well as locomotive machines generally. Artists tell us that the silver wing of a dove against the azure blue of the summer sky forms one of the most lovely harmonies and effective contrasts conceivable; but the poetic charm will vanish and the artist nature will shudder to see attached, perhaps, to those silver wings a form, varying in size from an elephant to a large bat, and the general effect of those "celestial *voyageurs*" will at least be very funny on those preferring *terra firma*.

We must now go on with the present, resuming the subject of the sick and those connected with them. The first woman to become famous in

Loeffund's Malt Extract Lozenges contain 30 per cent. "Pure Hordeum" with white sugar. Best lozenges for children, delicious flavour, very digestible, cause no acidity. Invaluable for throat affections. In tins and bottles, 6d. and 10d. R. Baelz and Co. 14-20, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

the Nursing world, and to place her foot on the ladder of fame, is (figuratively)

SAIREY GAMP.

From the pen of one of our greatest writers, who, as a delineator of every phase of the human character, stands without a rival, we are all familiar with her and her type. She and her sisterhood have assisted many to throw off this mortal coil; many a hearth has been left desolate by the "powers of absorption" of the "Sairey Gamps." Can anyone imagine a more pitiable spectacle than a helpless, human being, alone, suffering, and dying, and at the mercy of a virago, rendered savage by the potions she has imbibed? I have seen worthy descendants of Mrs. Gamp—a refined and gilded edition. The nature was the same; the love of drink was there in secret; the cruel temper was only curbed by the presence of a superior; but it was this higher class of supervision that made the first advance towards an improved system of Nursing, and brings us on to (we may say)

THE PRESENT PERIOD.

At first gradual, but always steady, as with a goal to reach, the condition of Nurses has latterly made such progress that it seems to me they have arrived at the highest pinnacle of success, and what appears to be the summit of honour and of their ambition.

This nineteenth century will probably come to be known as one in which women have come very much to the front. Amongst the first workers for the good of others—though connected more with the purifying of prison life and general philanthropy than with Nursing—is

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY,

and it was more remarkable in her time than now, she belonging to that retiring and now almost unknown sect, the Quakers. She devoted her whole life to the care of the most repulsive and guilty of their sex; she succeeded in thoroughly improving the wretched condition of their lives, and in rendering them less like fiends and more like human beings. Her great beauty and charm of manner at last completely subdued their barbarous nature, and her name is now a matter of history. She also formed a Nursing Sisterhood, and sowed the seed of the Nursing profession, leaving the tender plant under the care of other noble women to blossom into a tree, whose branches spread over all the civilised world. Noble traits of character and disposition are hereditary, and Mrs. Fry is a true type of the great Gurney family of Norwich. The

Loeffund's Alpine "Cream-Milk," pure, sterilized, unsweetened) condensed on Professor Dr. Soxhlet's principle and directly under his supervision. The richest, most nourishing, and delicious. Best and safest condensed milk for infants. Scarcely to be distinguished from the finest fresh cream. 6d. R. Baelz and Co. 14-20, St. Mary Axe, F.C.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)