entry in the Prince's diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system, and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest."

About a fortnight later, we are told, Miss Nightingale became the Queen's guest, "the time of her visit being so fixed as to give Lord Panmure, who was then at Balmoral, an opportunity of learning from her own lips the story of what she had seen and the conclusions she had drawn from her great and remarkable experience in the East."

Florence Nightingale had evaded a public ovation on her return from Scutari, but the magnificent testimonial of fifty thousand pounds was presented by the nation and army, in recognition of her splendid services; but by her request this sum was devoted to the formation of a Training Home for Nurses in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. It is called "The Nightingale Home," and has a reputation worthy of its founder.

The fearful physical strain of those two years in the East on her already enfeebled condition, wrought permanent injury to her health, and since her return Miss Nightingale has spent her time in enforced retirement and in the inaction of a sick room. We are told "that she sees only her nearest relatives and friends, and has scarcely strength to pen a letter; but the anniversary of a Crimean victory is never overlooked, and veterans who remain are sure of a message from 'the Soldiers' Friend.'" But from time to time, as strength permitted, there has been good work done in that quiet room.

In 1858 she published her valuable "Notes on Nursing," and the following year also "Notes on Hospitals," which, as we are told, "from their clearness of arrangement and minuteness of detail, are most valuable to the architect, the engineer, and the medical officer."

In the year 1863 was issued the Report of the Commission on the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India. These

reports were sent in manuscript to Miss Nightingale, and at page 347 of vol. i. are inserted her incisive and admirable observations upon this immense mass of evidence.

In 1871 Miss Nightingale published "Notes on Lying-in Hospitals"; in 1873, "Life or Death in India," and (in *Fraser's Magazine)* "A Note of Interrogation," which attracted a good deal of attention, mainly on account of the way she handles religious beliefs and life.

From America and from European governments her advice has been sought as to army sanitation. She assisted in founding the Red Cross Society.

The "Notes on Nursing" is an extremely valuable pamphlet. It is not intended as a manual for nurses; but, in Miss Nightingale's own words, "They (the Notes) are meant simply to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others. Every woman, or at least almost every woman, in England has, at one time or other of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid—in other words, every woman is a nurse."

These Nursing Notes are full of practical common sense, and should be in the hands of every mistress of a household. Some of these hints are epigrammatic in their conciseness. Two or three may be quoted.

"Everything you do in a patient's room, after he is 'put up' for the night, increases tenfold the risk of his having a bad night; but if you rouse him up after he has fallen asleep, you do not risk, you secure him a bad night."

"Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake the bed upon which a patient lies."

"Conciseness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. . . . Let your doubt be to yourself, your decision to them. . . . Irresolution is what all patients most dread."

"Above all, leave the sick room quietly, and come into it quietly; not suddenly, not with a rush."

"If there is some matter which must be read to a sick person, do it slowly."

"When a person is compelled, by the pressure of occupation, to continue his business while sick, it ought to be a rule, *without any exception whatever*, that no one shall bring business to him or talk to him while he is taking food, nor go on talking to him on interesting subjects up to the last moment before his meals, nor make an engagement with him immediately after, so that there be hurry of mind while taking them."

And in hints on sick diet it is a relief to know that Miss Nightingale does not disapprove of the favourite panacea of women, a cup of tea. "A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people," she observes; "and a great deal too much tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the natural and almost universal craving in English sick for their 'tea,' you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. . . . It is however certain that there is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea; he can take it when he can take nothing else, and he often will not take anything else if he has it not. I should be very glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient after a sleepless night instead of tea. . . . At the same time you should never give tea or coffee to the sick, as a rule, after five o'clock in the afternoon."

Another caution is given further on, which is put in rather an amusing way. "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was

set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'"

"Terrible is the injury that comes to the sick from such wild notions. . . . What would the Mère Angélique of Port Royal, what would our own Mrs. Fry, have said to this? . . . Oh, leave these jargons and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart."

The first Home for District Nurses was opened at 37, Bloomsbury Square, under the management of Miss Lee. Miss Nightingale, who had already made an urgent appeal for "The Founding of a Metropolitan and National Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor," took a great interest in this institution.

A Daughter of Santa Filomena, indeed! Well may the honoured name of Florence Nightingale be enshrined in every English heart. In our generation there is no more noble example than that of our dear Lady of the Lamp, "the Queen of Nurses, and the Soldiers' Friend."

Elizabeth Fry

ELIZABETH FRY.

CHAPTER I

THE SEVEN SISTERS

"The purpose of time in thus proving thee, is to set on thine hear the seal of self-denial and virtue."—HAFIZ.

"Obey! Be still and wait for word which He will say! The Lord's time is the servant's time."—SAADI.

AUGUSTUS HARE, in his delightful memorials of the Quaker family "The Gurneys of Earlham," has given us a charming description of the home where Elizabeth Fry, once Betsy Gurney, spent her girlhood. The picture is so ably drawn, that one seems to see it all plainly—"the little park that was scarcely more than a paddock," the oval drive with its quaint name "The World," the wide lawns and terraces, the gleaming river crossed by a bridge, the low hall, the sitting-room of the seven sisters, and that pleasant chamber called "Mrs. Catherine's Chamber," which the mother-sister occupied, and where, as he tells us, "in her old age, with her beautiful intonation and delicate sense of fitting emphasis, she would assemble the young Norwich clergy to teach them how the Scriptures should be fittingly read."

The Norfolk Gurneys claim their descent from the ancient barons of Gournay in Normandy, some of whom came over with William the Conqueror. This part of their history has been written by Daniel Gurney of Ructon. One of their ancestors, Sir John de Gurney, fought with Prince Edward in the Holy Land. Another, frequently mentioned

in "Froissart's Chronicles," fought in all the great battles of Edward III. and the Black Prince.

From a younger son of the Gurneys of Barsham and Harpley came the family of Gurney which settled at Keswick in Norfolk, and embraced the tenets of the Society of Friends. John Gurney, the father of Elizabeth Fry, was a remarkably attractive young man; in 1773 he married Catherine, a younger daughter of Daniel Bell, of Stamford Hill. At the time of his marriage he carried on the business of a wool-stapler and spinner of worsted yarn; but in 1803 he and his brothers, Richard and Joseph, were admitted as partners in the Norwich bank by his cousin, Bartlett Gurney. Catherine Bell was a handsome brunette; and there is a delightful picture by Gainsborough, now in the possession of Mrs. Priscilla Wrightson, of the Old Hall, Hurworth-on-Tees, in which Catherine is delineated with her sister Priscilla and her brother-in-law, Edward Wakefield—Catherine in a brown gown, apron of clear muslin, and tan-coloured gloves, a graceful, sweet-looking maiden.

During the first years of their married life the young couple always resided in the winter in the old "Court-house" in Magdalen Street, which was convenient for its nearness to the woollen yarn factory. Here the six eldest children were born. Their summer home was a country cottage at Bramerton, standing on a well-wooded common, with a garden and cherry orchard; "indeed," Mrs. Fry afterwards said, "that the idea of Paradise and that garden were always one in her mind." The family was a large one; there were five sons and seven daughters. There is a quaint description given by Hannah Gurney in her old age, relating to the birth of the youngest boy.

"We, the younger girls, were spending the morning at the farther end of the kitchen garden, old nurse with us. Becky came to say a boy was born, and I remember the party of