The years have come and gone since then, but still working-men are often seen standing by Sister Dora's statue at Walsall, talking of the accidents which are sculptured round its base. For many years it had the unique honour of being the only uncrowned woman's statue in England, and it is likely that for many more it will stand alone as a memorial of what can be done, not in the vast fields of literature and art but, in a sphere where the mere right to live is challenged.

It is here that a woman's hand and a woman's heart are more to be desired than even the highest efforts of medical science and surgical skill, for without good nursing the wisdom of the physician is practically nullified.

As Florence Nightingale, the grandest of nurses and of our living "old maids," truly says, "Nursing is an art, and requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work"

Her touching words relative to Agnes Jones, the pioneer of workhouse nursing, in 1868, are no less applicable to Sister Dora. "She lived the life and died the death of the saints and martyrs, though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they

acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her 'Father's business.' To follow Him she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork.

"Shall we let her have died in vain?"

MA RY KINGSLEY

MARY KINGSLEY.

From a photograph by H. Edmunds Hull, in the possession of Mr Charles Kingsley.

MARY KINGSLEY.

"I WAS born in Islington—let alone it being highly ridiculous for it to matter where," was Mary Kingsley's quaint answer to a person of inquiring mind who was anxious to locate her birthplace.

The answer is very characteristic. She couldn't imagine that any one would be interested enough in her for the question to be worth asking; and to find herself suddenly famous was a revelation which appealed more to her sense of humour than to any personal feeling of vanity or ambition. This absence of self-consciousness was one of Mary Kingsley's greatest charms throughout a life that was all too short. In her earlier days it took the form of selflessness, and father, mother, and brother were always the first to be considered by her.

Her father, Dr George Henry Kingsley, was the third son of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who was successively rector of Barnack, Clovelly, and Chelsea. His four sons all distinguished themselves, but while the Canon of Westminster was the greatest of the

brothers, George appears to have been a man of almost limitless capabilities, though without the fixity of purpose the possession of which would have made him really famous.

Everything by turns and nothing long, he graduated at Edinburgh University in 1847, when only twenty years of age; and two years later, during the outbreak of cholera in Flintshire, he devoted himself, with the practical compassion of his nature, to the poor non-paying villagers who needed his services.

We have his daughter's authority for saying that Charles Kingsley, when writing 'Two Years Ago,' drew "Tom Thurnall" from his recollections of the life which George Henry led at that time.

"He just thought nothing about death and danger at all — always smiling, always cheerful, always busy yet never in a hurry, he went up and down seemingly ubiquitous. Sleep he got when he could, and food as often as he could— the only person in the town who seemed to grow healthier and actually happier as the work went on."

From this time till 1862 he did much good work both in literature and science, and in 1856 was elected a Fellow of the Linnaean Society, for his valuable investigations into the structure of some of the lower forms of animal life.

His marriage with Miss Mary Bailey was one of

affection on both sides; but, strangely enough, no sooner had he established himself as a "family man" than the fever of travel seems to have taken possession of him. With a wife whom he tenderly loved, and two children to whom both were devoted, it would have seemed quite natural had he settled down to literary and scientific pursuits in London, and reserved for holiday intervals the more active delights of fishing and shooting. But it is always the unexpected that happens, and his cruise on the Mediterranean with Admiral Egerton, in H.M.S. St George, in 1863, was but the first of a series of journeys which continued almost to his life's end. The systematic study of medicine was forsworn for the more fascinating pleasures of scientific travel, and his home was decorated with queer weapons, skins and trophies, which be was constantly accumulating during his wanderings.

His parents were alike remarkable, Charles Kingsley, senior — so his son says — "possessing every talent except that of using them"; while the mother, "on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl" This grandmother of Mary Kingsley was the daughter of Mr Lucas, a judge in Barbadoes, who was also a great traveller; and it was probably from association with him that the young Kingsleys imbibed that passion for trav-

elling which showed itself so strikingly in them all. Their early boyhood was spent at Clovelly, and the many memories of storm and tragedy and charm connected with that seaboard parish were doubtless an element in the subsequent development of their characters. Though the study of "fresh-water fishes" was afterwards one of George Kingsley's great hobbies, there may have been some subtle connection between them and their salt-water brethren that we wot not of. That his first love, however, was by no means forsaken, we can see plainly in an extract from one of his note-books which his daughter transcribes. "You can have no idea of what a glorious pleasure there is in fishing in a new sea, in ignorance of what you are going to catch, more particularly if you have the slightest interest in ichthyology. Shall I ever forget the moment when I saw my first *Chimaera australis* handed into the boat! A fish which I had marvelled at from my boyhood upwards, and almost fancied to be the dream of some mad naturalist, so wild and weird was his delineation, —not half so wild and weird, however, as his reality."

The Kingsleys were all born travellers, and the terrible havoc wrought by the sea seems rather to have stirred the boys into a wild longing to brave its dangers than to have had any deterrent effect upon their imaginations.

We cannot resist quoting a few sentences from Charles Kingsley's 'Prose Idylls,' which give in his uniquely vigorous language an account of what one storm had wrought:—

"The old bay lay darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts stalking across the waves before the northern gale, and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from the nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves upon the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child; till, in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans of men who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage."

Tales like these would be told to Mary and her brother by their father, and the children would dream over them in the town-girt homes of Highgate and Bexley, and long for a sight of that

> "Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
> With the wonderful water round it curled,
> And cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
> And people upon it for thousands of miles."

No wonder that the brother and sister were devoted to each other. Fine times they must have had when their father came home, brimming over with

yarns of travel, which he loved to relate with all the glowing fancy and enthusiasm which characterised the Kingsleys.

We can almost see the children, talking together of what the future might bring, little recking of the long Between, little dreaming of the fame which would come to the demure-looking little maiden, and the imperial interests which she was destined to speak of and to promote.

It is noticeable that the influence of the sea was upon him all through his life. "No landscape," he said, "seems perfect to my eyes unless they can see therein a bit of the blue water; therefore I love an island. I love the sigh and the sough of the wind in the black pine-forests of Germany; I love the swish of the Northern birch-trees in the fresh, odorous early morning, when the gale has just gone by and the wet is sweeping in little glittering showers off their lissom branches; I love the creak and groan and roar of the great oaks in a storm, and I love the lazy whispering murmur of the light green limes in the lazy golden summer afternoons; but, above all the sounds of nature, I love the voices of the sea, for they speak to me in more varied tones, and I know that they tell me more, though I know not what they tell me, than the voices of a million sibilant leaves,—therefore I love an island."

Beautiful writing this, in its terse descriptiveness,