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A Famous Nurse.

(By Henry Derren, Author of 'A Noble President,' etc.)

Drip, drip, drip! Swish, swish!

The rain fell in persistent showers, soaking the street pavement, and falling dismally from the house roofs.

Bertha stood at the window, looking as dull as the sky overhead. She was tired of indoor play and she dared not go walking.

Presently she caught sight of Aunt Ruth crossing the road for a visit to the house.

off, and then we'll see whether we can't have a cosy time till mother comes back.'

In a few minutes auntie had divested herself of her damp clothing, and was seated before a bright fire in the sitting-room. There was a thoughtful look on her face, which all her little niece's hurried chatter could not quite dispel.

Bertha presently noticed that she seemed to be having all the conversation to herself, and after a while she inquired, 'Auntie, is anything the matter? What makes you so quiet? Is it because of the dull day?'

'No, darling,' replied her aunt. 'I am

'Florence Nightingale.'

'Oh,' said Bertha, slowly. 'Wasn't she the lady who went to nurse the sick soldiers? Isn't there a story about that? Do you know it, auntie? Will you tell me about it, please?'

Auntie Ruth laughed. 'One question at a time, my dear,' she said. 'Yes, there is a story about Florence Nightingale, and you shall hear it if you wish.'

Bertha did wish, of course; and, drawing her chair closer, waited all expectation for the story.

'Well,' began Aunt Ruth, with an air of recollection, 'you may like to know, first, that Miss Nightingale was born in Italy, in the year 1820, and named after the beautiful city of Florence—the place of her birth. She was the younger of two daughters. Her father's name was William Shore Nightingale, and he was a wealthy land-owner in Derbyshire. In that county, at the manor of Lea Hurst, Florence spent her earliest years. It was a lovely place, and the little girl revelled in the delights of her beautiful English home. Nothing pleased her more, we are told, than to wander hither and thither along the country lanes, and through the wide fields, gathering flowers of every color and kind; indeed, her love for flowers became almost a passion.'

'One day there happened an incident which seemed to determine the bent of her whole after life. She was riding on a favorite pony over the hills in company with a clergyman, when she saw a flock of sheep running here and there, regardless of the voice of the old shepherd in whose charge they were. Wondering at the sight, the two riders ascended the hill and drew near to the poor man, whom they both knew very well.'

'Where is your dog, Cap, Roger?' asked Florence.

'Well, miss,' replied the shepherd, 'Cap can't work no more. Some boys got to throwing stones t'other day, and one hit him on the leg and smashed it. He just crawled into the hut, and there he have lain ever since a-moanin' with pain. It would be a kindness to put him out of his misery, and I've made up my mind to do it to-night.'

'Oh, Roger, how can you! He may get well still,' exclaimed little Florence, with her eyes full of tears.

'Well, Miss, you see he don't get better; and how can he? Don't you be vexing yourself. Good day.'

But the tender-hearted little girl could not forget the poor dog lying in pain. She rode to the hut, and borrowing a key, unlocked the door. The dog growled when Florence entered, but she soon succeeded in soothing him. Her companion examined the leg, and found that, though badly hurt, it was not broken. Then Florence knelt down and gently tended the injured limb, fomenting it and binding it up carefully. Day after day did she tend her poor dumb patient, and in the end faithful Cap was restored to his delighted owner.

'What a dear, kind girl Florence must have been!' exclaimed Bertha, with admiration in her eyes.

'Yes,' rejoined Aunt Ruth, 'And that first nursing case made a wonderful impression on her character. As she grew older



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER FIRST PATIENT.

At once Bertha's face cleared, and she darted downstairs and flung open the hall door.

'Oh, aunt, dear, I am glad to see you!' she exclaimed. 'Do come in. Mother has had to go out, and I am all alone, and—rather miserable. Only a minute ago I was wishing you would come.'

'Were you, darling?' said Aunt Ruth, giving her niece a loving kiss. 'Well, then, I'm very glad I came. Let me get my cloak

thinking of poor Tom Mills; he is very ill, and I have been nursing him a little.'

'How kind of you, aunt! But you have always been fond of nursing poor sick people, haven't you?'

'Not quite so fond as some one who set me a noble example,' said Aunt Ruth, as her face suddenly lighted up with a sweet smile.

'Oh, who was that, Auntie? Do tell me.'