

observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

During that winter of 1854, many were frozen in their tents. Of forty-nine thousand, over eighteen thousand were reported in the hospitals. Then all England was deeply stirred and many volunteered services of helpfulness. The government accepted the offer of Florence Nightingale, who, placed in charge of a staff of nurses, loaded a ship with needful supplies, and, delicate woman though she was, embarked for the scene of misery.

It was an undertaking wholly new to English habits—a band of devoted women going to soften the horrors of war and save lives which it had tried to end. As the nurses landed in Boulogne, France, the poor fisherwomen seized and carried their baggage in token of their admiration for the work they were starting out to do. And in their journey through France the innkeepers would not take pay for their food and lodgings. They sailed across the Mediterranean and in November, 1854, reached Scutari, a town in Asia Minor, opposite Constantinople.

Four thousand soldiers, sick and wounded, lay in the hospitals awaiting their arrival. Others were coming in from a great battle. These hospitals were so full that even in the corridors were two rows of mattresses so close together that two persons could barely walk between them. The beds reeked with infection. There was no thought of sanitation. Rather than curers the hospitals were breeders of disease.

As soon as the wounded soldiers had had treatment, Miss Nightingale set up a kitchen where food fit for the sick might be prepared. Then this wonderful nurse planned a laundry where the clothing and beds of the sick men might be cleansed. In addition to this she started evening lectures for the men able to listen, a library and a school.

As her slender form glided quietly along the corridors, every poor fellow's face softened with gratitude towards her. When all the medical officers had retired for the night, and silence and darkness had settled down on the endless rows of sick, she might be seen alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. As she passed down the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more. They kissed her shadow as it fell and laid their heads upon the pillows again, content.

From the example of this splendid woman, Henri Dunant, a Swiss, was led to form the Red Cross organization. He travelled in Italy and saw after the battle of Magenta, fourteen thousand dead on the field, and after Solferino, thirty-eight thousand who marked the spot where