

"I am so glad," said Florence; "but can we do nothing for him, he seems in such pain?"

"There is one thing that would ease the pain and heal the leg sooner, and that is plenty of hot water to foment the part."

So the little nurse lighted a fire, went to another cottage for flannel and then tenderly bathed the swollen leg. On the way home they met the shepherd with a piece of rope in his hand.

"Oh, Roger," cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap; his leg is not broken at all, and I will come every day to tend him until he is well."

This child of our story was born in Florence, Italy, in 1823. Her parents were English, and her early years were given to the studies which a girl fortunately situated would follow. She was taught in science and mathematics as well as in the fluent use of French, German and Italian. It became the custom of the neighborhood where she lived to send for her if anyone were suffering from a cut or bruise or had a sick animal. Her favorite hooks were those that taught of helpfulness to the suffering, and it seemed as if her whole nature was turning toward her great work. While still a young girl she became interested in what Elizabeth Fry had done in English prisons. And when her family was travelling in Egypt she nursed back to health several sick Arabs.

In 1851 she went into training as a nurse at Kaiserworth on the Rhine and finished her course in Paris. She was now ready to take charge of a hospital and home for the aged in London where she shewed her great ability in organizing the nurses and managing the institution.

In 1854 there broke out between England and Russia the Crimean War. England sent her soldiers to the Black Sea in many thousands, but these men were badly clad and fed. For you must know that at this time the Angel of Mercy, in the form of the Red Cross Nurse, did not follow the soldiers to the field of battle to safeguard their health from the dread diseases of war, to pick them up wounded, under the enemy's fire, and to nurse them back to health.

Even the comforts sent the poor men in that terrible war never arrived. Thread-bare and starving they fought and toiled in the freezing trenches. "It is now pouring rain," wrote one who was there, "the skies are black as ink—the wind is hovering over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have no warm or waterproof clothing, they are in the misery of a winter campaign and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even their lives. The wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain leads the life of a prince, compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country. The necessities of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness. For all that I can