A LOST COMMANDER,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.*

Rarely have we read a book which has given us more pleasure than a "A Lost Commander, Florence Nightingale," by Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, the title of which is taken from a sentence in Sir Edward Cook's Life of Miss Nightingale.

"A great Commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman."

And yet, after all, was the loss so great? For in very truth she was a Great Commander, who blazed a trail along which countless legions have marched and are still marching in ever-increasing numbers, to ultimate victory, their objects the care and cure of the sick, and the betterment of humanity by the inculcation of the laws of health defined by Miss Nightingale with such clarity.

"We are your soldiers, and we look for the approval of our chief," wrote Agnes Jones, "instructive, beautiful, witty, intensely religious—whom Miss Nightingale sent to be Superintendent of a sink of iniquity, the workhouse infirmary at Brownlow Hill, Liverpool. The sequel is known to the world. Unquestioning she obeyed her Great Commander. "Her chief is my reply, hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die," and gloriously she did both.

The special charm of Mrs. Andrews' book is that, written by a woman possessing both insight and literary skill, it presents to us Florence Nightingale as she must have been to the world. Unquestioning she obeyed her Great Commander, "Her chief is my reply, hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die," and gloriously she did both.

The stories of Florence Nightingale are many. We do not desire in this short notice to reiterate those already well known, but rather to emphasize the points and the little intimate details, authentic and imaginary, which appear important to a woman biographer, showing us the child, the girl, the woman of single aim and unswerving purpose.

"She marched along a flowery path, growing in body and mind; living in laughter and love and play and work as other little English girls grow and live; learning to keep house and to be useful to animals and to peasants, as other squires' daughters learned; building up intellect and judgment and character in a way few have done, and always with a message, hope, energy and determination, whose footsteps, follow as faithfully as she may, she can never hope to outstrip."

The years slipped by... in the Fourth Century there were forty parish nurses in Constantinople alone; St. Chrysostom tells us that. What is now the Mosque of St. Sophia was in A.D. 600 dedicated by the Patriarch of Constantinople as the Church of the Deaconesses. Mrs. Andrews shows that the nursing profession is, "in origin—and for centuries was in practice—a religious manifestation." Coming to the nineteenth century and the debased type of women employed as nurses, she writes: "Florence Nightingale's searching eyes saw the tragic side of these characterless nurses. Need of work; underpayment; deficient food and clothing; desire to save the night nurse should have food at night. But they didn't do it. 'In one hospital,' Miss Nightingale goes on, 'there is a rule that no night nurse is to take refreshment during her watch, the intention being to keep her more vigilant to her duty.' Yet the head nurses knew that a human woman 'watching and fasting' from 9 P.M. to breakfast at 6 A.M. would soon be unfit; so that rule was quietly disregarded.

"Towards such a world of drunkenness and immorality and misery did this daintily raised pilgrim steadfastly set her steps. That her family opposed her tooth and nail is not remarkable.

Mrs. Andrews describes the foundation of the Deaconesses Institute at Kaiserswerth—renowned as the place where Florence Nightingale received some systematic

Long years ago. A hundred and more. Of them, but the red brick walls and gables and chimneys of Embley stood that June day in Hampshire, and had stood for two hundred years, as they stand to-day, a picture house set in garden and forest. Two thousand acres are of its domain now, some hundreds more than there were back in th