Orleans, she heard, was beseiged by ten thousand of the allies, and the Dauphin could do nothing to relieve it. Desperate indeed seemed the case to all who loved their country. But there was one brave, gentle soul that thought alone of self-devotion for its sake.

Jeanne was, at this time, seventeen years old, a tall, strong, comely girl, no pale visionary. Yet she shrank with all a woman's terror from the thought of taking up arms; and often, by her own account, pleaded thus with the imperious necessity that seemed laid upon her from without: "Alas! I am a poor girl, I know neither how to ride nor how to fight." But the possession that mastered her whole nature did not alter, and at last she allowed some words to escape her to a neighbour. "There was a girl," this neighbour repeated to her father, "not far from Vaucouleurs, who, before another year was passed, would have Charles anointed King of France."

A royal garrison was quartered at Vaucouleurs, the nearest town in the valley, and the father feared Jeanne had some intention of joining the soldiers. Rather than allow her to do so he threatened to drown her himself in the river; and in his alarm, he prevented her from going to keep sheep in the fields as heretofore. She had been sought in marriage by a young man of the village, and her father now attempted to force her to accept him, but she was steadfast in her refusal. Neither confinement, threats, nor persuasion had any effect upon her, and at length the way opened to the fulfilment of her purpose. She obtained leave to visit an uncle who lived between Domremy and Vaucouleurs, and bade farewell to all the familiar scenes of her childhood, feeling that she should never see them again, for she intended to make this visit a stepping stone to an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of the Vaucouleurs garrison.

Schiller in his play, "The Maid of Orleans," has embodied Jeanne's farewell to her native woods and meadows, in words which every student of German ought to commit to memory for the sake of their pathos and music.

"Dost thou know the prophecy?" Jeanne said, on entering her uncle's door, "that France is to be saved by a maiden from the borders of Lorraine? It is I."

The uncle thought his niece must be crazy, and reproved her for foolish talking; but she dwelt persistently on her theme, until she succeeded in convincing him. He actually went to Baudricourt, asking him to give the girl an escort to the Dauphin, who was shut up at Chinon. "Box the girl's ears and send her back to her home," was all the answer the rough captain vouchsafed.

Jeanne was persistent, and at last persuaded her uncle to conduct her into Baudricourt's presence. The military governor scoffed at the peasant girl, and sent for others of the garrison to share in his mirth; but her modest dignity quelled their derision in spite of themselves, and they felt obliged to treat her with respect.

"My Lord Captain," said she, "know that God for some time past has caused to be revealed to me that I should go to the gentle Dauphin, who is, and who ought to be held, the true king of France; that he should give me men-at-arms, and that I should lead them to raise the siege of Orleans, and then conduct him to be anointed at Rheims."

The appeal was in vain. Again and again she begged to be sent to the Dauphin, but she was refused. At last the interest of a young man-at-arms, named John de Metz, was excited, and he resolved to see and speak with her.

"What is your purpose in coming to Vaucouleurs?" he said. "We must make up our minds to see the young French king driven from the country, while we all become English."

"I must go to the Dauphin," was her reiterated reply; and again and again she persisted. "Though I should wear my limbs off to the knees, I must go. I would rather be at home and spinning by my mother's side, poor simple maiden that I am; but I must go, for my Lord so commands it."

"And who is your Lord?"

"God," she answered.

John de Metz was so much struck by her reverent earnestness that he placed his hand in hers, and swore to lead her to the Dauphin. Now, the report of her spread far and wide, and another young soldier, Bertrand de Pologui, espoused her cause, while her uncle and a friendly citizen subscribed to buy her a horse. Her parents, hearing of her determination, became greatly alarmed, and tried to induce her to return home, but she was steadfast. The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, whose interest and sympathy were now thoroughly aroused, prepared her for departure. Her long brown hair was cut off, the red woollen jacket that she wore as a peasant girl was replaced by a suit of man's attire to guard her from the dangers of journeying in those disordered times; and in the early spring of 1429 she set forth, attended by John de Metz, Bertrand de Pologui, and four other men-at-arms. Baudricourt, who had refused to help her, gave her scant encouragement in his farewell, but the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs came forth to see her depart with pity and tears.

"It was for this enterprise that I was born," she said, as she turned her horse's head towards Chinon.

"There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm fostered in the secret soul amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end," says Carlyle of Joan of Arc. However difficult we may find it to understand a character and purpose so widely different from any that could be fostered in our own times, we cannot refuse our sympathy, admiration, and reverence to the heroic maiden, as she journeys with her little escort on her perilous way.

(To be continued.)

A FEW HINTS ON HEALTH AND NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.

IN connection with the subject of nursing the sick, I want to talk to you a little about ventilation and cleanliness. These, indeed, are very important matters; and if they were more studied and understood we should have less illness amongst us than is unfortunately the case at present.

Try to fix your attention on what I am about to tell you. It may, perhaps, be new to some of you, and may also seem dry. I wish, however, to address you as sensible girls, and to try to show you some of the reasons why we should value two good gifts which God has bestowed upon the poorest of us—air and water. Like all His gifts, these may be abused or despised, but if we do reject and misuse them we shall find out our folly when it is too late.

You have often been told that pure air is wholesome, and I am sure if you were up, say, on one of the Welsh mountains on a fine afternoon, or down by the open sea, you would certainly think it much pleasanter to breathe there than in a crowded court or alley in a great city. I must try to show you some of the reasons for this. To begin, we must talk a little about the blood. You know that your body contains a great deal. You cannot make a prick or scratch anywhere of any depth without wounding a small vessel and bringing some—perhaps only a tiny drop—to the surface.

Roughly speaking, there is said to be rather more than a pint of blood to every stone of weight in the human body. Thus, if you weigh eight stone, you will have from four to five quarts, and so on. This blood is of two kinds, different in colour, different in use, and flowing in different directions. You know if you lost a good deal you would turn sick and faint, and if the flow could not be stopped you would die. There are three sets of threes I should like you to remember about your blood: three kinds of vessels which contain it, three circulations going on at the same time in different parts of your body, and three different uses or offices which the blood performs.

As to the circulations, I am only going to trouble you with two of them. The word, as you probably know, means *going round*, and in one circulation every drop of blood in your body passes twice through your heart. You know where your heart is—in the middle of your chest, between your lungs, rather tilted over towards the left side.

We will take the blood as it starts from it. The heart is like a force-pump to drive the blood through the system. Lay your hand upon the left side of your chest, and you will feel it pumping out. It is driven, pure and bright, of a scarlet colour, into a great tube or vessel called an artery. This may be likened to the trunk of a tree, and it divides, as you know a tree does, into branches, and these go off again into smaller ones all through the body, carrying nourishment as they go. You know that whatever you eat only goes as food through a small portion of your body; and, besides, you know that all you take in in this way is not nourishment. Some of it would do harm if retained, and must be cast out. The body itself, too, is constantly wasting and being renewed; worn-out matters are carried away, and fresh materials are brought to take their place. This is done by means of the blood. Did you ever think how the tips of your fingers, for instance, are fed? If you were to tie a string round one so tightly as to stop the circulation it would soon die.

The blood is the purveyor or feeder of the body. If you would like to feel an artery, put your fingers lightly against your wrist, just below your thumb; there you feel the blood jerking along. You have heard that called the "pulse." The same sort of beating is going on all through your body, wherever there is an artery; but that particular pulse is very easy to find. If you were to cut

yourself there, or sever any other artery in your body, you would see the blood, of a scarlet colour, pumping out in jerks from sixty to seventy in a minute. In a case of this kind, as I have already told you, something should be tied round the limb between the cut and the heart—above the wound, as we should say. If possible, a surgeon should be called in after an accident of this kind.

You will tell me, perhaps, that you have cut yourself often, and the blood was of a crimson colour, and did not start out in jerks at all. We are coming to that presently; but now let us go back to the arteries. I told you that as they go through the body they get smaller and smaller, like a tree beginning from a big trunk and going down to little twigs; at last they get down to tiny vessels, which are called capillaries, from a word meaning hairs. These are in a regular network through the flesh. When it gets into these, the blood, having given out the nourishment it contains, begins to gather up the worn-out and waste materials that come in its way. Its colour changes from scarlet to crimson. The little capillaries join together like small streams, bringing the blood back towards the heart. These streams are called veins, and are exactly different from the arteries. Instead of splitting up like branches of a tree, they join together, and get bigger and bigger, like tributaries forming a river. The blood in them is impure, and crimson in colour. They flow towards the heart instead of away from it. You can see plenty of them in the back of your hand. Put your finger against one and you will feel no pulsation, because the blood flows along steadily, not in jerks. These veins are provided with little valves or doors which open one way, towards the heart, so as to let the blood on; they would close against it if it was to flow backwards. At last the veins join, until they come down to two big ones which empty themselves back into the heart.

This is one circulation, but the blood from the veins is impure, and if it was to go into the arteries again in that state it would bring poison instead of nourishment to the various parts of the body. Accordingly, what happens? There is a big artery ready to take the impure blood to the lungs, and when there, as you draw your breath, the blood meets the fresh air taken in; but as you expire, as it is called, or breathe out, it sends out the foul gas it has gathered in your body. Being thus purified by the air inspired, it goes back to the heart, ready to carry nourishment through the body again. This purifying process is the second circulation. It is called pulmonary, as it takes place in the lungs. There is another circulation in the intestines, but we need not enter into it; it will only puzzle you.

I think if you have followed me carefully you will see that if the air you take into your lungs is foul already, you can scarcely expect it to cleanse your blood and make it fit to circulate again. Indeed, the inability to get in pure air is what causes people to die of suffocation, whether by drowning, choking, or any other cause. You can see by the dusky look in the face that the circulation is not what it should be. I must now tell you something about the air we breathe. When pure it consists of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen—about four parts of the latter to one of the former, with a little watery vapour. There is, however, another very foul and poisonous gas which gets into the air and makes it unwholesome, even fatal. It is about this that I am chiefly going to talk to you. You would perhaps like to know where it comes from. Well, it comes from ourselves for one thing, as well as from all breathing animals.

A number of people in a room spoil the air for one another and for themselves. You or I cannot breathe without doing it in a measure. You have, I daresay, felt queer and sleepy in a crowded church or room; you could not fix your attention on what was going on, and you got a kind of stupefied headache. Well, that is the first symptom of suffocation. The air you were breathing was not pure enough to cleanse your blood; there was too little oxygen in it, and too much carbonic acid gas. You have probably known people to turn sick or faint right away from the stuffiness of a place; a little more and they might even die, while most likely a few open windows or ventilators would have prevented all the discomfort.

If one of you and another person, both in perfect health, were out together on a mountain side, where the air was as fresh and pure as possible, you would not find it pleasant to inhale each the breath of the other. The air as it comes from the lungs is spoiled in a measure, but where it is continually changed and driven about this does not signify. In close and confined rooms it is another matter. Most of you have probably read the sad story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. It happened about a hundred and sixteen years ago, during the conquest of India by the British. At this time the city of Calcutta belonged to England, but one of the Indian Princes, Sarajah Dowlah by name, managed through the extraordinary cowardice of the Governor to get it into his hands for a short time. There was a small prison in Calcutta, a loathsome place, about eighteen feet square, where the worst criminals were confined, generally only one at a time, but Sarajah Dowlah gave orders that one hundred and forty-six English resident merchants and other gentlemen who had fallen into his power should be imprisoned in this den. At first, I believe, when shown the place and told to go in, they absolutely laughed at the idea; however, it proved no laughing matter, as they were forced to enter and bestow themselves as best they could. In the morning, out of a hundred and forty-six only twenty-three were alive. No hand had been raised against them; they had merely been crammed into this place and left there for the night. They died just on account of the air being poisoned by carbonic acid gas from their breath and the vapour from their bodies in the stifling Indian weather.

There is a cavern near Naples called by an Italian name which means the Grotto of the Dog. It is so called from a cruel reason. A dog, if thrown into it, when taken out is in a state of suffocation. The air of the cavern contains a great deal of carbonic acid gas, and if you were to go in and lie down upon the ground it would have much the same effect upon you as it has upon the dog. In France people have often committed suicide by means of this gas. The self-murderer has closed all doors and windows and any aperture where air could get in, has set a pan of charcoal to burn in the room, and gone to bed, where he sleeps, probably never to wake again in this world. An experiment I have heard described to prove that air which has gone through our lungs is destructive to animal life, is to put a mouse into a bottle, or some small vessel, and breathe into it, excluding all other air. They say the creature will soon die. Like myself, I daresay you would have no particular ambition to try this.

The poisonous gas which from your lungs or mine would kill the poor little mouse is the same sort of thing as the "choke-damp" which is fatal in mines. However, in many cases it can be guarded against, as if there is too much of it in the air a flame will go out; and by lowering a lighted candle or torch into any suspected place which has been closed for a long time it is easy to see whether the air is fit for breathing or not. In a house where I lived when I was a child there was what we called a "safe," a sort of small closet in the wall, closed by a heavy iron door. One evening a candle was forgotten and left burning there. I believe it was nearly whole at the time, but in the morning it was found burned down to a stump of about two inches and a half; it had then gone out of itself, as the oxygen was all burned out of the air of the closet. If you or I had been shut up there instead of the candle, the furnace that keeps up our life might have gone out too.

You will ask, perhaps, what I mean by this furnace, as you may not know that it is by means of the changes which go on in your blood that the heat of your body is kept up. This is the third duty which it performs, and the lungs are the furnace where the heat is produced. The food we eat which passes into our blood has much to do with this. People who are not properly fed cannot bear open windows, as they feel perished and miserable, not having proper sources of warmth within themselves. The reason why people in different climates like different diet is that fatty food keeps up heat, while rice and fruit keep the blood cool. If we went to Greenland we should find the people drinking oil and eating lumps of tallow, which, of course, would seem very disgusting to us; but, on the other hand, the natives of India will dine off plain rice, and think our taste very coarse because we like beef and mutton. We know at home how sometimes in summer we feel that it is too hot to eat meat, and prefer puddings and vegetables, which we should think a very poor dinner indeed in winter. In cold weather we can all eat more fatty food. This is just because Nature tells us that our blood requires heating or cooling. You who have read your Bibles scarcely need to be reminded who said that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof" (Lev. xvii. 14). Perhaps I may have helped you to understand some of the reasons why it is so. If it is good and pure, we shall be strong and vigorous; if it gets poor and languid in its circulation, we shall be weakly and miserable. Let us, then, try to use the means that God has given us to keep it in as healthy a state as possible.

Since pure air, then, is so imporant, how are we to get it? I give you a simple plan; I do not know whether any of you will try it. Open your windows. Street air in town may not be very good, but it is much better than room air, which is never changed, smelling, perhaps, of dinners and dust, and various other things. If possible, open your windows from the top. In some old-fashioned houses the windows will only open from the bottom. This shows how little the principles of health were understood a hundred years ago. The heated air which has been breathed and spoiled goes up, and would naturally go out through a window open at the top. However, air from the bottom is much better than none at all; but where there is no fire, if you wish your house to be wholesome never stuff your chimney. Draughts certainly are dangerous, and they are not proper ventilation. If you open your window a few inches at the top in a high room you need never feel a draught at all. Opening them both from above and below is the best way to secure proper ventilation. If you are delicate, and can only open your window from the bottom, sit away from it and keep the door shut. Just try the effects of opening your windows for a week, and I think you will not care to go back to the old stuffy ways. At all events when there is no one in the room there is little difficulty about leaving the windows open, but when people have to be in the same room day and night it is doubly necessary to change the air.

(*To be concluded.*)

A FEW HINTS ON HEALTH AND NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.

I KNOW a doctor, he is an old man now, but when he was young and not particularly sensible, he wanted to try an experiment. He was puzzled about infection and contagion, and the way certain diseases are taken by one person from another, and what do you think he did? He had a patient in typhus fever, and he went to this man, leaned over him and inhaled his breath, and did, in fact, everything that sensible people would tell you not to do if you wished to avoid taking the fever. Would you like to know the consequence? Why, the young doctor went to his lodgings and was stricken with fever, of which he very nearly died. One reason why fevers, as a rule, do not spread in hospitals as they do in private houses is that the rooms are loftier and better ventilated. However, unfortunately, even in hospitals, the most devoted doctors and nurses, those we would think could least be spared, do catch fevers, and die of them too. I once worked in a hospital where all medical cases were treated in the same wards, and I believe it was almost unheard of for infection to spread from patient to patient, though some of the nurses got fever.

If any of you are nursing a fever patient, recollect that you should never on any account "take his breath," as it is called; always stand between your patient and the window, so that the air—and I hope you will have plenty—shall blow from you to him, not from him to you. Any discharges that come from the patient should be disinfected before being thrown out, and should never on any account be allowed to stand in the sick room to poison the air. You will be told what disinfectant to use. Chloride of lime, dry or in solution, is a very common one, and very good for some purposes, but it will corrode anything of tin, and it will burn clothes. Any linen, etc., coming from the patient's bed or body should be disinfected before being sent to the public laundry. If you have nothing else at hand, plunge the things into boiling water. It is a good plan to let a person suffering from a contagious fever use, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, pieces of old linen which can be burnt at once when dirtied. Nothing can be more foolish than to store up pieces of flannel, etc., which have been used about a fever case. I knew of a family where one of the children had scarlet fever, and used to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat while recovering. Quite a year afterwards one of the servants opened a drawer where she found this thing and recognised it. Taking it up, she put it round her own throat for a joke, remarking that that was the way little so-and-so used to look. Immediately afterwards the girl was seized with scarlet fever, which could be traced to nothing but this wretched rag, which should have been burned long before. Both the child and the servant were patients of a doctor who told me about it.

If you have such a thing, it is better to wear a washing dress when in attendance upon any "catching" sickness. Be most particular about personal cleanliness, including your hair, which it is well to keep covered in the sick room. A daily bath is very desirable for a nurse. If possible, never go to attend upon the patient while you are hungry. On leaving the sick room blow your nose and rinse out your mouth. These precautions are necessary in attending on infectious cases. For my own part, I think it would be well to observe them when nursing any serious illness.

Now as to the second friend to health, personal cleanliness. Do you know that your skin, as well as your lungs, is what is called an organ of excretion? That means, it helps to cast unwholesome matters out of your body. The skin is in layers. The upper part is constantly rubbing off when you wash. It is formed of little cells, new ones constantly coming up from below. This upper layer has no feeling. When you have been sewing you will see a good deal of it loose on the first finger of the left hand. You know if you happen to prick under one of these little flaps how painful it is. Then you have touched the "corium," or "true skin," which is below, and both feels and bleeds. There are a vast number of little tubes or pores, as they are called, in the skin everywhere over the body, and it is very important to keep them open, as a great deal of matter that would injure you if retained passes through them in the form of watery vapour. About a pound and a half daily should be given off by the body when in health. Sometimes there is more, as when you get into a great heat; but insensible perspiration is always going on. One place you can notice it is in the palm of your hand, which should always be slightly moist—not clammy or sticky, which is an unwholesome sign. You can feel what I mean by contrasting the skin on the back with that of the palm. Dry and burning palms are a symptom of fever.

Talking of the pores of the skin reminds me of a very old story of a boy who was to take part in a procession somewhere in Italy, and for this purpose, instead of clothes, his body was gilded all over. When called upon to take his place in the show he was dead; so necessary is the action of the skin. The pores are to be kept open by cleanliness. I do not know whether any of you have suffered from the exceedingly disagreeable itching sensation of checked perspiration. Other things will cause it besides dirt. A sudden chill, for instance—a warm bath relieves it at once; or if you cannot get such a thing, wash your body over with warm water. This will clear away whatever is stopping the pores.

In the case of a severe burn, where half a quarter of the true skin is injured so that it cannot give out perspiration, the patient will die, probably of inflammation of the kidneys, as too much work is thrown upon them in trying to get rid of the watery matter which should be sent through the skin. It might surprise you to think that a bad burn on the legs, say, or on the chest, would affect the kidneys, which are situated in a different part of the frame; but the body is like a well-regulated family, where every member has plenty to do and nothing can be neglected, so that if one part fails in its duty extra labour is thrown upon another part already fully occupied with its own business, and disease is the consequence of over-working one to make up for the deficiencies of another.

It is thus not only a matter of appearance, but really important that the skin should be kept sweet and clean. You know by experience, I daresay, how getting into a good heat at the beginning of a cold will help you to throw it off. This sort of thing is going on in our bodies every day. Of course, if people will not use the simple means that God has given them to ward off disease, but choose to live in a state of dirt and filth, being too lazy to remove it, they must take the consequences. A good bath with hot and cold taps is a luxury which some of us may not be able at all times to command; but, as Miss Nightingale says, anyone who can get a pint of warm water and a piece of soap can have a bath quite sufficient for purposes of health. If any reader of this paper feels that she has been in the habit of neglecting the part of her body that is not seen, let her first try the effect of thorough cleanliness, and I think she will find both her health and complexion the better for it.

There is, however, a still further reason for keeping the pores open as they are intended to be. They not only let out unwholesome matter, but they actually take in nourishment, chiefly from the air. Patients in some illnesses have been fed by laying meal poultices over the stomach. I knew of at least one who was kept alive in this way and afterwards recovered.

Again, as to the cleanliness of our surroundings. No one can be really healthy who lives in a dirty place full of foul smells and impure air. Our sense of smell was given us in great measure to teach us what is unwholesome and should be avoided. *Dust and dirt bring* sickness along with them, and, especially in towns, constant war must be waged against them. You cannot be said to "clean" a room when you merely move the dirt from one part to another, yet this is what is constantly done in flapping furniture over with a dry duster. A damp one to which the dirt will stick should be used if you wish to make a place really clean. If, however, this would spoil your things, at least wipe them with a dry cloth, from which the dust may afterwards be shaken into a proper place.

A few years ago when people were talking of the singular unhealthiness of a large city in this kingdom, it was suggested that the constitutions of the inhabitants were gradually being undermined by a recent change in the sources of the water supply. The change had been made at great expense, and certainly the new water was very much better to taste than the old. I think, however, there can be no doubt that wherever it starts from, be it river or canal, pipe-water in towns cannot be wholesome unless it is either boiled or filtered. If people were more particular about the water they drink there would be less illness than there is. A filter is not an expensive luxury, and lasts a lifetime. It will want renewing occasionally, but I am sure money spent on it will never be regretted.

Suppose, however, with all your care to prevent it, sickness is sent into your house, what are you to do? In many books on the subject of nursing that I have read, hints and directions are given, excellent in their way, I am sure, if they could only be carried out, but here comes the difficulty. In hospital we have the luxury of nursing, in one sense, that there is generally a supply of necessary things at hand, and if anything additional is wanted it can generally be got on the premises. In private houses, however, it is different, and even among rich people we have often to make shift for lack of things that are found, as a matter of course in hospital. Here it is that the spirit of the true nurse will assert itself, and prompt her to utilise things of which less practical people would never think. Whatever our circumstances may be, however, there are, I think, a few things that we could all manage for the comfort both of nurse and invalid. Have your bed out from the wall, so that you can walk round it. I have sometimes been surprised

that this has not occurred to people, seeing the great annoyance it must be to the invalid to have a person stretch across him. How in the case of a bed-ridden patient such a bed is to be made, I really do not know. At all times, it is more wholesome to have a current of air round your bed. With an invalid who can get up for part of the day, the sheets, night-dress, etc., that he has in use should be aired at the fire, as the damp from his body soaks into them; this is doubly necessary when the linen cannot often be changed. Of course, if possible, the clothes should not be aired in the room with the patient.

As to washing an invalid who is unable to to do such things for himself, of course the hands and face should be washed daily, and the feet at least a couple of times in the week. I have generally found the sick enjoy this. I remember one crusty old patient, who never gave me, or anyone else, so far as I know, a civil word, until one evening when I washed his feet for him, when, to my amazement, he thanked me most graciously. In many diseases, especially when there is much perspiration, it is very refreshing to the patient to have the whole body sponged over. *I suppose* an inexperienced nurse would be afraid to do this, but there is really no difficulty in it. If you have it, a mackintosh sheet, slightly warmed, should be laid upon the bed; if not, a clean sheet will answer the purpose. A small part of the body should be washed and carefully dried before another is begun, and the patient's body should be uncovered as little as possible. I believe private patients, especially when nursed by members of their own family, are often obstinate in objecting to be washed. It is a great pity, for it really does them good to be as clean as possible, and, if in hospital, they would have to submit to it. In the first hospital where I worked, of all the patients who came under my notice in fifteen months, there was only one who refused to let the nurse keep her properly clean, and she was told by the doctor that if she would not obey the ward regulations she must leave at once.

It may interest you to hear in passing that a drink of cold beef tea is a useful preventive to night perspiration. For a helpless patient it is a good plan to fasten a strong roller-towel or something of that kind to the foot of the bed, so that he can pull himself up into a sitting posture.

I told you in my former paper something about the way to prevent bedsores; and I must ask you to bear with me while I urge you never to let any feeling of false delicacy hinder you from doing these necessary offices for your patient. I can sympathise with the shyness one might feel in attending a member of one's own family. To me it would be much more repugnant than waiting on a stranger in hospital, where such things are looked upon as matters of routine; however, though it may be distressing to you or me, it is much worse for the patient, and we, as nurses, can do a good deal by our manner to relieve the awkwardness of our position. If we are too refined or fastidious, say, to watch for the signs of bedsore, and guard against them, we may lay up a store of misery for the unfortunate patient, and also a supply of unpleasant work for ourselves; at the same time, however, a true nurse ought never to think of the disagreeable aspect of her work; she ought to regard it entirely as something done to relieve her patient.

The hair is another matter that requires great care in cases of illness, and from my experience of patients brought into hospital, I fear it is very often neglected. If the illness was serious, and it distressed the patient much to have her hair combed, I would cut it short. It is almost sure to fall of itself, and cutting it will probably do it good, besides making it much easier to keep clean. I have known children's heads in hospital so hopelessly dirty that the hair had to be cut as close to the head as possible, till it looked as if it had been shaved. Afterwards the head was washed twice daily with soap and water, and a preparation made up in the hospital rubbed in. Even so, one could not depend upon the head being clean. I mention this to show to what a state one may come by neglect of cleanliness.

The ventilation of the sick room, in a private house at least, is about the most difficult task a nurse has to perform. Unless you wish to lessen your patient's chances of recovery, you must not have a draught, that is certain, especially about the head. Patients in a hopeful way to convalescence have died of the effects of a draught of cold air. Yet you must have ventilation and change the air before it is breathed out if your patient is to regain strength. A good fire helps the circulation of the air, or in summer a lighted lamp in the fireplace will answer that purpose. A screen may be used to protect the patient if the open window lets a draught in upon him. A clothes-horse with a sheet or shawl thrown over it would be a sufficient protection. The door should always be shut when the window is open. As to the condition of a sick room, it ought never to be allowed to be dirty. We often hear it said that the patient can't bear the noise of putting things tidy. For my own part, I think neither nurses nor wardmaids nor scrubbers are as quiet as they might be in the wards. I am sure I have often been to blame in this matter myself; still, I think a patient who could bear even the necessary noise of "scrubbing morning," or the general morning cleaning in a ward, could bear to have his room arranged daily—even swept out, by a moderately quiet attendant. I would put out of the way before beginning to sweep anything that the broom might break or knock over, and be careful not to make unnecessary clatter in corners. Recovery is promoted by cleanliness, there is no doubt of it.

A word now as to feeding patients. If you have the care of anyone who cannot sit up to drink, and if you have not a regular "feeder" such as is used in hospital, a small teapot will answer perfectly well by letting the patient drink through the spout. Just be sure that it is clean. Anything of a dirty vessel—a cup, for instance, with a drop on the bottom—will disgust a patient, and there are few diseases in which it is not of importance that the food should be well taken. Helpless patients are generally best fed with a spoon. Sometimes in a case of insensibility if you just press the lower lip down a little the mouth will open of itself and let you put in the food. In these cases it should be put far back in the mouth, and you should make sure that one spoonful is swallowed before you put in another. I had one patient, poor lad! his spine was crushed between his shoulders, and paralysis came on, so that he could do nothing for himself. I remember the only way I could give him anything of food was with my fingers, sopping a bit of bread in beef tea and putting it into his mouth.

And now, before closing, I wish to tell you something about nursing a particular complaint that we have all seen and many of us have felt. I mean bronchitis. In its simplest form it is what is known as a common cold on the chest, yielding to hot drinks and simple remedies. It often, however, goes on to be very serious, and, with weak people, the old and the young, it is frequently fatal. If neglected, even if the patient does not die, it may go on to be chronic, and never be really cured.

One symptom you cannot mistake is that the patient smothers on lying down. In hospitals a bed rest is used to support the back and ease the breathing. In a private house you can use a chair turned upside down, and lay the pillows against the back. Sometimes the patient will get relief by leaning forward upon a stool placed upon the bed, and breathing steam from a jug of hot water is very useful. A little steam in the air of the room will be an advantage to the patient. This can be managed by keeping a kettle boiling on the fire. If you get something to lengthen the spout so much the better. Stiff paper twisted into a tube will do for a time. It is well in a bronchitis case, when poultices are ordered, to move them about, sometimes having one on the back, sometimes on the chest. Acetic acid rubbed on the chest in bronchitis often gives relief, but I hope I need scarcely tell you, if your patient is under a doctor, never to use anything of this kind without his leave. Obey your doctor in everything, and never take matters out of his hands by using remedies of your own.

There is a very disagreeable form of sore throat to which those who attend upon the sick are liable. So much so, indeed, that it is often known as "hospital throat." The tonsils, as they are called, nearly as far back in the throat as you can see, get inflamed and swollen, and there is difficulty both in speaking and swallowing. If taken at once a hospital throat can generally be cured by a simple gargle, chlorate of potash, port wine and vinegar, or even plain water. Not long ago I saw a case of this kind, which looked very threatening, cured in one night by a very simple remedy—a gargle of brown sugar and vinegar, about a tablespoonful to a cupful, and a linseed poultice put round the neck before going to bed.

Let me give you a caution as to yourselves in nursing. Do not in attending upon the sick fall into the very common and very serious error of neglecting your own health. Do not forget your meals; eat as a matter of duty, though you may not feel much disposed for it; and, if possible, do not forego your sleep. I know there is nothing more flattering than to have a patient say, "Won't you do it yourself?" or, "I'll wait till you come back to do it for me." One feels as if one must wait and do the thing at any risk; however, it is almost impossible for a person to nurse a case requiring constant daily and nightly care single-handed. No matter how much the patient values your services, if you break down he will have to do without you altogether. There are few of us, I hope, so utterly destitute of friends that we could not get some little help to enable us to take needful rest, if sickness visits our home. It is said that three hours' sleep in the twenty-four will keep you from breaking down; but they must be hours spent in bed, not lying down dressed to doze on a sofa, and starting up every ten minutes to know if you are wanted. Remember, nursing, especially if the patient is a member of your own family, is a great strain both on mind and body. You must take care of your strength, especially if the illness is likely to last a good while; and probably in the long run no one will be more ready to thank you than your patient; for the truest regard for his interest will be shown in so considering yourself that you may be able to attend upon him as long as he requires your services.

When I first began to learn something of the different parts of the body, and their various uses, it used often to strike me how many, very many things there were to go astray, and what a wonderful amount of complicated machinery had to be in perfect working order to ensure bodily comfort.

I remember reading a story of a very little

boy who overheard some grown up people talking about the different kinds of joints in the body, especially the ball and socket joint of the shoulder, where the top of the arm bone is rounded off, and fits into a cavity in the shoulder bone, like the toy known as cup and ball. When he went to bed this child would not go to sleep, and at last, after a great deal of coaxing, gave as his reason, "I'm afraid my ball might fall out of my socket." Of course if he had had more sense he would have known that his joints were as safe as they had ever been before he knew or thought anything about them. Rather let us feel with King David, when he thought of the mighty power of God displayed in his own body, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." Psalm cxxxix. 14.

SISTER CLARA.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER III.

THE END.

THUS the heroic Maid was captured before the gates of the city she had come to deliver. She was the prize of John of Luxembourg, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy; and surely never prisoner of war was the cause of such rejoicing, for it was felt that the knowledge of her arrest would break the spell of the superstitious dread she cast over English and Burgundian troops. Te Deums were sung at all the churches in Paris, and the English rushed in crowds to the camp to see her. At first the French would not believe that the news was really true—that the Maid, so brave, gentle, gracious, had been captured. Bitter was the mourning in the cities where she was known and esteemed.

What was the king doing? Little more than a year ago he had been a dejected recluse at Chinon, spending his time in idle tears and alarm for his kingdom. Now he was master of a large portion of France, and had been crowned king at Rheims—all by the means of this brave maiden. Yet the coward did actually nothing! whereas one would have supposed that he would spare neither blood nor treasure to free her from her foes. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that not an effort was made by Charles and his Court to rescue her, by force of arms or by ransom; but such, to their eternal disgrace, is the truth.

Jeanne was sent, first to the château of Beaulieu, then to Beaurevoir, a castle in a wood, and placed under the care of the aunt and the wife of her captor, John of Luxembourg. These were pious and amiable ladies, and, like other good women, they were attracted to Jeanne as soon as they knew her. Won by her religious trust, gentleness, and patience, they lavished every kindness upon her. At last the terrible news came that she had been sold by their relative to the English for ten thousand livres.

The old countess flung herself on her knees before her nephew with tears and prayers that he would not commit the base deed of selling the heroic prisoner. But John of Luxembourg was poor, and money was precious to him. Doubtless he would have preferred to accept the ransom from King Charles, had he offered an equal sum; but the king was enjoying himself in his gay and idle Court, and stirred not a finger to save his deliverer. Hence the nefarious bargain was completed.

When the news reached poor Jeanne, she was told at the same time that men, women, and children in Compiègne would be put to the sword when the town was taken. Half wild with grief, she felt she must escape and go to the help of her friends.

On the summit of the tower in which she was confined was a platform where she was allowed to walk for the benefit of the fresh air, and daily there came the temptation to leap down. At last, it is said, she yielded to the wild desire, and plunged over the brink, only to be found, stunned and senseless, on the ground.

When she recovered from the effects of this desperate attempt she was removed to Crotoi. The plan of the English, who had bought her, was not to treat her as a prisoner of war, but to hand her over as a sorceress to a religious tribunal. An infamous wretch named Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, noted for his wickedness, was fixed upon as a suitable tool to manage the affair, and the English Cardinal Beaufort promised to compass his appointment as Archbishop of Rouen in reward.

To Rouen, the centre of the English power in France, poor Jeanne was finally conveyed, in the latter part of the year 1430; and the mildness with which she had hitherto been treated was replaced by harshness and insult. She was first placed in an iron cage, and taunted by her captors; afterwards she was fettered by day to a log of wood, by night to her bed. Treachery was adopted to ruin her; a priest, named Nicolas l'Oiseleur, induced her to speak freely to him under the pretext of confession, while two notaries in an adjoining room were stationed to hear and write down every word. It is said that the men proved too honest for the task!

Meanwhile, the lengthy preparations for the trial had been completed. No fewer than forty assessors were to judge this unlearned peasant girl, who could neither read nor write, numbering six doctors from the University of Paris, abbots from some of the largest monasteries in Normandy, the Vicar of the Grand Inquisitor of France, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The articles of accusation at first were seventy in number, charging her with sorcery, heresy, and similar crimes.

In the dim, ancient chapel of the Castle of Rouen, the trial began on February 21st, 1431. Jeanne, pale and trembling from her captivity, was brought up day by day before her judges, who sought to baffle and entrap her by every means in their power. It was not wonderful that they sometimes succeeded in perplexing her about the visions and voices in which she had hitherto implicitly believed; yet on all main points her conviction was singularly true and straightforward. The spiritual character of her religious faith is shown with wonderful force in her answers, and it is remarkable how far she had risen above the superstitions of her age. Not one of the Church dignitaries before whom she was arraigned had a belief so true and pure.

She was repeatedly asked if she would submit to the Church. Her reply was, "I submit to God, who sent me. It seems to me that our Lord and the Church are one. Why do you make a difficulty, and say they are not one?" And again—"I would submit to no one but our Lord, and would always do His good bidding." "Do you believe that you are subject to the Church on earth—namely, our holy father the Pope, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the Church?" "Yes, our Lord being served first."

Repeatedly she appealed from man to God—"I have a good Master, our Lord, to whom, and to none other, I trust in all."

"Do you know that you are in a state of grace?" she was asked. "If I am not," she replied, "God guide me there; if I am, God keep me there." At this rejoinder one of her assessors could not but exclaim, "Jeanne, you have answered well!"

The record of the trial, which lasted fifteen days, is not drawn from hearsay or from invention, but from depositions taken at the time. These give evidence that cannot be shaken as to the pure rectitude of Jeanne's purpose. Surely it is a sight to move the girl-readers of all time—this girl of nineteen, with no friend, adviser, or helper, brought up day by day into the dim Gothic chapel before the stony-hearted tribunal, strong in the consciousness of an unselfish purpose, resting her faith upon a Supreme Judge who should overrule the iniquity of man—courageous, patient, and steadfast to the last! No greater blot stains Shakespeare's historical plays than his portrait of La Pucelle in the First Part of *Henry VI.* It can only be said that the poet was no wiser than his time in this respect; for belief in witchcraft was then common, and he took the popular explanation of conduct that rose so far above the level of ordinary womanhood. We cannot but regret that he so degraded his art, but justice has been done the Maid by the researches of a later time.

Was she, then, really inspired? It seems plain that her devout enthusiasm, her unfailing courage, supplied, in a time when men's hearts were failing them for fear, just the stimulus they needed to urge them to action. Despondency is the worst of all hindrances to successful strife; this despondency Jeanne swept away by her inspiring presence. Of herself she had little taste for the ferocity of warfare, and at the trial she said, "I carried that banner when I attacked the enemy in order to avoid killing any one; for I have never killed a single person."

To that trial we must return; but it was little more than a solemn mockery. At its close she was condemned to death on twelve articles of accusation, setting forth her sorcery and heresy in various degrees of abuse; and on the 24th of May she was conducted to the cemetery of St. Ouen, where a vast crowd was assembled to see her suffer. In the sermon that always preceded such executions King Charles was assailed with invective, but the loyal Maid would not, even in that dread hour, suffer any reflection to be cast on the character of the coward who had abandoned her.

"Do not speak thus of my king," she exclaimed; "he is a good and true Christian!"

But the end was not quite come. A paper containing a confession of her imputed crimes was put before her, and she was told she must sign it or be burnt there and then. It is probable the unhappy girl did not understand its contents: but in the agony and weakness of the moment she allowed an English secretary of Cardinal Beaufort to guide her hand to write her name. She was next told that she was condemned to imprisonment for life, but by whom and for what she could not clearly comprehend, for she said, "Now, then, you of the Church, guide me to your prisons, that I may no longer be in the hands of the English."