

made by the woman of delicate sensibilities when she left a home of comfort and refinement and made her way to the front there to care for the sick and wounded as they were brought from the field of battle into the rude and poorly appointed hospital. They saw all the horrors of warfare with little of the action and excitement which stimulates men to face death unflinchingly.

But even this was not the greatest work that women did in those trying days. There were adventurous spirits among them, who, under the direction of the secret service bureau, penetrated the lines of the enemy inviting the most ignominious death; who travelled for days and nights alone and unprotected, dependent only upon their cunning to return them safely to friendly soil.

But our civil war was not one in which men alone could find a theatre for splendid action, nor was it a war in which only a few women could take part, but one in which every man and every woman found a place. I would not speak alone of the work done by the women in hospital service nor of that done within the lines of the enemy, but I would sing just as long and just as loud the praises of the woman who stayed at home for:—

“The time had come when brothers must fight, and sisters must pray at home.”

Here, there was no excitement of any kind to ease the burden they bore. They must work on, patiently waiting, eagerly watching for tidings from brother, father or husband who one by one had marched away, never knowing what day might bring the awful news of some dire calamity. There was no action, nothing to stir them out of themselves, nothing for them but patient, painful, dreary waiting. We see some poor mother bid her last son farewell as he starts on his journey to the front to take the place of a father or brother who has fallen. We note her deep sorrow as she lays this last sacrifice upon her country's altar. We see a sister parting from her brother; we see a daughter parting from her father; we see a young wife parting from her husband and then we watch them as day after day they perform the monotonous routine of homely duties, watching eagerly for news, hoping fondly for the best, every moment dreading the worst, praying with all their humble hearts that God may spare their loved ones and yet ready to sacrifice these dearest things of earth for freedom and native land.