

the lasting greatness of her name has had a more logical foundation and a deeper root than could have been possible from the fruits of any single action. For in this case, as so often, *vox populi vox Dei est*.

From this new biography we learn that her life before that Crimean climax was one long struggling preparation and battling through of the many barriers raised alike by social prejudice and domestic affections towards the vocation that she felt was hers, though she knew not how or when it might come to her, but which, when it came, found her ready, with prejudices defeated, expert training secured, spiritually and mentally waiting for one of the great medical and military crises of the nineteenth century, that was to be hers to control and to subdue. Nor, after the crisis in the East was over, did she subside into the gentle inaction of an invalid chamber, as has been popularly thought, but from that chamber, battling with the physical illness that remained after her exertions in the Crimea, and that threatened her life many times, she proceeded unceasingly to the solution of those many pressing problems by which medical science was revolutionized by her in various directions.

Had it not been for the absolutely Herculean labors of Florence Nightingale, invalided in body, but of indomitable will, after her return from the Crimea, the terrible lessons of the war would have remained unlearned by the British nation, and the great reforms in the hygiene of the British army, sanitary science both in the East and West, hospital construction, and last but not least, in the profession of the gentle art of nursing,—reforms which she instituted, organized, and actually dictated to Court and Ministers alike,—would not have been carried out, and the many wrongs she righted would have remained for the sufferings of a later generation to retrieve. In the face of her pro-