

open the door, and transferring the right things to the right places. Miss Nightingale and her associates in this charge upon the door is rather a grander sight in our eyes than that of Lord Cardigan and his dragoons at Balaklava.

When Florence Nightingale left her affluent English home, and organized her band of nurses for the Crimea, the country was unanimous in its admiration and gratitude. It was a novel step in an English Maiden, and not only novel, but heroic in the highest sense. The English people are proverbially attached to precedents, and man or woman who attempts anything not duly sanctioned by custom does so at imminent risk. Here, however, the risk was taken, and the approbation became at once universal. Miss Nightingale speedily had her full meed of praise in the newspapers — not more, we think, than she merited, but far more, we are sure, than she herself could have read with satisfaction.

But this humane and heroic woman, as we know, had not been long at her post of mercy before those skilled in such matters discovered defects in her theology. They found out that she was not “Evangelical.” While the more orthodox might have been giving all due attention to the question of justification by faith, she was, at any rate, justifying the genuineness of her religion by her works of daily and nightly self-sacrifice — thus showing that she had read St. James, as well as St. Paul. But while her lack of orthodoxy was evident, it was not so clear as to what school of heterodoxy she belonged. Some affirmed that she was a Puseyite, others that she was a Unitarian. The discussion reached England, and of course appeared in the newspapers. The *Times* emphatically cried shame on the controversy, and in view of what she had done, and was doing,