

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

DURING the past month the mail from Europe brought a letter from this devoted woman, by which it appears she was still in the Crimea toward the close of August. From the state of her health a few months since it was thought she would have been compelled to leave, at least for a time, the scene of her labor of mercy, and return to England. But let us hope that her health is so far restored that she will be enabled to abide at her post yet longer. And to this let us add still another hope that her services may not much longer be required. The letter is brief but characteristic. It is written from Scutari Hospital to the widow of an Artilleryman, who had died a few days before, and encloses some relics found on his person, and a few sentences of consolation and sympathy.

The humane mission of Miss Nightingale to the Crimea has made her name a familiar and revered word to all, and has entitled her to a place in history. She went where she saw she was wanted, and she put her hand firmly and faithfully to the work of mercy. The sick, wounded, and dying soldiers in Scutari hospital have blessed her as their ministering angel. Official routine occasionally cramped her efforts for the relief of the suffering, but we have sometimes seen how the strong Christian love in her heart gave her confidence to storm the old fortress of formalism, and set aside its obstructions. When sick men were becoming more sick every hour through lack of beds and bedding, and when beds and bedding for their use were in the government store, but could not be had without an impossible compliance with some routine regulation, she courageously cut the knot of the difficulty by breaking