There can be little doubt, as Barnett Smith tells us, that "Her Majesty has outlived all her early friends and faithful servants. All who officiated at her coronation have passed into the land of shadows. If she has tasted all the happiness of life, she has tasted likewise its bitterness, for death has ever been busy laying his finger here and there upon her beloved friends, relatives and associates. . . . The Queen's reign is coincident with the most surprising progress at home and abroad. It has been the age of railways, of trans-oceanic steamers and of the telegraph, of free trade, parliamentary reform, and the abolition of the corn laws."

The late Earl of Carlisle once happily observed that the glories of Her Majesty's reign were "the glories of peace, of industry, of commerce, of genius; of justice made more accessible; of education made more universal; of virtue more honoured; of religion more beloved; of holding forth the earliest gospel light to the unawakened natives; the glories that arise from gratitude for benefits conferred; and the blessings of a loyal and chivalrous because contented people."

For sixty years our dear Lady has sat on her imperial throne, and her firm serene rule, keen intellect, and wide sympathies have blessed her mighty empire. As Mrs. Tooley has beautifully observed: "The Queen will live in history as the most enlightened and consistent of constitutional monarchs, as well as being revered as a great and noble woman. Those who have been privileged to enjoy her friendship all speak of the beautiful blending of *naïveté* and kindness with great personal dignity which render her so charming in private life."

The Queen is growing old now, and her infirmity prevents all active exercise; but her daily work is still as heavy as ever. For some years past, we are told in that charming little book, "The Private Life of the Queen," by one of her servants, "the Queen's health and strength have largely

depended on her being almost perpetually in the open air; and it is necessity, not choice, that obliges her to do her morning's work out of doors. At Windsor the little Frogmore tea-house, with its lovely surroundings, is the chosen spot; and here, beneath the shade of two magnificent evergreen oaks, the Queen's writing-table and despatch-boxes are set out on fine mornings, while two mounted messengers keep up perpetual communication with the telegraph office and telephones at the Castle; and the attendant secretary stands at her side. . . . In addition to the public work, the self-imposed private work done by Her Majesty is extraordinary. Every word of the Parliamentary report which is daily made to her by the leader of the House of Commons is perused by her, and not unfrequently annotated in her own hand before being filed." And in another passage: "Apart from state business, it has been proved that the Queen is the greatest correspondent of the day, not only as regards the letters she receives and reads, but those she indites with her own hand in reply. A point on which the Queen is extremely punctilious is the insistence that, unless debarred by illness, all her children shall write to her once every day. . . . Her Majesty is a most introspective letter-writer, and only cares for letters of a like quality." Her letters to the nation at times of public trouble and rejoicing are truly admirable; and it is worthy of record that when any catastrophe or accident happens, any disaster by land or sea, a message of womanly sympathy is flashed from Windsor or Osborne to the unhappy survivors. To add to Her Majesty's labours; it is now known that she has taken up the study of Hindustani, and that the Empress of India writes her diary in that language. It has been said, "that if the Queen had been destined to write in lieu of ruling, she must have left a great mark on the literature of the country."

When, as it has been touchingly said, "the day of

England's sorrow dawns," and "she is laid to rest in the place where she so often goes to pray on Sunday," surely there will be a great cry through this vast empire, like that one of old in Egypt, "when there was not a house where there was not one dead." God grant that that time may be far from us, and that our great and good Queen may long be spared to us, and in the words of that sweet poem by Helen Marion Burnside—

"I'm praying, 'God bless her' again ;
God grant her His peace an' His comfort i' the years that may still remain ;
God send her His shinin' angels, the angels that do His will,
To guide the feet that are weary up the last steep bit o' the hill"

Florence Nightingale

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

CHAPTER I

"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP"

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

LONGFELLOW.

THE name of Florence Nightingale has long become a household word; and although, since her return from the Crimea in 1856, broken health and bodily infirmity have compelled her to live in enforced seclusion, that honoured name is still as dear as ever to the hearts of English men and English women.

With the exception of the pious and high-souled Elizabeth Fry, there is no brighter example of devotion to duty in the whole of the Victorian era than this delicate and highly born woman, whose noble and untiring efforts to relieve the sufferings of her fellow-creatures entailed on her a lifelong martyrdom of pain. As it has been well said by a recent writer, Mrs. Tooley, "It required a more indomitable spirit, a nobler courage, to work in the pestilential hospital at Scutari, to walk for twenty hours at a time the miles of fetid and overcrowded corridors wherein lay the sick, the wounded and the dying, than in the heat of battle to go 'down into the jaws of death,' as did the noble Six Hundred."

"Do not write of me until I am gone," are her own

touching words, and as far as Miss Nightingale's private life is concerned, one is bound to respect her wish for privacy; but her work during the Crimean War belongs to history, nor would the record be complete without the mention of the heroic band of women who devoted themselves to the sick and wounded soldiers.

Two or three years ago a charming sketch, from the well-known pen of Sarah A. Tooley, appeared in the pages of the *Temple Magazine,* which gives us many interesting particulars of the childhood and youth of Florence Nightingale. The description of her home at Lea Hurst deserves to be quoted in full.

"Tourists in the Matlock district still make Lea Hurst a place of resort, for not only is it indelibly associated with the name of Florence Nightingale, but it is a place of ideal loveliness.

"It stands in an extensive park upon a plateau overlooking 'Dove's romantic Peak,' and in the distance are lovely views of the Peak country. The Hall is built in the form of a cross, with gables at the extremities and sides. It is approached by an imposing gateway, with massive posts surmounted by globes of stone; a smooth shaven lawn lies peacefully about it, and gardens, avenues and shrubberies lend their charm to the picture. On this breezy site, above the picturesquely winding Derwent, Lea Hurst stands, with its Gothic turrets and many gables, like some old Hall of feudal times. Large bay windows jutting out into the grounds render the low rooms bright and cheerful."

Another notice is given by Dr. Spencer T. Hall. After describing some rural scenery in Northamptonshire, the Doctor goes on to say: "But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic, the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose