

"Lor', Nurse!" exclaimed Mrs. Potts with mock fear, "you fair startled me—you're just like spring'eled Jack."

"The angels make you think only of nice things," whispered Nurse May. Mrs. Potts gave a noisy laugh. "Well, I could do with something more than thoughts myself. To my mind there's a deal too much thinkin' as it is."

"And sometimes," persisted Nurse May, "when you have wanted something very badly, a Christmas angel has brought it."

"'Ow d'ye know?" Mrs. Potts's face was almost animated.

Nurse May smiled and looked mysterious. "Because they always leave something behind to show they have paid you a visit."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Potts, and relapsed into silence.

She was the first to wake on Christmas morning. She lay and listened to a variety of snores in every direction. The dawn was creeping in at the window. She was in a world of flowers and holly and mistletoe. Nurse May was lighting all the fairy lights on the doctor's table.

The carol singers must have started on their round of the wards. Mrs. Potts put her hand out on the counterpane and touched something soft. She picked it up with a wondering expression on her face. It was a large feather.

"Nurse," she called excitedly, "there's one bin sittin' on my bed!"

Nurse May came over to her at once. "One what?" she asked.

"One of them Christmas angels, and it's left a feather be'ind."

"So it has," remarked Nurse May without a smile.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Potts, with a stifled scream, "if there ain't a parcel under my pillar—lordy! I'm struck all of an 'eap!"

For the parcel contained a knitted cross-over in dark blue wool.

"That settles it," remarked Mrs. Potts with visible excitement. "Nobody but an angel would a' known I wanted that crossover. I've stood outside the knitted shop in Totten'am Court Road over an' over again, an' never 'ad enough money to buy it."

Night Sister came stealing in just at that moment to learn the reason of Mrs. Potts's loquacity.

Mrs. Potts beamed upon her. She was red in the face, and the tears were not far off.

"Sister," she said tremulously, "'ere's an angel belongin' to a feather!" and she wondered why Sister laughed.

"A PRECIOUS HISTORICAL LEAF."

Miss Dock quotes in her department of the *American Journal of Nursing* from the last Red Cross Society Report of Japan (1911), a most impressive account of a memorial service held in Tokyo on Miss Nightingale's death, "which we here reprint as a precious historical leaf:—

"A SHINTO MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"When we were informed of the death, on August 13th, 1910, of Miss Florence Nightingale, who was revered and loved from afar by our nurses as the model worker of their profession, she was greatly mourned. The Central Hospital officers of our society decided to have a religious service performed for the departed according to the ancient Shinto rituals. It took place on September 27th, in one of the class rooms for the student nurses, where her portrait was hung over the altar. Among those present were Viscount Hanabusa, vice-president of the society; Barons Ishiguro and Matsudaira, councillors of the hospital; Marchioness Nabeshima, president of the Ladies' Voluntary Nursing Association; Marchioness Matsukata, honorary vice-president of the Association; the officers of the same and the official staff, and some 350 nurses belonging to the society. Director Surgeon-General Hirai delivered an opening speech in which he explained the reason of this memorial service. Baron Ishiguro then made a eulogistic address on the late Miss Nightingale. The ceremony proper followed, according to the Shinto ritual. The spirit of the deceased was invoked, the offerings were made, the liturgy was read. When this was over, Superintendent Hagiwara, representing the nurses, read a paper before the spirit, when all assembled bowed with deep reverence.

"The Shinto priest concluded the ceremony by performing what is known as the ritual of the farewell to the departing spirit. The emotion with which the service was conducted by her admirers in the Far East must surely have reached her, who is now enjoying life eternal in another world. A similar memorial service for Miss Nightingale was performed at the Kyoto Branch of the Ladies' Voluntary Nursing Association, on September 3rd. Governor Omori, president of the Kyoto Branch, his wife, who is president of the Ladies' Association, the official staff, members, and student nurses were present."

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