

have ever the pathos of truth, and thus touch a chord in many a heart which more ambitious writers seldom reach. The grand charm of Mrs. Alexander's works is their exquisite simplicity. By far her most famous novel is the "Wooing O't," and this is the one which made her name—a name her later books have more than kept up. One of the most touching remarks in the interview is when Mrs. Alexander simply tells how her husband "thought a writing woman an abomination; so to please him," she adds, "I gave it up, and for years never touched a pen." Mrs. Alexander proved, when she again after his death took to literature, that her power of writing had not been sacrificed to her wifely devotion; and, maybe, the years of waiting contributed largely to the success of her works. The fault of the age—*i.e.*, "running before we can walk"—was thus avoided, and she gave to the literary world thus something worthy of its acceptance. No wonder then that both in England and in astuter America her books are ever gladly welcomed. "Mrs. Alexander," adds the interviewer, "lives in London, where she says she always writes better than anywhere else."

THE "Women's Penny Paper" is not touched by the "vile hand of man," but is the "only paper conducted, written, and published by women" alone, and there could be no better proof that we weaker vessels could do, if we chose, journalistically at least without the lords of creation very well indeed. It is very well "got up," to use a technical term, its interviews are always good, and the current news of the day pithy and concise, whilst the printing is above praise. Miss Temple, the editress, is much interested in "Woman's Suffrage" and other political reforms.

A CHARMING and most successful exhibition and sale of Icelandic curiosities was held in the private house of Mrs. Canziani, in Kensington, by Mrs. Sigrider Magnuson, an Icelandic lady who is trying to raise a sum large enough to found a school for girls at Reykjavik, Iceland, for the educational mania has reached thither even, and finds its advocate in this bright, eager lady from far away Iceland.

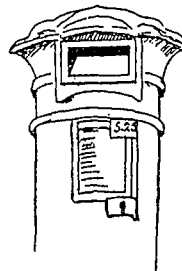
THERE is an outcry raised in Iceland by the women that the men are encroaching on their particular work—work which has for centuries been regarded in the little island as women's own, and that work is the making of the men's clothes. It seems that in Iceland women have hitherto had the monopoly for fashioning the male attire, but now some daring intruders have risen up and are

competing with the gentler sex for custom, and are urging their brother men to patronise them. This is an age of change, as even the Icelander has discovered.

VEVA KARSLAND.

A MAN who does not continually adapt his highest actions to his highest feelings is a man in whom there is not enough sameness of purpose to render him capable of exerting any lasting influence on the world.

CALMNESS.—There are persons who pride themselves on concealing their feelings, when in truth there is little or nothing to conceal. Whether there is little or much, however, it is not concealment but control that is to be desired. Not by sudden or violent effort is this to be attained, but by long and constant habit. We can no more force ourselves to be truly calm than we can force ourselves to deep feeling. But, by habituating ourselves at once to respect our feelings, yet to hold them in check; to admit their power, yet to make them subservient to some higher good; to cherish our enthusiasm, yet to keep it within bounds and to direct our surroundings, so as to avoid as much as possible the trouble and anxious condition which confusion and hurry induce—by such means we may gradually acquire the real calmness and equanimity which is the source of much of the best work and the truest enjoyment of life.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

We shall be happy to answer, as far as we can, all questions submitted to us.

Communications, &c., not noticed in our present number will receive attention when space permits

THE GOOD SAMARITAN NURSING SOCIETY VERSUS CLERICALISM.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Your timely and loudly called for annotation on "Religious Intolerance" recalls to my mind the words of Defoe—*viz.*, "If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtue,

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