

I stood—or rather sat—corrected. Need I add the tale was never finished? Stern reality had confronted imagination and triumphed.

DANTE ROSETTI'S celebrated picture, "Beata Beatrix," has been presented by the owner, Lady Mount-Temple, to the National Gallery, a gracious gift indeed to the public. There is a touching story connected with this picture, for the beautiful features of the entranced Beatrice are said to closely resemble those of the painter's dead wife whom he so passionately mourned. Years had elapsed since that dear face had been hid from his eyes in the cold grave, yet, angelised and idealised, it smiled down on her "own true love" from the painted canvas. Verily, love is stronger than death. Many of my readers will remember the picture, which was exhibited in the Academy of 1883.

MRS. MACPHERSON'S work in Canada with regard to the boarding out of East End children is too well known to need any comment. I read a charming account from her pen the other day, describing how six orphaned little ones had found a home and shelter beneath one kind roof, and in one motherly heart. In Australia also the same work is carried on, and the climate and the position held there by the working-classes are both in favour of the plan. Delicate English waifs and strays with broken health, unequal to the rigour of a Canadian winter, might be profitably sent to the Antipodes, where kindly arms will be held out to welcome them, and where a bright future is practically ensured them if only they are industrious and steady. Miss Morris is the Secretary of the Society in Melbourne, but her work—and it is no sinecure—is principally amongst the pauper and orphaned children of that great city itself, for as we know the sins of the father are visited on the children, and even there misfortune, crime, and above all drink (that curse of England, and yet more of the Colonies) brings many an innocent victim to the verge of starvation.

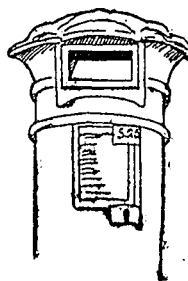
THERE is a rage just now for Trade Unions for women workers. I am glad to find that one has been started lately for shop assistants, which although but in its infancy already numbers three hundred and forty members. Miss Trehearne is the Hon. Secretary. The fur sewers, whom Miss Beatrice Potter has declared, in a recently published article, to be miserably underpaid, and the mantle-makers are also about to unite, and in these particularly Mrs. Bradley, the Dean of Westminster's wife, is much interested. These unions will be beneficial in other ways besides the primary one of raising, I hope, the scale of wages,

for they will be productive of great good if a strong *esprit de corps* animates the members. A fellow-worker, therefore in a peculiar sense a sister and a comrade. Shall we return again to the famous old companies of the "good old times"? Surely these unions are a first step; after all it is only the old cry of Protection under another name in that direction. Free Trade may be good for the consumer, but it is cruel, very cruel, on the producer.

DURING the Paris Congress of Women last June it was decided to form an International Bureau of Women, and every country represented agreed to have each a correspondent. Mrs. Emily Crawford, so well known as the Paris Correspondent for the *Daily News*, has kindly consented to act as the English corresponding member in Paris of the Bureau; whilst the London correspondent is clever Miss Florence Baggott, of the C. N. S. for Women's Suffrage, 29, Parliament Street, S.W., who will gladly receive any communication about news likely to be of interest, not only to the home folks but to our foreign sisters also.

VEVA KARSLAND.

A WEAK mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.



## 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.*

### A CORRECTION.

*To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."*

Sir,—Will you kindly permit me to rectify one or two errors in punctuation that rather confuse my meaning as to the use of carbolic acid, introduced into my article on Obstetric Nursing in last week's *Nursing Record*?

The paragraph in question should run thus: "Carbolic acid is a germicide, poisonous and malodorous, though used to quell stench. It acts upon the particular surfaces to which it may be applied, such as drains, sinks, soil pipes, &c. In Midwifery nursing we employ two forms—powder for disinfecting all utensils; and for manual use, appliances and instruments, dissolved in glycerine."—I am, Sir, yours truly,  
OBSTETRICIA.

NURSING RECORD BENEVOLENT FUND.—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of ten shillings from "Sairey Gamp" towards the above Fund.

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