

to be, and a successful journalist she had become. Sesame. It is written. The interesting columns headed "Philanthropy in Action," which appear from time to time in the *Echo*, are from her pen. Miss Billington also writes for the *Daily Graphic* and the *Sunday Times*, &c. She holds no advanced views; indeed, "She is a keen opponent of the franchise for women, and also does not approve of the ladies' cigarettes."

MADAME MODJESKA, who is writing an account of her trip to England in a Cracow newspaper, speaks very highly of the land of fogs, and praises the great B.P. She ought to do so, for the English admired her art, and showed their appreciation very solidly. It is strange how partial English people are to foreigners, be they—

"French or Turk or Norssian,
Or yet Italian."

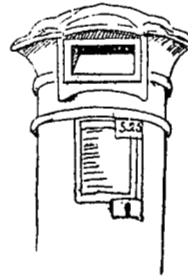
MISS RHODA BOUGHTON has been obliged to leave the old house at Oxford, where she and her sister have resided for the last ten years, for it is doomed to destruction beneath the juggernaut of improvement. She is no longer a resident of the quaint old University town, but has moved to beautiful Richmond. Her last novel, alas! has received much criticism as well as much praise from the hands of divers reviewers. It matters not, however, for while the critics disagree the public read, for this accomplished lady is very popular as a novelist.

THE new story by the German authoress, Brigitta Angesti, tells of the episodes that occur to two German lassies whilst travelling in England and Norway. Not having read the book, I cannot say what these young adventurous damsels think of our mother country, but as the Teuton is ever patriotic, I expect this clever lady novelist makes her young heroines prefer muchly "the Fatherland."

THE second edition of "Christmas Roses," the Christmas double number of the *Gentlewoman*, is all sold out, the picture of "A Gentlewoman of the Olden Time," done on white satin, being deservedly popular, whilst the whole number is remarkably good.

VEVA KARSLAND.

THE EVIL OF BAD ASSOCIATES.—It is conceded to be an established fact that the mind assimilates itself to the influences with which it is brought into close contact; and, in nine cases out of ten, inferiors will drag superiors down to their own level.



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.

INTOLERANCE AND DISTRICT NURSING REFORM: A RECONNAISSANCE.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—How pithy and concise Miss Tyson is! How hastily she has run out, too, closing the door after her! But, perhaps, she will allow me to thank her for her candour in replying to my last letter, and to congratulate her upon her honesty in thus publicly acknowledging her error; for we are all liable to err betimes, and it is well with us when we prove to be sufficiently true to ourselves and the world at large to frankly own we are in the wrong when we are wrong; not *too thick* to seize on and speak the truth, even though the heavens should fall. "Please all men with the truth. Wound not the truth to please any man."

"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel" has long been sounding in my ears, and although my gospel may not be that of some other people, I have attained it after an honest and disinterested search for truth. "Buy the truth, and sell it not" is a something worth thinking out in the quietness of one's own domain; which thought I would commend to the thoughtful consideration of your readers. That "to us, meanwhile, to all that wander in darkness and seek light as the one thing needful, be this possession reckoned among our choicest blessings and distinctions."

Carlyle says, directing our attention to one of those heroines of his, "She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the morning papers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing be made something by never so much babbling of it there? Far better, probably, that no morning and evening papers mentioned it; that the right-hand knew not what the left-hand was doing! She might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal—namely, a life to lead? Silence, too, is great; there should be great silent ones, too."

"Beautiful it is to see that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well."

But to pass on to my next point. Although it was very far from my wish to entangle our common friend—she paused to trip, not I, remember—I would ask to hereby give notice that the determination to commence a crusade against *religious slavery*, to ask for and demand liberty of conscience for our Nurses as their just and equitable due, grows stronger within me every day; for, after years of honest and disinterested search for truth, I cannot hold my peace in such a time as this, after witnessing so much needless silent suffering amongst our District Nurses—arising entirely from this

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