

German and not countrywomen of the bold Briton or dare-devil American, who is always astonishing the foreigner.

MISS VIOLET SELBY has come out first in the London University Examination in classics for the M.A. degree. She was however closely run by two other ladies, Miss Edith Johns and Miss Marion Sherratt, who stood respectively second and third. It is fortunate M.A. stands for Mistress as well as Master of Arts. Really after this year of women's triumphs, headed by Miss Fawcett "higher than the highest," the man will have to turn tail and cook. By-the-bye, I wonder if in an Examination for Nursing or Cooking, or for the Lady Guide Certificate, the men would come out first. But we must recollect that whilst fathers only send their clever daughters to a University, they always send their sons if they possibly can afford it, whether they have brains or not; and every man hasn't, just because of his manhood, an extra quantity of this much desired commodity.

THE Women's Printing Works and Journalistic School, opened by Miss Hill at 154, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., about the beginning of the year, is succeeding very favourably. The girls, some of whom are already, I learn, well advanced in the art of composing, prove apt pupils, and bring to their work not only quick fingers, but quick brains, and thus printer's errors are avoided, and authors' and editors' tempers are not tried by their MSS. appearing in print full of mistakes, mistakes so stupid sometimes as to be laughable if they were not vexatious. I think that printers must go out of their way to get men who cannot read: not so easy to discover as men who can read now-a-days, one would have considered.

I HEAR that Miss Dorothy Tennant, the bride of the season, has sent twelve tickets to the Ragged School, so that twelve representative children may be present at her wedding. Fortunate representative children; but will there not be some jealousies, some envyings, some tears, on the part of the unrepresentative children, who will surely ask plaintively, utterly disregarding the question of room, "Why may not I go too?"

THROUGH the kindness of Canon Harford I have been supplied with an advance copy of the following song, which may interest some of my readers. I believe the *Nursing Record* is the only journal so far which has published it:—

BRIGHT TO-MORROW.*

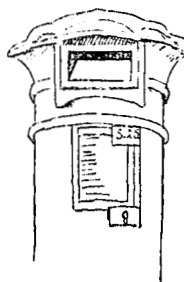
BY FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

What fills the soul with joyous breath?
What fans to life the Poet's lays?
Bids heroes seek the field of death?
And minstrels glowing songs upraise?
'Tis HOPE, that comes to charm our ears,
To chase all present themes of sorrow,
Dispels our doubts, and calms our fears
By telling of a bright To-morrow.

She comes with LOVE. Wherever hearts
By kindred ties are linked in one,
Beneath her spell Despair departs
Like morning cloud before the sun.
She sings sweet songs of future years,
Her visions calm all present sorrow,
She biddeth lovers cease their fears
By whispering of a bright To-morrow.

And when with grief our souls are bent—
Long-wearied in affliction's night,
She comes—a Guardian Angel sent
To lift us to the Realm of Light.
She sings sweet songs of happier years,
Her voice can soothe all present sorrow,
Will raise our FAITH, and calm our fears,
While telling of the bright To-morrow.

VEVA KARSLAND.



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.

EVOLUTION OF PROFESSIONAL NURSING; OR, TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

LETTER IV.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir;—Resuming the subject of "specialism" for the Nursing profession reminds me of the words of Smiles, author of "Self-Help," who, in his book, "Life and Labour," says, "A celebrated writer has observed that if such works were published as satisfied their authors, the very greatest would remain unpublished, the actual results equally falling far short of the conception. The mind moves faster than the pen, and often sees farther. By the time the pen can overtake and register the idea, its gist and perfume have escaped beyond reach. The conceived idea may have been bright and clear as sunlight; yet the written passage may be enveloped in haze. When Pliny remarked of the poet Timanthes, that he felt his ideas were greater than the words in which he conveyed them, and that even when his art was carried to its farthest limits, his genius went beyond it, is doubtless more or less true of all great artists."

*The music of this song, written for the marriage of Mr. H. M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant, has been published by some of his admirers with the view of obtaining £50 towards the expenses of his Missionary Steamer. The names of those who favour this project will be presented to the bride and bridegroom after their marriage. Mr. B. F. Stevens, 4, Trafalgar Square, and Mr. Colin Wyllie, 13, De Vere Gardens, have kindly consented to be Honorary Treasurers of this small fund, and receive subscriptions and donations.

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