and which can only be worshipped at the distance which intervenes between a plate-glass shop window and their god.

The afternoons are spent in "calls," and in the consumption of unlimited cups of tea and cake. The body is cared for and softly nurtured and pampered, while the brain is left famishing — unless the pabulum of smart, sharp, spiteful travesties of their neighbours can be described as mental food. If the "female loafer" possess a carriage, she drives in the park—many thousands may be seen at the present time, with hats preposterously flower-laden, extravagant burlesques of fashion—with no one line of the "female form divine" that is not distorted out of all natural curves and beauties by the eccentricities of the hour. All these women throw away the possible dignity of their lives—all these "loafers" are bartering away their birthright for a mess of pottage—in the desire to live soft and sleep warm with the ease and comfort which the labour of others gives them.

The "woman loafer" is the first to cast a stone at any married woman who elects to take her part of the world's burdens upon herself. "What right has she to work?" they ask. "Let her stay at home and look after her husband and children." Ah! "woman loafer," how much do you stay at home? What of love or sympathy does your husband get—and what of motherhood, your children?

An average woman with average health and strength, could carry on a systematic profession without half the expenditure of energy which is wasted and frittered away by the "female loafer" in aimless wanderings, in visits to dressmakers and corset-makers and manicures and palmists, and fencing schools and hair-dressers, and in making afternoon calls.

"Indeed, I have no time for anything. I *do* think married women ought not to be expected to do district visiting and institution work and so on. Remember my husband and children!" the "female loafer" insistently cries, when asked to join in some useful public work. But the "husband and child" bulwark is not so substantial an entrenchment behind which the "woman loafer" can conceal her idleness as it used to be, and it may happen that the new woman—and perchance the new man—will unearth the fact that the pleas of "domestic life," the "sanctity of home," the "duties to husband and children," are frequently made to cover an infinity of idleness.

Annesley Kenealy.

Notes on Art.

GUILDHALL LOAN EXHIBITION.

(Second Notice.)

In these days of the crudest, coarsest realism, it is so refreshing to come across some Art which expresses itself, as Art should, by means of symbolism. The pleasure of looking at a picture, not as a mere representation of a fact, often a most unpleasant one, but as an appeal to the soul through the eye, a thing from which some truth is to be learned, and the more truth for the longer looking, this is the rest and the joy that Holman Hunt provides for us.

Nurses, accustomed to the sight of so much that is pathetic in life, go and see the "Scape Goat," perishing in the wilderness. The impression it produces is not easy to describe. Painted by the young artist of twenty-six, on holy ground, with a rifle across his knees for fear of marauding Arabs, it has a charm and suggestiveness all its own. The aching feet of the poor forsaken beast sink helplessly in the arid salt incrustations, the distant hills are hard, hot, and unspeakably cruel and desolate; but through it all there is something that speaks out of the heart of the artist, of the why and wherefore of the problem of pain, which Nurses are always being called upon to try and solve.

Eager as we are concerning all woman's work, we are disappointed to find Mrs. Canziani represented by such a very feeble specimen of her work as "The Voice of the Woods" (No. 46). She was more or less a pioneer in the great revival of Art study among women, and was gold medallist of the Academy at a time when such honour was much more surprising than it would now be considered. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, however, sends a very clever picture, quite worthy of her sex! and beautiful is Clara Montalba's "Early Morning: Venice," which Browning's words best suit, "White and wide, and washed by the morning's water-gold."

For the romantic, here is Frank Dicksee's "Love's Whisper," in all its moonlight tenderness; perhaps the heroine of it approaches as nearly as may be to our ideal of womanly beauty. It is oddly instructive to compare with her graceful, simple, suitable dress, the attire of some of the Dutch ladies in the last room.

How one does wish that someone would have reminded these excellent ladies of St. Paul's artistic verdict, that their hair was given them for a covering. The lady whose portrait was painted by Van Ravestein, would have been handsome but for the vast unlovely expanse of bald head which gleams below her cap. Surely these ladies must have shaved artificially! Nobody's forehead could possibly be made by Nature four or five inches high!

Metsu gives us in the "Intruder," a quaint picture of the lady's bed-room of the period, with its great bed, screened away from air and light by its heavy, thick curtains; one sees plenty of velvet jackets trimmed with ermine, but no suggestion of a bath, or any of those accessories which we regard as second only to godliness.

No. 109 also makes us breathe a sigh of thankfulness that our children were not born in the seventeenth century. The unfortunate little victim would make any mother's heart ache. Her dress reaches the ground and is artificially stiffened, and a huge corset encases her poor little plump body. Her cheerfulness under these depressing circumstances seems beyond all praise.

But, O Nurses, nursing city cases, steal in here in your short leisure, and breathe in these cool, silvery Dutch landscapes! Here is rest for the weary heart and eye, a calmness and a gleam of sunshine on wide plains, prepared for you gratis in the heart of London, by the princely hospitality of the City Fathers.

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