ence, and women have too long been allowed to use the dangerous tool of influence without responsibility.

The State takes upon itself the duty of caring for the destitute both in health and disease, and medical science is advancing more and more every year along the lines of prevention rather than cure. In the furtherance of these aims I believe the doctors who work under the Poor Law, would find women-guardians strong allies in all matters of sanitation and hygiene, as well as Nursing."

One of the new departments of work established by the recent Council of the National British Women's Temperance Association is that of Parliamentary Franchise for Women. Systematic work is now under consideration, and plans are being made with the object of educating those women who already possess the qualifications to vote in municipal elections, on the subject of the responsibility of citizenship.

The autumnal meetings of the National British Women's Temperance Association will be held this year in Plymouth, under the Presidency of Lady Henry Somerset. Miss Agnes Weston, who is the President of the Plymouth Branch, will superintend the local arrangements. There will be a Conference, School of Methods, Devotional Day (Sunday) under the direction of Miss Gorham, Superintendent of the Evangelistic Department, B.W.T.A., a Reception, &c., and a Public Meeting to be addressed by Lady Henry Somerset.

Lady Henry Somerset says in her address to the Council of the B.W.T.A. that:—"The history of reform is a tale of privilege, destroyed laws, conventions, institutions, and rights that only serve the interests of a favoured few at the cost of the suffering many, melt and dwindle as the sun of human brotherhood climbs to its noon. It is but natural that those who suffer by each successive change should side with the old order to fight the new. To the majority of men their own interests may pardonably seem the public interest."

Reuter and Dalziel, who are quick to cable every cyclone, railway accident and strike that happens in America, have not sent, so far as we have seen, a single cable about the "Christian Endeavour Convention" in Boston, the largest Convention ever held, for it had fifty thousand delegates, including the best young men and women of the nation, who are taking a pronounced position in favour of every good word and work, prominently including among its principles Temperance Reform.

## Motes on Art.

APPLIED ART.

SUBTLE indeed, is the line to be drawn between the artist and the artificer. We might almost be tempted to assign to the latter the title of being the higher, inasmuch as the artificer, to be a true workman, must also be an artist, whereas the converse need not be precisely true. The true distinction lies, of course, in the fact, that the artist creates for beauty's sake alone, with no underlying idea of utility, while the mission of the artificer is to beautify the necessary and indispensable utilities of life, and to inspire with the forms of loveliness those productions "fixed and

embodied in material objects" which sound so hard and so unlovely in Mr. Stuart Mill's schemes of social economy.

In this great, essential attribute, the mission of the Nurse closely touches upon the mission of the artificer. To veil the horrors of the sick room in the orderly neatness and sweetness of freshness, purity, and perfume; to be oneself a rest for tired eyes to gaze upon; to fight poison and pain, to create—as it were, health, repose, and calm; surely this is applied art, in quite as high a sense as the moulding of hard iron into curves of such grace that street-lamps, signboards, fire irons and such necessities, lose their terrors, and become aids to beauty instead of eyesores.

we want more applied art in England; and it really seems as if we were to get it at last. Of all the joys of life, surely the joy of the skilled workman in his work is one of the greatest. Think of Bernard Palissy. Think of his life spent lavishly, recklessly, on the carrying out of one idea. Think of the triumph, the exaltation, the ecstasy when at last his dream was realized, and his secret, his life-work, his exquisite glaze, lay in bodily shape before his eyes!

It is the County Councils, much maligned as they

It is the County Councils, much maligned as they are, who are striving to infuse the spirit of the skilled artificer into the young of the English villages; and it seems to me that nothing but good can result. It is objected that, to train all boys to be artist-workmen will be to glut the market with skilled labour and lower wages; but I think that such will not be the case.

In a very small, but typical English village, at the Cottage Flower Show, I saw the specimens of wood carving done by the boys during the last two winters under the County Council instructor. Only one out of the class had attained to anything like excellence. His dove-tailing, and his inlaying of oak with geometrical designs of walnut, were admirable. It seemed to me, in glancing over the work done, that the result had been to show that one boy his own capacity, but more than that—to create for him an appreciative public out of his contemporaries and comrades. These lads knew the skill of the thing, and how hard it is to make even the simplest thing well. It is a Utopian dream to hope that when they are men they will demand good workmanship, and prefer a well-made article to a jerry-built one.

## Two Books of the Week.

"BESSIE COSTRELL" AND "PRINCESS ALINE."\*

BESSIE COSTRELL'S story is a very sad one indeed. It is a powerful tale, and one that is not easily forgotten or laid aside. Mrs. Ward's previous writings have shown what profound sympathy she has for men and women in mental trouble and perplexity, and how deeply she is able to probe the misery of mind that can be endured by those whose natures lead them to aspire after something truer than the ordinary conventional existence and belief that satisfies more ordinary mortals. But in all her former stories Mrs.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Story of Bessie Costrell," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s. (Smith Elder & Co., 1895.)
"The Princess Aline," by Richard Harding Davis. 1s. 6d. (Macmillan, 1895.)

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