

Queen, being the second daughter of the late Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse.

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, sister of Lady Henry Somerset, has given £3000 to the Duxhurst Homes for Inebriate Women, to clear off the debt. From the good work already accomplished at Duxhurst it is to be hoped that other institutions in different parts of the country will be established on the same humane and practical lines.

Miss Ida Breton, of the College of Women Workers, Blackheath Hill, (Greyladies), has been presented by the Royal Humane Society with its reward of merit for having courageously saved from drowning at Polperro, Cornwall, Miss Rose Saunders, also a member of the College.

A Committee has been formed, consisting of Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Hallam Murray, and Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, for the purpose of educating 100,000 female district visitors in the legal and other conditions under which women labour at various trades in the United Kingdom, in order to safeguard their interests. It is proposed to establish an indemnity fund, from which girls who are dismissed from their employment, for appearing as witnesses, will be recompensed until other situations are obtained for them. We are afraid that, even with this safeguard, the task of getting women to give evidence, in public, against existing abuses, will be one of Herculean difficulty, and many will support—as they have done in the Royal British Nurses' Association—grave injustice and wrong, from constitutional fear of those who employ them.

Speaking at the opening of the Victorian Nurses' Institute, at Cape Town, the Hon. P. H. Faure said that, after what he had seen that day, he believed that ladies had a greater capacity for organization than men, and on learning that they had worked so harmoniously together, he thought they would form an excellent Cabinet. He most heartily congratulated them on the success which had attended their efforts, and the ladies who had worked in that cause had clearly proved that it was a most desirable institution.

## A Book of the Week.

### "SUNSET."\*

THE author of "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick" seems to be as disappointingly the author of one book only, as the author of the "African Farm."

Not that there was anything wonderfully original in "Mary Fenwick," but it possessed a charm of an unique kind: both the chief characters were so wonderfully life-like, and so wonderfully loveable. The situation between the two—the man and the woman who had married without due reflection—was extraordinarily well managed. Throughout, the interest centred in those two; and the brave, honest gentleman, to whom it had never occurred that life was a thing requiring careful consideration, grew so dear to the reader, that the very sound of "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket" called up affectionate memories to the mind.

\*"Sunset." By Beatrice Whitby. (Hurst and Blackett.)

That subtle charm, Miss Whitby has never been able to repeat; but she comes nearer to doing so in "Sunset," than in any of her intermediate books.

The author is a little too prone to make use of materials which she has formerly found effective. Directly one is introduced to little Alix, in her neglected nursery, one knows that she is destined to set herself on fire, and to be brought, by means of an illness requiring careful nursing, to the very brink of the grave. It is true that nothing appeals so unfailingly to the heart of the reader as the sufferings of children; but also true, I think, that there is nothing one so quickly resents, if made to feel that they are part of an author's stock in trade.

But there are essentially good points in "Sunset."

Miss Whitby shows the same good breeding and restraint in handling the delicate circumstances of poor Isabel's tragedy, that she showed in the difficult situation between Mary and her husband. The kindly feeling that one has for poor Teddy Bing—his utter unlikeness to the villain of fiction in any respect, is distinctly good; one of the finest touches is the description of his access of shame, when he sees the woman he loves obliged to hide in the hedge, that Mr. Hardacre, the vicar, may not see her on her way to her assignation.

"He knew that he had caught sight of a dark gown among the fresh greens. He knew too, with a fierce thrill of resentment, that she, of all women on the earth, thought fit to pause, and to turn aside, and to hide, like any guilty miscreant, until the parson went by, out of sight. Unbearable, intolerable, shameful concealment, and yet, what else was to be done, when she was there, and he was here, and the light shone around them both?"

The vicar is the best character. Frances Blake, though very nearly as good, somehow misses fire, as if she had not quite convinced her author. One wonders so greatly what she could ever have seen to admire in George Brand, the man who does not hesitate to accept from the woman he has refused such a great favour as the guardianship of his only son. The vicar is the best; his delicacy, his strength, his hesitation in the face of an evil that he can hardly credit, the faithfulness of his love, are all admirable. But we ought to have been allowed to see more clearly that he really had succeeded at last in touching Miss Blake's heart. One feels that she only accepted him because her life was empty, and she had nobody else; had George Brand arrived on the scene, even at the last, and told her he loved her, she would certainly have given herself to him. And the vicar deserves more than that.

Some of the descriptions, as for example the little London household with the overworked servants constantly employed in stitching for the butterfly mistress, and George Brand's bachelor household, are really good and delightfully free from exaggeration. They show a deepening power of observation, and lead one to hope that we may have yet more matured, and rather stronger work, from a writer who never fails to please, and never offends against the most fastidious canons of good taste.

G. M. R.

## Bookland.

We are not surprised to hear that the importunate demand for the "Beth Book" is greater than the supply. It is a work of genius; and one shudder

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