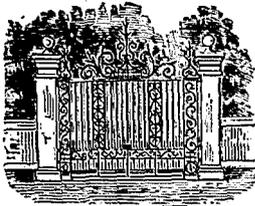


## Outside the Gates.

## WOMEN.



Holidays seem the only topic worthy of discussion, just at present, at least to the hardworked City worker. Every one says, "I am just counting the days till I get away to the country—or the sea—oh! I am so tired—aren't you?"

Sarah Grand says some wise things in the July number of "The Young Woman," in an article on "How to make the best of a Holiday." She points out that some holidays only add one fatigue to another. "It is said that a change of work is as good as a rest. It may be. But it is always well to bring such assertions down from the general to the particular. On this principle of a change of work the girl whose brain is already exhausted goes off on her bicycle in the hope of relieving her nerves by trying her muscles. It does not occur to her that the expenditure of nerve power is still going on while she is taking exercise. What she requires is rest. Children suffering from headache, and urgently in need of repose, are often cruelly sent out to play, when every step is a pang to them: "What, headache again?" says the thoughtless parent or teacher. "Well, go out. That will do you good. It's only stomach"—as if anything could be worse than stomach or more significant of loss of nerve power. And the poor little sufferer patiently drags herself out, and hangs about in misery, making a long chronic business of what should have been a temporary trouble. The common sense treatment of these early symptoms is to make the child lie down in a nice cool, quiet room, well covered up, with the windows wide open and the blinds drawn. A few hours of that sort of holiday would suffice to restore her. Modern medical science takes rest very much into account as well as exercise. It used to be customary to send sufferers from loss of nerve power on impossible journeys. Nowadays they are put to bed. Instead of the inevitable exercise which used to be so freely prescribed, people are now trying rest with the happiest results."

Madam Sarah Grand also alludes to the difficulty which many overworked mothers have in getting a holiday. "Her daughters," she says, "as they grow up, should obviously come to the rescue with the necessary help in household matters: but this is the last thing the modern girl, as a rule, thinks of doing. In the classes where the girls are not made to work, the great business of their lives is their own amusement. It is not an uncommon thing in the middle class household to see the mother making and mending the daughter's clothes, while the young lady herself is deep in a penny novelette. One cannot say that the mothers are to blame either. The fault is in the wretched system, which has deprived women of any true sense of responsibility, and made gentleness a matter of idleness and luxury rather than of character and conduct. 'A real lady,' in the estimation of more classes than the one which gave us the expression, is a person who 'never soils her hands;' and mothers sacrifice themselves in order that their daughters may live up to that paltry ideal."

## A Book of the Week.

## "THE INCREASING PURPOSE."\*

This book was first published by its author, in America, under the title of "The Reign of Law," but the name which it now bears, forming, as it does, part of a quotation from a poem which has deeply influenced the thought of the age, seems a far more suitable one.

The main idea of the story is somewhat the same as that of the wonderful "Illumination," by the late Harold Frederic. It is most interesting to note the entire difference in the treatment. David, only son of a Kentucky hemp farmer, earnestly desires to enter the ministry. He and his parents pinch, toil, starve, to send him to some Bible College which professes to be undenominational, and is of course in reality filled with true sectarian rancour and bitterness. Here David becomes acquainted for the first time, with the works of Darwin, and as might have been expected, the seductive charm of natural science sweeps away the curious bundle of important and unimportant dogmas, which the young man has been taught to believe.

It is a strange thing that Mr. Allen himself, when painting with a master hand the struggles and agonies of the lad who feels his old landmarks slipping away from him, should yet miss what seems the most important point of all.

It is not knowledge, but the want of it, which leads men to unbelief. David ceases to believe, not because of what he learns, but because of the total inability of his sectarian teachers to find a place for that learning. David is expelled from college, and has to return, humiliated and unhappy, to the home of those parents whose one pleasure in life it was to look forward to seeing their only son in the ministry.

Mr. Allen's literary style is uniformly exquisite but there is one passage—the passage describing how David arrives home and breaks the news of his disgrace, which could hardly be improved and I cannot do better than quote part of it.

"The lad sat watching his father, dazed by the tragedy he was facing.

"It is my duty to tell you as soon as possible—I suppose I ought to tell you now."

"Then speak—Why do you sit there?—"

"The words choked him.

"Oh! Oh!—"

"Mother, don't—"

"What is it?"

"Father, I have been put out of college and expelled from the Church."

"How loud sounded the minute noises of the fire—the clocks—the blows of an axe at the wood pile—the lowing of a cow at the barn.

"For what?"

"The question was put at length in a voice flat and dead. It summed up a life of failure and admitted it. After an interval it was put again:—

"For what?"

"I do not believe the Bible any longer. I do not believe in Christianity."

"Oh, don't do that!"

"The cry proceeded from David's mother, who crossed quickly and sat beside her husband, holding his hand perhaps not knowing her own motive.

\* By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan and Co.)

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