

qualities, gentleness, patience, courage, goodness, charity and reverence, combined with rare grace of mind and body."

It is good news that the two Woman's Suffrage Societies have amalgamated, and for the future will have one committee and office, at Millbank Street, Westminster. We hope the policy of the Suffrage Society will be a strong one, and take its stand on two important *principles*. Refusal to pay taxes without representation, and sturdy opposition to the election of men to Parliament who are opposed to the enfranchisement of women. It is time to narrow down our plan of campaign to these two items. Then we shan't be long.

Mdlle. Chauvin, L.L.D., has been admitted to the French Bar. The court was thronged, and she repeated the words, "I swear," in a clear and steady voice, and then quietly retired to her seat among her male companions. We wonder if even the Twentieth Century will see so inspiring a scene in Fleet Street!

The Duchesse d'Uzès, has been elected president of the French Society of Lady Painters and Sculptors.

As the German University professors cannot by forcible means prevent ladies from obtaining university degrees, they have now decided to try the effect of moral suasion.

Fraulein Clara Immerwahr has just been promoted to be Doctor of Philosophy in Breslau University, but at the close of the presentation ceremony, the Dean, Prof. Kauffmann, delivered a speech in which he expressed the hope that only a few exceptionally qualified women would apply themselves to University studies.

"It is most sincerely to be wished," continued the professor, "that women in general will always regard the vocation of wife and mother as the first and most eminent calling, an infinitely higher one than falls to the lot of any man."

Lord Charles Beresford as usual has hit very straight in the *North American Review*. British society, he writes, has been eaten into by the canker of money. From the top downwards, the tree is rotten. The most immoral pose before the public as the most philanthropic, and as doers of all good works. Beauty is the slave of gold, and Intellect, led by Beauty, unknowingly dances to the strings which are pulled by Plutocracy.

O red rose in the garden,
O red rose on the spray,
Saw you my maiden beautiful
Pass hither on her way?
Perchance she kissed your petals,
And turned from white to red
The rose that blushed to find itself
With fairer sweets o'erspread.
O blackbird in the thicket,
And you, sad nightingale,
Heard you my maiden beautiful
Go singing down the vale?
For, syne yon dulcet measure
Dame Echo hither bore,
Methinks your plaintive notes have caught
A lilt they lacked before.

LADY LINDSAY.

—From "The Prayer of St. Scholastica."

A Book of the Week.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.*

This small, anonymous volume seems to have made quite a stir in the world of literature; and in reading it, one feels that there is undoubtedly something in these letters to account for the thrill which they have caused. But the question of their real value is a more difficult point to decide.

Taking books like this one now before us, and such a tale, for instance, as Gertrude Atherton's "Senator North," we seem to be face to face with a reaction of thought on sex subjects, which it is to be hoped, is not to usher in the New Century. In Senator North we had presented to us a man who, in his youth, was married to the maiden of his choice. His wife lived with him in love and honour, became the mother of his children, sympathized with and helped him in all his political aspirations, then after years of married life, fell into ill health; probably as the result of the cares of maternity and the calls of society upon her. The author asks us to sympathize with the husband of this wife, because he, at the age of sixty, she being yet alive, fell in love with a young woman of eight and twenty. We are asked to concede the Mahometan idea that a man, when his first love is getting elderly, ill, or weak, may turn to a younger, fresher beauty for a renewal of enjoyment! Now turn to the book to-day before us. Here you have a girl of two-and-twenty, with life before her, in love with a boy six months younger than herself, and pouring out to him all the treasure of her love. The boy responds, there is an engagement, then he suddenly, for a reason which is left completely unexplained, breaks it off. The girl at once makes up her mind that her own unworthiness is the only cause, goes on loving him more than ever, and succeeds in dying of her one idea, about a year after. She writes love letters to him, before the engagement, which, of course, she does not send; she continues to write love letters to him, after the rupture, which likewise are not sent—till after her death. She has no other aim in life but her passion for this man; no hope for the life to come. God, to her, is a Being who may or may not give her what she wants, and is to be judged by her accordingly. It is the acme of undisciplined, unreasoning, wild, primitive passion. The source of the writer's inspiration is sufficiently evident, from the profuse allusions to the works of George Meredith. And is this the upshot of all our vaunted modernity? This the evidence of the present pretensions of women to be considered reasonable creatures? That a woman has no hope in Heaven or Earth, but through the medium of her love for one man?

It would be interesting to have the opinion of our readers on this subject, those women who take their place bravely among the world's workers, bent, not on indulging their own emotions, but on helping the suffering world of men and women around them, taking love as the crowning blessing of God, but no more thinking of living for that alone than would a sane man contemplate such a sickly possibility.

Dying for my sake
White and pink!
Can't one touch these bubbles then
But they break?

There is no questioning the extraordinary ability

* John Murray.

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