

The loan collection, including portraits of many eminent women, is interesting. Prominent amongst these portraits is one of much beauty, of Queen Alexandra, by the late Mr. E. Hughes. Here, also, are companion engravings of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, gracious and dignified, visiting Newgate, in 1818, and reading to the prisoners in Newgate. Portraits of Sarah Siddons, George Eliot, Mary Somerville, and many other notable women are to be found in this collection.

Other interesting exhibits in this section are a water-colour sketch of a child by Queen Victoria, lent by the King, some early sixteenth century coloured chalk drawings, lent by the Earl of Ancaster, and a collection of fans, by the Countess of Ancaster, one showing the raising of the siege of Stirling Castle.

The London Hospital exhibit has been referred to in this Journal. The National Society of Day Nurseries are showing models of their nurseries, and a courteous attendant is willing to give all information concerning the exhibits. The Misses Firth, of Fulham Road, have an exhibit of a model nursery, but information concerning the special points of interest was somewhat difficult to extract.

At the Enquiry Office, organised by Miss Spencer, of the Central Bureau of Women's Work, pamphlets concerning all sorts of women's work, including nursing, are obtainable, and many and various seem to be the questions asked of this department.

The Craven Crafts, of 52, New Bond Street, showed some dainty specimens of work, designed and executed by women, a box for cards similar to one recently bought by her Majesty the Queen, panel photograph frames, inexpensive necklaces of beautifully coloured beads, and many other attractive things.

The Irish tweeds made by the peasants in County Mayo, shown by the Castlebar Homespun Tweed Industry, are worthy of note, and some beautiful Limerick and Point d'Alencon lace and Irish crochet made by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Benado Abbey, County Sligo.

Mrs. Rose, of Manse Standsting, Shetland, N.B., is trying to dispose of delightful Shetland goods from the thickest of travelling plaids to the filmiest spider-web lace shawls, for the benefit of the workers.

The Welsh Industries Association, of 131, Queen Street, Cardiff, shows some good appliqué work, including portieres, bell pulls, and cushions.

The Brabazon Society are exhibiting some interesting specimens of work, including a miniature chest with panels embroidered by a patient at the Wandsworth Infirmary, who for more than two years has been lying on her back and is now partially able to support herself by means of her work.

Some most interesting and beautiful specimens of pillow lace are shown by Miss Emily Barnes, of 49, Earl's Court Road, W., who gives lessons in this fascinating art.

Some interesting reproductions of old designs are shown by Miss Clive Bayley's Tapestry School at Shottery.

## Book of the Week.

"ADAM STUART."\*

"I don't mind about being either bonny or good. I mean to be great."

"A man canna be great unless he's guid," so argued the stern Scotchwoman.

"Well, that'll be all right," responded the irrepressible ten year old. "If I can't be great without being good, then I shall be good because I mean to be great."

"There's something wrang wi' whit ye said," exclaimed Aunt Libbie, irritably. "A man winna be guid because he's great; he can on'y be great because he's guid. D'ye no see whit I mean?"

But the boy answered deliberately:

"I think I know what you mean, but I don't believe it."

And later to himself: "I shall be great, and I need not be good. I don't believe what she said."

Such is the gist of the prologue to Miss Lucy M. Rae's novel, "Adam Stuart," and a most excellent introduction it is. It immediately whets one's appetite. What can this extraordinary child develop into," one wonders, "if at ten years old he is ruled by such abnormal ambition? Who is to be proved in the right—the level-headed elderly woman, with her God-fearing precepts, or the queer, unchild-like child?"

Adam Stuart was an orphan, the son of a decent working man, who left sufficient for the boy's education, and he gets his chance.

We see nothing of the development of this character. Miss Rae wastes neither time nor material in superfluous descriptions, but very wisely allows her story to unfold itself bit by bit before our eyes, as a page from real life necessarily does. What manner of man Adam Stuart is when we meet him again as leading surgeon of the day we are left to find out, and, as a result, we have a most interesting psychological study. In a sense, he has reached his goal: his work is world-famed, he has made his own place, there remains for him nothing more, apparently, but to marry well and establish for himself a good family connection. And just here we come to the subtlety of Miss Rae's analysis. To the outside world Adam Stuart is a man of invincible strength of character; no one would have suspected him of having a single petty weakness. But, cleverest couch of all, it is given to the woman who loves him to find him out, not in one failing alone—in the case of Barbara Byng, to love is to understand, and she fathoms a secret about Adam Stuart that no one else with whom he comes into contact has ever suspected. There is a defect in the man, even as a surgeon, which none of his admiring collaborators ever discovered, but it is manifested to Barbara Byng in the very first operation she sees him perform. So far as we know, this particular situation has never been touched upon before, and the study of it, the question it raises as to the relative powers of strength and weakness in a temperament of this description is in itself interesting. It is satisfactory to find that our author's hero is not one of

\* By Lucy M. Rae. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

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