

larly large attendance of lady students—the largest that we have ever had. They now form a notable and valuable, as well as pleasing, feature of our academic life, and they have succeeded, in many instances, in winning their way to very high places on our honours lists. So great were their numbers last session that we were obliged, not unwillingly, to provide them with an additional 'ladies' room.' . . . Lady students are evidently going to be in the future a prominent and important feature of our academic life. I am sincerely glad to believe that this is to be the case. Their admission to our college as students, with exactly the same rights as men, is one of the events of my presidency, on which I look back with sincerest pleasure. Nothing but good has come of what was at the time looked upon by some as a bold (by not a few, a mistaken) step. It is proposed in the new University of Belfast to carry this revolution to a point not before even dreamt of, for in the Charter it is intended to enact that all offices and positions in the University (from the highest to the lowest) shall be open to women. Of this proposal I entirely approve." The liberal attitude to women of the President and College authorities is probably accountable for the large attendance of lady students.

Whether Joan of Arc should rank as a saint is now engaging the attention of the Roman Church, and it appears likely that before long her counsel will triumph over the *Advocatus Diaboli*, and the Pope will declare that the canonisation is to be proceeded with. But whether or not, 500 years after her death, "The Maid" is officially pronounced a saint; through all the centuries she has by common consent been acclaimed both saint and heroine, and as such has already been enshrined by the simple, pure, and courageous of heart, who have striven in their day and generation to do their duty, and by the possession of these virtues are akin to her, although for few has the path of duty led, as it did in her case, up the steep ascent to the stake, and the ordeal of fire; through which her brave spirit found freedom, and deliverance from the malice of her enemies as she passed to her reward.

Book of the Week.

DEEP MOAT GRANGE.*

Although we do not find Mr. Crockett at his best in "Deep Moat Grange," he presents us with a very readable story, an exciting plot, and a good deal of adventure.

The hero, young Joseph Yarrow, is but a lad of seventeen or eighteen, but his doings are so interwoven with those of the older folk, it is not at all a tale for babes. Joseph's love affairs are, perhaps, a trifle milk and watery, but the main interest does not hinge upon them, and they are at least true to his age, with no high-falutin nonsense about them.

The story opens strikingly with the mysterious murder of the local postman, whose cart that day carried a considerable sum of money for the Bank,

*By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder, Stoughton.)

and other valuables. The mail cart reached its destination rifled of its contents, blood-stained, and without poor Harry Foster. There was an immediate hue and cry after the missing man, but in vain. In the same village stood an old house named Deep Moat Grange, the terror of the neighbourhood, for it was not unlike a private lunatic asylum, the master of it having chosen for his servants a mad family consisting of four sisters and a brother. Aphra, the eldest sister, being the sanest, was at the head of affairs, controlling even Mad Jeremy, who had a horrible trick of routing up the earth with his hands, to which Aphra was particularly averse.

The master of Deep Moat Grange, known as the Golden Farmer, had a reason for his singular choice of companions: they were the best watch dogs he could have selected to keep people away from his property, and it was a well-known fact that he had great possessions to protect. Old Hobby Stennis was a miser, and Mad Jeremy, who was subject to violent attacks, was the terror of the neighbourhood. But this was the worst that was thought of the extraordinary household; no one associated the disappearances of drovers returning from market with Deep Moat Grange; no one traced mysterious tales of lost travellers to the Golden Farmer's door; the worst known of him was his miserliness, and the fact that long years before he had disowned his only daughter, because she ran away to marry the man of her choice. She returned to die at his very door, but, though he gave her a decent burial, he did not adopt the daughter she left to his care.

It is this child, Elsie, with whom in after years young Joseph Yarrow falls in love, and through their combined efforts, which were due to nothing more than the curiosity of a couple of daring children, the whole tragedy of Deep Moat Grange was unearthed. They had first, however, to pay for their temerity pretty severely, and Mr. Crockett evolves a series of adventures and hair-breadth escapes with characteristic force. When both Elsie and Joseph Yarrow, senior, disappear, when the Golden Farmer pays toll for his evil deeds, and Deep Moat Grange is in flames, with Elsie in it at the mercy of Mad Jeremy, the excitements reach their height.

To those who enjoy thrilling episodes, and the unravelling of mysteries the book may be safely recommended. E. L. H.

COMING EVENTS.

September 7th.—Sanitary Inspectors' Association. Conference opens at Liverpool.

October 6th.—Women's Industrial Council—National Conference on the Industrial Training of Women and Girls, Guildhall, 10 a.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Humanity is coming into the consciousness of its own divine power to change and alter any system which is oppressive. Give it faith in itself and in the overruling God of Justice, and leave sorrowing hearts with their faith—in worlds beyond—where love shall find its own. These worlds exist.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)