

for £157 5s. 6d. was presented to her. This amount had been subscribed by the members as a mark of their love and esteem, not as a personal gift, but for the extension of temperance work under her direction in connection with the Women's Total Abstinence Union throughout the United Kingdom.

A guild known as the Guild of SS. Mary and Martha of Bethany has been at work since 1875 in the little village of Zeals near Bath. Its objects are, (1) to aid mistresses of households (by preference wives of the clergy) in any domestic emergency; and (2) to aid domestic workers of a higher class than those ordinarily employed, by giving them training, home, and a fixed salary. The objects of the Guild, as well as the work which has so far been done by it, appear to be excellent, but a photograph of some of the "aids," as the members are called, in nursing uniform, is somewhat incongruous, as no training in nursing appears to be given. The "aids" are mostly the daughters of the clergy. All information will be gladly furnished by the organising secretary, Mrs. Henslow, Zeals Rectory, Bath.

The attractiveness of the medical profession for Bengali ladies may be gathered from the fact that among the forty-six students who passed the recent final or diploma examination from the Campbell Medical School, there are no fewer than seven native ladies: Miss Hemangini Mazumdar, Srimati Kiran Soshi Devi, Mrs. Bidyulatta Mallick, Sreimati Nirmala Sunder Dasi, Miss Probodh Bala Pal, and Miss Hari Dasi Mullick. The Dacca Medical College furnished only one successful female student, Miss Kadambini Banerji; the Cuttack Medical School, two, Mrs. Anderson and Miss S. Ruth Saranghy; and the Temple Medical School, Patna, the same number, Mrs. M. S. Endramba and Janki Bai.

A Book of the Week.

"THE MILLIONAIRES."*

LIKE all this writer's books, "The Millionaires" is a coruscation of epigrams. If one could only hope that the conversation of the ordinary English society loafer on the Riviera was really as brilliant as all that, it is enough to make one want to pass the rest of one's life with the idlers.

We are introduced to Social Decay, in the shape of an utterly irresponsible young Irish Peer who has the terrible misfortune to have been born a landlord.

"When young Lord Ballyseedy succeeded to his heritage, the tenantry shouted 'Long life to your lordship's honour,' and then hurried off to attend a meeting held by a pig-jobber from Ulster, who told them to shout 'Down with the landlords!' and they shouted it till they were hoarse.

"Then there came about that interesting period in the history of the island when the people who paid their rents were shot by the people who didn't. Of Lord Ballyseedy's tenantry not one was shot."

Then we are introduced to Progress, in the shape of two millionaires—one, George Drummond, being English; the other, Isaac P. Newton, being American.

* "The Millionaires." By Frank Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson and Co.

"Old fellow," says he to George, "I'm a shy man, and I don't want to try to get you to think better of me than I am, but I do say that there's no square yard of picturesque landscape on American soil that doesn't contain an advertisement of my Universal Glaze, supplemented by the information, 'Won't glaze windows.' I say, let who will have the dead walls of my native land, but give me the glorious works of Nature, fresh from the hands of Providence to make my glaze known, sir. You can't climb a mountain worth the name in America without reading an advertisement of my glaze on every suitable rock. You can't go through the ineffable prairies without hearing that it won't glaze windows, just in case you might forget and try."

Then you have two charming girls—no, three charming, and one clever. We might be tempted to think that Mr. Moore drew his line a little too sharply between the clever and the charming, were not Angela so conspicuously both.

George Drummond is quite a delightful person. If we quote his first appearance on the scenes; there is no doubt that everyone will want to read the book directly.

"This George Drummond had something of shyness in his demeanour. . . . he had given his yachting cap a twist as he sat down, and then he examined with scrupulous care the lining the whole way round. He suggested to Lord Ballyseedy the first appearance of a sailor man before people who were anxious to make him a presentation for some act of daring. Ballyseedy had on one occasion been in the room when such a presentation had been made, and he recollected that the sailor had occupied the time, while the speeches were being delivered, by tearing off the embroidered band of his cap piece by piece, doing it carefully, and devoting all his attention to the work. That was the man who, a month before, had fought a hundred panic-stricken men on the deck of a foundering steamer, until the women and children were lowered into the boats, the result being that everyone was saved. . . . Lord Ballyseedy, looking at George Drummond with the recollection in his mind, began to wonder what he had done that entitled him to twist his cap about. . . . What act of heroism had he performed that gave him the privilege of being modest?"

The book is full of Mr. Moore's cynic caustic humour, but it is not without its little bits of tenderness, too. It is all very much on the surface, but it is wonderfully clever, and has the doubtful merit of making the next book you read seem tepid, and the dialogue without point. It is so full of bits to quote, that the only way out of it is to refer inquirers to the work itself; the good things won't be squeezed into the limits of a review.

G. M. R.

Sonnet.

WANTON with long delay the gay Spring leaping cometh;
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve
of May:

All day in the sweet box-tree the bee for pleasure
hummeth:

The Cuckoo sends afloat his note on the air all day.

Now dewy nights again, and rain in gentle shower,
At root of tree and flower have quenched the winter's
drouth.

On high the hot sun smiles, and banks of cloud uptower
In bulging heads, that cloud for miles the dazzling
south.

From the shorter poems of Robert Bridges.

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