

Street, Regent Street. The object of interest was the proposed election of a woman to the honorable position of an associate of the institute. Strong opposition was expected from the older and more conservative members, and accordingly the younger section mustered in strong force. The discussion lasted till nearly nine o'clock, when the division showed 51 in favor and only 16 against the election. The lady was accordingly elected amid loud cheers. She is Miss Ethel Mary Charles, A.R.I.B.A., of York Street Chambers, W. She became a probationer in 1893, a student in 1895, and qualified this year.

Miss Charles is the first woman elected as an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Miss Emma Wakefield, a young negress, has passed the medical board of Louisiana. She is the first negress in America to receive the diploma of medicine, and the first woman in Louisiana to study for it.

## A Book of the Week.

### "AYLWIN." \*

It is not possible to do anything approaching justice, in the limits of our weekly review, to the marvellous prose Idyll which Mr. Watts-Dunton has given us under the title of "Aylwin."

Those who know this author as a critic and an essayist of great power will not be filled with the astonishment which must inspire those many readers who have never heard of Mr. Watts-Dunton's name.

His romance is unlike anything else I have ever read. In this age of countless books, and endless efforts in the regions of occultism and mysticism, he has contrived to write a romance which is completely original, and most truly his own.

"Aylwin" is a book which will never go out of date—a book to buy and possess, not merely to procure from the circulating library.

It has always been a grief to me that I have never been able cordially to appreciate the works of that wonderful individual, George Borrow, who knew so much about the gypsies. But the author of "Aylwin" has banished that regret, for he has all the spirit of the gypsies and their strange charm, in his book, without that tendency to be tedious which I must own to suffering from in the works of the great authority.

Great part of the scene is laid in Wales, in the region of Snowdon; and those who know those parts will appreciate to the full the excellency of the local colour, the atmosphere—there is no other word for it—of the whole narrative.

The key-note of the whole story is love. That love is the supreme force, the great world lever, is the creed of Mr. Watts-Dunton. He means, of course, not merely passion-love as poor Lord Byron understood it, but that love which, as Mrs. Browning tells us, is

"A virtue for heroes, as white as the snow on  
high hills  
And immortal, as every great soul is that  
struggles, endures, and fulfils."

Two short quotations will give the key-note of the book's tendency.

\* "Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Hurst & Blackett.

"In a world where a man's loftiest ambitions are to  
"higher intelligences childish dreams, where his highest  
"knowledge is ignorance, where his strongest strength is  
"derision, who are the great? Are they not the few men,  
"women, and children on the earth who greatly love?"

And again—

"Ah, Henry, I was like you once. I could once be  
"content with Materialism—I could find it supportable once;  
"but, should you ever come to love as I have loved (and for  
"your own happiness, child, I hope you never may), you will  
"find that Materialism is intolerable, is hell itself, to a heart  
"that has known a passion like mine. You will find that it  
"is madness, Hal, madness, to believe in the word 'never!'  
"You will find you dare not leave untried any creed, how-  
"soever wild, that offers the heart a ray of hope!"

Hal Aylwin, the hero of the story, has Gypsy blood in his veins. The real heroine of the romance, is of course, not the beautiful Winifred, though one loves her dearly, but the self-sacrificing and altogether sublime Sinfé Lovell, who is only to be described as a grand creation. The style of the author is exquisite; he is so self-restrained, yet so altogether sympathetic, never spoiling a scene by a word too much or too little, that it is hard to believe that he has not been writing love-stories all his life. I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure by giving the plot of the fantastically lovely story; but merely advise everybody to give "Aylwin" for a Christmas gift to their dearest friends, and to ask those friends to do the same by them. I can imagine no greater pleasure, for a mind tired with nursing, and all the weary routine of the sickroom, than to sit down to the enjoyment of the moonlit sands, the lonely cliffs, the heights of Snowdon, and the lofty pure thought which are all to be found in "Aylwin."

G. M. R.

## Poem.

This is God's wilderness, unploughed, unsown,  
Deep in green turf, and here and there beset  
With knots of gleaming rush, all one way blown  
By the unrelieved fret  
Of tyrannous sea-winds. Overhead, the sky  
Leaps wide from hill to hill,  
Blue, infinite and still,  
Deathless above this world of things that die.

Gone are the long grey leagues of stone,  
The blind, misfeatured street,  
Still clattering with the enslaved feet  
Or those who speed on errands not their own.  
Gone is the tireless drone,  
Of wheels that whirr by pallid faces:  
In dim, ghost-ridden places,  
Where strength of man and beauty of maid  
Into the crucible are cast,  
To come forth gold at last  
For the gluttoned hands of trade.

From "On the Hill," CARYL BATTERSBY.

## WHAT TO READ.

"Shadows and other Poems." By E. Samuels.

"Poems." By Eva Gore-Booth.

"Elizabeth, Empress of Austria: a Memoir." By A. De Burgh.

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