The attitude assumed by Mr. Boulnois is a potent argument in support of the due representation of women on public bodies.

We regret to record that Miss Holland, the Secretary of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, died recently, after a brief illness. A heavy cold developed into pleurisy and pneumonia, but no danger was apprehended until within a few hours of her death, which was due to heart failure. Miss Holland had been Secretary to the British Women's Temperance Association since 1883, and for the last six years had acted as Secretary to the Women's Total Abstinence Union. She was a zealous, energetic, and devoted worker, and will be much missed.

The Royal Academy, 1899.

Fifth Notice.

(Continued from page 445.)

SCULPTURE, Etc., Etc.

The centre of the round room is occupied by Hamo Thorneycroft's colossal bronze statue of Oliver Cromwell (1910), which is suitably solid, and good enough, if not particularly powerful—indeed the face, for all its super-human size, looks weak, and the "Bible and Sword" attitude seems familiar; but 'tis a worthy work, not of the first excellence, but 'twill pass, 'twill serve.

"Pompilia," Browning's "Ring and the Book," by Edith Downing (1895), a figure of a woman and a child, backed by a mural tablet, whereon, in low relief, are indicated the frowning and dubious elders. The subject is treated in the medieval Italian manner, and would, no doubt, be even more effective if seen in the strong light and shadow of the Italian day. The group is instinct with simplicity and tenderness.

"A Potter" (1903), by F. W. Pomeroy, the archaic artist sitting on the ground is gazing in awe and admiration at some rude designs he has incised on a jar; there is something honest and direct about the look of this figure that gives it an interest.

"La Paimpolaise" (1898), by F. Derwent Wood, is a girl's head well carved in wood and surmounted with a metal cap; perhaps this mixture of materials is not quite legitimate art, but in this instance the effect is pleasing.

"The Sunday Child"—'It is the Sunday child that sees the fairy'—(2040) by Rosamond Praeger. This is a distinctly "ducky" baby, and the expression of grave intensity with which he contemplates the transfigured dragon-fly is adorable.

"Mother and Child" (1976), by Frances Burlison, is a graceful statuette, very good in line; the use made of the drapery to define the shape of the head is reminiscent of the "Tanagra" figurines.

"The Girdle," by W. R. Colton, represents a lady with a measuring tape, wherewith she is taking the dimensions of her torso; the pose is squatting and undignified—disagreeably so. It is curious to note how little feeling of the sentiment of material, modern sculptors have. To a sensitive perception there seems to be a sort of sacrilege in degrading fine pure marble into such ignoble shapes as displayed in this figure, and its neighbour, "The Elf" (2047), by W. Goscombe John, A., which has nothing of the fairy about it, but is a repulsively low type of humanity.

It is a joy to turn from these vulgarities and confront poor Harry Bates' sweet dream without a name (2047). So delicately lovely is it, so lovingly wrought, so pure and high and so little earthly, one muses over the meaning and the message of it. What is it? Is it Death crowning the Ideal? It might be.

The portrait busts are strictly "as before," nor is there a noteworthy one to be found among them; but the Casella sisters send more of their wonderful "ciri," and the examples of enamelling are more numerous than usual. Hubert Herkomer's great shield, "The Triumph of the Hour" (2016), is too garish and too mixed in design as well as in colour. Taken separately, each bosse or plaque may be admirable, but as a whole it lacks unity: the different pieces do not compose "come together," but appear as if they were untidily hung up on a makeshift backing.

There are a few examples of enamels with dulled silver, there is a good deal of family likeness among them No. (2014), a crucifix, with ministering angels in the form of silver doves on medallions of blue enamel (to represent sky), hovering round the head of the Christ, and two Marys kneeling at its foot—is rather an agreeable variant, and the coloring is felt harmoniously, in relation to the subject.

Emily Crawford.

A Book of the Week.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES.*

The extraordinary quality of making one able to believe not only in the possibility but even in the probability of the impossible, which Mr. Wells possesses in such an unprecedented degree, is more than ever apparent in this his latest effort.

"When the Sleeper Wakes" is a most impressive story. Graham, its hero, falls into a cataleptic trance, and in that state continues for more than two hundred years. Meanwhile, his property, in the hands of trustees, has swelled and swelled until its bulk is colossal, and as, in the twenty-second century, wealth is the one great ruling power, the trustees of the sleeper are the rulers of the world.

"When the Sleeper Wakes," has become a proverb, such as "The Greek Kalends" is with us, meaning, just—never.

But, the sleeper does wake; and wakes at the moment of imminent crisis. It is the old idea of Arthur, coming from Avilion to fight for his people, at the moment of their utmost need. But, into what a world, and what a London, does Graham find himself projected! Nothing could possibly be farther from the wishes of the Council who are his trustees, than that he should awake; and the first thing they do is to imprison him. From imprisonment he is released by the party of Ostrog, the Great Anti-Council leader, who has roused the people to assist him in his plan for dethroning the Council, and putting the power into his, Ostrog's own hands. The Sleeper, he thinks, will be merely a puppet in his hands. The new civilization has many devices to prevent the consideration of serious things. They have "done away with formulæ," they have wider views of the "restrictions imposed upon a man's affections by the

* By H. G. Wells. Harpers

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