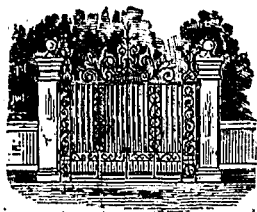


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



THE Women's Liberal Federation have, at their annual meeting held last Tuesday at Westbourne Park Chapel, and presided over by Lady Carlisle, voted against making women's suffrage a test question with Parliamentary candidates, whom they are prepared to support. Well may our opponents smile at our futility. They may even yet count on the electioneering help of those to whom they refuse the elementary right of freedom. We agree with Miss Lavinia Dock, who says that the women who do not care for freedom themselves have no right to make things harder for those who do. The result of the voting must be highly satisfactory to the "verminous" M.P.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie is going to Paris to speak on "Englishwomen as Agriculturalists" at the Women's Congress held under the direct auspices of the *Republique Francaise*. Her book "Through Finland in Carts (A. and C. Black) with an additional political chapter, is to appear shortly in another new edition. The political aspect of Finland has lately caused so much comment from the whole European Press that this new edition seems particularly well-timed. Finland appears to offer a pleasant holiday resort to anyone fond of outdoor life.

Race prejudice dies hard all the world over, and as an hon. member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs we greatly deplore the reported action of the Chairman of the Programme Committee for the Biennial Meeting, in excluding from the meeting delegates from organizations of coloured women belonging to the General Federation, and it is good to hear that her action is almost universally deplored in the States, and fuller explanations than those which have reached the public are anxiously awaited. That this action could be constitutionally taken, setting aside the antagonism of such a step to the spirit of the Federation, is doubted in many prominent quarters. The clubs of coloured women belonging to the General Federation, filling all the requirements of membership, are entitled to its privileges and benefits, and the question of the reorganization of the General Federation will be as nothing compared with the discussions which are likely to arise from debarring coloured delegates to the biennial, if the present feeling on the subject continues.

"For womankind, for all humanity," is the spirit fostered and preached by the woman's club, and at previous biennials this was carried out to the letter so far as the admission of any one who came anxious to learn was concerned. At the Denver biennial some of the notably clever speeches were made and some of the best papers read by the representatives of coloured organisations, and the applause which greeted each speaker assured her that she had the moral support of the white woman. As an American correspondent writes:—"To encourage the millions of coloured citizens in their efforts to improve themselves intellectually should be the proudest endeavour of the General Federation, their contribution towards the solution of one of the most menacing problems before the country."

A Book of the Week.

FLUTE AND VIOLIN, AND OTHER KENTUCKY TALES.*

The hand which gave this generation "The Choir Invisible," has presented us with a collection of stories illustrating still further the life of that Kentucky which he loves and knows so well. The volume is full of that rare literary quality which distinguished his earlier books. He is an author of whom one may say, that to read him takes away one's appetite for trash. In the first of these stories we meet again a dear friend, that Reverend James Moore, the Episcopal clergyman, who became so dear to us in "The Choir Invisible," and preached that never-to-be-forgotten sermon upon subduing the Wilderness.

"So rampart," says the author, "was the spirit of the French Revolution and the influence of French infidelity that a celebrated local historian, who knew thoroughly the society of the place, though writing of it long afterwards, declared that about the last thing it would have been thought possible to establish there was an Episcopal Church.

Not so thought James. He beat the canebrakes and scoured the buffalo trails for his Virginia Episcopalians, huddled them into a delapidated little frame house on the site of the present building and there fired so deadly a volume of sermons at the sinners free of charge that they all became living Christians."

The pathos of the story of little David and his coveted violin belongs to a high class. There follow two stories of monastic life in Kentucky. These are most interesting, not only as showing the curious contrast between these communities and their American surroundings, but also as exhibiting the total incapacity of the modern American, even though he be a genius like Mr. Allen, to enter into the force and reality of the life of contemplation. One sees this in his narration; such characters as Brother Palemon and Sister Dolorosa are quite possible in every community; but it is in the reasoning powers of Abbot and Abbess, brought to bear upon the refractory ones, that one sees the author has no glimpse of the spiritual life, nor of its power over the minds of men. The new Continent has no time to assimilate such a temper; it must be action or starvation in the new country, yet in the making. When America's time to pause comes, shall we see forming themselves in her the tendencies and the temperaments which led the recluse to solitude and God?

"Two Gentlemen of Kentucky" is among the most charming of the collection; the two gentlemen being a slave-owning Southern Colonel, and his negro servant, who, though emancipated, remains as much his body and soul, as ever.

"In paying his servants the Colonel would sometimes say 'Peter, I reckon I'd better begin to pay you a salary; that's the style now.' But Peter would turn off saying he didn't 'have no use fur no salary.' Their devoted friendship was the last steady burning down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races."

The description of the old man and his old slave, mystified and lonely in the new order of things, has a Rip-Van-Winkle like touch, which few hands could give with the grace and charm of this writer.

* By James Lane Allan. Macmillan.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)