

generally wanted to learn, but a boy was determined not to learn. A boy seemed to possess from the beginning a deeply-rooted objection to knowledge—he was perfectly impartial. He objected to it for its own sake, without any view to ulterior results. As an ideal system he suggested that women should teach boys and men girls.

It is always interesting to know something of the private life of those whom we know and esteem in their public capacity. The taunt that the homes of women who undertake public work are neglected, and uncomfortable, although many times disproved, is even now reiterated. The light revealed on the home life of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the President of the International Council of Women, in the *Woman's Journal* in an article on the late "Theodore Lovett Sewall," by Mrs. A. A. Spruance, is of much interest. No one who has been captivated not only by Mrs. Sewall's eloquence and capacity, but, even more by her sweetness and graciousness of manner, the evident outcome of a transparently sincere nature, can doubt that the charm which has influenced thousands abroad prevails in the household of which she is the central personality. We are therefore in nowise surprised to read:—

"Mrs. Sewall has always been an enthusiastic house-keeper, and a real artist in the making of an interior. At this writing when she is fresh from the excitement of a London season and the business pressure of the International Council, it is doubtful if she even remembers her new Presidency in the triumphs of her lucent jellies and rich grape juices.—She and Mr. Sewall lingered over every addition to the home, discussed the new bit of registered porcelain, the hanging of the last etching, the placing of souvenirs of their many trips abroad. It was a domestic idyll, which reminded the lookers on of the devotion with which Mr. Lewes encircled George Eliot, of the comradeship of the Brownings, of the beautiful oneness of the Gladstones."

Though the loss of a husband with whom she was in such complete sympathy, and upon whose judgment she so much relied, must have been irreparable, Mrs. Sewall has not allowed her private sorrow to mar her career of public usefulness. It is characteristic of her that she does not mourn her loss in crape and other symbols of woe, but wears the colours in which her husband loved best to see her, the soft greys, and pinks, and mauves, which become her so well.

The Episcopal Diocesan Council which lately met in Milwaukee, by a vote of 27 to 23, gave women the right to vote on all church and parish matters. In the division it is said the younger element was solidly arrayed against the Conservative wing. This is a hopeful sign of the times.

The last-ordained woman minister is Mrs. Thomas, the wife of the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of the People's Independent Church, Chicago. She is to act as co-pastor with her husband. So far, it is stated, there has only been one properly appointed woman minister in England, but across the Atlantic their number exceeds 200, and they belong to various Nonconformist bodies, while Mrs. Solomons recently officiated as Rabbi at the Sinai Temple, Chicago.

## A Book of the Week.

PARSON KELLY.\*

YET another historical romance! This time a really memorable one. The very sound of the collaboration of Messieurs Mason and Lang, gives one a preliminary thrill of expectation; and when we find that the subject is Jacobite plots, concerning which it may be safely said that what Mr. Lang does not know is not worth knowing, then we realize that the book is going to be above the average good.

Parson Kelly, from the way in which he is mentioned, seems to be a historical person, to whom was vouchsafed the honour of a state trial. Such is the ignorance of the present reviewer that neither his name, nor that of his entirely delightful friend the Chevalier Wogan; was familiar. The villain of the piece is my Lady Oxford, the beautiful young wife of an old gouty peer, who changes her lovers as she changes the fashion of her hat, and her politics along with them. We are introduced to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and truly delicious to the appreciative, is the dialogue in which she and Lady Oxford cross swords in the great scene at Lady Oxford's rout near the end of the book. This should be quoted here, but it is so full of subtle allusions, that it cannot be understood without a previous perusal of the book. Meanwhile, Mr. Wogan, who is fond of tennis, keeps the score,—"Fifteen—love!—Fifteen all!" and so on.

The book is full of delightful scenes, such as that in which Mr. Scrope criticizes Mr. Wogan's poetry, and that in which Mr. Wogan throws Mr. Scrope into the water in St. James's Park. Not to mention that in which Parson Kelly, with Wogan, goes to beg pardon from his beloved Rose for the disgraceful way in which he has behaved, and trembles outside her window in the dark street.

"The pair of them stood looking at one another, and then to the house, and from the house down the street. Wogan was the first to find his tongue.

"It is a monstrous thing," said he, and he thumped his chest, "that a mere slip of a girl should frighten two grown men to death." . . . . "What will I do, Nick?"

"Nick bit his thumb, then threw his shoulders back.

"I am not afraid of her," said he. "No, I am not. I have done nothing to anger or humiliate her. I am not afraid of her at all—not the least in the world. I will go in myself. I will beard her, just to show you that I am not at all afraid of her."

"Will you do that? Nick, you are a friend," cried Kelly, who was most reasonably startled by his friend's heroism.

"To be sure I will," said Nick, looking up at the window.

"I am not afraid of her. A little slip of a girl! Why should we fear her at all? Haven't we killed men more than once?"

Poor, sweet Rose! Bravely she bears herself under the slight and humiliation which my lady Oxford puts upon her; and nobly does Lady Mary Wortley Montague come to the rescue, and impress upon her simple heart the necessity of putting a brave face upon the matter, and smiling with her broken heart; but she is, indeed, a most unhappy girl when her lover stands trembling beneath her window; and it needs all Nick's adroitness to make her understand and forgive.

However, it is done; and one is glad of the happiness of George Kelly; for, if we can only manage to

\* By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Longmans.

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