

for taking an interest in political matters. She regarded mixing herself up with political matters as a solemn duty. Political conditions she had found were not what they should be, and she thought that she would have been shirking her duties as a mother if she did not take an active interest in politics. It seemed very unfair that the women in South Australia should have a vote on the Federal Constitution, while New South Wales and Victoria had not, but she trusted that the women of New South Wales would have a vote when the Federal elections came on.

Miss Rose Scott moved: "That a deputation should wait upon Sir William Lyne, and respectfully urge upon him the desirability of introducing as a Government measure a Bill for womanhood suffrage, so as to enable the women of New South Wales to vote at the coming Federal election."

Miss Golding said she hoped that the women of New South Wales would be enabled to vote with their sisters in the other colonies for a united Australia and for the common good.

Mrs. Martel commented upon the undesirability of the women of the other colonies, numerically inferior, having the vote while those of New South Wales and Victoria had none.

Mrs. Benjamin Palmer, president of the Womanhood Suffrage Association, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried with acclamation. Mr. Fegan, in reply, said that he trusted that before long the measure would be passed into law, and that the women of New South Wales would not be left behind the women of South Australia, New Zealand, and West Australia. There was now better, quieter, and more sober voting than there had been in the history of those colonies before.

A Book of the Week.

"ROBERT ORANGE."*

Mrs. Craigie promised, when she completed the "School for Saints," that she would give us a sequel thereto; and those of us who were practised novel readers were of opinion that in the said sequel the elderly and villainous husband of Brigit Parflete would turn out to be alive, and that after her marriage with Robert Orange.

This accordingly happens. Brigit and Robert are followed and overtaken on their wedding tour with this pleasant news by Lady Fitzrewes and Lord Reckage. They part there and then, not to meet again.

Robert follows the example of the most modern heroes and heroines of fiction, and becomes a Jesuit priest. Brigit goes on the stage.

For the rest,—Lady Sara de Treverell is in love with Robert Orange. Lord Reckage is in love with Lady Sara de Treverell. Nobody is in love with Lord Reckage, but he is engaged to Agnes Carillon, who elopes with David Rennes. It is almost superfluous to add with regard to a book by this author, that none of these unfortunate love affairs come to any good, and that the end of them is universal dust and ashes.

Brigit's odious husband dies in time to enable her,

* By John Oliver Hobbes. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

if she had chosen, to inform Robert Orange, who is on the brink of a Jesuit retreat. But this she decides not to do, apparently on the grounds that, as her mother was an actress, and there was also something curious about Robert's birth, the gods had decided that they were not to be happy.

It is all eminently unsatisfactory and up to date. One has to perpetually remind oneself that the action takes place in the year 1869; and even the appearances of Lord Beaconsfield, who flits across the pages, do not seem to change the atmosphere of decadence perceptibly.

The book has all its author's facility, but it is lacking in that pointedness which has been a marked characteristic of her preceding work. Everybody will read it of course, but most people will be disappointed.

There is a great deal of philosophy in it, and some very charming thought, but it is conspicuously lacking as a whole in spontaneity and in symmetry.

It should be mentioned that Robert, before retiring from the world, kills a man in defence of Mrs. Parflete's reputation. This is almost the only incident in the book, since the incident of the interrupted honeymoon was clearly foreshadowed in the "School for Saints."

But those who really read Mrs. Craigie for love of her style will be abundantly satisfied; there is no falling off in her manner, and that is good, as everyone knows.

G. M. R.

Verses.

July. 3 a.m.

The dew is yet upon the rose—
 Wait! presently the breeze will shake
 The blossom open to the morn—
 And passing silently will close
 The night flower, watching by the lake,
 And turn the lilies t'wards the dawn.
 Carnations then, and roses sweet,
 White jessamine upon the wall,
 Will breathe their tender fragrance out;
 And sweet-peas stretch their wings to meet
 The pearly dewdrops as they fall.
 And hidden in these sleeping bowers
 I feel ashamed to be awake—
 With dreaming foliage all about,
 And noise of sticky buds that break.
 The very birds are silent yet—
 God is alone amongst His flowers;
 The paling stars, in trembling state,
 About the throbbing sky are set
 To bid the eager dawn await.

—From the *Westminster Gazette*.

M.D.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Young April." By Egerton Castle.
- "Yvonne." By John Cornwalle.
- "The New Far East." By Arthur Dissy, F.R.G.S.
- "Among the Mongols." By James Gilmour, M.A., of Pekin.
- "Pictures of the Old French Court: Jeanne de Bourbon, Isabeau de Bavière, Anne de Bretagne." By Catherine A. Bearne.
- "Sons of the Morning." By Eden Philpotts.

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