"Kingsway."

We think it is a pity the King refused to permit the poor women of the East End to present an address at the opening of Kingsway on Wednesday, on the subject of the lack of employment, and consequent suffering of their families. The Municipality of Poplar, consisting entirely of men, were permitted to present an address on the subject "to represent the inhabitants of the borough." But that is just what the Municipal Borough Councils do *not* do, now women are excluded from their Boards, and surely "Kingsway" should lead to justice for the People, irrespective of sex. His Majesty has now been asked if he will allow three women of the East End district to present a memorial at Buckingham Palace. What they have to say will, we feel sure, arouse the heartfelt sympathy of both King and Queen. Only the mothers know, and can best describe, the full desolation of a hard winter and an empty cupboard.

A Book of the Week.

A QUAKER WOOING.*

Quiet and inner peace are things so far removed from the life of the present day, that such a book as this comes like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to all readers of the modern novel.

Our thoughts, as Keble said, in life's long sickness are tossed to and fro, and no change of posture seems to ease the aching that spreads through the whole of the unrest of modern life. Were it not safer to lie still? suggests the gentle poet—to see what perfect rest will do for our fever and our pain?

This is what the Quakers did, and what the author of this delicate, essentially pure and limpid novel will help us to do, at least for a few hours.

The hues of the romance are by no means all of grey, they are more justly compared to the opal, which looks but milky till one sees it in the sun show every glorious tint of the rainbow, yet through a pearly veil.

The artless style of the narration seems to belong to a bygone day before the false sentiment of such people as Mr. G. R. Sims drove all sentiment out of fashion.

The story is of the love of a young Quaker for the daughter of a worldly, rich family, whose religion is merely nominal, and whose whole pursuit is pleasure. The girl herself is a delightful creation, wholly glad and fresh and simple, in spite of her faulty upbringing.

The writer has a vein of thought of her own, and quite an original one. Her study of the Quakers is most sympathetic, and rings always true, though her picture of the other characters suggests sometimes that they are drawn from the outside rather than from direct personal knowledge. John Ackroyd, his mother, Prudence Pollard, and, in fact, all the Quakers who move in these pages, are real people; and as soon as she deals with them, Mrs. Reynolds becomes natural and earnest, and shows a true and deep insight into human nature.

She very skilfully allows us to realise the power of the life of Quiet, which these people exemplified so wonderfully. She does not touch upon the weak point in their doctrine—the weak point in the idea of all the Quietists—so ably pointed out by Mr. Benson in his marvellous "Light Invisible." She gives only the strength of the consistent, pure life, led on the simplest lines.

The strongest scene in the book is undoubtedly that in which the party of men, riding home after dark, come upon a group of workmen digging the grave of an unfortunate girl who had committed suicide—an unhallowed grave at the cross roads, with a stake driven in to mark the resting-place. One man among the riders knew what had driven the wretched girl to that last expedient of violently quitting the world that had become unendurable; and the way in which John the Quaker drives home to that man the conviction of sin is a true work of art. We shall end by giving the recorded words of Grace Ackroyd, when moved by the spirit at the Quaker meeting. They will convey a good idea of the line taken by Mrs. Reynolds.

> "There are three kinds of silence; the first is of words, the second of desires, and the third of thoughts. The first is excellent; the second more excellent; and the third most excellent. In the first, that is, of words, virtue is acquired. In the second, namely, of desires, quietness is attained. In the third, of thoughts, internal recollection is gained. By not speaking, not desiring, and not thinking, one arrives at the true and perfect mystical silence, wherein God speaks with the soul, communicates Himself to it, and in the abyss of its own depth teaches it the most perfect and exalted wisdom. *How seldom it is that the soul keeps itself silent enough for God to speak!*"

A much needed reminder in this age of noise and fuss.

G. M. R.

* By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. (Hutchinson.)

The Death of Irving.

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

The death of Sir Henry Irving removes from the stage the greatest actor of our times, and those who saw him in the year 1874, when for the first time he played "Hamlet" to a London audience, have hissed in their hearts every other Hamlet seen on the stage since that date. As one of that fortunate audience we still remember its enthusiasm, and how we spent many successive nights entranced by the great player. There were all sorts of wild tales about the little-known actor in those days. He played Mathias in the "Bells," and wiseacres shook their heads and whispered, "Alas! But he has some terrible crime on his conscience." How real it all was! And then the quarter of a century's intellectual triumph at his Temple of Art—the old Lyceum.

Report says Irving died a sudden death. No one who admired his genius and grasped the ideals of the man's soul, would make such a crude mistake. Irving received his death blow when his beautiful theatre was wrenched from him by sad financial straits, when its boards, the home so long of the purest drama, were utilised for the banal music-hall turn. Think of it. To strive all one's life for almost unattainable ideals, to soar, to conquer, to triumph, and then one bitter night to step down from heights, down, down—to hear the Olympian gates clang behind one, never to open again. It is such sorrows which strain the heart to breaking, and to the stricken death never comes suddenly.

Once Sir Henry Irving said: "My watchword must

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