

eighth annual meeting, just held in Los Angeles, passed a resolution endorsing the woman suffrage amendment by a unanimous vote. The *Los Angeles Herald* says: "There was perfect harmony regarding the resolution, and the vote found no one in opposition."

In the Deaconesses' Corner of *Wings*, the official organ of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, are always to be found some beautiful thoughts and precepts expressed by the Hon. Secretary of the Deaconesses' League. Follow this:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

"I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

Book of the Week.

WHEN THE RED GODS CALL.*

He who complains that in fiction there is nothing new under the sun should read this book, and alter his opinion. A vivid romance of New Guinea, it is coloured by descriptive power of a very high order. It is safe to say that there is not a page that does not hold one in the grip of its subject, whether that be the scene painting of the gorgeous country, or the love story of the white man and the Hanuababa woman, or the awful horrors of the "sempsi" rites. It is written in the first person by one Hugh Lynch, who tells us that he had come into Port Moresby three years before to look for a wife.

"I had the education of a gentleman, the muscles of a strong man in a circus, and the salt drop in the blood that drives to wandering. Mix those together, and you'll get a stew with pepper in it. . . . I did the straight thing from the very beginning. I didn't want a wild little savage, but a girl who could speak a bit of English, and was handy about a white man's house; and that meant a mission girl, and that meant marrying her. . . . When a white man marries a native woman, he commits the unforgivable sin—folly. . . . She was a fascinating little creature. I said it in those days, and I say it even yet, that I never knew a coloured girl to match her. If there is any truth in the theory of transmigration of souls, Kari had certainly been a charming Parisienne in a former state of existence—a pretty, perhaps a naughty, little woman, who had been condemned to expiate a too great devotion to her "toilette" in one life, by passing another in the person of a small brown lady who had practically no toilette at all. She had a way of wearing those

innumerable ballet skirts of hers, and swinging them from the hips as she walked, that was the very essence of the boulevards. . . . As for the little brown house with its sheltering veil of waxy flowered stephanotis and scarlet trails of d'Alberti creeper hiding every bit of thatch, I promise you it was well worth looking at—all the more as the pretty brown bird that lived in this pretty nest had come out on the verandah to greet us."

"Us" included Sanderson, a trader, a black-hearted scoundrel, who steals away Hugh's "little brown bird," for which act he pays with his life. Kari was drowned in the pursuit. "Slept in the heart of these coral seas: let her sins against me sleep too. I was free to begin my life again."

The second act in Hugh's story begins when he meets and loves the Governor's daughter, Stephanie Hammond. "The very buckles on her Parisian shoes—the very curls on her immaculately dressed head, seemed to cry out on the impossibility of the thing. All that, within a stone throw of a village of naked savages, and a swamp full of snakes and alligators, with me in the foreground—me, Hugh Lynch, rough, hairy-pawed, burned black with sea and sun, and dressed in a suit of slop-made ducks, a man I suppose as God made me, but scarce a gentleman as Society makes the breed."

In spite of these drawbacks they are married. On his wedding day he is arrested for the murder of Sanderson, and Stephanie learns for the first time of the little brown wife.

She fails him in his darkest hour, and for ten long years they see each other no more.

The closing chapters of the book where Stephanie falls into the hands of cannibals, and is all but given over to her ghastly fate is described with so much detail and realism that one is constrained to wonder how the authoress came by her knowledge of the "sempsi," which no white man may look on and live. Her rescuer is, of course, Hugh, who blows up the place of her concealment with dynamite and carries her to safety in the terror and confusion that follows. And then "I opened my arms and my bride came home."

H. H.

READ.

"The Life of the Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes (1853-1902)." By the Hon. Sir Lewis Michell.

"The Talk of the Town." By Mrs. John Lane.

"The Legacy." By Mary S. Watts.

Coming Events.

August 4th.—Royal Derby and Derbyshire Nursing Association. Opening of the New Extension of the Nightingale Nursing Home, at Derby, by the Duke of Devonshire.

August 8th.—Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. Opening of Queen's Nurses' Convalescent Home, Bryn Menai, Bangor, by the Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvon.

* By Beatrice Grimshaw and Boon (Ltd.), London.

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