

At first they all sat round a table which was covered with a white cloth with a tray on it, and on this were placed jars of water and cups of wine. Then they all stood round the table and drank from the wine cups, which had been filled with water and wine. They resumed their seats and a basin and jug of water were brought in and they all washed their hands; this was not an elaborate function, as they merely dipped their hands in the water and dried them on their handkerchiefs. Several different kinds of herbs were heaped on the tray, and these were "eaten in haste," but not with any apparent relish. The bone of a lamb was on the tray; no one touched it, but it was a sort of memorial of the Paschal lamb which, in the time of the great Jewish Law-giver, was roasted whole and eaten with bitter herbs. Unleavened bread was wrapped in a cloth and slung over the left shoulder of the man who presided at this feast; this, I was told, was to illustrate "the haste in leaving Egypt," for the same reason a tray was waved over the heads of those at table. After this one of the old Jews read aloud in Hebrew the whole account of the Passover, at the end of which the basin was again produced and wine was dashed into it ten times; this, I was told, was emblematic of the ten plagues. Then followed further reading aloud in Hebrew. Again they washed their hands, drank more wine and water, eat unleavened bread dipped in wine, and herbs mixed with something very sweet, to represent mortar; it was made of pounded almonds mixed with sugar, wine, &c., and looked something like jam; this was put in a basin and each one dipped his bit of lettuce or other herb into it and then ate it; others put the "jam" between the herbs and made sandwiches of it. All the men present were quite serious during the ceremony, but the women appeared bored, and one of them rose from the table in the very middle of it, lighted a cigarette, and then sat and yawned on a sofa at another end of the room. As for the two small children, they seemed to think it was time to play and got up and ran about the room. Finally the "feast" came to an end, and we were given quite a lot of unleavened bread to take home with us. We were grateful for the kind hospitality of our Jewish friends, but there was something inexpressibly trivial about the whole ceremony. Of what avail all these *symbols*? Will *they* bring us nearer to the Paschal Lamb who died that we might *live* unto *righteousness*? May God hasten the time when all these empty forms and ceremonies shall cease and when every Jew in every land shall acknowledge *Christ* as their King and Divine Redeemer.

SISTER MARIE.

Miss Maude Royden (the new editor of the *Common Cause*), speaking at the weekly reception of the Executive Committee of the London Society for Women's Suffrage, refused to regard the municipal vote as the true alternative for the political vote. It was like asking a hungry person if she would like an umbrella.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE TWO CARNATIONS."*

The Assembly Rooms at Bath have always a romantic association, and it was here that the first scene in this love story was enacted. The lady who wore the two carnations was proud and beautiful, and as a consequence was the beloved of more than one beau. It was the Frenchman, the Marquis de Champlain, that she favoured, and it was Mr. Wedderburn who won her, by a dishonourable trick. Concealed in a bunch of roses the Marquis had placed a little note begging for her hand, and as a sign of her favour he asked for a carnation from her breast. But Wedderburn abstracts the note, and offers himself as a suitor through her brother, Sir Henry, who is under great monetary obligation to him.

Ursula smiled haughtily.

"It does not suit me to be penniless, to see my brother penniless, Mr. Wedderburn. . . . You want me, do you not, for your wife?"

"By heaven, I do!"

"On my own terms?" She was breathing heavily.

"On any terms."

Her terms were that he was to ask for no affection from her, that she was to spend his money without question or reproach, that if he were ever to become poor she should be free, and that at the end of four years he was to see to it that she became a widow. And to each of these he answered: "I agree."

An ardent lover, truly.

She exercises her rights to their extreme limit. We read of her covered in diamonds, so that "she shamed the light of a hundred candles." Steven, looking around his splendid room, saw his wife's portrait painted by the most expensive and fashionable painter of the day. Though it was February, red and white roses were scattered extravagantly in gold vases. On a rich settee rested some unopened packages. Steven went and took off some of the wrappings. Valuable prints, rare books, and costly, useless ornaments, all ordered by his wife, and not yet looked at—perhaps never would be looked at by her. He returned to the table and took up the bills she had left him—laces, gloves, shoes, notepaper, powders and perfumes—they amounted to some thousands of pounds.

"So you are revenging yourself on me," he said, "this way."

And a very telling revenge it was, for it brought him to the brink of ruin.

Ursula's brother, to whom she was passionately attached, is killed in a duel, and at his death she learns of the treachery by which her husband won her, just when there was a prospect that she would respond to his affection. She determines

* By Marjorie Bowen. Cassell & Co., Ltd., London and New York.

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