

The other of the "two women" in this little drama is Isabel Bertram, a very beautiful woman, and an Anarchist of a pronounced type, between whom and Jack Ryder there exists a deep attachment. The latter has no sympathy with Anarchists, and this divergence of aim forms an insurmountable barrier to the union of the lovers. Both place principle beyond personal happiness, and so their love's course runs anything but smoothly. Jack is a strong character, and of an ardent temperament, and having been in his boyhood's days filled with sympathy for the poor and oppressed through reading the life of Robert Owen, he is now more than ever full of zeal for the uplifting of his fellow-men. At the same time he believes that the Gospel of Love is a greater force for the attainment of his ends than all the dynamite that was ever manufactured. His object and Isabel's are one and the same. Only their methods are different. But what a difference!

Dr Ryder dies—and Will Maitland, the manly, large-hearted friend and confidante of all the others, finds his second self in Agnes, and they marry. Some years afterwards, the happy husband writes: "I happened to light on my other half, that is all. Life is just full of joy and love, and we try to the best of our ability to pass it on to those who need, so the divine streams never stagnates" He adds: "My wife never speaks in public now, I do not quite know why" 'Say it for me, Will,' is the usual formula, and the utterance is 'ours' This last is about the only conventional touch throughout the book, and we trust that if ever the author gives us a sequel to the story, he will cause Agnes to feel fired anew with love for her poorer friends, so that she may speak to them both in "public" and private more effectually than ever, and that her devoted husband will not be satisfied until she does so. A woman who can move a

rough audience to tears by the relation of noble deeds as Agnes did, holds a divine gift in trust, and has no right to retire into a cosy shell and say in explanation she doesn't "quite know why," or allow some one else to say it for her. No one, not even her husband, however gifted he may be, can take her place or do her work. The two may be one in thought and aim, "Yoked in all exercise of noble end," yet they are, and must be, "distinct in individualities."

There is pathos in many of the situations in the story, but there are also touches of humour which relieve it from being sad over-much. We like the spirit of the book; it is reverent where purity and truth are concerned, although (excepting in the instance already noticed) it is often impatient of conventionalities, whether ecclesiastical or social, and sees truth outside prescribed ruts.

### Mrs Elizabeth Phelps' New Creed.

Formulated, its author says, after twenty-five years' hard work and thought, the "Creed" reads as follows:—

I believe in the life everlasting, which is sure to be: and that it is the first duty of Christian faith to present that life in a form more attractive to the majority of men than the life that now is.

I believe in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life.

I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realisation of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

I believe that the miseries attendant on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives.

I believe that the urgent protest against vivisection which marks our immediate day, and the whole plea for lessening the miseries of animals as

endured at the hands of men, constitute the "next" great moral question which is to be put to the intelligent conscience.

I believe that the condition of our common and statute laws is behind our age to an extent unperceived by all but a few of our social reformers; that wrongs, mediæval in character, and practically resulting in great abuses and much unrecorded suffering, are still to be found at the doors of our legal system.

### Alcohol as a Food.

By SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D.

I am recording a matter of history—of personal history—on this question when I say that I, for one, had no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But it so happened that I was asked to study the action of alcohol, along with a whole series of chemical bodies, and to investigate their bearing in relation to each other. And so I took alcohol from the shelf of my laboratory, as I might any other drug or chemical there, and I asked it, in the course of experiments extending over a long period, "What do you do?" I asked it. "Do you warm the animal body when you are taken into it?" The answer came invariably, "I do not, except in a mere flush of surface excitement. There is, in fact, no warming, but on the contrary, an effect of cooling and chilling the body." Then I turn round to it in another direction, and ask it, "Do you give muscular strength?" I test it by the most rigid analysis and experiment I can adopt. I test muscular power under the influence of it in various forms and degrees, and its reply is, "I give no muscular strength." I turn to its effect upon the organs of the body, and find that while it expedites the heart's action it reduces tenacity; and, turning to the nervous system, I find the same reply—that is to say, I find the nervous system more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none of it is taken at all. I ask it, "Can you build up any of the tissues of the body?" The answer again is in the negative—"I build nothing. If I do anything I add fatty matter to the body, but that is a destructive agent, piercing the tissues, destroying their powers, and making them less active in their work." Finally, I sum it all up. I find