Wit & Wisdom of Modern Women Writers

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MODERN WOMEN WRITERS

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS volume has been arranged to bring together passages from the best work, the most typical work of some of the women writers who are enriching our literature to-day. Such a selection between the covers of one small book must necessarily be far from exhaustive; but the quotations from each writer will at least serve to show the particular field which she has made her own. In like manner, the Introductions have been designed to indicate briefly the development of each author's thought, and the distinctiveness of her mental outlook.

FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

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ALICE MEYNELL

NOTE

THAT personal delicacy of touch which belongs to Mrs. Meynell's treatment of her subject makes it extremely difficult to find the fitting phrase wherewith to describe her exclusiveness of style.

But although this exclusiveness of style becomes illusive under the attempt to say, in so many words, 'It lies in this,' or 'Here is its secret,' the most superficial criticism could hardly miss either the sense of her intuitiveness, or the conviction of her subtlety of perception. Each penetrative discourse leads us, through apparent consideration of the outwardness of things, to a knowledge of their interior meaning. A process of thought, it may be, that not infrequently gives an accent of mournfulness to the wisdom and philosophy of her pages. She sees too sensitively, as it were, to miss the hidden causes that combine to make all this modern kaleidoscopic expression.

Neither the refreshments she has to offer us, nor the disasters, nor even the inconsistencies she recognises, in this maze of circumstance, belong to the obvious. Thousands might walk

amongst them and never perceive their existence, and yet awakened perception means much unsuspected increase of the consolations and expansions of life.

To refer no more specially than by title to some of the essays, 'Grass,' 'Clouds,' 'Winds of the World,' grouped under the name of *The Colour of Life*, to what delicate delights of contemplation are we not led by the author's unfolding to us of the wonders of Nature's processes that surround our everyday living.

The student of her thought learns how, without much seeking, to find the desired solace. But there are others to whom no first reading will reveal that they have been walking with a guide, who, along with her native gift of intuition, has known both the sweet and bitter of life, and who, seeing also into its inward order, is able to offer the cup of sustainment to those of her neighbours who may find themselves confused or belated amidst its bewildering externals.

The lyric gift presupposes other things than those that belong to its actual exercise; and amongst them may be cited that inherent sense of harmony that makes the charm of unmeasured diction, and a fitness of imagery that ensures its distinction.

Delicate is that vein of satire which Mrs. Meynell brings to bear upon the glaring inconsistencies and vulgarities of life—nor is it the less efficient because of its impersonal tone. F. T.-G.

ALICE MEYNELL

'If life is not always poetical, it is at least metrical. Periodicity rules over the mental experience of man according to the path of the orbit of his thoughts. . . . What the mind suffered last week or last year it does not suffer now; but it will suffer again next week or next year. Happiness is not a matter of events; it depends upon the tides of the mind. . . . Sorrow for one cause was intolerable yesterday, and will be intolerable to-morrow; to-day it is easy to bear, but the cause has not passed. Even the burden of spiritual distress unsolved is bound to leave the heart to a temporary peace; and remorse itself does not remain—it returns.'—*The Rhythm of Life.*

'Like them (the saints) are the poets, whom, three times, or ten times in the course of a long life, the Muse has approached, touched, and forsaken. And yet hardly like them; not always so docile, nor so wholly prepared for the departure, the brevity of the golden, the irrevocable hour. Few poets have fully recognised the metrical absence of the Muse. For full recognition is expressed in only one way—silence.'—*The Rhythm of Life.*

'Juliet will not receive a vow spoken in

invocation of the moon; but Juliet did not live to know that love itself has tidal times—lapses and ebbs, which are due to the metrical rule of the interior heart, but which the lover vainly and unkindly attributes to some outward alteration of the beloved.'—*The Rhythm of Life.*

'It is in the after part of each life that the law is learnt so definitely as to do away with the hope or fear of continuance. That young sorrow comes so near to despair is a result of this young ignorance. So is the early hope of great achievement. Life seems so long, and its capacity so great to one who knows nothing of all the intervals it needs must hold — intervals between aspirations, between actions, pauses as inevitable as the pauses of sleep. And life looks impossible to the young unfortunate unaware of the inevitable and unfailing refreshment. It would be for their peace to learn that there is a tide in the affairs of men, in a sense more subtle—if it is not too audacious to add a meaning to Shakespeare—than the phrase was meant to convey.'—*The Rhythm of Life.*

'Simplicity is not virginal in the modern world. She has a penitential, or a vidual singleness. We can imagine an antique world in which life, art, and letters were simple because of the absence of many things. We are constrained to such a vigilance that will not let even a master's work pass unfanned and unpurged. Even among his

phrases one shall be taken and another shall be left. . . . Our rejection must be alert and expert to overtake exaggeration and arrest it. It makes us shrewder than we wish to be.'—*Rejection.*

'And in the very touch of joy there hides, I know not what, ultimate denial; if not on one side, on the other. If joy be given to us without reserve, we do not so give ourselves to joy. We withhold, we choose. Having denied many things that approached us, we deny ourselves to many things. Thus does *il gran refuto* divide and rule our world. . . . When we dress, no fancy may count the things we will none of. When we write, what hinders that we should refrain from style past reckoning? When we marry!—Moreover, if simplicity is no longer set in a world having the great and beautiful quality of fewness, we can provide an equally fair setting in the quality of refinement. And refinement is not to be achieved except by rejection. . . . Never before was a time when derogation was always so near, a daily danger, or when the reward of resisting was so great. The simplicity of literature, more sensitive, more threatened, and more important than other simplicities, needs a guard of honour, who shall never relax the goodwill, nor lose the good heart of their intolerance.'—*Rejection.*

'The narrow house is a small human nature compelled to a large human destiny, charged

with a fate too great, a history too various for its slight capacities. Men have commonly complained of Fate; but their complaints have been of the smallness, not of the greatness of the human lot. . . . But inarticulate has been the voice within the narrow house. Obviously it has never had its poet. Little elocution is there, little argument or definition, little explicitness. And yet for every vain capacity we may assuredly count a thousand vain destinies. . . . It is the trouble of the wide house we hear of clamouring of its disappointments and its desires. The narrow house has no echoes. Yet its pathetic shortcomings might well move pity . . . to that inadequate soul is intrusted an enormous sorrow; a tempest of movement makes its home within that slender nature; a heroic happiness seeks that timorous heart.'—*Domus Angusta.*

'That narrow house—there is sometimes a message from its living windows. Its bewilderment, its reluctance, its defects show by moments from eyes that are apt to express none but common things. There are allusions unawares, involuntary appeals in those brief glances. Far from me and from my friends be the misfortune to meet such looks in reply to pain of our inflicting. To be clever and sensitive and to hurt the foolish and the stolid—wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world? Not I, by this heavenly light.'—*Domus Angusta.*

'There is a form of oppression which has not

until now been confessed by those who suffer from it. . . . It is the obsession of man by the flower. In the shape of the flower his own paltriness revisits him—his triviality, his sloth, his cheapness, his wholesale habitualness, his slatternly ostentation . . . the most ugly of all imaginable rooms, the parlour of a farmhouse, arranged for those whom the Americans call "summer boarders," is beset with flowers. It blooms a dry, woollen, papery, cast-iron garden. The floor flourishes with blossoms a-dust, poorly conventionalised into a kind of order; the table-cover is ablaze with a more realistic florescence; the wall-paper is set with bunches . . . the recital is wearisome, but the retribution of the flower is precisely weariness. . . . The designer of cheap patterns is no more inevitably ridden by the flower than is the vain and transitory author by the phrase. But I would rather learn my decoration from the Japanese, and place against the blank wall one pot plain from the wheel, holding one singular branch in blossom, in the attitude and accident of growth. And I could wish abstention to exist and even be evident in my words.'—*The Flower.*

'"Seek to have less rather than more," is a counsel of perfection in the *Imitation of Christ.* And here undoubtedly is the secret of all that is virile and classic in the art of man, and of all nature that is most harmonious with that art. Moreover, this is the secret of Italy. Italy is slim

and articulate . . . it is in agricultural Italy that the *little less* makes so undesignedly, and as it were, so inevitably, for beauty. . . . What a lesson in literature! How feelingly it persuades us that all except a very little of the ornament of letters and of life makes the dulness of the world. This lovely scenery for food and wine and raiment has that *little less* to which we desire to recall a rhetorical world.'—*The Lesson of Landscape.*

'In the case of women, it is of the living and unpublished blood that the violent world has professed to be delicate and ashamed. See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted a part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her views.'—*The Colour of Life.*'

'It happened in a cold winter. The late frosts were so sudden, and the famine was so complete, that the birds were taken unawares. The sky and the earth conspired that February to make

known all the secrets; everything was published. Death was manifest. Editors, when a great man dies, are not more resolute than was the frost of '95.

'The birds were obliged to die in public. They were surprised and forced to do thus. They became like Shelley in the monument which the art and imagination of England combined to raise to his memory at Oxford.'—*A Point of Biography.*

'Fifty years ago men worked for the honours of immortality; these were the commonplace of their ambition; they declined to attend to the beauty of things of use that were destined to be broken and worn out, and they looked forward to surviving themselves by painting bad pictures; so that what to do with their bad pictures, in addition to our own, has become the problem of the nation and of the householder alike. To-day men have begun to learn that their sons will be grateful to them for few bequests. Art consents at last to work upon the tissue and the china that are doomed to the natural and necessary end—destruction; and art shows a most dignified alacrity to do her best, daily, for "the process," and for oblivion.'—*The Honours of Mortality.*

'It is something to have found but one act aloof from habit. It is not merely that the friars overcame the habit of sleep. The subtler point is that they can never acquire the habit of

sacrificing sleep. What art, what literature, or what life but would gain a secret security by such a point of perpetual freshness and perpetual initiative? It is not possible to get up at midnight without a will that is new night by night. So should the writer's work be done, and, with an intention perpetually unique, the poets.'—*At Monastery Gates.*

'The Italian woman is very near to Nature; so is true drama.'—*Eleonora Duse.*

'With the actor the style is the man, in another, a more immediate, and a more obvious sense than was ever intended by that saying.'—*Eleonora Duse.*

'The English manners of real life are so negative and still as to present no visible or audible drama; and drama is for hearing and for vision. Therefore our acting (granting that we have any acting, and which is granting much) has to create its little different and complementary world, and to make the division of "art" from Nature—the division which, in this one art, is fatal.'—*Eleonora Duse.*

'On the other hand, Italians are expressive. They are so possessed by the one thing at a time as never to be habitual in any lifeless sense. They have no habits to overcome by something arbitrary and intentional.'—*Eleonora Duse.*

'As to intelligence—a little intelligence is

sufficiently dramatic, if it is single. A child doing one thing at a time, and doing it completely, produces to the eye a better impression of mental life than one receives from—well, a lecturer.'—*Eleonora Duse.*

'Professors have written of the mental habits of women as though they accumulated generation by generation upon women, and passed over their sons. Professors take it for granted, obviously by some process other than the slow process of reason, that women derive from their mothers and grandmothers, and men from their fathers and grandfathers.'—*A Woman in Grey.*

'"Long generations" of subjection are, strangely enough, held to excuse the timorousness and the shifts of women of to-day. But the world, unknowing, tampers with the courage of its sons by such a slovenly indulgence. It tampers with their intelligence by fostering the ignorance of women.'—*A Woman in Grey.*

'A child is beset with long traditions. And his infancy is so old, so old, that the mere adding of years in the life to follow will not seem to throw it farther back—it is already so far. That is, it looks as remote to the memory of a man of thirty as to that of a man of seventy. What are a mere forty years of added later life in the contemplation of such a distance?'—*The Illusion of Historic Time.*

'Spirit of place! It is for this we travel to surprise its subtlety; and where it is a strong and dominant angel, that place, seen once, abides in the memory with all its own accidents, its habits, its breath, its name.'—*The Spirit of Place.*

'If there is a look of human eyes that tells of perpetual loneliness, so there is also the familiar look that is the sign of perpetual crowds.'—*Solitude.*

'To every man it happens that at one time of his life—for a space of years or for a space of months—he is convinced of death with an incomparable reality.'—*The Lady of the Lyrics.*

'Without anxiety, without haste, without misgiving are all great things to be done, and neither interruption in the doing, nor even after they are done, finds anything in them to betray.'—*Wells.*

'It is no wonder that every poet worthy the name has had a passion for metre, for the very verse. To him the difficult fetter is the condition of an interior range immeasurable.'—*The Foot.*

'Dr. Johnson was "absent." No man of absent mind is without some hourly deliverance. It is on the present mind that presses the burden of the present world.'—*Habits and Consciousness.*

MRS. RENTOUL ESLER

NOTE

It is hardly possible, within the limits of a Prefatory Note, to do more than indicate the wide sweep of Mrs. Rentoul Esler's characterisation. Yet many of the finer, the more salient qualities of her writing are bound up in her presentation of character—using the word in a wider sense than its personal one. A philosophic order of thought enters so closely, as a rule, into the details of her work, that to detach the thought would be, in many instances, to spoil the setting. In this view of the matter, and to be in keeping with the title of this book, it has been the endeavour to select passages, less perhaps for their power of graphic description, than for the resultant wit, wisdom, and philosophy the situation itself is made to supply.

For when, as in Mrs. Esler's instance, you chance upon an author who looks at life with open eyes, seeing as equally its compensations as its cruelties, its dark as its pleasant places, you look for a philosophy of courage as well as that of tolerance. And in all her work, for her hand is as deft with the small as with the larger picture,

are to be found fearlessness of thought, allied to a wide humanity. These, the broader qualities of her writing, are no less apparent in such complete books as *The Way of Transgressors; A Maid of the Manse; 'Mid Green Pastures; The Wardlaws,* as in the collection of short stories grouped under the heading of *The Way They Loved at Grimpat.*

If the greater number of the illustrative quotations that follow seem to be taken from *The Wardlaws,* it is because the action of that book takes place upon so wide a stage that it gives room for many varying aspects of the human drama. The more idyllic strain of *The Maid of the Manse* lends itself, speaking generally, to a quieter order of reflection. While those taken from the tales selected from *How They Loved at Grimpat,* will at least serve to show how quick an eye their author has for the possibilities that lie within the things of everyday life, and how sure a hand in their delineation. All belong to that order of realism which sees clearly, and gives, therefore, an impartial and liberal representation of human nature—finding reasons for toleration of even its less pleasing manifestations. F. T.-G.

MRS. RENTOUL ESLER

'MARGERY could remember her mother cutting the old tapestry off the castle walls to distribute as sampler patterns amongst the farmers' daughters; and one of the last acts of her life was to order the oak floors to be lifted because the mortality which succeeded a famine period in the district rendered it impossible to provide coffins for the poor.

'"As long as there is a floor at Castle Wardlaw, no man or woman shall go to the grave uncoffined," she said with beautiful but very unpractical enthusiasm, and the spare rooms were stripped to the beams. Perhaps the draughts thus generated killed her; at any rate, Mrs. Wardlaw died the following winter.

'Mr. Wardlaw did not bury his wife in the old-fashioned way, with open house during the period preceding the burial, and lavish meats and liquors for all who cared to partake of them; as a matter of fact, he could not afford this. But the funeral was nevertheless two miles long, a mile of pedestrians followed by another mile of vehicles.

'"She had a great heart, and great and costly ideas," said the bereaved and impoverished gentleman.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Youth is naturally romantic, and Margery's experience had done much to favour romance.

To be hopeless is impossible when one is young; and when there is much to be done, the young are never altogether unhappy. Some extraordinary good fortune might befall the family any day, one could never tell. But the only immediate surprise was the repayment of a loan which Mr. Wardlaw had made, and never thought of since his prosperous days. A farmer's son gone abroad returned, with interest, the £50 Mr. Wardlaw had lent him years before.

'"It will furnish one of the rooms in a measure," said Margery, "and afford the price of another cow."

'". . . An outing would make a new man of me," said her father persuasively.

'". . . It's past belief," said Mary M'Swine to herself, when she heard some of the particulars of the new scheme, and inferred the rest. "He has no more sense than a paycock . . . to think of spendin' the last penny they're iver likely to have on himself, and his own gallivantin', it bates iverything."'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Mr. Wardlaw did not marry Lady Margaret Brack, but when he returned to Wardlands he brought a wife with him.

'"Her family is as old as mine, and as good," he said, introducing the slender, large-eyed young woman to his daughter.

'"And as poor," Margery said to herself.

'Looking back on it afterwards, Margery felt as if her spirit broke then.

'Our spirits break when we recognise the folly of hope in the case of those indissolubly bound to us. Margery was eighteen years of age, familiar with loss and humiliation as with the days of the week, yet prepared to do and bear valiantly in the face of any encouragement. But when, at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, a helpless fine lady drifted on to witness their destitution and to accentuate it, how could one modify that fact or grapple with it?'—*The Wardlaws.*

'. . . Her father looked at her with a certain wistful hope. "Girls sometimes retrieve the family fortunes by a brilliant marriage."

'She laughed aloud in a certain heartsick distress. "Not when they are circumstanced like me. Not when they have neither friends, nor opportunities, nor clothes to their back." '—*The Wardlaws.*

'As a rule the Killyreagh Catholic clergy were all of the same type—portly of person, and of ruddy and pleasing countenance. It was habitually told by the faithful, without a suspicion of irony, that the priests were rotund and ruddy because of their frequent fasts. That a good many of their flock fasted perforce, without the same physical effects, was supposed to be due to the difference between fasts undertaken for spiritual reasons and those due to necessity.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'There are many years in which we cannot

realise death for ourselves; but there comes a time to each of us, if we have lived long, or have known much sorrow, in which we acquiesce in the certainty of our mortality, and even approve of it.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'There is nothing more damaging in average human eyes than to stand dumb in the face of even an unjust accusation. If you have nothing to say for yourself, how are onlookers to find arguments in your favour.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'In retrospect he was often present with her; she often saw his tall figure by the drawing-room window that looked out on the garden, and in later times it became a pleasure to her to sit alone with that ghost, smiling at it with eyes that were tenderly moist, talking to it in thought-language. Many of us have a ghost of this kind, a ghost that never brings us one memory of pain.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Margery recognised a loss she had met with in the rector's death, of which no one else was cognisant; her youth had died with him. To work, to make money and save it, to traffic and barter, and keep her eyes open to see that she was not defrauded, to do her charities as a matter of business, a mere disbursement of that share of the profits which was not her own, this was all that was left to her, and it had grown dreadfully commonplace.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Mary made a despairing gesture with her hands. "Do you mane to tell me that Mrs. John has no pedigree?" she asked, with such genuine dismay, that Margery laughed in spite of herself.

'"If she has, I never heard of it."

'Mary turned away resentfully. "An' to think of the scrubbin' an' clanin' we've done for her!" she said. "Them muslin curtains was as clane as the first day, and we washed them over again; shure, if that's the sort of her the chaney tay-pot 'll do rightly."'—*The Wardlaws.*

'The knowledge of our individual impotence comes to each of us some time—the knowledge that whatever bands circumstances, habit, or affection may seem to forge, we are each a detached unit among other units; and that accident may remove from our orbit that unit that circled peaceably beside us for years; that accident may fling within our orbit an influence which may modify its curve in spite of us.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'The early delusions of John's matrimonial career passed over in time, and he learned to understand his wife fully, her limitations, her everyday-mindedness, and her utter inability to recognise generosity or heroism in others. . . . But John Wardlaw did not gird against the discoveries he made. His wife was still his wife and the mother of his children, and in a way he

continued to love her. When she disappointed him he merely generalised about her sex, placed it on a lower level in his esteem, and said, "One must not expect too much of women."'—*The Wardlaws.*

'The influence of surrounding opinions to mould us cannot be estimated. People force their generalisations upon us, and by and by we recognise that, through mental idleness, we have adapted ourselves to fit them.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'. . . It takes a lifetime of close intimacies to convince each of us of our absolute, essential loneliness; to make us feel that speech is only clamour, that intercourse only means points of contact, that solitude is often our only substitute for peace.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'When we have offended people past pardon, it often happens that our compunctions drive us into assiduities we should never have thought of before, and that would have saved all the trouble had we practised them in time.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Gladys did not answer. Had she spoken, it would have been to express the curious feeling familiar to each of us in presence of our dead, that they are not remote, not indifferent, but present with us; far more present than ever before, not only hearing our words and seeing our faces, but looking right down into our hearts, and reading love or disloyalty there.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'". . . What does it matter how death comes, since come it must? A broken heart, a broken brain, a broken constitution, what does it matter? God sees the whole long record, and knows where we are defeated, and why. It is not always the true victor before whom the crowd shouts hosanna; it is often the unknown soldier who fell early and unnoticed in the fight."'—*The Wardlaws.*

'To the old the death of those they love is a chastened sorrow. To them life looked back on seems usually such a battle, that to lay down one's arms creditably is almost like victory. Miss Margery suspected that life had disappointed John; and though she could not have told why she thought so, she believed that he was probably not very reluctant to exchange the splendours of Mount Medoc for the obscurity of the grave. Also death seemed to render him less remote from her than life had done.'—*The Wardlaws.*

'"The eventless time is the happy time, but we do not realise that till we have had the exciting experiences which break us."'—*The Wardlaws.*

'Whoever thinks youth the happiest period of life has outgrown youth long enough to have forgotten. There are sad experiences peculiar to maturity; but youth has an exaggerated

capacity for pain; it feels with unnecessary keenness; it draws distressing conclusions from insufficient premises; it sees that life is not always just, and decides wrathfully that it is always unjust; hence it finds misanthropes attractive, and is apt to form leagues of friendship with embittered people.'—*A Maid of the Manse.*

'Of course, the elder girls did not put their necks under David's yoke; but they deferred to his sex, nevertheless, and ministered to his requirements with that instinct of deference to the male which does a good deal to render the male selfish in middle-class families.'—*A Maid of the Manse.*

'It is strange how willing people are to die when they are young; how lightly they sit to the saddle of the great courser Life before the need that others have of them chains them to their place!'—*A Maid of the Manse.*

'The minister had made a mistake, but he only realised it when it was irrevocable and its consequences obvious.

'The people had taken it for granted that he would go, and had resigned themselves albeit sorrowfully. Every one knows that when we have nerved ourselves to a certain loss and sacrifice, there is a shadow of something not altogether pleasurable when the sacrifice is not

demanded of us. About renunciation there is an element of dignity in which we find some comfort after all.'—*A Maid of the Manse.*

'Oftentimes it would be difficult to tell why we hate people or why we love them. A word is spoken, an action done, and results out of all proportion to the originating cause arise in another mind. A little gunpowder lies in a heap, innocuous, dead, like the dust of fine coal; a spark falls on it, and lo! an explosion.'—*A Maid of the Manse.*

'To think of all the love she wasted upon him who was so false, to think of the little love she had left to give to one who would be true! . . . She remembered, alas, she never could forget, the golden mornings at Grimpat, when the skies were flecked with summer clouds, and the song of birds and breath of flowers were in the air, and a happy girl believed in an honest man. But that was all over, all dreams, never to be dreamt again. The honest man had never existed, and the happy girl was awake now amongst grey realities.'—*Kitty.*

'The neighbours went home with their heads whirling a little. A silver teapot! Why, there was not a silver teapot in the whole of Grimpat, not even at the Rectory, they were certain sure. This was a palpable fact round which all vague suggestions crystallised. A silver teapot for

Kitty Ford! That was a nice piece of luck to befall Stephen Yardley's leavings! They wished Kitty Ford well; they knew she was a good girl, and had been badly used, and they thought it only Heaven's justice that things should be made up to her. But a silver teapot, and a three-story house! Well, they liked reason even in compensation.'—*Kitty.*

'When Mrs. Ford lay in her coffin the old neighbours came in solemn groups to take leave of her, to say how good she was, how hard-working, how honest, to speak kindly of her now that she neither heard nor cared. Mrs. Hook alone did not come; she had taken the house in horror, for she knew what had killed Mrs. Ford, and she felt that Mrs. Ford knew now also. . . . Mrs. Hook could only think of Mrs. Ford as a desperate little woman, who never minded what she said or did, and who now knew who it was that had injured her fatally. Mrs. Hook felt a moral certainty that the deceased was trembling in her coffin with the desire to wreak vengeance on her (Mrs. Hook's) comfortable person, and that she might not get up and do it, if too sorely tempted, was a point on which the fruiterer's wife had her doubts.'—*Kitty.*

'Naomi was perfectly happy. Without knowing it she was one of those with whom the love of the hills is a passion; one of those to whom

country scents, and sights, and sounds are a joy unutterable.'—*Naomi.*

'It was difficult for Betty to keep at rest; she never had been very still since she was born. She was a tall, gaunt, angular young woman, with pale hair, a sharp nose, and a mouth that was perpetually smiling. People who did not know her age guessed Betty to be forty: she was only twenty-three. At fourteen she had attained her height, and she had never rounded, or softened, or beautified in the slightest degree subsequently. . . . She had told her mother once that when a girl was as plain as a flat-iron the best thing she could do was to understand that she was of no account.'—*Betty's Luck.*

'The discomfort of being taken unawares is altogether for the visited; personally, the visitors do not mind. They are even more gracious for witnessing your discomforture, as if to assure you they forgive you for being poor, and flurried, and shabby.'—*Betty's Luck.*

'On this detail of childlessness, prolific mothers of large families feigned to pity the Haynes, assuring each other that there was a crook in every lot, and that it was better to be happy than rich. For their part, they would not consent to give up their Tommy or Maggie for all the Haynes' wealth twice told. But it must be admitted that neither Ben Haynes nor his

wife had ever manifested the slightest desire to effect such a purchase. Children were dreadful, wasteful, and troublesome, Mrs. Haynes said, and messed things out of all knowing, and you never could be sure they would make it up to you, or be a comfort when they were grown.'—*Betty's Luck.*

'When she knew she was dying, she had many anxious injunctions to leave with her husband. She felt it a hardship that she should have to die. Her life had been so happy and so harmless that she failed to see a reason for cutting it short. But if she had to die, she would do so dignifiedly, and leave all in order behind her. So she impressed solemn warnings on Ben—the feather-beds were to be sunned twice a year, for three days at a time; the keys of all the linen cupboards were in a box on the top shelf of the china press, and the key of that box was in her purse; and the lists of the linen and silver were pasted inside their respective receptacles. So, careful about many things, but feeling that, on the whole, she had played her part in life worthily, and left her section of the world richer than she found it, this harmless pagan passed to that place where domestic anxieties may be expected to trouble us no more.'—*Betty's Luck.*

'"I've half a mind to offer a home to Betty," the farmer said.

'"I don't believe she'd take it."

'"No, only Mary is to marry, and the man is to live there."

'"If you took her, she'd expect your place at the last."

'"Well, if I was done with it——"

'"And you wouldn't lend her mother twenty pounds," Mrs. Willett said, "but it's because men's always so reasonable that women don't understand 'em."'

LUCAS MALET

NOTE

IT is a good thing to be alive! This is the one full impression of the author's influence that must remain upon the mind of even the most superficial reader of Lucas Malet's books. Replete as they are with the spectacle of life—athrob with its energies, its desires, its activities, they cannot fail to enchain the attention by their vivid representation of its varied performance. Yet to the reader who knows how to look beneath the surface, who has perceived the lessons indirectly taught by the doings on the stage, who has paused to estimate the writer's thought, they commend themselves for even more insistent reasons than those of their variety and strength. The ethical value of the picture as equally as the satisfaction afforded by the skilled handling of the subject, enters, in the latter case, as largely into the account. They begin to be valued as much from the point of view of their philosophy of life as for their vivid presentation of the matters with which they deal.

In respect of their method no criticism, other than that of the most perfunctory kind, can

escape the conviction of its two remarkably contrasting qualities—delicate irony and coercive strength. These two go hand in hand in *The Wages of Sin.* In *The Carissima* the irony is, throughout, the more dominant of the two; so that the whole story, despite the dramatic intensity of certain situations, seems to be presented through the guise of that order of humour which adopts a sarcastic but always indulgent attitude towards human foibles.

The Wages of Sin, because it deals in a larger and deeper way with the realities of the human drama, particularly lends itself to the utterances of philosophy and wisdom; and these utterances, owing to a certain geniality and explicitness of expression, appeal at once to their audience. Here the canvas is a large one. Nature, art, society, pleasure, pain, work, and conflict, all enter into the composition. But despite its shadows, the impression remains that it has all been worth doing—that, for those chiefly concerned, it has been a widening of experience, and a possible redemption.

The Gateless Barrier, in enlarging the boundaries of our apprehensions, has in it less and yet more than has this author's preceding works. There is in it less of the actual performance of life; less material variety and colour. But it includes, amongst the things of life, spiritual sympathies and aspirations which are assuredly part of its texture, although they are not usually given a place in its representation.

The newer accent of *The Gateless Barrier* would seem to involve a more impressive sense of style. We are conscious of a fine restraint of tone, an appealing tenderness of manner—or, more briefly, it has more of the method as well as the feeling of poetry. F. T.-G.

LUCAS MALET

'"THOSE two young things make rather a pretty pair; eh, Caroline?"

'The lockets rattled. The ivory needle went steadily in and out of the white wool. Mrs. Crookenden was never in a hurry.

'"I have always strongly disapproved of first cousins marrying," she said, as though delivering sentence.

'The Rector sat down in his wicker chair again.

'"My dear Caroline, you positively take one's breath away by your agility in jumping to conclusions. You leap to the ultimate possibility of a situation when the first word of the situation has barely been spoken."

'He leaned back, opened his coat, and stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

'"But I verily believe you women begin worrying about who your babies shall, and still more shall not, marry before the poor innocents are out of long clothes. It is the same with all of you. Your outlook is saturated with matrimony.' —*The Wages of Sin.*

'Kent Crookenden crossed his legs, and patted one foot up and down reflectively on the gravel.

'"Oh! no doubt there is much to be said for making a clean sweep after a funeral!" he remarked. "Relics are a mistake. They sadly

mitigate one's appreciation of the blessings of the present. The philosophy of forgetfulness is a very profound philosophy."

'As he spoke he was conscious of an almost painful scraping of his chest, caused by the fluted gold setting of a certain little miniature he wore on a black ribbon round his neck.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'He had two distinct sides to his nature which were for ever playing a game of skill, so to speak, with each other. Sometimes the intellectual side had the game all its own way. And then suddenly the emotional side, which had seemed curiously slow and short-sighted as to its opportunities of gaining the advantage, would in a few skilful moves come to the fore and cry check, before its opponent had had time to organise any sufficient system of defence. Plurality of personality is very impeding and dislocating. To manage one human being is often hard enough work, Heaven knows! But to manage two—of whom the first is ardent, passionate, reckless, sensitive; and the second, strong, hard, ambitious, doggedly self-confident, and self-assertive—joined together in an indissoluble bond of wedlock, this is indeed a task from which a man, without any notable defect of moral courage, may well cry for deliverance.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'He had very definite ambitions, and woe to the person or things that should come between

those ambitions and their fulfilment. He would show himself somewhat remorseless. And this not so much from selfishness as from a profound conviction that he possessed unusual powers, and that he was bound to give them an expression as complete, as unhampered as might be. It has become the fashion to narrow the meaning of the word conscience, and limit its operations to the sphere of practical morality, to the fatal cheapening of all literary and artistic labour. Some excellent persons indeed have run a trifle mad on this subject; and have offered the world as a great and precious truth the palpably great confusion, that a good man and a good workman are synonymous. While some others going even a step further, have added the even more pernicious fallacy, that a bad man and a bad workman are equally so. Unhappily, things do not move on such simple lines. . . . And it was precisely the working of this artistic conscience which made him . . . realise one thing clearly, namely, that in the present state of his fortunes he could not indulge in the expensive luxury of a wife.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'Unfortunately, as the majority have discovered in every age, the tree of fame is an inconveniently tall tree; the trunk of it is abominably smooth, too, affording very little foothold to the climber.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'For it is universally admitted that to arrive

at an approximately just view of any affair it is necessary to call witnesses on both sides, since looks, words, and even actions have a tiresome habit of lending themselves to almost diametrically opposite interpretations. In one sense, indeed, instead of being stubborn, nothing is more elastic than fact. It can, as testimony, be stretched any and every way. And its elasticity is likely, alas! to be tested to the uttermost when the interpreters of it are on one side a man, and on the other a maid.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'"Yes," he said, "I have found it. . . . All the most descriptive and delicate effects of gesture, many of the most dramatic revelations of character and emotion, are necessarily evanescent and transient. You must seize them in passing if you seize them at all. Therefore I have trained myself to work largely from memory. And so when, as in the case we were just speaking of, I see a type that attracts, I go after it. I have a great deal of patience, but in the end I hunt it down. I possess myself of it.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'To most persons it is doubtfully cheering, I suppose, to meet themselves of five, seven, ten years ago. To Colthurst it was not doubtfully cheering, but most undoubtedly ghastly, so to meet himself; to look in his own eyes; to hear again his own voice; to dream again those boundlessly ambitious dreams; to have again

that sense of leisure, of plenty of time ahead for fulfilment, which goes so far to give youth its enchanting buoyancy of spirit. . . . Ah, if he could but have wiped out those ten intervening years. . . . He was torn with passionate longing, passionate regret. But unfortunately the road of life—it is a truism—is so constructed there is no going back.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'Beauty is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and yet it is always shifting, changing, showing you a fresh face, revealing itself anew. . . . You apprehend it more with your intellect than with your eyes. And that is what English people persistently refuse to understand. They have ruined their stage, as they have already ruined their picture-galleries, by the besotted belief that intellect has nothing to do with it; that beauty—which is only another word for art—begins and ends with an appeal to the eyes.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'Perhaps the saddest poverty of all is the poverty that wears an air of superficial smartness. The poverty which, while gradually but surely sinking downwards, makes, as it sinks, convulsive and fruitless struggles against its fate. The poverty which has not lost desire in despair, but still clutches at cheap alleviations, fly-blown pleasures, hollow yet showy joys. The poverty which makes furtive attempts at elegance, and still has energy enough left to spread its poor

draggled tail in the infrequent sunshine with a foolish hope of impressing the passer-by.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'The light natures can't stand sadness. It sours them, deprives them of the paltry use they might otherwise have had. . . . But the strong natures can stand it. It braces and enriches them. . . . Believe me, all the noblest thought, noblest work, noblest friendship, is rooted and grounded in profound sadness.'—*The Wages of Sin.*

'We had talked of many things; discussed that chief wonder of the age, the modern young woman, who differs as much from all bygone types of womanhood as our modern modes of locomotion do from those obtaining in the days of Abraham.

'"For," said Hammond, "broadly speaking, is she not to her mother as is the Orient Express to a string of camels?"

'He added that compared with even a superficial comprehension of the intricacies of her thought and conduct, the mastery of the Chinese language would supply an airy pastime, the study of the higher mathematics a gentle sedative.'—*The Carissima.*

Few persons' (Hammond said) 'are truthful; yet the complete and experienced liar is rare.

A really great lie, whether acted or spoken, is the supreme expression of genius. I make my bow to it with my hand on my heart. And all this reminds me of a man whom I once knew called Leversedge—Constantine Leversedge. For although he told, consciously at all events, no lies, he was intimately involved in the telling of one of a really superior order. And a young lady, eminently distinguished for the ripeness of her modernity, was involved in it also.'—*The Carissima.*

'They were rather a dusty-looking couple. He a voracious, adhesive little rat of a man, with a lopsided way of walking, a coat collar insufficiently brushed at all times, and a waistcoat to match after meals. He smiled upon one ravenously; and told many stock stories of witty bishops and Conservative politicians, giving his audience to understand he had himself invariably acted Horatio to the Hamlet of these good and great men. Mrs. Perry was in another style. Dusty too, but roundabout and kindly; of an expansive, middle-class figure, and a countenance resembling a moon on a clock face. A suburban moon, be it added, of the very honestest sort, wholly unsymbolic of the worship of Artemis or Astarte, without phases, standing ever at a guileless full.'—*The Carissima.*

'Do you believe in devils?'

'Now, this, if you like, was serious. It almost

amounted to being fundamental; and I own to an inherent distaste to formulating opinions on fundamentals. "A devil Leversedge," I therefore playfully protested. "Don't let us approach the question in the plural number. It becomes too complicated, too crowded. One devil—one surely is enough for all practical purposes? In the singular he is precious though archaic; and if only for dramatic and literary reasons, I don't think we can afford to abolish him. He supplies the dash of absolute black, you see, which brings out all the delicate lights and shades of the moral picture. Without him the *nuances* would lose their values. No; we must keep one. He may be of any size you like—quite a small one if you wish it, a veritable little ewe-lamb of a devil. But for the sake of his colour—I am getting slightly mixed as to sex, I fancy, but my knowledge of the sheepfold is scarcely professional—well, of *its* colour, which is black, I implore that one, just one, may be spared to us."'—*The Carissima.*

'I grew hot, I grew cold. I rallied my friendship for Leversedge. I wished I was not a man of honour. I wished a cloud would pass over the moon. I thanked God I was a man of honour. I blew up the embers of my affection for the woman I ought to have married. I wished I knew what on earth to say. I craved for the presence of Perry *père*; I should have hailed him as my deliverer from one of the worst

moments of my life. . . . I wondered if I was a fatuous ass. I wished Leversedge would rush out of the nearest bush and seize me by the throat. I wished anything and everything, in short, but that this marvellously pretty girl, with the dewy eyes and bewitching mouth, should continue to stand looking at me.'—*The Carissima.*

'. . . I am human. Consequently, I was moved; I was flattered; I was *attendri*—especially at first. Then the blighting habit of analysis, the one habit with which, alas! I utterly fail to play fast and loose, laid its chill influence upon my feelings. I began to ask myself whether the Carissima was—just possibly—among the greatest actresses of the world? I recalled that odious grunt. I began to ask myself where the devil Mr. Percy Gerrard could possibly come in? The Carissima. . . . I disliked him then, I may add that I dislike him still. A certain pleasure is derivable from describing those whom one dislikes. . . . In person he was not beautiful. I have heard that plain but vivacious lady, Madame Jacobini, describe him "as a cross between a second-rate Parisian *petit crevé* and a Methodist parson gone wrong." There is an element of excess in this statement, yet truly he was not beautiful. For he was short, sallow, and inclined to stoutness; in moments of asperity I could have found it in my heart to have called him greasy-looking. His hair was black, rather long, and of uncomfortable thinness and smoothness. What

of moustache he had was black also. He dressed soberly as in mourning for lost illusions.'—*The Carissima.*

'. . . Gerrard asserted. "Recalling the hours when I have been most deeply conscious of the magnetism of the Divine Idea, I recognise that they were hours of unalloyed joyousness."

'I hugged myself silently at the thought of Gerrard, of all men on earth, Percy Gerrard, author of *Leda's Lover*, and editor of the *Present Day*, with his lethargic temperament and gift of heavy feeding, in a condition of unalloyed joyousness, thanks to the magnetism of the Divine Idea.'—*The Carissima.*

'Of course there is the ancient theory—does it not at least date from the days of Aristophanes?—of the One Man, the One Woman; and I have laboured valiantly to cherish it, since it appeared to offer a practical solution of my moral and emotional difficulties. . . . I have sought her diligently, and, I admit it, reluctantly—for it must sound most impertinently fastidious—I am seeking her yet. This quest has become a fixed idea with me. It presents itself as a matter of course, at sight of each new and charming face. . . .

'It presented itself very distinctly to me now, on the sunny deck of the lifeboat, as Miss Perry's soft voice faltered, and she stretched out her hands in that most moving action of appeal.

She was so varied, so captivating, so uncommonly clever, at times so deliciously pretty.'—*The Carissima.*

'Whether Nature or her bootmaker was in fault I cannot, of course, pretend to determine. I charitably trust the former. For with Nature clearly there is no arguing; whereas any human being with the powers of speech and volition can remonstrate with and, in extreme cases, change their bootmaker. . . . I could write a pamphlet on the subject of boots—they are an awful revelation of personal character . . . the Carissima's shoes did not betray the presence of any mortal sin . . . they disclosed a vein of indolence, of insufficient pride, of lack of perception; they were the shoes of one whose promise is better than her performance . . . briefly they didn't do.'—*The Carissima.*

'He was haunted by the conviction that he had never yet given his best, the highest and strongest of his nature, either in thought, or art, or adventure, or even, perhaps—he feared it—in love. The demand had been for a thoroughly presentable and immediately marketable article; and the best is usually far from marketable, often but doubtfully presentable either. It followed that Laurence had, almost of necessity, kept the best of himself to himself—kept it to himself so effectually that he had come uncommonly near forgetting its existence altogether, and letting it

perish for lack of air and exercise.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'He looked below superficial appearances into the heart of it all. Life put off its cheap frippery of fancy dress, Death its cunningly devised concealments and evasions. Backed by the immensities of sea and sky, both stood before him naked and unashamed, in all their primitive and eternal vigour, their uncompromising actuality, their inviolable mystery; while, with a sudden and searching apprehension of the profound import of the question, Rivers asked himself—

'"What shall it profit a man—what, in good truth—if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'"Yes, the vision of a dream," he said to himself. "Only another of those thousand exquisite things which belong to the language of symbol, and possess, alas! no tally in reality—reality, that is, as most of us hide-bound victims of conventionality are destined to know it"—he laughed a little grimly. Reality as we know it, being precisely the biggest illusion of all.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'He felt again—as he had felt that night on board ship—that he had never done complete justice to his own capacity. Whether the fault lay in himself or in circumstance, he could not

say; but he knew that neither body, nor mind, nor heart, had worked up to their full strength yet. Ambition of some notable and absorbing undertaking stirred in him.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'Mr. Beal received his guest with an agitation in which natural timidity warred with professional pride. He laboured under the conviction that he was called upon at all times and in all places to maintain the dignity of the Anglican Church. He believed she was very much in the midst of foes, Rome and Nonconformity alike perpetually plotting her downfall; while Atheism cruised about in the offing ever ready to seize any who escaped the machinations of these more declared enemies.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'The young man deserved a snub, but he was an innocent creature, a great sincerity in his foolishness. Laurence looked out of window, across to the sunny peaceful churchyard. After all, why be harsh? Why snub anybody? So he smiled again genially upon the distracted Beal' —*The Gateless Barrier.*

'"In the realm of morals it is the same. The act once committed passes into the region of indubitable fact. Of sins, both passive and active, this is equally true."'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'She was a notable example of modern civilisa-

tion, guiltless of all mysterious or primitive suggestion. Her prettiness was considerable, according to a neat and unaccentuated type. Her manner was vivacious, her attitudes many but sincere. She wore these—so to speak—to bring out the value of her conversation, as she wore her irreproachably constructed clothes to bring out those of her plump and carefully preserved figure.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'Laurence contemplated the elegant, if slightly unhomelike, room with a movement of ironical satisfaction. Its contents were as agreeably obvious and unrecondite as the style and plot of a current magazine story. It made no demand upon the intelligence or the emotions.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

'It is the best mounted, the best served, the best kept house I ever have stayed in. It is as clean as a new pin. The whole thing moves on wheels—and yet never the trace of a petticoat! It follows that one is assailed by the unholy suspicion that woman may be, after all, a quite superfluous luxury; and that the work of the world, even in its humble, domestic aspects, can get along just as well without her.'—*The Gateless Barrier.*

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

NOTE

To have reached the innermost recesses of woman's heart—to have found the secret springs of its strange strength and pathetic weakness, its passion and emotion, its complexities and its inconsistencies, is, in so much, to have command of that which largely helps to make the keen interest of the human drama.

The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman amply testifies to the strength of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's possession of this wide appeal. And when to such vividness of insight as this book displays, is added its winning spontaneity of expression, the reason of its engrossing hold upon the reader is not far to seek. Had she written none other, this work alone, by reason of the intensity of its sympathy, would establish her claim to be, in no small measure, the interpreter of woman's heart.

This intimate knowledge of woman's heart is always a leading feature of her writing; but in her other books it takes its place, along with the lights and shadows, the complications and contradictions, that pertain to all liberal representation of this curious compound—life. It is the influence, throughout the whole of its pages, of

this compelling knowledge that gives to *The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman* its sense of separateness.

Although it may, in certain respects, be accounted a novel of the day, yet to the absence of the usual surroundings and details of fiction it owes a simplicity of form that assuredly serves to enhance the engrossing interest of the subject. The conditions of the novel are there more by suggestion, more as background for intense personal feeling than because they are of real importance to the development of the story. These histories of the heart involve the outline of the circumstance amongst which they take place; but they never got nearer than this to the actuality of the usual conditions of the novel.

In the ways of retrospect and guidance—through the former making her own puzzling feelings and actions clear to herself, through the latter as light whereby to walk through possible experiences—the wisdom and philosophy of this book cannot help coming very closely home to the heart of woman. And when to its wisdom and philosophy is added its sense of humour; which, by throwing sidelights upon the situation, changes the state of suffering to one of ultimate victory, there will be needed no other explanation why, with so much rich material to be found in this author's other writings, all the quotations for the present volume have been made from this one book.

F. T.-G.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

'WHY should man, who is strong, always get the best of it, and be forgiven so much; and woman, who is weak, get the worst, and be forgiven so little? Why should you go and laugh and be merry, and I stand waiting and listening?'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'It is delightful to be a woman—yes, even in spite of all things; but to be a weak woman, and good with the goodness invented for her by men who will have none of it themselves; no, thank you. It is a sad mistake to take things seriously, especially for women (which sounds like a quotation from Byron, and is almost), but it is a mistake that shall not be mine.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'I do not want reverence; it goes to passion's funeral. And I do not want to be good either, for that means a person knowing all her own possibilities and limits. It is only of the base and mean things that one should know one's self utterly incapable; for the rest it is better to give one's nature its fling, and let it make a walk for itself, good or bad, as its strength goes.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'To be good to know beforehand that under

any given circumstances one would do the right thing, would stalk along the higher path of moral rectitude, for ever remembering and caring above all things for one's own superiority, while the rest of the world might suffer what it would; it appals me to think of it. Besides, how deadly dull to herself must the good woman be, how limited her imagination, how sober her horizon; she knows her own future so well there is little wonder that she grows dowdy, living it. To feel that there is no unexpectedness in her nature, nothing over which to hold a rein, to know that no moment can come when, forgetting all else, she will give herself up to the whirlwind that may overtake her in a dozen forms, and then, if need be, pay the price without flinching and without tears.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'Don't think I do not long after good things. Oh, my dear, do we not all long after them, and so sanctify our souls that we are not able to do more? It is so easy to sit at the base of a tower and wish we stood at the top; it is another thing to climb it little step by little step. If we could be hauled up in some strange dangerous fashion it would be worth doing, though one risked one's neck by the way. So if by a few great deeds one could reach the heights, who that has any fire in his soul would not do them, though they crushed the life out of him for a time, nay, though he died by the way?'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'There is enough of nothing in your heart or soul to satisfy me. I like you; I have loved you, I have loved you, perhaps I do still; but marry you—no: for I should surely run away, and before a year was over, if it were only to hide in some dim corner with amused eyes to watch your perplexity. . . . I, if I marry at all, will marry a man whose future is not unrolled like yours before my eyes—some one who has it in him to leave the world richer than he found it, who will teach it, or beautify it, or make it in some way better because he has been. For men who do this are masters of the world, and men like you, rich, or fairly rich, good, plodding, and painstaking, are their servants.' —*A Modern Correspondence.*

'Marriage between us is not possible. A service might be read over us, one roof might cover us, one name identify us; but this would not be marriage—only a binding together by a ceremony made for those not strong enough to stand by each other without it, which, in the eyes of the outer world, would make us man and wife, yet in our own hearts leave us miles apart. The most dreamy of relationships might be marriage rather than this; nay, I can imagine it existing between two people who meet but half-a-dozen times in their lives; who never touch hands, who but dimly remember each other's faces, and yet whose hearts and souls steal out in the silence towards each other, and

meet in some strange fashion not known to ordinary men and women—an aching, almost passionate love, that has nothing physical in it, and that seeks no human symbol for expression save that which puts itself forth in their work.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'Yes, good-bye, dear Englishman; only our land could have produced you; and in a measure I am proud of you, as I am of all its other goodly products. But for warmth and sunshine one goes to other lands than ours; for love and happiness, I, at least, must go to other hearts than yours.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'But over a bridge built of dreams and exaggerations Love often goes blindfold towards the realities it may never reach itself, leaving a track that the stronger may follow, and would not have thought out for themselves. To the lovers and the dreamers and enthusiasts it is sometimes given to move the world with their shoulders; the plodders do it stone by stone while the ages admire their patience, the last are like schoolboys learning, but to the first the heavens and hells have whispered.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'. . . The man who is above all things intellectual, who has much book-knowledge, and has read and remembered, and stored his mind with the work of other men, so that his talk and

writings are full of literary allusion. Through his mind there filters a constant stream of other men's thoughts; if that gave out his mind would be empty, for he creates nothing. I sometimes wonder where the good of him comes in, for he gives the world nothing that is his own, and that which he finds ready to hand is no better for his commenting and garnishing.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'For men and women are not meant to kill their strongest impulses and feelings, but only to understand them, to know when to govern, or let themselves be governed. To this last knowledge the world owes the greatest deeds that men have done. In passion there is fire, and does not fire purify as well as burn? The prairie flames sweep all before them as they make unflinchingly towards their goal, and the goal of passionate love at its highest is achievement that, but for its sake, would never have been gained. It is the achievement I long for, not for myself, but for my best-loved; I would go away if he willed it, when he needed me no more, and be remembered nowhere save in his heart.'—*A Modern Correspondence.*

'There is one thing ours from the time we enter the world, if we did but know it—it is part of life's mystery that we should so seldom know it—the power to fashion our own immortality, not in our own bodies, but in the things

she wanted me married before they came out; it would be an excellent thing if you proposed, she said, and impressed on me again and again that I must get married; that it was the one hope of my life, and should be its ambition. . . . Then she declared you had just been flirting with me; she had not really supposed you meant anything, and it was very unlikely I should ever marry; she wondered whether I could not find a situation as companion—it would be no disgrace, far better than living on my relations; and then she wondered if you boasted of your flirtation with me, and hoped I should not take your desertion to heart. You, a man, cannot understand the gall and wormwood, the positive shame all this was to a girl. . . . So I nodded my head for answer, feeling unconsciously, as a gambler when he throws a stake that means life or death, curious and afraid at what next will come, dreading, perhaps, both alike, no matter which way the dice fall. . . . I shuddered and turned from the kiss I could not have borne to touch my lips, and knew in that one moment what I had done.' —*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'. . . For I am passionate, not merely in my likes, but in my dislikes; and though I never actually disliked you, I showed you, I should have learnt to dislike—nay, to hate—an angel had I married one without loving him with all my heart.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I told you I did not love you, and should die

if you married me. You know all that followed. I thought you would break your heart from your letters; but no, you seemed to get over it soon enough—in eighteen months you had married.' —*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'Love is a strange thing that will not be controlled, that will have nothing to do with conveniences, that will not be governed by reason, that may go to the worst and leave the best—a thing altogether beyond our ken.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'You have ideas of a man being master, of a woman being submissive; you would want to show me clearly at times—though there had arisen no necessity—that you were master, you would think it manly to do so. But I should hate a man who kept a rein over me; it is what the men do who are not sure of themselves, the men who feel that they must be always making signs that they are strong, lest they be suspected of weakness.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'For two women to love each other all things must be clear and fair — there must be no mystery and nothing hidden. Between a man and a woman it is different. It does not do, then, to know each other too well; some barriers should never be broken down, some things left vague and undefined, if a man's love especially is to continue.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I think he particularly prided himself on the dulness; it was that that added the great element of respectability to the unmistakable one of well-offness; . . . but I felt that if I went to live in that house, with James for my husband, and those poor little girls, with whom I should not be allowed to do as I liked, for my step-children, I should either go melancholy mad, or commit some awful crime.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I wish I had never seen him; for in some strange way, though I do not know whether I hate or love him most, he dominates everything I do or say.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'Do you remember how thoroughly he did as he chose with us all, though we could none of us do as we chose with him, or put a single social shackle on him, and how handsome he was in those days—unconventional and different from most of the men who hung about us?'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'He thought women inferior to men, that they should be in subjection to them, should give way to them, should be content with their own part in the world. . . . His views were a good deal, regarding women, like James Harrison's. Only the one man had a world of power over me, and the other had none; one was clever and fascinating, and one was not; from one the least

control in the world was not to be borne; and from the other it was sweetness not to be described. . . . He hung about me always, and controlled me altogether, and I rejoiced, as a woman always does, in being controlled by a clever man.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'The present was sufficient; I troubled about nothing, but just took the days as they came; and all were spent with him, or were full of thoughts of him. So it was that, without any lovemaking, without a single word that my heart could lay hold of, we yet drew very close indeed, and seemed unable to live apart.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I offended him. I forget why, but he did not come near me again. . . . It seemed as if the world was at an end.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'Though her heart beats quickly when she hears a step, and all the wide world changes at the sound of a voice, she remains a mystery, a secret from herself, a creature of new aches and joys and indefinite longings, till he speaks, till he bids her awake to a new life, and be blessed in it, or till some shock makes her understand.' —*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'But gradually things altered; we might be friends and artists, but we were man and woman

too, and it was not given to us to be different from the rest of humanity. Do people, when they are young, and full of life and happiness, with most of the world's unknowns before them, go on spending long days together, week after week, for merely work and talk of work? Not often.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'But, day by day almost, his manner grew colder and more and more careful, a little wearied too, as though he were waiting to see the play out and would be glad when it was finished. His words were fewer and more distant; and slowly, like a nightmare, there crept over me the knowledge that he was severing his life from mine—and it was so.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I sometimes think that my feeling for him was a madness—that he made it one. Oh the carefulness of that man not to commit himself to anything; the calm way in which he deliberately took my life into his hands, amused himself with it, nursed it and moulded it, and then, when he was tired of it, threw it on one side with impatience and forgetfulness.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'Yet he assumed an authority in my life that, against my will, had a certain sweetness, and I submitted and referred all things to him, and thought him manly when he bullied me, and

found an odd delight in being brow-beaten—nay, I liked him for his very tyranny, his anger, and his cruelty.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'I have almost a horror, so strong is my shrinking of facing the world alone; but for that I would not contemplate marriage at all, and can only contemplate it in the shape of an ambitious outside life.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'A busy thinking diplomatic life, in which I have to be for ever *en evidence*, up and doing, always planning this step and that, and withal keeping note of the intellectual rate about me; finding out this genius and presenting him to the world, to his own modest dismay; or rescuing that invention from the jaws of the middleman, and getting honour for the right quarter. Yes, yes, that is what it shall be. I will get outside myself. It is when I stay within myself that I find out how wretched a home my heart has made me. I will get outside, and tell, tell me this—is love a curse or a blessing? I sometimes think it is like death. A strange comparison you will say. But, like death, it is a doorway we go through blindfold, whether we will or not; the bandage falls from our eyes, and we find ourselves in heaven or hell. There is less space in the universe than one would think. There must be less; for heaven and earth and this world of ours seem crowded and packed so

close together, it is but a minute from one to the other.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'What a mad infatuation it was! Sometimes I look back on it with horror. It was like a madness. How thankful I am that it ended at last! It might easily have broken my heart, or made me a bad or desperate woman; but it did neither. It only made me into somebody else, or into another self, who remembers the old one with wonder, and shrinks now and then even yet from the memory of the pain she suffered, so keen it was and terrible.'—*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.*

'Of course I was disappointed yesterday, but I tried to console myself by thinking that you might have got sunstroke had you come; and then in the evening, when I felt very down-hearted, I read over a heap of your letters—I mean those you sent me in the winter, when you first loved me. They were so very loving that they made me quite happy again. Am I just the same to you? I don't know why I ask it; something makes me do so.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'It is strange how quickly a woman divines; and your heart has told you what I have not the courage to say.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'A woman's hands always long to be busy for those she loves.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'The world seems to have stretched out so far, and to be so full of things it wants to tell us, if we will only listen. I long to talk about them to you. We were young, and so much taken up with ourselves in the old days, that we had little time to think of all that is most to us—after love.' —*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'There are many walls of silences to break down between us, and many things on which we must build together, before we know each other absolutely.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'Have you not felt the silence fall between us when we try to talk? We have nothing to say; and while we sit and stare at each other my soul seems to be far off, living another life. It is almost a relief when you go; yet I dread the tenderness of your good-bye. I used to think of home together as dearest life, now I wonder how we should drag through the days. There are places I want to see, things I want to do, plans to think over, books to read; and between all these you seem to stand like a fate.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'Sorrow and loneliness have made me think, have opened my eyes wide, and I see that we are strangers inwardly while outwardly we are lovers. —*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

'I live in another world from you now. I do

not know if it is better or worse, only that it is different; it seems as if in the past months a hand was stretched out; I took it and went on almost dazed—on and on while you stood still.'—*A Sentimental Correspondence.*

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

NOTE

THERE are certain conditions, characters, and surroundings of life that Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has made all her own. Every reader of either *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* or *The Farringdons*, or of both, must feel that the strong interesting and instructive description of the centres of Methodism in these books has been given to them first-hand. The thoroughness and the raciness of the humorous sayings and doings of the minor characters therein represented, convince us of the fact of close personal observation on the part of their delineator. As well as the skill to portray, it is her thorough and intimate knowledge of her subject that results in the striking cleverness of these pictures. It is to her insight into its meaning; her clear understanding of its principles; and her forcible illustration, through her characters, of both principle and meaning, that makes us realise what a sterling power of helpfulness in the work of the world resides in this particular form of the religious sentiment.

Possibly in no other human circumstance are

there to be found such fertile opportunities for the delineation of that peculiar mixture of devotion to the idea of duty, mental and spiritual satisfaction in unvarnished religious services, and shrewd outlook of life, and keen business perceptions, with the whole shot through, as it were, with dry humour and mother wit, as in that which Miss Fowler has chosen as subject for the exercise of her talent. In the delineation of other phases and conditions of life, although her cleverness is always undeniable, she has many competitors; but when she provides such excellent material for quotation in her description of that order of life which affords so wide a scope for the exercise of her gifts of humour, brightness, shrewdness, and keenness of perception, the compiler feels tempted to take all excerpts from it. F. T.-G.

MISS ELLEN T. FOWLER

'ALICE's parents were wealthy and worldly persons. Of being the former they were proud, and of being the latter they were ignorant; in fact, they imagined they were a very godly couple, because they attended chapel regularly, and had their library bound with calf-bound copies of the *Methodist Magazine*, dating from its Arminian days. Mr. and Mrs. Martin regarded religion very much as they regarded an "English manufacture," or an "Irish industry"; that is to say, they lost no opportunity of patronising and advertising it; but felt that in so doing they were conferring a favour and meriting a vote of thanks.

'Mrs. Martin was an extremely amusing woman; but she herself had no idea of this—she imagined that she was only dignified and edifying. She once said: "Although my husband is a rich man, and a county magistrate, he has the fear of the Lord before his eyes." And she had no idea that there was anything humorous in this use of the conjunction *although*.'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'Martha had another servant under her; but she would share with no one the delightful duty of looking after Paul and Joanna. . . . To Martha they owed their ineradicable belief that an inclination to idleness or disobedience or greedi-

ness was no mere instinct, but a suggestion of the Evil One himself, who—bat-winged, and cloven-footed as he appeared in the illustrations to the *Pilgrim's Progress*—lurked in the dark places of the china-pantry and the backstairs, for the set purpose of betraying to destruction the souls of the minister's children.'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'"There's a sad thing happened this morning, ma'am, and no mistake," she began, with a profound sigh.

'"Indeed, Martha, and what is that?" inquired her mistress.

'"The best hot-water jug has gone to its long home."

'"Oh! Martha, not the Ruth and Naomi one?"

'"The very same, ma'am, more's the pity!"

'Now it happened that this hot-water jug was one of Mrs. Seaton's most cherished household gods. It portrayed the first chapter of the book of Ruth. . . .

'"However did it happen?" asked Mrs. Seaton in a reproachful tone.

'"I was just carrying it with the breakfast cups across the kitchen, and suddenly it smashed itself to bits on the floor."

'"But, Martha, I have so often told you not to try to carry so many things at once. It was sure to end in an accident."

'"That is true, ma'am; but it seemed as if it was to be."

'"It would not have happened if you had done as I told you."

'"That is true, ma'am, but it seemed as if it was to be."

'Nothing that her mistress said could convince Martha that she was in any way to blame in the matter. She seemed to regard herself as merely the instrument in a fore-ordained scheme of destruction; and kept repeating, in a tone of grim satisfaction, "It seemed as if it was to be."' —*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'The years had not dealt quite as kindly with Joanna as with Paul. She was short and thin and colourless. . . . And she took no pains to make herself attractive, as a vainer girl would have done; for she was as yet young enough to cherish that admirable and false belief that folks love us according to our excellences. We all begin life well grounded in this groundless faith, and we rejoice in it as long as we are youthful enough to fancy that our excellences will be many; but as we grow older, and see how few of these there be, and those not of the finest water, we thank Heaven for showing us that the aforesaid dogma was nothing but the rankest heresy.'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'". . . Mrs. Martin was talking about this the other day, and she said she considered the mere desire to be beautiful was a form of vanity."

'"Perhaps she is of a contented disposition,

and has brought her mind to her circumstance, as the saying is," suggested Martha, who always scented battle at the mere mention of Mrs. Martin. This excellent lady had a wonderful knack of teaching people their place—a form of education which does not add to the popularity of the teacher.

'"She said that wealth was a higher gift than beauty, . . . because it could be used for the benefit of others, while beauty was only a personal possession"; and she told me that she had often felt it right to pray to the Lord for riches, because she needed them to carry on His work.

'"She never took Him in with that, I 'll be bound," murmured Martha, with an ominous shake of the head; "but it was just like her to try it on." '—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'Men and women approach the great subject of love by such different roads. The normal woman begins her life by raising an altar to an unknown god, and dedicates it to the first handsome stranger who comes her way, as the niche over the shrine is generally what shop-keepers call "stock size." Worship is the leading motive of her existence, the particular idol whom she happens to adore is a mere matter of circumstance.

'But with a man it is different. In his case the goddess appears prior to the altar; and it is only after he has met and fallen down before the

one that he recognises the necessity of erecting the other.'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'"Yet we should all of us lay by what we can for our old age," suggested Mrs. Seaton.

'"I don't hold with that neither. It is a poor compliment to my mind to say, 'The Lord will provide,' and then bolster Him up with a bank-book as if He couldn't do His part of the business without our assistance."'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'". . . There is nothing like a man for trying the temper. Mark my word, it is because there is no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven that the temper of an angel *is* the temper of an angel. If the angels had got husbands, there'd be a different tale about their tempers, I'll be bound."'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'"It is not always easy to tell the difference between an ass and an angel," remarked Isabel; "it confused Balaam a good deal, don't you remember? When he thought that it was only an ass that was hindering him on his journey, it turned out to be really the angel of the Lord. And Balaam's is not an uncommon mistake."'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'There is no doubt that the troubles sent by Providence are always beneficial if taken in a proper spirit; but the troubles brought on by

our own or another's ill-doing are not salutary at all.'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'"It is the popular women who make shipwreck of their lives, and the unpopular ones who sail safely into pleasant havens. My experience is that the attractive women get the nice little things, and the unattractive ones the nice big things of this world."'—*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

'. . . There was an air of great stateliness about it, and very little luxury. For the Farringdons were a hardy race, whose time was taken up with the making of iron and the saving of souls; and they regarded sofas and easy-chairs in very much the same light as they regarded theatres and strong drink, thereby proving that their spines were as strong as their consciences were stern.'—*The Farringdons.*

'In the eyes of Sedgehill it was as necessary to salvation to pray at the chapel as to work at the osierfield; and the majority of the inhabitants would as soon have thought of worshipping at any other sanctuary as of worshipping at the beacon, a pillar which still marks the highest point of the highest tableland in England.'—*The Farringdons.*

'Every Sunday she accompanied her cousins to East Lane Chapel, and here she saw strange

visions, and dreamed strange dreams. The distinguishing feature of this sanctuary was a sort of reredos in oils, in memory of a dead and gone Farringdon, which depicted a gigantic urn, surrounded by a forest of cypress, through the shades whereof flitted "young-eyed cherubims," with dirty wings and bilious complexions, these last-mentioned blemishes being, it is but fair to add, the fault of the atmosphere and not of the artist. For years Elizabeth firmly believed that this altar-piece was a trustworthy representation of heaven; and she felt, therefore, a pleasant, proprietary interest in it, as the view of an estate to which she would one day succeed.'—*The Farringdons.*

'People always wondered why Anne Farringdon never married; and explained the mystery to their own satisfaction by conjecturing that she had had a disappointment in her youth, and had been incapable of loving twice. It never struck them—which was actually the case—that she had been incapable of loving once; and that her single-blessedness was due to no unforgotten love-story, but to the unromantic fact that among her score of lovers she had never found a man for whom she seriously cared. . . . She had broken hearts so gently and put away the pieces so daintily, that the owners of these hearts had never dreamed of resenting the damage she had wrought. . . . She had refused them with such a world of pathos in her beautiful eyes that the poor souls had never doubted her sympathy;

nor had they the slightest idea that she was totally ignorant of the depth of the love which she had inspired, or the bitterness of the pain which she had caused.'—*The Farringdons.*

'She was not a pretty little girl, which was a source of much sorrow of heart to her. . . . During the first decade of her existence Elizabeth used frequently and earnestly to pray that her hair might become golden and her eyes brown; but as on this score the heavens remained as brass, and her hair continued dark brown, and her eyes blue-grey, she changed her tactics, and confined her hero-worship to ladies of this particular style of colouring.

'One day, when walking with Miss Farringdon to chapel, Elizabeth exclaimed, *à propos* of nothing but her own meditations, "Oh! Cousin Maria, I do wish I was pretty!"

'"That is a vain wish, my child. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; and the Lord looketh on the heart, and not on the outward appearance."

'"But I wasn't thinking of the Lord! I was thinking of other people; and they love you much more if you are pretty than if you aren't."

'"That is not so," said Miss Farringdon—and she believed she was speaking the truth—"if you serve God, and do your duty to your neighbour, you will find plenty of people ready to love you; and especially if you carry yourself

well and never stoop." Like many another elect lady, Cousin Maria regarded beauty of face as a vanity, but beauty of figure as a virtue.'—*The Farringdons.*

'But the masterpiece in Mrs. Bateson's art gallery was a soul-stirring illustration of the death of the revered John Wesley. This picture was divided into two compartments: the first represented the room at Wesley's house in City Road, with the assembled survivors of the great man's family weeping round his bed; and the second depicted the departing saint flying across Bunhill Fields' burying-ground in his wig and gown and bands, supported on either side by a stalwart angel.'—*The Farringdons.*

'Mrs. Hankey shook her head. It was her rule in life never to look on the bright side of things. She considered that to do so was what she called "tempting Providence." Her theory appeared to be that as long as Providence saw you were miserable, that Power was comfortable concerning you and let you alone; but if Providence discovered you could bear more than you were bearing, you were at once supplied with that little more. Naturally, therefore, her object was to convince Providence that her cup of misery was full.'—*The Farringdons.*

'"If they knowed as much about men as I do, they'd be thanking the Lord that He created

them single, instead of for ever fidgeting to change the state to which they were born."

'"Well, I holds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson; "it gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermon and Thursday's baking; and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

'"That's true, especially if they happen to be men."

'"Why do men think more about mischief than women do?" asked Elizabeth, who always felt hankerings after the why and wherefore of things.

'"Because, my dear, the Lord made 'em so, and it is not for us to complain," replied Mrs. Hankey, in a tone which implied that had the *rôle* of Creator been allotted to her the idiosyncrasies of the male sex would have been much less marked than they are at present. "They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."'—*The Farringdons.*

'"Bateson," says I, "I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again."'—*The Farringdons.*

'". . . Wills seem to me to have been invented by the devil for the special upsetting of the corpse's memory. Why some of the peaceablest folks as ever I'd known—folks as wouldn't have scared a lady-cow in their lifetime—have

left wills as have sent all their relations to the right about. . . . Bateson often says to me, 'Kezia,' he says, 'call no man honest till his will is read.' And I'll be bound he's in the right." '—*The Farringdons.*

'"Well, love's a fine thing, take my word for it. It keeps the men from grumbling when nothing else will; except, of course, the grace of God," added Mrs. Bateson piously, "though even that don't always seem to have much effect when things go wrong with their dinners." '—*The Farringdons.*

'"I mean that really good people, who have no interests of their own, are too fond of playing the part of Providence to other people. That their motives are excellent I admit; . . . but they successfully accomplish as much incurable mischief in half an hour as it would take a dozen professional mischief-makers a year to finish off satisfactorily.'—*The Farringdons.*

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY

NOTE

To have realised the blindness of human nature is to have got at the first secret of the tragedy of life. And when all that is concomitant—weakness of character, the bonds of circumstance, the driving power of passion, the incessant interaction of motive and emotion, has, in addition, entered into the account, the possessor of such knowledge may be said to have the outlines of the world's continuous drama.

Every fictional author, who has claim at all upon public attention, may, in a general way, be said to have grasped so much and made it the basis of representation. The essential differences that exist between those who all use common material must be the differences of mental attitude and degree of insight.

Conscious as we are in such books as *Diana Tempest* and *Red Pottage*, that we owe our satisfaction in the matter of representation to the hand of the finished artist, we still think that the impressiveness of the whole appeal comes to us from the inward illumination and untroubled mental attitude of the author. In neither book

is the sense of artistic proportion ever sacrificed to the enthralling nature of the narrative; and we know that we are as equally compelled to the deepest attention by the fitness of phrase as by the experiences that go to the very springs of feeling. The element of poetry that enters largely into Miss Cholmondeley's writing may be traced to her realisation of the influence of Nature, and to her delight in loveliness. The effective symbolism she employs for the expression of her thought is due to this poetic intuitiveness; for it is not simply a touch here and there, arising from the enthusiasm of certain situations, and separable from the main body of the work—it is more in the nature of a strain.

In the way of result the fearlessness of this author in face of all that is to be seen and known counts for much. The cruel and ugly things of the world are never disguised, but she sees in the continuous weaving of life's woof silver lines of hope and endeavour that lead far beyond its immediate confines. It is because she sees so inwardly that the picture is so complete. She finds that whatever things are true, in action, in emotion, in thought, in expression—in short, in the whole round of life—belong to religion; and that religion has many names. F. T.-G.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY

'It had all been about a woman. It seemed extraordinary to Colonel Tempest, as he looked back, that a quarrel which had led to such serious consequences—which had, as he remembered, spoilt his own life—should have come from so slight a cause. It was like losing the sight of an eye because a fly had committed trespass in it. A man's mental rank may generally be determined by his estimate of woman. If he stands low, he considers her—Heaven help her!—such an one as himself. If he climbs high, he takes his ideal of her along with him, and, to keep it safe, places it above himself.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'He was susceptible. His feelings were easily touched; everything influenced him for a time; beautiful music, or a pathetic story for half an hour; his young wife for—nearly six months.

'A play usually ends with the wedding, but there is generally an afterpiece, ignored by lovers, but expected by an experienced audience. . . . It is the good fortune of shallow men to so thoroughly understand women, that they can see through even the noblest of them; though, of course, that deeper insight into the hypocrisy practised by the whole sex about their fancied ailments, and inconveniently wounded feelings

for their own petty objects, is reserved for selfish men alone.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Her wide eyes had a look in them of a dumb, unreasoning animal distress which took him aback. There was no pride nor anger in her face. In his ignorance he supposed she would reproach him. He had not yet realised that the day of reproaches and appeals, very bitter while it lasted, was long past, years past. The silence of those who have loved us is sometimes eloquent as a tombstone of that which is buried beneath it.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Perhaps she had sold her woman's birthright for red pottage, and had borne the penalty, not with an exceeding bitter cry, but an exceeding bitter silence. Perhaps she had struggled against the disillusion and desecration of life, the despair and the self-loathing that go to make up an unhappy marriage. Perhaps in the deepening shadows of death she had heard her new-born child cry to her through the darkness, and had yearned over it, and yet—and yet had been glad to go.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Colonel Tempest was not a radically bad man. Who is? But there was in him a kind of weakness of fibre which consists in being subservient to the impulse of the moment. The effects of a feeble yielding to impulse are sometimes hardly to be distinguished from those of the most

deliberate and thorough-paced sin. . . . Thus at each juncture of his life he was obliged to justify what he would have called his failings, what some would have called his sins, by laying the blame on others, and by this means to account for the glaring discrepancy between the inward and spiritual gracefulness of his feelings and the outward and visible signs of his actions.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'To persons gifted with imagination, what is more solemn or more appalling than the pause which follows on any decisive action which is perceived to have within it the seed of a result—a result which even now is germinating in darkness, is growing towards the light, foreseen, but unknown? With what body will they come, we ask ourselves—these slow results that spring from the dust of our spent actions? Faith sows and waits. Sin sows and trembles. The fool sows and forgets.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Madeline had been long in the habit of presenting the names of her most eligible acquaintances of the opposite sex to the favourable consideration of the Almighty, without whose co-operation she was aware that nothing matrimonially advantageous could be effected, and in whose powers as a chaperon she placed more confidence than in the feeble finite efforts of a blind but unworldly mother. She had never so far felt impelled to draw His attention to the

spiritual needs of younger sons.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'The moments of our most important decisions are often precisely those in which nothing seems to have been decided; and only long afterwards, when we perceive with astonishment that the Rubicon has been crossed, do we realise that in that half-forgotten instant of hesitation as to some apparently unimportant side issue, in that unconscious movement that betrayed a feeling of which we were not aware, our choice was made. The crises of life come, like the kingdom of heaven, without observation. Our characters, and not our deliberate actions, decide for us; and even when the moment of crisis is apprehended at the time by the troubling of the water, action is generally a little late. Character, as a rule, steps down first.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'She was beautiful with the beauty that is recognised at once. Beauty is so rare nowadays, and prettiness so common, that the terms are often confused and misapplied, and the most ordinary good looks usurp the name of beauty. But between prettiness and beauty a great gulf is fixed. No one had ever called Di a pretty girl. At one-and-twenty she was a beautiful woman with that nameless air of distinction which can ennoble the plainest face and figure.' —*Diana Tempest.*

'Persons of narrow means too often slip out of the class to which they naturally belong, because

they can give nothing in return for what they receive. They may have a thousand virtues, and be far superior in their domestic relations to those who forget them, but they are forgotten all the same. Society is rigorous, and gives nothing for nothing.

'But others there are whose poverty makes no difference to them, who are welcomed with cordiality, and have reserved seats everywhere; because though they cannot pay in kind, they have other means at their disposal. Their very presence is an over-payment.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'On some natures, again, the expectation of others acts as a stimulus, the force of which is quite incalculable. It spurs a natural humility into fixed resolution and self-reliance; turns sloth into energy, earnestness into action, and goads diffidence up the hill of achievement. It has been truly said, "Those who trust us educate us." '—*Diana Tempest.*

'There seems to be a call in life which comes to a few only who, like the young man in the Gospel, have great possessions. . . . To some among those many, to some few with great mental possessions, the voice comes sooner or later, "Forsake all, leave all, and follow me." How many turn away sorrowful! They ponder what God whispered eighteen hundred years ago in the ears of a listening Son, but they shrink from recognising the same voice speaking in their

hearts now. . . . And so the point of life is missed. . . . The life Christ led—at variance with the recognised faiths and fashionable opinions of the day, at variance just because it did not conform to a dead ritual, just because it was obedient throughout to a personal prompting—that life is not more tolerated to-day than it was eighteen hundred years ago. The Church will have none of it—treats the first spark of it as an infidelity to Christ Himself. Against every young and ardent listening and questioning soul the Church and the world combine, as in our Lord's day, to crucify once again the Christ-life which is not of their kindling, which is indeed an infidelity, but an infidelity only to them. So the crucifix is raised high. The sign of our great rejection of Him is deified; the Mediator, the Saviour, the Redeemer is honoured. The instrument of His death is honoured; but the thought for the sake of which He was content to stretch His nailed hands upon it, His thought is without honour.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'How many rush hither and thither and wear down the patience of earnest councillors, and whittle away all the best years of their lives to nothingness in fretting and scratching among ruins for the law by which they may live! They look for it in Bibles, in the minds of anxious friends who turn over everything to help them, in the face of Nature, who betrays the knowledge of the secret in her eyes, but who utters it not. At

last of all a remnant of the many look in their own hearts, where the great law of life has been hidden from the beginning. David says, "Yea, Thy law is within my heart." A greater than David said the same. But it is buried deep, and few there be that find it.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Our elders act as danger-signals oftener than they know.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'"You are confusing 'being in love' with love itself," she said. "The one is common to vulgarity, the other rare, at least between men and women. It is the best thing life has to offer. But I have noticed that those who believe in it, and hope for it, and refuse the commoner love for it, generally—remain unmarried."'—*Diana Tempest.*

'"What thou doest, do quickly," has been advice which, in its melancholy sarcasm, has been followed for eighteen hundred years when any special evil has been afoot in the dark. And yet surely the words apply still more urgently when the doing that is premeditated is good. What thou doest, do quickly, for even while we speak those to whom we feel tenderly grow old and grey, and slip beyond the reach of human comfort. Even while we dream of love, those whom we love are parted from us in an early hour when we think not, without so much as a rose to take with them out of the garden of roses that was planted and fostered for them alone. And even while we tardily forgive our friend, lo!

the page is turned, and we see that there was no injury, as now there is no compensation for our lack of trust.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Natures like Colonel Tempest's go through the same paroxysms of blind despairing grief as do those of children. They see only the present. The maturer mind is sustained in its deeper anguish by the power of looking beyond its pain. It has bought, perhaps dear, the chill experience that all things pass, that sorrow endures but for a night, even as the joy that comes in the morning endures but for a morning.'—*Diana Tempest.*

'Life has its crystal days, its rare hours of a stainless beauty, and a joy so pure that we may dare to call in the flowers to rejoice with us, and the language of the birds ceases to be an unknown tongue. Our real life as we look back seems to have been lived in those days that we love so tenderly. But it is not so in reality. Fortitude, steadfastness, the makings of character come not of rainbow dawns and quiet evenings. . . . More frequently they are the outcome of "the sleepless nights that mould youth"; of hopes not dead but run to seed; of the inadequate loves and friendships that embitter early life and warn off the young soul from any more mistaking husks for bread.'

'Just as in the faces of seamen we trace the onslaught of storm and sun and brine, and the puckering of the skin round the eyes that comes

from long watching in half lights; so in some faces calm and pure as Rachel's, in which the sun and rain have never beaten, there is an expression betokening strong resistance from within of the brunt of a whirlwind from without. The marks of conflict and endurance on a young face—who shall see them unmoved! The mother of Jesus must have noticed a great difference in her Son when she first saw Him again after the temptation in the wilderness.'—*Red Pottage.*

'Conscience is supposed to make cowards of us all; but it is a matter of common experience that the unimaginative are made cowards of only by being found out.

'Had David qualms of conscience when Uriah fell before the besieged city? Surely if he had he would have winced at the obvious parallel of the prophet's story of the ewe lamb. But apparently he remained serenely obtuse till the indignant author's "Thou art the man" unexpectedly nailed him to the cross of his sin.' —*Red Pottage.*

'Lord Newhaven was in his wife's eyes a very quiet man of few words. That his few words did not represent the whole of him had never occurred to her. She had often told her friends that he walked through life with his eyes shut. He had a trick of half shutting his eyes that confirmed her in this opinion. When she came across persons who were, after a time, discovered

to have affections and interests of which they had not spoken, she described them as "cunning." She had never thought Edward "cunning" until to-night. How had he of all men discovered this—this —— She had no words ready to call her conduct by, though words would not have failed her had she been denouncing the same conduct in another wife and mother.'—*Red Pottage.*

'"About two courses ago I was going to tell you," said Rachel, smiling, "of one of my chief difficulties on my return to the civilised world and 'Society.' But now you have had an example of it. I am trying to cure myself of the trick of becoming interested in conversation. I must learn to use words as counters, not as coins. I need not disbelieve what I say, but I must not speak of anything to which I attach value. I perceive that to do this is an art, and a means of defence from invasion. But I, on the contrary, become interested, as you have just seen. I forget that I am only playing a game, and I rush into a subject like a bull in a china-shop, and knock about all the crockery until—as I am not opposed by my native pitchfork—I suddenly return to my senses, and discover that I have mistaken a game for real earnest."'—*Red Pottage.*

'Many sarcastic and true words have been said by man, and in no jealous spirit, concerning woman's friendship for woman. The passing

judgment of the majority of men on such devotion might be summed up in the words, "Occupy till I come." It does occupy till they do come. And if they don't come, the hastily improvised friendship may hold together for years, like an unseaworthy boat in a harbour, which looks like a boat, but never goes out to sea.

'But nevertheless here and there among its numberless counterfeits a friendship rises up between two which sustains the life of both, which is still young when life is waning, which man's love and motherhood cannot displace nor death annihilate; a friendship which is not the solitary affection of an empty heart, nor the deepest affection of a full one, but which nevertheless lightens the burdens of this world and lays its pure hand upon the next.'—*Red Pottage.*

'And as Hester leaned against Rachel, the yearning of her soul towards her suddenly lit up something which had long lain colossal but inapprehended in the depths of her mind. Her paroxysm of despair at her own powerlessness was followed by a lightning flash of self-revelation. She saw, as in a dream, terrible, beautiful, inaccessible, but distinct, where her power lay, of which restless, bewildering hints had so often mocked her. She had but to touch the houses and they would fall down. She held her hands tightly together lest she should do it. The strength as of an infinite ocean swept in beneath her weakness, and bore it upon its surface like a leaf.

'"You must go home," said Rachel gently, remembering Lady Susan's punctual habits. Hester kissed her absently, and went out into the new world which had been pressing upon her all her life, the gate of which Love had opened for her. For Love has many keys besides that of her own dwelling. Some who know her slightly affirm that she can only open her own cheap patent padlock with a secret word on it that every one knows. But some who know her better hold that hers is the master-key which will one day turn all the locks in all the world.'—*Red Pottage.*

'The unbalanced joys and sorrows of emotional natures are apt to arouse the pity of the narrow-hearted and the mild contempt of the obtuse of their fellow-creatures.

'But perhaps it is a mistake to feel compassion for persons like Hester; for if they have many evil days and weeks in their usually short lives, they have also moments of sheer bliss, hours of awed contemplation and of exquisite rapture which possibly in the long-run equal the more solid joys of a good income and a good digestion, nay, even the perennial glow of that happiest of happy temperaments which limits the nature of others by its own, which sees no uncomfortable difference between a moral and a legal right, and believes it can measure life with the same admirable accuracy with which it measures its drawing-room curtains.'—*Red Pottage.*

'Hester's face changed. Eagerly, shyly, enthusiastically, she talked to her friend about the book, as a young girl talks of her lover. Everything else was forgotten. Hester's eyes burned. Her colour came and went. She was transfigured.

'The protecting, anxious affection died out of Rachel's face as she looked at Hester, and gave place to a certain wistful, half-curious admiration. She had once been shaken by all these emotions herself, years ago, when she was in love. She had regarded them as a revelation while they lasted; and—afterwards as a steep step, a very steep step upon the stair of life. But she realised now that such as Hester live constantly in the world, which the greater number of us can only enter when human passion lends us the key—the world at which, when the gates are shut against us, the coarser-minded amongst us are not ashamed to level their ridicule and contempt.'—*Red Pottage.*

'Sad confessions were often poured into Rachel's ears which she had known for years. She never alluded to that knowledge, never corrected the half lie which accompanies so many whispered self-accusations. Confidences and confessions are too often a means of evasion of justice, a laying of the case for the plaintiff before a judge without allowing the defendant to be present or to call a witness. Rachel, by dint of long experience, which did slowly for her the

work of imagination, had ceased to wonder at the faithfully chronicled harsh words and deeds of generous souls. She knew or guessed at the unchronicled treachery or deceit which had brought about that seemingly harsh word or deed.

'. . . She exemplified the text, "Whether it be to friend or foe, talk not of other men's lives." And in Rachel's quiet soul a vast love and pity dwelt for these same fellow-creatures. She had lived and worked for years among those whose bodies were half-starved, half-clothed, degraded. . . . But now, during the last year, when her great wealth had thrown her violently into society, she had met, until her strong heart flinched before it, the other side of life: the starved soul in the delicately nurtured, richly clad body, the atrophied spiritual life in hideous contrast with the physical ease and luxury which were choking it. . . . And just as in the old days she had shared her bread and cheese with those hungrier than herself, and had taken but little thought for those who had bread and to spare, so now she felt but transient interest in those amongst her new associates who were successfully struggling against the blackmail of luxury, the leprosy of worldliness, the selfishness that at last coffins the soul it clothes. Her heart yearned instead towards the spiritually starving, the tempted, the fallen, in the great little world, whose names are written in the book, not of life, but of Burke—the little world which is called "Society."'—*Red Pottage.*

'To some of us Christ comes, in the dawn of the spiritual life, walking upon the troubled waves of Art. And we recognise Him, and would fain go to meet Him. But our companions and our own fears dissuade us. They say it is only a spirit, and that Christ does not walk on the water. . . . So our little faith keeps us in the boat, or fails us in the waves of that wind-swept sea.

'It seemed to Hester as if once, long ago, shrinking and shivering, she had stood in despair upon the shore of a great sea, and had heard a voice from the other side say, "Come over." . . . She had shrunk back a hundred times from the cold touch of the water that each time she essayed let her trembling foot through it. And now, after an interminable interval, after she had trusted and doubted, had fallen and been sustained, had met the wind and the rain; after she had sunk in despair, and risen again, she knew not how, now at length a great wave—the last—had cast her up half drowned upon the shore. A miracle had happened. She had reached the other side, and was lying in a great peace, after the storm, upon the solemn shore, under a great white star.'—*Red Pottage.*

'He did not know that in order to touch the better feelings of our fellow-creatures we must be able to reach up to them, or, by reason of our low stature, we may succeed only in appealing to the lowest in them in spite of our tiptoe good

intentions. Is that why such appeals too often meet with bitter sarcasm and indignation?'—*Red Pottage.*

'All of us who are Churchmen are aware that the sermon is a period admirably suited for quiet reflection.'—*Red Pottage.*

'It is not perfection that we look for in our fellow-creatures, but what is apparently rarer, a little plain dealing.

'How they rise before us!—the sweet reproachful faces of those whom we could have loved devotedly if they had been willing to be straightforward with us; whom we have lost, not by our own will, but by that paralysis of feeling which gradually invades the heart at the discovery of small insincerities. Sincerity seems our only security against losing those who love us, the only cup in which those who are worth keeping will care to pledge us when youth is past.'—*Red Pottage.*

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN

NOTE

In some gentle way, not quite easy of definition, Miss Beatrice Harraden steals into our hearts and enlists our sympathies; for, in the end, we know that it is by a persuasiveness of manner all her own that she wins us over to her way of thinking.

Hers is the art that so conceals its methods, that all we seem to know is that we are in the midst of this everyday life with which she deals so fondly; that we are so interested in its details, so interested in its little things, that we have not the least consciousness that we are under her guidance—we are chiefly concerned with our own pleasure in being there.

She has as great an affection for the odd characters as she has for the odd corners of the earth; and although she has a strong belief in the activities and ever-unfolding interests of this life—especially for women—her influence, because of these pleasant leanings, is a restful one. In reading her books we can almost feel that the high pressure of our own working days is over for a while, and that we are forgetting over-

strained nerves and aching brows on a holiday in one of those sequestered spots that seem to love to reveal to her all their hidden endearments. Perhaps some of this pleasing illusion is due to that undercurrent of humour, which, though hardly ever vivid, still seems to make a glow behind her pages like the air and sunshine of which she is so true a lover.

Or perhaps it is because her writing has the charm of frankness. There are no disguises to her thought—it is all as open to us as is her love of outdoor nature.

Notwithstanding the impersonal character of her writing, we are conscious, particularly in *Ships that Pass in the Night*—that widely loved book of hers—of a special atmosphere of thought. For this book conveys a message, a winning little message of hope. Bound up with all that life of suffering and endeavour, which she so tenderly realises for us at Petershop, is this little message to the sick heart of Humanity—this strong conviction of hers of the introductory nature of this life, introductory to fulfilment elsewhere, and that our real wisdom and our real comfort lie in forging the links between the two.

It all comes in the way of the narrative, but none the less are we sure it is to the author as her breath of life. F. T.-G.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN

'He had a curious power of divination; he seemed to realise when any one was thinking unfavourably of him; and if his friends had compared notes, they would all have found that he often arrived amongst them at the right moment to remove, by means of some specially kindly act, some specially unfavourable impression.'—*The Fowler.*

'. . . He was one of those persons who sometimes look as though they had not one moment more to live, and who are therefore objects of great interest and sympathy. That alone is sufficient to give any one power; for we are so constituted that, in spite of our dogmas and doctrines, and all our theories about life and death, after-existence or complete annihilation—in spite of all these differentiations, we unite in yielding a kind of unconscious, tremulous reverence to him who is thought to be stepping across the border-line into the Unknown. At such a moment even ordinary people attain to power, for that stepping across the border is fraught with ineffable mystery.'—*The Fowler.*

'She had reached a little group of pine-trees which was her favourite retreat. From this point she could view the whole expanse of country so

dear to her heart, and here all the winds of heaven seemed to meet and blow strength into her. She watched the light and the shadows of the clouds, and the many varied expressions on these barren moors, and the clouds themselves now passing swiftly, now pausing lazily, whilst the sweet fresh air swept through her, quickening all her pulses, and confirming all her strength of brain and body.

'Those who love Nature truly never quite lose their childlike impressions of her. What they have as children observed in her and loved in her, what they have as children compared her with, and likened her to—that they still see in her, and love her with a persistence which time cannot efface. She gathers them to her, as in the old days. They are only little children to her for all their growth of mind and stature; they come back to the nursery, time after time, and are glad to play about, or else to rest; they may do as they please if they only come; their playthings are waiting for them, their cradles are waiting for them. It will always be the same year after year.'—*The Fowler.*

'Hitherto she had never cultivated women friends, but she suddenly felt what a real pleasure it must be to have a friendship with a woman. Then and there her heart went out to Nora. She picked heather and bracken; she flung bits of sticks for the dogs; the worldliness fled from her soul, the jadedness from her spirit; and when

at last they came down over the moors, and stood by a bend in the river, she gathered reeds and bulrushes, as though to the manner born.'—*The Fowler.*

'It was always so when he played. . . . It was not that he was such a wonderful performer —there were hundreds better than he—but that he knew the secret of life and music; and when a man has that double knowledge, then only he can give the thrill. There was an old philosopher, some one well known in the world of thought, and he used to love to listen to Roger Penhurst's playing.

'"Ah," he would say, "when we have a philosopher who is also a true musician, then indeed we shall be led to heights now wellnigh impossible to scale. Sometimes when I have been listening to Roger Penhurst's rendering of beautiful music, my mind has bounded forward, and broken down one more barrier."'—*The Fowler.*

'"He has a curious effect upon me," she said dreamily, "a different effect at different times. But he nearly always makes me feel as though my soul did not belong to myself."'—*The Fowler.*

'. . . He said, "But nothing has seemed to reach me since I lost, first my friend, and then my little sister. I have felt as though I were merely a spectator of some one else's success;

the very letters which come to me seemed as though written to any one except me. And when you have been, as it were, a silent spectator for many months, it is not a very easy matter to step on to the stage, and confidently take up your part in the drama."

'". . . Don't you see," she continued, "that power like yours is one of God's greatest gifts; and that the consciousness of such power ought to save, and every one like you, from sinking into the apathy of despair?"'—*The Fowler.*

'One morning all the ancestors woke up in bad tempers. Mrs. Mary Shaw also woke up in a bad temper, and was thus unable to make allowances for the irritating peculiarities of the three previous generations. Great-great-aunt, Miss Rebekah Renaldson, made several spiteful allusions to Mr. William Parrington, and complained in addition that every day she was being neglected more and more.

'. . . Great-uncle too was quite out of sorts. He had broken his favourite clay pipe, and was discovered on the bench in front of the King's Head, swearing without interruption, and reading the Lamentations of Jeremiah upside down. It probably made but little difference which position he chose for the sacred volume, for he had been over to the Miner's Tavern, and had imbibed considerably more liquor than was advisable for a gentleman of eighty-four years. . . Mrs. Mary Shaw was rather impatient with him.

'"... No respectable old gentleman of eighty-four does such things," she said sternly.

'"There 's not many at eighty-four as can do 'em, Mary Shaw," he said rebelliously. And he continued to sit reading the Bible upside down and swearing quietly.'—*The Fowler.*

'All her life long her standard of judging people had been an intellectual standard, or an artistic standard; what people had done with outward and visible signs; how far they had contributed to thought; how far they had influenced any great movement, or originated it; how much of a benefit they had been to their century or their country; how much social or political activity, how much educational energy, they had devoted to the pressing need of the times. She was undoubtedly a clever cultured young woman; the great work of her life had been self-culture. To know and understand, she had spared neither herself nor any one else. . . . It never struck her that she was selfish. One does not think of that until the great check comes. One goes on, and would go on. But a barrier rises up. Then, finding one can advance no further, one turns round; and what does one see?'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'"If I were you," she said, "I should not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance. One can't do more than that. That is what I shall think of—

that God will give each of us another chance, and that each one of us will take it and do better —I and you and every one. So there is no need to fret over failure when one hopes one may be allowed to redeem that failure later on. Besides which, life is very hard. Why, we ourselves recognise that. If there be a God, some Intelligence greater than human intelligence, He will understand better than ourselves that life is very hard and difficult, and He will be astonished not *because we are not better, but because* we are not *worse.* At least that would be my notion of a God."'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'She went to put on her hat and cloak, and found him waiting her at the top of the staircase. They passed out into the beautiful night; the sky was radiantly bejewelled, the air crisp and cold, and harmless to do ill. In the distance the jodelling of some peasants. In the hotels, the fun and merriment, side by side with the suffering and hopelessness. In the Deaconess' house, the body of the Dutchman. In God's heavens, God's stars.

'Robert Allitson and Bernadine walked silently for some time.

'"Well," she said, "now tell me."

'"The one great sacrifice," he said, half to himself, "is the going on living one's life for the sake of another, when everything that would seem to make life acceptable has been wrenched away, not the pleasures, but the duties and the

possibilities of expressing one's energies, either in one direction or another; when, in fact, living is only a long tedious dying. If one has made this sacrifice, everything else may be forgiven."'
—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'The French marchioness had already been requested to leave three other hotels in Petershof; but it was not at all probable that the proprietors of the Kurhaus would have presumed to measure madam's morality or immorality. The Kurhaus Committee had a benign indulgence for humanity—provided, of course, that humanity had a purse—an indulgence which some of the English hotels would not have done badly to imitate. There was a story afloat concerning the English quarter that a tired little English lady, of no importance to look at, probably not rich, and probably not handsome, came to the most respectable hotel in Petershof, thinking to find there the peace and quiet which her weariness required.

'But no one knew who the little lady was, whence she had come, and why. She kept entirely to herself, and was thankful for the luxury of loneliness after some overwhelming sorrow.

'One day she was requested to go. The proprietor of the hotel was distressed, but he could not do otherwise than comply with the demands of his guests.

'"It is not known who you are, mademoiselle,"

he said, "and you are not approved of. You English are curious people. But what can I do? You have a cheap room, and are a stranger to me. The others have expensive apartments, and come year after year. You see my position, mademoiselle? I am sorry."

'So the little tired lady had to go.

'This could not have happened in the Kurhaus, where all were received on equal terms, those about whom nothing was known, and those about whom too much was known.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'The doctors in Petershof always said that the caretakers of the invalids were a much greater anxiety than the invalids themselves. The invalids would either get better or die—one of two things probably. At any rate, you knew where you were with them. But not so with the caretakers: there was nothing they were not capable of doing—except taking reasonable care of their invalids! They either fussed about too much, or else they did not fuss at all. They all began by doing the right thing; they all ended by doing the wrong. The fussy ones had fits of apathy, when the poor irritable patients seemed to get a little better; the negligent ones had paroxysms of attentiveness, when their invalids, accustomed to loneliness and neglect, seemed to become rather worse by being worried.

'To remonstrate with the caretakers would

have been folly; for they were well satisfied with their own methods.

'To contrive their departure would have been an impossibility; for they were firmly convinced that their presence was necessary to their charges. And then, too, judging from the way in which they managed to amuse themselves, they liked being at Petershof, though they never owned that to the invalids. On the contrary, it was the custom of the caretakers to depreciate the place, and to deplore the necessity which obliged them to continue there month after month. They were fond too of talking about the sacrifices they made, and the pleasures which they willingly gave up in order to stay with their invalids. They said this in the presence of their invalids. And if the latter had told them by all means to pack up and go back to the pleasures which they had renounced, they would have been astonished at the ingratitude which could suggest the idea.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'"Your photograph of that horrid little danseuse whom you like so much," he said, "is simply abominable. She looks like a fury. Well, she may be one for all I know, but in real life she has not the appearance of one."

'"I think that is the best photograph I have done," Bernadine said, highly indignant. She could tolerate his uppishness about subjects of which she knew far more than he did; but his masterfulness about a subject of which she really

knew nothing was more than she could bear with patience. He had not the tact to see that she was irritated.

'"I don't know about it being the best," he said, "unless it is the best specimen of your inexperience. Looked at from that point of view, it does stand first."

'She flushed crimson with temper.

'"Nothing is easier than to make fun of others," she said fiercely. "It is the resource of the ignorant."

'Then, after the fashion of angry women, having said her say, she stalked away. If there had been a door to bang, she would certainly have banged it. However, she did what she could under the circumstances; she pushed a curtain roughly aside, and passed into the concert room, where, every night of the season's six months, a scratchy string orchestra entertained the Kurhaus guests. She left the Disagreeable Man standing in the passage.

'"Dear me," he said thoughtfully.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'Remorse would come, although it might not remain long. The soul would see itself face to face for one brief moment, and then forget its own likeness. But for the moment—what a weight of suffering, what a whole century of agony!'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'"Why should we learn to be more im-

personal?" she said. "There was a time when I felt like that; but now I have learnt something better—that we need not be ashamed of being human; above all, of having the best of human instincts, love, and the passionate wish for its continuance, and the increasing grief at its withdrawal. There is no indignity in this, nor any trace of weak-mindedness in our restless craving to know about the Hereafter, and the possibilities of meeting again those whom we have lost here. It is right, and natural, and lovely, that it should be the most important question. I know that many will say there are weightier questions; they say so, but do they think so? Do we want to know first and foremost whether we shall do our work better elsewhere; whether we shall be endowed with more wisdom; whether, as poor Mr. Reffold said, we shall be glad to behave less like curs, and more like heroes? These questions come in, but they can be put outside. The other question can *never* be put on one side. If that were to become possible, it would only be so because the human heart had lost the best part of itself—its own humanity. We shall go on building our bridge between life and death, each one for himself. When we see that it is not strong enough, we shall break it down and build another. We shall watch other people building their bridges. We shall imitate, or criticise, or condemn. But as time goes on, we shall learn not to interfere, we shall know that one bridge is probably as good as the other; and

that the greatest value of them all has been in the building of them."'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'New sorts of interests came into her life. What she had lost in strength, she had gained in tenderness. Her very manner was gentler, her mode of speech less assertive. At least, this was the criticism of those who had liked her but little before her illness.

'"She has learnt," they said among themselves. And they were not scholars. They *knew.*

'These, two or three of them, drew her nearer to them. She was alone there with the old man, and though better, needed care. They mothered her as well as they could, at first timidly, and then with that sweet despotism which is for all of us an easy yoke to bear.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'Then they began to stroll out together. They had nothing to talk about: he was not interested in the outside world, and she was not interested in Roman History. But they were trying to get nearer to each other; they had lived years together, but they had never advanced a step; now they were trying, she consciously, he unconsciously. But it was a slow process, and pathetic, as everything human is.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'". . . No one is free. You know that better

than I do. We do not belong to ourselves; there are countless people depending on us, people whom we have never seen, and whom we never shall see. What we do decides what they will be." '—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

'Yerviah Holme went back to his Roman History. The Disagreeable Man went back to the mountains: to live his life out there, and to build his bridge, as we all do, whether consciously or unconsciously. If it breaks down, we build it again.

'"We will build it stronger this time," we say to ourselves.

'So we begin once more.

'We are very patient.

'And meanwhile the years pass.'—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

SARAH GRAND

NOTE

THERE is so human an appeal in spontaneity that a book possessing it might have, as well, all the sins of the artistic decalogue, and yet irresistibly make its way by virtue of so saving a grace. And when a book has been poured out straight from the heart—for so much is imprinted on its pages —as has been this *Beth Book* of Sarah Grand's, the reasons of its hold upon its wide audience are not far to seek.

It is so instinct with the personal note that its actuality takes possession of the reader's mind with the first reading. And should the critical faculty be afterwards brought to bear upon either its subject-matter or its method, it will not be able to set aside the power of the first appeal. For the appeal itself is the same kind as that of the living voice; it is instant and direct. It touches the feelings by its sincerity of tone and intensity of accent; and they at once condone any after sense of disproportion, want of balance, or grace of arrangement, or other artistic shortcoming, that the very impetuosity of its life-force may have brought about.

It is a page from real life, and the reader feels that the incidents related, and the incongruities of character revealed, have equally their basis in something that has actually been. The philosophy in this book is less to be found in any special expression of it than in the recital of the life-story itself. But, if for one thing only, the recital should be found invaluable as a help to the understanding of all the sufferings, dangers, and mistakes to which individuality, especially in childhood and early youth, is exposed when cast amongst those, and more particularly its own kith and kin, who utterly fail to understand it. It is a recital that brings a sigh for the blindness of human nature. And to many a heart, enlightened by its revelations, it may be both a retrospect and a chart for future voyaging.

F. T.-G.

SARAH GRAND

'She lived in the days when no one thought of the waste of women in this respect, and they had not begun to think for themselves. What she suffered she accepted as her "lot," or "the will of God"—the expression varied with the nature of the trouble; extreme pain was "the will of God," but minor discomforts and worries were her "lot." That much of the misery was perfectly preventable never occurred to her; and if any one had suggested such a thing, she would have been shocked. The parson in the pulpit preached endurance; and she understood that anything in the nature of resistance, any discussion even of social problems, would not only have been a flying in the face of Providence, but a most indecent proceeding. She knew that there was crime and disease in the world, but there were judges and juries to pursue criminals, doctors to deal with diseases, and the clergy to speak a word in season to all, from the murderer on the scaffold to the maid who had misconducted herself. There was nothing eccentric about Mrs. Caldwell; she accepted the world just as she found it, and was satisfied to know that effects were being dealt with. Causes she never considered, because she knew nothing about them.'—*The Beth Book.*

'Nothing can be trivial or insignificant that tends to throw light on the mysterious growth of our moral and intellectual being. Many a cramped soul that struggles on in after years, vainly endeavouring to rise on a broken wing, might, had the importance of such seeming trifles in its development been recognised, have won its way upward from the first, untrammelled and uninjured. It was a Jesuit, was it not, who said: "Give me the child until it is six years old; after that you can do as you like with it." That is the time to make an indelible impression of principles upon the mind. In the first period of life, character is a blossom that should be carefully tended; in the second, the petals fall and the fruit sets; it is hard and acrid then until the third period, when, if things go well, it will ripen on the bough and be sweet and wholesome; if ill, it will drop off immediately, and rot upon the ground.'—*The Beth Book.*

'All through life she was afflicted with that inability to speak at critical times. Dumb always was she apt to be when her affections were concerned, except occasionally, in moments of strong excitement and in anger, when she was driven to bay. The intensity of her feelings would probably have made her dumb in any case in moments of emotion; but doubtless the hardness of those about her at this impressionable period strengthened the defect. It is impossible to escape from the hampering influences of our

infancy. Among Beth's many recollections of these days there was not one of a caress given or received, or of any expression of tenderness; and so she never became familiar with the exquisite language of love, and was long in learning that it was not a thing to be ashamed of and concealed.'—*The Beth Book.*

'It may have been hereditary memory, a knowledge of things transmitted to her by her ancestors, along with their features, vices, and virtues; but, at any rate, she herself was sure that she possessed a power of some kind in her infancy which gradually lapsed as her intellectual faculties developed. She was conscious that the senses had come between her and some mysterious joy that was not of the senses, but of the spirit. There lingered what seemed to be the recollection of a condition anterior to this, a condition of which no tongue can tell, which is not to be put into words or made evident to those who have no recollection, but which some will comprehend by the mere allusion to it.'—*The Beth Book.*

'All through life, when she was in possession of her further faculty, and perceived by that means—which was only at fitful intervals, doubtless because of unfavourable circumstances and surroundings—she was calm, strong, and confident. She looked upon life as from a height, viewing it both in detail and as a whole. But

when she had only her intellect to rely upon, all was uncertain, and she became weak, vacillating, and dependent. So that she appeared to be a singular mixture of weakness and strength, courage and cowardice, faith and distrust; and just what she would do depended very much on what was expected of her, or what influence she was under, and also on some sudden impulses which no one, herself included, could have anticipated.'—*The Beth Book.*

'Genius is sympathetic insight made perfect: and it must have diversity if it is ever to be effectual—must touch on every human experience, must suffer, and must also enjoy; great therefore are its compensations. It feels the sorrows of all mankind, and is elevated by them; whereas the pain of an individual bereavement is rather acute than prolonged. . . . Beth utterly rejected all thought of her father in his grave, and even of her father in heaven. When her first wild grief subsided, he returned to her, to be with her, as those we love are with us always in their absence, enshrined in our happy consciousness. She never mentioned him in these days, but his presence, warm in her heart, kept her little being aglow; and it was only when people spoke to her, and distracted her attention from the thought of him, that she felt disconsolate. While she could walk with him in dreams she cared for no other companionship.'—*The Beth Book.*

'"Oh, well—that reminds me. I must write a letter. You shall stay and see me if you like. But you mustn't move or speak."

'Beth, deeply interested, watched her aunt, who began by locking the door. Then she slipped a pair of spectacles out of her pocket and put them on, after glancing round apprehensively, as if she were going to do something wrong. Then she sat down at a small bureau, unlocked a drawer, and took out a small dictionary, unlocked another drawer, and took out a sheet of paper, in which she inserted a page of black lines. Then she proceeded to write a letter in lead pencil, stopping often to consult the dictionary. When she had done she took out another sheet of a better quality, put the lines in it, and proceeded to copy the letter in ink. She blotted the first attempt, but the next she finished. She destroyed several envelopes also before she was satisfied. But at last the letter was folded and sealed, and then she carefully burnt every scrap of paper she had spoiled.

'"I was educated in a convent in France," she said to Beth. "If you were older, you would know that by my handwriting. It is called an Italian hand, but I learnt it in France." '—*The Beth Book.*

'There are those who maintain that a man can do everything better than a woman can do it. This is certainly true of nagging. When a man

nags he shows his thoroughness, his continuity, and that love of sport which is the special pride and attribute of his sex. When a man nags he puts his whole heart into the effort; a woman only nags, as a rule, because the heart has been taken out of her. The nagging woman is an overtaxed creature with jarred nerves, whose plaint is an expression of pain, a cry for help; in any interval of ease which lasts long enough to relax the tension, she feels remorse, and becomes amiably anxious to atone. With the male nag it is different. He is usually sleek and smiling, fond of good living, whose self-satisfaction bubbles over in artistic attempts to make every one else uncomfortable.'—*The Beth Book.*

'Rousseau in "*Emile*" chose a common capacity to educate, because, he said, genius will educate itself; but even genius would find its labours lightened by having been taught the use of some few tools, such as are supplied by the rudiments of a conventional education. Beth was never taught anything thoroughly; very few girls were in her day. A woman was expected at that time to earn her living by marrying a man and bringing up a family; and so long as her face was attractive, the fact that she was ignorant, foolish, and trivial did not, in the estimation of the average man, at all disqualify her for the task. Beth's education, at this most impressionable period of her life, consisted in the acquisition of a few facts which were not made

to interest her, and neither influenced her conduct nor helped to form her character. . . . One cannot help speculating on how much she lost or gained by the hap-hazard of her early training; but one thing is certain, had the development of her genius depended upon a careful acquisition of such knowledge as is to be had at school, it must have remained latent for ever. . . . It was from practical experience of life rather than from books she learnt her work; she saw for herself before she came under the influence of other people's observations; and this was doubtless the secret of her success, but it involved the cruel necessity of a hard and strange apprenticeship.'—*The Beth Book.*

'Habits, good or bad, may be formed in an incredibly short time if they are congenial; the saints by nature will pray, and the sinners sin, as soon as the example is set them; and Beth accordingly fell into Aunt Victoria's dainty fastidious ways, which were the ways of a gentlewoman, at once and without effort; and ever afterwards was only happy in her domestic life when she could live by the same rule in an atmosphere of equal refinement. . . . Of course, she relapsed many times—it was her nature to experiment, to wander before she settled, to see for herself; but it was by intimacy with lower natures that she learned fully to appreciate the higher; by the effect of bad books upon her that

she learned the value of good ones; by the lowering of her whole tone, which came of countenancing laxity in others, and by the discomfort and degradation that follow on disorder, that she was eventually confirmed in her principles. The taste for the higher life, once implanted, is not to be eradicated; and those who have been uplifted by the glory of it once will strive to attain to it again inevitably.'—*The Beth Book.*

'I sometimes feel as if I were listening, but not with my ears, and waiting for things to happen that I know about, but not with my head; and I try always to understand when I find myself listening, but not with my ears, and something surely comes; and so always when I am waiting for things to happen that I know about, but not with my head, they so happen. Only most of the time I know that something is coming, but I cannot tell what it is. In order to be able to tell exactly I have to hold myself in a certain attitude—not my body, you know, *myself*.'—*The Beth Book.*

'She knew that Aunt Victoria would have been pleased to see her look like that—she was always pleased when Beth looked well; and now when Beth recollected her sympathy, all the great fountain of love in her brimmed over, and streamed away in happy little waves, to break about the dear old aunt somewhere on the foreshore of eternity, and to add, perhaps, who knows how or what, to her bliss.'—*The Beth Book.*

'She was living her experiences then, by and by she would reflect upon them, then inevitably she would reproduce them, and all without intention. As the sun rises, as the birds build, so would she work when the right time came. Talent may manufacture to order, but works of genius are the outcome of an irresistible impulse, a craving to express something for its own sake, and the pleasure of expressing it, with no thought of anything beyond. It is talent that thinks first of all of applause and profits, and only works to secure them—works for the result, the end in view—never for love of the work.'—*The Beth Book.*

'It was the contraction of her own heart, the chill and dulness that settled upon her when she was with this man, as compared to the glow and expansion, the release of her finer faculties which she had always experienced when under the influence of Aunt Victoria's simple goodness, that first put Beth in the way of observing how inferior in force and charm mere intellect is to spiritual power; and how soon it bores, even when brilliant, if unaccompanied by other endowments, qualities of heart and soul, such as constancy, loyalty, truthfulness, and that scrupulous honesty of action which answers to what is expected as well as to what is known of us.'—*The Beth Book.*

MARIE CORELLI

NOTE

THE writer who would arrest and hold the attention of the general public must be endowed with the power of producing instantaneous effects. The colours, the setting of the picture, the enunciation of the subject, must all be unmistakable—held up to the light as it were—so that the rapid passer-by may take in at a glance both the meaning of the picture and the intention of the author in his selection and treatment of his subject.

By thus appealing strongly and directly to the senses of seeing and hearing Miss Marie Corelli has gained her command over that large section of the British public that, having no time for analysis, and but little leisure for instituting comparisons, asks chiefly for vivid reflection of the life circling around it.

The author of *The Sorrows of Satan* has given it the salient aspects of the social combination in colours that insist upon being seen, and with a copious flow of language that insists upon being heard. The degradation of life, the passion for pleasure, the greed for wealth, the indifference to suffering, the lack of moral restraint, the sub-

terfuges that take the place of honourable dealing—in short, every stain and blurr that she beholds in Society's texture — she puts with unsparing hand into her picture; and therein the shadows are so unmistakably drawn that no one could be so dull as to miss their meaning.

To hold up the sins—social, religious, political, or what not—of the community to the light requires, at least, the courage of one's own convictions; and this courage, for every page of her writing testifies to it, Miss Marie Corelli certainly has. From whatever mental standpoint his denunciation may arise, the reformer should always be credited with using the means he himself holds to be the best fitted to attain his ends. The question of method, of its agreeableness or otherwise, should not be allowed to intrude in comparison with the sincerity of his motive—he himself must be the best judge of the effectiveness of his weapons. Strength, even had it nothing else to commend it, must produce striking effects. F. T.-G.

MARIE CORELLI

'ALL the bells were ringing the Angelus, . . . and some children running out of school came to a sudden standstill, listening and glancing at each other, as though silently questioning whether they should say the old Church formula among themselves or no? Whether, for example, it might not be more wise than foolish to repeat it? Yes:—even though there was a rumour that the Cardinal-Archbishop of a certain small, half-forgotten, but once historically famed cathedral town of France had come to visit Rouen that day —a Cardinal-Archbishop reputed to be so pure of heart, and simple in nature, that the people of his limited diocese regarded him almost as a saint—would it be right or reasonable for them, as the secularly-educated children of modern Progress, to murmur an "Angelus Domini" while the bells rang? It was a doubtful point—for the school they attended was a Government one, and prayers were neither taught nor encouraged there, France having for a time put God out of her national institutions.'—*The Master-Christian.*

'"Yet our world is but a pin's point in the eternal immensities," argued the Cardinal almost wistfully—"only a few can expect to be saved." Nevertheless this reasoning did not satisfy him.

Again what of these millions? Were they to be for ever lost? Then why so much waste of life? Waste of life! There is no such thing as waste of life—this much modern science the venerable Felix knew. Nothing can be wasted—not a breath, not a scene, not a sound. All is treasured up in Nature's storehouse, and can be eternally produced at Nature's will. Then what was to become of the myriads of human beings and immortal souls the Church had failed to rescue? The Church had failed! Why had it failed? Whose the fault?—whose the weakness? For fault and weakness were existent somewhere?

'"When the Son of Man cometh think ye He shall find faith on earth?" "No!" whispered the Cardinal, suddenly forced, as it were, in his own despite, to contradict his former assertion—"No." He paused, and mechanically making his way towards the door of the cathedral, he dipped his fingers into the holy water that glistened dimly in its marble basin near the black oak portal, and made the sign of the cross on brow and breast. "He will not find faith where faith should be pre-eminent. It must be openly confessed—repentingly admitted. He will not find faith even in the Church He founded,—I say it to our shame!"

'His head drooped, as though his own words had wounded him, and with an air of deep dejection he slowly passed out.'—*The Master-Christian.*

'"I see it is no use arguing with you," said the

Archbishop, forcing a smile, but with a vexation the smile could not altogether conceal—"you are determined to take these sayings absolutely, and to fret your spirit over the non-performance of imaginary duties that do not exist. The Church is a system, founded on our Lord's teachings, but applied to the needs of modern civilisation. It is not humanly possible to obey all Christ's commands." '—*The Master-Christian.*

'"Ah, Monseigneur!" murmured Madame, "if all in the Church were like you, some poor folk would believe in God more willingly! But when people are starving and miserable, it is easy to understand that they will curse the priests, and even religion itself, for making such a mock of them as to keep on telling them about the joys of heaven, when they are tormented to the very last day of their death on earth, and are left without hope or rescue of any kind." '—*The Master-Christian.*

'She was Martine Doucet, reported to have the worst temper and most vixenish tongue in all the town, though there were some who said her sourness of humour only arose from the hardships of her life and the many troubles she had to endure. Her husband, a fine handsome man, earning good weekly wages as a stonemason, had been killed by a fall from a ladder . . . and her only child, Fabien, a boy of ten, had, when a baby, fallen from a cart in which

his mother was taking her poultry to market, and, from the effects of the fall, grown into a poor little twisted mite of humanity, with a bent spine, and one useless leg which hung limply from his body, while he could scarcely hobble about on the other, even with the aid of a crutch. Martine, however, adored him; and it was through her intense love for this child of hers that she had, in a strange, vengeful sort of mood, abandoned God, and flung an open, atheistical defiance in the face of her confessor, who, missing her at mass, had ventured to call upon her and seriously reproach her for neglecting the duties of her religion.

'"No, no! Churches are kept up for priests to make a fat living out of—but there is never a God in them that I can see—and as for the Christ, who had only to be asked in order to help, there is not so much as a ghost of Him anywhere. If what your priests tell us were true, poor souls such as I am would get comfort and help in our sorrows, but it is all a lie!—the whole thing.... Bah! it is sheer folly and wickedness to talk to me of a God!—a God, if there were one, would surely be above torturing the creatures He has made, all for nothing."'—*The Master-Christian.*

'To the inhabitants of Rouen the very name of Paris carried with it a kind of awe—it excites various emotions of wonder, admiration, longing, curiosity, and even fear—for Paris is a witches'

cauldron, in which Republicanism, Imperialism, Royalism, Communism, and Socialism are all thrown by the Fates to seethe together in a hellish broth of conflicting elements—and the smoke of it ascends in reeking blasphemy to Heaven. Not from its Church altars does the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" ascend nowadays—for its priests are more skilled in the use of the witty bonmot, or the polished sneer, than in the power of the prophet's appeal—it is from the Courts of Science that the warning note of terror sounds—the cold, vast courts where reasoning thinkers wander, and learn, and deeply meditate, knowing that all their researches but go to prove the fact that, apart from all creed and all forms of creed, Crime carries Punishment as sure as the seed is born with the flower—thinkers who are fully aware that not all the forces of all mankind, working with herculean insistence to support a Lie, can drive back the storm-cloud of the wrath of that "Unknown Quantity" called God, whose thunders do most terribly declare the truth "with power and with great glory." "How long, O Lord, how long?" Not long, we think, O friends! Not long shall we now wait for the Divine Pronouncement of the End.'—*The Master-Christian.*

'Poverty that compels you to dress in your one suit of clothes till it is worn threadbare—that denies you clean linen on account of the

ruinous charges of washerwomen—that robs you of your own self-respect and causes you to slink along the streets, vaguely abashed, instead of walking erect among your fellow-men in independent ease—this is the sort of poverty I mean. This is the grinding curse that keeps down noble aspiration under a load of ignoble care; this is the moral cancer that eats into the heart of an otherwise well-intentioned human creature and makes him envious and malignant and inclined to the use of dynamite. When he sees the fat, idle woman of society passing by in her luxurious carriage, lolling back lazily, her face mottled with the purple and red signs of superfluous eating—when he observes the brainless and sensual man of fashion smoking and dawdling away the hours in the Park, as if all the world and its millions of honest hard workers were created solely for the casual diversion of the so-called "upper classes,"—then the good blood in him turns to gall, and his suffering spirit rises in fierce rebellion, crying out, "Why in God's name should this injustice be? Why should a worthless lounger have his pockets full of gold by mere chance and heritage; while I, toiling wearily from morn till midnight, can scarce afford myself a satisfying meal." '—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'Now a starving man seldom gets the sympathy he merits—so few can be persuaded to believe in him. Worthy folks who have just

fed to repletion are the most incredulous, some of them being even moved to smile when told of existing hungry people, much as if these were occasional jests, invented for after-dinner amusement. Or, with that irritating vagueness of attention that characterises fashionable folk to such an extent that when asking a question they neither wait for an answer nor understand it when given, the well-dined groups, hearing of some one starved to death, will idly murmur, "How dreadful!" and at once turn to the discussion of the latest "fad" for killing time ere it takes to killing them out of sheer *ennui*. The pronounced fact of being hungry sounds coarse and common, and is not a topic for polite society, which always eats more than sufficient for its needs. . . . I, who have since been one of the most envied of men, knew the cruel meaning of the word "hungry" too well—the gnawing pain, the sick faintness, the deadly stupor, the insatiable animal craving for mere food.'—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'Whoever seeks to live by brain and pen alone is, at the beginning of such a career, treated as a sort of social pariah. Nobody wants him —everybody despises him. His efforts are derided, his manuscripts are flung back to him unread, and he is less cared for than the condemned in gaol. The murderer is at least fed and clothed—a worthy clergyman visits him, and his gaoler will occasionally condescend to play

cards with him. But a man gifted with original thoughts and the power of expressing them appears to be regarded by every one in authority as much worse than the worst criminal; and all the jacks-in-office unite to kick him to death if they can.'—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'For about six months I got some reviewing work on a well-known literary journal. Thirty novels a week were sent to me to "criticise." I made a habit of glancing hastily at about eight or ten of them, and writing one column of rattling abuse concerning these thus casually selected—the remainder were never reviewed at all. I found that this mode of action was considered "smart," and I managed for a time to please my editor, who paid me the munificent sum of fifteen shillings for my weekly labour. But on one fatal occasion I happened to change my tactics, and warmly praised a work which my own conscience told me was original and excellent. The author of it happened to be an old enemy of the proprietor of the journal upon which I was employed;—my eulogistic review of the hated individual, unfortunately for me, appeared, with the result that private spite outweighed public justice, and I was immediately dismissed.' —*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'"Possibly you will," he said, looking at me through half-closed eyes and a cloud of smoke, "London easily talks, particularly on unsavoury

and questionable subjects." . . . Here he suddenly sprang up, and flinging away his cigar, confronted me. "Why do not the heavens rain fire on this accursed city! It is ripe for punishment—full of abhorrent creatures not worth the torturing in hell to which it is said liars and hypocrites are condemned. Tempest, if there is one human being more than another that I utterly abhor, it is the type of man so common to the present time—the man who huddles his own loathly vices under a cloak of assumed broad-mindedness and virtue. . . . Rather than be such a sanctimonious coward I would proclaim myself vile."'—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'". . . There are several ways, you know, of getting talked about. . . . Well, in the first place, I should suggest your getting yourself properly paragraphed. It must be known to the press that you are an exceedingly rich man. There is an agency for the circulation of paragraphs—I daresay they'll do it sufficiently well for about ten or twenty guineas."

'I opened my eyes a little at this.

'"Oh, is that the way these things are done?"

'"My dear fellow, how else should they be done?" he demanded somewhat impatiently. "Do you think *anything* in the world is done without money? . . . I know a literary 'agent,' a very worthy man too, who, for a hundred guineas down, will so ply the paragraph wheel that in a

few weeks it will seem to the outside public that Geoffrey Tempest, the millionaire, is the only person worth talking about, and the one desirable creature whom to shake hands with is next in honour to meeting Royalty itself.'"—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'"You will have to amend your taste, then," he replied, "that is, if you want to make yourself agreeable to the English aristocracy, for they are interested in little else. No really great lady is without her betting book though she may be deficient in her knowledge of spelling.... Personally speaking, I have a great deal to do with racing—in fact, I am devoted to it. I am always present at every great race; I never miss one. I always bet, and I never lose! And now let me proceed with your social plan of action. After winning the Derby you will enter for a yacht race at Cowes, and allow the Prince of Wales to beat you just narrowly. Then you will give a grand dinner, arranged by a perfect *chef* —and you will entertain His Royal Highness to the strains of 'Britannia rules the Waves,' which will serve as a pretty compliment.... The probable result of all this will be one, or perhaps two, Royal invitations; and in the autumn you will assemble a shooting-party at the country-seat, which you will have purchased, and invite Royalty to help you in killing the poor little partridges. Then your name in society may be considered as made, and you can marry

whatever fair lady happens to be in the market." '—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'The millionaire can indeed wed whomsoever he will among all the beauties of the world —he can deck his wife in gorgeous apparel, load her with jewels, and look upon her in all the radiance of her richly adorned loveliness as one may look upon a perfect statue or matchless picture—but he can never reach the deeper secrets of her soul, or probe the well-springs of her finer nature. I thought this even thus early in the beginning of my admiration for Lady Sibyl Elton. . . . I was too elated with the pride of wealth to count the possibilities of subtle losses amid so many solid gains; and I enjoyed to the full the humble prostration of a "belted earl" before the dazzling mine of practically unlimited cash. . . . Inwardly I laughed as I thought how differently matters would have stood, supposing I had been indeed no more than "author." I might have proved to be one of the greatest writers of the age; but if with that I had been poor or only moderately well off, this same half-bankrupt earl who privately boarded an American heiress for two thousand guineas a year would have deemed it a "condescension" to so much as invite me to his house. . . . I knew that the proud Earl of Elton, who could trace his lineage to the earliest days of the Crusaders, was ready to bend his back and crawl in the dust for money as the veriest

hotel porter expectant of a sovereign "tip."'—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

'"Did you ever hear it reported, Geoffrey, that the devil is unable to enter a church because of the cross upon it, or within it?"

'"I have heard some such nonsense."

'"It *is* nonsense—for the makers of the legend forgot one thing," he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper as we passed under a carved Gothic portico, "the cross may be present—but—so is the clergyman! And wherever a clergyman is the devil may easily follow."'
—*The Sorrows of Satan.*

F. F. MONTRÉSOR

NOTE

THE influence of the intellectual standpoint from whence the author of *At the Cross-Roads* surveys the complexities of life compels the reader, even though unconsciously, to an attitude of attention. He is never, through these interesting pages, disturbed with the feeling that he is being advised, but he cannot be wholly unaware that an opinion has been offered him. And because he is impressed with the belief that much penetration into the causes that underlie the surface of things is involved in all this skilful delineation of character and circumstance he feels that to disregard the opinion might be to do himself a disservice. There is a certain self-restraint in this writing, arising from the thoughtfulness of outlook, that makes for dignity of expression. However moving the motives of this author's story, or the special scenes through which it has to unfold, there is a complete absence of over-statement. The exciting incidents that occur in the narration never give the effect of having been introduced merely to heighten interest, or to accelerate movement;

they are there because they rightfully and naturally belong to the life of the story.

There is no want of the play of light and shade in the portrayal of either character or circumstance; but owing to the potency of the conviction that there is something stronger than accident or chance behind life's contradictions and problems, the philosophy, to be gleaned from this writing, commends itself to the mind as equally as it touches the heart.

This, too, is why pathos in F. F. Montrésor's hands is so convincing; it is as though, born of emotion, it has received the sanction of the mind before finding expression. As earnestly, too, does her train of thought convey the conviction that the one absolute disaster in human life is the sense of alienation from all spiritual environment.

F. T.-G.

F. F. MONTRÉSOR

'To be loving and giving is the natural prerogative of all Mother Eve's daughters, I suppose, whether they be Friday's bairns or Saturday's. They are stinted of their birthright sometimes, poor souls, and Gilian, at any rate, had had arid seasons in her life—seasons which had left deep traces on her. There was, however, this difference between the man and the woman. He who, by natural temperament, had been the more impulsive of the two, now remembered the past, and thought about the future; but she who had been noted for her practical wisdom, who in the old days he had laughingly called "worldly-wise," flung all care from her, and revelled in this hour that brought him to her, drinking deep, deep of joy to the forgetting of all else.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'While she made her way through these deep winding lanes, looking up at the dappled sky through interlacing branches, she thought of her many journeys to and from London. "How many weary women are there in England who are working and waiting and trying not to feel too much," she wondered idly, then noticed a very evidently "weary woman" sitting at a little distance from her, at the foot of the hill that had to be ascended before the village was reached.

'The woman was holding a baby slung in a shawl, the ends of which were tied round her own neck. . . . Presently she rose and toiled on, pausing often to regain her breath.

'"... You are fagged out," she said. "Shall I carry the child up this hill for you?"

'... She drew the folds of her own cloak round the child, that it might be sheltered from the dust that the south wind was blowing in their faces. When she reached the top of the hill she sat down on a strip of grass to wait for the woman. The baby felt more comfortable in her strong young arms, and stopped crying. Gilian laid her cheek against its head, and felt the pulses beating underneath the soft down. She had never imagined herself to be fond of children, but she coloured and laughed with pleasure when the little aimless fingers clutched at her hair. She made cooing, coaxing noises to the baby; she talked to it in a wonderfully tender voice. Gilian had a voice that could be as sweet as honey. Jack knew that well enough. She had never in her life before spoken so softly to any one save him. And the odd part of it all was that this particular baby was nothing in the world to her. She could not imagine why to hold it in her arms seemed to bring her into closer kinship with the whole beauty of that spring day—she who was never a poet like Jack.' —*At the Cross-Roads.*

'She was a quaint little figure, indignant and

disappointed. She had thought that she could ask him for help, but she could not when it came to the point. Enid was always embarking in cockle-shells on rough seas. She had immense spirit, but, unlike Gilian, she was not born to succeed. Her temperament and her soul were unequally yoked.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'Jack leaned again over the balustrade, and watched a handful of straws stick for a second against the bridge, and then whirl under it, carried away by the current. "Like straws on a river, like straws on a river," he repeated to himself aloud, and then quite unexpectedly the old surging craving for expression began to rise up. He was like one who has been half-frozen, and who begins anew to feel life tingling painfully in his veins. He had fancied that the desire to clothe his sensations in words, to make manifest, had died for ever. He was wrong. It was not dead, but sleeping, and One, passing by, had awakened it.

'Quicker and quicker images thronged by him. His own broken life was but one among a million. From every corner of the city the voices of victims went up. The taint of the smoke of the sacrifice was on everything. . . . He thought of the hundreds to whom existence is a foregone failure. It seems to him that the profound immorality of the whole scheme of creation shouted aloud to—to what? To any man with a spark of justice in his soul?

'He had always realised that the evils he himself had suffered were not the fault of those who had convicted him, but rather of an overruling fate that so disposed events that no jury could have found him otherwise than guilty. Gilian was inclined to be bitter against men; but Jack, in his cooler moments, acquitted them. He had been the companion of thieves, and deep in his heart he cherished, not scorn, but indignation for the outcasts of humanity.

'"We breed criminals, and then we build prisons for them," he had once remarked to the chaplain. "It seems illogical to the lay intelligence. But we only follow the example of the Power that creates everything. That does the same thing on a much larger scale." . . . Now while he stood a free man again on the city bridge, he thought of those first months in the prison — months that had been followed by a merciful deadening. It was borne in on him that he was awake once more, and that for him to live by his senses only was impossible.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'. . . I simply could not stand it. I believe I should let myself starve. You see, if there was no one to come home to, nothing would be worth bothering about; it would all be so pointless and so horribly blank. It frightens me even to fancy it. I 've always pitied the poor things who have no one belonging to them. When you have got some one, why, of course, you are anxious, I don't

deny that—but then you are not all by yourself in the crowd. You see, I think about this room when I am at work, but I should never live in it without you, because without you it would be like a tomb. The streets give me a queer sort of feeling sometimes; they are so full of people who pass without caring or knowing anything about each other; but then I know they have most of them got their own belongings somewhere, just as I have got you. If you were not here, the crowd would—would scare me. There would be nothing to hold on to.'

'"... Well stick together then," said he.

'... Yet—for the doors that divide one phase of our lives from the next hang on wondrous small hinges—yet from that evening the sister recognised that Geoff had grown up, and that their relations to each other had changed. Accident had made the lad physically dependent on his sister; but character, which is stronger than anything that touches us from the outside, was fast tending to make her seek and find moral support in him.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'The old knight was not in truth very popular with any one. He was a low Churchman of an almost extinct type, and a renowned temperance lecturer. He was also a millionaire. He spent thousands of pounds in a somewhat belligerent form of philanthropy. He both bribed and drove unwilling sheep into the path that was presumably of salvation. In his own family he was cordially

disliked and feared. Yet he had fine qualities, and, to the best of his belief, his life exemplified his preaching. His integrity was absolute, and that he was an unpleasing example was, perhaps, not entirely his fault.

'Sir Edward was a stern and aggressive ascetic. He did not fast because he would have considered such a practice papistical; but the monkish spirit that sees evil in all that gives pleasure to the senses was his in large measure. . . . Cyril Bevan had been preached to from his earliest infancy, and familiarity had bred in him a contempt of a good many things that most of us hold sacred. It was tragic enough that the son of so scrupulous a father should be a profligate, and, when it suited his purpose, a hypocrite; but there are some lessons that mother Nature teaches with a heavy and unsparing hand.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'She was a brave woman, but there were moments when the sense of the inevitable subdued and almost terrified her. . . . She knew in her heart that, though she was no saint like Jane, she had yet in her own fashion fought with devils of despair and recklessness that had all but pulled her lover down. She knew too that the struggle had been none the less grim because she had never spoken of it, or posed as a saviour. She had confidence in herself that was not vanity, but was founded on experience. She was a woman who held very strong natural

weapons, and who knew how to use them; but no natural weapon can force Death to relinquish that which he has set his seal upon. He alone hears no argument, and has absolutely no price. Gilian felt that he had shut a door in her face, and that her warm hands might beat against it in vain. The thought depressed her. . . . She said to herself that she disliked pathos, and that there was always something unavoidably pathetic in the going down of the sun.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'To struggle up is a painful process; most painful, because no outside criticism touches us so keenly as the censure of our higher self on the self that fell. That, indeed, is the very judgment of God, before which every soul stands ashamed, and beside which the blame and praise of the world is nothing, and of no account.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'In truth, one learns to dqubt whether any gift that has in it the element of our very best ever *is* wasted; it is perhaps rather the second-best, which is made up with just an alloy of calculation, that is exchanged for disappointment. Those who break their alabaster boxes and recklessly lavish all their sweet ointment are not the people who cry out on the ingratitude of the world.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'Cardew's imagination was possessed by the

memory of that last scene in the garden; his was not the type of mind that naturally inclines to materialism; it seemed to him impossible that the keen, eager soul that had so scoffed at its ugly old body, should be buried with that which it had always overridden and despised. The sight of death brings to some—though not to all people—an inextinguishable belief in immortality. Cardew might have listened unmoved to a hundred pulpit discourses, and have turned away with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark that it was waste of breath to try to prove the unprovable; yet when the earth fell on the coffin of the old man who had loved him, his heart said instinctively, as men's hearts have said again and again at the graveside, "He is not here." '—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'Stern necessity had once taught him to meet his troubles alone. It is very difficult for any one who has thoroughly learnt that lesson to admit companionship in any crisis of life. There are veiled mysteries which meet each of us as we go on our way; strange figures that rise before us in the path, as in the old Jewish story the "angel of the Lord" barred the path of the prophet.'—*At the Cross-Roads.*

'No man is himself alone. . . . He has a right to interfere, because the life of every other man is, in a sense, his own. In his childhood he knows this well enough; injustice dismays and

hurts him with a sense of personal injury and perplexity; possibly as he grows up the primitive instinct weakens, but some among us keep their childish outlook through all the length of days. Perhaps he must be something of a thinker who apprehends the fact of unity with his brain, but the illiterate enthusiast who cannot fit two thoughts logically together grasps it practically.' —*At the Cross-Roads.*

ELIZABETH GODFREY

NOTE

THE hand of the impressionist—the impressionist endowed with the gift of revealing the inner meaning of the scene through the medium of atmosphere and colour—is at work in the writing of Elizabeth Godfrey. In all her description, whether of life or nature, the reader is more conscious of the whole effect than of the details that go to its making. To this power of full impressionism is allied the kindred one of bringing air and the out-of-door feeling to her picture; the people too move with the naturalness and freedom that belong to the spirit of conviction. That strain of romance in her writing, apparent both in the weaving of her story and the incidents that gather around her characters, conduces to the strength of her emotional appeal; yet it never destroys the effect of being in touch with reality, since it springs from her appreciation of the potency of temperament to affect conditions. And when, conjointly with her appreciation of this thread of romance running through human affairs, is her realisation of that sequence of fatality that seems so in-

separably to attach itself to some lives, the reasons for the sustained feeling in her books need but little seeking. They do not indeed account for the whole attractiveness of her writing; for she has that strong sense of colour, form, and proportion that make the reality of description. She has so true a gift for scenery that her reader can walk abroad with her with a feeling of personal delight. Her clear recognition of the influence of nature, of the consolation to be found in its looks and voices, her conviction that our love of it belong to the best part of us, gives a special value to her philosophy even though it is offered to us rather through the emotional than the ethical aspect—or to speak more directly, the latter is the product of the former. And the same conclusion would apply to the wisdom to be found in her recording of life's experiences. F. T.-G.

ELIZABETH GODFREY

'Ah, how the drowsy murmur of that one in the window reminds me of it all. The fragrant warmth and stillness of those summer afternoons is creeping about me once more. I seem to hear the ceaseless croodling of the doves in their home overhead and the recurring tap, tap of the woodpecker, whose greenish grey back I now and then catch a glimpse, as he creeps up a neighbouring tree; farther off, from the marsh, comes the grating cry of the corncrake, or the peewit, peewit of the lapwings as they sweep over the upland fields; and farther still the sounds of the woodcutters at their work, not disturbing, but rather blending with the woodland stillness.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'With the blind instinct that always makes a grieved hurt creature seek a dark covert, I avoided the sunny lawn, and following the filbert walk, reached a dull, damp corner hemmed in by evergreens, where I cast myself down on the ground and abandoned myself to my tears as only a child can do. . . . In a dim childish way I understood the purport of the note well enough, and I felt that our brief friendship was over. I howled aloud in my desolation, and sobbed till I felt sick, and my forehead throbbed agonisingly.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'Love and lovers formed no part of Mary Ellen's confidences; it was not that she observed towards such subjects the dignified reticence of a very carefully brought up girl; on the contrary, the extreme candour and openness of her reference to topics not usually discussed occasionally rather startled me, but she really did not regard the matter with the smallest interest. Far from looking forward to it as I did, and as I fancy most women do, as the crown of human life, at once its closest need and fairest guerdon, to her it was an unfortunate weakness to which human nature was liable, and the worst and most fatal hindrance to women in pursuing the goal of intellectual and political equality with men. . . . I half admired and envied the superiority of her attitude, and was half repelled by it. . . .

'It is, I am sure, an excellent thing that this way of looking at life should become—as it undoubtedly is becoming—more and more prevalent. . . . Yet I myself could no more have rivalled it than I could have brushed my stubborn red curls into emulation of Mary Ellen's sleek head. . . . I could no more have helped cherishing the inward unspoken conviction that to be admired and loved was the one thing in life to be supremely longed for than I could have altered the features God had given me.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'Anything more lonesome, more absolutely silent and still, than that long narrow strip of

beach I never knew. . . . In spite of its dulness —for dull most people would have found it—the spot grew to have a fascination for me. I often came there. Sometimes I brought a book, but I seldom read. I would sit, chin on hand, gazing over the smooth level water. . . . I soon got familiar with the place under all its various aspects. I first made acquaintance with it in early spring, when the ditches were treacherously wet and the banks muddy, but starred with primroses and bright-eyed celandines. Later, the hazel coppices, down to the very water's edge, were all blue with hyacinths, "that seemed the heavens upbreaking through the earth." . . . When June came it was almost too hot to walk so far, but the hedges, garlanded with honeysuckle and wild roses, tempted one on; and then it was delicious to rest on the sand, with the cool sound of rippling water in one's ears, and to look across to the island shimmering in an amethyst haze of heat. Autumn brought compensation for its ravages in the beautiful effects of purple and green on the sea under the flying clouds. . . . The hedges too, if they had lost their summer charm, offered instead ripe blackberries and store of red hips and haws. . . . I loved it under all its guises, even when winter, "frosty but kindly," had stripped the oaks and beeches of their red-gold raiment, and when the bare brown hedges offered scarcely a covert to the little wrens, who crept noiselessly in and out.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'Next to the charm of being domineered over, which most women find irresistible, that of being appealed to and leant upon is most potent, and this was the sort of attraction Fabian had for me. There was a touch of womanishness about him; he had an insatiable appetite for being petted and made much of, a continual craving for expressions of interest and sympathy, and always expected to be extravagantly pitied for any of the minor ills of life which most men prefer to have ignored.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'My cheeks flamed and my eyes filled with hot tears. . . . I had very little knowledge of the world, and wondered how many of its unwritten laws I had broken. . . . What of all the times I had eagerly hurried into the hall to greet him, had gathered flowers for him, had reached him the ripest peaches, had begged him to come again on the morrow? At the time these little acts had seemed but the expression of a cordial hospitality; now, in the sudden light of this new idea, they stood out as evidence of rank forwardness, and I grew hot all over as I recalled them one by one.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'Fabian was never weary of expatiating upon himself. . . . Whatever concerned himself had for him an inexhaustible interest; his very faults and foibles were a theme on which he loved to dwell; but when I thought my turn had come for a hearing, and wanted to talk to him about any of the

little interests of my own life, his attention flagged at once, and I could feel in a moment he was lending a bored and inattentive ear.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'Every one knows the sort of wretched petty nothings out of which two people who have embarked on a quarrel manufacture bitter accusations against each other . . . the paltriness of the quarrel was just the misery of it. If there had been adequate cause of discussion between us, though perhaps it might have been more difficult to get over, it would not have given me such a dismayed sense of the instability of my peace.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'From that time I grew to have a habit I have noticed in some wives, and which always seems to me a painful sign, of being always upon my guard with him, careful not to offend him in any way, and nervously anxious to ward off anything that might put him out. It may seem ordinary prudence when one has to deal with an ill-tempered person, but I doubt if it is ever really wise; it is certainly cowardly; it is absolutely destructive of that ease which is the basis of all true sympathy, and it cramps one's own nature.' —*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'When spring came I turned my attention to the garden, which repaid me in a thousand consoling ways. . . . The mere exertion of planting,

hoeing, watering, weeding, brings its own reward in the delicious sense of wholesome fatigue; and many a night, thanks to my labours, I slept soundly instead of lying awake to stare through the darkness at my troubles. Besides, the pleasure of seeing one's nurslings thrive and repay one's toil in beauty and sweetness manifold is one of the purest and most satisfying of the minor joys of life.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'What an afternoon it was! The sky was blue overhead, but a soft silvery haze lay low upon the water, which gleamed through it with the colours of an opal, and here, within the bar, lay without a ripple. How strange it is that so few people have been found to celebrate the beauty of a flat coast; to me it has a rare mystic charm. As we passed out of the little harbour, and looked eastward, we seemed to gaze along an endless vista; behind the long line of marshes the forest lay, blue beyond blue, till it faded in the palest amethyst. Far along the channel white sails gleamed, and faint outlines of line-of-battle ships lying at anchor; furthest of all a pearl-white chalk cliff seemed to hang suspended against the sky. There was no definition of form, no strong colour anywhere; only just in the foreground long level brown lines of mud flats, over which the white gulls swooped and stalked.'—*'Twixt Wood and Sea.*

'She was busied in the homely occupation of

The tableau was splendid as he stepped ashore: the majestic figure, towering by half a head above any other man on the stage, roused an enthusiasm more than ready to find voice, with the desire to encourage the new-comer. . . . The noise would have drowned the first notes, and the baton stayed suspended. In the momentary pause he saw Elsa, standing forward alone, her eyes seeking his with an anxious, imploring look. It was the expression proper to her part, but it seemed to appeal to him; the iron grip on his chest relaxed; he drew a deep breath; and as the baton fell, the first words of the farewell to the Swan floated out and filled the whole house to its farthest bounds.' — *Poor Human Nature.*

'She leaned forward, took the paper from his hand, and poked it well down among the blazing coals. "You must admit it was venomous and exaggerated."

'"Perhaps; but it was the sense of meriting it that gave it the sting."

'"Well, but the message of adverse criticism, even when it is deserved, is 'Retrieve, retrieve.'"

'. . . He drew a deep breath. "Is failure ever other than bitter?"

'"Failure!" she cried. "You must not fail; you will not. . . . The second point is that you must never look back. If you were brought up on Hans Andersen, as all good German children should be, you will remember the cat's advice

to Rudy: 'Never figure to yourself that you can fall, and you won't fall.' " '—*Poor Human Nature.*

'He laughed a little. "I am afraid I was not even considered a very good schoolmaster; these unpractical studies were rather a snare. I used to get pulled up for teaching too much history and poetry, and not enough arithmetic. But you know our schools are not quite so rigid in their curriculum as yours in England. Nature gives children an insatiable appetite for stories, and a faculty of learning by rote: we feed them with tales while they are small—history or legend—and later they get by heart the poems which tell their favourite stories. It may not make so much show in an examination paper, but it gives them a love for the literature of their own country." '
—*Poor Human Nature.*

'If spite can ever be excusable, it would be in the present case. The poor woman was fighting a losing battle with time, and getting worsted day by day. It must needs be a bitter thing for one who has for years filled the proud position of first soprano to retire gradually into the background; to have her sceptre wrested from her failing grasp and given to another while she looks on; to treat that other with generosity requires something little short of heroism. But heroism was not within Frau Rauch's scope; she had lived all her life for vanity, and now she tried

to fight her fate with vain weapons. Rouge and pearl powder, eyebrow pencils wielded with a dexterity which was a fine art in itself, wigs of golden hair and artistically managed padding, might go far to deceive the eye, but what should give her back those high notes on which the very structure of her fame was built? She still continued to excuse herself to herself; she had a slight cold; she was over-tired; in a week or two she would sing as well as ever. But she knew in her soul that never again should she bring down the house with her wonderful shake on C in alt as in time past; in a word, her day was over.'—*Poor Human Nature.*

'He looked baffled, but . . . he persisted. "Put the case of an engagement entered into in all good faith, but unadvisedly, and suppose that circumstances—the whole outlook—have completely altered, is the man irrevocably bound?"

'Clare's face changed, and a look of hardness came into it. "You have reversed the position," she said; "you speak of the man."

'"You mean there is one law for a man and another for a woman?"

'"Yes—at any rate, for a woman in the position of the one we are discussing, the prey of fortune-hunters. . . . But for a man who is free to choose, who can ask a girl, or not ask her, as he thinks proper, what excuse is there? . . . Was the world made for men alone? What of the girl's happiness?"

'"Clare, Clare," cried her mother, as the sound of his footsteps descending the stairs died away. . . . "We know nothing of the girl, and she may be utterly unsuited to him; men do make such mistakes; there is nothing so misleading as being a little in love. When you have lived as long in the world as I have, you will know there are worse things than a broken engagement." '—*Poor Human Nature.*

'It is a curious sensation, no doubt, to return from an absence and find all our familiar surroundings changed while we have been away; but it is stranger still to come back with every feeling and interest altered, and to find that life at home has stood still while we have moved so fast. Ehrenfried Dahlmann's seven months' absence had wrought in him like seven years; but in the Lindenthal every one was doing precisely what they had done before he went away. No one looked a day older—as, indeed, how should they?—except Hedwig's kitten, which had grown into a cat. So short a distance he had been removed, and so short a time, and he felt like an alien in his old home.

'. . . Was it in truth the same man who last week was sitting in the exquisite little drawing-room in the Finkenwiese, talking to Countess Malaxa and Miss Arrowsmith, and the week before was figuring as Siegfried before a brilliant audience, and to whom those things now seemed quite natural, who used, month after month, and

year after year, to tread that monotonous round of daily duties, patiently correcting blotted copies and smeared sums! . . . He could hardly believe it. The old dull, narrow life was laid aside like an outgrown garment, and the temper of mind that belonged to it had vanished too.'—*Poor Human Nature.*

'"I question, though," said Dahlmann, "whether most wedded lives do come up to the highest ideal as you have known it. I trust I shall be able to make her happy. . . . Don't talk of it any more; it is the sort of thing that won't bear handling. Talking only puts into shape notions and misgivings which one had better throttle without looking at them."

'Reichardt had risen from his chair and was tramping about the room in much perturbation of spirit.

'"I cannot conceal my anxiety," he said; "you own you have misgivings, and presently it will be too late to listen to them."

'Ehrenfried looked at his friend with the straight simplicity of gaze that was characteristic of him. "But, Anton," he said, "you surely would not have me break my plighted word?" '—*Poor Human Nature.*

'And why had it come to him just then? Did he not, night after night, take her hand, hold her, touch her, without a thought of wrong? But that was the actress—Elsa, Isolde, Elizabeth.

This evening it had been Clare, the woman, who had touched him and woke the anguished life, that which he had been trying to throttle and hold down. Ever since he had first known her, some dim consciousness of what she might be to him had stirred and been smothered: now it was no use denying it; he loved her, as a man loves the one woman he chooses out of all the world. His whole nature hungered for her. Till lately he had seemed content; but it was the contentment of a starving man who is asleep, and while he sleeps forgets his pangs. He was awake now, and would not sleep again so easily.'—*Poor Human Nature.*

'She was a small, curly-headed, large-eyed person, who had cultivated and brought to perfection the naïve manner of the enfant terrible, which a certain type of American girl affects.

'"... Why it was just as real! Say, don't you feel quite wicked, behaving so, and then sitting down to table with Isolde as if nothing had happened?"

'... It brought the hot blood to his forehead with a rush; he was distressfully conscious of looking confused as he said gravely, "I think Wagner's music must give the dullest some capacity to realise the passion of the story."

'... When Clare came back from taking a final leave of her American friends at the door, she found Dahlmann still lingering.

'"... Is anything the matter, Ehren?" she asked, "or is it that you are only tired out?"

'He lifted his arms from the balustrade where he had been resting them, and turned so as to face her. She looked like a shadow in the darkness, in her black lace dress, the faint moonlight just touching her face, and the pallid roses—the roses which he had given her—tucked into the bosom of her dress.

'Tired? I am weary of my very life! He took a step nearer, then suddenly he had thrown himself down beside her, and buried his head in her lap, with a half-stifled murmur. "Oh, Clare, pity me a little; don't repulse me. Let me forget, if only for a few minutes, how utterly wretched I am."

'For a moment she seemed stunned; she had known for long, yet would not know that he loved her. She had such absolute confidence in his honour, in his sense of right. Sooner the skies should fall than that he should sin against their friendship, against her mother's hospitality, against his own duty. Some calamity must have overwhelmed him and swept away the barriers of self-restraint. ...

'"Ehren," she breathed in an awestruck whisper, "what is it? What terrible thing has come to you to make you act so strangely?"

'Terrible? Ay, terrible indeed. The most terrible of all things—Love.' — *Poor Human Nature.*

KATHERINE TYNAN

NOTE

THAT note of blitheness that runs through Katherine Tynan's writing does much to imbue the reader with the feeling that life has many compensations to offer as a set-off to its obvious hardships and troubles. The compensations are not so obvious as the drawbacks, but they are to be had for the seeking. To this she would encourage us; and she tells us, through the medium of her gift for description, that, for success in the search, we must keep our eyes as equally open for the light as for the cloud. For even when engaged with life's shadows rather than its sunshine, her perennial freshness of feeling leaves the reader with the impression that there is something in the whole scheme that aims at balance. If the joy is not in the present, the compensation may be found in the things of the past, or in the groundwork of hope for the good to come. She has quick eyes for all the varying aspects of the daily round. The doings of the wayside are a delight to her; and no detail that affects the immediate interest with which she is dealing escapes her welcoming glance. Another gift Katherine Tynan has,

which is, in many ways, specially her own; and this is the power of producing within the limits of the descriptive sketch much of the effect of the novel, without recourse to either minutiæ or framework of plot. That brightness of manner that belongs to her writing is, in her instance, a national characteristic appearing through the medium of literary expression, and is never more happily displayed than when concerned with the portraiture of her beloved Ireland—a world in which her pages find such plentiful opportunities for both smiles and tears. Her prose, moreover, has the lilt that suggests the poetic faculty, as of a little breeze rippling through her words; and freshness of atmosphere is always pleasant whether in the social or the natural world.

F. T.-G.

KATHERINE TYNAN

A CLUSTER OF NUTS

'At the first station we stopped at there was a sound of argument in the first-class carriages close by. Then our carriage door was opened, and a couple of men were unceremoniously thrust in, their bundles thrust after them, and the train started on its way. One was a middle-aged man, grey for lack of good living, but the face redeemed from grimness by the most innocent, blue eyes, wide open, candid, blue as a child's eyes. He stumbled over our feet almost sobbing with excitement, clutching to his breast something wrapped in many folds of paper. He was followed by a tall, gawky young fellow, his son evidently from the likeness between them. The young fellow was ruddier, but had the same seriousness of look. Something quiet, and heavy, and pathetic, as though they had no occasion for joy and laughter. One could see them incessantly striving to win a sustenance from stony rock and exhausted soil, incessantly face to face with the wet climate that, though it gives such beauty of cloud and mist, soddens the potatoes, and rots the corn, and turns the meadow to bitter rank grass.

'Both were greatly disturbed, and the boy's blue eyes had even a dash of angry tears in them.

. . . I saw my little friend in the corner watching them with eyes like brown jewels. . . . At last the excited talk ceased, and the two faces began to take again that look of grave patience which must have been theirs habitually.

'Then I saw her lean over and put a dainty finger on the parcel on the elder man's knee.

' "Have you no case for your fiddle? Won't the damp get in and spoil it, as it does mine?"

' "Spoil her, me lady?" said the man, brightening all over his face, "is it spoil her? Och, then, she'd take a power of spoiling that same fiddle. 'Tis she that knows the bad weather. She's a fine fiddle," he said, preparing to display her. "She'd put the joy in your heart and the spring in your heels at a wedden', or a pattern, but its at home she's at her best, and many a night she's made Thady there and me forget our throubles."

'. . . There was a string gone, and my friend volunteered one from her store. While she was arranging it her soft talk and sympathy got at the trouble we had seen without understanding. As I watched her, the peasant's old fiddle on her knee, while she tuned and strung it, and resined the bow, I said to her silently—

' "Well, my dear, whoever you are, the fairies gave you the gift to make men happy. There may be prettier women, and wittier women, but the men who love you will find other women unpleasing to come after you." '—*Wayfarers.*

'All day folk had flocked to the house on foot, or, despite the iron-bound road, by car from the city. Country people grumbled because the frost had not kept town-people at home. Frowsy dealers filled the rooms with an atmosphere of old clothes, and unwashed humanity cursed openly the auctioneer's flowery advertisement that had brought them so far on a fool's errand, handled carelessly and contemptuously the old woman's treasures, and finally departed to the great sweetening of the air. All day the crowd had tramped from room to room, nothing being sacred to them, had discussed and appraised, had squabbled over lots, and defiled, with feet on which the snow was melting, floors that had shone as white and silvery as sand and scrubbing could make them.

'. . . The dead woman may have turned in her grave at the last scene of all. People were grouped outside in the cold slush to see the sale of the old woman's wardrobe . . . and the auctioneer's clerk, snub-nosed and impudent, who had replaced his worn-out master, at the fag-end of the sale, was in his happiest vein of humour. As a quickening to the sale he had set astride his impudent face, with its red beard, a cottage bonnet, purple and white ribbons on white Dunstable, in which the dead woman—who to the last kept her skin of egg-shell china, and her delicate prettiness of feature—might have looked adorable in the eyes of her lover, when the century was still young.

'"... Somethin' ultra choice," said the brazen voice, "for it has as many peels on it as an onion." ...

'And then came out of silver paper a modest, quaint old gown, evidently to match with the Dunstable, a delicious frilled thing—of shot purple and white, made with elaborate hanging fringe, and a spencer across the modest bosom. The empty laughter seemed choking, for somehow I guessed it was a wedding-dress, and wrapped away in it I conjectured a dead youth, a dead love, hopes that had had no fruition, dreams that were dust and ashes.'—*A Country Auction.*

'Out of Ireland one loves all Irish things so much, that an Irish face or voice might have drawn me from my dreams into sociability. Irish faces went by the carriage window, and I heard the dear brogue by fits and starts at every station. . . . It was at Crewe we got the Irish contingent. It was not such as to please my national vanity. The train was almost moving when the door was flung violently open, and two Irish harvestmen precipitated themselves into our midst. I recognised their kind at once. . . . They spluttered in a mixed Gaelic and English as they righted themselves and got seated. I eyed them with cold disapproval. The first breath sent a whiff of spirits and coarse tobacco through the carriage. Their clothes reeked wet and unwholesome. The boots of one, the stouter and bulkier of the two, were much in evidence—

they were unlaced, and had evidently been in a cowshed. . . . I felt bitter against these poor countrymen of mine for cutting such a figure in English eyes. It was not quite a mean feeling. My bitterness was in proportion to my love of my native land and my impatience of English superiority.'—*Hervesters.*

'But the Round Tower knows that, like the seasons, everything returns; there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors; nor birds to sing in the boughs in the spring after the snow and the frost; nor apple-blossoms, though the last fell in showers; nor delicate pale leaves, though the autumn swept such a mound of dead leaves down the village street to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams. To the Round Tower everything returns; and because he is wellnigh eternal he never notices such a detail as that they are not the same children, the same birds, or the same blossoms and leaves.'—*A Village Genius.*

FROM AN ISLE IN THE WATER

'The new wife held him indeed in close keeping. In the first days of his remarriage the servants in the household whispered that there had been ill blood over the man between the two women, so strenuously did the second wife labour to uproot any trace of the first. The

cradle that had been prepared for the young heir was flung to a fisher-girl expecting her base-born babe. And the small garments into which Alison had sewn her tears with the stitches went the same road. There was many an honest wife might have had the things, but that would not have pleased the grim humour of the second wife towards the woman she had supplanted. . . . Little by little she won over all who had cause to love the dead woman—all human creatures that is to say, a dog resisted her. . . . The new mistress had put out all her fascinations to win the dog too; for it seemed that while any living creature clung to the dead woman's memory, her triumph was not complete. But the dog, amiable to every one else, resisted her. . . . In one of the attics stood a great hasped chest, wherein the dead woman's dresses were mouldering. It was in this cold attic the dog took up his abode. . . . But every night as twelve o'clock struck the dog came down the attic stairs. . . . The man lifted himself on his elbow and listened. Side by side with the dog's feet came the swish, swish of a silken gown on the stairs. He looked a wide-eyed inquiry at his second wife. She slammed the door to before she answered him. "It has been so for years," she said, "every one knew but you. She has not forgotten as soon as you have." '—*The First Wife.*

'There had been a time when Biddy O'Connor had lain heavily on the hearts of the good

matrons of Merrion Square. There were not a few ladies, widows, and spinsters these, who would have been even satisfied to take Dr. O'Connor himself into the bargain, so that they might thereby obtain the mothering of his neglected little girl. There had not been wanting officious folk to draw the doctor's attention to the fact that Biddy was running wild. Biddy herself had dismissed her nurse at an early age; and as often as not, in her lanky childhood, had gone about happily with her pink legs appearing through the holes in her stockings under her dusty velvet frock.

'Dr. O'Connor compromised matters with his own conscience by engaging a very superior nurse for his young daughter. Biddy at this time was ten, an age when many little ladies are still in the nursery; but it must be confessed that the doctor trembled when he thought of what Miss Biddy would say when she found she was to be returned to the bondage from which she had long ago emancipated herself.

'What Biddy said was to flatly refuse to receive the new potentate. . . . She would darn her stockings, she would keep her clothes in order, she would even strive to brush her hair till it was as smooth as Eva Flaherty's. Anything in the world she would do except bend her neck to the intolerable yoke he proposed to place upon it. "You would never," said Biddy, "have asked me to have a nurse, only some of the old Square cats have been worrying you about me."'
—*The Dear Irish Girl.*

'Biddy set her teeth to it like a Spartan. She felt with a passionate dislike that this world, where she must enter, was not her world; but she never winced under her father's entreating eyes, helpless with a masculine helplessness. . . . She saw no face she knew in the cloakroom, and so timidly followed in the wake of a stout lady with two blooming daughters on their way to the ballroom.

'There was a crowd of young men about the ballroom door. Dancing was in full swing in the big drawing-room, but the smaller one was provided with a kind of dais for the chaperons, and every recess had its low seats for those who were not dancing. Biddy, never lifting her eyes, stole into this room under shelter of her comfortable convoy. Her hostess stood just within the doors. She did not notice Biddy while she greeted the stout lady warmly. Then Biddy realised that she must somehow shift for herself. She glided halfway across the room, her heart beating, and her head swimming with nervous shyness. She looked around for a seat, and could see none. All she saw was a row of faces, old and young, watching her behind the glittering fans. Poor Biddy stopped with a nervous impulse to turn and run—run as if from some great danger, and never stop running till she got home again. She looked to right and left, flurried and helpless, and a mist rose before her eyes.'—*The Dear Irish Girl.*

'The Horse Show week is the third week of August. Well may one write its name in capitals, for during that week there is a recrudescence of the old glories of the Irish capital . . . the town lights up like a bed of daffodils and tulips with the fine frocks of the tall handsome country girls; there is a wild flight of outside cars from morning till night; and at the hours of going and returning from the show-yard at Ballsbridge you cross the street at the peril of your life.

'. . . As a rule the heavens open for that week, and at Ballsbridge the gaily dressed ladies are ferried across the liquid mud when they venture from under cover. But does it damp their gaiety? Not a whit. They never dream of abandoning the fine frocks prepared for ideal festival weather; and as for an Irish girl being dismayed for a drop of rain—they call a bucketful a drop in Ireland—not a bit of it! The rain may put their hair out of curl, but it only brings out the roses on their cheeks and a dewier shining in their eyes.'—*The Dear Irish Girl.*

'"". . . We gave Tim Maher a lift on the road home. Tim had got rid of the mule, and was in great spirits over it."

'"Who bought it?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, keenly interested, as usual, in the affairs of her poor neighbours.

'"That's the joke of it. Tim spoiled the

enemy. It was bought for the British army, no less."

'"But it is very old," objected Mrs. O'Hara.

'We watched the sale. You should have heard Tim praise the mule. He said it was "a thried and thrained transport mule, an' loved the red coat. He felt the crathur was an exile as long as it was out of sight of the army." Anyhow he imposed on the two fine gaitered gentlemen, who were about as fit to buy a mule as I should be to select a lady's bonnet.

'"I asked him in confidence, as we were driving home," said the doctor, "the mule's age."

'"Well," he said, "Farrell Fox died the other day a very old man, and when Farrell Fox's father was a young man he had that mule drawin' lime and sand for him, and then no man knew his age!"

'"Weren't you shocked?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, though every one else laughed.

'Well, I asked him how he justified the statement about its being "a thransport mule." He answered, not a bit abashed, "There's an ould ancient tradition that he sarved wid Bony-party in Agypt."'—*The Dear Irish Girl.*

'The first frosts had come, and one day of late October, Biddy got up with a very heavy heart. She did not know what ailed her. She had been keeping her heart warm all this time with assiduous love for her father; but this day . . . the comfort seemed to have gone out of it. She sat

opposite to him at breakfast, her heart fairly aching with love and pity for him. How grey and careworn he had become, and how he stooped!

'. . . When he got up to go to his lectures she followed him into the hall with anxious love, insisting that he should wear his muffler, and herself helping him into his overcoat.

'. . . The hours in the open air did not remove the nameless depression that lay heavily at her heart. . . . It was getting well on in the afternoon when she got back to town. As she drew near her own door she noticed that there was a carriage standing at the door. She hastened her steps, though she was conscious of a trembling in her limbs. The door was opened by Peter; and seeing the old man's face, she seemed to realise all at once what had happened, and to have known it for a long time.

'. . . She noticed as she entered the two chairs standing socially inclined towards each other, as they had drawn them every evening of late. An intolerable pang smote her at the sight. Oh, yesterday, yesterday, that could never come again!

'. . . He looked inscrutably wise and calm, as the dead always look; and the lines which lately had gathered thick on his face were smoothed away, so that he looked much younger than the dusty old father of latter years. Biddy dropped down by him without a word, and laid her cheek against his shabby old coat-sleeve.'—*The Dear Irish Girl.*

THEOPHILA NORTH

NOTE

THE author of *The Marriage of True Minds* has so keen an artistic sense of the moving power both of environment and of the kindred mind to evoke creation, that her depiction of the suffering of the artist soul under adverse conditions has all the intensity of the personal note. The passion of that strife which Mrs. Barrett Browning has, through the power of her poetic insight, once for all made visible to us, is the mainspring of all the urgency of feeling in this book of Miss North's, as it paints the trials of the dual nature along the pathway of life's experiences. The belief that the realisation of the ideal is to be found through the actual makes its philosophy of a high and commanding order, since it insistently commends the constant fight between the material and the spiritual, and encourages the reader to look for the final subordination of the former to the latter. The failures that must occur in course of such a struggle, both with regard to the internal strife between the woman-heart and the artist-soul, and the more outward strife with circumstance, and the passionate

renewal of effort, all tend to poignancy of expression. And if the reader is now and then conscious of a sense of the spasmodic, or of a disposition to over-statement, it, in no degree, lessens the value of the wisdom to be found in the relation of the contest. The author is deeply imbued with the pitifulness of the little that the majority find in life because of their absolute absorption in externals. And surely thanks and praise are due to all those who, using the light they have in the service of humanity, would seek to show us all we miss, and why we miss so much.

F. T.-G.

THEOPHILA NORTH

'She remembered every word of their talk as if it had been yesterday. He had asked leave to see her to her pension after a great concert at which the "Ninth Symphony" had been performed. The mood of elation roused by that noble, world-embracing chorus was still upon them, and each had spoken with that point and directness which only comes to us at rare times, when we know our aims with sunlight clearness, and are with a kindred spirit who both knows his and can enter into ours. Luard had spoken with low-voiced enthusiasm of the glory of the task which God had laid upon her, Octavia, destined to be, as he believed, the first woman composer worthy to rank with those "Knights of the Holy Ghost" in music of whom Beethoven was the mightiest paladin, but with a peculiar mission of expressing what had hitherto lacked expression in music, and to which none but a woman's nature could give utterance.

'. . . Octavia had felt a sense of ineffable strength and serenity steal over her as she heard her own deepest aspiration—to assuage the world-hunger—given back to her in the concise unemotional words of this man, no dreamer or weakling among his fellows, but full of characteristics that men honour, strong in body, and

vigorous in mind. Never, she believed, through all the years that were to come, and through those seasons of profound discouragement to which her artistic nature was liable, need she now feel utterly alone in spirit, her worst trial in past days.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'They were walking slowly. Lilias appeared more serious than usual, and Luard as he spoke was bending towards her in that attitude of chivalrous protection which a man shows towards the woman whom he means to make his wife. Octavia grasped this in one long, unwavering glance, then her familiar spirit—an intense consciousness and prevision of the tragic in human things—descended upon her like a cloud of darkness. She stretched her arms across, clenching her hands upon the quilt, and burying her face in it; and so she remained, she knew not for how long, in tearless misery, the shadow of the future lying upon her like a black pall, her soul overwhelmed by the double burden of the woman and the artist.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'If I could pour out my accumulated wretchedness in music, how it would help! But I seem to be held as in a baleful enchantment. My old path, my old way of expressing myself, seems to have grown impossible to me. . . . If God would send some blessed human being to *understand* all this, and simply to hold me and soothe me with utter love and comprehension while I sobbed

away the bitterness of the long, sick years, *then* I think I could once more find courage to face this overwhelming world, and heart to work out my own part in it . . . to go on from day to day in this dreary fatigue of heart and greyness of spirit, a monotony broken only by fits of wild rebellion of ungovernable weeping, that makes the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. At those moments of keener life, of desperate craving after the lost power, of desperate longing for some human being to approach its loneliness and kindle into life again this beautiful precious thing which has died of hunger for tenderness, for comprehension. How should any one who has not experienced it know the glory, the rapture of creation—how at those times alone one seems to *live*, and how, when one is shut out from it, one's soul is dead within one?'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'Can one then form no conception of motherhood but by actually experiencing it? Ah! I think the childless woman sometimes tastes of that agony and bliss more deeply by far than the "happy wife and mother." Have I not lived through it a hundred times in imagination as vivid as any reality could be? Have I not wept with the pain, and wept and laughed in one breath, with the exquisite joy of the little warm, darling body nestling close to me, while my husband comes in and holds my hand in the firelight? And there is no need of words, but oh

content and rest. As for Wykeham, if any one had reminded him that his wife had once looked forward to doing great things in music, he would have laughed, and replied, "What need?"

'. . . Yet the morning after their arrival at Salzburg, as they were going through the low-ceilinged rooms in which Mozart began his pure young life, and wrote the earliest of his dew-like melodies, Wykeham felt for the first time since his marriage a shade of—did it amount to aloofness from his wife? She was bending over a case in which were kept the manuscripts of the boy Mozart, yellow with age, their decided calligraphy already showing the hand of the master.

'"Oh! Wykeham," she exclaimed, "here is the first little piece he wrote! Think of it—here in this very house! It's so gay, so beautifully thought out, every note of it perfect; and he was to die at thirty-five from miserable cares of poverty. Dear, simple Mozart!"

'Her voice had a sob in it, and when she looked up her eyes were brimming with tears. Wykeham felt vaguely distressed and puzzled.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'Again the wonderful sense of rapture and terror that she had known in the garden that Easter evening, and with it—what was this? Her old passion of the artist—was it, could it be springing into life once more? Melodies, inspirations went surging through her, and she knew in

a flash that *now* it had indeed come to her; *now* she would be able to write what for years she had striven in vain. . . .

'The scheme of the overture, briefly, was divided into three parts: Firstly, the lovely unhuman thing Art is when divorced from life; secondly, the opening of the floodgates of love, bearing with it pain and an immeasurably deeper existence; thirdly, Art's recreated spirit when it had passed through the crucible—"one music as before, but vaster." . . .

'She knew with a sense of proud humility and unerring critical instinct that this work of hers was *good*; it was perfect in its conception and elaboration, and was worthy to sound beside those deep voices of the heart in music which will always speak to the heart of humanity. . . . Looking into the drawing-room to see that it was untenanted, she opened the piano and began to play. So engrossed did she become that she started when she heard a step behind her, and felt Wykeham's hands on her shoulders.

'". . . Why, you look quite excited!" said Wykeham; "I'm thankful you've not been bored to death. It must really be a capital resource composing."

'Why did Octavia feel vaguely and disheartened all at once. . . . Let her play it to him, and then see what he would say; he *must* feel it to be *good*, though he could not understand the technical points of it.

'. . . He flung himself into a sofa, and Octavia

played, played with her whole heart and soul, enchanted to find that the music lost nothing in the execution.

'"... Capital!" he said good-humouredly, as one encourages a child that has done its best. "I wonder what put it all into your head."

'... Of course, she had intended to answer, "What put it into my head? Why, *you*!" but she could not. The man who could speak thus seemed to her at that moment divided by a sickening gulf from herself—her deepest life.

'... *This, this,* then, was her punishment—a worse one than she had dreamt of for a moment in her short-sighted elation at the return of her creative power. Had she not written in her book: "God and the soul are *not* enough—for a woman?" Ah, wretched backslider that she was! ... Had she not deliberately chosen to lull the desperate cry of her woman's heart rather than to strive any longer towards the dizzy mountain peaks where she must be alone with God and music? ... It was just ... that she should be punished with this pain of soul that was like the dividing asunder of bone and marrow. For the pain lay in the fact, which she now saw as clear as noonday, that her womanhood and her art were inextricably linked together, and the deepest life of her womanhood was now bound up with a man to whom her art meant nothing.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'Do you believe now what we call the material

must be enough for us, setting aside the great hope that by the ceaseless study of it, combined with living on our own highest spiritual level, we may some day find it to be no contradiction to all that we call the spiritual, but essentially one with that unseen loveliness? Have you changed from the belief that used to be the mainspring of your life?

'She looked at him with almost painful intentness, forgetful for the moment of the accidents of circumstance and sex, and speaking simply as soul to soul. . . . For one moment her eyes met Luard's without a shadow of disguise, and in one inexorable flash each realised the situation, and one had determined to face it.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'This was Germany, her spiritual home, the place where she had felt intensely and striven hard, and known the joy of the workman who adds his title to the sum of human glory—Germany, the home of some of the deepest hearts which have ever throbbed, and suffered, and conquered, the native air of a noble army, poets, philosophers, musicians. This was Germany, a land whose sons had loved the ideal with a passion perhaps never equalled even by Greece. Germany, where thousands of kind simple hearts lived the restful family life, true unto death to those bound to them, and sincere to all men.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'There are times in one's life when one seems

hopelessly out of tune with one's environment—times when all the familiar little daily activities seem intolerable burdens; times when we seem to walk invisible among our fellows, bearing within us a heart so passionate that, for lack of recognition, all its potential glory turns to gall and wormwood. And we speak bitter words to those whom we love most dearly, and are wretched as a prisoner in solitary confinement. And there are also times of less acute misery, but of inexpressible downheartedness and tedium; times of "beginning again"—going again through some process or effort which one has already been through with toil or ennui of spirit, but which in the recurring spiral of human life is forced upon one relentlessly. We know so well each weary step of the way that must be trod! The peculiar bitterness of these two sloughs of Despond lies in the fact that they must be faced by each pilgrim in utter solitude. In the first instance, the keenness of the inner life, though intensely real, is abnormal in relation to the spiritual temperature of those around us, and they consequently set down our bitterness, which is the reverse side of tenderness, so deep that it cannot find an outlet, to a passing phase of ill temper, and therefore no one approaches us with the sympathy for want of which our hearts are nearly breaking.

'In the latter instance, the *form* the effort takes is mostly so commonplace that every one regards its fulfilment as a mere matter of course, and the inward struggle which is involved in re-treading

the ground, which had so wearied us before, is unrecognised and unsolaced by any comprehension.

'Perhaps these two stretches of life are those that we could least afford to skip, if we could see the completed structure; but at the time it is simply a question of "holding on" with the best courage we possess.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'For a moment all the shackles of her soul fell off, as sometimes quite unaccountably happens at stray unmarked moments of one's life. Some tyrannous ambition, some overwhelming regret, some burden of temperament which it takes all our energy to combat—these dominate the months and the years, when lo! suddenly there is a pause, our heart escapes from the load, and we see the world with eyes that are no longer holden; we realise how infinitely precious are the common sunshine, the restful "green things," on which we have looked so preoccupied in spirit that their healing charm passes us by; the dear dumb creatures with that wonderful spark of the primal love in their patient eyes, or else of untamed keen rapture in their free wild existence.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

'And hence it comes that this choice of yours has taught me to believe once more in Love—in love which is not passion, but is selfless and pure; that love which is

"An ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

And believing in love, I believe again in its indestructibility, because it strikes roots into that which is the central fact of our consciousness—God. *How* it survives, and what I shall find on the further side of the Strait, I know as little as ever; but my heart is at rest.'—*The Marriage of True Minds.*

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

NOTE

THE seriousness of Mrs. Humphry Ward's attitude towards life inherently makes for the thoroughness of her workmanship. She leaves nothing undone—she does nothing superficially or hastily that might help the reader to a clear possession of the scene, experience, or emotion she is depicting. This attitude imparts itself to her reader in a twofold impression. Along with all the artistic pleasure of production there is conveyed the sense of the gravity of a charge. At the outset of the book she seems to have taken up certain strong strands, and although her intention is not immediately apparent, her reader already feels the firmness of the handling, and is eager to see how the fabric will eventually be woven.

But hers is a seriousness that is always shot through with emotion. In nowhere is this more apparent than in her treatment of mental aspects and mental experiences. Her writing is always so full of the mental argument, of the spiritual outlook, that the tragic element in her pages resolves itself less into a tragedy of life than a

tragedy of soul. In her descriptions of human experience we feel the dramatic hint in the sharp contrasts of life and feeling that the hours bring about. In the same way her word-pictures never fail to leave a clear impression, and often the inward sense of the scene described will be given in some final gesture or action.

Her thoroughness is never more complete than in her description of nature—here is the very fitness of phrase that makes the scene live before our eyes; and in the strongest tides of emotion we find the rightful simplicity of language.

All the quotations have been taken from the one book for the sake of its strength of penetrative insight into the mental conflict between intellectual freedom and ordered faith. And although the wisdom gleaned may not lie so much in actual words, it is all the more bespoken in the scenes and feelings it describes. F. T.-G.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

'THEY interfered with his own research, and he had the passionate scorn for popularity which grows up naturally in those who have no power with the crowd.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'From her childhood it became natural to her to hate bigoted people who believed in ridiculous things. It was they that stood between her father and his deserts. There loomed up, as it were, on her horizon something dim and majestic, which was called Science. Towards this her father pressed, she clinging to him; while all about them was a black and hindering crowd, through which they clove their way—contemptuously.

'In one direction, indeed, Fountain admitted her to his mind. Like Mill, he found the rest and balm of life in poetry; and here he took Laura with him. They read to each other, they spurred each other to learn by heart. He kept nothing from her. Shelley was a passion of his own; it became hers. She taught herself German that she might read Heine and Goethe with him; and one evening, when she was little more than sixteen, he rushed her through the first part of *Faust*, so that she lay awake the whole night afterwards in such a passion of emotion, that it seemed for the moment to

change her whole existence. Sometimes it astonished him to see what capacity she had not only for the feeling, but for the sensuous pleasure of poetry. Lines—sounds—haunted her for days; the beauty of them would make her start and tremble.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'And beyond the fields a wood—such a wood as made Laura's south-country eyes stand wide with wonder! . . . A Westmoreland wood in daffodil time—it was nothing more and nothing less. But to this child, with the young passion in her blood, it was a dream, an ecstasy. The golden flowers, the slim stalks, rose from a mist of greenish-blue, made by their speary leaf amid the encircling browns and purples, the intricate stem and branch-work of the still winter-bound hazels. Never were daffodils in such a wealth before! They were flung on the fell-side through a score of acres, in sheets and tapestries of gold—such an audacious unreckoned plenty as went strangely with the frugal air and temper of the northern country, with the bare-walled fields, the ruggedness of the crags above, and the melancholy of the treeless marshes below. And within this common lavishness, all possible delicacy, all possible perfection of the separate bloom and tuft—each foot of ground had its own glory. For below the daffodils there was a carpet of dark violets, so dim and close that it was their own scent first betrayed them. . . . Each detail of the happy whole struck on the girl's eager sense,

and made there a poem of northern spring—spring as the fell-country sees it, pure, cold, expectant, with flashes of a blossoming beauty amid the rocks and pastures, unmatched for daintiness and joy.

'. . . What was it in this exquisite country that seized upon her so—that spoke to her in this intimate appealing voice?

'Why, she was of it—she belonged to it—she felt it in her veins! Old inherited things leapt within her—or it pleased her to think so. It was as though she stretched out her arms to the mountains and fields, crying to them, "I am not a stranger—draw me to you—my life sprang from yours!" A host of burning and tender thoughts ran through her.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'He nodded towards the picture that gleamed from the opposite wall. Then he added gravely, and with a perfect simplicity, "It is my last possession of any value."

'Several times during the fortnight she had known him, Laura had heard him speak with a similar simplicity about his personal and pecuniary affairs. That any one so stately should treat himself and his own worldly concerns with so much *naïveté* had been a source of frequent surprise to her. To what then did his dignity, his reserve apply?

'". . . But she belongs to you," said the girl insistently; "she is your own kith and kin."

'He hesitated, then said with a new emphasis that answered her own—

'"Perhaps there are two sorts of kindred."

'The girl's cheek flushed.

'"And the one you mean may always push out the other? I know, because one of your children told me a story to-day—such a frightful story of a saint who would not go to see his dying brother for obedience' sake. She asked me if I liked it—I told her it was horrible. I wondered how people could tell her such tales."

'Her bearing was again all hostility, a young defiance. . . . Helbeck's face changed. He looked at her attentively, the fine dark eye, under the commanding brow, straight and sparkling.

'"You said that to the child? . . . You sowed the seeds of doubt, of revolt, in a child's mind."

'"Perhaps," said Laura quickly. "What then?"

'". . . What then?" he echoed with a sternness that astonished himself. "What has a child—a little child under orders—to do with doubt or revolt? For her—for all of us—doubt is misery."

'Laura rose. She forced down her agitation—made herself speak plainly.

'"Papa taught me—it was life—and I believe him."

'The old clock in the farther corner of the room struck a quarter to ten—the hour for prayers. The two priests on the farther side of the room stood up. Laura turned to Helbeck, and coldly held out her little hand. . . . She kissed her stepmother, and bowed to the two

priests. Father Leadham ceremoniously held open the door for her. Then he and Helbeck, Father Bowles and Augustina followed across the dark hall on their way to the chapel. Laura took her candle, and her light figure could be seen ascending the Jacobean staircase, a slim and charming vision against the shadows of the old house.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'That he should be so often conscious of her at this particular time annoyed and troubled him. It was the most sacred moment of the Catholic year. . . .

'. . . Every day Mass was said in the little chapel; every evening a small flock gathered to Litany or Benediction. Ordinary life went on as it could in the intervals of prayer and meditation. . . . The sound of intoning, the scent of incense, seemed to pervade the house; and at the centre of all brooded that mysterious Presence upon the altar, which drew the passion of Catholic hearts to itself in ever deeper measure as the great days of Holy Week and Easter approached.

'Through all this drama of an exacting and inventive faith Laura Fountain passed like a being from another world, an alien and mocking spirit. She said nothing, but her eyes were satires. The effect of her presence in the house was felt probably by all its inmates, and by many of its visitors. . . . Owing to the feebleness of Augustina she, quite unconsciously, established certain

household ways which spoke the woman, and were new to Bannisdale. She filled the drawing-room with daffodils; she made the tea-table in the hall a cheerful place for any who might visit it. . . . Every one was conscious of her—uneasily conscious. She yielded herself to no one, was touched by no one. She stood apart, and through her cold light ways spoke the world and the spirit that deny—the world at which the Catholic shudders.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'When he first noticed the fact in himself it produced a strong temporary reaction. He reproached himself for a light and unworthy temper. Had his solitary life so weakened him that any new face and personality about him could distract and disturb him, even amid the great thoughts of these solemn days? For more than twenty years by prayer and meditation, by all the ingenious means that the Catholic Church provides, he had developed the sensibilities of faith, and for the Catholic these sensibilities are centred upon and sustained by the Passion. . . . A varied and dramatic ceremonial was always at hand to stimulate the imagination, the penitence, and the devotion of the believer. That anything whatever should break in upon the sacred absorption of these days would have seemed to him beforehand a calamity to be shrunk from. . . .

'Yet no sooner did he come back from service in the chapel, or from talk of Church matters with Catholic friends, than he found himself

suddenly full of expectation. Was Miss Fountain in the hall or the garden? . . . If she were there, if he found her sitting reading or working by the fire, with the dogs at her feet, he seldom indeed went to speak to her. He would go into the library, and force himself to do his business. . . . But the library opened on the hall, and he could still hear that voice in the distance. Often when she caressed the dogs, her tones had the note in them which had startled him on her first evening under his roof. It was the emergence of something hidden and passionate; and it awoke in himself a strange and troubling echo—the passing surge of an old memory long since thrust down and buried.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'Through the greater part of Holy Week the skies had been as grey and penitential as the season. . . . But with Easter Eve there had come appeasement—a quiet dying of the long storm. And as Helbeck made his way along the river on Easter morning, mountain and flood, grass and tree, were in a glory of recovered sun. The distant hills were drawn upon the sky in the heavenliest brushings of blue and purple. . . .

'He stopped a moment to look about him. . . . And at the same moment he perceived a small figure sitting on a stone seat in front of him. It was Miss Fountain. . . . Her white dress and hat seemed to make the centre of the whole landscape. . . . A strange fancy seized on Helbeck. This was his world—his world by inheritance

and love. Five weeks before he had walked about it as a solitary. And now this figure sat enthroned as it were at the heart of it. He roughly shook the fancy off and walked on.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'She felt herself very wise. In truth, as Stephen Fountain had realised with some anxiety before his death, among Laura's many ignorances, none was so complete or so dangerous as her ignorance of all the ugly ground facts that are strewn round us, for the stumbling of mankind. She was as determined not to know them as he was invincibly shy of telling them.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'He looked at her kindly, even entreatingly. All through this scene she had been unwittingly, angrily conscious of his personal dignity and charm — a dignity that seemed to emerge in moments of heightened action of feeling, and to slip out of sight again under the absent, hermit-manner of his ordinary life. She was smarting under his words—ready to concentrate a double passion of resentment upon them as soon as she should be alone and free to recall them. And yet——.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'In that room, however, Helbeck had known the most blessed, the most intimate moments of the spiritual life. To-night he entered it with a strange sense of wrench and moral discourage-

ment. Mechanically he went to his writing-table, and sitting down before it, he took a key from his watch-chain and opened a large locked notebook that lay upon it.

'"... *Man must use creatures as being in themselves indifferent. He must not be under their power, but use them for his own purpose, his own first and chiefest purpose,* the *salvation* of his soul."

'A shudder passed through him. He rose hastily from his seat and began to pace the room. He had already passed through a wrestle of the same kind, and had gone away to fight temptation. To-night the struggle was harder. The waves of rising passion broke through him. . . .

'" . . . God forgive me! it is her wild pagan self that I love—that I desire——"

'The blast of human longing, human pain, was hard to meet—hard to subdue. But the Catholic fought—and conquered.

'I am not my own. . . . The Church frowns on such a love—such marriages. She does not forbid them—but they pain her heart. . . . Now, to obey is hard. But I can obey—we are not asked impossibilities. He walked to the crucifix, and threw himself down before it. A midnight stillness brooded over the house.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'The dulness seems to grow with the June heat. Soon it becomes intolerable. Nobody comes; nobody speaks; no mind offers itself to

yours for confidence and sympathy. Well, but change and excitement of some sort one *must* have! Who is to blame if you get it when you can.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'How the scene penetrated!—leaving great stabbing lines never to be effaced in the quivering tissues of the girl's nature. Once before she had heard the English Burial Service. Her father—groaning and fretting under the penalties of friendship—had taken her when she was fifteen to the funeral of an old Cambridge colleague. . . . Then her father's sharp impatience as they walked home—that reasonable men in a reasonable age should be asked to sit and listen to Paul's logic, and the absurdities of Paul's cosmical speculations!

'And now—from what movements, what obscurities of change within herself, had come this new sense, half loathing, half attraction, that could not withdraw itself from the stroke, from the attack of this Christian poetry—these cries of the soul, now from the Psalms, now from Paul, now from the unknown voices of the Church? . . .

'All around her men were sobbing and groaning, but as the wave dies after the storm. They seemed to feel themselves in some grasp that sustained, some hold that made life tolerable again. "Amens" came thick and fast. The convulsion of the faces was abating; a natural human courage was flowing back into con-

tracted hearts. "*Blessed are the dead, for they rest from their labours—as our hope is this our brother doth.*"

'Laura shivered. The constant agony of the world, in its constant search for all that consoles, all that eases, laid its compelling hand upon her.' —*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'The moon is at her height; across the bay, mountains and lower hills rise towards her, "ambitious" for that silver hallowing she sheds on shore and bay. The night is one sigh of softness. The rivers glide glistening to the sea. . . . But on Laura it does not work. She is in the hall at Bannisdale—on the Marsland platform—in the woodland roads through which Mr. Helbeck has driven home. . . .

'. . . Yet in flashes the mind works clearly; it rises and rebukes this surging pain that breaks upon it like a reef. Folly! If a girl's name were indeed at the mercy of such chances, why should one care—take any trouble? Would such a ravening world be worth respecting, worth the fearing? . . .

'Some secret cause has weakened the will—paralysed all the old daring. Will he never even scold or argue with her again. . . .

'Her heart opens to her own reading—like some great flower that bursts the sheath. . . .

'She seems to have been fighting against something that all the time had majesty, had charm—that bore within itself the forces that

tame a woman. In all ages the woman falls before the ascetic—before the man who can do without her. The intellect may rebel; but beneath the revolt the heart yields. Oh! to be guided, loved, crushed if need be, by the mystic, whose first thought can never be for you—who puts his own soul, and a hundred torturing claims upon it, before your lips, your eyes! Strange passion of it.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'For she had been bred in that strong sense of personal dignity which is the modern substitute for the abasements and humiliation of faith. And with that sense of dignity went reserve—the intimate conviction that no feeling which is talked about, which can be observed, and measured, and handled by other people, is worth a rush. It was what seemed to her the spiritual intrusiveness of Catholicism—its perpetual uncovering of the soul—its disrespect for the secrets of personality—its humiliation of the will—that made it most odious in the eyes of this daughter of a modern world, which finds in the development and dignifying of human life its most characteristic faith.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'Through the shiver of an invincible repulsion that held her spoke a hundred things—things inherited, things died for, things wrought out by the moral experience of generations. But she could not analyse them. All she knew were the two words, "I can't."'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'For some three weeks, after this April night, the old house of Bannisdale was the scene of one of those dramas of life and death which depend, not upon external incident, but upon the inner realities of the heart, its inextinguishable affections, hopes, and agonies.

'Helbeck and Laura were once more during this time brought into close and intimate contact by the claims of a common humanity. . . .

'But all the while how deeply they were divided! how sharp was the clash between the reviving strength of passion, which could not put itself on the daily sight and contact of the beloved person, and those facts of character and individuality that held them separated!—facts which are always, and in all cases, the true facts of the world.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'Meanwhile she realised the force of the saying that Catholicism is the faith to die in.

'The concentration of all these Catholic minds upon the dying of Augustina, the busy fraternal help evoked by every stage of her *via dolorosa,* was indeed marvellous to see! It is a work of art! Laura thought, with that new power of observation which had developed in her, "It is —it must be—the most wonderful thing of its sort in the world!"

'For it was no mere haphazard series of feelings or kindnesses. It was an act—a function—this "good death" on which the sufferer and those who assisted her were equally bent. . . .

The physical fact indeed became comparatively unimportant, except as the evoking cause of certain symbolisms—nay, certain actual and direct contacts between earth and heaven, which were the distraction of death itself—which took precedence of it, and reduced it to insignificance.'—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

'The leaping river, the wide circuit of the fells, the blowing of the May wind!—to them, in a great reaction, the girl gave back her soul, passionately resting in them. They were no longer a joy and intoxication. But the veil lifted between her and them. They became a sanctuary and a refuge. From the Martha of the old faith, so careful and troubled about many things—sins and penances, creeds and sacraments, the miraculous hauntings of words and objects, . . . her mind turned to this Mary of a tameless and patient nature, listening and loving in the sunlight.

'. . . Nature was pain and combat too no less than Faith. But here at least was no jealous lesson to be learnt; no exclusions, no conditions. Her rivers were deep and clear for all; her generous sun was lit for all. What she promised she gave. Without any preliminary *credo*, her colours glowed, her breezes blew for the unhappy. . . .

'What need of any other sacrament and sign than these—this beauty and bounty of the continuing world? Indeed, Friedland had once said to her: "The joy that Catholics feel in the

sacrament, the plain believer in God will get, day by day, out of the simplest things—out of a gleam of light on the hills—a purple in the distance . . . still more out of any tender or heroic action.'"—*Helbeck of Bannisdale.*

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES

'"CONSCIENCE is the name which the orthodox give to their prejudices," said Van Huyster.'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'"Very interesting," remarked Sir Ventry; "but interesting things are never true."

'"And the truth is only convincing when it is told by an experienced liar," observed Nicholas.'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'"... She died young."'

'"Good wives so often do," murmured Van Huyster, "perhaps that is one of their brightest virtues."'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'He feared his better instincts as the pious do their besetting sins; and when he was surprised into one of his natural virtues, his first precaution was to make it appear a polite vice.'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'Women, like Lady Mullinger, have to die young in order to be understood; then—and then not always—some onlooker more discerning than the others will see in the cold body some trace

of a fiery spirit too ardent and too restless for mortality. Alas! poor soul, seeking the highest, best, most beautiful, and purest—and finding a Seville Rookes.'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'She lacked that inconsequence, that capriciousness, that delicious nonsense which most men, and all strong natures, find so alluring and adorable.'—*A Bundle of Life.*

'He did not speak again until just before he died, when he kissed his wife's hand with singular tenderness, and called her "Elizabeth." She had been christened Augusta Frederica; but then, as the doctors explained, dying men often make these mistakes.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'She was a small woman, and extremely slight, yet, in spite of her slimness, there was not the faintest sign of bone about her; in fact, it was said that the Dean's sister had not a bone in her body. She was composed of flesh, blood, and spirit.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'He wore the self-satisfied air of the criticised turned critic; his general expression conveyed that life was one long struggle with his own fastidiousness—that he practised toleration as the saints did self-denial.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'To guess a man's fate is comparatively easy; to perceive its necessity, its why and wherefore,

is given only to the man himself, and then after much seeking, and through a mist.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Men heap together the mistakes of their lives and create a monster which they call Destiny. Some take a mournful joy in contemplating the ugliness of the idol. These are called Stoics. Others build it a temple like Solomon's, and worship the temple. These are called Epicureans.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Vallance shrugged his shoulders. "She must be disappointed in *some* man. To see men as they are not, and never could be, is the peculiar privilege of the feminine nature. You see," he went on, "love comes to man through his senses—to woman through her imagination. I might even say, taking the subject on broad lines, that women love men for their virtue; while men, very often, love women for the absence of it."

'"A woman would, no doubt, need a great deal of imagination to love a man for his virtue," said Carlotta meekly.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'When a man gets an idea into his head about a woman, either to her glory or her damnation, whatever she may say or do only gives him one more reason for sticking to it. It is only when he gets an equally strong idea about some other

subject, or some other woman, that he becomes nicely critical.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Emily had talked with a pretty affectation of learning (feeling, no doubt, that a Dean would look for something of the sort) of Heine, and a new poet, and Palestrina; he had noticed the length of her eyelashes, and her beautiful unmusicianly hands; hummed when she was gone, "My love is like a melody"; and reflected, having dined indifferently, that some women were like melodies. The indefinite "*some women*" is an inspiration that comes to every man in his hour of peril.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Like most people of melancholic temper, he had a quick insight into human nature. He had known from the commencement that Kilcoursie's marriage with some other woman would be only a question of time.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'For one brief, too brief moment, he felt tempted to tell her the truth. She was a woman who could hear the truth, and even speak it. It never affected her disagreeably in either case. He thought he might hint something of a youthful madness; and Emily, true to her sex, would no doubt forgive it all with divine generosity, and hate the woman at the bottom of it like the devil.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'"The secret of managing a man," said the

Guileless One, "is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his life when he won't change his bootmaker."'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'"In earnest!" said Emily. "If I could only tell you a tenth part of all I would have you do! But I cannot. Some thoughts belong to a language we can't speak." She was wishing that his eyes were dark and earnest—like Sacheverell's; that his face had the nobility of Sacheverell's—that he *was* Sacheverell.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Legge had been ill for nearly a fortnight. They said he had not rested sufficiently after his attack of bronchitis; he had tried his strength too soon; they called his condition a relapse. He knew it was the end, because he felt so happy.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'In some way she seemed a remarkable woman —quite unlike any other woman he had ever seen. As he looked at her, it seemed like reading an unfinished tragedy—with the catastrophe to be written.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'"If you want to know my idea of a Man," said Mrs. Grimmage, "the Dean is my idea to the very life. The moment I clapped eyes on him, I said to myself, 'That is a Man'—and meant it. I suppose he's married. He's got

a patient, bearing-up look. Perhaps she's a currick's daughter, and a fright. Men are wonderful poor judges of looks. They will pick out girls that you and I wouldn't look at a second time and go raving cracked after 'em.'' —*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'And that's a mistake girls always make. They begin the heavenly. It's not a bit of use being heavenly with men. Just you remember that you must take 'em as they are or leave 'em.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'Her white face—her slight form—it was all so childish and pathetic. "The artistic profession is hard for anybody," he said. "Art means labour—hard, ceaseless, unsatisfying labour. Her service is work, and her reward—the strength for more work."'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

'"I did starve for a time. I could wish I had starved a little longer. But I married. I forgot my work." She coloured. "I soon remembered it again. I decided to study quietly by myself for a year or two—any number of years for that matter. I did not care how many, so as I could see hope at the end. . . . I think I must win—perhaps not yet, but some day. Every failure will only make me stronger when I succeed. I am so hard to discourage! Pain and despair and heartache—they cast you down for a while, but afterwards—they help you to understand."'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

calls and her advice within a six miles' radius.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'To begin with, she too had her idiosyncrasies, and it is assuredly more difficult to maintain one's equanimity in argument with a young woman whose chief aim it is to prove that somebody, though not herself, must be a fool, than with an intelligent, well-read lady, who speaks musically with touching self-effacement under the colossal mask of Carlyle or Browning.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'It happened he was looking his best; and, ignominious as the thought may be, who can deny that the whole tenor of a life may often depend on the mere turning in or out of one's toes at the critical moment?'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'Now between this lady and her niece there existed a feeling which, though not affection (for there are no Davids and Jonathans amongst women), might very well be compared to the *bonhomie* of two fellow-artists—two artists who are respectively convinced that their styles are too distinct to clash in disagreeable rivalry.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'"I have no more to say," said Lady Theodosia, except this—"These literary and artistic people are very dangerous. You never find two alike, and the only certain thing about them is that

ultimately they will do something to make every one uncomfortable." '—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'As a rule there can be no better adviser for a man than a woman who has a passionless affection for him; she can under these circumstances almost succeed in being impartial; she can even see where he may be in fault; she can bring herself to face his shortcomings — nay, more, she can deal with them.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'She naturally preferred a genius to a quack; she liked what is considered the best of everything, but geniuses were rare; and although one could never mistake a genius for a quack, it was quite possible to mistake a quack for a genius.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'There never was a Samson so strong but he met his Delilah; it is only by the mercy of God that Delilah has sometimes a conscience.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'She had reached that ripeness of experience when silent suffering seems misdirected energy. "Yes, he is charming," she repeated, "only—I hardly know how to express it—when I have been with him a whole afternoon I feel as though I had been for a picnic with the Twelve Apostles, and Peter left early. I always thought that

Peter was the most interesting." '—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'There never was a Rachel who had not lurking possibilities of a Jezebel, nor a Jezebel who had nothing of the Rachel in weak moments.'—*Some Emotions and a Moral.*

'. . . She seemed to possess all the novelty of a new acquaintance combined with the tried charm of the old. There is nothing more fascinating to a child than an old doll with a new head. The doll, in course of time, swells the dust-heap, but the sentiment is everlasting. It is like the worm which never dies. It overwhelmed George now. He looked at Grace again, and something in her air—a resigned gentle melancholy—made him fear she was not happy. He felt sorry for her, and angry with Godfrey. "He doesn't understand her," he thought.'—*The Sinner's Comedy.*

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