

The first story, called "A Cross Line," is far the best in the volume, and it is *very* good. It begins with an idle woman sitting with a book beside a river, and along the stream comes a fisherman in search of sport; he also is idle, and he pauses on his ramble to ask the woman the best place to fish in and the best fly to use. Her eyes interest him, and he is not unwilling to prolong the discussion over the rival merits of "orange grouse," "hare's-ear," or "coachman" flies, when suddenly a discordant tone in him "jars on her," sensitive as she is to every inflection of a voice, with an intuition that is almost second sight; so she rises to her feet, and, with a cool bend of her head, wishes him good afternoon and a full basket! This opening scene is admirable, and there is a vibrating reticence about it that will attract at once all who have any real admiration or comprehension of the *Art of Literature*. Then the lady goes home and finds her husband digging in the garden. Like Adam, he is a primitive, simple-natured, digging man, and his wife is a very complex-natured Eve, with an intense and intelligent desire to know and to feel, and, like Eve, she was not entirely satisfied with Adam; and the "serpent," that is, the "forbidden" was attractive to her. Then follows one or two little domestic scenes in which the character of these two are most admirably etched. We do not know their names, or what clothes they wore, nor the colour of their eyes and hair, yet they are vividly present to our mind's eye after turning over four pages of this little book:—

"One speculation chases the other in her quick brain; . . . and she holds a mental debate in which she takes both sides of the question impartially. He has finished his pipe, laid down his book, and is gazing dreamily, with his eyes darkened by their long lashes, and a look of tender melancholy in their clear depth into space. 'What are you thinking of?' There is a look of expectation in her quivering nervous little face. 'I was wondering if lob worms would do for —.' He stops; a strange look of disappointment flits across her face, and is lost in an hysterical peal of laughter. 'You are the best emotional check I ever knew,' she gasps."

After this, there follows a most delightfully human scene between this man and wife—they talk not the way married people are represented talking in English novels, but the way they do really talk in life. We have seldom read anything quite so delicately suggestive as the way now and then it is hinted that she is beginning to expect her first baby.

Then follows some stars * * *—and we can easily fill up the next two months. "Summer wanes and the harvest is ripe," and again she is sitting by the stream, and then follows a marvellous description of her dancing thoughts, and of these we refrain from quoting one word for fear it should spoil the reader's pleasure, for, to our thinking, it is a beautiful piece of English writing. Then the serpent comes along, and we suspect that his chief attraction is—that he was forbidden, for when he wishes to discuss her husband, she quickly replies, "We will not speak of him, it is not loyal." Now *that* touch alone would make one suspect that George Egerton is a woman. And yet Eve is so dull, and her thoughts, for want of proper occupation—dance—dance—dance—and the modern woman's mind is of itself a serpent; and so she promises if he will go away till Wednesday afternoon, she will consider the possibility of going away with him, but that if she does not wish for his love

. . . she will "*Hang something white on the lilac bush.*" And Wednesday morning comes, and she breakfasts with Adam, and afterwards she lies on the sofa, and the sound of his spade digging in the garden dominates over every other sound.

"'Strange how things come to life.' 'What?' She sits bolt upright and holds tightly to the chair, and a questioning, awesome look comes over her face. Then the quick blood creeps up through her olive skin right up to her temples, and she buries her face in her hands and sits so a long time."

The afternoon draws on and finds her kneeling before an open box, sorting out all her finest and daintiest lace and cambric garments.

"'Look at this one! with the tiny valenciennes edging. Why, one night gown will make a dozen little shirts—such elfin shirts as they are too—and Lizzie!' 'Yes, ma'm.' 'Just hang it out on the lilac bush; mind the lilac bush.' 'Yes, ma m.' 'Oh! Lizzie, wait—I'll do it myself.'"

This exquisite scene needs no comment from any impotent reviewer. Nevertheless, our busy imagination has sometimes wondered if poor Adam had a very thorny time *after* that baby came, and whether his Eve's dancing thoughts found occupation enough in motherhood.

Space fails to dwell on the rest of the tales; they are all original, and all good, especially the last, but none of them are quite equal to "A Cross Line."

Review.

"The Care of the Sick—Notes on Home Nursing." By Annesley Kenealy, Lecturer on the Staff of the National Health Society. Published for the National Health Society by Allman & Son, Limited, 67, New Oxford Street. This little book meets a distinct want, in spite of all the books—many of them worse than useless—which have been written on Nursing of late years; and in the simple directions she gives for the care of the sick, Miss Annesley Kenealy admirably fulfils her purpose. We read in the Preface, "That these Notes on Home Nursing, based on experience obtained by much work among the poor, are intended to supplement the Lectures on Nursing given under the direction of the various County Councils, and to serve as a guide to any who may be called upon to undertake the care of sick relatives and friends." This valuable little handbook is divided into eight sections—Care of the Patient—Preparations for the Night—Feeding the Sick—Dietary for the Sick—How to give Medicine—Local Applications—Nursing of Cases of Infectious Disease—Nursing of Cases of Chest Disease. Amongst many excellent suggestions we would draw attention to the following:—

MAKING UP THE FIRE.

In order to do this without waking or disturbing a sleeping patient, the coal should be wrapped up in small paper bags or pieces of newspaper, and gently placed on the fire by hand. The fender and fire-irons must be taken away, and a piece of wood used as a poker. To prevent the patient being disturbed by ashes falling from the grate, sand may be strewn thickly over the hearth.

In the early morning, from 1 to 5 a.m., when the strength is at the lowest, and the body least able to resist the cold, the fire should be made up and the sick person covered with an extra blanket, but the window should not be closed.

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