

most breathless, of all this wonderful writer's imaginings. It is quite in his own peculiar vein—the association of the wildest adventure, the most lawless daring, with the present day, and a more or less prosaic Englishman.

It makes one half inclined to believe that chivalry does, to a degree, depend upon circumstances, and that the most matter-of-fact will become romantic, given only the right conditions.

The first words give the key-note to the story :—

“Many men, many fancies: my fancy was for an island.”

He—Lord Wheatley—the hero, buys an island, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rhodes. It is called Neopalia, and, before he starts to take possession, the Turkish Ambassador remarks,—

“The last time a Stefanopoulos tried to sell Neopalia, the people killed him, and turned the purchaser—he was a Frenchman, a Baron d'Ezonville—adrift in an open boat, with nothing on but his shirt!”

It seems a little rash that, after this warning, Lord Wheatley should land in his new domain with only three followers. To say that the island more than lives up to its reputation, is to give only a very faint idea of what actually takes place. Horror succeeds horror! but, interwoven with the struggles between Neopalia and its resolute, not to say foolhardy, purchaser, there is interwoven a love story, almost as delicate and delightful as that of the “Prisoner of Zenda.” Not quite, for the Lady Euphrosyne, or “Phroso,” is a less dignified and queenly heroine than Princess Flavia; but all the love-making is written with that curious freshness of diction which is characteristic of Mr. Hope; it is wonderfully convincing.

Perhaps the cleverest thing in the book is the wonderful way in which the story is carried on, after the supreme scene by the seashore. It seems as if everything must end there, either for good or evil—but things are very far from ending there. With the appearance of Mouraki, the whole takes a new turn; it is very ingenious.

Perhaps the prettiest passage is that in which Wheatley carries Phroso across the rock bridge in the secret cave.

“No,” she said, “I—I can't cross that awful bridge.”

“Oh, yes, you can,” said I. “Come along,” and I rose, and held out my arms to her.

She looked at me, the tears still on her cheeks, a doubtful smile dawning on her lips.

“My dear lord,” she said, very softly, and stood while I put my arms round her and lifted her till she lay easily. Then came what I think was the hardest thing of all to bear. She let her head fall on my shoulder and lay trustfully, I could almost say luxuriously, back in my arms; a little happy sigh of relief and peace came from her lips, her eyes closed, she was content.

Well, I started; and I shall not record precisely what I thought as I started. What I ought to have thought about was picking the way over the bridge, and, if more matter for consideration were needed, I might have speculated on the best thing to do when we got to the end of the passage. Suppose, then, that I thought about what I ought to have thought about.

“Are you tired?” she said, softly, presently, just opening her eyes for an instant.

“I could carry you for ever,” I answered.

Phroso smiled under lazy lids that closed again.

But I could quote pages!

G. M. R.

## Bookland.

### ECHOES.

THICK is the darkness—  
Sunward, O sunward!  
Rough is the highway—  
Onward, still onward!

Dawn harbours surely  
East of the shadows.  
Facing us somewhere  
Spread the sweet meadows.

Upward and forward!  
Time will restore us;  
Light is above us,  
Rest is before us.

From “A Book of Verses,” by W. E. Henley.

Olive Schreiner has dedicated her new book in pathetic words to Sir George Grey, who was Governor of Cape Colony from 1854 to 1861, and who is now recognised as one of the greatest statesmen the Victorian era has produced. Olive Schreiner acclaims him as good as he was great.

### WHAT TO READ.

“Farthest North,” by Fridtjof Nansen.

“Letters from Constantinople,” by Mrs. Max Muller.

“Domesday-Book and Beyond: Three Essays in the Early History of England,” by F. W. Maitland, LL.D.

“The Spirit on the Waters: The Evolution of the Divine from the Human,” by Edwin A. Abbott.

“The Farm in the Karoo: a Sketch of South African Life,” by Mrs. Carey-Hobson.

“Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland,” by Olive Schreiner.

“The Quest of the Golden Girl,” by Richard Le Gallienne.

“The Flower of Forgiveness, and Other Stories,” by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

“Ziska:” The problem of a Wicked Soul, by Marie Corelli.

## Coming Events.

*February 23rd.*—A special meeting of the General Committee of the National Union of Women Workers, 53, Berners Street, W., 2.30 p.m.

*February 24th.*—Women's Total Abstinence Union. Afternoon Meeting for Nurses, Grosvenor House, 3 p.m.

*February 26th.*—Third Sessional Lecture, Royal British Nurses' Association, 17, Old Cavendish Street, on “Home Sanitation” (with lantern illustrations), by Henry Kenwood, Esq., M.B.Edin., D.P.H.St., 8 p.m.

*March 1st.*—Annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society in the Saloon, at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor will preside, 3 p.m.

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