

it was a "chemic force," an irresistible power, a tragic necessity. They meet secretly, pass the day and part of the night together in a wood, and are "married there," as the author tells us. Of course, Theophilus does not feel that he thereby does Jenny any wrong; but poor little Jenny, though she has tried hard to become new, yet has not achieved sufficient modernity to think the state of things, which she only partly knows, is satisfactory. She falls into a decline, and dies; and the chapter called "Jenny's lying in State" is one of the most tenderly beautiful things of the kind that I have read. Theophilus, having nursed Jenny through her last illness, contracts the seeds of disease himself, and dies. Isabel and he commit suicide together, and seem to find the proceeding wholly satisfactory.

Out of the curious tumult of a mind wholly saturated with what is modern, Mr. LeGallienne evolves strange inconsistencies. Every now and then, being a genius, he sees truly, and gives one such little sudden gems of thought as—

"It is only in the starlight of sorrow that we become "conscious of other worlds. The sun flatters our own "little world with the illusion of a transitory importance; "the stars show it its place in the universe, and teach it "a nobler meaning for itself." "

"Photography, which seems to have been invented to flatter the mediocre, and belittle the exceptional."

The account of Isabel's first recitation, particularly her recitation of "The blessed Damozel" is quite lovely.

It seems so much a pity that such a poet should cause us always to lay down what he writes with the passionate question of "Pictor Ignotus,"—"Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?"

The specks of earth make this stream from Helicon muddy, and the specks are not superficial; they could not be removed as they can from Shakspeare, without changing the meaning or injuring the sense. They are unfortunately integral.

When Mr. LeGallienne realises, as he must soon, if he lives long enough, that the last twenty years have not an absolute monopoly of truth, and it is not true to hold that whatever was discovered before was not worth discovering, when some vital personal experience shall break up the deeps for him, and show him the secrets of the Life of Sacrifice, he ought to give us the great epoch-making romance of the time. He has only to discover the object of human life, to become a really great author; but, as that was discovered some time before the year 1898, he looks upon it, at present, as a question of no importance.

G. M. R.

The Call to the Colours.

"Are you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride;
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawha's side.
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,

Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer "Here!"
"Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the flag if need there be."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge—
O'er the great lakes and the plain:
"Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, Men of Maine?"
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois,
From the looms of Massachusetts:
"We are ready, man and boy."
Axemen free, of Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the cities' paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the sullen, hungry waves,
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
Celt and Saxon swell the call,
And the Adirondacks echo:
"We are ready, one and all."

FROM AN AMERICAN WAR SONG.

WHAT TO READ.

"The Captive of Peking; or, A Swallow's Wing." By Charles Hannan.

"The Far Eastern Question." By Valentine Chirrol.

"Life and Times of Niccolo Machiavelli." By Professor Pasquale Villari.

"A Cuban Expedition." By J. H. Bloomfield.

The First College Open to Women. Queen's College, London. Memories and Records of Work Done, 1848-1898." Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

"The Open Book, and other Stories." By Stephen Crane.

"Dr. Dumany's Wife." By Maurus Jokai.

"A Lowden Sabbath Morn." By Robert Louis Stephenson.

"Vindicta." A remarkable Novel by a new Writer.

Coming Events.

May 2nd.—Italian Hospital Festival Ball at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

May 3rd.—Lord Lister presides at the annual dinner of King's College Hospital, at the Whitehall-rooms.

May 5th.—Mrs. Creighton opens the Passmore Edwards Hospital and Nurses' Home at Acton.

May 6th.—The Duke of Cambridge presides at the festival dinner of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital at the Grand Hotel.

May 10th.—Afternoon concert, under the patronage of the Queen and the Royal Family, at Stafford House, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital special appeal fund.

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