

## A Book of the Week.

### CATHERINE OF CALAIS.\*

"Catherine of Calais" has a historical smack about the title which readers will find entirely belied by the modern and quite domestic contents.

Let it be said at once that this is a most interesting novel. It is not epoch making, it is not smart; the characters neither talk entirely in paradox, nor break the ten commandments on principle; they act as people do act in this world, in a curious jumble and muddle of right and wrong, with good intentions and weak wills, with mixed motives and confusing results.

Mrs. de la Pasture is a really deep student of human character; it has most certainly been her lot to meet with women who have had to stand alone against the selfishness, or the weakness, or the total incomprehension of men. Catherine is the ingénue type of heroine lately so unfashionable. She is not very wise, she is not at all brilliant, she is only moderately pretty, and she falls in love like her kind with an elderly, or shall we say middle-aged man's, handsome face. Yet she is most lovable. We sympathize with her, pardon her, feel towards her the sense of endearing protective fondness one might feel towards one's own child, so fresh is the young heart so unconsciously revealed, so true the bed-rock of the unformed disposition.

Catherine has been brought up by a miserly old aunt, or rather great-aunt. Upon Catherine's father, the only grandson of the family, the hopes of the Careys were all placed. He married a Chilcott, to his grandfather's mortal offence, and the old man, upon his deathbed, made his sister promise never to adopt any child of his. Therefore, when the little orphan Catherine comes to her, the old woman keeps the child,—feeds, clothes her, but never adopts her, never permits herself to love her; and when she dies she leaves her whole great fortune to Sir Philip Adelstane, son of the man who jilted her in her remote youth.

Now, Sir Philip is the hero of Catherine's childish devotion, and it comes about that he finds out her secret, and thinks a good way of salving his conscience and avoiding litigation would be to marry Catherine and unite the claims to the fortune.

Be it fully admitted that Sir Philip is a loyal gentleman, that he would not take the fortune, though sorely in need of it, if it would do any injury to the girl. He is an honourable man, but he is cold as ice. His father was also a man of ice, so is his nephew; all three have such faces, such profiles, such majesty of dignity that women's hearts go out to them. It is a clever study. Says Lady Sarah, Sir Philip's gay, worldly, wholly delightful old mother—

"Well, my dear, I know what you have been doing. You have been out in the moonlight trying to get Philip to make love to you, and you have failed. Dear me! How history repeats itself! I used to arrange romantic scenes upon that very terrace with his father, but they always fell flat. He had no more notion how to make love than an oyster. But don't be alarmed, your successful rival is only the estate. Mine was even less romantic. He cared for nothing on earth but his dinner, poor dear fellow. We got on very well as soon as I had digested that little fact," said

\* B Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. (Smith Elder & Co.)

Lady Sarah, chuckling. "But it took me quite a long time to swallow it. As I used often to say to him, he had the face of a troubadour, and the soul of a cook."

But perhaps after all the triumph of the book is the portrait of Mrs. Chilcott, the shrew, who by her temper and tongue, makes home a misery to all, and kills the gentle-minded husband whom she despises, only discovering after his death how fully he took her measure, and how deeply he felt her unladylike behaviour. There is a wonderful scene in which her young niece, Delia, accepting George Chilcott as a husband, implores him to be firm with her in their married life; she feels deep within her the seeds of that temper which degenerates into shrewishness, and in terror she appeals to him, not to be weak, but to help her to overcome it. Altogether a very able book. G. M. R.

## Verses.

Forget not when mine eyelids close,  
And sinking to my last repose,  
All round the sleeping dead I see;  
Yea, when I sleep as sound as those,  
Forget not me!  
Remember, Lord, my lifelong quest,  
How painfully my soul hath prest  
From dark to light, pursuing Thee;  
So though I fail and sink to rest  
Forget not me!  
Say not "He sleeps—he doth forget  
All that he sought, with eyes tear-wet—  
'Tis o'er—he slumbers—let him be!"  
Though I forget, remember yet—  
Forget not me!  
Forget me not, but come, O King,  
And find me softly slumbering  
In dark and troubled dreams of Thee—  
Then, with one waft of Thy bright wing  
Awaken me!

## What to Read.

"Etudes Anglaises. Par André Chevillon." Paris: Libraire Hachette et Cie.  
"The Love-Letters of Abelard and Heloise." Temple Classics.  
"China and the Allies." By A. Henry Savage Landor.  
"The Dominie's Garden: a Story of old New York." By Imogen Clark.  
"A Woman Alone: Three Stories." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.  
"By Command of the Prince." By Lawrence Lambé.  
"The Hidden Model." By Frances Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson).

## Coming Events.

August 15th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council, Matron's House, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 4 p.m.

September 16th.—Meetings of the National Associated Alumnae, of the Superintendents of Training Schools, and the International Council of Nurses, Buffalo, U.S.A.

September 18th.—Opening of the International Nurses' Congress, Buffalo, U.S.A.

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