

The red sun had vanished, an exquisite veil of mist enshrouded them—nestling on the bough birds twittered little tuneful sounds—presage of the music of mating—to the primal appeal of which no human heart can beat unmoved.

As they bade one another farewell he slipped off his glove to hold her hand, and held it very warm and dear.

"We shall meet again," he said with passion.

"Maybe," she answered lightly.

Then they went their ways.

And swiftly it was night.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be continued.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR.*

The Feast of the Epiphany is a happy day on which to publish a review of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay's charming book, "The Following of the Star," divided into three sections—Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh.

The hero of the book is David Rivers, young and ardent, devoted to his work as a missionary.

Fate led David into a sleepy parish in Hampshire as *locum tenens* for the Rector. He was home "on sick leave from the wilds of Central Africa; aflame with zeal for his Lord, certain of the inspiration of his message; accustomed to congregations to whom every thought was news, and every word was life."

The last Sunday of his ministry in his temporary charge chanced to fall on Christmas Eve, and, in the depths of discouragement, he dubbed his morning sermon a failure—not without some reason, one would think, if he could have heard the conversation which took place over the Smith dinner table subsequently.

"What did that young man mean?" remarked Mrs. Smith. ". . . Seems to me if he stays here much longer we shall have no Bible left!"

"I've no patience with these young chaps," burst out Mr. Smith. "Undermining the faith of their forefathers; putting our good old English Bible into 'Ebrew and Greek, just to parade their own learning and confuse the minds of simple folk. 'Higher criticism' they call it. Jolly low-down impudence, say I."

Mrs. Smith watchfully bided her time. Then: "And popish, too," she added, "to talk so much about the mother of our Lord."

"I don't think he mentioned *her*, my dear," said Mr. Churchwarden Smith. "Pass the mustard, Johnny."

Conscious of the antagonism and criticism of the greater part of his congregation, David speculated on the attitude of one of his hearers, whom he thought of as a "Lady of Mystery," as he finished preparing his evening sermon. She had

first appeared on the evening of his second Sunday, and "David's first impression of her was of an embodiment of silence and softness, so silently she passed up the church and into the empty pew. No rustle, no tinkle marked her progress; only a silent fragrance of violets. And of softness—soft furs, soft velvet, soft hair, and soft grey eyes, beneath the brim of a dark green velvet hat."

From that hour David's evening sermons were prepared with the more or less conscious idea of reaching the soul of that calm, immovable Lady of Mystery. She did not attract him as a woman. He had faced it out that a missionary's life in a place where wife and children could not live meant celibacy; but he wanted this beautiful personality, this forceful character for his Master's service.

And she wanted David—wanted to marry him, otherwise by her uncle's will she would lose her wealth if she did not marry within a year of his death, and the year had nearly expired. A nominal husband in Central Africa seemed the best solution of her difficulty, and she would have been less than woman if she had not attained that on which she had set her heart.

The experiment was a risky one—one which few but the chivalrous David would have cared to make—and it brought grief and pain to husband and wife. That their troubles were eventually solved was due to the utter honesty of both.

M. B.

COMING EVENTS.

January 10th.—The Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture: "Surgical Emergencies from the Nursing point of view." By Mr. George Chiene, F.R.C.S.E. Extra-mural Medical Theatre. 4.30 p.m. Trained Nurses cordially invited.

January 16th and 17th.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.—Christmas Entertainment for the Resident Hospital Staff, Great Hall, 7.45 p.m.

January 17th.—Meeting Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Business meeting: Address on "The Instruction of Nurses in Some Aspects of Venereal Disease," by Dr. Florence E. Willey; 431, Oxford Street, London, W. Business Meeting, 3 p.m.; Tea, 4 p.m.; Address, 4.30 p.m.

January 18th.—Open Meeting for Nurses to receive Report from the Nurses Protection Committee, *re* National Insurance Bill. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick in the Chair. Miss Mollett will speak on "An Approved Society for Training Nurses," Morley Hall, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W., 8 p.m.

February 15th.—National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland. Meeting—431, Oxford Street, London, W.; Cologne Congress Business, 3.30 p.m.; Dickens Tea Party, Sairey Gamp "At Home," 5 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Look up and not down. Look forward and not back; Look out and not in; and lend a hand.—

EDWARD E. HALE.

* G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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