

the rich toned robe. The regret that the Church in England lost so great a prince and servant will come to the mind; and while looking at Tennyson's portrait, one is tempted to quote his lines on "freedom," and to pray—

"That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."

A Book of the Week.

"THEORIES."*

"THEORIES" is a little one-volumed story that has slipped into the world anonymously, and yet to my mind there is more suggestiveness in a page of this little book, than in all three volumes of that freak of Nature, or rather Art (for there is but little Nature in its pages), called "The Yellow Aster," that we reviewed in these pages last week. There is a fine reticence about the writing of "A.N.T.A.P." that is worthy of all praise. It is so much easier to say things bombastically or prigimately, than to suggest them. I think it was Emerson who said that he "did not value an author so much for what he says to a reader, as for what he makes the reader say to himself." Judged by this standard, "Theories" should rank high. I confess personally to having pondered a great deal upon this story, and since I have closed its pages, and put it away on my bookshelf, I have by no means done with the book; it has gone on telling its tale to me at every spare moment during the last fortnight. The "Theories" have a subtle spell that is all their own, for the book is original in conception, and, moreover, is exceedingly well written. There is considerable art shown in making the teller of the tale a placid, rather commonplace, woman friend of the heroine, who is never anything but exasperated at her companion's want of practical sense, and who is entirely without sympathy for the dreams of a would-be apostle of progress. There is still more art shown in the under-current of comprehension, that but seldom rises to the surface, in the heroine's most unconventional and delightful mother-in-law.

Beatrice, the central point of interest in the story (for somehow the old-fashioned word heroine seems singularly unsuitable for such a very modern story), is cram full of unpractical theories, yet she is possessed by a most unselfish desire to help to make the world better and happier. She marries a good commonplace rich husband, who grudges her nothing that money can give, but who is entirely devoid of sympathy for her pet projects. The calm and judicious friend, "Marion Hawth," considers him an admirable husband, and all her sympathies during the crises that come into their lives are with him and for him. Of course all the theories go wrong, and Beatrice only succeeds in spoiling her children and making every one uncomfortable. She confesses that she has been a failure, and recognises the necessity of abandoning all her dreams and projects; and here lies the power of this little book—the conventional practical people are

entirely successful, and Beatrice becomes a reformed character, to the general satisfaction of all her relatives and friends, except her charming old mother-in-law; and Marion—

"Thought Mrs. Lufmoor a very discontented, as well as a profane old woman, when on her return from Torquay she expressed dissatisfaction at Beatrice's docility," (and said) "I know you and Frank often thought her wrong, but she was very sweet to me always, and I liked her spirit and fire. I don't know that I care so much about a broken and contrite heart, and I sha't be so comfortable doing the housekeeping now Beattie has nothing to amuse her but the children's clothes and Frank's amusements and visiting."

It was a little dull to have Beatrice with all her enthusiasms crushed out; but she was at rest, even if she was not happy, when she had surrendered all her high ideals.

Mr. Tyndal, an Oxford tutor, who loved Beatrice and who comprehended her in silence, is a very well drawn character. If she had only married him instead of Frank, what might they not have accomplished together. There are many good paragraphs throughout the book, such as

"Her friendship so far, had shown itself mostly in eager confidences about her own ideas and affairs."

The conversations are natural, the characters talk just as such individuals would really talk in life, and the reader is not possessed of that distressing feeling that all the characters are merely wooden pegs, upon which the author hangs his favourite theories.

Poor Beatrice's failure to impress her children with her own unselfish views of life's responsibilities is most subtly accounted for.

"With all her theories she had never allowed for the fact which makes it so difficult for a woman, who has not passionately loved her husband, to understand their children. She never realised that half at least of their characteristics were drawn from a nature with which her own had never been in sympathy. . . . She was trying to stamp some very coarse and ordinary clay with a seal of over-wrought delicacy."

The conventional reader will sympathise with Marion and think that Beatrice's compromise with the powers that be was entirely sensible and satisfactory; but those who have read beneath the surface of this clever story will not fail to sorrow for what (with other atmospheric conditions) Beatrice Lufmoor *might have been!*
A. M. G.

Reviews.

"Food and Drink—Rationally Discussed," by Thomas Dutton. (Henry Kimpton).—The author explains that "this is not a medicinal work in any sense, but purely a treatise on dietetics." He further expresses his conviction that "the series of articles will be of great service when read in conjunction with" another book by the same author. We regret that our perusal of the book has not led us to agree with the author's estimate of his work. He divides "Food" into seven articles—red meat; white meat; milk, eggs, vegetables, albumen, &c; fish; farinaceous foods; vegetables—again; and fruits; and Drinks into non-alcoholic and alcoholic. The one difficulty which we find in this

* "Theories: Studies from a Modern Woman." The Independent Novel Series. Fisher Unwin, 1894.

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