

the life; and we wish we could see a great deal more of Sebastian Ames, Catherine Meadows, and Leslie Joliffe; the plot of the story is quite strong enough to bear a good deal more elaborate treatment, and Miss Cross need never fear that she could possibly bore her readers.

The situation of two parted lovers meeting after the first flush of youth, when each has learned the world, apart from the other, has been handled with great effect by Miss Montrésor in "The Parting of the Ways," and by Miss Hamilton in, "MacLeod of the Camerons,"—here we have it with a difference. Olivia is a Girton graduate, and a lecturer, charming in her exterior—as every woman with a well balanced mind is bound to be—and making a good income by her brains. In her youth she consented to be secretly married to George Gorst, a young and ardent wooer, who wished to make sure of her before starting for India. They actually got to the Church, and the marriage service was proceeding, when Olivia, who was naturally in a state of much tension, being called upon to recite her vows, fainted away, and could not be revived until after three o'clock. It was George's last day, and so the lovers parted perforce unmarried, though they both declared that they considered themselves bound irrevocably to one another. George Gorst comes back, quite prepared to fulfil his obligations, and cherishing for Olivia an affection which has remained constant throughout. Olivia awaits him, fully intending to be very much in love with him, and rejoicing in the secret romance which underlies her life. This is the opening, and it is extremely interesting. Will these two come together, or will they find that they have outgrown each other!

I shall not spoil the interest by divulging. The consequences come about with a naturalness which perhaps only those who have made essays in the same style can appreciate. The character of Catherine Meadows, the girl who give cooking lectures, is one of the most delightful things in the book; we regret that we hear so little of her; the party at the Mayor's house is also full of delightful possibilities, and is much too shortly treated. Miss Cross's last story "Blind Bats," was as delightful as this one, and also possessed the quality of originality which gives this writer's books a style wholly their own; and it was marred by the same failings, the author is afraid of dialogue and shirks a dénouement. If she goes on, as it is sincerely to be hoped that she will, she ought to give us a really remarkable novel. A writer who can observe and chronicle the little things that go to make up human moods, as she does for us in the first interview between Olivia and her returned lover, should not be afraid of herself. Her talent is real, and we cordially wish to see more of it. Just listen to this one short sample.

"They talked of Art and Religion, subjects that cover much ground, and give occasion to a great deal of pretty sentiment; and Olivia discoursed with the limpid clearness and precision of phrase in which it was her peculiar gift to clothe inconsistency.

"George was somewhat chilled by such precision, he was conscious of apprehension lest his future wife should talk like that at breakfast; it made him feel like a school-boy.

"To Joliffe on the other hand, she was never more enchanting than when she wore the veil of serious reason; he had so delightful a suspicion of human eyes and ruddy lips behind. Not only did he love Olivia, but he felt

"there was sympathy between her and himself. She was aware when he entered a room, and he knew it . . . . .

"Hitherto, Joliffe had not been jealous of George Gorst, and to-day, when he laughed at Olivia, while Gorst did his grave best to master her sayings, he felt his rival to be no more than a spectator, and he himself a playmate in the game. G. M. R.

## Bookland.

To knock  
At the guard of the hills,  
And unlock  
All the treasure that fills  
Earth's stores, since the shock  
Rolled the stone  
And the fountains of healing were sealed,  
By watching and vigils revealed  
To the seeker alone.

To kneel  
Where in sepulchred state,  
In odorous chambers the long ages seal,  
Lie the great,  
And with bowed heart to feel  
The soft rush  
Of unseen and intangible wings;  
Through the hush  
A far voice of mysteries sings.

\* \* \* \* \*

To send  
A thought searching forth as the ray  
Of a star that shall know of no end,  
Till the day  
When all in the culminant glory shall  
blend,  
Or in night irremissible merge;  
Thus to purge,  
Thus to free from all taint  
The soul, groping faint  
To the far starry verge!

From "Milestones: a Collection of Verses."  
BY FRANCES BANNERMAN.

## WHAT TO READ.

- "Milestones: a Collection of Verses." By Frances Bannerman.
- "Sonnets and Lyrics." By Ferdinand E. Kappey.
- "The Story of the Oxford Movement: a Book for the Times." By G. H. F. Nye.
- "Memories of Oxford." By Jacques Bardoux. Translated from the French by W. R. Barker. With an introduction by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.
- "A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns." By Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., D.C.L.
- "Love and Olivia: Being the Sentimental Troubles of a Clever Woman." By Margaret B. Cross.
- "A Prince from the Great Never Never." By Mary F. A. Tench.
- "The Countess Tekla." By Robert Barr.
- "The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men." By E. J. Hardy.

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