

of effort. After six weeks in John Street, during which he has only just escaped starvation, Sir Charles goes to a garden party, in a lovely secluded house, carved out of Regent's Park; and his hostess tells him how spiritual is the effect of her beautiful surroundings.

"I take all my anxieties to my roses, and they disappear. I call my three arched alleys 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity,' and the lawn, with its background of leafy shade, the 'Peace that passeth understanding.' I defy you to cherish a harsh thought against any fellow-creature here. *You feel the brotherhood of man, especially after they close the Park gates!!!*"

But I think the part of the book that gave me the most pure joy, was the imaginary conversation between the Prince of Wales, and the ghost of his lamented uncle, George IV., as described by Low Covey, the "bloke" with whom Sir Charles chums in John Street.

"He wouldn't ha' thought nothin' of the Prince o' Wiles," continues Low Covey, toying with his subject, "and then suddenly coming to the grip; 'D'ye call that goin' out on the batter? I kin fancy 'im sayin', when the other was braggin' of one of 'is larks. 'D'ye know what I call it? I call it goin' out with the governess. Ever bin to the Fives Court?"

"No, Uncle."

"Thought not; ridin' on a fire-engin'—that's abaht your form. I s'pose now you niver rid a steeplechase by moonlight in your nightcap and stockin' feet? You wouldn't do such a thing. Oh, no!"

"No, Uncle."

"Good boy! They'll tike yer to the Slogical Gardings next half-hollerday; an' don't forgit the buns. Bartholomew Fair's all gone, I s'pose, and so's the old watch-house, top of the Haymarket, I dessay."

"Yes, Uncle."

"All layin' o' foundation stones now, an' mind yer bring yer wife. An' back to town the same night for a meetin' of the R'yal Serciety' . . ."

"But the inspiration ceases all too soon, and Low Covey is the bloke again. His brief excursion into imaginative literature was precious while it lasted, though far too short. It served to set forth his conviction that an unbridled riot of the senses for the upper classes has its economic uses for their inferiors."

Tilda, the flower-girl, is a person whom I personally quite believe to be possible; and Tilda's behaviour upon the one precious day when she goes into the heart of the country, is touched in with a skillful hand, pathetic in its extreme truth to probabilities.

I do not think that the little bit about bomb throwing at the end, which removes Tilda from the path of the philanthropist in whom she was beginning to take an inconvenient interest, is in keeping with the rest of the book; it is the least bit Zolaesque, which is a pity. The account of Nance's death is very powerful. Poor little bark, drifting off into the unknown; what happiness to think that the Pilot was awaiting her, just beyond the bar!

But the great point about Mr. Whiteings's book, is the conclusion that he comes to.

"Nothing but a Church will do. All the other schemes of the democracy, have come to naught for want of that. The lecture platform is no substitute for Sinai. . . . As a mere economic formula, democracy must ever fade off into Bellamy visions of a glorified Ploughkeepsie with superior drains. The underground system of the human being is the first thing we must set right. . . . Such progress as man has made, has ever been in accordance with such religions as he has had."

True indeed, Mr. Whiteing; Ruskin put it for you in few words, half a century ago, when nobody understood a word he said. "All these experiments in brotherhood fail," said the Prophet of our century, "because men forget the necessary antecedent fact of FATHERHOOD."

Patently to the blind, deaf, dumb world that gospel is preached among us now, and has been for twenty centuries; and though its results are not conspicuous, from Mr. Whiteing's point of view, yet one day, when the harvest is reaped, this old, old gospel upon which to-day men turn their backs, because of what seems to them the incomplete nature of its Redemption, shall be seen to be a tree whose roots cover the whole earth; for "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and no equal distribution of ways and means will suffice to purify men's morals, or elevate their tastes.

G. M. R.

Amor et Labor.

WHILE fetter'd still in anxious flesh,
And prison'd in a tiny star:
Tho' catching glimpses from afar
Of freedom, held in mortal mesh.

Full oft we seem but nobler beasts,
That slay the baser of the field,
Whose pain, at God's command, must yield
Provision for our gentle feasts.

And all we dream of things above
Is clad in hues of mortal mind,
And bounded in the hopes that find
Their purest light in human love.

What profit, then, in wild desire
To peer beyond the gates of death
At heaven as man imagineth,
Or fix our doom in lakes of fire?

To gauge God's mercy by our own,
And, split in wrangling sects, to read
A hundred meanings in a creed
That bids us live by love alone?

Not rather live by love, within
The sphere that bounds the human brain,
Becoming glorious thro' pain,
And mighty by defeat of sin?

—From the *Weekly Sun*.

C. E. BYLES.

WHAT TO READ.

- "Comrades All." By Walter J. Matham. Introduction by Lord Roberts.
- "The Story of Rouen." By Theodore Andrea Cook.
- "Holland and the Hollanders." By David S. Meldrum.
- "Uganda. Under the African Sun." By W. J. Anson, M.D., Chief Medical Officer to Her Majesty's Government in Uganda.
- "The Procession of Life." By Horace Annesley Vachell.
- "The Silent House in Pimlico." A Detective Story. By Fergus Hume.
- "The Red Bridal." By William Westall.
- "Betty Musgrave." By Mary Findlater.

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