

admiring comments on their stature, their fresh colour, and the blonde and auburn shades of the long hair which many of them in the self-abandonment of misery had left streaming over their shoulders. The greater number were young, and as, in spite of the sarcasms of sages of uncertain valour, 'the brave' will still be held to deserve 'the fair' by the parties most concerned, they were in beauty above the average of their class. Their ragged urchins seemed to have sucked from the wild breast of the winter wind a nourishment that the earth must often have refused, and rosy, sturdy, bright-eyed, returned with a stare of innocent boldness the meditative gaze of the Master of the World."

Was Napoleon ever the Master of the World? Surely not. Bonaparte never conquered "the Islanders,"—the race from which these women captives sprang.

A Book of the Week.

THE WESTCOTES.*

"A mural tablet in Axcester Parish Church describes Endymion Westcote as a 'conspicuous example of that noblest work of God, the English country gentleman.' Certainly he was a typical one.

"In almost every district of England you will find a family which without distinguishing itself in any particular way, has held fast to the comforts of life and the respect of its neighbours for generation after generation. Its men have never shone in court, camp or senate; they prefer tenacity to enterprise, look askance upon wit (as a dangerous gift), and are even a little suspicious of eminence. On the other hand they make excellent magistrates, maintain a code of manners most salutary for the poor in whose midst they live and are looked up to; are as a rule satisfied, like the old Athenians, if they leave to their heirs not less but a little more than they themselves inherited, and deserve, as they claim, to be called the backbone of Great Britain. Many of the women have beauty, still more have an elegance which may pass for it, and almost all are pure in thought, truthful, assiduous in deeds of charity, and marry for love of those manly qualities which they have esteemed in their brothers.

"Such a family were the Westcotes of Bayfield, in 1810."

The above will describe, more charmingly, more tersely than any reviewer, the nature of the atmosphere of "Q's" new book. It has a grace and distinction very like that of the pleasant ladies of whom the above quotation treats; quiet and obscure, but none the less real. For Dorothea we have much profound sympathy. She is drawn with a very sympathetic touch; and, considering the emptiness of her life and the defective nature of her education, it speaks well for her health and her moral strength, that the end of her little romance did not leave her hysterical, as it probably would a modern woman in her place. The pathos of the description of Dorothea and her life shall speak for itself.

"Somehow, and long before the world came to the same conclusion, she had resolved that marriage was not for her. She adored babies, though they usually screamed at the sight of her, and she thought it would be delightful to have one of her own who would not scream; but, apart from this vague sentiment she accepted her fate without sensible regret. By watching and copying the mistresses of the few houses she visited she learned to play the hostess at Bayfield, and as time brought confidence, to play it with credit. She

* By Quiller Couch. Arrowsmith.

knew that people laughed at her, and that yet they liked her; their laughter and their liking puzzled her about equally. For the rest, she was proud of Bayfield and content, though one day much resembled another, to live all her life there, devoted to God and her garden. Visitors always praised her garden."

Such, dear women of the twentieth century, is the woman whose fortunes Mr. Quiller Couch asks you to follow with sympathy; and in spite of all that is said of the changing times, there are some among us still left who resemble the gentle lady, "admiring charm in others, without jealousy," though unconscious how to acquire it, "devoted to God and her garden."

To lovers of the quiet, this is a book which will touch the inner sympathies. One of the most charming things about it is perhaps the opening dedication to Henry James.

G. M. R.

Verse.

THE SOUL.

I laid a rose upon my loved one's bier,
Beside her quiet face;
A red rose, scented with the fadeless year
When Love's eyes met as in the noonday clear
In a fair place.
I set it very softly down to lie
Amid her heavy hair,
And then, methought, the Soul that hovered by
Looked towards me through the dimness with a sigh
As I stood there.

I laid my empty world upon the pyre,
Beside her open hand;
A world that Life had stocked with youth and fire,
Fortune and wealth, and fame and world's desire,
And strength to stand—
She knew each aim, fulfilled or unfulfilled,
That ever had been mine—
And then, methought, the Soul above her willed
Towards me, through the dusk, a whisper stilled,
Whisper or sign?

I laid my heart upon my loved one's breast;
Beside her silent heart
Sorrow and vigil shared, the worst, the best,
And all it held she knew, who lay at rest
Till we did part.
Ah me; it seemed as though her pale lips shook
With pity as she lay,
As though she wore that unforgotten look,
And then, methought, the Soul stooped down and
took
My heart away.
—*Westminster Gazette*. JANE COX.

What to Read.

- "The New Americans." By Alfred Hodder.
"Audrey." By Mary H. Johnston. (A charming book.)
"Mistress Barbara Cunliffe." By Halliwell Sutcliffe.
"Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections." By Clara Morris.
Jane Austen: Her Home and Her Friends." By Constance Hill.

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