

smile that her friend knew so well. Only a touch, for it presently faded, leaving the face to settle back into the exceeding gravity of those who near the grave.

The shadow deepened even as she looked and gathered round the steadfast eyes and the patient, suffering mouth. She did not rouse again, and when, a little later, her friend kissed the cold forehead and went out, she knew she should see her face no more in this life.

The solemn hush of that quiet room was upon her as she found herself in the noisy street again, and the sharpness of the contrast between the scene she had just left and the garish sunlight and everyday voices outside struck her as with the pain of a sudden blow.

Some lads were returning from a cricket match, and discoursing with all the force of most vigorous lungs upon the rival merits of the two sides. A piano-organ at the corner madly whirled out the latest music-hall air. Little children gathered up wee skirts and swayed to and fro on the pavement to the tune. Costermongers bawled their goods, with a watchful eye on the policeman a few yards off.

Bicycle bells rang, a motor-car tootled wildly, and was gone like a flash, narrowly escaping a half-drunken man, who swerved aside just in time. The busy worker, looking at all this through a mist of tears, contrasted the noise, the urgent strenuousness of the life that now is, with the calm and the quiet of the soul just entering upon the life to come.

Unfinished did she say her work was? Nay, who could tell the influence that short life had exercised over the many others with whom it had come in contact, and who, consciously or unconsciously, would carry on the work she had begun until its results stretched out into the Great Beyond?

With a fresh baptism of strength, administered by the sacramental touch of those dying hands, she returned to her own work with a tender heart and shining eyes.

Next morning she knew she had another friend waiting to make Home more home-like on the other side.

She had "finished the work He had given her to do."

EMILY MARGARET FOX.

A Book of the Week.

CORNELIUS.*

Mrs. de la Pasture is one of the authors to whom we always look for charm and a breath of originality. "Cornelius," the fascinating specimen of her style now before us, is perhaps not as original as was "Deborah of Tods"; but we forgive it anything, on account of its delightful moments, its endearing detail, its Anne, its Uncle David, its Aunt Philipotte, its Miss Drake.

If there is a criticism that should be made at starting, it is that Aunt Philipotte and Uncle David seem somehow to belong to a different—an earlier—world from that in which we now live. The author brings her work scrupulously forward into the regions of To-day, by making her heroine ride a bicycle; otherwise we should have relegated the whole story to the early seventies.

"Mr. David Morrice was in his sixty-third year when he unexpectedly inherited, from an un-

* By Mrs. de la Pasture. Smith, Elder and Co.

known namesake, a small landed property situated on the borders of South Wales.

"He hastened to communicate the welcome intelligence of his good fortune to his only sister, an unmarried lady who resided with her maid in a small Kensington lodging."

It is in these two dear people that the interest of the tale centres, they and the members of their family—their vulgar rich sister-in-law, their penniless nieces, their handsome great-nephews. Miss Philipotte belongs to the class of lady who see their own family, their own connections, their own possessions, their own social importance, through magnifying glasses. The dignity and pretensions of the Morrises serve this dear lady for luxury and wealth, and all the other things she has so long had to do without.

The unknown David Morrice who has bequeathed the estate to her brother becomes at once, in her eyes, the Head of the Family; and Castell Bwlch, as the tiny, half-ruined farmstead is named, becomes the ancestral family seat. All her life Miss Philipotte has succeeded in thoroughly cowering her purse-proud sister-in-law with the family grandeur, and the scene in which she describes the inheritance of her brother before she has seen it is only surpassed by the letter she writes after she has seen it. It is worthy of Jane Austen, the whole character of this good simple soul; but one cannot resist the notion that the lady could not possibly be living now, in Kensington or elsewhere, with her "good Eliza."

"The Castle is approached by a winding road, and is seated very high, with fine views. Unmistakable remains of fortifications—bastion, keep, fosse, &c.—greatly interested me; but I believe you do not care for antiquities?"

"Though no doubt formerly a building of great importance, the habitable portion of the Castle is not now more extensive than need be for my brother's requirements. He will be able to live retired, but there is no more than can be properly kept up by his income. You were kind enough to express anxiety on this point. . . . We find our native mountain air pure and exhilarating. . . . (Miss Philipotte had never visited Wales before in her life!).

"P.S.—There is no deer-park here."

To cull the full flavour from these extracts the reader must be referred to the book itself, for the description of the lady's actual arrival on this charming spot!

We have left no space, in our enthusiasm for Miss Philipotte, for a word about Cornelius or Anne, or Lillias, or Louis, or any other of the charming young folks whose destinies brighten the pages, and afford so much anxiety and so much pleasure to their simple-minded relations. The book is wholly delightful, and may be warmly recommended. The author has the saving grace of humour, and, though she can be tender, is never sentimental; and the truth of the secret of the parentage of Cornelius provides us with a genuine surprise at last.

G. M. R.

The following lines appeared in Tuesday's *Times* :—

IN MEMORIAM.

Leave him alone,
The death forgotten, and the truth unknown.
Enough to know,
Whatever he feared, he never feared a foe.
Believe the best,
O! English hearts, and leave him to his rest.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)