

lest he should take alarm and destroy the *Remedium*. He has to parry the questions of his brother Syndics, to invent reasons why Basterga should be left undisturbed, to plot and plan some way of stealing the longed-for draught, which he believes to be in a steel casket in Basterga's room. Finally, it transpires that the treasure never was there at all, but is in the possession of the Grand Duke of Savoy, who will part with it—at a price; and the price is, of course—Geneva!

And, at the end, when the miserable Blondel, passing through every successive stage of degradation, has at last taken the *Remedium*, and the Savoyards are actually in the city, Basterga cannot resist the delight of coming to him, to taunt him with the agonising knowledge that he never had the fatal disease at all! He has sold his city, and for naught!

The love story of Claude Mercier is most deftly wrapped up with the plotting. Just at the end we come, as is Mr. Weyman's wont, to hard knocks; but who will quarrel, when the stress of battle is given with such noble vigour—such power to stir the blood? The delivery of the city by the old *Mère Royaume* is a dramatic touch which seems to have the merit of being also historical, and we leave Claude and Anne to their happiness, with almost a sensation of having been bodily transported to other lands and other days. Such is the magic of the story-teller.

G. M. R.

Dirge of Dead Sisters.

Who recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air?)

And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, noble laughter,

And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon their hair?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in our nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by—

Let us now remember many honourable women

Such as bade us turn again when we were like to die).

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through the foothills

(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty plains?)

And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping guarded to the culvert

And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely from the trains?

(When the days were torment and the nights were clouded terror—

When the Powers of Darkness had dominion on our soul—

When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells of fever,

These put out their hands to us and healed and made us whole).

Who recalls the midnight, by the bridge's wrecked abutment

(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the tin?)

And the lightning-dazzled levels and the streaming, straining wagons,

And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the wounded in?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us into silence—

When each nerve cried out on God that made the misused clay;

When the Body triumphed and the last poor shame departed—

These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat away).

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through the market

(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the flies?)

And the footsore firing party, and the dust and stench and staleness,

And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in their eyes?

(Bold behind the battle, in the open camp all-hallowed,

Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and reeking town,

These endured unresting, till they rested from their labours—

Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down!)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names are clean forgotten,

Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting Angel knows

Them that died at Uitvlugt when the plague was on the city—

Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our foes.

Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in our nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by,

Praise with love and worship many honourable women,

Those that gave their lives for us when we were like to die!

FROM THE FIVE NATIONS, by Rudyard Kipling.

What to Read.

"The Five Nations" By Rudyard Kipling.

"My Memoirs." By Henri Stephan de Blowitz.

"The Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald, 1763-1798."

By Ida A. Taylor.

"The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-speaking People." By John R. Dos Passos.

"A Court in Exile: Charles Edward Stuart and the Romance of the Countess d'Albanie." By the Marchesa Vitelleschi.

"The Damsel and the Sage: A Woman's Wishes." By Elinor Glyn.

"Admonition; being Some Passages in the Life of a Lady-in-Waiting." By John Ayscough.

"Up Side-Streets." By W. Pett Ridge.

"Our Lady's Inn." By J. Storer Clouston.

"Petronilla Heroven." By Una L. Silberrad.

"The Yellow Van." By Richard Whiteing.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." By John Fox, jun.

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