

which unfortunately came to our hands too long after publication to be noticed here, she gave us the little market town. In "The Squire" we have the East Anglian village, etched out so quietly, yet so distinctly, with small strokes which show such knowledge, that we are inclined to think that, if Miss Haverfield's uncommon powers of observation go on developing, and if she has the steadiness of purpose to keep on in her own style, she has something big in the way of a future before her.

The Squire himself is an idealist. He is a man hampered, as most people would think, from boyhood, with a deeply involved estate, which he has no money to keep up. But to this property he tenaciously clings, though he has never so much as seen it, and this greatly to the disgust of a rich old uncle, who resents his working like a slave to keep going a place where he cannot live, and which is a mere white elephant. But, after many threats of disinheritance in consequence of obstinacy, the old man dies intestate, and Gerard Beaumont finds himself a rich man, and proceeds to take possession of his ancestral acres, and to insist upon reforms, which, of course, are deeply resented by the poor ignorant creatures whom he wishes to benefit.

The scene in which the Squire first comes to his own, and looks anxiously to see whether this place, to which he has sacrificed all, is going to be worthy of his devotion, or whether he has clung with blind persistency to a dream which will be shattered in the waking, is as good of its kind as any piece of writing we have recently read.

But the triumph of the book is in the character of the hysterical girl Amy Andhurst. This is by far the most subtle thing that the author has yet attempted, and it is extraordinarily successful. It shows clearly the parasitic nature of the woman with the diseased egotism. Amy fairly feeds upon the strength and nobility of Winifred Lambert. Amy has been the beloved of Gerard Beaumont. With him she quarrelled because he would not resign his hopes of being able to live upon his land, in order to marry her there and then. She, of course, broke the engagement, merely with a view to bring him to terms. Gerard, being a strenuous person, taking himself and his objects perhaps even too seriously, accepted his fate and left her to herself. As soon as his uncle's death placed him in a truly eligible position Amy determined that the relations between them should be renewed. As soon as she found that Winifred Lambert came from the same village she intrigued for her friendship, and cast herself upon her hospitality, her weakness and low spirits forming such an irresistible appeal to Winifred, the strong woman without a mission, that she completely engrossed and deluded her. The scene in which the meeting between Amy and Gerard, which Amy has planned so carefully, actually comes about is curiously real. So is that other scene, after Gerard's downfall, when Winifred pleads with him to mortgage the estate to her. The Vicar is admirable—we long to meet him in the flesh; so are the gipsies of Marsh End, and Howell, the villainous gamekeeper. We cannot help feeling that here is a far truer picture of English village life as it really is lived than that given in Mr. Whiteing's "Yellow Van."

It may be a fault, in the eye of the modern reader, that this sort of faithful effort and resolute self-sacrifice should "end happily." We confess that it

is not so with us. Warmly we congratulate Miss Haverfield, and urge her to go on. G. M. R.

### "In the Settlement."

Long rains of pity make her sweet eyes dim,  
And line her faded cheeks;  
Her hands are worn with ministries for Him  
Whose halt and maimed she seeks.

Remembering His mother where she stood  
Stricken beneath a cross,  
Her touch can comfort broken motherhood  
And share its bitter loss.

When little ones, love-hungry, find their own  
Too care-worn to be kind,  
Her virginal bosom answers needs unknown,  
Maternally divined.

The restless child is hushed when she comes near  
His unattended bed;  
In her low croon his little heart can hear  
The mother who is dead.

All the long day and far into the night  
Her healing way she keeps;  
Then she commends her soul unto His sight,  
And, wearied, sleeps.

And in the silence and the loneliness  
Dream children stir,  
Cling to her arms and at her bosom press,  
And comfort her.

—R. G. WELSH, in the *Century* for  
December.

### What to Read.

"The Story of a Soldier's Life." By Field-Marshal  
Viscount Wolseley.

"The Lyceum and Henry Irving." By Austin  
Brereton.

"The Abyss." By Jack London.

"Cherry." By Booth Tarkington.

### Coming Events.

*December 5th.*—Meeting at 12, Sussex Square, Brighton, 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will speak on "State Registration of Trained Nurses: Its Benefit to Doctor, Nurse, and Patient." Apply for tickets to Mrs. Gower, 19, Lansdowne Place, Hove.

*December 7th.*—Lord Mayor presides at the annual meeting of the Surgical Aid Society.

*December 8th.*—Meeting in support of the Bill to enable women to serve on County and Borough Councils and on Metropolitan Borough Councils, by the kind permission of Mr. Brynmor Jones, M.P., who will preside, at 27, Bryanston Square, W. 3.30.

*December 12th.*—The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. Business meeting, 3 p.m. Social gathering, 4.30 p.m., at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

*December 14th.*—Ladies' Dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant in aid of the Funds of the Women's Local Government Society, Lady Strachey presiding. Application for tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to be made to Mrs. Williams, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer Dinner Committee, 2, Upper Brook Street, W. 7.30.

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