

"I said that I feared that the woman's cause had rather gone back of late years.

"No, no," said he; "it is but the fall of the wave, which will rise again. There has been no ebb in the tide."

"Then, varying the metaphor, he said, 'Women are not lighting fires which they cannot maintain. They are steadily working. It heartens one to see women banded together in union. I get many letters from women all over the country which tell me that a great, steady, silent movement is going on all the time. Nevertheless, there is still a great deal of brutality inflicted by men upon women, even in the most advanced races.'"

A Book of the Week.

THE INTERLOPER.*

Everyone who remembers the "Sheepstealers" will be prepared to find something worth reading in the pages of Mrs. Jacob's new book, and their hope will not be disappointed. The "Interloper" does not possess that extremely seizing quality of originality which characterised its predecessor. It is a quiet story, told with no effort, no strain for effect, but it is beautifully imagined and well told. Mrs. Jacob again selects a very distinctive background for her drama, and quite a different one from the Welsh Marches. This story is laid in the Lowlands of Scotland, at the beginning of last century, and the author seems as conversant with it and as much at home there as she showed herself before among other surroundings.

Gilbert Speid is a delightful hero. He is an only son, whose mother dies at his birth, and whose father then left Whanland, his family estate in Scotland, and went to Spain. Between Gilbert and himself there had never been love. When he died, he desired his son to go and live upon his land. Gilbert, who had always known that some kind of tragedy underlay his father's marriage, was, nevertheless, quite ignorant of the truth. He came to take his inheritance, and by degrees he found out the truth; that he was an interloper; that his name should by rights not be Speid at all; that his father was Robert Fullarton, whom his mother had dearly loved before marrying the husband, whom she had never loved. This she had confessed to her husband on her death-bed; but this the stern, just man had never divulged, feeling a pity for the little child who had entered the world under so cruel a disadvantage.

But there is one in the neighbourhood whose woman's heart has always known; and this is Lady Eliza Lamont, the eccentric, able, plain little woman who has always been devoted to horses, but, in secret, no less devoted to Robert Fullarton. She knew that it was Clementina Speid who had come between her and her brief dream of being loved by Robert, and she guessed the rest. She knows, and Robert knows she knows. Their situation is that of close friends. With her lives the beautiful Cecilia Raeburn—beautiful as her name—stately, dignified, but passionate, a fit friend for the lonely old woman, with her energy and pride and strong common-sense. Speid and Cecilia fall in love at their first meeting, when they go to prevent poachers from raiding Lady Eliza's dovecote. The episode is charmingly told. But it is perhaps not surprising that Lady Eliza

cannot make up her mind to let her darling marry Clementina's son. The heartbreak which the idea causes her induces Cecilia to break off her engagement; and Gilbert, slightly misunderstanding Lady Eliza's ground of objection—merely guessing that she knows him to be a nameless outcast, and no fit husband for Cecilia—in despair breaks up his establishment and goes back to Spain. The one improbability in the book is the promise wrung from Cecilia on her death-bed by Lady Eliza—namely, that if Gilbert does not come back within the year she will marry a dull and conceited young man whom she has already refused.

But books could hardly be if probability had always to be considered, and the return of Gilbert from Spain at the eleventh hour—the race to get back before the fatal day, before the fatal moment—is one of the most exciting things we have read for a long time: Old Granny Stirk, the Queen of the Cadgers, is a truly delightful conspirator; so is Captain Somerville, loyal and game and chivalrous, wooden leg and all; and so are the dear old Misses Robertson, so gentle, yet so easy to be wounded in their pride of family. How charming is the way in which Miss Hersey rebukes the vulgar Mrs. Somerville, who makes some allusion, at a party, to the scandal connected with Gilbert's birth.

"Come, Caroline, it is time we went home. Ma'am," she said, curtsying as deeply as her age would permit to the astonished Mrs. Somerville, "we have outstayed your good manners. I have the honour to wish you a good evening."

G. M. R.

What to Read.

"Life and Times of Savonarola." By Professor Villari.

"Letters of Lord Acton to Mary, Daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone." Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Herbert Paul.

"The Man in the Wood." By Mary Stuart Boyd.

"The Life of Frederic William Farrar, sometime Dean of Canterbury." By his son Reginald Farrar.

Coming Events.

April 8th.—Conference of Members of Nurses' Leagues and Societies to discuss "Organisation with a view to International Affiliation" by the invitation of Miss Isla Stewart, Hon. Vice-President of the International Council of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. Tea, 4 p.m.; Conference, 4.30 p.m.

April 11th to 18th.—Hon. Sec. Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses will visit Dublin. Meetings of Nurses and others interested in the Organisation of Nursing into a recognised profession on a sound educational basis, State Registration of Nurses, and International Affiliation.

April 22nd.—Meeting at Chelsea Infirmary, Cale Street, S.W., to discuss State Registration. Miss Isla Stewart will preside. Speakers: The Lady Helen Munro Ferguson, Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Surgeon-General Evatt, C.B., and Mr. James Cantlie, F.R.C.S.

April 28th.—Opening of the new Offices of the Registered Nurses' Society. Tenth Birthday Party. Registered Nurses At Home, 4.30 to 7. Tea and coffee.

* By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann)

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