

the country and the cry of its mothers. If the Emperor leads the country into the paths of greatness its women will help in the work of its organisation by guiding their brothers and children into the new way and a life of light."

For the first time in its history the United States Congress suspended business on Saturday last to honour the memory of a woman, the occasion being the formal acceptance of the statue of Miss Frances Willard, the great temperance advocate. An immense concourse of people attended the ceremony.

A Book of the Week.

AN ACT IN A BACKWATER.*

Mr. Benson is here in lighter vein than when he gave us "The Challoners." But one cannot expect any novelist to reach the same heights which he touched in that wonderful book, twice in the same year.

The present story is a comedy of manners in an English country town, and the triumph of it all is the character of Mrs. Collingwood.

The young Aveshams, children of an impecunious peer, find themselves confronted by something very like poverty on their father's death, so resolve to let the family place; and the two younger ones, Arthur and Jeannie, go to reside with their aunt, Miss Fortescue, in the town where Arthur has a share in a brewery.

In this town lives a gallant colonel (of volunteers), whose wife is a connection of a family which has intermarried with the Aveshams, on the strength of which he tells everybody at the whist club that he is related to them. When they really arrive and set up in the town, he finds himself confronted with discomfiture of an acute kind, since his "old cronies" must needs see him as the empty boaster that he is.

Mrs. Collingwood is the narrow, right-minded wife of a Canon—one of those people who make goodness seem so disagreeable.

"Whether she could, with her hand on her heart, say that her husband was earnest or helpful is doubtful, but no decision was necessary, and for this reason: Though he took no part in her good works, nor even organised Christian Associations, he was a Canon. To be a Canon implied to live in a Close, and to live in a Close (if we run Mrs. Collingwood to ground) meant to be not guilty. Furthermore, in what we may call her more Bohemian moments, she would have acknowledged that life could be looked at from more than one point of view. She would even have allowed that it might be possible to live otherwise than she lived, and yet be saved at the last. Yet some people had been known to think her narrow!"

Her first verdict on Jeannie Avesham is worth recording.

"I don't feel certain that she will be helpful. To me she seemed not in earnest. There was no depth about her."

"She is young," said the Canon, doubtfully.
"One can never be too young to be in earnest," said his wife. "And I did not like the look of the drawing-room... There were several books on the table which I should never allow in my house, and there was an organ in the hall."

* By E. F. Benson. (Helmemann.)

Canon Collingwood had been married many years, but even now his wife occasionally puzzled him.

"Why should there not be, my dear?" he said.
"Because an organ should only be used for sacred music," said Mrs. Collingwood; "and I have no doubt they use it for other pieces. Indeed, I saw some opera of Wagner's standing open upon it."

"Did you call there to-day?" he asked.
"Yes, I paid a long call there. I tried to interest Miss Avesham in various things, but I had to begin at the beginning. She did not even know what G.F.S. meant. It is very strange how unreal life must be to some people."

How the opinions of the excellent Mrs. Collingwood concerning Jeannie's helpfulness became modified when the typhoid epidemic broke out, we leave the reader to learn.

Experts like the readers of this journal may be inclined to marvel at the prodigies then performed by the untrained girl in the nursing direction; but they will certainly feel a professional interest in the whole episode of the outbreak.

G. M. R.

For a Little Child.

Make a fairy archway for her,
Wrought of interlacing branches,
And the blue mosaic showing
Of the winter sky.

Make a fairy palace for her,
Built of soft grey mists and shadows,
Here and there a sunbeam glowing
When she passes by.

Make a fairy garden for her
Where the tiny flowers of fancy
Shall be blooming, shall be growing,
Tender-hued and shy.

Make a fairy pathway for her
Leading far from dusty high road,
Whereon she enraptured going
May fair dreams desery.

—L. A. C., *Westminster Gazette*.

"Life were not worth the living,
If no one were the better
For having met thee on the way,
And known the sunshine of thy stay.
Give as thy God is giving,
To no one be a debtor;
So hearts shall faster beat for thee,
And faces beam thy light to see."

ANON.

What to Read.

"The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava,"
By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C.

"The Women of America." By E. McCracken.

"A Belle of the Fifties: Memories of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, covering Social and Political Life in Washington and the South, 1853-66." Edited by Ada Stirling.

"The Courtships of Catherine the Great." By Philip W. Sergeant. Demy 8vo. Six illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

"Pam." By Baroness Von Hutten.

"The Golden Bowl." By Henry James.

"Freckles." By Gene Stratton-Porter. Author of "The Song of the Cardinal."

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