

But, being human, he may make mistakes. At the age of fifty-six he made his mistake. A young girl, daughter of a dear friend, was left fatherless. She was also left in dire poverty. In order to be able to provide for her mother, and give her a position and a home, he made her his wife.

So great a man should have *known* the things he could not *feel*. He may not have been able to realise the emotions; but as a fact, he knew that they count in most lives. He must have known that the human race, when it talks of marriage, speaks a language which all understand. No man has a right to chain down a young girl to a marriage which is no marriage. Richard Burgoyne might have carried out his benevolent intention with regard to Sybil by the simple expedient of asking her mother and herself to come and live with him. Then, if Sybil's call to love and maternity came, she would have been free to accept it.

But he married her, and for years—ten years—the household flowed on easily, happily, wonderfully. There was a young great-niece—Effie Vincent; there was also a secretary, John Stone. The account of the life and work at Cliff Lodge, of the great man's benevolence and calm, of his affectionate simplicity and his love of small, childish jokes—he being, as of course he must have been, wholly destitute of a sense of humour—are the triumph of narrative. We see the whole thing before us, the mornings of work, the constitutional each day, the mild recreations, the changeless routine, the personality of the great mind lying over all like a mass of piled rock upon what is below, crushing, pressing it down into numbness and hardness and silence.

Through it all the terrible call of passion, insidiously attacking the man and the woman living under one roof, living in close proximity, each with the blood of unsatisfied youth beating in the veins, each with nothing else to fall back upon, no religion, no help, no depth of being to save them.

Nothing more terrible, nothing more unsparring, nothing more righteous has ever been written in a novel than this account of a guilty passion.

They are both weak, the man and the woman. Their love once admitted, neither has the strength to renounce.

The climax is such as should fill the heart of the modern idler, the modern dabbler in fleshly instincts, and insister upon the strength of the animal cravings, with shame and loathing.

The discovery of his own betrayal brings upon the already invalid and crippled giant the further visitation of cerebral hæmorrhage. Aphasia supervenes. He lies, wordless, more or less unconscious. How much does he know? What does he remember?

Such is the persistent question for the wretched wife to answer. By degrees the mighty intellect triumphs over all enemies. The great man learns to speak, to remember; after a while the severed connections re-unite, the magnificent machine gets back, by superhuman efforts into working order. The question is, "Does he remember the one incident which led up to the cerebral hæmorrhage?"

Only after the slow atonement of years of patient labour for him does the wife discover that he has

always known, has always remembered. He has not disgraced her; he has given her a place of repentance. She has performed her penance, she has lived through years of agony, uncomfited by being able to confide in any human being. At last the old, great, thinker pardons her.

Mr. Maxwell's theme is presumably the supreme importance of thought and knowledge over life and its joys and sorrows. But it is doubtful how far his readers will go with him. Throughout there is something inhuman in Richard Burgoyne. The expiation he exacts from his wife will strike some as crueller far than putting her through the divorce court. But reflection will show the deep wisdom and tenderness of the man, in keeping her, however unwillingly, at his side, sooner than hand her over to the awful life of disillusion, shame, and remorse which must have been hers had she married John Stone after what had passed.

The book is far from faultless. It is repetitive, it is prolix in parts, it still has some of the wearisomeness which vexed one in "Vivien." But its faults are those of a splendid immaturity. Its virtues those of a man with a great career before him.

G. M. R.

Coming Events.

October 6th.—The Hospital and Home for Incurable Children Hampstead: The Annual General Meeting of the Board of Governors will be held at the Home. Canon Duckworth, D.D., will take the chair. 5.0.

October 13th.—Hospital Saturday. Special Collection.

October 22nd to 26th.—National Union of Women Workers' Annual Conference at Tunbridge Wells. Annual Meeting of National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, *October 23rd and 24th.*

October 25th.—Central Midwives' Board Examination at the Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

October 26th.—Annual Meeting of Certified Midwives' Total Abstinence League, Chapter House, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., at 3.30 p.m.; tea 4.30.

October 29th.—Meeting of Councillors, the International Council of Nurses, to make preliminary arrangements for the Nursing Conference in Paris in June, 1907. 431, Oxford Street. 4.0 p.m.

November 3rd.—Registered Nurses Society At Home. 431, Oxford Street, W. 4.0—6.0.

November 5th.—Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Examination for Nursing Certificate.

November 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.—Provisional Committee National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland Conference Practically Illustrated on the Nursing of Tuberculosis, Maternity, and Mental Nursing: St. George's Hall, Mount Street, London, W. 10.0 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.

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