

struction work in the Rockies, and "by flashes she began to feel in him something beside which her own raptures fell silent.

"Had she, after all, hit upon a man—a practical man—who was yet conscious of the romance of Canada. . . . She liked the fine bare head and the general expression of varied life that the man's personality produced upon her. Her sympathies, her imagination were all tumbling towards the Canadians no less than towards their country. In spite of his blunt, simple speech came out the deeper notes of feeling, richly steeped in those mortal things—earthly, humorous, or terrible—which make up human life.

"Once amid a driving storm-shower, and what seemed to her unbroken, formless solitudes, suddenly a tent by the railway side and the blaze of a fire; and as the train slowly passed three men—lads, rather—emerging to laugh and to beckon to it. The tent, the fire, the gay challenge of the young faces, and the English voices, ringed by darkness and wild weather, brought the tears back to Elizabeth's eyes. She scarcely knew why."

"Settlers in their first year," said Anderson, smiling, as he waved back again.

"But to Elizabeth it seemed a parable of the new Canada. . . ."

As we are told that two days in a private car in Canada goes as far as a month's acquaintance elsewhere, we are not surprised later on in the book to find her asking herself the question:

"Could she—could she marry a Canadian? . . . Could she, possessed by inheritance of all that is most desirable and delightful in English society—could she tear herself from that old soil and that dear familiar environment.

But of course she can, and for their honeymoon they go to the Rockies, in order that they may gratify a passionate wish of Elizabeth's to get for once beyond beaten tracks and surprise the unknown.

"When we are old," said Elizabeth, softly, slipping her hand into Anderson's, "will all this courage die out of us? Now, nothing of all this vastness, this mystery, frightens me. . . . But when one is feeble and dying will it all grow awful to me? Suddenly, shall I long to creep into some old, old corner of England, and feel round me close walls and dim, small rooms; and dear, stuffy, familiar streets that thousands and thousands of feet have worn before mine?"

We hope that no shadow in the future overcast her perfect happiness with Anderson. "A union begun long before her marriage in the depths of the spirit, when her heart first went out to Canada—to the beauty of the Canadian land, and the freedom of Canadian life."

This book is bound to uplift, and should be widely read. It sets free the imagination to soar in vast spaces, "in heights beyond heights, and glories beyond glories"; to dream of gorgeous sunsets and the calls of wild birds, of flowers of untold beauty, and to revel in the storm and wind. It presents as striking a contrast as is possible to much of the sickly, unhealthy literature of the present day.

H. H.

THE HILLS OF REST.

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,
Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast.

COMING EVENTS.

June 16th.—The Secretary to the "Nightingale Fund" and Mrs. Bonham Carter "At Home" at the Nightingale Home, St. Thomas's Hospital (Central entrance, Palace Road), 4 to 6.30 p.m.

June 18th (postponed from May 28th).—Procession of Women Suffragists from the Embankment to Albert Hall, organised by the Women's National Social and Political Union.

June 25th.—General Meeting, The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, Clinical Lecture Theatre, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., 3 p.m. Social Gathering, 4 p.m.

June 30th.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, S.W.

July 1st.—Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives. Annual Gathering of Midwives. By kind permission of Mrs. Penn, 42, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, W. Badges to midwives will be presented. 3 p.m.

July 11th.—The Society of Women Journalists. Reception by the President, Lady McLaren, 43, Belgrave Square, S.W. 10 p.m.

July 11th.—East End Mothers' Home. Annual Meeting, The Mansion House, by kind permission of the Lord Mayor. 3 p.m.

July 15th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council, General Hospital, Birmingham, 3 p.m. Meeting, Addresses on State Registration of Nurses, 4 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

I humbly join in the prayer to Almighty God that He, in His great mercy, may give me strength to follow in the footsteps of my father, and that I may be enabled to continue his efforts to consolidate the foundation of peace among the Powers of the world and to promote the spirit of good will among all classes of my subjects here at home.

KING GEORGE.

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