

## Book of the Week.

### NORTHERN LIGHTS.\*

Last week we reviewed "Canadian Born"; the book under review this week also deals with Canada, but "Northern Lights," containing a collection of short stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, is too good to miss, and we advise our readers to secure it. The first story, "A Lodge in the Wilderness," is the story of the mating of a white man with an Indian woman—Mitiahwe, daughter of Oquita, the Swift Wing.

"Four years had come and gone, and all the tribe, and all who came and went, half-breeds, traders, and other tribes remarked how happy was the white man with his Indian wife. They never saw anything but light in the eyes of Mitiahwe, nor did the old women of the tribe who scanned her face as she came and went, and watched and waited too for what never came—not even after four years."

"Mitiahwe had been so happy that she had not really missed what never came; though the desire to have something in her arms which was part of them both had flushed up in her veins at times, and made her restless till her man had come home again. Then she had forgotten the unseen for the seen, and was happy that they were alone together—that was the joy of it all, so much alone together." But the time came when Mitiahwe longed for a child, not for her own sake only, but because she feared to lose her man.

Suddenly, with a light in her eyes, she ran to a corner of the lodge and from a leather bag drew forth a horse-shoe and put it over the door, for her man had told her "if the heart prays for a thing hid from all the world then it brings good luck." So with faith in her talisman she told Dingan that which he wished would come to pass, and that night, as he slept, she got quietly out, and going to the door of the lodge reached up a hand and touched the horse-shoe. "Be good medicine to me," she said. Then she prayed. "O sun pity me, that it may be as I have said to him. O pity me, great Father."

"In the days to come Swift Wing said that it was her medicine when her hand was burned to the wrist in the dark ritual she had performed with the Medicine Man the night that Mitiahwe fought for her man—but Mitiahwe said it was her medicine, the horse-shoe—which brought one of Dingan's own people to the lodge, a little girl with Mitiahwe's eyes and form and her father's face. Truth has many mysteries, and the faith of the woman was great; and so it was that, to the long end, Mitiahwe kept her man. But truly she was altogether a woman, and had good fortune."

There are many other stories—stories of the courage and prowess of white women in a country still primitive, where woman is not a useless member of society, but counts in the scheme of things. "The Stroke of the Hour," the tale of

how Loisette carried the reprieve which saved the life of an innocent man, and the story of "Buckmaster's Boy," are excellently told. Did Buckmaster really slay his boy's murderer, after all? The reader must decide.

Then there is the tale of the heroism of Jinny Long, who, on the night before what should have been her wedding day, shot the "Dog Nose Rapids"—an almost impossible task—in response to an appeal to her to save a man's life.

Finest of all, perhaps, is "The Stake and the Plumb-Line"—the tale of a wife in a thousand—of a man's successful struggle with the drink demon—of Jim Templeton's venture alone into the camp of the Cree, to bring to justice the chief responsible for the murder of a white trader. Arrowhead, the chief, surrendered to him, but a terrible storm enveloped Jim Templeton and Arrowhead the heathen, and in the awful struggle between man and nature that followed the captive became the leader. The red man had the craft of the plains, the inherent instinct, and guided his captor into camp; and when Jim, spent and exhausted, was well nigh dead, Arrowhead once more saved his life and took control of the situation—six white men under the command of a human murderer. The scene was dramatic, but as the minutes passed the colour came back to Jim's face, his eyes opened with a new light in them. He was saved by his Indian prisoner and comrade.

P. G. Y.

### COMING EVENTS.

*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 28th.*—Demonstration in support of the Conciliation Women's Suffrage Bill, Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W. Chair, the Lady Frances Balfour, 8 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 7th.*—Meeting, Executive Committee, Society for the State Registration of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 4 p.m. Tea.

*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 16th.*—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.

Victory!  
Mrs. Pankhurst at the Albert Hall.

\* By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen and Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.).

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