

"And Rivière?" whispered Anna.

"Rivière of course," laughed Andrea, turning a radiant face from the moon—"how otherwise the essence of things?"

"How indeed?" assented Anna Leroy as she kissed the girl good-night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those of you who, in the heyday of youth, have gone singing down the roseate path, hand in hand with Love, know full well the futility of words.

Andrea plucked the sting of remorse from her bosom and cast it from her. She would walk the flowery way. "This," she decided, "shall be Heart's Day—it shall be mine. Neither shall any power for ever and for ever take it from me."

The day was fair. More. It was of the utmost loveliness and sweetness.

But what of these things?

In the darkness and silence of Erebus would not Love have scored an equal victory?

At parting said Andrea:—

"At dawn we will go gather cowslips at the top of the world. Meet me, beloved, in the Garden of Gold."

"That will I," cried Love.

Thus Andrea called back the soul of her lover.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be concluded.)

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### THE DEVIL'S WIND.\*

"When the Sepoys who were taken at Cawnpore were asked why they had mutinied they replied: 'Surely it was a madness; a wind from the Devil was abroad in Hindustan.'"

Those of our readers who remember "A Marriage Under the Terror," by the same authoress, will not be disappointed with this thrilling tale of the Indian Mutiny.

The horrors of the Revolution, and the horrors of the massacre at Cawnpore, so revolting and so ghastly, are yet described by a pen that fascinates us and stirs us up to deep thankfulness that none of these terrible experiences were our own.

And the love story that is set in such a lurid setting is good too. Helen is a splendid character and deserves the happiness which at last falls to her.

Captain Richard Moreton makes the mistake of marrying Adela when he, of course, ought to have married her cousin Helen, and when his regiment was ordered abroad in due time Helen drifts into his household to be a moral backbone to his wife.

"Helen Wilmot was a comfortable third person in the household. Her presence made for safety and domesticity. Richard Morton valued peace in the domestic circle. Since his wife's cousin had been an inmate of his house there had been

\* By Patricia Wentworth. London: Andrew Melrose.

no more scenes. . . . March went out, and India lay under the heat of April. Between the hazy sky and the parched earth no breath stirred save that impalpable breath of approaching dread. No one knew where the rumours came from. They were not and then they were."

Later the flight of the women and children from Urzepore to Cawnpore is graphically described. "Helen had often wondered in the last three days what it would be like when it came; what she should feel—and do.

"The reality was quite different. She did not feel afraid, because all feeling had stopped. She did not feel at all. From battle and murder and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us. She had seen all three, and she felt nothing at all. She had seen women killed, and a little child, and she had felt nothing.

"Even when the torn air whistled overhead and shell and round shot went screaming past, there were perhaps clasped hands, pale lips, and beating hearts, but no spoken tribute to terror. The firing had ceased at sundown and the room was full of small fretful noises.

"Helen, you will kill yourself," said Adela fretfully. "Every time you go over to that hospital I think you are going to be shot."

"Someone has to do it," said Helen, with a gleam of humour.

"I should let it be someone else."

Helen and Dick are among the very few that escape from that awful experience, and their marriage would have proved entirely happy, but that Adela, who was supposed to have been a victim of the massacre, had, true to her instincts, done the best she could for herself by marrying a half-caste man of high position. It should be, however, said in justice to her that she believed herself to be a widow. But exposure and suffering had set its mark upon her and the separation of Dick and Helen is only of short duration.

"She took his hand, still chilly from Adela's touch, lifted it to her bosom and held it there. Her heart beat against it. It grew warm and closed on hers in a strong grip that hurt and healed."

H. H.

### COMING EVENTS.

March 9th.—Meeting of the Trained Women Nurses' Friendly Society Committee. 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 4.30 p.m.

March 13th.—The Midwives' Institute Post-Graduate Lectures. 6. The Development of the Fœtus, Placenta, and Membranes. 6.30 p.m. Fee, 1s. to members; 1s. 6d. to non-members.

March 13th.—Lecture on "The Chemistry of Milk," by Dr. Ralph Vincent. Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, S.W. 3.30 p.m.

March 13th.—The National Association of Midwives. Lecture to Midwives on "Tuberculosis." Weavers' Office, 1, Clayton Street, Blackburn.

March 14th.—Meeting Central Midwives' Board. Caxton House, S.W.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)