

"If—if you are in time," she said, "will you give John this letter, with my very dear love."
John!

The one word, astoundingly familiar, revealed the whole truth without further ado.

"I shall be in time"—he assured her—and in spite of grief they heard his laughter as he sprang to the saddle, and disappeared into the night.

* * * * *

Rivière was in time. Out of deepest shadow he lured his brother back to life.

A few weeks and all would be well.

It was during the weeks of convalescence that the picture grew.

Just the shadowy form of a woman with the face of a star!

Lord John watched the inspired brush of his brother as he brought her to life. Just a lovely face full of light—inscribed

"The Seventh Marchioness of Rivière."

"She will hang in my study over the mantel," said Rivière.

And there she hangs to this day.

* * * * *

Then came Dissolution.—Violent,—Cruel,—Most Horrible.

* * * * *

The Eighth Marquess of Rivière came back to Beauvais. Stunned with grief, he brought with him the shattered corse of his brother. Night and day he guarded the coffin. He helped to lower it into the grave.

Then he went out into the places where there is silence, and where God is. Into the blue light of the arctic—into the rose and gold of the desert.

His soul cried to the soul of his brother.

There was no answer.

One morning he awoke from a dream. A voice had spoken.

"Somewhere thou art, beloved—somewhere thou art."

He came out of his tent and listened.

It was the hour of Sunrise, when man should go forth to his labour.

He faced the light.

Somewhere thou art.

Then he came again to the haunts of men.

* * * * *

A little brown bird in a tree.

Notes sweet as pomegranates, damask red and purple!

Glug—glug—down they dropped like honey.

Andrea ceased breathing to catch them.

"Somewhere thou art, beloved—somewhere thou art."

It was the hour of Sunset, when woman sees the coming of the stars.

In this, or some other sphere!

"Somewhere thou art."

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

(To be continued.)

The first chapter of "The Seventh Marchioness of Rivière" appeared in our issue of December 16th, 1911.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

TANTE.*

"There was no one in the world like Madame Okraska, and to see her and hear her was worth cold, weariness and hunger. Not only was she the most famous of living pianists, but one of the most beautiful of women." This is Tante. The book from cover to cover is Tante pure and simple. Her personality is the topic that occupies the whole volume, and a most uncomfortable personality it is. She exercises a curious fascination on the great majority of persons with whom she comes in contact. The one great exception is Gregory, who has the misfortune to marry her ward, Karen, the greatest devotee of all. Gregory is sincerely to be pitied. His flat was furnished in a way that "was uninfluenced by Whistler, unaware of Chinese screens and indifferent to the rival claims of Jacobean and Chippendale furniture. It was civilised, not cultivated, and it was thoroughly commonplace. He didn't intend that anybody should lay their hand on his heart and tell him of lofty aims that it would have made him feel awkward to look at by himself. He had more than the normal English sensitiveness where ideals were concerned, and more than the normal English instinct for a protective literalness." Tante, in fact, was too much for him.

"It was as if he couldn't get at the music. Something interfered, something exquisite, yet ambiguous, alluring, yet never satisfying.

"His glance fell presently from the pianist's drooping head to the face of the *protégée*. No grovelling and no soaring was here, but an elation almost stern, a brooding concentration almost maternal, a dedicated power." (Fancy a commonplace young man having to live up to that!)

"Madame Okraska, he reflected, must be an extraordinary person if she really deserved that gaze. He didn't quite believe she quite did. His dissatisfaction with the music extended to musician."

On the return of Gregory and Karen from their honeymoon to the flat, they are greeted by Tante's wedding gift, contained in an incredibly huge packing-case. Gregory controlled an exclamation of dismay.

"Is it a piano?' Karen asked in a hushed, tentative voice.

"It's too high for a piano, darling,' said Gregory, who had his arm through hers."

It was a Chinese Bouddha in his shrine.

"They moved the temple to the end of the room, where two pictures were taken down and a sofa pushed away to make room for it. The Bouddha was hoisted with difficulty on to its lotus. They had turned up the electric lights, but the curtains were not drawn, and the scent and the light and vague, diffused roar of London came in at the

* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Edward Arnold, London.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)