

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MYLES CALTHORPE, I.D.B.*

This is a very attractive story of colonial life, written with a simplicity that is refreshing after the highly-spiced literature that is the mode at present. But let it not be thought that it lacks interest or episode on that account. Quite the contrary. There is plenty of love-making for those that like it, and who does not? That it was enacted in South Africa does not make it any less, for love is love all the world over. Joan is such a nice girl that we are delighted to make her acquaintance, and can quite understand Myles's devoted and faithful love for her, though her trust in *him* fails for a time under the severe strain put upon it. But it had to come right, of course, because they were made for one another. We are introduced to Joan just as she had come out from England to keep house for her brother, and the picture drawn of her shows her poking irritably at the smouldering logs in the kitchen grate, and thinking of the glowing coal fires of England with weary longing. "The Kaffir girl managed to keep a hot fire; she could not; logs in a kitchen grate seemed an absurdity. She put down the poker when her inexperienced hand had raked out all the heat between the bars, and bent a flushed, anxious face over the frying pan in which a once healthy-looking steak was being slowly reduced to an unedible and leathery substance." It was while she was engaged in this homely task that Myles Calthorpe first crosses her path.

"A man unheard had approached the back door. He was a young man, obviously a gentleman who had fallen upon evil days. His shabby dust-soiled clothes hung loosely upon his attenuated frame. Starvation was written upon every line of his sunken, haggard face and in his glittering eyes."

Joan's brother, a feather dealer, is prevailed upon to give him a job in his firm. From the first it was apparent that he was much taken with Joan, and she with him, and from the first Henry disapproves of the intimacy.

On one occasion of a visit to her brother's office she stayed to chat with Calthorpe.

"I began to think," Henry remarked, "that in the fascination of my bookkeeper's society you had forgotten your engagement with me. What detained you?"

"I stayed to ask him to tea," she replied.

"Indeed! And when is he coming?"

"This afternoon."

"I shouldn't have considered the invitation necessary."

Joan flushed quickly.

"You don't mind, Henry, do you?" she said.

"No, but I wouldn't advise you to overdo it. It's quite possible he may misconstrue your courtesy."

Later, when Myles was arrested and sentenced

to two years' penal servitude for being in possession of diamonds for which Henry Farrant is really responsible, he suffered bravely the injustice and disgrace sooner than incriminate the brother of the girl he loved. It was only by Henry Farrant's deathbed confession that Joan learns of her brother's treachery and her lover's martyrdom.

Myles, embittered and hardened, cannot at once accept Joan's repentant love, but the misunderstanding is cleared away at last.

"He led her past the glowing flower-beds, in a growing and intimate silence, out upon the open veld. The light was fading, darkness was settling upon the plain, as though invisible hands were switching off all the lights one by one so many at a time until night came. He put his arms about her and caught her to him and held her pressed against his breast, while the darkness crept closer, — and blotted out the world."

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

June 28th.—Garden Party of the C.L.S.A. Nurses' League, at the City of Westminster Union Infirmary, Hendon. 3 to 7 p.m.

June 30th and July 1st.—Conference on Diet, Cookery, and Hygiene in Schools, Guildhall, London. 10.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m.

July 2nd.—Women Writers' Suffrage League Dinner, Criterion Restaurant. 7.30 p.m. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, President, will take the Chair. BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING Table.

July 4th.—Bedford College for Women, London. The Queen opens the new buildings, Regent's Park.

July 5th.—The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. General Meeting in Clinical Theatre. 2.30 p.m. Tea, Social Gathering, and Tennis match 4 p.m.

July 18th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. 4 p.m. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will preside. Address by Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Before the coming of Christ the world had known three measures of greatness—brute-force for the savage, mind-force for the Greek, and will-force for the Roman. Till Christ had set it up and exemplified it in the feet-washing at the Last Supper, no one had ever dreamed that the one and only true measure of greatness was love-force. It was because the world had in great measure forgotten the text: "Whosoever will be first among you let him be the servant of all," that Socialism and its by-products had risen up in their midst. Love was only a grand name for service, and ever since the dawn of Christianity civilised society had always recognised, in its saner mood, that true greatness could be expressed in terms of service only.

—Father Bernard Vaughan.

* By F. E. Mills Young. John Lane: London.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)