

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE PATHWAY."*

There is generally refreshment to be found in the tales of colonists, and Miss Page has already established a reputation for the telling of them in her former books. This story of two girls and their brothers, who had settled in Rhodesia, is quite pleasing, and isolated though they were, lovers appeared on the scene, so that romance is not lacking.

Indeed, Betty and Bobbie are both practically engaged from the outset of the story. Toby Fitzgerald, who preferred keeping a meat store near his beloved to being an officer in a crack regiment at home, makes his first appearance in the book "with an ungainly parcel wrapped in an old piece of newspaper." "Fair lady," he said, while his sunny blue eyes danced delightedly, "I have brought you my little gift—just a little bon-bon, don't you know. Not exactly a keepsake—at least, I shouldn't like to recommend it as such." Then, as he unwrapped the greasy newspaper: "Behold! A sirloin of beef from my very own butcher's shop." Bobbie clasped her gift ecstatically. "Oh, you dear!" she cried, "a sirloin too. Not even a scrag end! How perfectly sweet of you, Toby."

Poor Toby, who so far has never exceeded five pounds a month in his takings, is desperately jealous of Blake, who also admires pretty Bobbie, and has a very substantial homestead to offer her if she will only accept it. Though Bobbie is entirely loyal to him, Toby discovers her in what appears to him compromising circumstances with Blake, and it nearly results in complete disaster.

Toby disappears, and Bobbie, thinking that he is hurt past reconciliation, agrees to marry Sir James Fortescue, whose life she saved in a conspiracy that nearly cost her own.

Day after day followed, and there was no sign out of the silence and blankness, and a chill hopelessness gained ground in her heart. Of course, if Toby were never coming it mattered little whether she married Sir James or not. She wondered if anything would ever matter again. After all, it was Toby who had made their lovely wilderness joyous. Without him, she felt that the trees and the veldt would flower in vain for her.

"Tell me to-day," Sir James had urged gently. "No." And she turned her head away to hide the pain in her eyes. "You must play fair; I will tell you to-morrow."

And when it is almost too late Toby learns that he had nothing to resent, and nothing to forgive.

Sir James was a brave and honourable gentleman, and when he discovered how matters stood he wrote to her: "I see that if I love you truly

*By Gertrude Page. London: Ward, Lock & Co.

I can only give you up to him and make the path as easy for you as possible. God bless you. I thank Him that Fitzgerald is such a good fellow."

He really was also such a good fellow himself that Bobbie must have had a hard part to play. We think this book deserves to be popular, and can heartily recommend it for light and wholesome reading.

H. H.

THE VIGIL.

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame

Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes

War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,

Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes

Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart;
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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WORD FOR THE WEEK.

THE KING TO THE PEOPLE OF HIS OVERSEAS DOMINIONS.

I desire to express to my people of the Oversea Dominions with what appreciation and pride I have received the messages from their respective Governments during the last few days.

These spontaneous assurances of their fullest support recall to me the generous self-sacrificing help given by them in the past to the Mother Country.

I shall be strengthened in the discharge of the great responsibilities which rest upon me by the confident belief that in this time of trial my Empire will stand united, calm, resolute, trusting in God.—GEORGE R.I.

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