

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THESE LYNNEKERS."*

Young Dickie was the odd one of the family—odd in the sense that he was cut out of a quite different pattern. He took from the first a line of his own and kept to it, in spite of the supercilious attitude of his immediate relatives.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about Dickie either, but he recognised the limitations that tradition and inheritance had imposed on his environment, and was determined at all costs to free himself.

His two elder brothers had followed their father's lead and were destined for the ministry, not specially because there existed any special desire for this calling, but rather that it seemed fitting and suitable that a Lynneker should enter a University career and follow a profession that might offer inducements in the way of preferment and Cathedral appointments. Dickie at the age of fifteen "went stale," as his form master put it, and his failure suggested his removal to the "Modern Side" of the school.

"Does that mean some kind of disgrace?" Mrs. Lynneker asked, anxiously.

"Impossible for him to think of a scholarship," her husband replied, avoiding explanations, and conveying his sense of some impossible gulf between their ways of thought in this regard. He had been a Fellow of Emmanuel, and his two elder sons had both won classical scholarships at Cambridge. This was the honoured tradition that Dickie was about to break in an untraditional way.

Dickie did not go on the "Modern Side," but he abandoned his dream of a mathematical career, and entered the local bank as a clerk—his father's financial position having become somewhat strained at this point.

He was not by nature or inclination cut out for this employment, but he triumphed over the Lynneker tradition in that he faced a difficult situation with decision foreign to his family.

"I'm going into the bank," Dick announced, briefly.

Latimer whistled. "Pretty rotten for you," was his comment.

"I don't see it," replied Dickie. "Sooner do that than mug Livy any day."

His father took his own family as the standard of English culture, and deplored—not the Lynneker loss of vitality, but the growing vulgarity of the new generation. The mark of his attitude was to be found in his treatment of the bank manager, who was, in the Rector's phrase, "a very worthy fellow."

Dickie fulfilled his five years' contract with distinction, and then seriously considered his cousin Martyn's generous offer of a legal career, which was to be a stepping stone to a Parliamentary one. Martyn had taken a fancy to the young fellow at a family gathering on the occasion of

the irreproachable Edward's marriage. Dick felt the Lynneker influence in Martyn, and it made him hesitate before the generous offer.

"Is it *always* necessary, Martyn, to pretend something you don't feel in politics and society?"

Martyn roused himself a little to deal with that. "You don't believe in tact or diplomacy in any walk of life, eh, Dick?" he commented, with genial condescension.

Dickie replied that he was fed up with a certain sort of tact.

"It's so jolly like letting things slide."

The gradual decay of the old Rector, due to an internal complaint, brought out the best of Dick's character, and he proved a devoted nurse to the father who had secretly always admired and loved him more than his exemplary elder sons.

On the evening of the old man's death, the family assembled as usual for prayers.

"For the first two lines of the hymn they all sang together, to show a fine self-control before the servants; and then the harmony grew weaker as singer after singer fell out. Dick, erect and thoughtful, was wondering whether it would have made any difference in his father's life if all this sympathy and emotion had been lavished upon him while he was able to appreciate it.

"In any case, he would not join in the hymn. He had never been able to sing in tune."

This chronicle of a family, with its failing and peculiarities, is extraordinarily convincing and discriminating. It is a study worth reading.

H. H.

"EASTER."

Among the gay, exultant trees,
Over the green and growing grass,
Clothed in immortal mysteries,
I see His living body pass.

The catkins fling abroad His name,
While birds from every bush and spray
Strain feathered necks, and tipped with flame
The hills all stand to greet His day.

Each violet and bluebell curled
Wakes with the dead Christ's waking eye,
And like burst gravestones clouds are hurled
Across the wide and waiting sky.

And drenched, for very height of mirth,
With clean white tears of April rain,
Like Mary Magdalene the earth
Finds April's risen Lord again.

"Laughs and Whiffs of Song."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"All the world cries, 'Where is the man who will save us? We want a man!' Don't look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man—it is **You**, it is **I**, it is each one of us. How to constitute oneself a man? Nothing easier, if one wills it."—*Alexandre Dumas*.

* By J. D. Beresford. London: Cassell & Co.

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