

knew that latter, was trying to dodge chapel, while the elder was willing enough to go.

It was at the same revival meeting that Robert "testified" to the great confusion and annoyance of his family, who did not in the least understand his varying moods.

Clem turned in his seat and then was utterly confounded for his brother was standing up breathing very hard through his open mouth.

There he stood, a great hulking, strapping creature, the most conspicuous object in the room, in his fancy coat and checked breeches. Clem felt a thrill go down his backbone. Robert was saved. Robert was a believer; he who had been brought home drunk only the week before.

Clem was only seventeen and adored his brother Robert. They shared a bedroom and that night Robert tried to explain his strange impulse.

"Robert, what make you stand up lik that in Church?"

"That's just wot queers me."

"Bob!"

"Doan't look so sorrowing at me, young 'un. I tell you it aun't my fault."

He thought God had played a trick on him, for "I aun't no more saved than a potato-trug. I'll sarve Him out."

"It aun't right to say such words."

"If anyone hereabouts thinks as I'm saaved he'll soon think different. I'll tell you wot I'll do, I'll go to the gipsies and I'll have that girl Hannah Iden."

"O doaan't go after Hannah, Bob. She's tedious low, I've heard."

Clem's own charming romance with little Polly, and their boy and girl courtship was in sharp contrast with Bob's stormy career. What Robert began out of devilry, ended in heartbreak as far as he was concerned. His susceptible nature was set aflame by the gipsy girl.

Young Clem asks subsequently:

"Is she sweet to love?"

"Is she sweet? Is the fire sweet? Is the winter sweet? Reckon you doan't know naun of love. I love her not because she's sweet but because I can't help it, surelye."

Hannah was but fooling her Gorgy lover and married Darius the dapper little gipsy. Robert's undisciplined grief was terrible, and he undoubtedly suffered greatly.

His family were greatly relieved at this rupture with Hannah, and successfully manoeuvred for him to marry pretty, vulgar little Mabel, the daughter of a well-to-do tradesman.

He was a faithful husband to her, but her mean little heart never satisfied him, and he was at intervals haunted by the thought of the beautiful gipsy.

An arresting picture is drawn of their meet'ng after the marriage of both.

Outside the public house he stood for a minute looking out into the street, where the wan sunshine lay spilt upon the gables, then a movement at his side made him turn his head, and he saw Hannah quite close to him leaning against the wall.

She stood queerly motionless, a wrapped brown figure, with the dead leaves drifted up round her feet. He could see her hand under the baby's body, and there was something strained and tender about it, something which spoke of a quality in Hannah which he had never been allowed to see.

His longing for her a hundredfold increased now that he saw how she would have loved his child. But he kept silence partly out of hopelessness, partly out of what was not so much loyalty as acceptance of the fact that he belonged to another woman and to a child that was yet unborn."

This picture of Hannah always remained with him, and the fact that she became unattractive in appearance never altered his hopeless passion for her.

Robert again took up with religion and became a sort of itinerant preacher, and it must not be supposed that his religion was not perfectly sincere.

His wife Mabel became more and more querulous and dissatisfied, and Robert's religious fervour and long absences added fuel to the flame.

Unfortunately he became convinced that it was his mission to save Hannah's soul, and in a disastrous moment he succumbs to her temptations and takes her in his arms, all unattractive as she then was.

A fight with her gipsy husband ends in imprisonment for Robert, but his temporal disgrace was as nothing to the black despair of his soul. He was for a time convinced of his eternal damnation.

It is on his release that Clem and Polly take him home to their little cottage, and in simple homely ways try to heal his grievous hurt.

Robert resolves to end the life which had become unbearable to him, but at the edge of the pond he is once more flooded by the knowledge of Divine love and forgiveness and returns home.

How beautiful is the idea of the message coming to him in the homely dialect familiar to him.

"I am your God, doant you know Me?" Did you think I am away up in Heaven watching you from a gurt way off?"

"But, Lord, you cast me off."

"How could I? You were lost in the mists of your own mind."

But the story ends in tragedy after all, for he thought it his mission to go and tell everyone "as God is love, and how it aun't true about wrath and hell and them scarin' things."

They called him a hypocrite and did him to death.

Clem and Polly lined his grave with primroses and cuckoo flowers and buttercups.

The little incidents recorded of the walk back from the funeral are some of the most appealing in this altogether delightful book.

H. H.

#### DIRECTOR OF WOMEN'S ESTABLISHMENTS.

The Treasury have appointed the Hon. Maude Lawrence to the new post of Director of Women's Establishments, at a salary of £1,000 a year.

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