

No one gave herself up to a task with more absolute self-devotion than she. She was very clear-sighted. "To think," she writes, "that we can solve a problem of this depth and magnitude by any mere external means—as so many good and earnest women seem to imagine—by any multiplication of Rescue Societies, Preventive Institutions, and other benevolent organisations, is to think that we can plug up a volcano with sticks and straws. The remedy, like the evil, must be from within, and must, to a great degree, revolutionise our life." So she pleaded for the abolition of the double standard, as "a tradition of the elders, which has made the law of God of none effect," and for careful study, not so much with a view to giving warnings as to form an attitude on subjects we shrink to mention. She impressed upon parents that their God-given function was to be the teachers of their own children, and that this could not be shunted on the professional shoulders of the schoolmaster. In season and out of season she taught, as she practised, great simplicity of life. She had an eye for detail, and could throw herself into the circumstances of an individual or of a struggling committee with absolute disregard of self. And she never forgot a friend, or one of the poor souls who came to her for advice and help. Her reward came to her in the shape of friends who helped her to carry out schemes and to bear burdens which she alone could not have borne. If the world sometimes misunderstood her, these friends never failed her till some of them preceded her and joined "the great majority." Let us give special honour to Frank Crossley, of Manchester, to Miss Laura Soames, of Brighton, to the great Bishop Lightfoot of Durham, and to Bishop Wilkinson of St. Andrews. One such friend, who still lives, tells me that in a friendship of forty years she found unflinching sympathy and stimulus the overflowing gifts of a great mind and heart, and has nothing but words of love and of praise to offer as a record of a genius, who was also a true woman.

Few of us can realise how much Miss Ellice Hopkins gave up at the call of duty—intellectual society to a very considerable extent, and the power of charming the world by her literary ability. She had a wonderful gift for popularising science, and her early poems, "English Idylls," are full of the joy she took in all things beautiful. Her sensibilities were keen, and she was exceptionally "highly-strung." Her work was often an anguish hardly to be borne. But she never faltered and she never complained. The end of her life must have been somewhat lonely, though it was cheered by the kind attentions of a friend, and by correspondence with persons who had been moved by her recent books. The lessons she taught have been accepted, but the teacher was somewhat forgotten. Sustained enthusiasm is difficult for the mass of mankind, and though it exists undoubtedly, and is evidenced by quiet persistence in well-doing on the part of many among us, it may be that some fresh impetus is needed to move the average man and woman of today to a sense of the dignity and responsibility of life, to "the plain living and high thinking" which shall make its mark on the social history of the twentieth century. But, as "dwarfs on giants' shoulders reach higher than giants," it will be well if new workers in the field will acquaint themselves with the aspirations and the endeavours of their predecessors, and give

honour, as honour is surely due, to such a brave and high-minded woman as she who has passed to her well-earned rest.

## A Book of the Week.

### THE KING'S FOOL.\*

We live now so entirely in a world of actualities—it is so usual to hear men talk seriously as though life were primarily a question of mechanical appliances, and the power of covering distance in a given time—that there is something refreshing in an encounter with an author who has passed clean out of his surroundings, has given his hand to Dame Romance, and has let her lead him away where she would, as far from the real, or even the probable, as man may wander.

From such a book as Mr. Wells's "Anticipations" to one like "The King's Fool" is a far cry. The present reviewer passed from one to the other, and the contrast was a striking one. In the one—we may confess, in passing, that on the whole it is incredibly disappointing, and much below the level of a writer for whom we cherish a profound admiration—we have the whole of life viewed from the narrow chink of the Political Economist. The end of life is frankly, to Mr. Wells, the production of utilities fixed and embodied in material objects. To the men in Michael Barrington's book life is the pursuit of the Ideal. Just that. It seems as if at times we needed the reminder.

Raymond de Tarascon, Abbot of Orlac, was a man who renounced the world which gave him much but could not satisfy. To him, one dark stormy night, a serving-man brought a little boy. None but the Abbot knew the secret of the boy's birth.

When the child grew up, the Abbot died, on the eve of revealing his secret to him. Having no vocation for the cloister, the stripling was sent to Court; and by reason of a passing whim the King there and then appointed him Court Jester.

That a man young, handsome, brave, well-grown, highly educated, and abundantly furnished with intellectual capacity, should be so appointed seems to relegate the whole story at once to the realm of dream-fable where it properly belongs. It affects the mind like the poem of Aucassin and Nicolette: it is no longer a story of men like ourselves, but merely a quaint conceit.

The thread on which the tale is spun is the oblation of Yvot the Fool for the two whom he loves—the King and the Lady Modwena.

The happiness of Modwena is threatened first by the King himself, whose passion at the beginning is lawless. This peril is averted by Modwena's own purity and dignity, and, in face of the national councils, King Hubert makes her his wife. Their joint happiness is threatened by Ranulf Fitzurse, cousin to the King and next heir to the throne. Here the wit, courage, and self-sacrifice of the Fool come in, and, by a brilliant stratagem, he delivers the King from his crafty foe. But no rewards nor honours come to him through this fine stroke of genius. He is still, in the land of Dream-Fable, regarded as a fool.

Then, at last, the truth comes to light. Papers are

\* By Michael Barrington. (Blackwood.)

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