

as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University. It is expected that the nomination will be challenged, but the lady students announce their determination to carry the matter to the Law Courts if necessary. The other candidates are Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Carson.

An Encyclical Letter, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on behalf of the Lambeth Conference of Bishops, was issued on Friday in last week. It reviews the deliberations and work of the Conference, which, it says, have been dominated throughout by the conception of the Church as ordained of God for the service of mankind, and it epitomises the conclusions arrived at in regard to the faith and modern thought, marriage problems, especially in relation to divorce, ministries of healing, foreign missions, and indeed a number of questions which touch women equally with men. More's the pity they can take no part in these deliberations, as we cannot conceive of any Church ordained of God for the service of mankind, which excludes women from its ministrations and deliberations.

Book of the Week.

THE FIFTH QUEEN CROWNED.*

There is one thing that Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer always manages to do exceedingly well. He gives the atmosphere of the times of which he writes with, one feels assured, the greatest accuracy. The same cannot be said, of course, for the facts of any historical novel; there is nothing so likely to falsify history as turning it into attractive romance. But here, too, Mr. Hueffer is certain to be as veracious as possible, and to those who are fond of this type of book *The Fifth Queen Crowned* is recommended.

The heroine, as will be guessed even by those who have not read his "Fifth Queen," is Katharine Howard, for whom Mr. Hueffer has an evident admiration. The main theme of the book is her attempt to win Henry back to the church of Rome. The counter scheme to prevent the despatch of Henry's letter to the Pope gives to the story its element of excitement. To compass this the ruin of Katharine Howard has to be first brought about, and a network of the most contemptible plots is deliberately spread around her, from which there is no escape. As our author depicts her this queen was very far in advance of her times in her opinions; it was a coarse, unscrupulous age, and Katharine Howard was neither: we are given to understand she had a delicacy of feeling, a sense of moral rectitude, and a standard of truth that was entirely absent in most of those about her person. Her bearing towards her inferiors was courteous, considerate, and kind, which weakness was one of the most potent weapons used against her: her patience with her quite odious step-daughter, the Princess

Mary, was positively saintly, her devotion to Henry marvellous; that she could have loved anything so grossly ungraceful and ungainly as he was at that period of his existence seems little short of impossible.

We should suppose that the drawing of the Lady Mary's character is about as faithful a bit of imagination as one could get. She was detestable, but even she was influenced, softened by the intimate knowledge she had of her step-mother, and she had the grace to try to save Katharine from herself with some very sound pieces of advice. When at last the Queen's enemies had achieved their end by torturing one of her waiting-women, until the craven creature bore false witness against her benefactress, it was Mary who flew into a passion of anger and disgust: "Katharine said no word. It was as if she walked in her sleep."

The last scene in the book is the most powerful: Katharine's trial—the scene between herself and the distraught Henry who, though crazed with love of her, was too weak and vacillating to save her. He offered her, or rather implored her, to take life upon terms that revolted her, and she preferred death, making the most extraordinary confession of guilt in order to play into her enemies' hands and have done with it. She left Henry in no doubt as to what she thought of him: "I came to you for that you might give this realm again to God. Now I see you will not—for not ever will you do it if it must abate you a jot of your sovereignty. . . . Each man is set to save his skin and his goods—and you are such a weathercock that I should never blow you to a firm quarter. For what am I set against all this nation!"

E. L. H.

UNDER THE SLAB OF SILENCE.

Under the slab of silence,
In the churchyard of my days,
Lying in solemn quietude
Are all our pleasant ways,
Our half-forgotten spring-tides,
Our half-remembered Mays.
And oh! will you please go softly,
Lest you should wake the dead;
And oh! will you please speak gently,
You who walk overhead.

COMING EVENTS.

August 20th.—The Matron's and Nurses' At-Home, the Infirmary, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Tennis, 3.30 to 7.30 p.m.

September 25th to 29th.—International Moral Education Congress, Imperial Institute, London.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

As ships meet at sea a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, giving him supplies.

BEECHER.

* By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Eveleigh Nash.)

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