

It is satisfactory to learn that it is the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that under the Bill, one of the Insurance Commissioners shall be a woman; that at least two women are to be appointed on to the Advisory Committee, and that provision is now made for the inclusion on the Local Health Committees, henceforth to be known as Insurance Committees, of at least four women, two to be appointed by the County Council, or County Borough Council, and two by the Insurance Commissioners.

We are glad to learn that a baby-clinic is to be started in Leicester, to be presented to its member of Parliament, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., in the name of his late wife. No more appropriate memorial could be raised to her memory. It is also hoped to raise an annual endowment of £500 for the Women's Labour League.

EDUCATION PAMPHLETS.

A series of six little booklets, published by the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, 9, East 42nd Street, New York City, U.S.A., can now be procured at the office of this Journal. Written with delicacy and restraint, they are to be thoroughly recommended to those who desire to instruct the young in sex hygiene, and the maintenance of a high standard of moral and physical well being.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

GOD AND THE KING.*

This is the third book from the pen of Miss Bowen that deals with the history of William of Orange, and we presume it will be the last since it records his death.

The authoress has evidently an ardent admiration for the character of William, and if she has idealised him not a little, we cannot blame her, as the result is that we are enriched with another historical romance of great merit, combining strength with sweetness.

"God and the King" deals with the usurpation by William of the English Throne. Its opening scenes are laid in Whitehall, where James II is "listening to the unusual and tumultuous noises that filled the sweet summer air—noises of bells, of shouting, the crack of fireworks, and the report of joyous mock artillery." This commemorates the acquittal of the seven Bishops.

In a great mansion a little further away "My Lady Sutherland sat silent. Mr. Sidney stood close to her, and she could hear his quick breathing, as she was listening to the bells and the shouting.

"The people," said Mr. Sidney.

"Do they make revolutions?" she asked.

"If there is a man to guide them they do."

"Well?"

"Before, there was Cromwell."

"And now—"

* Methuen & Co., London.

"Now there is William of Orange."

The next scene, laid at The Hague, gives the other side of the picture.

"A little pause of silence, and the Princess entered. She wore a dress of a stiff pattern in white brocade with tinsel, and a ribbon of pearl in her hair.

"William rose and gave her one look as she closed the door.

"Madame, Mr. Herbert cometh from England with an invitation to me from my friends there to go there with a force to protect the laws and the religion."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary; she came straight to the table and dazzled in the candle light. . . .

The last look Mr. Herbert had of Mary was the sight of her standing quite still, with her face as pale as the little braid of pearls in her dark hair, and her fingers pressed to the tinsel bows on her stiff bodice.

"You will go?" she asks the Prince.

"Nay, I must. Do thou forgive me, but I must."

"O God, pity me!" cried Mary. . . .

She was weeping, and the tears ran down through her fingers.

"You think of your father," he said. . . . Your father" . . .

"God forgive me, I did not think of His Majesty. I have been," continued Mary very low, "so happy here, in the life most suited to me, in this dear country, where everyone is so good as to love me a little."

The tragedy of her death when Queen of England, from black smallpox, is related very impressively.

She makes the terrible discovery when trying on a ball dress.

"She turned to the glass and turned her chemise down. There she saw again what had made her send her sewing girls away—a large purple patch on the white flesh, unmistakable."

Curiously, after this she appears to have gone freely about among her ladies.

The disclosure of the heavy news to William is done by her own lips.

She asks him pathetically:

"You will be with me this Christmastide?"

"I will nurse you till you are well again. But you are not ill?" he added piteously.

"No—tired a little. Let me speak," she said sweetly. . . . "I have done my best. I wanted to say that—I have always done my best."

He managed to answer.

"You shame me—you utterly shame me. You—you know what you have been to me."

Mary dropped her hands; the tears gathered in her eyes.

"And I am childless," she faltered. . . .

Her fever-flushed face dropped against the lace on his bosom. He put his arm round her, and she gave a great sigh.

"God," he said in an unsteady whisper, answering his own fears, "could not be so cruel."

But his own death, a few years later, was perhaps the answer.

H. H.

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