

minister just judgment." If that was the standard of justice in a non-Christian country, how much higher should it be in one professing Christianity? We want a new type of man to fill that highly responsible post—the same type of man precisely as Mr. Mott Osborne and others we have mentioned. We want the magistrates (our Archons) to have "grace to execute justice and to maintain truth." Those of us who have been in the Police Courts and seen the travesty of justice, and the mockery of the ceremony, are convinced that radical reforms are needed here, too. We have ourselves seen a man in the dock, quite obviously feeble-minded, receive the sentence of "an incorrigible rogue"! The magistrate who gave that sentence, hardly looking at his victim, showed himself to be lacking in all the qualities necessary for his position—observation, imagination, sympathy and indeed *sanity*.

(To be concluded.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"WILLIAM BY THE GRACE OF GOD."*

The House of Orange has already been the subject of more than one novel by Miss Bowen. The fortunes of this illustrious House seem to possess an especial fascination for her. William of Orange is presented as a most attractive personality, and the reader is bound to be drawn into the circle of admiration which is woven around him. Miss Bowen's sympathies are openly on the side of the Protestants, which is somewhat singular in a person who is so much in love with colour and effect. Nevertheless, she adapts herself to the austerities of Puritanism with equal sureness of portraiture. She has the gift of idealising, and an intense belief in the gifts and graces in which she clothes her favourites. This is a truly delightful way in which to assimilate the dry bones of history, and we sincerely hope that Miss Bowen will present the present International crisis in the same attractive and informing style. What a thrilling romance could her glowing pen weave of the long intrigues which led up to the present war. Her many admirers will always be asking for more. William, unhappy in his domestic life, a fugitive from his kingdom, is the centre of this romance. The devoted and hopeless love of the serving woman *Rénée* for her royal master is drawn with restraint and appeal.

"She saw him ride, wrapped in his shabby cloak, on the shabby horse, and her gaze followed him until the walls of Heidelberg hid him from view. And her heart ached after him with an intolerable yearning. If she could have ridden behind him, as his foot boy, as his slave, if she could be with him, to soften ever so little his troubles and discomforts."

* By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen, London.

In the battle of Mooker Heyde the House of Nassau paid a heavy toll. "The two Nassau princes, and Duke Christopher, the Elector's son, went down together on that day of woe and terror, and never, alive or dead, did any again behold them."

A pretty example of word painting in Miss Bowen's most characteristic style describes William smitten with sickness at Rotterdam and *Rénée* ministering to him. After a period of unconsciousness "he turned round and stared round the chamber. The windows were wide open on the sunshine; on the sill was a white pot of coarse earthenware holding a plant of scarlet geraniums, which showed its vivid green amid the encircling light. The short curtains of coarse white linen very slightly waved in the delicate breeze. The walls, half panelled wood and half whitewash, were full of shelves and open cupboards, which held articles, china and earthenware, in shining hues of blues and reds. His tired eyes encountered with a sense of shock the figure of a woman sitting in the corner of the room farthest from the bed. She wore a plain dress of dark grey and a ruff of fine muslin; she had her back to the Prince so that he could not see her face, only the piled-up locks of her red-gold hair.

"The Prince watched her with the suspended interest of a sick man. He liked to see her there, in her grace and calm—her delicate fingers working so steadily, her whole person suggestive of repose and comfort. It was long since he had seen such a woman in any house or apartment of his. As this thought of his loneliness came to him, he sighed."

Divorced from his first wife, the insane and wanton Anne of Saxony, William contracts a second union with the dainty Charlotte de Bourbonne, formerly an Abbess, who had renounced her vows and embraced the Protestant faith. The closing scenes of the book describe the assassination of William by one of the spies of Philip of Spain.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

November 4th.—Irish Nurses' Association, Meeting Executive Committee, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

November 7th.—Institute of Hygiene, 33-34, Devonshire Street, W. Preventive Medicine Series of Lectures: "Venereal Virus and Its Detection," by John W. H. Eyre, M.D., F.R.S. Ed. 4 p.m.

November 8th and 9th.—National Union of Trained Nurses. Autumn Council Meetings. 46, Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W.

November 9th.—Meeting Executive Committee, Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 2.30 p.m.

November 23rd.—National Council of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting Grand Council, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m. tea.

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