

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"QUEEN JENNIE."*

"Mistress Jennie Cameron climbed wearily up the lone hill-side. Hey, nonny! It's ill for a lad to set his parents at defiance, and to go his own wild way to a bitter reaping, but its worse when a lassie takes to such a path of folly. Yet the men would have nothing but pity for Jennie, just because she was young and slim and sweet, with a merry dimple in her smooth cheek, roguery in those laughing blue eyes, and challenge on the full red lips."

Miss Wynne contributes another story of the lawless days in the Highlands when George reigned at Whitehall, and a Stuart sighed at Versailles; and tells of the wayward Jennie—how she threw in her lot with the Highland Rovers, "whose secret lair was known to none but the Rovers themselves, and their politics were held as no secret. Stuart's men were they, ready to toast the king over the water, ready to fight, ready to plot for an exiled monarch; yet just as ready to burn a Lowland castle or fire the ricks of a Lowland farmer who favoured Hanoverian rule. They were a merry gang, who lived free as English Robin Hood under the rule of a monarch, so called, Robert Bruce."

"I'll not be content till I've paid my homage," was Jennie's vow.

Jennie got her chance ere long, and prevailed on King Robert to enroll her as one of the Rovers.

So Jennie Cameron came to rule as Queen in the Highland Rovers' cave. And because Robert Bruce was a gallant gentleman, he went through a mock ceremony of marriage with Jenny, that left her free, but gave her the protection of his name to save her from harsh criticism.

"In her gown of clinging white, her fair hair loose over her shoulders, her brow wreathed by the floral crown, Queen Jennie might have vied in loveliness with Titania herself. Swords were unsheathed, and between a glittering arch the king and queen passed into the banquetting hall beyond. What a day of revelry and song was that."

What a triumph for Jennie, who saw herself in fancy a penniless lass, wearily climbing the long hill which led to Rowan Farm. With eyes half blinded by tears she looked around the lamp-lit chamber, so strangely decorated, so weirdly peopled. The tartans of a half-a-score of clans were here, clans which had given their best blood for a Stuart, and would be ready to shed their blood again when the call came, yet were now content to gather here and play the game of bandit robbers. But Queen Jennie, in spite of her triumph, felt the ache of the empty ceremony.

At last, when she took the crown of fading flowers from her head, she whispered to herself:

"Are *all* crowns so frail?" And her tears ran down upon the fading flowers.

But it was not Robert Bruce whom she ultimately wedded. He was killed in the cause of the White Cockade, loving Jennie to the end, though her heart, against her will, had strayed from him to the keeping of Alaster Graham.

"Huzza for the Highland Rovers! Never should fat Geordie's men find the way to a royal palace where reigned their King o' the Greenwood. Huzza! Huzza! for the sternest fight ever waged by these kilted heroes of the White Cockade."

Robert Bruce took leave of Jennie before riding to the fray. "Bold and handsome, he sat his horse, bonneted in Highland fashion, his looped plaid fastened on his shoulder by a diamond brooch. A king of men—and in those blue eyes of his a deathless love. 'For now and all eternity, my queen; no more, no less,' he said simply, to the woman who loved him."

A few hours later Robert Bruce lay dying from the sword thrust of a Lowlander, after Jennie had avenged his wound.

"A cold, cold dawning, but the chill which crept over King Robert's limbs was not the winter's cold. Yet he smiled that brave smile of his even in the face of death. He was glad to be lying here, looking away down that long vista of glens and over the brown, brown moors. And so it was time for King Robert to take his farewell."

A gallant figure of a man, but notwithstanding, the perversity of love decreed that his heart's desire should pass to another's keeping. A stirring romance, with many fine passages.

H. H.

MISS ELLISON GOES TO AMERICA.

Miss Grace Ellison, who is attached to the American Red Cross Service, has passed through London on her way to the States, where she will report on war conditions in France. She later intends to lecture upon her own behalf, as she has been in intimate touch with the whole phase of the war as it affects France. Her lectures should be vivid and instructive.

COMING EVENTS.

May 30th to June 6th.—Nurses' Missionary League Summer "Camp" for Nurses. Old Jordan's Hotel, Beaconsfield.

June 24th-27th.—National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. Annual meeting. De Montfort Hall, Leicester.

June 27th.—Nurses' Registration Bill (Central Committee) Report Stage, House of Commons.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd.

Tennyson.

* By May Wynne. (Chapman & Hall, Ltd., London.)

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