

life, colours, fancies, artificial emotions. Elegant in manner, refined, witty, brilliant, charming, she was by nature false, and in that sense true at least to herself."

Such a woman was bound to have many lovers. Gilles, of Brittany, sincerely loved her, and she had taken him for the wealth and position he could offer her. He had much of the ancient chivalry that never questioned a woman's word sworn with kisses.

Shortly after their betrothal Gilles is sent by his brother on a mission to England, and though at first he was glad to be entrusted with it, he is filled with misgiving at leaving Françoise, and confides in his friend Kristopher, the Irishman.

"She is so alone—and so beautiful! *Mon Dieu*, did you ever see such beauty, Kristopher, *mon ami*?" He entreats his friend to look to her while he is away and to protect her from Montauban should need arise.

Kristopher Fassifern was in reality Verdun of Valence and Lord of Coventry, who was exiled as a traitor from England, owing to the treachery of his wife for whom he chivalrously bore the blame, but whom he had nevertheless cast out of his heart and life.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, in which was involved loyalty to his friend, he also felt the magnetism of Françoise, and such as she knew of love she gave to Kristopher.

When rumour said that Gilles had turned traitor, she would have gladly broken troth with him, and Kristopher does violence to his own heart when he insists upon her faithfulness.

"He is true?" said Françoise in a strange voice. "You think so?"

"Do you want me to swear to it," said Kristopher, "pledge my honour on his—would you believe that, my lady?"

She raised her eyes looking straight into his through the dusk. "I don't want to believe," she said; "I don't love him—and you know it."

Kristopher stared at her, the blood beating in his face. "You love me," he cried suddenly. "By heaven you love me! My French lily." But after a scene when wild words of love pass between them, his true honourable nature reasserts itself.

"Gilles?" he muttered, "Gilles?"

"Gilles" she cried passionately. "Would you put him between us—now?"

"Now," answered Kristopher, "Now between us—now and—always."

Yvonne Marie, Kristopher's wife, had fallen in her fortunes since their separation, and earned a living as a strolling dancer. She had never ceased to love her husband, and the bitterness of that separation and remorse resulting from her act of treachery had made her a better and nobler woman.

They meet again when Yvonne is sick almost to death. "For a second Kristopher stood looking at her, her delicate prettiness had gone, only her grey eyes were the same. He came closer, he was no nearer sympathy or forgiveness for her than he

had been five years ago—but he was looking at her from a different level—he knew what it was to be tempted, almost what it was to fall. He no longer felt the utter scorn of something so low, but rather pity for something so weak."

She reinstates herself in her husband's estimation, if not in his love, by her heroic action in finding out Gilles when he is dying, and reassuring him as to Kristopher's loyalty.

The closing scene of the book is one of terrible tragedy, where Françoise meets with a violent death instigated by La Rose Rouge as a result of his mad jealousy.

"Ride her down," he thundered to his men.

"Her face, her hair, the golden lilies of France, were mangled together; her proud blood was beaten into the dirt and spattered over the horses' hoofs."

"Ride on," came Eugerrand's voice, "Ride on!"

And so they passed in a mad gallop through the forest of Hardouinaye, leaving the dogs to deal with Françoise of Brittany."

Miss Bowen's works are always worth reading, but we do not consider this romance one of her greatest achievements. H. H.

#### ROSEMARY.

Singing she washed  
Her baby's clothes,  
And, one by one,  
As they were done,  
She hung them in the sun to dry,  
Upon a waiting bush hard by,  
A glad expectant bush hard by,  
To dry in the sweet of the morning.

The while her son,  
Her little son,  
Lay kicking gleeful,  
In the sun—  
Her little, naked, Virgin son.

O, wondrous sight! Amazing sight:—  
The Lord, Who did the sun create,  
Lay kicking with a babe's delight,  
Regardless of his low estate,  
In joy of nakedness elate,  
In His own sun's fair light!

And all the sweet, sweet, sweet of Him  
Clave to the bush, and still doth cleave,  
And doth for evermore outgive  
The fragrant holy sweet of Him  
Where'er it thrives  
That bush forthgives  
The faint, rare, sacred sweet of Him.  
So—ever sweet, and ever green—  
Shall Rosemary be queen.

JOHN OXENHAM,

*In The King's Highway.*

#### COMING EVENTS.

September 2nd.—Fête and Sale of Work, on behalf of the Prince of Wales' General Hospital, Tottenham, arranged by the Sisters' Hospital Aid Association.

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