

now she bathed it. He likened her face to a moth's wing.

"He looked at her suddenly anew. She made no demands upon him. He had been expected to marry her—he had once refused to dance with her, and she had never reminded him of either. Why had he been always so sure he would never marry her? But of course—his wits were wandering—she was a pauper, and an exile."

The scene in the forest at night is poignantly described:

She was in the saddle, they were together under the great trees, they were riding home in the cool of the evening.

"I never knew before," he said, "that there were red tints in gold hair." And then, in sudden impatience, "How many other things have you concealed from me? Is it to tantalise, to reproach, that every day you show me more what I have missed?"

The silence of the forest seemed to throb with his regret.

"I have been a fool, a fool," said the thud of the horses' hoofs in his ear.

Minette tried to remember there must be no scandal between the King and the wife of the King's brother.

"I am the King," he said, "I can do what I like, I have already shown the Pope I can put him in his place."

"There is God," said Minette, perfunctorily.

He felt her arms round him, her hands touched his neck "You love me?" he demanded.

"I have always loved you"—it was so gently said, as if a moth's wing had brushed his cheek. "Always," she said. "Ever since you would not dance with me."

She sobbed like a child with her head inside his coat. Louis clutched her to him, he felt the tears smarting in his own eyes. He felt that fate had been against him, that he was of all men most miserable. For it was true, he could not take his brother's wife, either in defiance or deceit.

The tragic death of Minette from poisoning concludes the book and her pathetic parting with Louis is described.

There was agony in the shadowed, questing eyes, something else there was that was incommunicable; already she was removed from them, and saw them only from a distance; their world no longer concerned her.

The King had gone straight up to her, and dropped on his knees by the couch, putting his arms round her, his cheek against hers.

"You must not leave me," he whispered, "the doctors say you are better. I have suggested at least thirty things to those blockheads, and they said it is not yet time to try them.

"Ah, Sire, do not cry so," she said, "or you will make me cry."

She begged him to say good-bye to her now and leave her while she was yet conscious.

She kissed the Queen good-bye, and Louis went away with her, not caring who saw the tears that were pouring down his face. The reign of Madame (Minette) was the true age of Louis XIV. but he could not know that, he only knew that something lovely and precious had left his life.

Her parting with Monsieur her husband was brief.

She was sorry he had not been happy. "But I never wronged you." Her ladies recall that it was not a fortnight since her twenty-sixth birthday. "June, her month, is not yet out. We called her the midsummer princess, you remember."

Her Confessor was surprised at the simple language of her last confession.

She was drifting fast. The carefully shaded light glimmered on the polished floor—like a river of pale, shining water. It was there she had to go. Now she knew that her hour was come to embark on that wan water.

She would have cried out, but her lonely fear was answered before it was uttered.

"Hope, Madame, hope, hope," cried a great and loving voice.

The Abbé Bossuet had entered the room, and placed the Crucifix between her hands, holding it there with his warm, strong hands round hers.

"Madame, you believe in God. You hope in God, you love God?"

"With all my heart," she said, low but clear.

As the Crucifix dropped from her hands, they saw that she was dead.

Read this book and read it again.

H. H.

WHAT TO READ.

- "The Life of Lord Cromer." The Marquis of Zetland.
- "Fanfare for Tin Trumpets." Margery Sharp.
- "Georgian House." Frank Swinnerton.
- "The Siege of Oxford." An account of Oxford during the Civil War. 1642-1646. F. J. Varley.
- "Queen Elizabeth." Mona Wilson.
- "A Man's Life." Jack Lawson, M.P.
- "The Fortress." Hugh Walpole. (The third volume of the Herries Chronicles.)
- "Purdah, the Status of Indian Women." Frieda Hansworth (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das).
- "Eskimo." Peter Freuchen.
- "The Lost Trumpet." J. Leslie Mitchell.
- "Golden Horn." Yeats Brown.

A WORD FOR THE MONTH.

Trees.

I think that I shall never see
A Poem as lovely as a Tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowering breast,
A Tree that looks at God all day
And lifts its leafy arms to pray,
A Tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,
Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain;
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a Tree.

By Joyce Kilmer.

COMING EVENTS.

September 17th.—British College of Nurses. Council Meeting. 2.15 p.m.

September 30th.—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Monthly Meeting, 20, Portland Place, London, W.1. 2.30 p.m.

October 19th.—National Council of Nurses of Great Britain. Meeting Executive Committee, 39, Portland Place, London, W.1. 4 p.m.

October 28th. East London Children's Hospital, Shadwell, E.

Sir Buckston Browne, F.R.C.S., F.S.A., Donor of Darwin's House to the Nation, will give a talk on Charles Darwin and his family. Mr. W. R. Bett, M.R.C.S., Hon. Sec. History Sections, British Medical Association and Royal Society of Medicine, will take the Chair. Visitors cordially invited.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES 1899-1925.

Copies of the above work compiled by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick and Miss M. Breay are on sale at the office of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain, at 39, Portland Place, London, W.1. Price 5s.

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