BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"GOD'S PLAYTHINGS."**

This collection of short romances is based on historical facts and personages. They are unique in their way; and, though many of them are gruesome, and all of them sad, they are clothed in vivid and picturesque garb. The book does not take the cynical view that its title would lead us to expect, but rather points to the thwarting of the Divine plan, by undisciplined vanity and luxury.

Each of these short sketches relates the death of an individual—either a perfect knight and his eyes was brilliant in his flushed face.

The Prince rested his cheek against the arms of England on the coverlet; he felt that lassitude of a man that feels that life is done. But his little son, sleeping beneath the leopard-swnn coverlet, would redeem his own unfulfilled promise.

"Oh! dear Lord Christ, and St. George," he prayed; 'let this be so—let him be a very perfect knight and a great king.'

"The child was awake; the sparkling blue of his eyes was brilliant in his flushed face."

"When I am well, I shall have a shirt of mail, shall I not?"

"Ay!" answered the Prince, 'if the armourer can make one so small.'

"The child closed his eyes. 'Why am I sick, Seigneur?' he muttered. 'Did I do wrong?"

Edward shivered. 'You are not sorely sick,' he demanded. His son put out a hot hand, which the Prince clasped tightly.

"I feel so tired,' he whispered, with his eyes closed, 'but when I sleep the dragons come and crawl over the bed.' A little later: 'Seigneur,' he gassed, 'let me mount the white horse . . . the great horse; why do you leave me alone?' he complained, 'but I . . . am not . . . afraid—never . . . . afraid.'

Of Madame du Barry, a woman of the people, it is related that among all the noble and ignoble sufferers by the guillotine there is no record of cowardice on the part of any, save only in her case.


"What are they keeping us here for?" she asked; 'what is going to happen?"

'A soldier passed them, insolently near; when he had gone, the young man answered: 'they must have told you; you were tried yesterday.'

"She faintly shook her fair head. 'O, no! you could not call it a trial!'

"Do you not know, Madame, what this means?

"A spasm of agony contracted her heart.

"'No—no!' she stammered.

"He very gently laid his hand on her wrist.

"We are all condemned to the guillotine,' he said.

"We are waiting for that now—the guillotine."'

"Incomprehension and confusion showed in the blue eyes of Madame du Barry; her mouth fell open. 'They are going to kill me?' she asked.'

In sickening detail the terrible work of the guillotine is described, and her "common blood gushed over the other noble blood that stained the oak and iron."
Book of the Week is a BBC Radio 4 series that is broadcast daily on week days. Each week, extracts from the selected book, usually a non-fiction work, are read over five episodes; each fifteen-minute episode is broadcast in the morning (9:45am) and repeated overnight (12:30am). The Act of Worship re. BBC Radio 4 is a radio station owned and operated by the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) that broadcasts a wide variety of spoken-word programmes including news, drama, comedy, science and history. It replaced the BBC Home Service in 1967. The station controller is Gwyneth Williams, and the station is part of BBC Radio and the BBC Radio department. The station is broadcast from the BBC’s headquarters at Broadcasting House, London. Book of the week: Angelia Wilson applauds a bold new analysis of how the Republican Party’s determination to appeal to patriarchal, racist and religious voters reshaped politics in the US. By Angelia R. Wilson. 31 October. Book of the week: A. W. Purdue is impressed by a bold attempt to rethink the relationship between solidarity and ambition. By A.W. Purdue. 10 October.