

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE DAUGHTER PAYS."*

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' large circle of admirers will welcome this latest work from her pen.

It deals with the subject of the former admirer of a vain, pretty mother, transferring his affections to her pretty daughter. The mother had many years before thrown him over to make a more advantageous match, and her treatment of him had soured the man's whole nature. Virginia's likeness to her mother had first attracted his attention in a casual encounter at a picture exhibition, and he then deliberately made up his mind to marry her, and to punish her practically for her likeness to his former faithless love.

Virginia is constrained to accept him, as the only escape from circumstances which had become so straitened as to be almost impossible.

His procedure was quite novel in Virginia's case. "Then we are engaged," he cried, "I am such a crusted old provincial bachelor that I did not provide for this occasion before I left town by the purchase of a ring. But I see upon your mother's finger a jewel which, if I mistake not, belongs to me." He approached the sofa with hand outstretched. "Thank you, madam. It seems to be a most touching idea that the mother and daughter should wear the same betrothal ring."

This eccentric individual insisted on the marriage taking place a week after their betrothal. From the moment of their marriage he treated her with a hectoring and bullying manner, but poor Virginia had no idea of his real motive in marrying her.

Her gentleness and obedience to his wishes left him no ground for any complaint which was annoying, but the cynical unkindness from the man she was prepared to love naturally estranged her, and on the contrary her sweetness aroused in him a passionate love which he was too stubborn and proud to show.

His mode of dealing with his wife was certainly most repellent, and the girl shrank and languished under it, and anxiety for her health made his manners all the more brutal.

"Great Scott," he stormed at her maid. "What do you suppose you are here for but to look to your mistress's things and see she has all she wants. The moment you have finished dressing her sit down and write to London for fur coats, sable, seal—whatever she prefers, or, perhaps I had better do it if you seem so incompetent." He turned fiercely to Virginia whom sheer surprise had caused to sit up and stare. "You shall have a coat immediately if I have to go to London for it myself," he stormed.

Her expression stopped his words in mid-flow. "Stop, stop—you must stop," she cried piercingly, "or I don't know what will happen! You think a woman is a thing you can beat, swear at, insult

and then appease with presents. Didn't I tell you I will have no gifts from you? I'll bear your unkindness, but I won't take your presents. If you could understand—oh, how can I make you understand?"

Things were in a very bad way between them till he nearly loses his life in saving a man from a very dangerous position.

It is asking rather much of the reader to believe that this most unpleasant person could be transformed into a tender, considerate, even adoring husband, but we are told it did happen so we must leave it at that.

"What have you done to me, Virgie?" he whispered.

"Turned the beast into a Prince that's all," she laughed, her cheek close pressed to his.

Plenty of romance here for those so inclined and we can recommend it as a relief from the grim realities of the present time.

H. H.

FINISHED.

A soldier's cross stood in the corn,
A simple cross as one might see:
Bethought me of that other morn
That broke o'er barren Calvary.

And of the word the Christ had cried
When His long agony was done:
The "It is finished!" when He died
And His redeeming work begun.

And of the kings have warred and reigned
Since Jesu died, the King of Men,
And of the blood that earth hath stained,
And of the streams must flow again.

And in the soldier's sacrifice,
I saw the Christ's in its degree:
A sinful life—let it suffice,
He laid it down for you and me.

For one a little cross of deal,
For One the Age-Enduring Tree;
Yet each frail, faltering flesh did feel
In hands and feet the wounding steel;
Each died that mankind might be free,
Each gave a life for you and me.

"Ballads of Battle,"

By LANCE-CORPORAL JOSEPH LEE.

COMING EVENTS.

April 29th.—Meeting Executive Committee Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 4.30 p.m.

May 17th.—Asylum Workers' Association. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. Sir John Jardine, Bart., K.C.I.E., M.P., in the chair. 3 p.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

About the woodland I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

*By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. Cassell & Co. London.

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