

through Tha'rt the last o' the Masons Can ta not be brave enough to say ' It shall end here.' "

" 'Curst am I? " she cried. " Why? Because I might ha' a child that were gladder or sadder than most at th' comin' up o' th' moon Or because it might fancy itself a prince when its pockets were empty? If I weren't born to be happy, let me dee. I were born to live, to love."

Martin, weary of the struggle, and fearing he might yield, leaves the farm. It was then that old Mason's plot was brought to a conclusion, and he causes her to be married to the tramp, Day.

" All ower Four Gates its said tha's hung on Martin," said Day. " When they look at thee from their windows as tha goes by, that's what they'll be thinking—hows he's run away from thee."

This carefully prepared taunt, caused the girl to consent to the distasteful union.

Mason tells the tramp: " Helen's never played her hussy card yet. I don't know what tha'd call it. Its not flirting. She could flirt no more than a wild cat could flirt. She's savage. But fro' Eve upwards every woman has a hussy card in her pack.

Some's been too proud to use it, and Helen's proud. Its showin' a bit too much stockin' in some, and showin' too little in others. Its wearin' a ribbon to flap in somebody's eyes just when it shouldn't. Its owt—and its nowt in a way."

The degradation of her life with the tramp is told with artistic skill. Old Mason plays his trump card of malignity when, too late, he reveals the fact that he is not her father, and that Martin's sacrifice has been in vain.

How pathetically she says to Martin that she envies " those pairs in Four Gates that lives quiet lives and dee quiet deaths. But oh, Martin, if I could only live years an' years an' years, wi' th' smoke goin' up fro' our chimney, an' sayin' ' Good Mornin' ' to the other women as I b'ought in for our dinner, as happy as them, and as miserable when we'd had words—an' to grow owd together, an' see thee in th' nook, an' ax thee o' a mornin' how thy cough were, an' thee' after my rheumatics." But it is a relief that at the end of the book, port is in sight after Helen's stormy voyaging.

We hope the few passages we have been able to quote will be enough to convince our readers that this book is of no ordinary calibre. We shall await the next work from this gifted authoress with impatience.  
H. H.

Do you want a good laugh—and indeed, who does not in these sombre times? Then read " Ruggles of Red Gap," an American novel by Henry Leon Wilson, published by John Lane. If you can afford to buy it send it on to the trenches, they will be the merrier for a few copies.

#### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

" Where a virtuous and a godly childhood goeth before, there a godly and virtuous age follows after."—*Bishop Jewell.*

#### THE ROSE OF THE HILLS.

My little city of sweet air  
Is as a perfect rose to me,  
In its desirability,  
When parting paints it past compare.

It is a place of quiet feet,  
Where quiet daily duties fill  
The quiet ways, 'twixt hill and hill  
With freshness of the far sea sweet.

It is a temple of God's use,  
Where life is prayer within the peace  
Of Nature's infinite increase  
And Time's tranquillities profuse ;—

I put it as a flower, away  
In God's hand for a little while,  
To grow and deepen in His smile  
Till I come back to breathe its day.

He folds it at His breast ; and I  
Within my bosom hold it fast,  
Till it is mine for aye, at last,  
Beyond the latest sad good-bye.

From " *The Way of Wonder.* "  
By MAY DONEY.

#### A PLEA FOR PRAYER

FOR THOSE MOVING UP TO THE FIGHTING LINE.

Entreat you for such hearts as break  
With the premonitory ache  
Of bodies, whose feet, hands, and side  
Must soon be gashed, pierced, crucified.  
Sue for them and all of us,  
Who the world over suffer thus,  
Who have scarce time for prayer indeed,  
Who only march and die and bleed.

From " *Ardours and Endurances.* "  
By ROBERT NICHOLS.

#### COMING EVENTS.

June 29th.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., 5 p.m.

June 30th.—The League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses' General Meeting, Clinical Theatre, 2.30; Social Gathering, Great Hall, 4 p.m.

July 2nd to 7th.—National Baby Week. Conference and Exhibition. The Queen will open the Exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster. 2.15 p.m.

July 6th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Summer Meeting, Prince of Wales Hospital, Jamnagar House, Staines, 4 p.m.

July 7th.—Meeting of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses. Council Chamber, British Medical Association, 429, Strand, 2.30 p.m.

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