

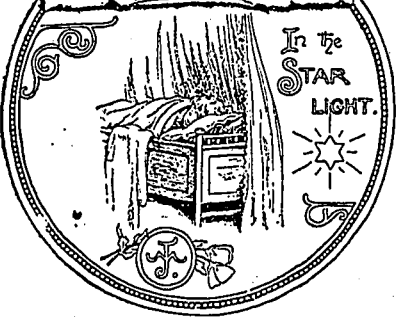


What does she do in the sunlight?
 She fills her hands with flowers,
 And jumps and swings
 And plays and sings
 And frolics through the house.

What does she do in the lamplight?
 She reads a little book,
 And hangs aside
 Her head to hide
 A tell-tale drowsy look.

What does she do in the candlelight?
 She dons a snowy gown,
 And says a prayer
 With serious air,
 And in her crib lies down.

What does she do in the starlight?
 She sees its silver beams
 With closing eyes,
 And swifly hies
 To sleep and happy dreams.



ard suddenly asked to be taken home. He was tired of the shore, and wanted to see if The Sweep remembered the park. He wanted to see if Uncle Rupert would look surprised to see him going about in a wheel-chair. He wanted to go to the camp again, now the doctor said he might have drives, and see if O'Reilly was alive still, and his uncle, and his aunt, and his cousin. He wanted father to play to him on their own organ, their very own organ, and—no, thank you!—he did not want any other music now.

He hated this nasty place and wanted to go home. If he was going to live he wanted to live there, and if he was going to die he wanted to die there, and have his funeral his own way, if they knew a general and could borrow a gun-carriage and a band.

He didn't want to eat or to drink, or to go to sleep, or to take his medicine, or to go out and send The Sweep into the sea; or to be read to or played to; he wanted to go home—home—home!

The upshot of which was, that before his parents had time to put into words the idea that the agonizing associations of Asholt were still quite unendurable, they found themselves congratulating each other on having got Leonard safely home before he had cried himself into convulsions over twenty-four hours' delay.

For a time, being at home seemed to revive him. He was in less pain, in better spirits, had more appetite, and was out a great deal with his dog and his nurse. But he fatigued himself, which made him fretful, and he certainly grew more imperious every day.

His whim was to be wheeled into every nook and corner of the place, inside and out, and to show them to The Sweep. And who could have had the heart to refuse him anything in the face of that dread affliction which had so changed him amid the unchanged surroundings of his old home?

Jemima led the life of a prisoner on the treadmill. When she wasn't pushing him about she was going errands for him, fetching and carrying. She was "never off her feet."

He moved about a little now on crutches, though he had not strength to be very active with them, as some cripples are. But they became ready instruments of his impatience to thump the floor with one end, and not infrequently to strike those who offended him with the other.

His face was little less beautiful than of old, but it looked wan and weird; and his beauty was often marred by what is more destructive of beauty even than sickness—the pinched lines of peevishness and ill-temper. He suffered less, but he looked more unhappy, was more difficult to please, and more impatient with all efforts to please him. But then, though nothing is truer than that patience is its own reward, it has to be learned first. And, with children, what has to be learned must be taught.

To this point Lady Jane's meditations brought her one day as she paced up and down her own morning-room, and stood before the window which looked down where the elm-trees made long shadows on the grass; for the sun was declining, greatly to Jemima's relief, who had been toiling in Leonard's service through the hottest hours of a summer day.

Lady Jane had a tender conscience, and just now it was a very uneasy one. She was one of those somewhat rare souls who are by nature absolutely true. Not so much with elaborate avoidance of lying, or an aggressive candor, as straight-minded, single-eyed, clear-headed, and pure-hearted; a soul to which the truth and reality of things, and the facing of things, came as naturally as the sham of them and the blinking of them comes to others.

When such a nature has strong affections it is no light matter if love and duty come into conflict. They were in conflict now, and the mother's heart was pierced with a two-edged sword. For if she truly believed what she believed, her duty towards Leonard was not only that of a tender mother to a suffering child, but the duty of one soul to another soul, whose responsibilities no man might deliver him from, nor make agreement unto God that he should be quit of them.

And if the disabling of his body did not stop the developing, one way or another, of his mind; if to learn fortitude and patience under his pains was not only his

highest duty but his best chance of happiness,—then, if she failed to teach him these, of what profit was it that she would willingly have endured all his sufferings ten times over that life might be all sunshine for him?

And deep down in her truthful soul another thought rankled. No one but herself knew how the pride of her heart had been stirred by Leonard's love for soldiers, his brave ambitions, the high spirit and heroic instincts which he inherited from a long line of gallant men and noble women. Had her pride been a sham? Did she only care for the courage of the battle-field? Was she willing that her son should be a coward, because it was not the trumpet's sound that summoned him to fortitude? She had strung her heart to the thought that, like many a mother of her race, she might live to gird on his sword; should she fail to help him to carry his cross?

At this point a cry came from below the window, and looking out she saw Leonard, beside himself with passion, raining blows like hail with his crutch upon poor Jemima; The Sweep watching matters nervously from under a garden-seat.

Leonard had been irritable all day, and this was the second serious outbreak. The first had sent the master of the house to town with a deeply knitted brow.

Vexed at being thwarted in some slight manner, when he was sitting in his wheel-chair by the side of his father in the library, he had seized a sheaf of papers tied together with amber-colored ribbon, and had torn them to shreds. It was a fair copy of the first two cantos of "The Soul's Satiety," a poem on which the master of the house had been engaged for some years. He had not touched it in Scotland, and was now beginning to work at it again. He could not scold his cripple child, but he had gone up to London in a far from comfortable mood.

And now Leonard was banging poor Jemima with his crutches! Lady Jane felt that her conscience had not roused her an hour too soon.

The master of the house dined in town, and Leonard had tea with his mother in her very own room; and The Sweep had tea there too.

And when the old elms looked back against the primrose-colored sky, and it had been Leonard's bed-time for half an hour past, the three were together still.

"I beg your pardon, Jemima, I am very sorry, and I'll never do so any more. I didn't want to beg your pardon before, because I was naughty, and because you trod on my Sweep's foot. But I beg your pardon now, because I am good—at least I am better, and I am going to try to be good."

Leonard's voice was as clear as ever, and his manner as direct and forcible. Thus he contrived to say so much before Jemima burst in (she was putting him to bed):

"My lamb! my pretty; you're always good—"

"Don't tell stories, Jemima: and please don't contradict me, for it makes me cross; and if I am cross I can't be good; and if I am not good all to-morrow I am not to be allowed to go downstairs after dinner. And there's a V. C. coming to dinner, and I do want to see him more than I want anything else in all the world."

(To be Continued.)

A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION.

A better sermon for young men has hardly been given than that of Dr. Stalker at the annual meeting of the Exeter Hall Young Men's Christian Association recently. It reads as follows: "The religion of a young man, what it ought to be and what it ought not to be. I. Not a creed but an experience. II. Not a restraint but an inspiration. III. Not an insurance for the next world but a programme for this world."

AN EXERCISE IN PUNCTUATION.

A funny old man told this to me—
 "I fell in a snow-drift in June," said he
 "I went to a ball game out in the sea
 I saw a jelly-fish float on a tree
 I found some gum in a cup of tea
 I stirred the milk with a big brass key
 I opened my door on my bended knee,
 I ask your pardon for this," said he,
 "But 'tis true; well told as it ought to be,"

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER VI

"I will do it... for I am weak by nature, and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature."—Lady Jane Grey.



LEONARD was to some extent a spoiled child. But it demands a great deal of unselfish foresight, and of self-discipline, to do more for a beautiful and loving pet than play with it.

And if his grace and beauty and high spirits had been strong temptations

to give him everything he desired, and his own way above all, how much greater were the excuses for indulging every whim when the radiant loveliness of health had faded to the wan wistfulness of pain, when the young limbs bounded no more, and when his boyish hopes and hereditary ambitions were cut off by the shears of a destiny that seemed drearier than death.

As soon as the poor child was able to be moved his parents took a place on the west coast of Scotland, and carried him thither.

The neighborhood of Asholt had become intolerable to them for some time to come, and a soft climate and sea-breezes were recommended for his general health.

Jemima's dismissal was revoked. Leonard flatly, and indeed furiously, refused to have any other nurse. During the first crisis a skilled hospital nurse was engaged, but from the time that he fully recovered consciousness he would receive help from no hands but those of Jemima and Lady Jane.

Far older and wiser patients than he became ruthless in their demands upon the time and strength of those about them; and Leonard did not spare his willing slaves by night or by day. It increased their difficulties and his sufferings that the poor child was absolutely unaccustomed to prompt obedience, and disputed the doc-

tor's orders as he had been accustomed to dispute all others.

Lady Jane's health became very much broken, but Jemima was fortunately possessed of a sturdy body and an inactive mind, and with a devotion little less than maternal she gave up both to Leonard's service.

He had a third slave of his bed-chamber—a black one—the black puppy, from whom he had resolutely refused to part, and whom he insisted upon having upon his bed, to the doctor's disgust. When months passed and the black puppy became a black dog, large and cumbersome, another effort was made to induce Leonard to part with him at night; but he only complained bitterly.

"It is very odd that there cannot be a bed big enough for me and my dog. I am an invalid, and I ought to have what I want."

So The Sweep remained as his bed-fellow. The Sweep also played the part of the last straw in the drama of Jemima's life; for Leonard would allow no one but his own dear nurse to wash his own dear dog; and odd hours, in which Jemima might have snatched a little rest and relaxation, were spent by her in getting the big dog's still lanky legs into a tub, and keeping him there, and washing him, and drying and combing him into fit condition to spring back on to Leonard's coverlet when that imperious little invalid called for him.

It was a touching manifestation of the dog's intelligence that he learned with the utmost care to avoid jostling or hurting the poor suffering little body of his master.

Leonard's fourth slave was his father.

But the master of the house had no faculty for nursing, and was by no means possessed of the patience needed to persuade Leonard for his good. So he could only be with the child when he was fit to be read or played to, and later on, when he was able to be out of doors. And at times he went away out of sight of his son's sufferings, and tried to stifle the remembrance of a calamity and disappointment, whose bitterness his own heart alone fully knew.

After the lapse of nearly two years Leon-