



### LIKE THE DISCIPLE STANDING BY.

By IDA LEMON

PAMELA, in her clean print gown, with the blue handkerchief knotted round her slender brown throat, and the sunlight on her hair, stood at the door of the cottage and looked sadly and wistfully across the fields and away into the dim distance where the sky and earth melted into one. Her hands were clasped before her, and her attitude, though simple, was full of a natural pathos. Above her were the climbing roses which clustered round the porch, about her, reaching even to her waist, were the lilies which bordered the little flagged pathway, and the small garden was a mass of bloom. Pamela knew who had trained the roses and who had planted the lilies, it was he who made the sunshine of her life, and the only return she could give him was to darken his. Yet to her had been the agony of a great renunciation, and no one knew what it had cost her to say—

"I will never marry you, Martin, while my grandmother lives. She needs me every hour of the day, and I have no right to undertake fresh responsibilities."

"But I will wait for you, Pamela, if you will only give me hope."

"Have I any right to ask that of you?" said the girl. "You are very lonely, and there are many women who could make you as happy as I. It may be—I hope it will be—several years before I am free from my responsibilities."

"I believe you care more for your grandmother than for me," said Martin, impatiently.

"I owe her more," Pamela answered, quietly. "Without her I should have had to starve, or be brought up by the parish. When our mother died we were quite little, Rosamond and I, and she took us, and worked for us, and educated us, and denied herself for our sakes. The least we can do is to care for her now."

"I suppose you are right," said Martin, grudgingly. "You are a great deal too good for me, Pamela. You are always thinking of your duty. Sometimes it seems to me you take life too seriously."

"Life is serious," Pamela said. "There was a moment's pause. Then Martin asked—  
"Rosamond, your sister why doesn't she come home,