

and what a cosy home they had, a violent fit of coughing seized him, and left him faint and white. His mother quickly called a doctor, who told her, 'Your boy has been burning the candle at both ends; he must be careful; he can scarcely rally from another attack like this.'

"I am making my story long, Frederick. His story was short. He died in less than a month after that first attack. Can you for a moment put yourself in his mother's place?"

My mother's story had been taking pretty strong hold of my feelings. Still, I couldn't tell what connection it had with my offence and my father's terrible anger.

When my mother had finished, my father said, "Frederick, all my guests to-night will be *gentlemen*, as I truly believe. I cannot introduce among them a man like yourself, nor will I allow, even though you are my son, that, while you are what I find you to be, you should be the host and entertainer of your sister's young friends. Do not enter my drawing-room to-night."

Then my pale and trembling mother rose, and, laying her dear hand on my shoulder (she had to reach up to do it), she said, "An apology, Frederick, should never be compulsory. We should wait till the right spirit prompts us—but—Catherine Eaton lives on the hill in a little cottage covered with roses. Her boy planted them to give gladness to her life. If you should ever go there, I shall not ask you to tell me of it."

Soon carriage after carriage rolled up to my father's door, and our rooms were filled.

"I thought your brother Fred was home from college," said one and another blushing beauty to my sister Fanny.

"Yes, he is home from college," said Fanny, "but he has an engagement to-night."

"That's rather nice and gentlemanly of him," they would whisper, but no further explanation could be made.

After every guest was gone, a low tap came on the door of my mother's dressing room.

"Mother," whispered a voice, "mother—your little Fred was

never shut out of here. Has your big Fred grown out of any rights here?"

There was something in the tone which mothers understand. No haughty, insolent boy was speaking now.

"Come in, my son."

The door was gently opened, and quickly I threw myself down at my mother's feet and laid my head in her lap, my tears—the tears of *true manliness*—ruining her beautiful evening dress.

"Mother, I have spent the evening at Mrs. Eaton's cottage. With God's help, I will see to it that, as far as may be, Clarence Eaton's place shall be filled."

The gladdest, proudest moment of my life was when my dear mother, unmindful of her costly dress, damaged by my tears of contrition and shame, called my father into the room, saying, "My husband, our son was lost and is found!"—*Church Standard*.

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