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nor dreams that it has anything to do with her experience. She had rejoiced over the perfect limbs and dimpled arm and broad white forehead of her beautiful boy. With delight had she fashioned cunning garments for him.

What a pleasure it had been to brush his rings of yellow hair. How careful she had been about his bath, and his milk, and his walks. How she had guarded his beautiful eyes from glaring lights. She had watched over the first doubtful steppings; she had watched over the first marvelous pearl that appeared in the rose-bud mouth; she had rejoiced over the pearls of words as they began to drop from the baby tongue — "mamma," "papa," "baby." Will the English language ever beam for her again with the fullness of beauty that it had that day when Robby Fenton first said "papa?"

On through the years had the work and worship gone. Days of agony, nights of sleepless watching, when the small idol was fever-parched; days of perfect thanksgiving, when the glow of health came again.

How she had studied, this mother, to teach Robby the most careful forms of speech. How she had watched to keep his heart and mouth pure. How she had entered into his childish plays and plans. She had been an engine, or an engineer; a passenger on the train, or a brakeman on duty, according to the changing mood of the boy for whom she played. She had learned the terms which the boys used at ball, marbles, and, indeed, all boyish games, on purpose to be able to talk sympathetically with Robby. She had hovered over the book-shelves and counters where juvenile periodicals were stored, and studied the merits of this and that pictorial, lingered over pages filled with accounts of boyish exploits, and bought lavishly at last, from a somewhat slender purse. She had talked over with Robby the stories in his books, and treasured up sentences which indicated his preferences, to bring them forth in aid of her next buying.