

## Family Department.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE HIDING PLACE.

(By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter.)

O Jesu, Saviour of the lost,  
My Rock and hiding place,  
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,  
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
Pursued by foes I come;  
A sinner, save me, or I die;  
An outcast, take me home.

Once safe in Thine Almighty arms,  
Let storms come on again!  
There danger never, never harms,  
There death itself is gain.

And when I stand before Thy throne,  
And all Thy Glory see;  
Still be my righteousness alone,  
To hide myself in Thee.

## The Story of a Short Life.

BY JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

### CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

'I thought—no matter how good I got to be—nothing could ever count up to be as brave as a real battle, leading your men on and fighting for your country, though you know you may be killed any minute. But mother says, if I could try very hard, and think of poor Jemima as well as myself, and keep brave in spite of feeling miserable that then (particularly as I shan't be very long before I do die) it would be as good as if I'd lived to be as old as Uncle Rupert, and fought bravely when the battle was against me, and cheered on my men, though I knew I could never come out of it alive. Do you think it *could* count up to that? Do you? Oh, do answer me, and don't stroke my head! I get so impatient. You've been in battles—do you?'

'I do, I do.'

'You're a V. C., and you ought to know. I suppose nothing—not even if I could be good always, from this minute right away till I die nothing could ever count up to the courage of a V. C.'

'God knows it could, a thousand times over!'

'Where are you going? Please don't go. Look at me. They're not going to chop the Queen's head off, are they?'

'Heaven forbid! What are you thinking about?'

'Why, because— Look at me again. Ah! you've winked it waay, but your eyes were full of tears; and the only other brave man I ever heard of crying was Uncle Rupert, and that was because he knew they were going to chop the poor King's head off.'

'That was enough to make anybody cry.'

'I know it was. But do you know now, when I'm wheeling about in my chair and playing with him, and he looks at me wherever I go, sometimes for a bit I forget about the King, and I fancy he is sorry for me. Sorry, I mean, that I can't jump about and creep under the table. Under the table was the only place where I could get out of the sight of his eyes. Oh, dear! there's Jemima.'

'But you are going to be good?'

'I know I am. And I'm going to do lessons again. I did a little French this morning—a story. Mother did most of it, but I know what

the French officer called the poor old French soldier when he went to see him in the hospital.'

'What?'

'*Mon brave* That means 'my brave fellow.' A nice name, wasn't it?'

'Very nice. Here's Jemima.'

'I'm coming, Jemima. I'm not going to be naughty; but you may go back to the chair, for this office will carry me. He carries so comfortably. Come along, my Sweep. Thank you so much. You have put me in beautifully. Kiss me, please. Good night, V. C.'

'Good night, *mon brave*.'

### CHAPTER VIII.

And if we tie it with the amber-colored ribbon, then every time I have it out to put in a new Poor Thing, I shall remember how very naughty I was, and how I spoilt your poetry.'

'Then we'll certainly tie it with something else,' said the Master of the House, and he jerked away the ribbon with a gesture as decisive as his words. 'Let bygones be bygones. If I forget it; you needn't remember it!'

'Oh, but, indeed, I ought to remember it; and I do think I *better had*—to remind myself never, never to be so naughty again!'

'Your mother's own son!' muttered the Master of the House; and he added aloud: 'Well, I forbid you to remember it—so there! It'll be naughty if you do. Here's some red ribbon. That should please you, as you're so fond of soldiers.'

Leonard and his father were seated side by side at a table in the library. The dog lay at their feet.

They were very busy; the Master of the House working under Leonard's direction, who, issuing his orders from his wheel-chair, was so full of anxiety and importance, that when Lady Jane opened the library-door he knitted his brow and put up one thin little hand, in a comically old-fashioned manner, to deprecate interruption.

'Don't make any disturbance, mother dear, if you please. Father and I are very much engaged.'

'Don't you think, Len, it would be kind to let poor mother see what we are doing and tell her about it?'

Leonard pondered an instant.

'Well—I don't mind.'

Then, as his mother's arm came round him, he added, impetuously:

'Yes, I should like to. You can show, father dear, and I'll do all the explaining.'

The Master of the House displayed some sheets of paper, tied with ribbon, which already contained a good deal of his handiwork, including a finely illuminated capital L. on the title page.

It is to be called the Book of Poor Things, mother dear. We're doing it in bits first; then it will be bound. It's a collection—a collection of Poor Things who've been hurt, like me; or blind like the organ-tuner; or had their heads—no, not their heads, they couldn't go on doing things after that—had their legs or their arms chopped off in battle, and are very good and brave about it, and manage very, very nearly as well as people who have got nothing the matter with them. Father doesn't think Poor Things is a good name. He wanted to call it Masters of Fate, because of some poetry. What was it, father?'

'Man is Man and Master of his Fate,' quoted the Master of the House.

'Yes, that's it. But I don't understand it so well as Poor Things. They are Poor Things, you know, and of course we shall only put in brave Poor Things: not cowardly Poor Things. It was all my idea only father is doing the ruling, and

printing, and illuminating for me. I thought of it when the organ-tuner was here.'

'The organ-tuner?'

'Yes, I heard the organ, and I made James carry me in, and put me in the armchair close to the organ. And the tuner was tuning, and he look round, and James said, 'It's the young gentleman,' and the tuner said, 'Good morning, sir,' and I said, 'Good morning, tuner; go on tuning, please, for I want to see you do it.' And he went on; and he dropped a tin thing, like a big extinguisher, on to the floor; and he got down to look for it, and he felt about in such a funny way that I burst out laughing. I didn't mean to be rude. I couldn't help it. And I said, 'Can't you see it? It's just under the table.' And he said, I can't see anything, sir; I'm stone blind.' And he said, perhaps I would be kind enough to give it him. And I said I was very sorry, but I hadn't got my crutches, and so I couldn't get out of my chair without some one to help me. And he was so awfully sorry for me, you can't think! He said he didn't know I was more afflicted than he was; but I was more afflicted than he was; but I was awfully sorry for him, for I've tried shutting my eyes; and you can bear it just a minute, but then you must open them to see again. And I said, 'How can you do anything when you see nothing but blackness all along?' And he says he can do well enough as long as he's spared the use of his limbs to earn his own livelihood. And I said, 'Are there any more blind men, do you think, that earn their own livelihood? I wish I could earn mine!' And he said, 'There are a good many blind tuners, sir.' And I said,

'Go on tuning, please; I like to hear you do it.' And he went on, and I did like him so much. Do you know the blind tuner, mother dear? And don't you like him very much? I think he is just what you think very good, and I think V. C. would think it nearly as brave as a battle to be afflicted and go on earning your own livelihood when you can see nothing but blackness all along. Poor man!'

'I do think it very good of him, my darling, and very brave.'

'I knew you would. And then I thought perhaps there are lots of brave afflicted people—poor things! and perhaps there never was anybody but me who wasn't. And I wished I knew their names, and I asked the tuner his name, and he told me. And then I thought of my book, for a good idea—a collection, you know. And I thought perhaps, by degrees, I might collect three hundred and sixty-five Poor Things, all brave. And so I am making father rule it like his diary, and we've got the tuner's name down for the first of January; and if you can think of anybody else you must tell me, and if I think they're afflicted enough and brave enough, I'll put them in. But I shall have to be rather particular, for we don't want to fill up too fast. Now, father, I've done the explaining, so you can show your part. Look, mother, hasn't he ruled it well? There's only one tiny mess, and it was the Sweep shaking the table with getting up to be patted.'

'He has ruled it beautifully. But what a handsome L!'

'Oh, I forget! Wait a minute, father, the explaining isn't quite finished. What do you think that L stands for, mother dear?'

'For Leonard, I suppose.'

'No, no! What fun! You're quite wrong. Guess again.'

'Is it not the tuner's name?'

'Oh, no! He's in the first of January—I told you so. And in plain printing. Father really couldn't illuminate three hundred and sixty-five poor things!'

'Of course he couldn't. It was silly of me to think so.'

'Do you give it up?'

'I must. I cannot guess.'