

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

LETTER V.

"This letter is not about a poor thing. It's about a saint—a soldier-saint—which I and the chaplain think nearly the best kind. His name was Martin, he got to be a bishop in the end, but when he first enlisted he was only a catechumen. Do you know what a catechumen is, dear mother? Perhaps if you're not quite so high-church as the engineer I told you of, who prints so beautifully, you may not know. It means when you've been born a heathen, and are going to be a Christian, only you've not yet been baptized. The engineer has given me a picture of him—St. Martin, I mean—and now he has printed underneath it, in beautiful, thick black letters that you can hardly read if you don't know what they are, and the very particular words in red, 'Martin—yet but a catechumen!' He can illuminate, too, though not quite so well as father; he is very high-church, and I'm high-church, too, and so is our chaplain, but he is broad as well. The engineer thinks he's rather too broad, but Uncle Henry and Aunt Adelaide think he's quite perfect; and so do I, and so does everybody else. He comes in sometimes, but not very often, because he's so busy. He came the other night because I wanted to confess. What I wanted to confess was that I laughed in church. He is a very big man, and he has a very big surplice, with a great lot of gathers behind, which makes my engineer very angry, because it's the wrong shape, and he preaches splendidly, the chaplain I mean, straight out of his head, and when all the soldiers are listening he swings his arms about, and the surplice gets in his way, and he catches hold of it, and oh! mother dear, I must tell you what it reminded me of. When I was very little, and father used to tie a knot in his big pocket-hankerchief and put his first finger into it to make a lead that nodded, and wind the rest round his hand, and stick out his thumb and another finger for arms, and do the Yea-veryly-man to amuse you and me. It was last Sunday, and a most splendid sermon, but his stole got round under his ear, and his sleeves did look just like the Yea-veryly-man, and I tried not to look, and then I caught the Irish officer's eye, and he twinkled, and then I laughed, because I remembered his telling Aunt Adelaide, 'That's the grandest old padre that ever got up in a pulpit, but did ye ever see a man get so mixed up with his clothes?' I was very sorry when I laughed, so I settled I would confess, for my engineer thinks you ought always to confess; so when our chaplain came in after dinner on Monday, I confessed, but he only laughed till he broke down Aunt Adelaide's black and gold chair. He is too big for it, really. Aunt Adelaide never lets Uncle Henry sit on it. So he was very sorry, and Aunt Adelaide begged him not to mind, and then in came my engineer in war-paint (if you look out war-paint in the Canteen Book I gave you, you'll see what it means.) He was in war-paint because he was orderly officer for the evening, and he'd got his sword under one arm, and the picture under the other, and his short cloak on to keep it dry, because it was raining. He made the frame himself; he can make Oxford frames quite well, and he's going to teach me how to. Then I said, 'Who is it?' so he told me, and now I'm going to tell you, in case you don't know. Well, St. Martin was born in Hungary, in the year 316. His father and mother were heathens, but when he was about my age he made up his mind he would be a Christian. His father and mother were so afraid of his turning into a monk, that as soon as he was old enough they enlisted him in the army, hoping that would cure him of wanting to be a Christian, but it didn't—Martin wanted to be a Christian just as much as ever; still he got interested with his work and his comrades, and he dawdled on only a catechumen, and didn't make full profession and get baptized. One winter his corps was quartered at Amiens, and on a very bitter night, near the gates, he saw a half-naked beggar shivering with the cold. (I asked my engineer, 'Was he orderly officer for the evening?' but he said, 'More likely on patrol duty, with some of his comrades,

However, he says he won't be sure, for Martin was tribune, which is very nearly a colonel, two years afterwards, he knows.) When Martin saw the beggar at the gate, he pulled out his big military cloak, and drew his sword, and cut it in half, and wrapped half of it round the poor beggar to keep him warm. I know you'll think him very kind, but wait a bit, that's not all. Next night when Martin the soldier was asleep, he had a vision. Did you ever have a vision? I wish I could! This was Martin's vision. He saw Christ our Lord in heaven, sitting among the shining hosts, and wearing over one shoulder half a military cloak, and as Martin saw him he heard him say, 'Behold the mantle given to Me by Martin—yet but a catechumen!' After that vision he didn't wait any longer; he was baptized at once.

"Mother dear, I've told you this quite truthfully, but I can't tell it to you so splendidly as my engineer did, standing with his back to the fire, and holding out his cape, and drawing his sword, to show me how Martin divided his cloak with the beggar. Aunt Adelaide isn't afraid of swords, she is too used to them, but she says she thinks soldiers do things in huts they would never think of doing in big

'Do you know about St. Martin?' and he said he did, and he said, 'One of the greatest of those many soldiers of the Cross who have also fought under earthly banners.' Then he put down the picture, and got hold of his elbow with his hand, as if he was holding his surplice out of the way, and said, 'Great, as well as good, for this reason; he was one of those rare souls to whom the counsels of God are clear, not to the utmost of the times in which he lived—but in advance of those times. Such men are not always popular, nor even largely successful in their day, but the light they hold lightens more generations of this naughty world than the pious tapers of commoner men. You know that Martin the catechumen became Martin the saint—do you know that Martin the soldier became Martin the bishop?—and that in an age of credulity and fanaticism, that man of God discredited some relics very popular with the pious in his diocese, and proved and exposed them to be those of an executed robber. Later in life it is recorded of Martin, Bishop of Tours, that he lifted his voice in protest against persecutions for religion, and the punishment of heretics. In the nineteenth century we are little able to judge how great must have

HARLIE'S EAGLET.

The men were building a new railway along the river back of Harlie's home. One day, as they were eating their dinners, they noticed an eagle leaving a rocky point opposite them, and sailing away out of sight.

"I'll bet there's a nest of young eagles over there," said one of the men, and threw off his coat and swam across to see.

In a little while he came back with an eaglet in his arms. The other one had been drowned in crossing.

The men, who boarded with Harlie's father, made a pen of slabs, and caged the baby king of birds in it. By and by the old eagles came back, and when they found their young ones missing, they cried and acted as much like human fathers and mothers as it was possible for eagles to act. When at last they found where the little prisoner was, what did they do but circle around and around above it, coming as near as they dared to the men's rifles, and shrieking to their baby, telling it, I suppose, to try to get away if it could, but if it couldn't, to keep up its courage and they would see that it did not suffer.

Anyway, they went off and soon came back with fishes in their bills, which they dropped so straight that not one missed going through the cracks in the pen. This they kept up for several days, and might have done so for weeks, but it was more than the tender heart of little Harlie could endure to see the eaglet pining and drooping in the close little coop, and its parents so anxious about it, and yet afraid to come to it.

So, one day when the men were working in a cut around a bend from the house, he took an axe which was about all he could lug, and trudged manfully off to the coop with a big resolve in his heart. The axe was of no use to him, because of its weight, after he had lugged it there, but finding a loose slab, he lifted and pulled at it until his hands were full of splinters; but he made an opening large enough to squeeze through.

It took but a second to throw his arms around the surprised bird, and drag it from its confinement. Then Harlie trudged down to the river on his errand of mercy. I do not know how he expected to get the rescued eaglet across—maybe he thought it could swim; he could neither swim nor row. But I am sure the way the bird did get over was as much a surprise to him as any one.

"Look!" exclaimed one of the men; "the old eagle is coming to feed our pet again; it's about her time."

"What a funny fish she has—it isn't a fish! What is it? She's going away with it! Our eaglet!"

They dropped their tools and ran. Before they reached the river bank the eagle was almost to her nest, and they turned to go back, wondering how in the world she had managed to break into the pen without being seen. But just as they turned, there scrambled up out of the sand and mud the queerest little figure—Harlie. The keen-eyed eagle had spied him and his burden, swooped down upon him with a force that sent him rolling in the mud, and flown off with her baby in her clutch, too rejoiced in recovering it to want to hurt the already badly scared little fellow.

After that the eagles' nest was let alone, and Harlie was glad in his heart that he had set the prisoner free, if he did come out of it covered with mud.—J. F. Cowan, in *Youth's Companion*.

CÆSAR AND CHRIST.

Cæsar had the love of power. Christ had the power of love. Cæsar had as his motto, 'Might makes right.' Christ had as His, 'Right makes might.' John the Baptist, in the words, 'God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham,' struck down aristocracy. Christ, in the words, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,' announced the only method of obtaining liberty. In that great phrase 'Our Father,' He declared universal brotherhood. In the words, 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath,' He attacked the sanctity of institutions. In dying for all, He announced the equal value of all in God's sight. Every one of these ideas is political and has uprooted thrones and kingdoms.—Hannah Whitall Smith.



"Martin—yet but a catechumen."

rooms, just to show how neatly they can manage, without hurting anything. The chaplain broke the chair, but then he isn't exactly a soldier, and the D.A.Q.M.G., that I told you of, comes in sometimes, and says, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones, but I must,'—and puts both his hands on the end of the sofa, and lifts his body till he gets his legs sticking straight out. They are very long legs, and he and the sofa go nearly across the room, but he never kicks anything, it's a kind of athletics; and there's another officer who comes in at one door and Catherine-wheels right across to the farthest corner, and he is over six foot, too, but they never break anything. We do laugh.

"I wish you could have seen my engineer doing St. Martin. He had to go directly afterwards, and then the chaplain came and stood in front of me, on the hearth-rug, in the firelight, just where my engineer had been standing, and he took up the picture, and looked at it. So I said,

been the faith of that man in the God of truth and of love.' It was like a little sermon, and I think this is exactly how he said it, for I got Aunt Adelaide to write it out for me this morning, and she remembers sermons awfully well. I've been looking St. Martin out in the calendar; his day is the 10th of November. He is not a Collect, Epistle, and Gospel saint, only one of the Black Letter ones; but the 10th of November is going to be on a Sunday this year, and I am so glad, for I've asked our chaplain if we may have the 'Tug-of-War Hymn' for St. Martin—and he has given leave.

"It's a long way off; I wish it came sooner. So now, mother dear, you have time to make your arrangements as you like, but you see that whatever happens, I must be in camp on St. Martin's day.

"Your loving and dutiful son,

"LEONARD."

(To be Continued.)