

## Family Department.

### MY MOTHER CHURCH.

My mother Church! Thy holy prayers  
I lisped with infant breath;  
And Oh! I hope that they will rise  
From my cold lips in death;  
For from the very Fount of life,  
Thou drawest undefiled  
The pure sweet waters of the Truth,  
For every thirsting child.

By thee upon my infant brow  
The holy sign was set,  
That marked me for the coming strife,  
Unconscious babe, as yet;  
But willingly, in riper years,  
I heard Thy call to stand,  
Grasping the Banner of the Cross  
Thou gavest to my hand.

And Oh! if many faithless prove,  
In an unfaithful age,  
Let me but cling with deeper love,  
To my sweet heritage;  
Still, though of youth and vigour shorn,  
Let me that standard clasp,  
Until by stronger hands 'tis borne  
From my last dying grasp.

M. F. MAUDE.

### The Story of a Short Life.

BY JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

#### CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

The Barrack Master's wife was not very young and not very slender. Rapid movements were not easy to her. She was nervous also, and could never afterwards remember what she did with herself in those brief moments before she became conscious that the footman had got to the horses' heads, and that she herself was almost under their feet, with Blind Baby in her arms. Blind Baby himself recalled her to consciousness by the ungrateful fashion in which he pummelled his deliverer with his fists and howled for his basket, which had rolled under the carriage to add to the confusion. Nor was he to be pacified till O'Reilly took him from her arms.

By this time men had rushed from every hut and kitchen, wash-place and shop, and were swarming to the rescue; and through the whole disturbance, like minute-guns, came the short barks of a black puppy which Leonard had insisted upon taking with him to show to his aunt despite the protestations of his mother; for it was Lady Jane's carriage, and this was how the sisters met.

They had been sitting together for some time, so absorbed by the strangeness and the pleasure of their new relations, that Leonard and his puppy had slipped away unobserved, when Lady Jane, who was near the window, called to her sister-in-law:—"Adelaide, tell me my dear, is this Colonel Jones?" She spoke with some trepidation. It is so easy for those unacquainted with uniforms to make strange blunders. Moreover, the Barrack Master, though soldierly looking, was so, despite a very unsoldierly defect. He was exceedingly stout, and as he approached the miniature garden gate, Lady Jane found herself gazing with some anxiety to see if he could possibly get through.

But O'Reilly did not make an empty boast when he said that a soldier's eyes was true. The Colonel came quite neatly through the toy entrance, knocked nothing down in the porch, bent and bared his head with one gesture as he passed under the drawing-room doorway, and

bowing again to Lady Jane, moved straight to the side of his wife.

Something in the action—a mixture of dignity and devotion, with just a touch of defiance—went to Lady Jane's heart. She went up to him and held out both hands:—"Please shake hands with me, Colonel Jones. I am so very happy to have found a sister!" In a moment more she turned round, saying:—"I must show you your nephew. Leonard!" But Leonard was not there.

"I fancy I have seen him already," said the Colonel. "If he is a very beautiful boy, very beautifully dressed in velvet, he's with O'Reilly, watching the funeral."

Lady Jane looked horrified, and Mrs. Jones looked much relieved.

"He's quite safe if he's with O'Reilly. But give me my sunshade, Henry, please; I dare say Lady Jane would like to see the funeral too."

It is an Asholt amenity to take care that you miss no opportunity of seeing a funeral. It would not have occurred to Lady Jane to wish to go, but as her only child had gone she went willingly to look for him. As they turned the corner of the hut they came straight upon it, and at that moment the "Dead March" broke forth afresh.

The drum beat out those familiar notes which strike upon the heart rather than the ear, the brass screamed, the ground trembled to the tramp of feet and the lumbering of the gun-carriage, and Lady Jane's eyes filled suddenly with tears at the sight of the dead man's accoutrements lying on the Union Jack that serves a soldier for a pall. As she dried them she saw Leonard.

Drawn up in accurate line with the edge of the road, O'Reilly was standing to salute; and as near to the Irish private as he could squeeze himself stood the boy, his whole body stretched to the closest possible imitation of his new and deeply-revered friend, his left arm glued to his side, and the back of his little right hand laid against his brow, gazing at the pathetic pageant as it passed him with devouring eyes. And behind them stood Blind Baby, beating upon his basket.

For the basket had been recovered, and Blind Baby's equanimity also; and he wandered up and down the parade again in the sun, long after the soldier's funeral had wailed its way to the graveyard, over the heather covered hill.

#### CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

The Master of the House, is arranging for his visitors to go to the Field Day, had said that Leonard was not to be of the party. He had no wish to encourage the child's fancy for soldiers, and as Leonard was invariably restless out driving, and had a trick of kicking people's shins in his changes of mood and position, he was a most uncomfortable element in a carriage full of ladies. But it is needless to say that he stoutly resisted his father's decree; and the child's disappointment was so bitter, and he howled and wept himself into such a deplorable condition that the young ladies sacrificed their own comfort and the crispness of their new dresses to his grief, and petitioned the Master of the House that he might be allowed to go.

The Master of the House gave in. He was accustomed to yield where Leonard was concerned. But the concession proved only a prelude to another struggle. Leonard wanted the Black Puppy to go too.

On this point the young ladies presented no petition. Leonard's boots they had resolved to endure, but not the dog's paws. Lady Jane, too, protested against the puppy, and the matter seemed settled; but at the last moment, when all but Leonard were in the carriage, and the horses chafing to be off, the child made his

appearance, and stood on the entrance steps with his puppy in his arms, and announced, in dignified sorrow, "I really cannot go if my Sweep has to be left behind."

With one consent the grown-up people turned to look at him.

Even the intoxicating delight that color gives can hardly exceed the satisfying pleasure in which beautiful proportions steep the sense of sight, and one is often at fault to find the law that has been so exquisitely fulfilled, when the eye has no doubt of its own satisfaction.

The shallow stone steps, on the top of which Leonard stood, and the old doorway that framed him, had this mysterious grace, and truth to say, the boy's beauty was a jewel not unworthy of its setting.

A holiday dress of crimson velvet, with collar and ruffles of old lace, became him very quaintly, and as he laid a cheek like a rose-leaf against the sooty head of his pet; and they both gazed piteously at the carriage, even Lady Jane's conscience was stifled by motherly pride. He was her only child, but as he had said of the Orderly, "a very splendid sort of one."

The Master of the House stamped his foot with an impatience that was partly real and partly, perhaps, affected.

"Well, get in somehow, if you mean to. The horses can't wait all day for you."

No ruby-throated humming bird could have darted more swiftly from one point to another than Leonard from the old gray steps into the carriage. Little boys can be very careful when they choose, and he trod on no toes and crumpled no finery in his fitting.

To those who know dogs, it is needless to say that the puppy showed an even superior discretion. It bore throttling without a struggle. Instinctively conscious of the alternative of being shut up in a stable for the day, and left there to bark its heart out, it brank patiently in Leonard's grasp, and betrayed no sign of life except in the strained and pleading anxiety which a puppy's eyes so often wear.

"Your dog is a very good dog, Leonard, I must say," said Louisa Mainwaring; "but he's very ugly. I never saw such legs!"

Leonard tucked the lank black legs under his velvet and ruffles.

"Oh, he's all right," he said. "He'll be very handsome soon. It's his ugly mouth."

"I wonder you didn't insist on our bringing Uncle Rupert and his dog to complete the party," said the Master of the House.

The notion tickled Leonard, and he laughed so heartily that the puppy's legs got loose, and required to be tucked in afresh. Then both remained quiet for several seconds, during which the puppy looked as anxious as ever; but Leonard's face wore a smile of dreamy content that doubled its loveliness.

But as the carriage passed the windows of the library a sudden thought struck him, and dispersed his repose.

Gripping his puppy firmly under his arms, he sprang to his feet—regardless of other people's—and waving his cap and feather above his head he cried aloud, "Good-bye, Uncle Rupert! Can you hear me? Uncle Rupert, I say! I am—letus—sorte—mea!"

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All the Camp was astir.

Men and bugles awoke with the dawn and the birds, and now the women and children of all ranks were on the alert. (Nowhere does so large and enthusiastic a crowd collect to see the pretty soldiers go by as in those places where pretty soldiers live.)

Soon after gun-fire O'Reilly wade his way from his own quarters to those of the Barrack Master, opened the back door by some process best known to himself, and had been busy for half an hour in the drawing-room before his proceedings woke the Colonel. They had been as