

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

BRINGING GOD BACK.

The case had come before the magistrate. Mrs. Trembath stood without a word, apparently hardened into a reckless defiance. She might have been an old offender, and there was, I believe, only too much reason to think that it was by no means her first appearance — elsewhere. So the judgment was given — five shillings and costs; and she was removed to a room where she sat waiting with two or three offenders from other parishes, who were to be taken to the county jail.

Then it was that Miss Zella rushed in breathless, and asked to see the squire. She had been driven over in the baker's cart, and the baker had his rounds to go, and his leaves to get rid of, and she was afraid she would be too late. Now she made her way to the court, and sprang upon the policeman. "I must see the squire at once," she gasped.

Squire Boynton was the chairman of the magistrates' meeting. The business was over, and he was just leaving when the message was brought: "Miss Zella Trembath must see him at once."

But Miss Zella was not willing to wait, and, to the policeman's horror, she had followed him into the inner sanctuary, where no woman or other stranger was permitted to intrude.

"She would come, sir," the policeman explained, "and I told her she must wait."

"That is all right, policeman, laughed the squire. Then he turned to the little lady, who was trembling with excitement.

"Is she gone?" she gasped.

"Who, my dear?" said the squire, giving her a chair. "Whatever is the matter?"

"The woman Trembath."

"No, I don't think so. Why?"

"Is she going to prison?"

"Yes, for a week. And she seems a pretty hardened creature, judging by her looks—quite an old offender, I fear."

"She must not go to prison," said Miss Zella, her eyes flashing, and the little silver curls trembling with excitement.

"I am afraid she must," said the magistrate. "There is really no help for it, you know."

"But not if I pay the fine?"

The magistrate hesitated. "Well, no—not if you pay the fine. But, really—"

"Will you tell them I have done it, then? I don't know how much it is."

"But really—it is quite a great deal, you know—for you."

"I don't care how much it is. I must pay it." And Miss Zella took out her purse.

There was no help for it. The squire felt that from the first. When Miss Zella had made up her mind, it was enough. So the matter was quickly arranged.

"And now," laughed Miss Zella, "I suppose the prisoner is mine?"

"And she may be thankful to have such a jailer. God bless you, my dear!" said the squire. "You are good."

Miss Zella followed the policeman into the room where Mrs. Trembath was waiting, and seated herself at her side.

"I have paid your fine," she whispered, taking her hand. "Do you mind?"

The woman turned and looked into Miss Zella's face without a word. Looked and looked, and seemed as if she could do nothing else. "You understand, don't you? I have paid your fine. And now you are quite free, and I will want you to come home with me."

Still Mrs. Trembath sat without a word, looking into that face—the blue eyes, the sweet smile, the silver curls had for her some strange fasci-

ination. Then there came an utter breakdown, and the woman buried her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

The next day Maggie went with Mrs. Trembath to fetch some things. "You must stay with us at any rate until you can eat something," Miss Zella had said; "I am really quite troubled about you." At breakfast there had been silence—only the same fixed look. It was that afternoon as they sat by the fire that Mrs. Trembath at last broke her silence.

She drew from her dress an old, faded piece of music, and said: "Do you think you could sing this song?"

"Well," said Miss Zella, taking it to the piano with all her cheery brightness, "I am afraid I have not much of a voice, but I can try." It was a simple song enough, an old song that she herself had sung when a school-girl long ago.

Mrs. Trembath's face was turned from the player toward the fire. As she listened the tears were creeping slowly down her cheeks.

"Will you sing it again?" Mrs. Trembath asked, when Miss Zella had finished.

The song was sung a second time. Then Miss Zella came and flung herself down on the hearthrug by her side. Slowly Mrs. Trembath put out her hand, and drew Miss Zella's head on her knee.

"I had a daughter once," she whispered.

"And did she sing that song?" asked Miss Zella, very quietly.

"Yes, and I have never heard it since she—she—died. I never thought I could bear to hear it again—but you—"

And so they sat by the fire as the daylight died. The lamp was unlit, and the glow of the fire sent little flickering shadows on the walls and the ceiling. "Why are you so good to me?" asked Mrs. Trembath, as she lifted Miss Zella's hand to her lips.

"Why?" said Miss Zella. "I don't know, unless it is because I love God and love you."

"God? God!" said Mrs. Trembath. "I loved him once but when my daughter was taken"—the voice was choked, and there was a sob—"I—I—hated him! In my loneliness and misery I took to drink, and then there came the separation from my husband. And I have had nobody since—nobody!"

"Not even God?" said Miss Zella tenderly.

"Do you think he cares for me?" whispered Mrs. Trembath.

"Do I care for you?" And Miss Zella turned and looked into her face. "He cares for you much more."

That evening later Miss Zella came in to see that Mrs. Trembath had all she needed and to bid her good-night. She found her on her knees. Miss Zella crept over and knelt at her side, with an arm about her waist. When they arose there was a new light in Mrs. Trembath's eyes, a new glow filled her face. The hardness had been softened, the bitterness seemed to have died out of it. "You have brought him back again," said Mrs. Trembath.—Selected.

GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out:
Then leaves and tendrils all about,
And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know.

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place—

Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

—Little Men and Women.

INFLUENCE OF BAD BOOKS.

We forbid the sale of opium, but allow an unrestricted trade in blood-curdling outlaw stories in which the law nearly always is depicted as an oppressive institution to be defied or evaded, and where those who break the law are extolled as heroes. In a recent bank robbery the president and cashier were shot down, and the youthful robber, unable to escape, committed suicide. His companion of fifteen years related how the dead young robber never was without a robber story, and that "Tracy, the Bandit," was his idol. The same enthusiasm diverted into a more worthy channel might have made a hero out of him who now fills a felon's grave.

Many parents who would be horrified to see their boys associate at all with persons of low character allow them to associate with such characters under the cover of books. Parents forget that from the perverted admiration of such heroes to the emulation of their deeds is but a step. Since so many parents neglect the supervision of their children in this respect and the public is the sufferer in the end, it devolves upon society as a matter of self-protection to suppress the sale of such pernicious literature. It seems inconsistent to hang a body of men for preaching anarchy to adults, who are supposed to know better, and on the other hand, to allow the broadcast dissemination of similar ideas stupefying the moral perception of our youth. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the murders, highway robberies and other atrocious crimes, the relating of which fills our newspapers, are committed by persons of youth and vigor.

BELL THE CATS AND SAVE THE BIRDS.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, head of the Volunteers of America, has a home in the heart of a woodland on a mountain top, where she has been greatly distressed by seeing whole broods of little birds vanish during a night because of hungry wandering cats. She says she has observed with grief how many cats prowl into gardens and lie in wait under the bushes for thrushes, robins and other birds, and therefore she appeals to bird lovers—and to cat lovers—to "bell their cats."

"It has occurred to me," says Mrs. Booth, "that it would be very wise and a very kind precaution if those who possess cats would put around the necks of the animals tiny bells, especially during the nesting season."

"For a couple of cents a little bell can be purchased, and if tied with a pretty ribbon around the cat's neck would not be an annoyance to her or a trouble to her owners, and yet when she prowls among the bushes of the garden she would warn the birds of her approach."

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED.

Begin well and end better.

If you give and take, no heart will break.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Silence is often the golden key of happiness.

Trust in Providence, but keep the kettle boiling.

Make no display of the sacrifices you make for each other.

Never deceive; confidence once lost can never be wholly regained.

Don't both be angry at the same time; it takes two to make a quarrel.

An angry speech never with anger meet. Bitterness dies before a temper sweet.

Avoid "touchiness," and cultivate the give-and-take spirit.

Always remember it is better to hear the laughter of children than to see a tidy room.—Selected.