

Family Department.

THE LENTEN TIDE.

What have we done that we should seek,
This Lenten-tide to be forgiven?
Our lips have never dared to speak
Reproach or calumny of Heaven!
Yet to the Lenten-tide belongs
Repentance from some secret wrongs.

What need have we for deep distress?
Our hands have never robbed the poor,
We have not spurned in bitterness
The trembling feet that sought out door;
And yet the Lenten prayers are meant
For those whose hearts are penitent.

We beg for 'new and contrite hearts.'
Within the sacred walls to-day,
And some forgotten shadow starts
From out of sunshine as we pray;
For Heaven takes our soul aside,
To search them, at the Lenten-tide.

What have we done? Our hearts can tell
Of scorn, impurity and hate,
Of pride we have not sought to quell,
Of Duty's promptings bid to wait.
Ah, Heaven bids us view our pride
With sorrow, at the Lenten-tide.

What have we done? Our narrow thought
Has limited the Love Divine,
And all the flood of Truth has sought
In human channels to confine,
The Truth of God, so free and wide,
Condemns us at the Lenten-tide.

The web of life is spun apace,
And many threads are gay and bright,
But some to give the pattern grace,
Must bear the impress of the night.
No weaver's hand may cast aside
The dark threads of the Lenten-tide.

—Selected.

The Story of a Short Life.

BY JULIANA HORATIO EWING.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

LETTER III.

. . . I have seen V. C. I have seen him twice. I have seen his cross. The first time was at the Sports. Aunt Adelaide drove me there in the pony carriage. We stopped at the Enclosure. The Enclosure is a rope, with a man taking tickets. The Sports are inside; so is the tent, with tea; so are the ladies, in awfully pretty dresses, and the officers walking around them.

There's great fun outside, at least, I should think so. There's a crowd of people, and booths, and a skeleton man. I saw his picture. I should like to have seen him, but Aunt Adelaide didn't want to, so I tried to be *latus* without him.

When we got to the Enclosure there was a gentleman taking his ticket, and when he turned round he was V. C. Wasn't it funny? So he came back and said, 'Why, here's my little friend!' And he said, 'You must let me carry you.' And so he did, and put me among the ladies. But the ladies got him a good deal. He went and talked to lots of them, but I tried to be *latus* without him; and then Cousin George came, and lots of others, and then the V. C. came back and showed me things about the Sports.

Sports are very hard work; they make you so hot and tired; but they are very nice to

watch. The races were great fun, particularly when they fell in the water, and the men in sacks who hop, and the blindfolded men with wheelbarrows. Oh, they were so funny! They kept wheeling into each other, all except one, and he went wheeling and wheeling right away up the field, all by himself and all wrong! I did laugh.

But what I liked best were the tent-pegging men and most best of all the Tug-of-War.

The Irish officer did tent-pegging. He has the dearest pony you ever saw. He is so fond of it, and it is so fond of him. He talks to it in Irish, and it understands him. He cut off the Turk's head—not a real Turk, a sham Turk, and not a whole one, only the head stuck on a pole.

The Tug-of-War was splendid! Two sets of men pulling at a rope to see which is strongest. They did pull! They pulled so hard, both of them, with all their might and main, that we thought it must be a drawn battle. But at last one set pulled the other over, and then there was such a noise that my head ached dreadfully, and the Irish officer carried me into the tent and gave me some tea. And then we went home.

The next time I saw V. C. was on Sunday at Parade Service. He is on the Staff, and wears a cocked hat. He came in with the General and the A. D. C., who was at church on Tuesday, and I was glad to see him.

After church, everybody went about saying 'Good morning,' and 'How hot it was in church!' and V. C. helped me with my crutches, and showed me his cross. And the General came up and spoke to me, and I saw his medals, and he asked how you were, and I said, 'Quite well thank you.' And then he talked to a lady with some little boys dressed like sailors. She said how hot it was in church, and he said, 'I thought the roof was coming off with that last hymn.' And she said, 'My little boys call it the Tug-of-War hymn; they are very fond of it.' And he said, 'The men seem very fond of it.' And he turned round to an officer I didn't know, and said 'They ran away from you that last verse but one.' And the officer said, 'Yes, sir, they always do; so I stop the organ and let them have it their own way.'

I asked Aunt Adelaide, 'Does that officer play the organ?' And she said, 'Yes, and he trains the choir. He's coming in to supper.' So he came. If the officers stay for sermon on Sunday evenings, they are late for mess. So the chaplain stops after prayers, and anybody that likes to go out before sermon can. If they stay for sermon, they go to supper with some of the married officers instead of dining at mess.

So he came. I liked him awfully. He plays like father, only I think he can play more difficult things.

He says, 'Tug-of-War hymn' is the very good name for that hymn, because the men are so fond of it they all sing, and the ones at the bottom of the church 'drag over' the choir and the organ.

He said, 'I've talked till I'm black in the face, and all to no purpose. It would try the patience of a saint.' So I said, 'Are you a saint?' And he laughed and said, 'No, I'm afraid not; I'm only a kapellmeister.' So I call him 'Kapellmeister.' I do like him.

I do like the Tug-of-War hymn. It begins, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' That's the one. But we have it to a tune of our own, on Saints' days. The verse the men tug with is 'A noble army, men and boys.' I think they like it, because, it's about the army; and so do I.

I am, your loving and dutiful son,

LEONARD.

P. S.—I call the ones with cocked hats and feathers, 'Cockatoos.' There was another Cockatoo who walked away with the General. Not very big. About the bigness of the stuffed General in the pawnbroker's window; and I do

think he had quite as many medals. I wanted to see them. I wish I had. He looked at me. He had a very gentle face; but I was afraid of it. Was I a coward?

You remember what these crosses are don't you? I told you.

This is a very short letter. It's only to ask you to send my book of Poor things by the Orderly who takes this, unless you are quite sure you are coming to see me to-day.

A lot of officers are collecting for me, and there's one in the Engineers can print very well, so he'll put them in.

A Colonel with only one arm dined here yesterday. You can't think how well he manages, using first his knife and then his fork, and talking so politely all the time. He has all kind of dodges, so as not to give trouble and do everything for himself. I mean to put him in.

I wrote to Cousin Alan, and asked him to collect for me. I like writing letters, and I do like getting them. Uncle Henry says he hates a lot of posts in the day. I hate posts when there's nothing for me. I like all the rest.

Cousin Alan wrote back by return. He says he can only think of the old chap, whose legs were cut off in battle:

"And when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps!"

It was very brave, if it's true. Do you think it is? He did not tell me his name.

Your loving and dutiful son,

LEONARD.

P. S.—I am *latus sorte mea*, and so is the Sweep.

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 thinks 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 had 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 handkerchief and put his first finger into it to make a head that nodded, and wind the rest round his hand, and stick out his thumb and another finger for arms, and do the 'Yeaverily-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 Yeaverily-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