

Gerard went back to the table and sat down. "Fool that I was," he thought, "to write such a letter! I wonder the doctor did not burn it at once. Now that she knows, she will distrust and avoid me. And she will not remain with my mother if I am there. I must go back to Canada. Just when I thought I should be near her!"

He sat motionless, leaning back in his chair and thinking, until he was roused by seeing the flame of the lamp flicker and wane. Hastily gathering up the papers, he put them under lock and key, and groped his way upstairs.

Next morning Marian did not come down to breakfast, and Gerard, thinking that she wished to avoid him, made some business in the next town, which kept him out all day. When he came in it was quite dark; the fire-lighted drawing-room looked tempting through the open door, and he went in. He thought at first that the room was empty, but in a moment a slender black-robed figure rose from the depths of a chair in the darkest corner, and Marian came forward. She asked him some questions about his day, and gave him some news of his mother, and then silence

fell upon them. They had remained standing on the rug, Gerard leaning against the mantelpiece, Marian at a little distance, the firelight falling full upon her, showing her slender figure in its close-fitting black dress, and her bent head crowned with its coils of red-bronze hair. At length she broke the silence.

"Gerard, you said last night that you were still unchanged; is that so?"

"In my love for you I am unchanged, now and always!" he answered.

"I am not so steadfast," she whispered. "I am changed. After what you said last night, I know that I must no longer look on you as a brother, and I cannot do without you, Gerard!"

Joy and wonder kept him motionless and incredulous for a moment. Then, as he heard her little appealing cry, and saw her outstretched hands, he made one step forward and caught her in his arms.

"Marian, do you know what you are saying?"


"I do. I understand now what my father meant when he said I was unable to appreciate real love. He said that I should learn to do so when it was too late; but it is not too late yet, is it, Gerard?"

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### OUR BELONGINGS: THE LITTLE ONES.



**T**WO little mites and a dog were playing in the nursery. They had a feast spread out on a tiny table, and were sitting on footstools; between them, obediently perched on a doll's chair, was the dog, their constant and beloved playmate. Jack got up to ask nurse for some more sugar; returning with his treasure, Winnie greeted him with—

"Oh, Jack! Toby has eaten up all the feast."

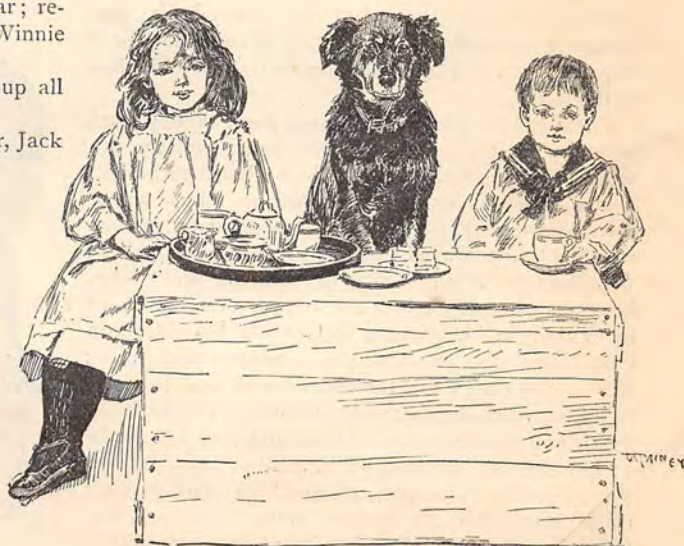
Before looking for the offender, Jack says gravely—

"Winnie, you should not say eaten; you should say 'etten."

We wonder why, when verbs are so annoying, Jack should think one form of participle better than another. The dear things are so funny with their talk. Sometimes a golden-haired darling of three, with eyes of wisdom and rosebud mouth, can speak no intelligible word, when lo! one day he launches into long and complete sentences, reminding one of the parrot who could never be caught practising, but listened for weeks to a particular sentence, and then at an

appropriate moment made the remark, as if it had just suggested itself to his mind.

"Baby talk" is fascinating; we are constantly surprised at the ideas which spring up in the minds of the little ones, and often more so at the words in which they clothe them. "Why do I have pictures in my pillow, mother?" is a definition of dreams better than



WE THREE.



"DRESSING UP."

most of us could supply haphazard. "Mother, I have cold water in my boots," explains the feeling of intensely cold feet with considerable force. The way the mites construct their sentences is funny, too; we knew a little boy who would never put his verbs in the usual place, but said, "Me up take," "On put boots," "Upstairs go," "I'way go, leave all alone, dada, you," etc.; while his sister had a fashion of miscalling words which yet displayed some intelligence. A hammock she always called a *hang-up*; a rockery was to her a *crocker*; she told her governess one day that mother said it was *hashed Wednesday*, and they must go to church; drilling she called *quadrilling*; her overall pinafores were *overcrawls*, and "*battered pudding*" was her favourite dish; *Shocking-headed Peter* did as well, perhaps, as the real name for the obnoxious Struwwelpeter of her story-book, and *benzoline* was excusable, in place of venison, for a haunch which had been hanging a considerable time in the larder.

Their speech interests us, these dear, chubby ones, with the large eyes, the wistful looks, and the unstinted demonstrations of their love; but their amusements divert us more. What quaint things amuse them—how early they display the dramatic instinct which is latent in us all! Watch a boy and girl some wet afternoon, when the bag of "dressing-up" clothes is produced, and see how the wearing of a long shawl for a train, a bit of lace, and an old fan transform quiet little Dollie into a person of majesty and grace; she *is* the queen for the time being, and her very facial lines are altered; while Bobby as the prince, is gentle and courteous; as, unfortunately, he will not be an hour hence. Some children play at being all the animals in the Zoo, some at being kings and queens; some transform themselves into "mother and father," and two children we knew had a desperate game which went on night after night in thrilling con-

versations. They were good-natured burglars, and their butt and laughing-stock was a fat policeman, whom they led through will-o'-the-wisp dances. Where mites of five or six could have heard of the incidents they related, puzzled their belongings to imagine.

We pity the lonely children who are so guarded and tended that they often lose their originality; they surprise us by their polite behaviour, their clean clothes, and the way they amuse themselves with "diversion for one," but we feel when the mite has spent a night with more riotous companions, has been meekly wrapped up by his nurse, and has bid



farewell to his hostess with a speech of thanks, that we miss something. We are more inclined to kiss Jacky or Jenny, who rebelliously say they *cannot* go home yet, and ask their entertainer "when she will have them again?"

The way learning comes to them is strange, too. A small thing of five will be found reading for his

(or more often her) own pleasure, quite difficult story-books, while to another of seven, words of two syllables are barriers insurmountable. One child cannot read at all perhaps at eight, but displays an abnormal memory, which enables him to recite long pieces of poetry or prose, and make a glorious appearance on "breaking-up" days.

Some are fearless as lions, and cannot be made to understand where danger lurks; others are terrified at the buzzing of a fly. We knew a lady who went into her bedroom in a high London house one day, and found the windows widely open: left so by a careless house-



THE PROPER BOY.

maid. She moved to close them, and saw, on the parapet beneath, her little boy, a child of four, crawling along the ledge about eight inches wide, having got out of one window, and intending to enter by the other. The heroic mother had strength to make no sound, but go back from the window and hide herself behind the bed curtain till she saw the little fat hands grasping the sill of the window of entry, and then she gently went forward with a smile. The terror of the few seconds of waiting must have seemed to her eternal.

The little ones surprise us sometimes with a touch of sarcasm. A mite of four whom we knew was watching her elder brother and sister being dressed for a party.

"Why don't you dress me too, nurse?" she inquired.

"Because you haven't been asked to go, dear," was the answer.

"Why wasn't I asked? Am I too *ugly*?" said the scrap, who was decidedly not plain.

Their likes and dislikes are embarrassing. A small boy of our acquaintance showed his liking for people by standing quite still and looking at them. He used always to gaze in this

fashion at the rector, who, one day, was rather annoyed by the persistent stare of the great brown eyes, and said rather sharply—

"Why do you look at me so?"

"Because I like to watch your eyes: they always speak kind," was the flattering reply.

Another time this boy climbed on his mother's lap, and said, trembling with excitement—

"Do send that lady away; I can't *bear* to look at her, mother!"

There was nothing about the visitor that anyone else could find fault with.

Who does not remember the happiness of a visit to the seaside with the little ones? When the weather is fine, the lodgings all that can be desired, and mother has time to "rest and be thankful," how intense are the pleasures in which she shares. The first day of shrimp catching, when the little grey creatures are caught and brought home, and, being boiled by nurse, are discovered by the happy fishermen to turn pink, and curl up their tails like those at the fish-monger's, and to be positively eaten by the elders; the finding of sea beasties, the building of a great fortress on the sand, and surrounding it with a moat, above which it proudly stands when the tide comes in; the picnics in the neighbouring bay, the paddling, the donkey rides, the boating: these pleasures bring to the little faces looks of rapture which will not often appear there in the coming future, and yield a store of memories which are lasting joys.

We marvel at the little ones when they display their different tendencies in their very early years. A child of four who says "I suppose that is what is called a view," the first time he looks round from a



"PAPA AND MAMMA."

hill-top, will probably have a keen eye for the beauties of Nature; while one who finds it easier to draw the thing his little tongue cannot find words to explain, may be taken to have the makings of an artist in him. The little ones who put their fingers in their mouths and stare at small visitors, are not likely to develop into such sociable beings as those who bring toys, and start conversation for the benefit of their guests. The anxious-minded ones, who recollect that frocks must be kept tidy, lessons learned, and puddles never walked into, suffer real anxiety in their endeavours to keep friends who are not so wise, in the way they should go.

Their patience in illness is one thing that must always astonish an observer. Why are they so free from fretfulness, so grateful, so able to bear pain—

real pain—so obedient and so helpful? Is it (as someone has suggested) because they have no care for the future and very little memory of the past to guide them as to what may befall them in the shape of suffering? It may be so, and that they can do it because they have only each moment's pain to bear, with neither foresight nor retrospect; but still, that does not explain what every nurse and doctor must have noticed in the behaviour of young children.

The darlings! how much delight they give us—how much anxiety and pain—and how heavily they make us feel our responsibilities, what lessons they teach us! Their smiles light up our lives, and their tears obscure the sun. Happy is he or she whom they adopt for their friend, for their instinct is pure, and they cannot flatter or be insincere.

M. R. L.

## IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

### III—HOW MEMBERS ARE WHIPPED.



SHAKESPEARE, that universal provider of quotations, who, even though an institution had not been invented, foresaw its coming with unerring eye, had plainly before his prophetic vision a modern parliamentary use when he made *Angelo* express the hope to his companion that he would find "good cause to whip them all." For, although the elaborate system of

House of Commons management now adopted by every party and, indeed, by every political fraction, was unknown in the glorious days of great Elizabeth, it commenced with the independent display of power by Parliament in the succeeding reign of the first James; and the very term with which it is commonly labelled carries us back to the time when the House was mainly composed of squires, and when "the country party" was not merely a name but a power. Even the title "Whip," as applied to the energetic party official who prevents his pack from going astray, does not preserve the full flavour of that of "whipper-in," which was accustomed to be used in the days when St. Stephen's was full of foxhunters, but which is now to be found only in the always-belated dictionaries, in the speeches of Cobden and Bright, and in those of the oldest among our parliamentarians. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, indeed, used it in the House of Commons as lately as the June of 1892; but, with one consent, the reporters in the Gallery sought to correct the possessor of such obviously less political experience than themselves, and when he said "whippers-in," made him say "whips."

What, then, are these "whippers-in" of an earlier parliamentary day, or "Whips," as they are now universally known? If one is to believe the dictionaries, they are persons in a parlous state, for the taint of an

old and corrupt period suffuses them still. And while one dictionary informs its readers that a "whipper-in"

*Most Important*

31, GREAT GEORGE STREET.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.

*Parliament will meet on Thursday August 4<sup>th</sup>; and after the Speaker has been elected and the Members have taken the oath; a vote of want of Confidence in the Government will certainly be moved in one form or another.*

*Your attendance in the House of Commons during the progress of this debate is particularly, and at the division, whenever it takes place, most urgently and especially requested.*

*Wolmer*

LORD WOLMER'S SUMMONS TO THE LIBERAL UNIONIST MEMBERS.