"His father never had a Bible in the house," Mrs. Liner often said. But she "tried to let her light shine." And her husband, in a vague way, felt that she was superior to him. When she sat through long nights at some wretched bedside, Mr. Liner walked the floor and laid Tom's hot little face against his own and hummed, "There's a land that is fairer than day." It would have been hard to tell what Mr. Liner's idea of that land were like. They were mingled with long benches and "Brothers" and "Sisters," and sobs, no question.

But when he held Tom he was not thinking of the land. He forgot questions hard to solve. Then Mrs. Liner came back to her kitchen and took up her work. She might as well do it, herself, she said. She could never keep a girl. The dishes had not been washed many times since she had been about the work. She washed them now, singing in a shrill voice. Mr. Liner went down stairs and sat in front of the store. He pulled a worn "Age of Reason" from his pocket and followed the lines with his thumb. Tom played on the floor. He fretted a good deal. He was teething.

"Shall mamma wash him, and put a clean dress on the blessed boy?" said Mrs. Liner. "Mamma shall make Tom like a new boy pretty soon." A ring at the door. A little girl had fallen and broken her arm.

"Enoch," called Mrs. Liner down the long stairway. Her husband sat before the door of the store, with his hat pulled over his eyes. He lifted his head. "Come up and look after Tom for ten minutes while I go and set the little Jones girl's arm. Tom is cross, and I can't leave him alone,"

"Hadn't you better stay to home and take care of him," growled Mr. Liner. Then he strode up the stairs, and Tom heard him and laughed. Mr. Liner put his great shaggy head down and let the chubby hand clutch small fist-fulls of hair.

"Tom ain't cross," he said.

* * *

It was evening. Little Tom was sleeping. He was not dusty nor dirty nor tired. He wore a little white dress that had never had marigold leaves in its folds. He was as white and fair as the lillies he held in his still, baby fingers.

Mr. Liner stood, looking at the closed eyes, silent. He stood and looked as if he would have an image in his eyes that could never be rubbed out. The door opened. Mrs. Liner came in, sobbing. She threw herself upon the coffin lid.

"Oh Enoch! Enoch! Our boy—"

"After all the mothers I've saved their children to— And I standing by and seeing him—"

Mr. Liner stood for a while, silent. Then he put one hand on her thin grey hair and stroked it, awkwardly.

* * *

Next morning, when the sun rose, Mr. Liner was far away from the city, walking swiftly over a country road. He had a farm, ten miles from town, where he often went for awhile when he was "tired of the store," he said. It was a lonely place. He liked to be alone. He walked with long strides. Some pink wild roses grew in the hedge by the roadside. He gathered them, and looked at them, as he walked along. They were thick with thorns.—Katharine Melick.

Co-Education.

A youth and maid in the chapel sat,
They were studying French, but what of that!
Tu aimes me, et j'aime vous,
You love me and I love you.

Her voice was gentle, and his was low,
And over the lesson again they go.
Tu aims me, et j'aime vous,
You love me and I love you.

There is many a lesson learned in school,
Which never is learned from book or rule.
Tu aims me, et j'aime vous,
You love me and I love you.

Just shut your eyes and think right hard.
Be quiet. Let's hear no sound.
I see. That's good. One-half the class
Can feel the wheels go round.