

# Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

## A Christmas Story by S. R. Crockett

**T**HE Morris-Moores had just had their first—no, not quarrel—tiff. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing titles, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys." He got out extensive white-blotched Swiss survey maps, and files of the little "Ladin" paper printed at Sarnaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to dip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff." It would help him to forget anything so absolutely silly as a little wife upstairs in her room, the tears of temper still wet on her cheeks, and employing her small white teeth in reducing to tattered "waste" a soaked lace pocket handkerchief.

Henry Morris-Moore felt himself very superior. He was calm, cold, judicial, and above what he called "infantile tempers."

Upstairs Clara wept and fretted.

To think, only to think—scarcely ten months married, and it had come to this! Ah, if only she had known! Were all men so cruel, so bitter? Did nobody care for her? She would go to her mother—No (Clara's reflection came refreshingly cool, like a splash of cold water), no-o—well, not quite that! For one thing, she knew her mother; and Mrs. Murray-Linklater would "pack her back to her husband." Clara heard her mother speak these very words.

But—it was over. So much was fixed. Never, never would it be "glad, confident morning again." Henry had settled that when he spoke those words—those cruel dividing words. He had said—had said—well, Clara could not



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDWAYS AT THE PATTERN OF THE CARPET



A GIRL STANDING ON THE STEPS PUTTING UP HOLLY AND GREEN STUFF

quite remember what. But, at any rate, it was over. She could never forgive him—for saying that—yes, about dear Aunt Laetitia. Oh, yes, she remembered, "that he could never get her a single night to himself without some stalking old she-patriarch with a reticule coming in to 'poll everything.'"

Clara would not have her family spoken against—not by a score of Henry Moores. She had been educated carefully in the Murray-Linklater cult, and no Vere de Vere could be prouder of her name.

Clara, in her bolted bedroom, was getting out her blotting book and pad to write to her poor wronged aunt. She was going to ask a refuge for the few remaining days of a blasted life. Yes, that was the adjective she was using, and (strange coincidence!) the villain below stairs was also using it, though perhaps in a more colloquial sense. He had just knocked over a whole pile of the neat notebooks in which he stored away his literary material, and was passing off his own clumsiness in invective against inanimate things. This was his man's way of biting his handkerchief.

But the strong arm of coincidence reached yet further.

Stumbling and grumbling, Harry gathered up the fruit of his travel experiences and began re-storing them in the little three-cornered shelves where he kept such things for reference. Work would not "go" to-night, somehow. One remained in his hand—a small pocket notebook with rounded corners, which served to carry about him for the shortest personal jottings. Usually it lay among his keys on the dressing table, and when he shaved he was in the habit of putting down a word or two—oh, as brief and bald as possible.

But this particular stubby volume happened to be his diary of two years ago, and he stood there with one hand mechanically pushing the notebooks into their places, while his eyes, entangled by what he read, transported him to the ragged carpet, the promptory furnished lodgings, the solitary walks, hands deep in pockets, overcoat collar up, cap pulled low—of the days when first—But stay, what was Clara doing?

She had got out her blotting book from under "The Songs of the North." The new maid—very hard on the temper of young wives are new maids, as a class—had jammed it into the rack, bending the corners shamefully. And so, when at last Clara had released the folio, lo! a cascade of solidly built volumes in red lacai clattered to the ground. She had just time to spring back; for the volumes had solid brass locks, all opened with the same little gold key. She wore it about her neck, and no one in the

world, not even Harry, had ever been allowed to peep within. Indeed, since she was married she had not often done so herself. But now—now that the happiness of her life had foundered beneath her, she would go back—it might be all the pleasure (sob) that was left her—thus to live over a happy past. (A time.)

Watkins, the Moores' new maid, experienced some surprise (and not unnaturally) when, in the exercise of her vocation, she was carrying a copper jug of hot water to Mrs. Moore's dressing room before sounding the first gong, she observed her master and mistress approach each other from opposite ends of the corridor, both intently reading, like people on a stage—he in a small black book, she in one large, fat and red.

A still poorer opinion had Sarah Watkins of her new place when she saw the readers look up simultaneously, suddenly and guiltily close their books, turn on their several heels, and so exult.

"And them sez as what they has only been married ten months!" she meditated. "Well—we'll see what's to come of this!"

The family dinner that night was distinguished by extreme correctitude of demeanor, and an etiquette almost Spanish in its staidness. They were nothing if not polite—that is, when Watkins was in the room. But Watkins knew, and stayed a moment on the mat, listening to the silence that dropped like a pall. She entered, smiling to herself, knowing (oh, experienced Watkins) that she would find Clara looking sideways at the pattern of the carpet as though she had never seen it before, while at his end of the table Harry was molding bread pellets as if for a wager. These things do not vary.

But even Watkins the wise did not know everything. Penny fiction does not inform its readers what real people do. So as soon as Clara had escaped out of the dining room, before he had time to open the door for her, Harry sulkily sat down and felt for his cigarette case. He was sure he had left it in the drawing room. Yet he would not go for it. He could hear Clara playing a noisy jig, the wriggle and stamp of which he particularly loathed.

"The little wretch," he said, laughing in spite of himself, "she knows quite well."

"Good evening, Mr. Moore," said his wife, and he rose and went. "Your cigarette case is in the smoking room."

But this time Harry had it all his own way. Six feet of blonde colossus made short work of mere pinpricks of the tongue. Clara found

herself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swinging her feet naughtily and rebelliously, while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it?"

"Shan't!" (A time). "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—to—"

"Where? To whom?" said Harry, easily.

"To my—to Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, "and besides, she would charge you board—which I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money!"

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

Then in a burst, as he shook her, "Oh! you great baby," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary. I knew by the lock. I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand, "but don't you think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night.

And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve"—said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting, with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much!"

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She could hardly keep still. The quarrel was forgotten.

"Christmas eve" (she read). "A dull day—Pald calls in the lane—Went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Auntie dear. Came home by Grant's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance."

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how bad my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I did write a lot, I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all."

"Oh, yes—I have!" and he flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant). "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go on?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost like a surprised Eve.

"You were saying that it was a horrid nuisance, having me come to dinner," said Harry Moore, "did you change your mind?"

"Here it is," said his wife, running her eye down the columns of close-knit writing. "11:00 p. m. He is gone. It was not so horrid after all. But I think he likes Edith best. He is big and badly dressed. Why can't writers and artistic people dress humanly? He had on the funniest tie I ever saw, and a beard, and he came in a big gray cloak like one of Millet's shepherds. But he talked—yes, it was worth

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and somehow seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Stonor came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I knew very well he was watching us. That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end.

"Now for yours!"

"Mine! oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook "jottings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't alter a word or put in more. I shall know!"

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Armenia about the atrocities. Shan't! To club in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxon and several of the fellows there, who wanted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to dinner—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later."

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly haughty, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without troubling to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on steps, putting up holly and green stuff. Presently old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!' I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know; a fascinating and glamorous person certainly. There was also a sister."

"Nonsense!" said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her unbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are a dear."

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she purred.

"Go on!" she said.

"Dinner quite informal," Harry continued. "Talked too much, but got led on somehow. Everything went well. Doctor fellow there, who put on a lot of friend-of-the-family side-sat in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes."

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous already!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little Stonor? I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, the day you came to Elton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Elton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eyes did not show up. Waited an hour and a half, but don't think I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore!"

"Now shall I read?" And without giving him time to answer, Clara opened the solid bass boards and continued, "Dec. 28th: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grierson. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her to tea. When I got home I saw mother had a secret. You always knew by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell."

"Do you know whom I've been entertaining all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shaking with repressed laughter. I understood well enough.

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him going down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. And she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagon-load nearly, which she had set well back in the dusk of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. 'They are all mine,' said mother, 'but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staying quietly at home!'

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity and mercy!" I said. "He would have given them to me if I'd been here. I'll never do a good action again!"

"Now turn on to 'Four Seas Cottage,' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray now, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overflowing everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why skip? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 8th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that unless something was going to come of this, I must go away.'

"What," she said, "for altogether?" And I said "Yes." Then she walked a good while silent, and when I looked, I could see—"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Tear after big tear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go!" I cried.

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not."

"So I stayed."

They sat long silent that night in their own home, near each other, and happy Harry's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, bother Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Moore, "I only want you!"

And thus did Clara Murray-Linklater deny her father's house and cleave to her husband,

### The Surprise of the Spiritual

By REV. HUGH T. KERR  
Pastor Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago

TEXT—The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath and knoweth that field.—Matthew XIII, 44.

The discovery of hidden treasures was one of the expectant surprises of the past, said the Rev. Mr. Kerr. The secrecy of the soil was once the safest security. Nero became the laughing stock of his people because he was induced to investigate a marvelous treasure-trove in a distant part of his dominions said to be waiting for a finder. Men of our day, too, have become the laughing stock of their fellows by selling their all to invest in mountains of rock said to contain acres of gold and stratas of shale and to secrete rivers of oil. But this man of the parable was no laughing stock, but the wonder of his age and the envy of many men.

Without searching for it, he discovered a treasure. The glittering gold shone before his very eyes. According to the law of the land it was his. His heart danced for very joy and in his joy he parted with everything he had and possessed himself of that miracle-working field.

God is better far than mountains of gold, said Jesus. To find God, to possess him, is worth the sacrifice of every other thing. God is the greatest discovery a man can make. Job cried out for God. Philip asked after the father. Tennyson said the greatest desire of his life was to have a new vision of God. Let us follow the path of this unnamed discoverer and, if we can, learn his secret.

He was surprised into his discovery. It was all so unexpected and so amazing and so wonderful that he could not believe his eyes when the glittering gold and the shining silver lay spread out in a heap at his feet.

So does God sometimes surprise the souls of men. We would not be seeking him had we not already been found of him. Our search for God has been so long and so patient as has his search for us. Sometimes he discovers himself to us and ere we know it we are in his presence. Like Livingstone in the African wilderness suddenly facing his discoverer, so does God discover us. Nicodemus may search for God in the secrecy of the night, but in the broad daylight Jesus reveals himself to the surprised Samaritan woman. Zacchaeus may climb the tree to see the Christ, but Jesus unexpectedly calls Matthew from his customary place.

So do men stumble upon God in life. Men are surprised into the spiritual by the very act of the eternal spirit they are not looking for God, they are found of him. Paul went with slaughter in his heart to Damascus and lo! he found not the Christians but the Christians' God. Verily, said the prophet, thou art a God that hidest thyself. The spiritual life, from beginning to end is one long series of discovery. The hidden treasure of God's all-pervasive presence is ever revealing new wonders to our souls.

He was surprised into a new mental temperament. The very grammar dances with joy. The words as they fell from the lips of Jesus are bubbling over with a new found delight. The man walks as if were on air and lives his life in gladness of a present possession. So rejoiced is he in his new found treasure that he again hides it away as something too precious to exploit, and holds his secret for a little while at least, in selfish monopoly.

The spiritual life must ever surprise men into a very intoxication of delight. The early church was one great merry making community. The people of that age did not understand the abounding joy and the overwhelming gladness that possessed the Christians who sang in the midst of defeat and who rejoiced in tribulation. When Gods surprises the soul there is abounding light-heartedness and a burst of melody. Every revival of true religion has been accompanied with a burst of song.

The miners of Wales went down into the darkness with gospel songs up on their lips. In the prison-house of Phillip Paul and Silas sang songs of joy until the very prison was smitten as with an earthquake. God, pity us for our dry-as-dust religion! There is no gospel in the religion of many of our people, and the missing note in our modern Christianity is the note of abounding joy and spiritual cheerfulness. Our missionary meetings are too often places of tears and tragedies. Our prayer services are too often a rendezvous for dispirited followers. Awake, awake, put on thy beautiful garments. Our Christ is a conqueror and our treasure is pure gold.

He was surprised into a new interpretation of sacrifice. In his joy he goeth and selleth all that he has, and buyeth that field. There is nothing to weep over in that transaction. There is no use to shed tears over that sacrifice. Indeed, there is no sacrifice. Men talk about sacrifices, said the immortal Livingstone; God knows I never made a sacrifice. This from the man who wore his life out to heal the open sore of the world, and we with our petty self-denials talk about sacrifice!

If we wish the priceless treasure we must pay the price.