STELLA AND MAGGIE: OR BRAVE HEARTS

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Stella and Maggie: Or Brave Hearts by Mrs. J. D. Ronald

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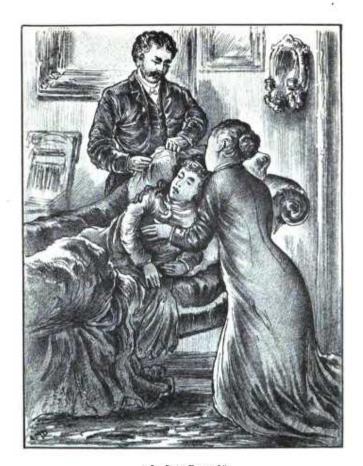
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MRS. J. D. RONALD

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"Is Sum Dring?"



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OR

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BY MRS. J. D. RONALD.

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STELLA AND MAGGIE.

CHAPTER L

HOME LIGHT.

"ISS me, darling mamma," said a little girl of six summers as she would her arms round her mother's neck and drew her head down on the pillow. The nurse had just put her to bed, and as was Mrs. Seymour's custom, she had come to hear her little daughter repeat her evening prayer, and kiss her ere she slept. After kissing her, the mother said in a sweet, quiet voice, "Now, Stella darling, pray."

The little girl unwound her arms and reverently folding her hands and closing her eyes began, "Our Father in heaven, fold little Stella to thy bosom, and give her a new heart. Bless dear mamma, bless dear papa, bring him home safely, and take care of us all through the night for Jesus' sake, Amen." On opening her eyes, she saw a large tear drop on the pillow. Alas! wealth and luxury are no barriers to suffering. This home, which might have been an Eden for peace and sanctity, was being overshadowed by sin and sorrow.

The child, looking up, with trembling lips asked, "Has Stella been naughty to-day, dear mamma, that you cry?"

"No, my darling," replied her mother, clasping the child convulsively to her bosom, "you are my own good little daughter, my treasure, my very star. But go to sleep, or you won't wake up bright and rosy as mamma wants her little girl always to be."

And again she kissed the child. The little one looked as she would fain have asked more, but closing up her eyes tightly as if to woo sleep whether it would come or not, she said, "I will, mamma, for I mean always to be your bright little girl."

"God grant you may, my darling!" replied her mother. The lady crossed the room, lifting some dainty piece of needle-work, and drawing a cozy chair in front of the bright fire, sat down, grace in every motion. She was a beautiful and noble woman, a fireside heroine, hiding her life's trial in her heart, and meeting the outside world with a smiling face. How many do the same! How bright her future seemed eight years ago! Then she had left her