

**IN GOD'S  
NURSERY**

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In God's nursery by C. C. Martindale

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**C. C. MARTINDALE**

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BY

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

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And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls  
playing in the streets thereof.—Zacharias VIII. 5.

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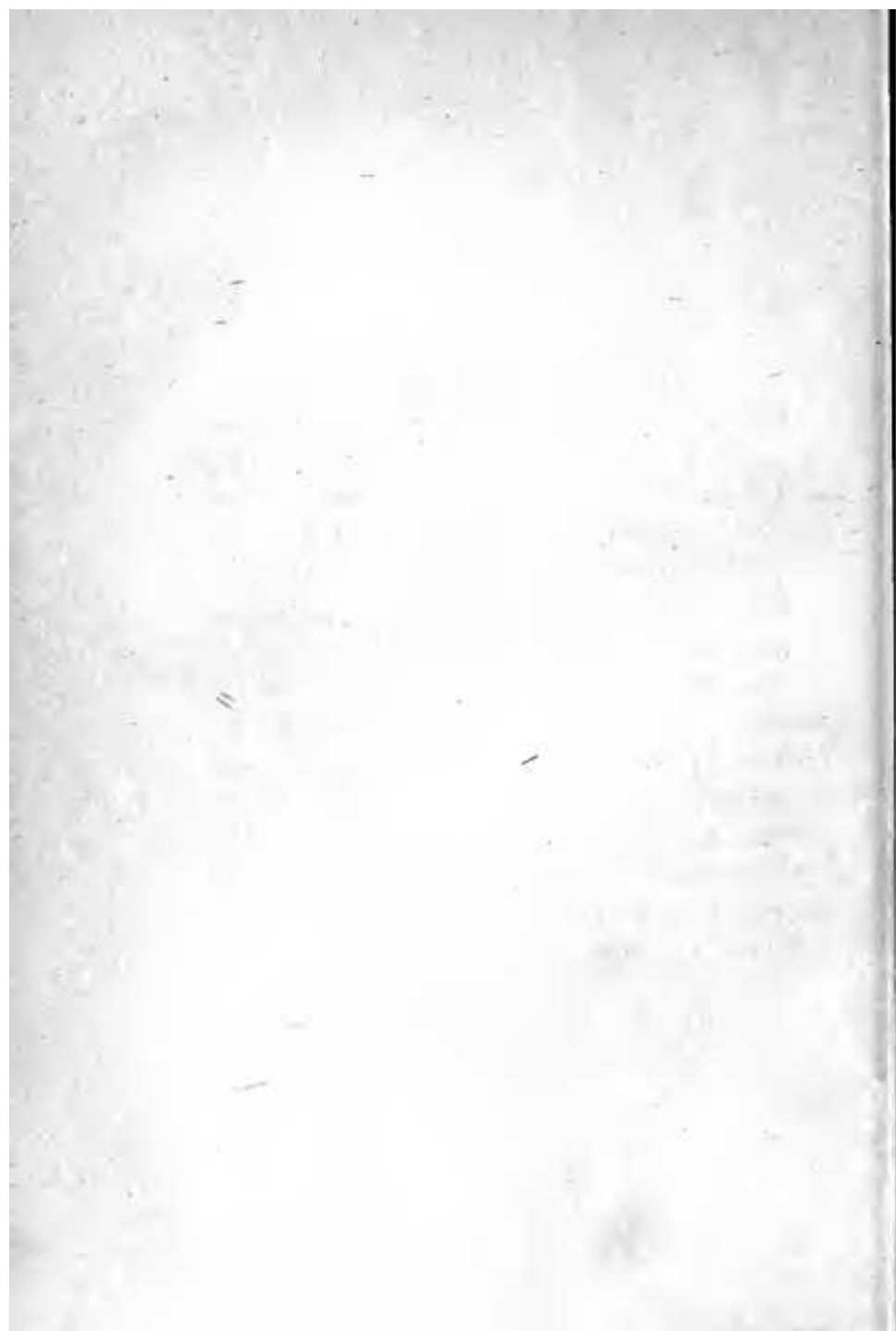


TO  
E. O.  
R.

. . . Since, years ago, you (and some others) used to like me to read these stories aloud to you, perhaps you won't refuse their dedication. You used irreverently to call them, I remember, by inelegant nicknames; but even then you were never tempted to take them for archæological treatises or for sermons. And now I have stripped them of nearly all their footnotes (for they appeared first, you know, in the "Month"), and of their references to Frazer, Tylor, or Robertson Smith; to Lucian, Apuleius, or the Corpus Inscriptionum, and so on; and even to the Christian Fathers. I dare say you won't regret them. Anyhow, E. O., if you still like the stories, I can have no greater pleasure than to think of you re-reading them, "at your world's far end".

Tuissimus.

C. C. M.



## YONDER.

"Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore."

—VERGIL, "Æn." vi.

"I don't believe it," said Calpurnia the Less.  
And she burst into tears.

The May morning had afforded no presage of this storm. It had begun delightfully with a walk over the "Hill of Gardens," from which you saw all Rome; a favourite walk, indeed, for the way led past a certain villa where a great friend of Calpurnia's lived. This was a slave called Maccus, who looked after the cucumber beds on the terrace just above the wall, and had found it politic to establish amicable relations with that young lady, owing to those which already existed between himself and her nurse Polla. Hence he had actually shown her his mistress's tame ape, shaven in tufts, and gilded on the nose, and would give her feathers moulted by the peacocks and flamingoes and pheasants of his aviary, whereof