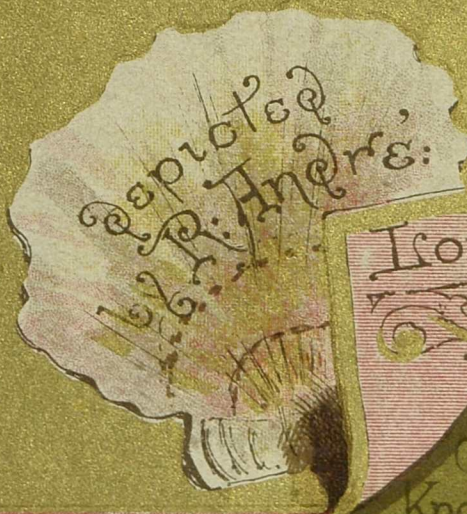




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Juliana H. Ewing:

Convalescence:



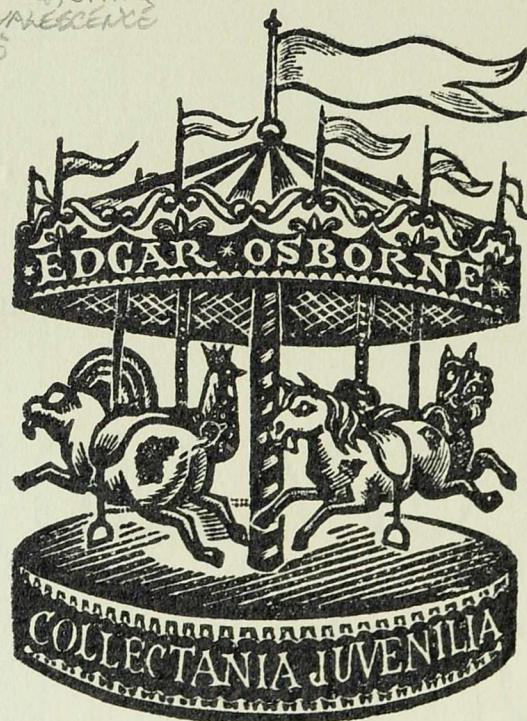
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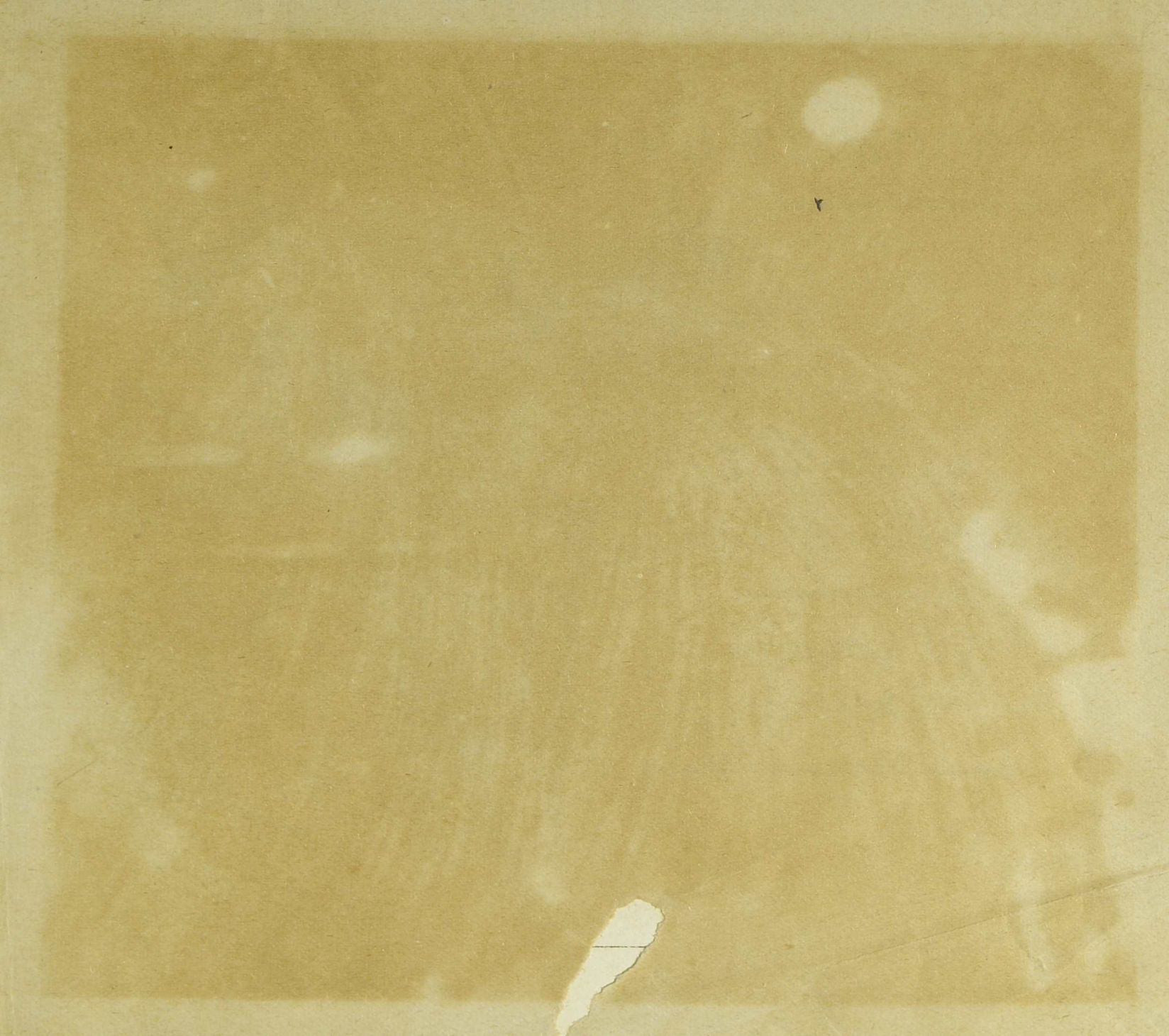
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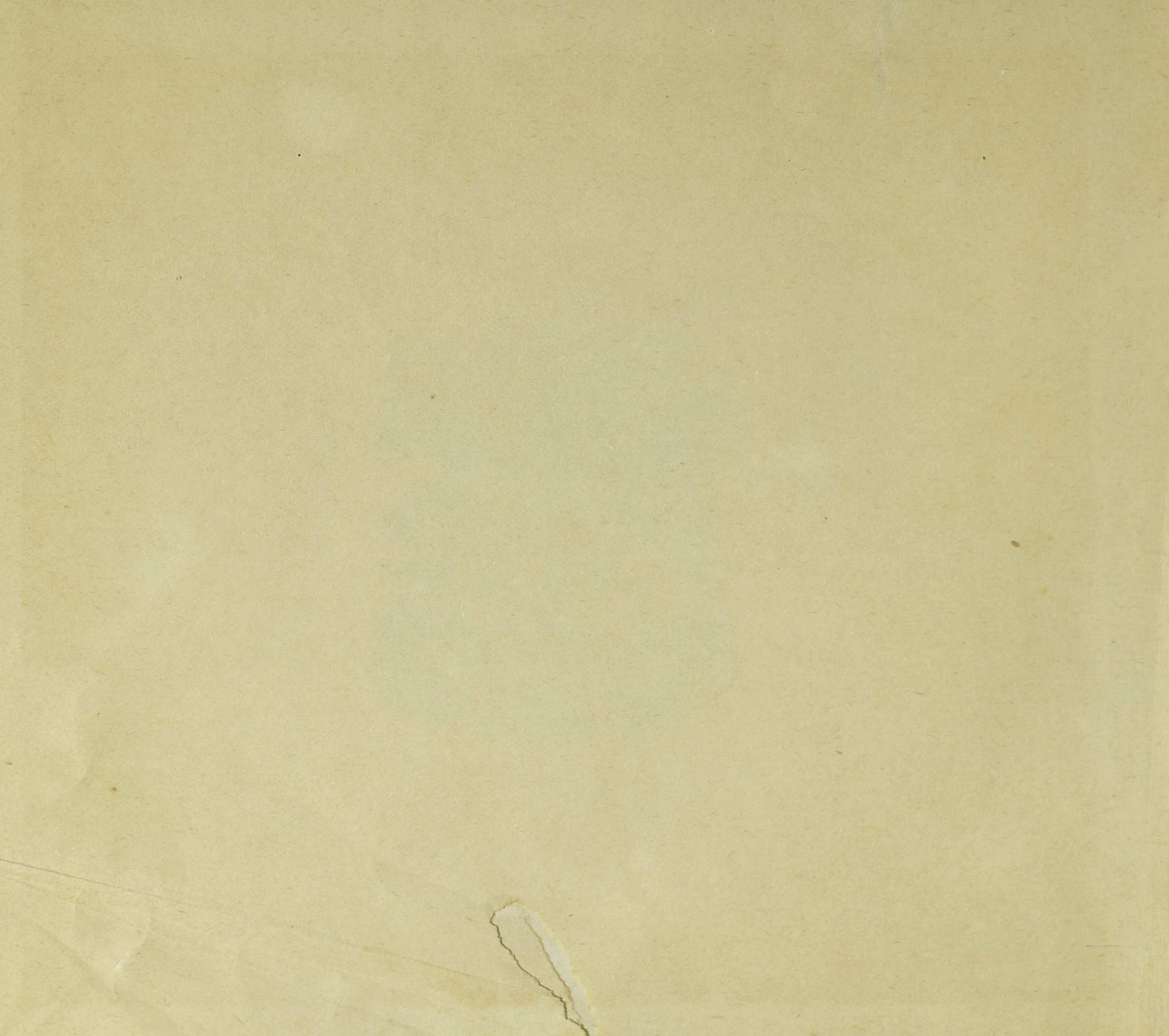
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EWING, J. H. G.
CONVALESCENCE
1885



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: Convalescence:



: Written by
Juliana-Horatia-Ewing:

: depicted by
R: André: ~



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Chromolitho.
Emrik & Binger
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Convalescence:~



Hold my hand, little sister, and
nurse my head whilst I try
to remember the word,
What was it? that the doctor
says is now fairly established
both in me and my bird.

C-O-N-con, with a con,
S-T-A-N-stan, with a stan —
No! That's Constantinople, that is
The capital of the country
where rhubarb - and - magnesia
comes from,



and I wish they would keep it in that country,



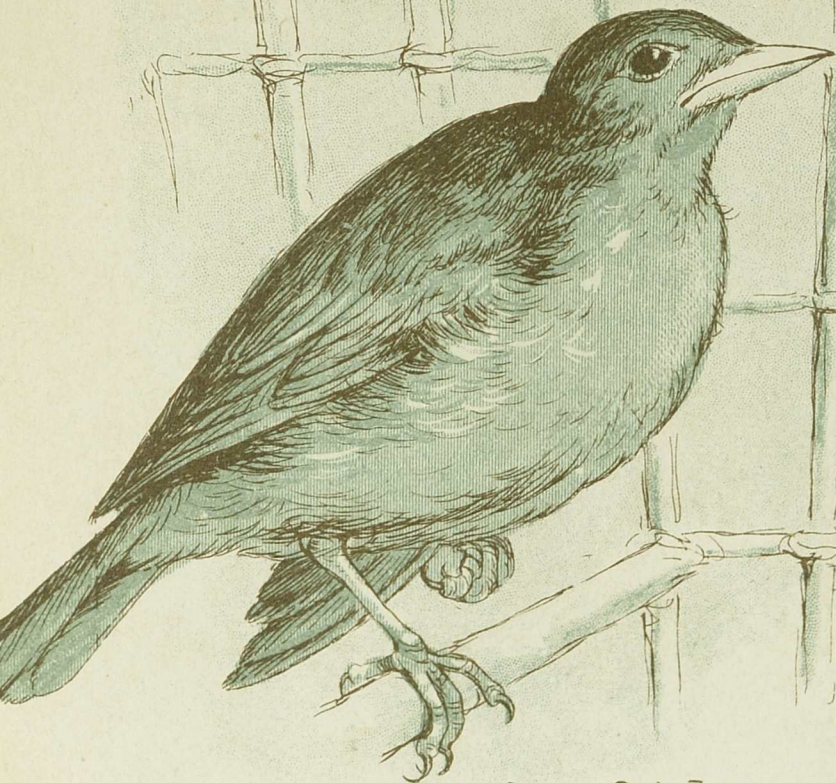


and not send it to this.

C-O-N-con-how my head swims! now I've got it
C·O·N·V·A·L·E·S·C·E·N·C·E.

Convalescence!

And that's what the
doctor says is now
fairly established
both in my black-
bird and me.



He says it means
that you are
better, and that
you'll be well
by and by.

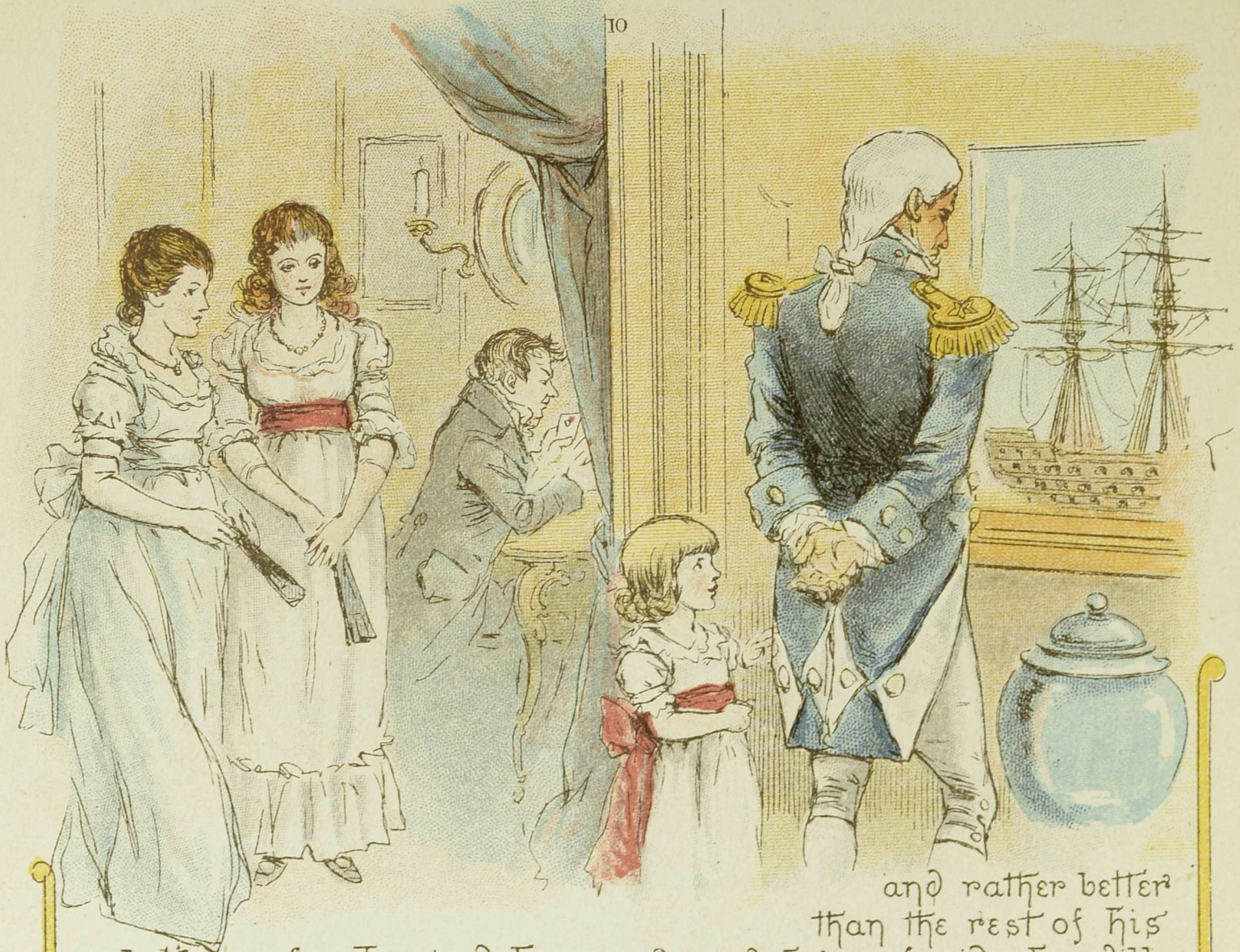
And so the Sea Captain
says, and he says he
ought to be friends, because we're both convalescents,
at least we're all three convalescents the blackbird.

and the captain and I

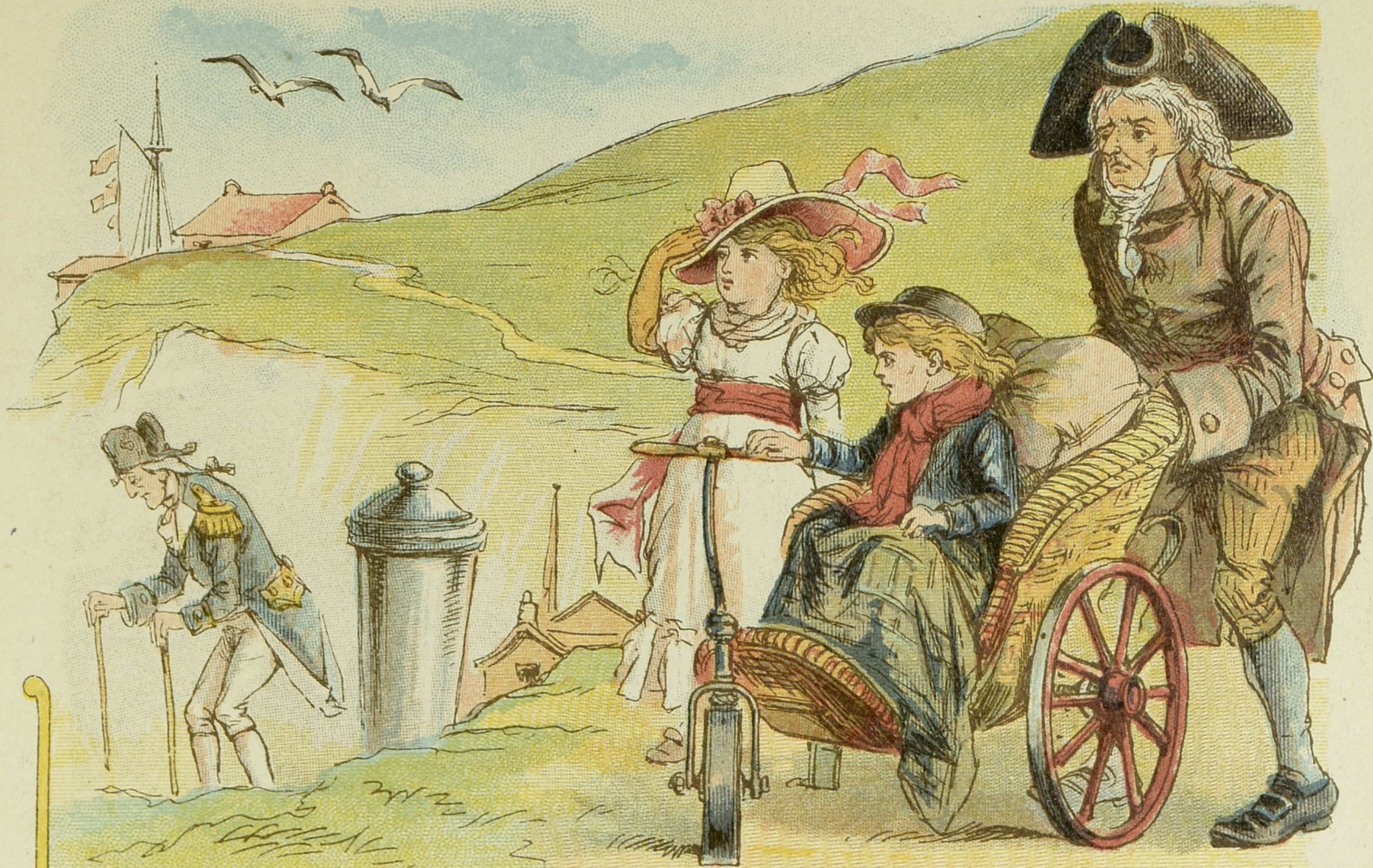
He's a sea captain,
not a land captain,
but, all the same,
he was in the war.
And he fought,
for I asked him,
and he's been
ill ever since,
and that's why
he's not afloat
but ashore;



And why somebody else has got his ship, and she behaved so beautifully in the battle, and he loves her quite as much as his wife



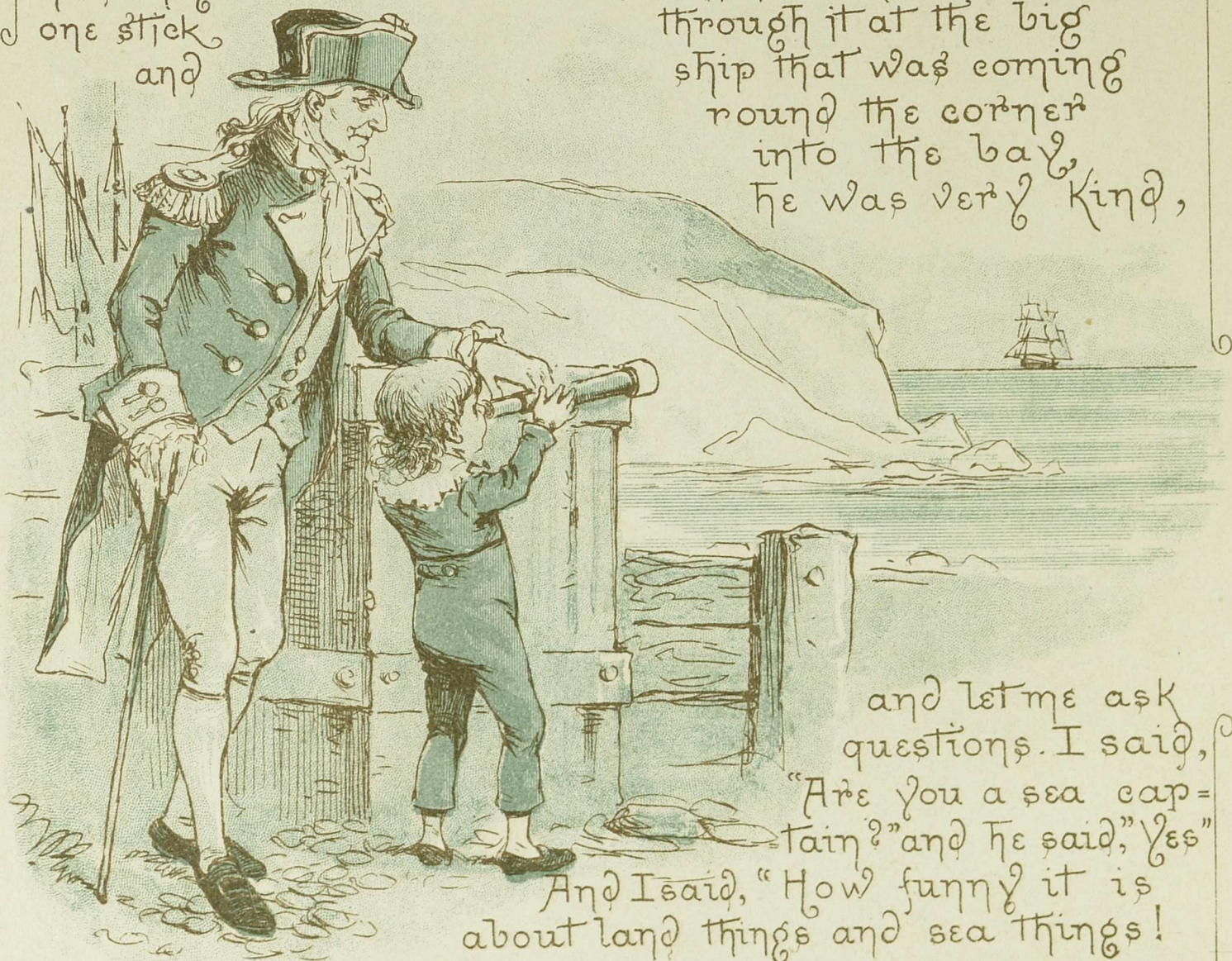
and rather better
 than the rest of his
 relations, for I asked him; and now he's afraid she will
 never belong to him any more.



I like him.
 I've seen him three
 times out walking with two sticks, when I was driving in the
 bath chair, but I never talked to him till today.

He'd only
one stick
and

a telescope, and he let me look
through it at the big
ship that was coming
round the corner
into the bay,
he was very kind,



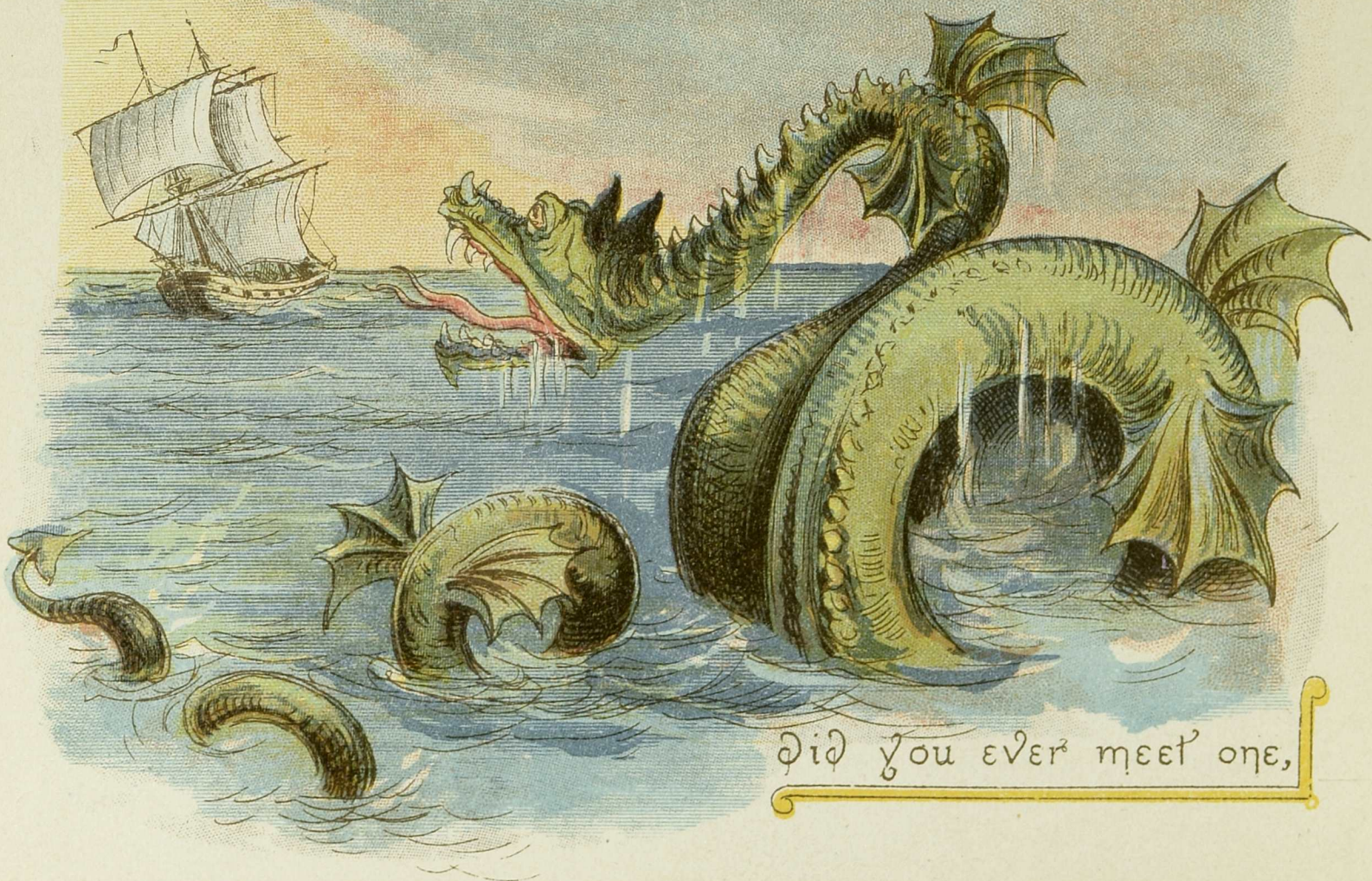
and let me ask
questions. I said,

"Are you a sea cap-
tain?" and he said, "Yes"

And I said, "How funny it is
about land things and sea things!"



There are captains and sea captains, and weeds and sea weeds, and serpents and sea serpents. —



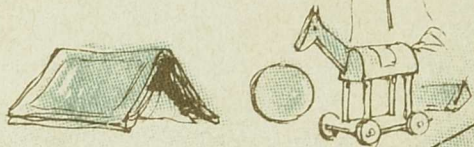
Did you ever meet one,



and is it really like.
the dragons on our very old best blue tea things?

But he never did. So I asked him, "have you got convalescence? Does your doctor say it is fairly established? Do your eyes ache if you try to read, and your neck if you draw, and your back if you sit up, and your head if you talk."

"Don't you get tired of doing nothing; and worse tired still if you do any thing; and does everything wobble about when you walk?"



"Wouldn't you rather go back to bed? I think I would. Don't you wish you were well? Wouldn't you rather be ill than only better? I do hate convalescence, don't you?"

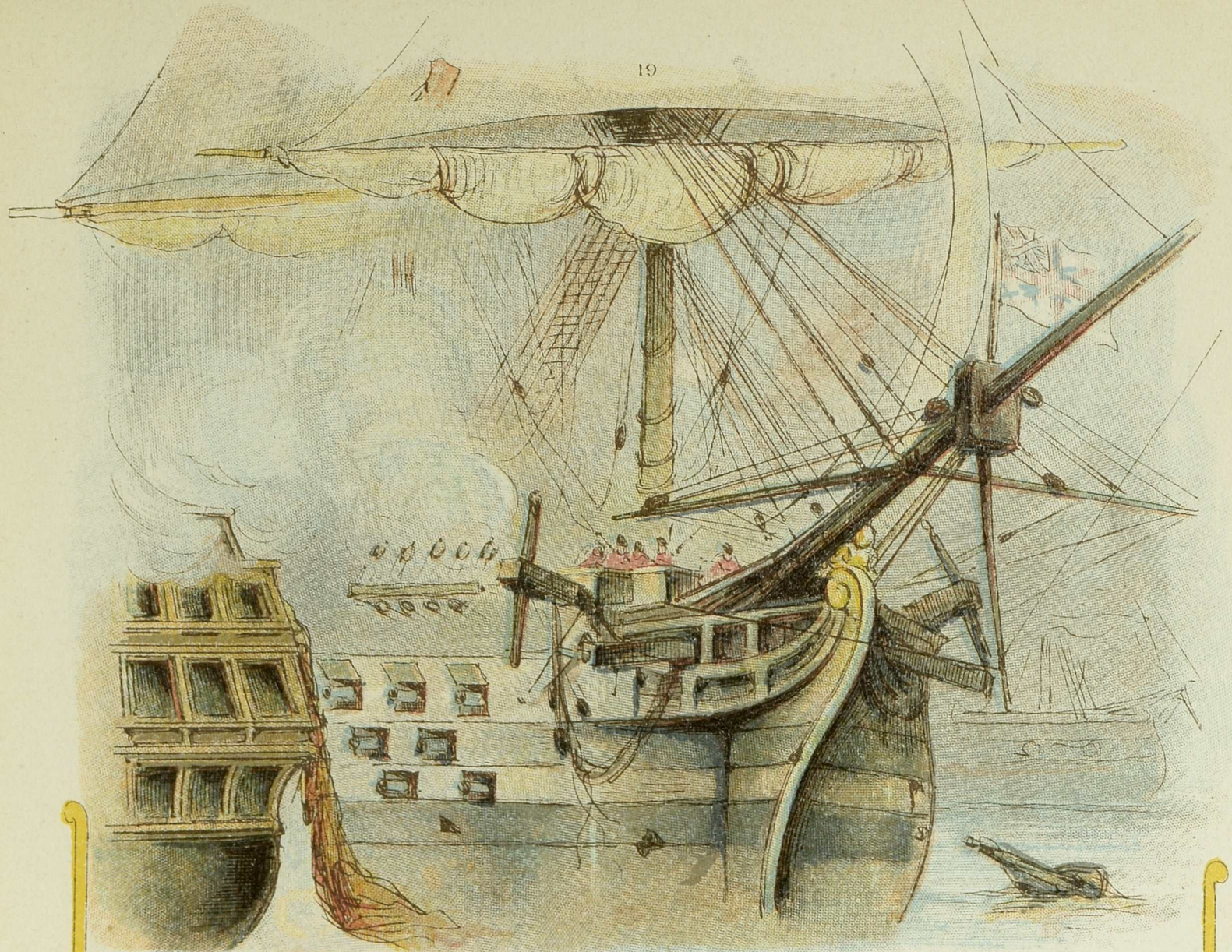
Then I stopped asking, and he shut up his telescope and sat down on the shingle, and said, "When you come to my age, little chap, you won't think 'What is it I'd rather have'? but 'what is it I've got to do?'"



"What have I got to do or to bear; and how can I do it or bear it best?"



"That's the only safe point to make for, my lad. Make for it, and leave the rest!"



I said, "But wouldn't you rather be in battles than in bed, with your head aching as if it would split?"

And he said, "Of course I
would; so would most men
But, my little conva-
-lescent, that's not it."



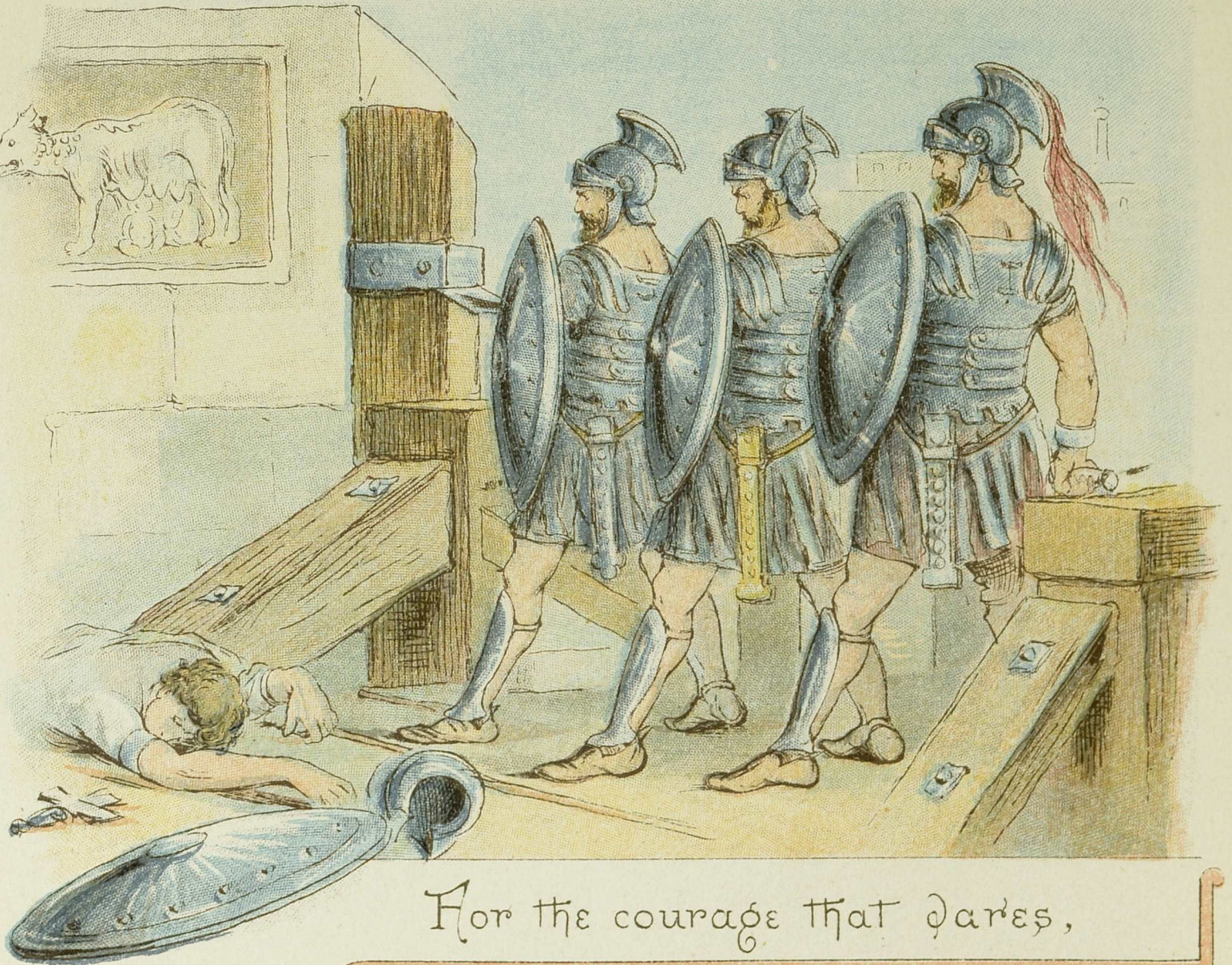
What would you think
of a man who was ordered
into battle, and went
grumbling and wishing he were in bed?"

"What should I think of the fellow? Why I should know he was a coward," I said.

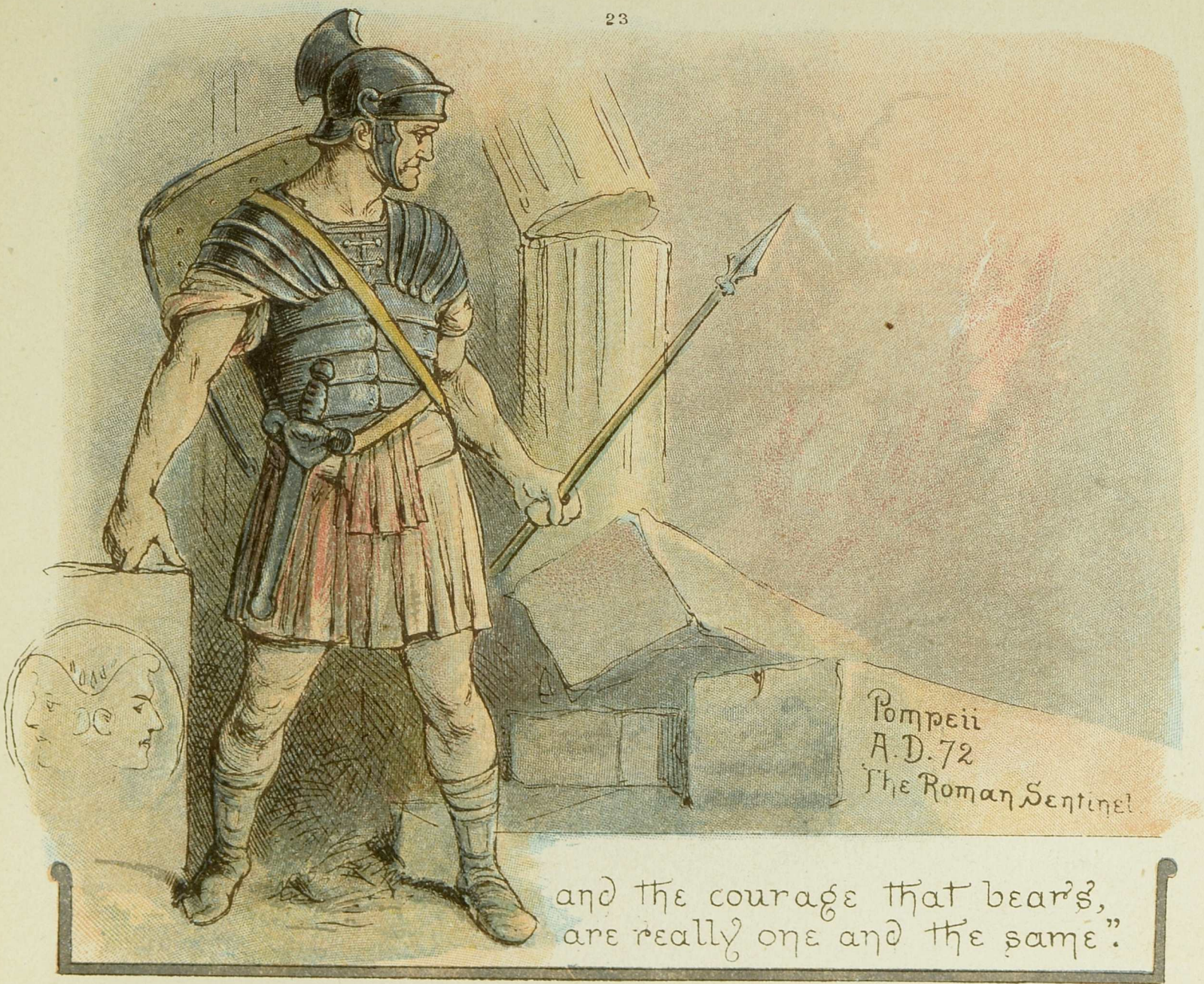
"And if he were confined to bed," said the Sea Captain, "and lay



grumbling and wishing he were in battle, I should give him no better a name.



For the courage that dares,



Pompeii
A.D. 72
The Roman Sentinel

and the courage that bears,
are really one and the same."

Hold my hand, little sister, and nurse my head, for I'm thinking, and I very much fear.

You've had no good of being well since I was ill; I've led you such a life; but indeed I am obliged to you, Dear!

Is it true that nurse has got something the matter with her legs, and that Mary has gone home because she's worn out with nursing, And won't be fit to work for months; (will she be convalescent, because it was such hard work waiting on me?) and did Cook say, "so much

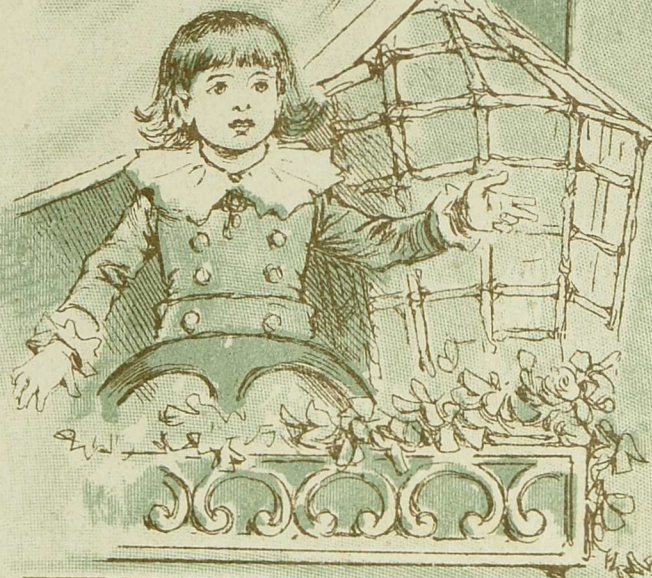


grumbling and complaining is
high as big a sin as swearing and cursing?"

I wish I hadn't been so cross with poor Mary, and I wish I hadn't given so much trouble about my medicine and my food. I didn't think about her. I only thought what a bother it was. I wish I hadn't thought so much about being miserable, that I never thought of trying to be good.

I believe the Sea Captain is right, and I shall tell him so tomorrow when he comes here to tea.

He's going to look at my black bird's leg, and if it is really set, he wants me to let it go free.





He says Captivity is worse than Convalescence, and
so I should think it must be.



Are you tired, little sister? You feel shaky. Don't beg my pardon, I beg yours. I've not let you out of my sight for weeks. Get your things on and have a gallop on Jack.

Ride round this way and let me see you. I won't say
a word about wishing I was going too; and if
my head gets bad whilst you're
away, I will bear it my very
best till you come back.

Tell me one thing
before you start.
If I learn to be
patient, shall I
learn to be brave,
do you think?
The Sea Captain
says so.

He says, "Self
Command is the
making of a man",
and he's a
finely-made man
himself, so he
ought to know.





Perhaps, if I try hard
 at Convalescence now, I
 may become a brave Sea
 Captain hereafter, and take
 my beautiful ship into battle, and
 bring her out again with flying colours and fame,



R. André

If the courage that dares,.....



and the courage that bears, -----

are really one and the same: :



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