

The Lost Harvest.

Beneath the crimson sunset waved fields
of amber grain,
Inlaced with slanting sunbeams, like
skeins of golden rain;
And in the rustling billows the winds
were charmed to rest—
The weary winds of even, whose home
was in the west,
The last bright eve of autumn waned
softly into gray—
But fair, deserted harvest, no reapers
came thy way!

No silver sickle gleaming, no ringing of
the scythe,
No songs from out the barley of busy
workers blith,
No faces glad and ruddy amid the bend-
ing wheat,
And on the dusty roadside no sound
of coming feet,
The darkness gravely falling, the owl's
despondent call,
The ghostly mists arising, the sadness—
that was all.

And so the west grew sober, its melting
beauty spent,
And night raised in the welkin her star-
lit shadow tent,
And winter, swift returning, like some
pale exile old,
Shook out his frosty garments and
brought the deathly cold;
And all the harvest's glory was bound
with snow and frost—
O reapers of the harvest—too late!—the
fields are lost!

Alas! for life's rich promise, when thus
it finds a doom,
And death o'ertakes its splendour before
God's reapers come.
Awake! Arise, O reapers! Why wait
the deadly frost,
And then, half-blind with weeping, be-
hold the harvest lost?
Awake! Arise! Already ye see the
waning light—
Go forth! The skies are fading. The
winter comes to-night!
—Youth's Companion.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Resolution to save all the money he
could, now that he felt his savings were
safe, combined with a natural distaste
for tobacco to keep Heman from learn-
ing to smoke; Aunt D'rexy's careful and
early temperance instructions also held
him firm against invitations to enter
saloons, or drink beer.

"Come on, and have a cool beer, Heman; you'll work twice as well after it this hot day," said one acquaintance.

"No, thanks. I don't need it."

"But, man, I'm going to treat you. It won't cost you a cent."

"To-day it wouldn't, but what would you think of me to-morrow if I didn't ask you in to have a glass of 'cool beer,' when it was just as hot a day?" said Heman the shrewd.

"Oh, well—if you're too stingy to be sociable; but you'll not get on in the world very well that way, let me tell you."

"So I wouldn't, and I don't mean to be too stingy to be sociable; only, if I spend my nickels I want to spend them on things that are worth while. I don't see first-class people hanging about beer-shops, and I've made up my mind to be first-class myself, if I can make it. If you'll come round to the house to-night I'll give you as nice a glass of lemonade as ever you taste; that'll be healthy, and drunk in a decent place, and it will not cost less than beer, while you'll have a slice of Aunt Espey's gingerbread with it. To-morrow, for lunch, I'll have here a basket of as nice orchard-cherries as ever grew. Joey Clump brought them to me, and I'll share the basket with you, if you'd rather than lemonade. One thing I'm set on, I won't have any transactions in beer-shops—no guzzling for me. I've seen men in gutters."

On another day some lads came up saying, "Heman, come to our club to-night to visit; maybe we'll elect you a member, if you like it. Meets in Ward's back shop."

"What do you do?" asked Heman.
"Oh," said the lad largely, "we have it kind of free-and-easy, and we talk politics, and read things out of papers, we make speeches and we sing songs—kind of a literary club—trains us for poli-

icians; shows us which side our bread's buttered, and what we ought to go for."

This was not very lucid, but on the whole did not sound ill. Heman had a boy's longing for youthful society, to be sometimes where he could rather lead than be led. After a day's work, an evening at the club, singing and making speeches with other fellows, might be refreshing. He went. About twenty boys were gathered. The air was already dim with smoke when Heman entered, and at the three or four dirty tables were lads with mugs of beer or glasses of weak lemonade, ginger-pop, or buttermilk. Heman had no objection to any of these drinks except the beer, but he thought the glasses looked very greasy and unpleasant. There was some singing, loud street songs, and choruses. Some reading from doubtful papers, which railed against churches and corporations, and educational limits to the franchise. Other lads read stormily from magazines which advocated war on all foreigners, and especially attacked negroes and Chinese. There was some effort at recitations of a rather vulgar fashion, to Heman's view, and the speaking was the ranting of lads whose eager minds had had no sound training—the demagogues and stump speakers of the future. Heman found nothing agreeable in any of it, but he sat, curious to see what it was all about, until he heard a bell ring for half-past nine. He reflected that he rose at five to get "home chores" done before he went to his work, and at the best he never felt that he had too much sleep.

When he reached home Aunt D'rexy was waiting for him; she sat on the door-step, the lamp was out, and the others of the family were in bed. Heman sat down by her.

"Why, Heman! You've never been smoking?" she said.

"No; but I've been where other fellows were smoking, and I guess my clothes are full of it. Kind of a club, they call it."

"I hope you think home is a nicer place. Let us get to bed."

Heman felt that Aunt D'rexy's voice had anxiety in it.

The next evening as they all sat on the porch a lad halted by the gate calling, "Come along, Heman; going to the club?"

"Well, no; I guess not," said Heman.

Aunt D'rexy and Uncle 'Rias looked relieved.

"That's you," said Uncle 'Rias, "no boy ever hurt himself by keeping to a good home. Your Aunt D'rexy says, Heman, you told her that your knowing none of your savings would get lost in speculators' pockets kinder toughened you up to refuse to spend money on beer, or cigars, or any such matters. Now I see how your feelin' sure that your earnings ain't to be thrown away will make you save cheerfuller; and so I promise you, boy, I won't do any speculatin' again, not till we all talk it over and agree as to it."

"I could keep out of any kind of wasting and foolishness with a good heart for the sake of getting back the farm," said Heman.

"I've observed," said Uncle 'Rias, "that what people set their hearts on, vigorous that way, they most generally get. I could tell you several little ditties about that. There was—I set my heart on buying that farm grandpop Sinnet had cleared, and at last I got it. Lost it, more fool I, just as grandpop did, by being too graspin'! Then there was Dan Hays; his father was kind o' soft in the head, and his mother a good hard-working soul. Dan wasn't so very bright, but he set his heart on buying a little four-room house, clear, for his mother, and a cat-boat for himself to make a livin' in, fishin'. Ten years that feller worked. The Lord peared to open ways for him; some rich folks came to the beach an' hired Dan two or three summers, at big wages, and my, didn't they give him things! Well, he got his cat-boat and his house, and made his old mother's life easy."

"Then there's a ditty about the Macky boys. Left orphans at twelve—twins they were. They said they meant to make a way in the world, an' set up a big tombston for their folks. An' they did too. They were grown up when I was a boy; but, sir, Bill Macky was captain of a steamer, an' Tom Macky had three tony restaurants, an' made a fortune. Oh, yes, Heman, folks get what they go for mostly. I could tell you plenty of ditties ab 't that."

CHAPTER XIII.

DAILY FRIENDS.

Heman was by no means too dull to see that Uncle 'Rias' remarks about people getting what they went for sug-

gested that it was well to go for something good and worth while, for if they went for the idle and evil, that they would get. As 'e listened to Uncle 'Rias' "ditties" about the early struggles of people that Heman had known, he thought that this was much more entertaining than the boys' club.

Possibly Uncle 'Rias had some wish to emphasize such thinking. He said, "Come, boy, tell us about what that club did last evenin'."

Heman hesitated a bit, but then it would never do to be too ashamed of the company you keep to describe it. He had just begun. "Well, they have a place to meet in, the back room of Luke Ward's shop—when in at the gate 'ame Master George Renfrew and took his seat on the porch. Heman was still more hesitant to speak before the master, he would think he'd been wasting his time. Aunt D'rexy helped him out; she usually had her reasons for what she did.

"Mr. Renfrew, Heman was just beginning to tell us about a Boys' Club he visited last night."

"It see," explained Uncle 'Rias, "he wasn't enough taken up with it to want to go to-night when one of 'em called him."

"Let us hear about it, Heman," said George Renfrew; "it may help me out in some plans I am making for boys."

Heman therefore began his description of what had been said and done.

Not wishing to be too hard on boys, Uncle 'Rias urged, "Tell the hull of it, Heman; mebbe there's some good in it."

"Oh, yes," said George Renfrew, who had seen much of the world and was not so much frightened, "there's good in almost everything."

Heman continued his narration: "And then I heard the half-past nine bell ring, and I came away," he concluded, "for I knew I'd be sleepy in the mornin', and I wasn't interested."

"Well! well!" cried Uncle 'Rias, slapping his knee, "if it don't beat all nature, them boys settin' up to overturn books and ways that has existed before their granddads were born!"

Master Renfrew laughed. "Why, this is nature, Mr. Sinnet. All reformers since the world began have risen to question and overthrow what existed before their grandparents were born."

"But you don't hold with those boys' dolings?" said Aunt D'rexy.

"Oh, not with their opinions, of course; they're crude, and ill-guided, and ill-informed; but I sympathize with their wish to know, and be, and do; and I'd like to help them to know, be, and do rightly."

"Wherever did they get such cranky notions! Set up to say the Bible's wrong, and holdin' property is wrong, and govment's wrong, and it ain't right to levy taxes! Why, whatever's this world comin' to with such boys as that?"

Uncle 'Rias looked so excited that Master Renfrew laughed, and that made Heman give a joyous shout.

"There's plenty of just such foolishness in print, Mr. Sinnet, and news-dealers and beer-saloon men have it to give out free secretly to boys. Satan takes more pains to train them up wrong than the church often does to train them up right. However, now we'll take a hand in it, and see what can be done. Some of those lads are naturally smart; nearly all have the making of useful men in them. Who seem to be the leaders, Heman?"

Heman named two or three lads.

"I thought so," said Mr. Renfrew. "Now we'll let the matter drop while I spend three or four days making some plans, and then I'll ask these fellows to help me get up a Lads' Club and Debating Society, and I'll outbid the attractions of Luke Ward's place. Mr. Hepburn left a few thousand dollars to be used for philanthropic work in Windle, according as a committee of some of our leading people should decide. I have prepared a petition for a part of that fund to be applied to founding the 'Hepburn Club' for young men and boys. There will be, if my plan is carried out, a supply of magazines and papers; prizes for oratory, debating, and essays; a room for gymnastics, table games, and a lunch counter, all properly directed. We'll try and give the lads clear and clean ideas, and help them to find themselves. Say nothing about it, though, until you hear of it from some of the other boys, Heman."

"I'm powerful relieved at your takin' a hand in it, master," said 'Rias. "I know boys of Heman's age get hankerin' after company of other boys, and amusement, and I tell you it comes hard to see all the work you've done in rearin' boys nigh onto the verge of being thrown away by their getting with a gang that talk such nonsense as that. Heman has been detailin'."

A few days later the schoolmaster overtook Heman going home from his work. He said to him, "I was in the city a few days ago, and I went to a second-hand bookstore and bought you a few books. I had a little fund given to me to use for working boys, and I thought you should have a share. These are books on building and architecture; they have plates; some are old, some more modern; all will educate your taste and fill your mind with high ideals of building. The smallest and most practical, building may have its symmetry, and its harmony with its surroundings, and its intention. If you spend some of your evenings with these books, you will find in the day your mind dwelling on the suggestions and instructions they contain; and when you begin to learn mechanical drawing, you will have your thoughts already educated into a mingling of beauty with utility. Have patience, don't alight anything. Carry all your work up to the best it is possible for it to be."

"I'm ever so much obliged for the books," said Heman, "and I'll read them over and over. I see, if I take the right way of it, I can be somebody—be as much a man in my work as if I had chosen a profession. I wish you'd tell me, when you think of it, what I ought to learn, and what I ought to give up saying and doing. Every day now I think I didn't pay enough attention in school when I had a chance."

"A man marks himself by his conversation. If you would observe the conversation of educated persons and the language of books, you would improve in your forms of expression and your pronunciation. You need not use all the vernacular your good uncle does. I heard you speaking of popple wood the other day; there is no popple wood; it is poplar. Why not call it poplar? I have heard you speak of jell, and many people use that word jell; there's no such word properly. Why not add the y which belongs to it and say 'jelly'? These little things mark men's speech. You have as much right, and should find as much pleasure in correct language, being a carpenter, as if you were a merchant or a lawyer, it seems to me."

"So it seems to me, when I think of it," said Heman.

"Some time I will make you out a list of books which you should get by degrees, and I will help you to get them as cheaply as possible. Remember, that while it is well to save, one can be too saving. It is not good economy to starve either our minds or our bodies. Your aunt told me the great secret you have, all of you working to get your farm back. That's fine; but it will not be well to deny your mind nourishment in your effort to save. You must have some books to make a man of you. Books are friends; books are food, books are material for our work—always the right kind of books, understand."

(To be continued.)

AN AGREEABLE NEWSBOY.

He simply exercised tact, that was all. Was it not more successful than the lordly contempt with which small thoughtfulnesses are often ignored? The New York Recorder tells about this boy.

"Beats all," said the old gentleman in the Black Cat Restaurant last night as we sipped our coffee.

"Yes."

"See that boy?" We looked.

The door had just swung open, and a ragged newsboy had come in, making the round of the tables, trying to make a sale.

"Never saw the like of it," said the old man with admiration.

"It is singular," said the man at his elbow.

"And what's more, it's commendable, here, boy, give me a paper, and here's a dime; never mind the change."

Before the lad had made half the circle of the room he was sold out—would you believe it?—and for a very unusual reason.

Simple, too.

He didn't roar and romp through the room, Oo-uu-x-tra-sah" as thousands of his brothers do day by day. Not he. His was a trick worth two of that.

He went from table to table in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and spoke in a low, pleasant voice. Best of all—and the greatest stroke of genius—he politely took off his hat.

The man who will not first say, "Thy kingdom come," has no right to say, "Give us our daily bread."