

The Butterflies' Fad.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I HAPPENED one night in my travels
To stray into Butterfly Vale,
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies
With wings that were wide as a sail,
They lived in such houses of grandeur—
Their days were successions of joys;
And the very last fad these butterflies had
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages
Pinned up on their walls. When I said
'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that
plight,
I was answered: "Oh, well, they are dead.
We catch them alive, but we kill them
With ether, a very nice way;
Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow,
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then there is a droll little darkey
As black as the clay at our feet;
He sets off that blonde, that is pinned just
behind;
In a way most artistic and neat.
And now let me show you the latest,
A specimen really select,
A boy with a head that is carrotty red
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him,
Those spots bar him out of each class;
We think him a treasure to study at leisure
And analyse under a glass."
I seemed to grow cold as I listened
To the words that these butterflies spoke.
With fear overcome, I was speechless and
dumb,
And then, with a start—I awoke!

FRIENDS' FOR LIFE.

BY PARSON JOHN.

CHAPTER II.

The daily papers in B. gave a glowing
account of the rescue of Squire Wakefield's
son.

They commended the action of Julius
Haylock as one deserving special notice by
the authorities, one that should be brought
to the attention of the Queen, and hoped that
a medal would soon be forwarded him from
the Humane Society.

This was very consoling to old Richard and
his wife. The old blacksmith had sacrificed
a great deal more in the interest of Julius
than on any of the rest of the children.

As they sat after tea in their cosy little
dining-room with their two daughters, it was
not to be wondered at that the conversation
should turn upon the event that had given
the family an honour in the town of B. that
many another might covet.

"I don't wonder," said Richard, "that
Madam Wakefield sent word for Jule to cum
there and spend the evening. Guess they'll
think that boy has got sum of the blood in
his veins as cum over in the *Mayflower*."

"Yes, indeed, Richard; Jule is never
ahind in being before when anything is to be
did requirin' nary and pluck."

"Wall, I always sed that he was the dead
image of his Uncle Isaac, what was killed in
the 'Mfrican war,'" responded the blacksmith.

"I tell you, Dick Haylock, he's his gran-
father over again, and a Huggins through and
through."

"Don't quarrel over Jule's good qualities,
and from which side of the house he got
them," broke in Mary Elizabeth, with a hearty
laugh.

"I am sure," remarked the other daughter,
quietly, "that we girls have made Jule the
noble boy that he is."

At that moment a footstep was heard com-
ing up the path, and who should stand in the
door but the squire?

"Good evening, Miss Haylock, is your
father at home?"

"Yes, sir. Be kind enough to step in and
see him for yourself," spoke out the doughty
Richard, not giving his daughter the oppor-
tunity to reply, rising at the same time to
give an honest blacksmith's salutation, the
grip of a bronzed hand that had in it that
evening something more than ordinary friend-
ship.

"Wall, I'm glad to see you looking so
well," said the squire, after he had shaken
hands with all of them, and comfortably
seated himself in the old ro-kink-chair.

"We are all feeling splendid, and I s'pose
you're all feeling royal at Maple Grove," re-
marked Mrs. Haylock.

"Yes, we are, I can assure you. Julius did
a noble deed to-day and saved our home from
what would have been a heart-breaking woe."

"He was always a good boy, and it ain't the
first time he has made a big mark for hisself,"
said the father, proudly.

"You should be proud of him indeed, for he
is deserving of it," said the squire, "and I
have just come over to have a little talk with
you about him."

"Yes," said the mother, "our Jule is a
jewel of the first water, as old Bingham said
to-day. I allas knew he'd 'stinguish hisself
afore he died."

"That he has," replied the squire, "and
my wife has taken such a liking for Julius,
that while she wouldn't wish to rob you of
your boy, she would like to have him as the
companion of James for a few years longer,
and she sent me over to make a proposal
regarding him which I hope will be pleasing
to you."

"Wall, Richard, you may be sure ner wish
ain't a bad one for Jule, no how," said Mrs.
Haylock, and then, looking the squire earnestly
in the face, proceeded, "that boy of
ours is a reg'lar chip of the old block, as I was
sayin' to-day; he's a Huggins to the dot, and
as like my gran'father as two tater bugs."

"He ain't a bad representor of my own
gran'father, but as the squire has somethin'
to say concerning him, we'll hear what it are,
and then say what we think," said Richard,
with a meaning look, which interpreted,
would read, "You let us have all the rest of
the talk to ourselves."

"Well, I came to say, that if you have no
objection to raise, and could spare Julius
from your business, we would like to have him
go with James to college as his room mate,
and will place \$1,000 to his credit to enable
him to take a course in Arts. You know it
will require about four years for him to get the
B. A. degree, and then he will be in a position
to command a large salary during the rest of
his life."

Richard looked amazed, and turning to-
wards his wife and daughters repeated, "Did
you ever? that beats the Dutch and the Dutch
beats the dickens!"

"Now, father," broke in Jane, the elder
daughter, "you go over and tell old Major
Tightlace that he didn't know nothin' about
Squire Wakefield when he said that mean
thing in your forge to-day, as to how he'd bet
a new hat that the old skinflint wouldn't
take the pains to thank you for what Jule did
in saving Jim's life."

"I'm awful glad for Jule's sake," spoke up
Mary Elizabeth; "he has been doing every-
thing, and planning every way to get an edu-
cation, and it has come at last. Oh, won't he
be glad!" and she fairly clapped her hands.

"That's jest what yer been prayin' for
Richard for a most five years that he might
go to college and becum a veteran surgery, or
sumthin' big, and it's cum to pass. My faith
ain't so strong as yourn, Dick, but you've got
it straight this time, and no disputin', and I
ain't the woman to interfere if yer can spare
Jule to go to the Undersvarsity."

The squire saw that his proposal was a
satisfactory one all around, but knew old
Richard well enough to give him a few days
for mature consideration, so, remarking in an
undertone,

"Mr. Haylock, I have some very important
business to attend to this evening, and if after
due reflection and consulting with your
family, you think favourably of my offer,
you may all come over to Maple Grove next
Monday evening and have a general talk over
the arrangements."

Monday evening came none too soon for
old Richard, for Major Tightlace kept telling
him that the squire would change his mind
before the time, that he was only moved to
make the offer under the impulse of the
moment, and would repent and back down.

But the suspicious major proved to be a
false prophet, for when the evening arrived a
happy conference took place at Maple Grove,
where all the plans were arranged for sending
the young men to Toronto.

It is not my purpose to trace the history of
the twain through the four years of their col-
lege life. They met with sufficient difficul-
ties to try their pluck, nerve and energy.

They found out that the path to learning
and to honour leads often through other
avenues than those of pleasure, even through
fields of toil not always having enchant-
ment.

They rose early in the morning and retired
at reasonable hours at night. Owing to the
resolute will of Julius, who, having taken the
common sense view that nothing was to be
gained by breaking down the health in
acquiring an education, almost forced James
to comply with his view, and it was well that
he did, for Wakefield's ardent and ambitious
nature would have led him astray in that

particular, had it not been for his com-
panion.

As students they soon won and retained the
respect and esteem of the staff of professors
and of their fellow-students by their careful
attention to certain rules of etiquette found
in an old book that all students do not as
freely consult as they might with great profit
in these days, for though both boys were fond
of sport and recreation suitable to their indi-
vidual natures, yet were they truly moral,
and Julius a Christian. They had been in
college only a few days when they were made
the special subjects of temptation, by some of
the older students. Invitations to engage in
practices prohibited by the college, and to
spend their time in doubtful amusements.

One bright young man named Langworthy
tried his utmost to sway Wakefield from the
path of rectitude, but not succeeding turned
against him and for some months perpetrated
small annoyances upon him, which Wakefield
would have strongly resented had it not been
for the good advice of his thoughtful friend.

Two years later Wakefield and Haylock
had overtaken him in their studies, but it
seemed as if a feeling sprung up in Lang-
worthy's breast that he never would allow
Wakefield to pass him, for he knew that
James had no kindly feeling towards him and
had not forgotten the old score. Thus Lang-
worthy proved to be his keen competitor
through the last two years of his course, and
fought for the honours against him with a
desperation almost commendable. Wakefield
won the first place, and the gold medal, by
a scanty percentage to the good, a number, if
my memory serves me right, represented by
decimals.

Julius Haylock, while not as brilliant as
his companion proved himself to be, was
noted for his general proficiency, some of the
professors inclining to the belief that in after
years he might plod on and upwards to per-
haps the highest eminence.

He graduated at the same time in the
spring of 180, but without any great honours,
or marks of distinction.

It was a gala day in Maple Grove when the
two young men, just out of their teens, came
home with their degrees and gowns, full-
fledged Bachelors of Arts.

The squire and his wife had arranged for a
sumptuous party to commemorate the occa-
sion. A large number of representative citi-
zens and young people were present by
special invitation. Old Richard, the black-
smith, and his family were not forgotten.
They were there looking as comfortable as if
they were a part of the family.

Particular care had been taken to invite all
of the old cricket club members who were
still in the town, and free from bad habits or
dissipation, to be present.

Some fifteen of them were mastered.
Another old familiar face was to be seen
among the guests, no other than Major Tight-
lace, the old gentleman who had predicted,
over four years ago, that Squire Wakefield
would never do anything for young Haylock.

The mothers of the young men looked
especially happy. Mrs. Wakefield, more
charming than ever, made a delightfully en-
tertaining hostess; whilst Mrs. Haylock, in
her own way was glad to inform everybody
that Julius had received an offer before he
left the city of a very lucrative position as a
teacher at a salary of \$1,000 per year, and
would soon be able to lay by enough to take
him through the medical college.

There was one, if not two, of the guests
that night, who did not seem to enjoy the
occasion, as well as the others, and as they
might have done under other circumstances.
One was young McGill, the one-time cricket
match tallier, who was filling a rather hard
position as delivery man for one of the large
groceries.

Ned Beattie was the other, the carriage
blacksmith's apprentice of old Richard Hay-
lock, the father of our hero.

During the evening, Dick Flynn, a pushing
young drygoods salesman, who, it will be
remembered, was the lad once upon a time
to make the proposition to go swimming in
Rose's pond, whispered to Beattie:

"Why do you look so crestfallen and sober
to-night?"

"Just to think of it," replied Beattie,
"that I had the first chance to win what
Julius Haylock has won, but through craven-
hearted cowardice let the opportunity go to
him of securing a good education and a de-
gree in Arts. Julius goes to the professor's
chair at a thousand a year, whilst I peg away
at a dollar a day or a little more all my life,
because I was fool enough to refuse to jump
from that springboard four years ago into old
Rose's pond to save Jim Wakefield's life,
which the blacksmith's son did with a rush,
that has rushed him to position and honour."

"Dick, if I had only known then what I

know now, Julius Haylock would not be
wearing that degree."

Dick turned away on his heel, and was
heard repeating more than once that evening
the words of Tennyson:

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

After which he muttered to himself,
"Jule has both the kind heart and the Nor-
man blood, while Ned and myself, judged by
that one action, at the golden opportunity of
a lifetime, have little show for either."

"I wonder what that text means that Rev.
Jabez Snodgrass repeated so often last Sun-
day, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it.'
Queer, ain't it, but I think it hits a few of us
pretty hard this evening."

At that moment a toast was proposed by
mine host the squire, to Julius Haylock, B. A.,
the saviour of his son, and worthy compan-
ion, throughout his college years, in which all
joined, as the immortal line of Shakespeare
dropped from his lips:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"

Other toasts followed, but in Maple Grove
mansion that night, Julius Haylock, B. A.,
was the lionized guest of the evening, and to-
day is one of the leading physicians in the
Dominion, while his friend, Wakefield, is a
prominent and intensely earnest and eloquent
minister of the Gospel, he having been con-
verted to God in one of the revival services
held some years ago in the city of Chicago,
where he was spending a few weeks with an
old friend.

Fort William, Ont.

THE DOG'S EXAMPLE.

Two dogs met on a bridge. One was a
big surly mastiff, like some vinegar-minded
people; the other was a jolly, good-natured
Newfoundlander. The mastiff ran up to
the other and snarled at him and snap-
ped at him and bit him; the other tried to
defend himself. As they fought and
tumbled over each other they both rolled
off the bridge, splash into the water. They
could not fight in the water. Would it
not be well when men or boys get to fight-
ing to take them and duck them in a tank
of water?

The dogs let go of each other and swam
for the shore. The Newfoundlander soon
reached the land, and shook himself, and
then looked around for his assailant; and
lo! Mr. Mastiff, though a fierce fighter,
was a feeble swimmer, and was drowning.

Did the other dog look with joy at his
drowning antagonist, and say, "Ha, old
fellow! see what you have got for it! I
think you'll not snap at your neighbours any
more!" No; he plunged into the water,
swam to his injurer, seized him by the
neck, and brought him safely to the shore.

There is a splendid example for you!
It seems to me that God teaches the
animals to do these noble things, that
they may shame men into better efforts to
keep his law. You remember what Jesus
said: "Love your enemies; do good to
them that hate you."

A FAMILY RE-UNITED.

BY REV. R. S. MARTIN.

I WENT recently into an elegant, fine
store in one of our famous cities and found
the head manager, whom I met at the
door, in every sense a gentleman, educated,
polite and with an easy grace that was
charming. He was one of those magnetic
characters that stay with you even after
they are gone from your presence.

Thus I saw him, heard him, formed my
estimate of him, but imagine my surprise
when after a little conversation he said:
"One year ago I was a confirmed drunk-
ard. I had spent a fair estate, my wife
and child had left me, and I was nothing
more or less than a saloon tramp. Provi-
dentially, however, a friend induced me to
reform, and now I am a new man in Jesus
Christ. I have had my old church rela-
tions renewed, and next week my wife and
daughter (who have held me on trial a
year) are coming back, and, sir, I will sur-
prise them with a neat, new home, com-
pletely furnished for them. Oh, sir, I am
as happy as a king."