

**From the Two Armies.**

As Life's unending column pours,  
Two marshalled hosts are seen—  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That death flows dark between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
And wide-mouthed clarions brave,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along the front the sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave,  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,  
The builder's marble piles,  
The anthems peeling o'er the dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossomed sprinkled turf  
That floods the lonely graves  
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
And count each burning life-drop's flow  
Each falling tear of love.

While valour's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,  
To sit beside the throne.

**PILGRIM STREET:****A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.**

BY HESBA STRETTON.

**CHAPTER VIII.****TOM IN BUSINESS.**

THOUGH it was a rare good fortune, it was a sad day both for Tom and Phil too when he entered the school on Ardwick Green. But everybody said it would make a man of Phil; and Alice, as she kissed him tenderly with tears in her eyes, told him she was sure he would make a grand scholar some day or other, and perhaps grow too grand for them all. Besides all this, the master of the school promised to let him have a holiday pretty often, if he was a good boy, and said that Tom might come to see him occasionally. So Phil passed away out of Tom's sight within the doors of the school, and there was to be no more starving or rags for him.

Then Tom, having nothing else to care for, gave himself up to business, like many a thousand more of the people dwelling in the great city, who never thought of the God who cared for them. The cellar had been let to a decent man and his wife who had no family, and were glad to let Tom keep his own hole in it, and who were far quieter and tidier than the Handforths had ever been. So Tom was no longer alone at night, and his dreadful dreams no longer troubled him. The last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning, his thought was, how he could get enough money to have once more a real shining sovereign lying in the hollow of his hand. His object was not easy to gain, for both Banner and Nat urged him to lay out his money in buying more decent clothes; his trade would profit by it, they said, and Tom proved their words to be true, though he felt it to be a great trouble thus to part with his hard-earned savings. Banner took him more openly under his patronage as he began to present a more respectable appearance, and he spoke to some of the servants in his beat in his behalf, and recom-

mended him as a boy worthy of trust and encouragement. So Tom met with plenty of customers, and had many an errand confided to him by which he earned a few additional pence. In the course of a few months he found himself well fitted out with suitable clothes, and to his great joy, after collecting almost stealthily penny after penny, and changing them into silver, and carrying them always about him in Alice's money-bag, he was at last able to obtain the sovereign he had so long coveted.

Banner also took care to get Tom into a night-school belonging to Mr. Watson's parish, where he himself had a class, having at the commencement of it been engaged to be there in his office of policeman. It was natural that he should wish to have Tom under his own eye, for he was beginning to feel a friendly interest in him; and though the boy did not know it, he was anxious to be a true friend to him, as he had promised Mr. Hope. He wished to instruct him in religion, and to give him such a knowledge of God, and of his laws, as would deter him from falling back into his old ways. So Banner laboured hard with Tom and the class of rough lads, teaching them the commandments and the awful penalties of breaking them, with the most terrible of the threatenings which he found scattered up and down in his Bible. Whenever Banner came upon any text which made him think of God as an all-seeing and all-searching Judge, he treasured it up to repeat, with explanations of his own, to his class at the night-school. He was very much in earnest, and every now and then he succeeded in gaining the awe-stricken attention of the boys, as he drew fearful pictures of the consequences of sin; and Tom especially would fasten his bright black eyes upon him and drink in every word, and tremble, and grow pale with terror. It was no wonder that Banner considered him changed and converted. He was tidy, and industrious, and careful, and very eager to learn to read and write, and Banner began to take pleasure in the thought that Tom was a brand which he had plucked from the burning.

But the true effect of Banner's teaching was to make the boy's heart at first miserable, and then hard. For awhile he tried to do right in order to pacify his angry God and Judge, but his conscience, once awakened to the knowledge of God's commandments, could not be satisfied without a perfect obedience to them. Often, from the force of long habit, he fell into the utterance of oaths, and in an instant the third commandment rose up in accusation against him. He knew himself to be a Sabbath-breaker, a liar, and a thief, and he never could consent to love and honour his wicked father. All these old sins hung still about him as heavy fetters, and Banner, with all his earnestness, did not make it clear to him how, through the love of Christ, he could be set free. So, after two or three fruitless struggles, he at last grew hardened to his sins. If God did all things in heaven and earth to please himself, as Banner taught him, then it was he who had put him into this position, and given to him such a wicked father. His laws were too difficult to keep, so he must go on to the end, and stand before the Judge at the last day, to be driven for ever from his presence with the devil and his angels.

Poor Tom! He was very wretched, but he did not know how to make his wretchedness known to any one who could help him. He had nothing to turn to for comfort, now that Phil was parted from him, except his money, for Banner kept so strict a watch upon him that he could scarcely sink back to his former degraded habits. Once he lingered under the bright windows of a gin-palace, where a girl was playing on a tambourine, and he felt a

strong inclination to turn in; but at that moment he saw the shining hat and large buttons of a policeman coming up the street, and he fled swiftly. Every policeman brought Banner to his mind, and kept him in wholesome fear of being caught in doing wrong; and as one or another might be seen at every turn, he was delivered from much evil. That is, of evil from without; within, there was a canker eating away his heart, and bringing him into a bitter a bondage as any which had made him a slave before.

Tom had two sources of great dread. First, he dreaded the release of his father from prison, and his return to any kind of authority over himself. He hated and feared him with intense bitterness, and he would have counted the day of his death as a day of rejoicing and gladness. But he was not dead. From time to time there came to him, by some mysterious means, a message from the distant jail where his father was working out his long sentence, that he should soon be free on a ticket-of-leave, and that he would come back to Phil and him in Manchester. One of these messages had reached him since his own trial with Handforth for house-breaking; and for a day or two Tom had been strongly tempted to give up the effort to be steady, and industrious, and honest. Every day his dread and hatred of his father grew more profound.

But the other dread was, after all, a keener and deeper misery. The terrors of God were upon him. Once he could sin confidently and comfortably; but now his inmost spirit trembled and shrank at the remembrance that God saw him always. He was afraid of many things which had never alarmed him before. In the summer storms, when the thunder rolled louder than the roar of the streets, and the lightning flashed amongst the thick clouds, he fancied that God was about to strike him dead for his sins. But when winter came, and it was pitch dark in the morning, and the night came on early, he suspected every footstep behind him was that of a thief who would snatch from him his hard-earned savings. From this latter fear he freed himself by intrusting the secret of his cherished wealth to Banner, by whose advice he put it in the Post Office Savings Bank. But he himself was not safe; nor could he hide himself from God. God was searching out and reckoning up all his sins; and sooner or later he would summon him to give an account of all that he had done.

There was a short season of relief and brightness at the next spring assizes, when Banner took him to the house of Mrs. Worthington, Mr. Hope's sister, with whom Mr. Hope was staying. Banner spoke cordially of his conduct since his friend had given him a start in life, and Tom felt a glow of joy and pride as he heard the rare sound of his own praises. Mr. Hope was glad to hear them also, and he shook hands with them as a friend, and gave him a Bible, in which he found out one special verse, and told Tom to try to read it. Tom had still to spell the longer words, but he made out this sentence, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." He did not understand it, but as he spelt it through with difficulty, the words were impressed upon his mind: as yet only like the seed which lies as if it were dead and decayed, but in reality quickening into life under the surface of the soil.

(To be continued.)

THE sense of superiority occasionally develops very early, and lasts a long time. The other day Six-year-old was playing with Five-year-old, when a difference of opinion arose concerning some trifle. At last Six-year-old settled the matter by saying to Five-year-old, "I guess I ought to know. I've been in the world a good deal longer than you have!"