

# THE YOUNG WOODSMAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CALL TO WORK.

"I'M afraid there'll be no more school for you now, Frank darling. Will you mind having to go to work?"

"Mind it! Why, no, mother; not the least bit. I'm quite old enough, ain't I?"

"I suppose you are, dear; though I would like to have you stay at your lessons for one more year anyway. What kind of work would you like best?"

"That's not a hard question to answer, mother. I want to be what father was."

The mother's face grew pale at this reply, and for some few moments she made no response.

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The march of civilization on a great continent