

THE ACADIAN

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A MAN'S MAN FOR A THAT.
(A new song to an old tune.)
"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a that, and a' that."
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shrug his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who "line on homely fare"
Were true and brave and a' that,
And mine whose girth is "hidden grey"
Were fool or knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would disappear and a' that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

But 'tis not so; you branny fool,
Who swagers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fall an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord and a' that,
Is but an animal at best,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be three a man for a' that,
And Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Is nothing but a brutal bore,
Not half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is dear and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,
And though you'd put the self-same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
The soul and heart and a' that,
That make the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,
And whether he be rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.
—Charles Mackay.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Harris was silent.

"Can't you suggest something?" said the Doctor, impatiently.

"You might hire a nurse," said Harris, offering the only idea that was in his head.

"I know,—but that would not be sufficient. It would require at least two,—one for night, and the other for day attendance. I can't get but one, and the rest of the time we must manage some other way. I'll do it, Harris. Send for a nurse somewhere, I don't care where, only get one,—and then we'll try to manage some way. But stay!" as Harris was about to depart, "has the despatch to Ripley's father been sent yet?"

"No, sir; but I'll attend to it immediately," and Harris hurried away in time to escape the Doctor's wrath.

Ripley's home was in a distant State. There was no opportunity for either of his parents to reach him at a very early date. So a nurse was hired to take care of him during the night, till some intelligence could be received from his home, and for day-attendants they were dependent upon those who could be spared from other duties.

Meanwhile, Grant Westery was pondering in his mind what it was his duty to do in the case.

"Ripley has a friend,—not a real friend in the whole school," he said to himself one evening,—"four or five days after the accident," and though I don't hardly think he deserves any, yet that doesn't make any difference about one doing their duty. I suppose, I wonder what it's my duty to do?" To help take care of him, or not?

Ned Hall interrupted his thoughts, just then, by making his appearance and asking, "How's Ripley this evening?" a question which was always upon the boys' lips of late.

"About the same, I believe," said Grant, mentioning him to take a seat beside him on the rustic bench under one of the oaks.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking about, Ned," said he, as his friend sat down. "I've been thinking whether it isn't my duty to help take care of Ripley. What do you think?"

"Think?" said Ned Hall, "why, I think he's no claim upon you, nor upon any of us as for that matter. When he was well he wouldn't hardly look at us, and now—"

"You wouldn't be so weak as to

want to revenge, Ned? No! I know you wouldn't. And I'm thinking whether—"

"But," said Ned, interrupting, "he has care enough,—and the best of it, I'm sure! There's the nurse,—and then for daytimes he has Harris, or Mr. Monks. What more would you have?"

Grant was silent a few minutes, revolving in his mind how he should best present the subject to his friend. At last he said—

"Well, Ned, when Will was sick, and when I've been ill myself, I've found that there was something necessary besides just the bare 'care' of one; something—I don't know just what to call it—that is a different kind of good from what one gets from the medicine. I mean the sympathy and all the little attentions, and the bringing a cool pillow, or fresh water; all those little words and things which brighten one up so, and make him feel as if he were something beside a case to hold medicine. Now I dare say that Ripley gets his medicine at the appointed minute, and has enough to eat and drink, but the rest I'm not sure of."

Ned Hall laughed, then said, soberly enough—

"But Ripley,—he's so proud, and disagreeable, and hard to please! It would be like throwing pearls before swine, to speak the plain truth. Wouldn't it now?"

"That's where the trouble lies," said Grant, candidly; "I found it pleasant work to do for Will, he was so grateful, and so easily pleased; but when I come to think of doing the same for Ripley, the thought keeps rising—'He'll be haughty, and cross, and disagreeable. You'd better leave him alone.' But for all that, I'm pretty certain that it's my duty, just the same."

"You're great for working out those sort of problems," said Ned, "but for myself I never have the patience." But he did not deny that Grant was right.

The stars were coming out over their heads as they sat there,—the solemn, silent stars, that are ever looking down upon us with their calm, unwavering eyes. Hall leaned his head against one of the old oaks, and looked up at them as they twinkled through the lace-work of branches. At last he said, slowly—

"I suppose you are right, Grant; I feel that you are, but I haven't the courage to undertake such disagreeable duties; it frets me, and galls me, and makes me miserable. I'm not very strong to do right, unless I've somebody to help me."

"I know of no one that is!" said Grant, "unless they ask for higher help than their own." And then he said—"Do you ever ask for that help, Ned?"

"No,—no," said Hall, slowly, "not often. Sometimes, perhaps, if I'm sick, or in trouble. That's just the way with me; I'll be exalted, with sudden humbleness, I'll want God's help when I'm in trouble, but when I'm out of it, I get careless and forget Him. I'm so thoughtless, and wild, maybe you'd call it, that I'm not fit for anything!"

Then you need all the more of His help, don't you?" asked Grant.

"Yes; but I never expect to be like you—so!"

But Grant's hand was over his mouth, and he was saying—

"There, Ned, don't think of anything like that, again. I pity those that don't like to do their duty any better than I do. I'm selfish, and want my own pleasure, and had a great deal to say about my books, than with Ripley, when I really ought to love to do my duty."

"Some quick steps came bounding out under the trees: it was Dick Welles.

"Two muffled figures in the darkness, and they brigadiers, or burglars? Palaw! only two of Dr Murray's proteges armed with Latin grammar, I fancied I was to have an encounter,—but it's only Ned Hall,—and Grant Westery," peering into their faces. "Where do you guess I've been," he asked, as he seated himself.

"Into some mischief or another," said Ned.

"No; but up into the sick-room. You see, Harris was eating his supper

and there was some water to be carried up, so I offered to go. Harris was glad enough of the chance to finish his supper, and sent me up. Dr Leigh was there, and had just finished reading a telegram to him from his father, and, if you'll believe me, Ripley actually looked sorrowful. I believe he would have cried if I hadn't been there."

"What did the despatch say?" asked Ned.

"That he—Ripley's father—couldn't come on in a week, yet. You should have seen Harry's face! I didn't know the fellow had so much heart before."

"You have judged him, then?"

"I declare!" said Dick, remembering his words on a former occasion, "I had judged him, that's a fact. But you see it takes a good while to get a resolution in working order!"

This scene in the sick-room, which Dick had described, only strengthened Grant's resolve to help take care of Ripley. And in his prayers that night, he asked God to bless his plan and make him willing to do his duty at all times, whether the way led in "paths of pleasantness," or through thorny thickets.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

When recitation hours came the next day, Ned Hall was not at all surprised to find Grant absent from the class. And, to the astonishment of the sufferer on his sick-bed, when he awoke that same morning, who should be sitting by his bedside, but Grant Westery! Ripley opened his eyes very wide with surprise at first, then discontentedly turned his face to the wall. But a desire to know what was transpiring in school got the better of his ill-nature at last, so he turned his face back again, and said—

"You see what a fix I'm in, Westery?—doomed to lie here nobody knows how long! It's awful, and nobody to talk to but that hateful old nurse, who hasn't an idea in his head beyond 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Well," said Grant, "it must be hard work. But I'm going to stay with you to-day, and help Harris, and I'll agree to answer all the questions you ask."

"Will you?" said Ripley, eagerly.

"That's good in you, anyhow! But I've got a stock of them, you'll find. Now, in the first place, what have they done with Diamond?"

"He's at the stable, I believe," said Grant.

"Good! I was afraid they'd send him off home. You see, I'm going to ride to my heart's content, when I get better—they won't deny me now, I guess. Confound those broken-legs and things! I sometimes wish pony had thrown me a little harder. I get so awful tired of this bed," he added presently, by way of explanation.

And the next topic was about the school and the boys; Ripley being an eager listener to all that had transpired since his accident, which, to the ears of one who had mingled and participated in it all, seemed uneventful and commonplace enough. Then they talked upon all subjects, Ripley averring that he had been so long silent, that he could talk about anything. When Dr Leigh came, and found Grant sitting there, he said—

"Humph! how came you here? Does Murray employ you to nurse the whole school?—because if he does, I've got some patients for you, as soon as you're through with this job."

"I have business enough here, doctor," said Grant.

"So I should think!" as he turned away to Ripley, and sat down by the bedside.

The long day was spent in trying all manner of devices to amuse the patient. Grant rummaged the school-library all over in search of something to read, and though there was an abundance to select from, very little of it was to Ripley's taste. Then, when that plan had lost its novelty, something else must be thought of, and with these tasks to perform, and cool water to bring, and pillows to shake up and freshen, and all the spoiled boy's little whims and caprices to gratify, the day was busy enough.

Grant was not sorry to see the sun sink lower and lower, and the shadows

lengthen. By-and-by the supper bell rang, and the night-nurse came in to take his place. Grant got up to go.

"Going?" said Ripley. "Well,—too proud to say thank-you; 'come and see me again some time, won't you?"

"O yes," said Grant, as he went out.

"You didn't even thank him," said the night-nurse, a trifle indignant.

"Well, what's that to you?" said Harry, petulantly. "I'd thank you to go, pretty quick! I wish you were anywhere but here."

"I wish I was," said the nurse, good-naturedly.

Ripley had tried to break down his nurse's imperturbably good-nature, too many times to attempt it again; so he lay still, thinking how much pleasanter it would be if he could only have Grant Westery for a nurse. "I wonder what made him come here to stay with me?" he thought. "I should think that after the scrape I got Will Howth into, he would give me the cold shoulder. I wonder why he didn't say something about that affair? But he didn't, and he was just as handy at turning a pillow or getting up some amusement, as could be! I hope he'll come again, anyhow. But," addressing himself, "you silly fool, you didn't thank him! Likely enough he'll never come again, and then what'll you do? O, but I know how I'll fix it!—he's poor—and—nurse!"

"What?" said the nurse, who was preparing a draught for his patient.

"Is my wallet on the table?"

The nurse, after a minute's search, answered—

"Yes."

"See if there's any gold in it," commanded the patient.

The man emptied the contents on the table, exposing two or three pieces of the precious metal to view.

"There!—now give me the biggest one."

"What for?" said the nurse.

If Ripley had had a well foot he would have kicked, but as it was he was forced to give vent to his wrath by exclaiming—

"No matter what for! You've no right to ask me so many questions! Now give me the money,—here, in my hand, where I can get it when I want it."

The nurse complied, placing the money in the hand that Ripley could not raise, and closing the fingers over it.

"There," said Harry, in a satisfied tone, "now I wish he would come and see me again."

Meanwhile, Grant, after leaving the sick-room, ran down stairs, and as he reached the hall met—Will Howth, who was just coming in. The two clasped hands warmly.

"So glad to see you!" said Will.

"I'm glad to see you, too," said Grant.

It was not so very unexpected, however, and when Will's coat and cap were laid aside, the two hurried off to supper. A buzz of delight ran around the table as they entered the supper-room.

"Will Howth! as true as I'm alive," cried Dick Welles, and left his seat at the table to greet him.

Hawley North followed Dick, to give him a shake of the hand. A little group gathered around to testify in rough, though sincere boy ways, how glad they were to see him back once more, well and strong. And then they sat down at the table.

"Never saw you look so well before in my life," said Dick, who could not keep his eyes off Will, nor his tongue still.

Of course all had to look at the newcomer then, to see if Dick was right. There were no dissenters from this verdict, however, as Will had really grown both stronger and ruddier. There was a warm, bright color in his cheeks, instead of the old paleness; his eyes were clear and bright, and his hair, which was shorn during his long illness, had grown out wavy and handsome. Castleton was evidently a famous place for invalids.

"You," said Will, after the boys' scrutiny, "I'm perfectly well now, and going at my books in a way that'll put you all to shame."

"But, now, wouldn't you be sur-

prised to find that one of our number had taken your place, and concluded to lay abed awhile?" asked Dick.

Will looked up with a little stare of astonishment, saying,—"Who?" and then looking up and down the board, missed Ripley. "Why, what has happened to him?" he asked, a brighter color coming into his cheek at the remembrance of the old troubles which the name called up.

Dick undertook to relate what had befallen the missing occupant of the chair at the end of the table, but met with so many interruptions, and found so many aids, that he was fain to give it up. But Will made out that Ripley had broken his legs and an arm, while taking a stolen ride, and pretty soon found out that Grant had been spending the day in the sick-room.

"Now," thought Dick Welles to himself, as he ate his bread and butter, and took occasional glances at Will, "I wonder if he's ever forgiven Ripley yet? I'm not quite sure of it, yet, for though Ned Hall and he are fast friends now, it's a different matter to forgive such a fellow as Ripley. Will's great for remembering old scores; I should just like to know how he feels toward his old enemy."

Will's face grew more and more sober and thoughtful, toward the end of the meal, when Hawley North rallied him about being homesick.

"No!" exclaimed Will, looking up and laughing, "I was only thinking."

"I wonder what about?" thought Dick Welles, with his keen eyes upon him.

But that he was not able to read, and when supper was over, and the boys were gathered about Will,—some trying to persuade him into a game in the yard, others to coax him off to their rooms,—he was somewhat puzzled to see him go off up-stairs, alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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