

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy—
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years
come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my
boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling
feet,
Going down to the river where two
worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
boy;
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick, or another may take your
place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done by the way,
my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and
pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my
boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven
might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and
shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may
wield,
In the cause of right and truth.
—Bradford Republican.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The child did not encroach on 'Rias' few rest hours at home. 'Rias was up before five "doing his chores," as he said, and working in his garden. Then, as most of his fifty acres was in pasture, where he raised stocks of various kinds, many of his days were spent pursuing his trade of carpenter, and from seven until sunset he was somewhere building barns, fences, corn-cribs, or houses. There were days when his potato-patch and corn-field claimed his care; stormy days, when his shop beyond the kitchen and woodshed sounded to his hammer and saw. D'rexy said 'Rias worked too hard, and no doubt he did. D'rexy also said that Heman would soon be able to help Uncle 'Rias. It was held out to the child as a prospect of great honour and happiness. Meanwhile the little man carried in chips, cleared up the litter of his own playthings, and helped hunt eggs and feed the chickens.

That small world about the farmhouse was a world of glory and beauty to him. He had no playmates, and wanted none but the family dog, the fowls, and the usual motherless cosset lamb or two, brought up by hand, by D'rexy, in the door-yard. Heman watched, wide-eyed, the performance of feeding the lambs from a bottle. He fed them bits of his own bread, and led them about with a collar made of some of Aunt D'rexy's carpet rags.

No palace ever afforded a child the luxuries offered by a barn. D'rexy was not nervous about her charge. He scrambled on the hay, and in and out of the farm vehicles. If D'rexy heard stentorian shouts that meant trouble, she went to look after matters, and now and then Aunt Espey strolled about to see how the child was getting on. Good plain food, plenty of sleep, unlimited out-of-doors, moulded the sticky image brought to Aunt D'rexy by the drummer of the Notion Store, into a brown, burly, jolly creature, who still wore his radiant yellow curls, because Aunt D'rexy loved them, and even 'Rias thought that "they looked well in church."

'Rias said but little to Heman. As D'rexy had suggested, he objected "to knuckling down," as he denominated yielding to others, even when they were on the right; and then, too, he was somewhat jealous, in his silent way, that D'rexy took so much comfort in the little boy. Being married twenty years had not instructed 'Rias that there

is always a corner in a woman's heart vacant unless a child fills it. That is why the little sisters, and the children, and the grandchildren find and fill their place with women, in a succession of childhood.

One evening D'rexy was busy in the milk-room; she kept eight cows and sold the milk to a milk route; she was getting the cans ready for the morning cart. Aunt Espey had called Heman to come and go to bed. He ran into the kitchen where 'Rias sat tilted back against the wall reading his semi-weekly paper. Heman ran up to him and clasped his hands over the man's knees.

"Ride me on oor foot!" he demanded. 'Rias gazed on him, as an entomologist at a new specimen. Then he slowly brought his chair into perpendicular, took Heman awkwardly on his foot, and slowly swung him up and down, while Heman, pleased with little, shouted with glee. Then 'Rias saw D'rexy looking through the door at him. He dropped the boy as if caught in a sinful deed.

"There, go to bed; children are great plagues," he remarked in self-justification.

"I make him say 'please' and 'thank you,'" said D'rexy.

Tea at the farmhouse was over at six, and then how beautiful were the long, warm summer evenings, flushed with pink and gold! 'Rias carried Aunt Espey's rocking-chair to the side porch, and took his own favourite position, tilting his chair back against the side of the house. It was the hour for home talk. D'rexy generally occupied the time before the dew fell in gathering seeds, thyme, summer-savoury, and sage. The boy trotted along after her carrying a pail or basket for the spoils.

"That child will be a great blessing to you, 'Rias," said Aunt Espey.

"Well, I don't know," said 'Rias, mindful of that affair of knuckling down. "His father was one of the fellows that keep stora. There's a heap of men looking out for easy ways of making a living; nothing is easy enough for 'em. I tell you what, Aunt Espey, we ain't so much in need of professors and store-keepers as we are of farmers and mechanics. It's the men of muscle that keep up the country; the men that make something where there was nothing; the men that plan waste land and raise a crop; that take boards and make houses; or clay and make brick; or raw iron and make tools. These are the real producers, Aunt Espey, and I don't banker for the other kind in my family. Leslie, Heman's pa, didn't seem to know how to make money."

"Maybe, 'Rias," rebuked Aunt Espey, "if you had died as young as he did, you wouldn't have appeared very forehanded either."

'Rias overlooked this very reasonable suggestion, and said, "And there was Selma, a nice girl, but she had terrible high-faluting ideas about education. Now I believe in education, some of it, not too much. There's plenty of folks chasing after knowledge of foreign languages, and the stars, and so on, that overlook common work needed nigh at hand, like building roads and keeping up fences. If Heman's like that, I wouldn't take to him very powerful."

"Yes; but you'd be glad, for example, if he showed the parts of a good doctor, or the making of a minister."

"I don't know as I should. If all men are ministers, who's going to fill the pews and give the money for church work? If all are doctors, who's going to pay the fees? Some of all are good, but for my family, give me a good, stirring farmer, or a capable mechanic. They're the bone and sinew of the nation, and what makes the world go round, being the bulk of the population. I hold to every man knowing some trade well. Untaught day-labour is always getting out of work. The Jews knew what they were about when they taught every man a trade. Paul made tents. Solomon says, 'The king himself is served of the field,' meaning farming; and he isn't far out when he says, 'The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.' Solomon's generally in the right of it. There was Jim Kittle whom I used to go to school with. Ought to have been a blacksmith, but thought school-keeping was more gentlemanly. He's always been a poor, useless, out-at-elbows lot, and I can tell you another little ditty about that, Aunt Espey. Tom Glass, that thought clerking so much elegantier than mason-work, has never had a home of his own, and never will."

Privately 'Rias considered Heman "a stirring child," but felt it beneath his dignity to say anything so complimentary. When the minister came to call and found him in his shop making beehives, and Heman filling a basket with shavings, 'Rias, knowing that the minister had no hint of the "knuckling

down" bugbear, said that "the little chap was surprising good at church and at family prayers."

"He'll make a parson some day," said the guest, patting the child's head.

"I'll be satisfied if he makes a good, honest carpenter or bricklayer," said 'Rias.

When Christmas came, Aunt Espey knit some red mittens, and made a little plaid cap, and some horse hnos; D'rexy made a canton-flannel rabbit, a horse's head on a section of broomstick, and a strong paper soldier hat, with waving plumes. 'Rias made no remark, but silently approved home-made toys, and on Christmas morning appeared with a neatly-fashioned sled, painted blue.

"If he's to grow up worth anything, he has to learn to play in the snow," he said sheepishly, and he took immense satisfaction in observing that before the glory of that sled the women's gifts were simply nowhere. 'Rias made certain wide grimaces, that were his style of laughing, when he remarked Heman shouting, shrieking, rolling over scrambling up, laughing and "apering with that sled in two luc' f snow that whitened the dooryard.

In March, D'rexy one evening made pop-corn sticks and some taffy, and covered a ball, while Aunt Espey prepared a picture-book, pasting in, on cloth pages, pictures which she had collected during the six months. To-morrow would be Heman's fourth birthday, they told 'Rias. 'Rias made no comment, but he retired to his shop for half an hour, and made what was better than comments, a little windmill of four red vans on a stick. His excuse for this piece of work was that "he never could abide a child that didn't know which way the wind blew."

There was a night, late in March, when lights burned all night in the farmhouse, and against the curtains might be seen the shadows of people passing to and fro. The child was very sick, burning and moaning with fever. One or two children of the township had lately died with scarlet-fever, and 'Rias had been full of slow, silent sympathy, as he helped his neighbours bury their dead. While D'rexy was applying remedies and Aunt Espey giving advice, 'Rias disappeared. D'rexy concluded he had gone to the shop for quiet. In an hour and a half hoofs clattered and wheels rattled. Here was 'Rias with the doctor. The man of remedies pronounced the case a bad cold, but no scarlet-fever, and in the morning the boy was better.

D'rexy said gratefully, "'Rias, it was mighty good of you to ride to town for a doctor in all that storm, after your day's work. You knew he'd be near here at Mr. Ladd's in the morning, and for your own self you never called him in the night, because night visits cost more."

"Yes," assented slowly the man who never, never knuckled down, "yes, D'rexy, but how could I sleep, thinking scarlet-fever had got into our home? It was worth the trip to find out we were free of that."

"I reckon," said D'rexy but she knew what he felt to be worth the trip was, to find "that Heman was not dangerous."

"I never knew 'Rias to be so powerful in prayer as he was this morning," said D'rexy with satisfaction, to Aunt Espey. "It appeared somehow as if he'd taken to soul-growing."

"Yes," said Aunt Espey, "the Lord has got 'Rias in hand, and is teaching him. It's the tender-hearted that pray powerfully, D'rexy."

Spring opened, and the sturdy Heman, past four and big of his age, elected to follow 'Rias like a shadow. Often the child was seen riding the horse that was ploughing, and 'Rias explained this concession by stating that "the child lagged so far behind and was so little, he was plumb sure to lose him in the furrows unless he set him on the horse."

Heman could find the eggs, and feed the dog and chickens by himself now, and hour after hour he spent in the shop with 'Rias, making very singular things which bore the large names of "road waggon," "cisterns," "tanks," and "hen-houses."

"It beats all how straight that child can drive a nail," said 'Rias triumphantly to D'rexy; then remembering that this was altogether knuckling down, he added as he buried his face in the roller-towel, that "no doubt it was all accident; and come he was ten years old he'd be all for a yard-stick, and not know a hammer from a monkey-wrench."

One evening, when Aunt Espey and D'rexy had been to see a sick neighbour, they came home to find 'Rias and Heman sitting on a saw-buck, and 'Rias telling this tale to Heman.

"Oh, I can't tell you stories like the women folks. All the story I know is about the man you're named for, Heman,

who played on the horn in the Lords temple at Jerusalem. He had fourteen sons and three daughters, and the whole of them could sing like larks, and he stood 'em in a row in the temple every day, and they sang and played on harps, just like rows of angels."

(To be continued.)

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

Nearly two hundred years ago, two girls, Prudence and Endurance Place, twin sisters, lived in the Cochecho Valley, New Hampshire. At that time the country from Portsmouth to Ossipee was an unbroken wilderness, and settlers were few in the beautiful valley.

The Place family lived in a log house in a small clearing. Indians occasionally called at the house, but Mr. Place treated them courteously, and never sent them away empty-handed.

When Prudence and Endurance were fourteen years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Place, with the younger children, went on a visit to Portsmouth, leaving the twins to keep house. During the first day of their home-keeping the girls gathered the big yellow pumpkins from the field, and laid them in a pile near the back door.

While resting from their labour, they amused themselves by cutting two hideous jack-o'-lanterns from large pumpkins, each seeking to outdo the other in carving the grotesque features. They stuck them on poles, fixed the candles inside, and made ready to astonish their father on his return by showing the grinning ogres at the window.

While Endurance prepared the simple supper and set the house to rights for the night, Prudence went out to drive home the cow and sheep. She had to go farther than she had expected, and as she came near a brook she was startled to see three Indians on the other side, talking earnestly, gesticulating, and pointing now and then toward the log house in the clearing.

Prudence was alarmed by their suspicious conduct. Turning back, unseen by them, she fled homeward, and told her sister what she had seen.

"They've found out father and mother have gone away, an' they're coming here to steal, an' p'raps to kill us," the two said to each other.

For a minute the frightened girls knew not what to do. The jack-o'-lanterns were lying in a corner of the room, and like an inspiration it came to Endurance that with these horribly grinning faces they could scare away the Indians. Near the back door was a pit, dug for storing potatoes, and now covered with boards and brush. Taking their jack-o'-lanterns, they scrambled into the pit and concealed the entrance cleverly by drawing the boards and brush into place. After what seemed hours of waiting and listening, the girls heard stealthy steps about the house, which was in total darkness. Listening intently, they heard the Indians in the garden, evidently searching for them.

Now was the moment for action. The candles were lighted in the jack-o'-lanterns, and they were thrust up through the brush. The Indians caught a glimpse of the frightful faces, and, filled with superstitious terror, fled, believing they had seen devils.

In the morning, when Prudence and Endurance ventured from their concealment, they found in the garden path a tomahawk and three eagle's feathers.

The spot was ever afterward regarded with superstitious awe by the Indians, not one of whom was ever known to approach the log house of the Places.

A Fellow's Mother.

BY M. E. SANSTER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise. With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes. "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care (not much, I mean), If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad, And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive what's'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes. "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day— A fellow's a baby that don't obey."
—Youth's Companion.