

## THE KETTLE'S SONG.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

The kettle sang a merry song,  
And timed it with its lid.

'Men say that liquor makes them strong;  
It never, never did.'

"The steamer ploughs the ocean wide;  
What moves the wheel and beam?  
She steams against the wind and tide,  
And water makes the steam.

"You see the locomotive draw  
The crowded train of cars,  
With heated water, nothing more,  
To pull them o'er the bars.

"The mill, the engine, boat and man,  
And heat, (except the soot)  
Derive their strength and motive power  
From water, cold or hot.

"Then if you would be well and strong,  
Drink only from the stream,  
And work for right with prayer and song,  
And 'use a little steam.'

—From "Stories and Sketches."

## QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. SEAGO'S MOTHERLY TALK.

Mrs. Seago was still pale from her recent illness, but her manner was so simple and so cordial that Quince felt quite at home with her. With charming grace she made him take a seat at her side and tell her of his vacation and how he had spent it, tears coming into her eyes as he described the week at Mr. Jethro's and the torture he had endured during the subsequent days while seeking for work; then his stay with Mr. Chase and his family; and at last calling her attention to the clothes that had once belonged to Robert.

"I remember Robert Chase," she said. "We are in the habit of receiving one evening in the week, the boys like it, and it gives us a good influence over them. Robert was one of my assistants in receiving. He was cheerful and polite, and was happy in his suggestions as to what amusements would please. I am glad to know that God directed you there," said Mrs. Seago.

Quince had felt grateful, but he had not before realized with such force that it was God who had directed him to the small farm.

"How was it that God directed me?" he asked. "At the time it seemed to me that I quite stumbled upon the place."

"You were asking for work, were you not?" pausing for assent. "You had been asking day after day, had you not? You were in earnest?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember reading in your Bible, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass?'"

"Yes; I have read it."

"And again, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye?'"

"This time there was only a slight bow. The lad was beginning to feel the real utility of asking; it was not a mere duty. He had asked and God had answered. He had been led; it was God's leading.

A moment later his face was clouded. It was not for him to appropriate all this; he stood beyond the limit of such a promise. True, the Bible said all this, but it likewise said as plainly, "Unto the third and fourth generation."

Quince's countenance betrayed the perplexity he felt.

"What is it that troubles you, my boy? Tell me as you would tell your mother."

"The look of kindly interest urged him on to say, "That promise is to those who have a right to lean upon God and to receive favors from his hand."

"Every one has a right, and an equal right, to this promise, Quince. God is no respecter of persons; he listens to whoever calls upon his name in sincerity, whoever desires his favor."

"Yes, but there must be a class upon whom he cannot look with favor."

"The impenitent, you mean?"

"Not alone through one's own sin, but the sin of another," a deep flush mantling his face as he spoke.

Mrs. Seago did not at once comprehend the difficulty, and, as the lad paused, she continued:

"Think of the words, 'The great love wherewith he loved us.' Can love willingly work anything but love to its object? 'All things are for your sakes,' the Bible tells us. All that which light reveals by day, and even the stars at night,—your Father made them all, and all for your sakes. Look, again, to the surroundings of our own lives, things great and small affecting our daily interest. 'But the very hairs of your head are all numbered,' was said simply to convey the idea that God cares for our most trifling interests; that in his love he did not forget us. He puts thoughts of good into our hearts; he makes friends for us, and he gives us such work as we can do. I have learned much of this since I was ill. God is very tender with us; even as a Father he pitieeth us, and he can help us; and he will help us, if we ask him."

Gertrude had not been in the room; she now entered, carrying a herbarium in one hand and a large doll in the other.

"Papa bought the herbarium, and here are the blue violets you gave me," she said to Quince.

"And they still retain their freshness: how is this?" was asked.

"My teacher taught me to do it. It required a good deal of patience, and the next I shall be able to do better," was the answer. "And my doll, Quince; it's broken somewhere. Can you find where? It used to open and shut its eyes, and I want it to do so now; for I want to give it away to a little girl, and she is sick."

Quince was holding the doll when Mr. Seago entered the room. A smile broke over his lips as he joined the group, and, patting out his hand, he relieved Quince of his charge.

"I believe I made a promise with regard to this young lady. She has really lost her voice, and you are miserable over it; is that it?" he said to Gertry.

"I was anxious on Daisy's account; she's sick, you know. But, now Quince is here, we'll excuse you, papa," returned Gertry as she perched herself on the arm of her father's chair.

Then the talk drifted away into deeper channels; phases of human life were discussed, and landscape sketches stood out before them. Mr. Seago discovered that two months' experience had made a visible difference with Quince; he had deeper insight into the motives that actuated certain lines of conduct, and he drew his conclusions with a clearer judgment. Meeting with rebuffs had not hardened him, neither had kindness robbed him of one iota of the resolution needful for one who realizes that if he succeeds at all it must be through his own individual efforts.

"You can take your old place as janitor," was said to Quince. "Gerty and her mother may have a few errands for you, and I shall give you a class now and then; but I want you here chiefly to aid you a little in your studies, your recitations."

Mr. Seago did not say that he had received a letter from Mr. Chase, and likewise one from Mr. Hibell. Both gentlemen expressed themselves as greatly interested in Quince, and anxious to have him advance in his studies. Possibly, but for these letters, he would not have taken the lad into his house; but, knowing as he did that books were not alone sufficient to form character, he determined to throw around his pupil such influences as would have a tendency to develop the higher nature, so that the moral would keep pace with the intellectual life, and thus develop a perfect manhood.

A moment later Mr. Seago was called from the room, and when he returned his face was no longer glowing.

"You remember Belden?" he said to his wife.

"Yes; I have a distinct remembrance of him," the lines about her lips growing suddenly firmer.

"I have just seen his uncle; the boy is not to return. It seems that the habit is growing upon the lad; Mr. Havergal calls it an inherited appetite. Frank Belden's father was a hopeless drunkard."

Quince started as though struck, and his face was of ashen pallor. Again the words stood before him, written in living flame: "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon

the children unto the third and fourth generation."

He knew that Frank Belden, handsome and spirited as he was, was given up to periculous dissipation. An inherited appetite! Then was he to blame, if he did not at all times control it? If God was a God of love, would he not look with pity upon one who was cursed from his birth, and would he not heal him of his infirmity?

Quince's evident agitation did not escape Mrs. Seago, but she made no comment on it; and after a few pleasant remarks touching other things a hymn was sung and Mr. Seago bowed in prayer. The words were simple and frank—the asking of a child who, thankful for the day, was anxious for the Father's blessing before he slept.

Going to his room, however, it was impossible for Quince to sleep. Frank Belden had an intemperate father, and Frank Belden himself was following in the steps of that father. Dropping his face into his clasped hands, tears came. His father, like Frank's, had been a hard drinker, but, thanks to his mother's teaching perhaps, the appetite in his case had no controlling force. Possibly he had not this inherited appetite. Was there danger? Would circumstances develop it? He could not tell to others; but, as he reviewed the checkered course of his own past life, it did appear that God had shown a measure of love in choosing for him.

Then, raising his head, he surveyed his room; it was comfortable, even pleasant. There were his trunk and his clothes and his twenty-six dollars; it was so much better than he expected when school broke up and he went away. And Mr. Chase had said to him, in so many words, that the farm must be his home whenever he had a vacation.

Then the picture of Frank Belden came up. Perhaps Frank's mother was not wise to counsel her boy, or perhaps she did not live to counsel him. In that moment he felt that he must see Frank. They had been friends, and he would tell Frank his own story. But no; he had not this appetite for strong drink; he did not know the fascination, the terrible charm, that drew him on.

With his hands tightly clasped behind his back, he had battled with himself. At one time he felt strong to resist, fixed and determined, and the next moment broken down and weeping. At length, physically unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion, he sought his bed, and for a season found forgetfulness in sleep.

## CHAPTER XX.

## INTIMACY OF QUINCE AND FRANK BELDEN.

Frank Belden did not return; and the more Quince thought of him the more anxious he was to see and talk with him. He wished to tell him that he must resolve to put down this appetite; he could, and God would help him to do it.

Strange as it may seem, Quince was quick to feel that God would help another. He knew from the experience of others that God had done it, and he believed he would do it again. This reaching out for God to help a fallen brother was the natural impulse of a generous heart. He could suffer, and he could endure; but it grieved him to think that another soul must be crushed under the ban of exclusion.

One evening, in speaking with Mr. Seago, Quince ventured to express himself as anxious to see Frank. While he was not conscious of possessing the appetite for strong drink, he knew something about it; and he felt certain that Frank could be saved if properly dealt with. True, Frank's father had been intemperate, but that was no reason why Frank also should be. On the contrary, the very consciousness that his father had been overcome by strong drink was sufficient reason for him persistently to avoid it.

"His uncle, Mr. Havergal, writes me that Frank has promised to come back and attend to his studies if I will permit him to come," answered Mr. Seago. "I received the letter yesterday, but I have not replied to it, for I did not know what to say. A lad given to such a habit is a dangerous companion for the majority of schoolboys."

"I always considered Frank an honorable lad; if he has made a promise to the effect that he will study, I am sure he will keep it," returned Quince.

This earnest expression of interest on the part of Quince awoke a corresponding feeling in Mr. Seago's heart. He did not answer immediately, and when he did speak his words fell slowly, as if he weighed well their import;

"I have my fears; yet I dislike to refuse him. He is young, and it may be the turning-point in his life. If you are willing to counsel him, Quince; if you will attach yourself to him in a way to do him good and still not harm yourself,—I think I will venture to say to him, 'Come.'"

"I do want him to come, Mr. Seago, and I will do all I can to keep him from going astray," Quince answered, his voice betraying deep feeling.

"I cannot help considering it a dangerous experiment; still, I dare not refuse. And, Quince, in this matter I am letting you take a weight of responsibility that it is possible you ought not to be burdened with. If anything ill comes of it, I shall reproach myself very severely."

"I can only thank you," replied Quince; "I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am."

Before a week had passed Frank Belden was again in Mr. Seago's school, and the old pupils were surprised to note the friendly intercourse between the handsome lad, who was always supplied with plenty of spending-money, and the janitor, Quince Brockton.

"He'll do differently, if he keeps in there," said one.

"Old Brinley will be apt to lose a good customer," cried out another.

"There's a new screw somewhere," and the laugh went around.

"Too jolly for anything!" sounded along the hall as Frank Belden waited for Quince to ring the bell, so that they could walk home together.

"It's easy to understand though—one with plenty of tin, at the other without a stiver," making a significant gesture in the direction of the bell.

"A new screw! Ha, ha! Belden never stumbled in his translation this morning. Something's up."

Thus the lads criticised as they crossed the campus. There were many such speeches, and they were rung around loosely; but they did not in any manner affect the intimacy of the two most interested.

Possibly, with all his willingness, Quince would have been powerless to bring about such a state of things but for an accident that had occurred a few days subsequent to Frank's return. The former had been to the post-office, and was returning when he encountered Frank on his way down the street. It was during the study-hours of the regular students, and both lads were seemingly surprised.

"I promised Hatham; really, it was an inconvenient hour, but he had no other," stammered Frank, who felt that in keeping one promise he was really breaking another which he had made to Mr. Seago.

"Where were you to meet Hatham?" asked Quince in a friendly way.

"At Brinley's," coloring as he spoke.

Taking a step nearer, Quince continued: "Do you desire to keep that promise, Frank? Dare you trust yourself with Hatham at Brinley's?"

"He begged me, and he brought up our old friendship; and I did not see any way out," was the response.

"Take my advice: turn short around and go home with me," at the same time slipping his hand through Frank's arm.

The latter made no resistance. The earnest conversation that followed, as the two sat in Quince's room at Mr. Seago's, was the beginning of the close intimacy that seemed to astonish the pupils. Frank did not hesitate to express himself freely to Quince in reference to his appetite for strong drink.

"I cannot help it," he would say, helplessly. "My father was addicted to drink, and so was his father. It is just as natural for me as it is to breathe."

"You were old enough to remember your father when he died, were you not?"

"Oh yes; I recollect it all very well."

"You saw the misery that this habit brought upon your father and upon his family?"

"Yes, indeed!" with emphasis.

"And because it is natural for you, as you say, you must keep on with it, although you know it will lead only to your ruin. Is this so, Frank?"

"Oh, Quince, you cannot know how I hate it. But I cannot help it; something draws me on. I resolve I will not; I walk my room and fight it off night after night.

You cannot know it," a look of indignation over his face.

"No, Frank, I and in a manner that you curse. I know all I can. 'All about it you?' starting Quince troubled.

"My father, through Frank, through st as 'Is that so? A nothing about it, Frank, unable to

"My father was continued; he dr himself. It killed a beggar. It was ing. Do you c'n touch a drop of n me of all and ma despised by man: "I never knew

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