

hands and groaned. Even Mr. Gilbert felt a stir of compassion in his money-hardened heart, but he could not forbear a taunt.

"Comes of trusting any boy; but I thought the Boyds were as honest as fools!"

Did he think what his words implied? Was it a good lesson to give that cringing, terrified boy that honesty was ever folly!

"Will Boyd, what made you do this?" said Mr. Gladwin.

"O, I wanted so to go to the circus!" sobbed Will.

"Yes, so much that you were willing to ruin your character, and break the law for two hours of racing horses and leaping women, with plenty of wild beasts—the only respectable part of it—thrown in! I wonder what a boy thinks his life will be who begins it by sneaking after every dime show, and the like!"

Mr. Gladwin had never done this sort of a thing in his boyhood. He had lived in a little village, and been rigidly kept down by a stern father and a high-tempered mother. No love had softened his hard training: he had been obedient from pure fear; and, naturally timid, he grew up a moral and physical coward, a tyrant where he could be, as cowards always are, but without the ordinary childish sins to look back on, and holding it a dreadful thing for a boy even to do any mischief.

He was all ready to send Will to jail, but, strange to say, Mr. Gilbert interfered to prevent it.

"Come now, Gladwin," he said, gruffly, "it's my business. 'Twas my money he stole, not yours; and I won't prosecute him, and you can't."

Whether he was moved inwardly by Mr. Boyd's distress, or whether he thought it would be a good idea to have a boy under him who would be utterly in his power, who can say? But he went on:

"Now, you can't keep him here; that's not to be expected. But seein' Mr. Boyd is an old citizen, and, so far as I know, an honest man, I am willin' to take this boy into my store and try fetchin' him up to business. But look here, young feller! my eyes are consider'ble sharp. If I ketch you tripping once, just once, d'ye hear! off you go, and, more 'n that, everybody shall know why! I'll give ye a chance, but not but one. Mr. Gladwin here'll keep our secret, and seein' the' wasn't anybody here but him and your pa, I guess it'll be kept. Lucky for you the book-keeper's to home sick!"

Will was abjectly grateful. He realized what he had done the moment he was threatened with imprisonment. Like many a boy before and since, he went on to do what he wanted to without thinking of consequences, much less of duty.

Mr. Gilbert found Will at his store bright and early the next morning.

"Now you come along here!" he said, preceding Will into a back room

where the groceries were. "Set down on that barrel, and hark to me. I want to put a scrap of sense into that addled head of yours at the start. Do you know what the best thing in the world is? Well, it's money. And why so? Because if you've got money you've got every other airtly thing. You'll have houses and land, and good clothes to wear, and good vittles to eat just as long as you've got wherewithal to pay for 'em. So now if you're goin' to stay along with me I want you to pay attention to makin' money, and help me make it. Save your cents, that's sense. Ho! ho! ho! I'll put your wages in the savings bank, and you mind what I say. Money's the thing. You foller what I tell ye, and like enough you'll die a rich man."

So Dives finished his sermon! But, strange to say, it sank deep into Will's mind. He had not enjoyed this last year's poverty. He pined for the comforts and luxuries he had before enjoyed without giving a thought to their provision. He was a selfish boy and a weak one, but there was a certain tenacity of character about him that made him cling to this new idea. He was impressed by Mr. Gilbert's earnestness and force, and felt grateful for his interposition in his behalf. He resolved then and there to turn over a new leaf. But, alas! he turned it the wrong way.

In the meantime Jack was looking about him for work. He was willing to do anything, and at last found a butcher who wanted some one to drive his cart, and Jack, though rather young for the situation, got it.

Great was Aunt Maria's indignation. "Well, this is what I never expected! I should think Walter Boyd would rise out of his grave! Manice, I should think, from respect to his father's family, you would at least wish your boy to grow up a gentleman!"

A red spot rose on Manice Boyd's cheek, and a spark to her usually calm eyes. She had to practice her own precepts, and say "No" to the temper Aunt Maria's insulting words had roused.

She turned and looked out at the window. There was Jack in his clean gingham apron on the red meat-cart, looking up and laughing.

She turned to Aunt Maria quietly and said,

"I hope Jack will be a gentleman in any place where his duty calls him. He will if his good breeding is genuine!"

"Pshaw!" snapped Aunt Maria, "do you think a gentleman would ever condescend to drive a meat cart!"

"I know of One, Aunt Maria, who was a carpenter, and spent his life with poor rough fishermen,

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit, The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

It is he whom I would have Jack copy in all his ways. May I live to see it!"

"Nonsense!" replied the old lady. "I don't know what poetry has to do with it! I feel disgraced, and so does Sally, to have our nephew's son driving about Danvers on a meat-cart."

Aunt Maria had not an idea to whom Manice had referred, and Aunt Sally took up the remonstrance.

"I do feel real bad about it, Manice. It'll be laid up against him, you see if 't isn't! There's Will, first in a bank and now in Mr. Gilbert's; you don't see him letting himself down! It is a great thing for a boy to grow up in good society."

"I hope Jack will!" laughed Manice, "since he grows up with his aunts and his mother."

Mimy, who had brought in coal for the stove, turned round and was just about to speak, but Manice caught her eye.

"Mimy," she said, "if you will bring up those apples from the cellar, I'll come and show you the new way of Mrs. Gladwin's to make a dumpling."

Manice knew very well that Mimy was ready to presume on her age and her long faithful service, and enter into the discussion herself, so she gave her something else to do and to think of. But Mimy was not to be set aside in that way. Manice broke off further discourse with her aunts on the excuse of the dumplings, and as soon as she entered the kitchen Mimy broke out:

"Well, I've got to own I was consider'ble dashed when Jack took to drivin' cart; but when I heered Miss Mari' talkin' to you so, I wheeled square round. I was madder'n a hornet. What business hed she, knowin' what she knowed, to twit you that way? If you wasn't the reasonablest and the particulest creetur' the Lord ever made you'd ha sassed her back. I would!"

"Mimy! Mimy! you forget that Miss Maria is old and her rheumatism is very painful. She suffers so much it makes her nervous."

"Nervous! I should spell nervous c-r-o-s-s! Why ain't you nervous? Well, well, if it's so to be, why it is to be so! Jack's as plucky as a top-knot rooster; but I do wish, to speak true, he'd got somethin' else to do."

"Still, Mimy, he has got to do something. Brother John has lost all he had, and cannot help him to any further education, and the girls are not yet old enough to teach. We must all work when we can, and my work just now seems to be educating Nan and Ally, and taking care of the aunts."

"And that's a handful. I'd ruther bile soap for a livin' if 'twas me;" with which parting shot Mimy turned her attention to the dumplings and subsided.

As for Jack, he rather enjoyed the new work, and Mr. Marsh's customers certainly enjoyed the clean, civil smiling young fellow who brought them their dinners, and was so obliging and so handy.

"I'm learning a lot, mammy," he said, as he sat in his mother's room in

the fire-light of a Saturday evening to rest both soul and body in that dearest spot of his little world. "I can do the marketing now; I know all the prices; and yesterday I cut up a calf, and he said I did it well."

"That's good!" said Manice, smiling. "I have wished a great many times I could send to market, when I've been too tired or too lazy to go."

"You lazy! Well, I'd just like to see you lazy. You're tired out, poor little mammy! But just you wait till I'm a man and make a lot of money!"

Manice looked at the eager face.

"O my boy! don't set your soul on money; it isn't the best thing. I want you to be a useful, honourable man, and a real Christian; then if ever you get money you will know how to use it for God's glory and other people's good; and if you don't get it, you will be content to be one of those whom God chooses, 'the poor of this world rich in faith,' but sure of an everlasting inheritance that no man can take away."

Jack sobered. He was beginning to feel that he did not come up to his mother's standard; that he was not even so good as she thought him.

She did not know how often he drove round a bystreet to escape the jeers and laughs of his school-fellows, or how he felt as if he should sink into the ground when some lady whom he had met at his uncle's house stared at him incredulously, and did not choose to return his bow since it was made from a butcher's cart. He despised such persons, but then he despised himself for being troubled by them; and many a time hot tears filled his eyes as his old dreams of life came back to him, and he thought how they had ended.

But Jack was young; they had not ended yet, as he was soon to find out.

(To be continued.)

BIRD STRATEGY.

SOMETIMES certain birds will act as if lame or hurt when man comes near their nest. That seems to show a good deal of keen instinct or else tricky sharpness.

An observer tells about a heron that made use of a curious mode of self-preservation. (The herons belong to the order of "waders;" they have long legs and long necks.) This heron, when disturbed, is said to perch erect on a reed, the head and neck straight up, with no noticeable curve or inequality in a front view, but the "whole bird is the exact counterpart of a straight, tapering rush." Thus it stands, its "loose plumage, arranged to fill inequalities, the wings pressed into the sides, made it impossible to see where the body ended and the neck began." This was a front view, and the surface of the body thus shown was a "uniform dull yellow like a faded rush." The bird's eyes seemed "all the time rigid and unwinking like those of a creature in a fit." When the observer tried to get a view of its striped back, it kept turning so as to always front him.