

**Eating and Earning.**

BY HENRY H. REXFORD.

Oh, once there was a little boy,  
Who dearly loved to shirk,  
Because he was a lazy lad,  
And hated all hard work.

One day his mother bade him churn  
While she was gone to town;  
But soon as she was out of sight,  
He flung the dasher down.

"It's churning, churning, twice a week,"  
He groaned despairingly;  
"I wish there were no cows! I wish  
The churn was in the sea!

"I wish the butter'd churn itself;  
I wish"—and then he sighed—  
"The old wood-box would fill itself,"  
And then he almost cried.

"It's 'Bob, do this,' and 'Bob, do that,'  
All day, oh dear," groaned he;  
"It's all a boy should do to eat  
And grow—and steady to me.

"I wish"—and he was wishing still,  
All foolish things, when, lo!  
There stood his mother in the door—  
How could she hurry so!

"I suppose the butter's come," she said.  
His face began to burn,  
And he began to fidget when  
He saw her at the churn.

She lifted up the lid, and then:  
"For lazy boy!" she said;  
"I ought to whip you, but I won't;  
I'll punish you instead,

"By giving you dry bread to eat  
Until you're glad to earn  
The butter that you like so well,  
By working at the churn."

Now he was pleased to think that he  
Could easily get rid  
Of churning, if he went without  
The butter for his bread!

But by-and-bye he hungry grew,  
And begged a "piece to eat";  
She cut a slice of bread. Alas!  
He missed the butter sweet!

At dinner-time, dry bread again—  
The butter looked so nice!  
Oh, dear!" thought he, "I wish I had  
A little for my slice!"

At supper-time it really seemed  
On dry bread he must choke;  
His mother smiled. But, ah! to him,  
It seemed a sorry joke.

Next morning, very meekly, he  
Unto his mother said:  
"I'll churn to-day." "And earn" said she,  
"The butter for your bread.

"I felt quite sure my plan would work;  
I hope from this you'll learn  
This lesson: What he would enjoy,  
A boy must help to earn."

A boy—or man—should be ashamed  
To make himself a shirk;  
To darn a share of life's good things,  
Just do your share of work.

**HUNTED AND HARRIED.**

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

NEXT morning Jean accompanied her lover to the workshop of her uncle, who had preceded him, as he usually went to work about daybreak.

"Are ye no feared," asked Jean, with an anxious look in her companion's face, "that some of your auld enemies may recognize you? You're so big and—and—" (she thought of the word handsome, but substituted) "odd-looking."

"There is little fear, Jean. I've been so long away that most of the people—the covenants at least—who know me must have left; besides, my bronzed face and bushy beard form a sufficient disguise, I should think."

"I'm no sure o' that," returned the girl, shaking her head doubtfully; "an' it seems to me that the best thing ye can do will be to gang to the workshop every mornin' before it's daylight. HAV' ye fairly settled to tak' to Uncle Andrew's trade?"

"Yes. Last night he and I arranged it while you were asleep. I must work, you know, to earn my living, and there is no situation so likely to afford such effectual concealment. Bruce offered to take me on again, but the smiddy is too public, and too much frequented by soldiers. Ah, Jean! I fear that our wedding-day is a long way off yet, for although I could easily make enough to support you in comfort if there were no difficulties to hamper me, there is not much chance of my making a fortune, as Andrew Black says, by turning parritch-sticks and pieren!"

Wallace tried to speak lightly, but could not disguise a tone of despondency.

"Your new King," he continued, "seems to be bad as the old one, if not worse. From all I hear, he seems to have set his heart on bringing the country back again to Popery, and black will be the lookout if he succeeds in doing that. He has quarrelled, they say, with his bishops, and in his anger is carrying matter against them with a high hand. I fear that there is woe in store for poor Scotland yet."

"It may be so," returned Jean sadly. "The Lord knows what is best; but he can make the wrath of man to praise him. Perhaps," she added, looking up with a solemn expression on her sweet face, "perhaps, like Quentin Lusk an' Margaret Wilson, you an' I may never wed."

They had reached the east end of the Grassmarket as she spoke, and had turned into it before she observed that they were going wrong, but Wallace explained that he had been directed by Black to call on Ramblin' Peter, who lived there, and procure from him some turning-tools. On the way they were so engrossed with each other that they did not at first observe the people hurrying towards the lower end of the market. Then they became aware that an execution was about to take place.

"The old story," muttered Wallace, while an almost savage scowl settled on his face.

"Let us hurry by," said Jean in a low tone. At the moment the unhappy man who was about to be executed raised his voice to speak, as was the custom in those times.

Jean started, paused, and turned deadly pale.

"I ken the voice," she exclaimed.

As the tones rose in strength she turned towards the gallows and almost dragged her companion after her in her eagerness to get near.

"It's Mr. Renwick," she said, "the dear servant o' the Lord!"

Wallace, on seeing her anxiety, elbowed his way through the crowd somewhat forcibly, and thus made way for Jean till they stood close under the gallows. It was a woeful sight in one sense, for it was the murder of a fair and goodly as well as godly man in the prime of life; yet it was a grand sight, inasmuch as it was a noble witnessing unto death for God and truth and justice in the face of prejudice, passion, and high-handed tyranny.

The martyr had been trying to address the crowd for some time, but had been barbarously interrupted by the beating of drums. Just then a curate approached him and said, "Mr. Renwick, own our King, and we will pray for you."

"It's that scoundrel, the Rev. George Lawless," murmured Wallace in a deep and bitter tone.

"I am come here," replied the martyr, "to bear my testimony against you, and all such as you are."

"Own our King, and pray for him, whatever ye say of us," returned the curate.

"I will discourse no more with you," rejoined Renwick. "I am in a little to appear before him who is King of kings and Lord of lords, who shall pour shame, contempt, and confusion on all the kings of the earth who have not ruled for him."

After this Renwick—as was usual with the martyrs when about to finish their course—sang, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed, in the midst of considerable interruption from the drums. He also managed to address the spectators. Among the sentences that reached the ears of Jean and Wallace were the following:

"I am come here this day to lay down my life for adhering to the truths of Christ. . . . I die as a Presbyterian Protestant. . . . I own the Word of God as the rule of faith and manners. . . . I leave my testimony against . . . all encroachments made on Christ's rights, who is the Prince of the kings of the earth."

The noise of the drums rendered his voice inaudible at this point, and the executioner, advancing, tied a napkin over his eyes. He was then ordered to go up the ladder. To a friend who stood by him he gave his last message. Among them were the words—

"Keep your ground, and the Lord will provide you teachers and ministers; and what

he comes he will make these despised truths glorious in the earth."

His last words were—"Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth."

Thus fell the last, as it turned out, of the martyrs of the Covenant, on the 17th of February, 1688. But it did not seem to Will Wallace that the storm of twenty-eight long years had almost blown over, as he glanced at the scowling brows and compressed lips of the upturned faces around him.

"Come—come away, Jean," he said quickly, as he felt the poor girl hang heavily on his arm, and observed the pallor of her face.

"Ay, let's gang hame," she said faintly.

As Will turned to go he encountered a face that was very familiar. The owner of it gazed at him inquiringly. It was that of his old comrade in arms, Glendinning. Stooping over his companion as if to address her, Wallace tried to conceal his face and pushed quickly through the crowd. Whether Glendinning had recognized him or not, he could not be sure, but from that day forward he became much more careful in his movements, went regularly to his work with Andrew Black before daylight, and did not venture to return each night till after dark. It was a weary and irksome state of things, but better—as Black sagaciously remarked—than being imprisoned on the Bass Rock or shut up in Dunnottar Castle. But the near presence of Jean Black had, no doubt, more to do with the resignation of our hero to his position than the fear of imprisonment.

As time passed, things in the political horizon looked blacker than ever. The King began to show himself more and more in his true colours—as one who had thoroughly made up his mind to rule as an absolute monarch and to reclaim the kingdom to Popery. Among other things he brought troops over from Ireland to enforce his will, some of his English troops having made it abundantly plain that they could not be counted on to obey the mandates of one who wished to arrogate to himself unlimited power, and showed an utter disregard of the rights of the people. Indeed, on all hands the King's friends began to forsake him, and even his own children fell away from him at last.

Rumours of these things, more or less vague, had been reaching Edinburgh from time to time, causing uneasiness in the minds of some and hope in the hearts of others.

(To be continued.)

**APRON STRINGS.**

"I PROMISED my mother I would be at home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes; and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings; and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did. When they made fun of my mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time, when it was too late,—and now there were tears in the old eyes,—when I would have gladly been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagements with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future; for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's

lecture. They left the ball grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked with a deep-drawn sigh, "That old man has made me goose flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we both have got!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—Harper's Young People.

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

THE Rev. T. Albert Moore kindly forwards the following interesting letter sent him, showing what the Juniors can do:

"We organized a Junior League society in our village in February 9th, 1893. It has grown since then, but we have only got a membership of twenty-eight. Though we are small in number we trust we are doing something for the right. I want to tell you about a meeting we had on the tenth of June: The League Meeting Committee of the Senior League, in making out their list of leaders and subjects, put us down to lead a meeting about once every quarter, and on the above date we had for our subject, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' All the active members of our society were on the platform, and by the direction of the president and the two vice-presidents, we led the meeting. We had recitations, Scripture reading and songs on the subject; also prayers by the children. We had the church nicely decorated with flowers, evergreens, and mottoes. The people turned out well and we had a good time. I hope it did some good. Our president is a young girl, thirteen years old, and the two vice-presidents are girls about the same age. I am the secretary, and am a little boy, only nine years old. The treasurer is a little boy too, only nine. At the meeting the treasurer and myself took up the collection and got about \$1.25, with which we wish to buy a banner for our society. We would like to have you advise us what kind to get and how to get it. Some of the Juniors go occasionally to see a poor old couple who cannot get out to church and who need company and comforts. We have been doing something towards distributing Sunday-school papers among the children within our reach, who do not attend Sunday-school, hoping to interest them and perhaps get them to attend Sunday-school."

—PRUEY ABBOTT.

**A BAD FIRE.**

"JOE, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Sam; where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"

"The man played with fire and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"

"Yes; lot and all—all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No; it was not a very hot fire. Indeed it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and though it seemed to consume very slowly, it consumed about \$150 worth every year until it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cut him, he himself told me, \$12.00 a month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now the money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$20,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

It is the saloon that is the greatest obstacle to all public reforms.