

IONA, 1885.

BY THE MARQUIS DE LORNE.

The quiet slants within the west  
Have built white domes above the isles,  
And over the leagues of sea at rest  
The azure calm of summer smiles.

The shell-drake and the eider float  
In peace along each sandy bay;  
And softly, with the rock-dove's note,  
The caverns greet the warmth of day.

The purple beds of deep-seaweed  
Scare wave their fronds around the Ross;  
A silence blesses croft and mead,  
Each sculptured stone and knotted cross.

The lark may sing in sunlit air,  
And through the clover hum the bees;  
They yield the only sounds of care  
Where warred and toiled the pure Cuides.

And yonder grey, square, minister tower  
For Orisons in silence calls,  
To where, enshrined in turf and flower,  
Kings guard the ruined chapel walls.

Iona, "island of the wave,"  
Faith's ancient fort and armory,  
Tomb of the holy and the brave,  
Our sires' first pledge of Calvary.

Christ's mission soil, O sacred sand,  
That knew his first apostle's tread!  
O rocks of refuge, whence our land  
Was first, with living waters fed!

Mysteriously Columbia's time  
Fore-ord' a second deluge dark,  
When they who on thy hill may climb  
Shall find in thee their safety's ark.

Though hushed awhile, the hymns of praise  
Again shall rise, where fed the kine,  
Once more shall o'er thy grassy ways  
Religion's long procession shine!

Shall then each morn and evening late,  
Unfolded see the illumined scroll,  
While echoed o'er shore and strait  
The sea-like organ-surges roll!

O saint and prophet! doth thy word  
Foretell an earthly Church's reign,  
Firm as thine island rocks, unstrife,  
By tempests of the northern main!

Perchance! Thy wasted walls have seen  
The incense round the altars rise,  
When cloister, tower, and cell had been  
To pagan rage a sacrifice.

But if the old cathedral ne'er  
Again shall send such children forth,  
Like those who, with the arms of prayer,  
Were conquerors of the Pietish north;

Yet hath that vanguard set and cast  
Such light upon our age's tide,  
That o'er life's trackless ocean vast  
Secure we sail, or anchored, ride.

And pilgrims to his grave shall tell  
The prophet's meaning where he trod,  
And in Columbia's spirit dwell,  
Safe-isled, within the fear of God!

—Good Words.

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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## CHAPTER I.—THE BALLOON.

One day, fifteen years ago, there was a county fair in Langham. The grounds were full of people, even at six o'clock in the afternoon. But under the tent the gay bed-spreads, the oil-paintings, the hair flowers, and the wax-works were being taken down, while the farmers' wives were exchanging compliments, sample biscuit, and currant jelly. Outside the canvas the men were taking away the cattle—the great oxen with prize tickets on their horns, or sheep, or swine, or poultry. Everywhere there was bellowing, grunting, shouting, scolding, and some grumbling. This last was chiefly done by a noisy party who came to the fair, not to bring the grain, or cattle raised by their industry, but to stare at the two-headed calf never raised by anybody, to bet on horses, to steal water-melons, and to join at last the crowd that was elbowing around a man with a balloon, in which he was to go up when ready. This balloon, already inflated, was fastened by a rope to a well-driven stake, and floated a little way above the ground. Among the lookers-on, some who pretended to know declared that it was not a very good balloon, and must surely come to grief.

After a while the men drew down the car low enough to get into it, and cried out: "Does anybody wish to accompany us in our grand aerial flight?" He said "us," as sounding fine; but he immediately explained that he would take a light gentleman only.

In a moment there shot from the crowd a long-legged keen-eyed boy about fourteen years old, who nimbly stowed himself into the car, amid great laughter and shouts of "There goes Billy Knox!" "Good-night, Billy!" "Bring us down a star, Billy!" and like efforts of wit.

"Did you ever see a chap so ready and willing to risk his life for nothing?" asked somebody; and another man answered coolly, "Tain't no loss if he does break his neck; nobody owns him, and the world will be well rid of him."

Billy heard the heartless words, and turned to look at the speaker, while the owner of the machine arranged the ropes before getting into the car.

Suddenly, like a bubble from a pipe-bowl, up rose the balloon, Billy in and the man out! The crowd gave a gasp of surprise, the man stared stupidly, and then, just too late, leaped up like an acrobat, and clutched—only air! Billy, moving slowly up as if like a statue; but loud and clear came down from the car a cry, not of terror, almost one of triumph.

"He'll be killed, sure," said the former speaker, euphatically; and his companion echoed, "Don't seem to care a bit about it either, just as you said."

Some of the people thought it a trick of the owner of the balloon, but his frantic denial and his evident distress at the loss of his property proved it to have been a mishap. Meanwhile the news flew like the wind over the field, and in a moment hundreds of faces were upturned toward the vanishing balloon. Everybody hoped the boy would not meet a dreadful death, though a goodly number said it might better be Billy than any one else; and all alike watched, not sorry, if such a thing must happen, that they were there to see it.

Up, up, went the car, and "nobody's business" was rising far above the earth. The sun's light smote his red hair, and made it glitter like gold. But Billy was soon too far away for the crowd to jeer at him, even if the roughest could have done so while the boy was in such terrible peril.

Billy looked down once and shouted. Then he began to wish that his conveyance would travel sideways, instead of rising so steadily.

It occurred to him at last that if the man who owned the balloon were in the car, he would probably turn some "stop-cock," or other, and let himself down. However, Billy was not sure that he wanted to go down, even if he could.

As he rose higher and higher, the people on the ground below him began to look like small things crawling, and the great white tent almost like a cardboard house. He questioned whether or not he should meddle with any mysterious part of the balloon. He remembered, not unpleasantly, having heard some one early in the day say it would certainly collapse of itself. If collapse meant to come down, to meddle with it might be to turn on steam and send him beyond the sun and moon, where he had no desire to go. He sailed across a forest, over a river, lost sight of the fair ground, and then began to come nearer earth, slowly nearer, then faster, the car rocking in a way that threatened to dump him out.

"We are surely 'collapsing,'" thought Billy. He grew a little dizzy, the earth seemed coming to meet him, and all the houses, barns and hay-stacks were inflated, in their turn, and getting bigger. At last a gnarled old tree that had been charging straight on the balloon, ran into it, upset, tore it, and after entangling Billy in ropes and branches, tearing his clothes, scratching his hands, and switching him like an old-time school-marm, let him fall roughly down to earth. He was glad to lie quiet, thinking first of the torn balloon, then of himself.

While he was thinking, the words that he had heard that afternoon as he entered the car came back to him: "Nobody owns him, and the world will be well rid of him."

Heretofore he had been proud of the fact that nobody owned him. He had never thought of himself as a nuisance to the community. Billy had not much sentiment, but to-night his heart ached as well as his limbs. He had thought of all his past life

as intently as a boy could think. He had begun to take care of himself when he was only eight years old. He dimly remembered his poor mother as always enveloped in the steam from hot soap-suds, a practical kind of a halo, the result of her efforts to feed him with honestly earned bread. She died and left him to the care of a drunken father, who two years later followed her to the grave.

The town gave Billy a home in the poor-house, but he stayed there only three days. At the end of it he resolved to start out into the world and earn his own bread. He ran away to the nearest city, where he blacked boots, sold papers, learned a certain amount of evil in the streets, and some good in a night school. Finely he tired of city life, and started for California; but after getting ten miles on the way, his money gave out, and his courage too. He found himself in the town of Langham, and there he stayed, doing odd jobs when he could get them, and at other times amusing himself as best he could.

There never was a fire that Billy was not close behind the hose-cart, or a circus that he did not ride the kicking donkey, or a county fair where he was not present looking out for anything in the way of fun that offered. His last undertaking was going up in a balloon. Now here he was, down again, and the question was, what should he do next?

A boy in a book would have decided to become a judge, or a merchant, or an artist; but Billy had another ambition. He desired to become a negro minstrel. He knew one, a man who wore fine clothes and had plenty of money. He earned it by being funny—oh, so extremely funny.

While Billy was considering the matter, he heard a voice, and looking up saw a man following a cow. Naturally enough, the balloon attracted the man's attention, and he came near enough to discover the boy.

A conversation followed, in which the whole story was told.

"Well," said Billy's new friend, who proved to be a tailor in a very small way of business, "how do you feel now?"

"Lonesome, and sort of empty."

"Do you mean hungry?"

"Perhaps that's it," said Billy.

"Then you may come home with me to-night," said the man, "and after supper I'll see if the balloon is spoiled."

"It is only collapsed," said Bill, very pompously; but when, on getting up to walk, he found his clothing reduced to about half what he had before, he assumed a meeker tone, and followed his new friend thankfully. The cow going first, turned down a lane bordered with sunflowers, and stopped before the door of a wee red house. A moment after, a small figure with a tin pail came out of the house, and sat down to milk the cow.

"This is my son Ben," said the host.

At first Billy had taken the child for a girl, for the little boy's checked apron came down to his copper-toed shoes, and he wore a green sun-bonnet, under which Billy saw soft white hair, and a very sweet face. They entered a kitchen, small, bare, but very clean, where a table was spread with blue-dishes, brown bread, baked apples, and cold pork. In the chimney-corner sat a little old woman, who sang as she rocked. She was very deaf, but she smiled on Billy, on the tailor, and on her little grandson. She would have smiled on anybody, as to that. But a grandmother's kind face being new to Billy, he thought it beautiful. He found the supper exceedingly good, if not very abundant, and he was interested in watching Ben. The child soberly washed the dishes, and neatly swept up the crumbs, saying very little. The reason for his silence was after a while apparent to Billy: little Ben stuttered.

After supper, the room being warm, and Billy being tired, he dozed in a corner of the old lounge. When he slept the tailor went to see about the balloon, and stopped a long time.

Later in the evening Billy was awakened by a voice. Ben was reading to his grandmother. She had her cap off, and her hair was as white as snow. She was warming her feet over the last coals, while Ben held a candle in one hand, and bent over an old book.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him," read the boy, in his awkward, stuttering tones. "I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life I will satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Billy did not catch the last word, for he asked scarcely pronounce it, but he asked, abruptly, "Who will do it?"

The old grandmother heard the boy's voice, and answered: "God will do it all for those who love Him."

"Folks like you, old and good, I suppose," added Billy, as she tottered away to bed.

Once she would have stopped to teach him some holy lesson, but now she had great in her feelingness so close to the door of heaven that she was forgetful of all darkness that might be behind her for younger travellers. Billy fell asleep again, then waked up blinking. The outer door was open, and Ben was pulling, bracing, and otherwise guiding his father into the house.

When the tailor was safely dumped into a wooden chair, he began to jabber about the "b'loon, you know—scientif—experiment. If I got a chance—like to own b'loon myself—always so scientific."

"Humph! that's it, is it?" said Billy, stretching out again for the night. He had seen too much of life to be either shocked or surprised. Doubtless Ben could get his drunken father to bed alone; and the child did indeed do it, as he often had done it before.

CHAPTER II.  
THE MINSTREL TROUPE.

It was a spring evening, so very fair that even Billy Knox had taste enough to be pleased with the robins, the hedges, and the May blossoms. He was halting on his way home, under the tree into which he had fallen eight months before. The balloon was not there; its owner had it back long ago.

That Billy had a home is to be accounted for in this way: The evening after Peter the tailor took him in to supper, he remained overnight, and after breakfast he went out and milked the cow. He walked to the woods and chopped fuel enough for a week. Then he stayed to dinner. During the afternoon he found three cents in what was left of his trousers pocket, and he put that at once into the family treasury. In the days that followed he haunted the next town, a larger one than Langham. Whenever he earned anything he returned with it to the red house with the sunflowers, where, without any talk about it, he came at last to consider himself at home. He brought in as much as he ate. He amused little Ben, and made his life much more exciting. Peter did not care how long he stayed, so that he paid his way.

On this particular evening Billy seemed in the highest spirits. He leaped up joyously and hung from the branches of the tree.

He was prancing about like a colt, when down the lane came a man, but not Peter. This time it was Squire Ellery, who owned the house in which Peter lived. He was a hard-working, quiet-appearing farmer, respected by everybody.

"I ain't going to do it," exclaimed the boy, hastily.

"What are you going to do instead?" asked the man. "Are you going to grow up a loafer and turn out a tramp?"

"No; I have got something prime on hand that suits me exactly."

"What is it?"

"Well," began Billy, "you know the Annerly Minstrel Troupe, don't you?"

"Yes, I know of them."

"They stay in town all winter, but summers they go travelling around the country. I have been helping them for nothing lately—odd jobs off and on—and they like me. Once, when the 'end-man' was sick, I took his place at the last minute, and I made so much fun that the manager said he would take me along this summer and make a crack performer of me. He will give me some clothes, and when I get valuable to him he will pay me well. Ain't that something like it?"

"Yes, Billy Knox, it is something like—something like a monkey, more like a fool—for you to snout your face, to tell silly jokes, to grin and giggle and dress up in petticoats at night, that you may learn to swear and drink and gamble by day. That is what it is like, exactly."

The farmer laid his hand on the boy's red head, but his voice was soft as he said kindly: "Take more time to think it all over, Billy. Remember, I promise to feed, clothe, and send you to school winters, and when you get valuable to me I will also pay you wages. Your work will be hoeing corn and potatoes instead of braying like a donkey or thumping on a banjo; but you will respect yourself a good deal more. It will