

Eating and Earning.

BY ERN E. REXFORD.

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, it seems 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 s'pose 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
"You 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 grow,
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 earn a share in life's good things,
Just do your share of work.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY E. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

WILL WALLACE himself, seeing that the day was lost and further resistance useless, and having been separated from his friends in the general mêlée, sought refuge in a clump of alders on the banks of the river. Another fugitive made for the same spot about the same time. He was an old man, yet vigorous, and ran well; but the soldiers who pursued soon came up and knocked him down. Having already received several dangerous wounds in the head, the old man seemed to feel that he had reached the end of his career on earth, and calmly prepared for death. But the end had not yet come. Even among the blood-stained troops of the King there were men whose hearts were not made of flint, and who, doubtless, disapproved of the cruel work in which it was their duty to take part. Instead of giving the old man the coup de grâce, one of the soldiers asked his name.

"Donald Cargill," answered the wounded man.

"That name sounds familiar," said the soldier. "Are not you a minister?"

"Yes, I have the honour to be one of the Lord's servants."

Upon hearing this the soldiers let him go, and bade him get off the field as fast as possible.

Cargill was not slow to obey, and soon reached the alders, where he fell almost fainting to the ground. Here he was discovered by Wallace, and recognised as the old man whom he had met in Andrew Black's hidy-hole. The poor man could scarcely walk; but with the assistance of his stout young friend, who carefully dressed his wounds, he managed to escape. Wallace himself was not so fortunate. After leaving Cargill in a place of comparative safety, he had not the heart to think only of his own escape while uncertain of the fate of his friends. He was aware, indeed, of his uncle's death, but knew nothing about Andrew Black, Quentin Dick, or Ramin' Peter. When, therefore, night had put an end to the fiendish work, he returned cautiously to search the field of battle; but, while endeavouring to clamber over a wall, was suddenly pounced upon by half a dozen soldiers and made prisoner.

At an earlier part of the evening he would certainly have been murdered on the spot, but by that time the royalists were probably tired of indiscriminate slaughter, for they merely bound his arms and led him to a spot where those Covenanters who had been taken prisoners were guarded.

The guarding was of the strangest and cruellest. The prisoners were made to lie flat down on the ground—many of them having been previously stripped nearly naked; and if any of them ventured to change their positions, or raise their heads to implore a draught of water, they were instantly shot.

Next day the survivors were tied together in couples and driven off the ground like a herd of cattle. Will Wallace stood awaiting his turn, and watching the first band of prisoners march off. Suddenly he observed Andrew Black coupled to Quentin Dick. They passed close to him. As they did so their eyes met.

"Josh, man, is that you?" exclaimed Black, a gleam of joy lighting up his sombre visage. "Eh, but I am gled to see that yer still leavin'!"

"Not more glad than I to see that you're not dead," responded Will quickly. "Where's Peter and Bruce?"

A stern command to keep silence and move on drowned the answer, and in another minute Wallace, with an unknown comrade-in-arms, had joined the procession.

Thus they were led—or rather driven—with every species of cruel indignity, to Edinburgh; but the jails there were already full; there was no place in which to stow such noxious animals! Had Charles II. been there, according to his own statement, he would have had no difficulty in dealing with them; but had as the Council was, it was not quite so brutal, it would seem, as the King.

"Put them in the Greyfriars Churchyard," was the order—and to that celebrated spot they were marched.

Seated at her back window in Candlemaker Row, Mrs. Black observed, with some surprise and curiosity, the sad procession wending its way among the tombs and round the church. The news of the fight at Bothwell Bridge had only just reached the city, and she knew nothing of the details. Mrs. Wallace and Jean Black were seated beside her knitting.

"Wha'll they be, noo?" soliloquised Mrs. Black.

"Maybe prisoners taken at Bothwell Brig," suggested Mrs. Wallace.

Jean started, dropped her knitting, and said in a low, anxious voice, as she gazed earnestly at the procession, "If—if it's them, uncle Andrew an'—an'—the others may be among them!"

The procession was not more than a hundred yards distant—near enough for sharp, loving eyes to distinguish friends.

"I see them!" cried Jean eagerly.

Next moment she had leaped over the window, which was not much over six feet from the ground. She doubled round a tombstone, and, running towards the prisoners, got near enough to see the head of the procession pass through a large iron gate at the south-west corner of the churchyard, and to see clearly that her uncle and Quentin Dick were there—tied together. Here a soldier stopped her. As she turned to entreat permission to pass she encountered the anxious gaze of Will Wallace as he passed. There was time for the glance of recognition, that was all. A few minutes more and the long procession had passed into what afterwards proved to be one of the most terrible prisons of which we have any record in history.

Jean Black was thrust out of the churchyard along with a crowd of others, who had

entered by the front gate. Filled with dismay and anxious forebodings, she returned to her temporary home in the Row.

CHAPTER IX.—AMONG THE TOMBS.

THE enclosure at the south-western corner of Greyfriars Churchyard, which had been chosen as the prison of the men who were spared after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, was a small narrow space enclosed by very high walls, and guarded by a strong iron gate—the same gate, probably, which still hangs there at the present day.

There, among the tombs, without any covering to shelter them from the wind and rain, without bedding or sufficient food, with the dank grass for their couches and graves for pillows, did most of these unfortunates—from twelve to fifteen hundred—live during the succeeding five months. They were rigorously guarded night and day by sentinels who were held answerable with their lives for the safe keeping of the prisoners. During the daytime they stood or moved about uneasily. At nights if any of them ventured to rise the sentinels had orders to fire upon them. If they had been dogs they could not have been treated worse. Being men, their sufferings were terrible—inconceivable. Ere long many a poor fellow found a death-bed among the graves of that gloomy enclosure. To add to their misery, friends were seldom permitted to visit them, and those who did obtain leave were chiefly females, who were exposed to the insults of the guards.

A week or so after their being shut up here, Andrew Black stood one afternoon leaning against the headstone of a grave on which Quentin Dick and Will Wallace were seated. It had been raining, and the grass and their garments were very wet. A leaden sky overhead seemed to have deepened their despair, for they remained silent for an unusually long time.

"This is awfu'!" said Black at last with a deep sigh. "If there was any chance o' makin' a dash an' fechtin' to the end, I wad tak' comfort; but to be left here to sterve an' rot, nicht an' day, wi' naethin' to do an' maist naethin' to think on—it's awfu'!"

As the honest man could not get no further than this idea—and the idea itself was a mere truism—no response was drawn from his companions, who sat with clenched fists, staring vacantly before them. Probably the first stage of incipient madness had set in with all of them.

"Did Jean give you any hope yesterday?" asked Wallace languidly; for he had asked the same question every day since the poor girl had been permitted to hold a brief conversation with her uncle at the iron gate, towards which only one prisoner at a time was allowed to approach. The answer had always been the same.

"Na, na. She bids me hope, indeed, in the Lord—an' she's right there; but as for man, what can we hope frae him?"

"Ye may weel ask that!" exclaimed Quentin Dick, with sudden and bitter emphasis. "Man indeed! It's my opinion that man, when left to hissel', is nae better than the deevil. I' faith, I think he's waur, for he's mair contemptible."

"Ye may be right, Quentin, for a' I ken; but some men are no' left to theirsels. There's that pur young chiel Anderson, that was shot i' the lungs an' has scarce been able the last day or twa to crawl to the yett to see his auld mither—he's deeing this afternoon. I went ower to the tombstone that keeps the east wund aff him, an' he said to me, 'Andry, man,' said he, 'I'll no' be able to crawl to see my mither the day. I'll vaur likely be deid before she comes. Wull ye tell her no' to greet for me, for I'm restin' on the Lord Jesus, an' I'll be a free man afore night, singing the praises o' redeeming love, and waitin' for her to come?'"

Quentin had covered his face with his hands while Black spoke, and a low groan escaped him; for the youth Anderson had made a deep impression on the three friends during the week they had suffered together. Wallace, without replying, went straight over to the tomb where Anderson lay. He was followed by the other two. On reaching the spot they observed that he lay on his back, with closed eyes and a smile resting on his young face.

"He sleeps," said Wallace softly.

"Ay, he sleeps weel," said Black, shaking his head slowly. "I ken the look o' that sleep. An' yonder's his pur mither at the yett. Bide by him, Quentin, while I gang an' brek it to her."

It chanced that Mrs. Anderson and Jean came to the gate at the same moment. On hearing that her son was dead the poor woman uttered a low wail, and would have fallen if Jean had not caught her and let her gently down on one of the graves. Jean was, as we have said, singularly sympathetic. She had overheard what her uncle had said, and forth with sat down beside the bereaved woman,

draw her head down on her breast and tried to comfort her, as she had formerly tried to comfort old Mrs. Mitchell. Even the guards were softened for a few minutes; but soon they grew impatient, and ordered them both to leave.

"Bide a wee," said Jean, "I maun hae a word wi' my uncle."

She rose as she spoke, and turned to the gate.

"Weel, what luck?" asked Black, grasping both her hands through the bars.

"No luck, uncle," answered Jean, whimpering a little in spite of her efforts to keep up. "As we ken naeboddy o' note here that could help us, I just ran straight to the Parliament Hoose an' saw Lauderdale himsel', but he woulna listen to me. An' what could I say? I couldna tell him a lee, ye ken, an' say ye hadna been to conventicles or sheltered the rebels, as they ca' us. But I said I was sure ye were sorry for what ye had done, an' that ye would never do it again, if they would only let you off—"

"Oh, Jean, Jean, ye're a gowk, for that was twa lees ye tell him!" interrupted Black, with a short, sarcastic laugh; "for I'm no' a bit sorry for what I've done; an' I'll do't ower again if ever I git the chance. Ne'er heed, lass, ye've done your best. An' hoo's mither an' Mrs. Wallace?"

"They're baith weel; but awfu' caat doon about you, an'—an'—Wull and Quentin. An'—I had maist forgot—Peter has turned up safe an' sound. He says that—"

"Come, cut short your haverin'," said the sentinel who had been induced to favour Jean, partly because of her sweet, innocent face, and partly because of the money which Mrs. Black had given her to bribe him.

"Weel, tell Peter," said Black hurriedly. "to gang doon to the ferm an' see if he can find out onything about Marion Clerk an' Isabel Scott. I'm wae for the lassies. They're ower guid to let live in peace at a time like this. Tell him to tell them frae me to flee to the hills. Noo that the hidy-hole is gaen, there's no' a safe hoose in a' the laud, only the caves an' the peat-logs, and even they are but pur protection."

"Uncle dear, is not the Lord our hiding place until these calamities be overpast?" said Jean, while the tears that she could not suppress ran down her cheeks.

"Ye're right, bairn. God forgi' me want o' faith. Rin awa' noo. I see the sentry a getting wearied. The Lord bless ye."

The night chanced to be very dark. Rain fell in torrents, and wind in fitful gusts swept among the tombs, chilling the prisoners to the very bone. It is probable that the guards would, for their own comfort, have kept a slack look-out, had not their own lives depended a good deal on their fidelity. As it was, the vigil was not so strict as it might have been; and they found it impossible to see the whole of that long, narrow space of ground in so dark a night. About midnight the sentry fancied he saw three figures flitting across the yard. Putting his musket through the bars of the gate, he fired at one but could not see whether he had done execution, and so great was the noise of the wind and rain that the report of his piece was not audible more than a few paces from where he stood, except to leeward. Alarms were too frequent in those days to disturb people much. A few people, no doubt, heard the shot; listened, perchance, for a moment or two, and then turning in their warm beds, continued their repose. The guard turned out, but as all seemed quiet in the churchyard-prison when they peered through the iron bars, they turned in again, and the sentinel recharged his musket.

(To be continued.)

Seven Little Gypsies.

SEVEN little gypsies, wandering one by one: Some are full of sorrow, some are full of fun; Telling people's fortunes in the queerest way; Turning, oh, so slowly! black hair into gray; Taking something always, as they pass along; Never for a moment caring if it's wrong: And we cannot find it, what they steal away, For each little gypsy is a passing Day.

—She. "Do you think there is any reason why a young lady should not ride a bicycle as well as drive a horse." He: "Not at all. It is just as easy to dodge a bicycle as a carriage."

—"But, officer, we promised to meet a gentleman on this corner, and we should like to be permitted to stand here a little longer." "Can't listen to ye wae. We've got stric' orders to keep the corners clear, an' if yez want to meet yer friend here, ye'll have to go somewhere else."