

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## "BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,  
Current with men;  
Let it be heard, in excuse for our straying,  
Never again!

Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,  
Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,  
Ours is a name that should silence the jeerer,  
We will be men!

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander;  
Boys will be men!  
The spirit of Phillip in young Alexander,  
Kindled again!

As the years of our youth swiftly fly away,  
As brightens about us the light of life's day,  
At the glory of manhood dawns on us, we say;  
We will be men!

"Boys will be boys!" Yes! if boys may be pure,  
Models for men;  
If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,

Say it again!

If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—  
Boys full of sweet minded, light-hearted glee—  
Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free,  
Till they are men!

—Christian Union.

## Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEAD.)

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Miss Green pushed the rather dirty little fingers away, gave Ronald a shove, which sent him off her lap, and then sat perfectly still. Her chair was facing the window, and as she pushed Ronald away the spring blind flew up with a jerk. She had no need to rise from her chair, for all that was going on outside was plainly visible from where she sat.

She saw the grinning and delighted faces of the two great school boys; she noticed that Violet lurked behind, and that her face was convulsed with smothering laughter, and she saw staring at her, crackling and consuming away horribly, a burning caricature of herself.

The general likeness was unmistakable—the angular outline and the somewhat set expression of the face had been caught to perfection. Miss Green took in the whole terrible little picture with one long fixed stare of horror. For more than a minute she sat and gazed, feeling as if she must die under the cruel ridicule of the thing; then she turned slowly and met the full, sorrowful and compassionate gaze of the boy she had never even pretended to understand. She saw then something in his eyes, a beseeching look of dumb entreaty which smote on her more painfully than even the ordeal through which she had just passed.

"God forgive me, if I have been unjust to an orphan child," she said to herself.

Ronald met her gaze and held out his little hand.

"Come and sit on the sofa with your back to the window," he said. "Oh, I knew it would pain you dreadfully."

"You are right, Ronald, it has pained me," said Miss Green. She rose slowly and took a seat on the distant sofa. All the light of pleasant anticipation had died out of her face; she had been very cheerful at the thought of her promised visit.

"I have known those boys since they were babies," she said. "I have taught them and been good to them, and I would have done much for any one of their mother's children, for she has been my oldest and best friend. I have known you, Sir Ronald, for three months, and I will candidly confess to you that you

have never been a special favorite of mine, and I have never been particularly anxious to please you; I have always thought you a very queer boy. How is it, then, that you alone of all the children here wish to save me pain to-night?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," said Ronald; "it's because of father, you know."

"I confess I do not know, my dear."

"It was something father said," replied Ronald; "something he often said, and it's not likely I'd long forget a thing like that said by my own father. If you had heard him, Miss Green, and had seen the look on father's face, you'd remember it too, even if you had lived to be as old as Methuselah's wife."

"But what is it, my dear child?"

"He said it was very, very cowardly for a boy or a man to do anything to hurt a woman."

"And was that why you did not wish me to be hurt to-night, Ronald?"

"Yes, Miss Green; certainly that was the reason; for you know—I am sorry to say it, but it's really true—I don't love you."

Instead of pushing Ronald away, as was her wont, Miss Green now held out a very thin hand and drew the child towards her.

"Your father was a good man, and you are a very honest little boy," she said.

"Part of the time to-day," continued Ronald, "I did more than not love you; I hated you; I was out all alone in the dark and the cold, and I had broken my word, and you were the cause of it all, you and Aunt Eleanor, and I hated you both. I remembered then about the little fire figure, and do you know I was glad—I was, really; but afterwards I went in to the church, and I think God whispered to me, and father did not seem so far away; and after that, Miss Green; I could not do anything to grieve my father, could I? so that was why I came to you."

"But you don't hate me, now Ronald?" said Miss Green, drawing him a little nearer to her.

"Oh, no, indeed, I was very sorry when I saw you in such pain just now. I do wish you had let me keep my fingers up in your eyes, for you might not have recognized her when her face was burnt away."

"We won't talk on the subject any more," said Miss Green, with a little shudder; "for your sake, Ronald, I will forgive Walter and Guy and Violet; I will not pain their mother by telling her what I think of her children. For your sake I will never mention this subject to the Frere children. You have behaved like a gentleman, my boy, and I repeat again, that your dear father must have been a good man. I should like, however, to have one thing explained to me, my dear little child. Why were you so very selfish about Bob to-day?"

"Oh, don't you know?" said Ronald. "Oh, I forgot; it's a secret; it's a great and most important secret, and perhaps you had better not know, for you and Aunt Eleanor do not like them. I think it is such a pity that you do not like them, Miss Green," looking at her with great earnestness, "did you ever sleep under very thin blankets, and long and long for a thick pair, and say to yourself, 'When my sovereign comes I'll buy the thick blankets?' and had you ever a son, Miss Green?—oh, well, a brother will do—a poor starving brother, looking out for the post and saying to himself, 'Well, when the sovereign comes, half of it will be sent to me, and then I'll have just a jolly big meal! and, oh, I wonder, I wonder did you ever long very, very much, or your pie and your tobacco, and say—oh dear, but you don't smoke, so you can't understand about poor Peters.'"

"You have not at all explained to me why Bob could not take my luggage to Fairholm, Ronald," said the governess, but she said it gently.

"Oh, dear," continued Ronald, "how can I make it clear to you when it is such a secret; only you see Bob was going to do something

noble—dear little Bob—he was going to be turned into blankets, and postal orders, and tobacco—isn't it puzzling? But it's quite true. And the Kemps were waiting in broadcloth and a black bonnet, and the pawnbroker was waiting with a warm stable and a hot mash, and Uncle Ben knew all about it, and I had given my word of honor like a gentleman."

While Ronald was speaking Miss Green's face gradually brightened and cleared, until at last it looked quite pleasant.

"My dear," she said, "you are quite the strangest little boy I have ever come across. I begin to get a glimmering of your meaning; and if I am at all right, I shall endeavor to put things a little straight for you which through me went a little crooked to-day. You are a gentleman, Ronald; and I always respect gentlemen, however young they are. Now good night, my dear, and thank you for your kindness to a rather lonely and not too happy woman. I am going away in the morning, but when I come back at the end of a fortnight, we may be better friends than we were before. Good night, good night."

"Good night, Miss Green," replied Ronald, and he raised his sweet face to kiss hers; then he added, with a smile, "It is not at all difficult for me to love people, and perhaps I shall be loving you when next we are together."

## CHAPTER XXV.

A wonderful sight met Ronald's eyes when he opened them the next morning. The little table which always held father's picture and a copy of the New Testament, and which stood close to the wall of Ronald's bedside, had been pushed slightly out of its usual place. He noticed this, for his father's likeness, taken in a shooting costume and with a rifle in his hand, was now in such a position that the pleasant, smiling, handsome face seemed to look at the little fellow with a glad New Year's greeting. Ronald raised himself on his elbow and began to talk, as he often did, aloud to the picture.

"Good morning, father," he said, "a Happy New Year, father. There is no fear, is there, father, of you having any more sad new years; you have done with that, haven't you?—How I wish you could speak and wish me a Happy New Year; but perhaps you are wishing it to me.—I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you and mother were standing at the gates and saying, 'A Happy New Year, Ronnie, a Happy New Year!' and perhaps one of the angels has heard you, and brought down your message and whispered it to me, for I do feel wonderfully happy this morning. Oh, dear! oh, I say, what is that close to father's picture?"

Ronald stared with all his eyes, then he jumped out of bed and capered wildly up and down the room, then he shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" at the top of his voice, and so loudly that Violet came knocking at his room door, and demanding eagerly to know if she might come in, and what was the matter.

"No, you mayn't come in Violet," said Ronald, "for I'm jumping into my bath; but you may stand outside the door, if you like, and I'll scream to you. You won't hear what I am saying while I am splashing; but you will when I'm drying. There, now, I have had a splendid wash. Violet, what I've wanted has come; it's on my little table; it's all there—six big ones and one little one; the little one is on top, and they make a pile, and they shine. Am I speaking loud enough for you, Violet? The most wonderful, delightful, beautiful thing has happened, and I must shout, hip, hip, hurrah! again, and you may join me outside the door, if you like."

Violet obeyed, but when the noise of their united voices had ceased, and when Dorothy and another servant were seen running to inquire the cause of this din, Violet screamed through the keyhole to know what the little pile was, and in particular to inquire what the