

What I Live For.

BY J. LINNEUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes yet to find me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
Who suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The heroic of all ages,  
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,  
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine,  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine,  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
Fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season  
By gifted ones foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted,  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my coming, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER II.

A TRAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was a warm and quiet Sunday afternoon in June when the curious train of



circumstances which eventually led to a great change in my life was started by an unfortunate affair in which Joe Harter and Michael took the chief part.

Michael and I were at that time both turned sixteen years of age and much of the same height, though he was better shaped, and did not show the marks of the field labour as I did.

I was coming down from the big house where I had been to take a message, and in returning had to pass "The George," as the village inn was called in honour of the first of that name. Just before leaving the house, Mary, the maid, caught me by the arm.

"If you see Master Michael," said she, "tell him to come home. The master has been asking for him, and I am afraid he is with Harter again."

I nodded assent, and plodding along the heavy road soon came in sight of "The George." A number of farmhands were seated in front on benches. Among them I could see Harter, while on a table swinging his legs in the air sat Master Michael.

I went up to him, preparing to give him quietly my message, but as I did so, Harter, who divined what my purpose was and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in getting his pupil into trouble, sang out:

"Hallo, Methody, want to cut the par-

son and have a mug o' beer on a Sunday like the rest of us?"

There was a snicker from the other men, and Michael turned round.

"Mary says—" I began.

It was an unfortunate beginning.

Michael flushed.

"What have I got to do with Mary," he said with an oath, "or a hang-dog young Methody like yourself?"

"There's the right sort of young cockerel for you," shouted Harter, with a bigger oath—he rarely opened his mouth without one, and indeed in many ways was the biggest blackguard I ever met in the army or out of it. "See him fight. He's got the right stuff in him."

"Aye, that I have," said Michael. "I'll fight him or any other man my weight and age."

Prize-fighting was a fashionable amusement in those days, and even the youngsters were taught to use their fists for the amusement of older men, while many a one knew the language of the ring-side before he knew his catechism.

As Michael spoke he slid the table and began to take his coat on.

It was no easy position for me to be in. I was no coward, and in one or two of those little affrays that come the way of every boy I had not come off second best; but my training had been of the strictest, and, whether I would or no, I knew that a fight for the amusement of the crowd of ale-house loafers was no fit occupation for a Sunday afternoon.

The men saw the hesitancy in my face. "Your other bird is a bit shy," one said to Harter.

"Oh, they're a breed o' cowards," said Harter contemptuously. "It's lucky we haven't many of them in the army. Who ever saw a Methody fight? I could lick a crowd of 'em in spite of my game leg."

"I'll fight on Monday," I said, "but this day I will not fight. As for Michael, he's wanted in better company than he's in just now, and that's my message to him."

I turned on my heel and went my way, leaving Michael looking foolish, and not heeding the jeer of Harter or the clod that hit me in the middle of the back.

The next day I went to my shepherding as usual, and thought but little of my reception at "The George." It was evident that Michael had been drinking, though his father had many a time promised to thrash any man who gave the boy even as much as a drop out of his glass. I thought it likely he would have forgotten all about the incident next morning. But as it turned out I was wrong.

I was up in the higher pasture all that day, keeping an eye on a small flock of sheep which Erling had recently purchased with a view to improving his stock. They were of the short-legged, weighty variety, just then introduced by a few enterprising men who saw that there was value in mutton as well as wool, and Erling was both proud and careful of them. Every day I had to take them to the best pasture and bring them carefully back at night. He would take no chance of loss with animals of so much value.

The sun had dropped below the trees when I entered a narrow lane on the outskirts of the village, driving the sheep before me. At a bend in the road I came suddenly face to face with Michael. He was leaning against a bank, and whittling at the knob of a heavy stick which he had evidently chosen with some care from a number that lay at his feet. It looked as though he were lying in wait for me, and I wondered whether it was possible he could still feel any anger towards me on account of the affair at "The George."

He seemed to be expecting me, for when he caught sight of the sheep he sprang to his feet and barred the way.

Neither of us spoke for a moment.

"Let me pass with the sheep, Michael," I said at length, "and I will come back and talk with you after." I was hot with the memory of the insults I had received on the previous day, and none too sorry to have a chance to wipe them out, but just now the sheep were my first care.

Michael's face was flushed, and he tapped the road with the knob of the stick.

"Only a better man than I passes along this road," he said.

"Let the sheep go home, and I'll prove it," was the answer that came to my lips at once.

"So you think yourself a better man than I," said Michael, "and yesterday wouldn't dare show it?"

"Not on the Sabbath," I said.

"Would you dare it now?" he replied, twisting the heavy stick in his hand as if his fingers itched to use it.

I looked at Michael, and then at the sheep now crowding on either side of

me. The lane was narrow, and "seemed I could not pass without an encounter.

"You would not take your beating yesterday in your own way, you shall take it in mine to-day."

I now perceived what I had not noticed before, that Michael had evidently passed some of his time during the day in the company of Joe Harter at the ale-house, and the one-legged rascal had piled the boy with drink to such an extent that he scarce knew what he was saying.

Just as I was considering how I might best tackle him, there was a sound of pattering of feet behind him which made him turn round.

"Here comes Miss Spoil-sport," he said, with one of Harter's oaths; "now you shall have the stick whether you like it or not."

And with that he swung the club once round his head and hurled it with all his force at me.

Whether the drink had made his aim bad, or simply the weight of the stick was more than he could then control, it flew wide of its mark, and fell with an ugly crash across the head of one of the sheep.

I jumped forward in anger, but before I could touch him Ellen was by his side.

"Oh, Michael, Michael!" cried the little girl, panting, "see what you have done." And with that she ran to the spot where the club had struck, scattering the sheep with the exception of one which lay still, and, I feared, dead, on the road.

Michael appeared stunned for a moment by the mischief he had caused, and then turned and went sullenly in the direction of the village.

"It is dead! I'm sure it is dead!" sobbed the little girl. "What will father say when he hears this? I'm sure he will nearly kill Michael. It was only just now he heard again that he has been with Joe at 'The George,' and I came running down to find him and warn him to keep out of the way until father was less angry."

The distress of the little girl was so great that for a time I knew not what to say or do. The sheep was undoubtedly dead, and I knew only too well that it was one which Erling had recently bought. Here was undoubtedly a very serious matter for which I should have to answer in some way or other.

Just at present, however, I was too much distressed at the sight of the little girl kneeling in the muddy road by the side of the dead sheep, to think or care much else. I had one thought only, and that how I might best comfort her.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "your father need never know who did it."

She looked up at me with a smile in her tear-stained face. "Do you mean that you will not tell him that Michael did it?"

"Aye," I said, "I will not tell him."

She clapped her hands for very joy.

"Then you will say it was an accident."

"Nay, I cannot say that."

"You must not say you did it," she said, with a wondering and warning look. I now saw that I was thoroughly committed to one course only.

"I will tell no untruth about it," I said, "one way or the other. If your father asks me I shall tell him that I did not do it. If he asks me who did it I will not answer."

"You are sure you will not?" said the little girl. "Michael sometimes says he will not, but father takes his whip and makes him."

It was evident that she realized the seriousness of the word I had given, and I began to realize it too. But I would not go back, if only for fear of seeing the tears come again in that now grave and solemn little face.

So I again gave my word to the little girl, and this time she shook me by the hand, and said good-bye, and then ran away to the village, while I was left behind with my sheep, living and dead.

(To be continued.)

HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

A thousand years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the table-cloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the

fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-eater," and the lady of the house was the "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the rock marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately deep drinkers. The drinking-horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled.

Later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught.

Each guest was furnished with a spoon; while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut off or tore off a piece to suit himself. Baked meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the table-cloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown to the dog, but at a later date it was put into a basket and given to the poor.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt-cellar. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the centre of the long table, at which the whole household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests being at one end, and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank the gentlefolks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. In the house of the great noble dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians followed by the steward bearing the rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas 1254. This included "thirty-one oxen, one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty-six fowls, twenty-nine hares, fifty-nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty-six partridges, sixty-eight woodcock, thirty-nine plovers and three thousand eggs."

Many of our favourite dishes have descended to us from the Middle Ages. Macaroons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favourite winter breakfast, griddle-cakes, has come down to us from the far-away Britons of Wales, while boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.—S. S. Classmate.

WHAT A JUNIOR CAN DO.

BY REV. J. B. ALBROOK, D.D.

How the Holy Spirit may make use of a little nine-year-old Junior, who is thoroughly consecrated, was shown at R —, on my district. During a revival Hazel F — became greatly interested in two young men. One of them was her father's hired man. At first she prayed for them in secret. Then, with her mother's consent, she went and gave them a personal invitation when seekers were invited to the altar. This they treated so lightly that her mother advised her to let them alone in public. The next day she was observed in her room, at times on her knees, then reading her Bible, finally writing. "Iols was repeated many times. Often she was in tears. Evidently her soul was in travail. When her letter of appeal and Scripture references was finished, with her mother's permission, it was sent to one of the young men. In a few days he left town, apparently unmoved. With- ing a month, however, he wrote Hazel that he was happily converted and had united with the Baptist Church. He thanked her for the interest she had shown in his soul's welfare, declaring that she was the means of his conversion.

The prophecy is fulfilled. "And a little child shall lead them." Moral: If a Junior can lead a careless man to the Saviour, why may not a Senior with the same earnest effort save several? Oh, that a hunger for souls may possess our Lower-Class hosts!—Epworth Herald.