

WHERE DO YOU LIVE.

I knew a man, and his name was Horner, who used to live on Grumble Corner; Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town. And he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that; He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat; He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night; And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she began to grumble as well as he; And all the children, wherever they went, reflected their parents' discontent. If the sky was dark and betokened rain, Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain; And if there was not a cloud about, He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

One day, as I loitered along the street, My old acquaintance I chanced to meet, Who rose face was without the look of care, The ugly frown he used to wear, May be mistaken, perhaps," I said, As, after saluting, I turned my head, "But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner, Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day; and I met him again, In melting weather, in pouring rain, When stocks were up, and when stocks were down, But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.

I puzzled me much; and so, one day, I seized his hand in a friendly way, And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear, For it told of a conscience calm and clear, And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!" "Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner.

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner, And so I moved; 'twas a change complete; And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving street!"

-Ez.

COMPETITIVE WORKMEN.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Fritz, why do you bother your head with all that Latin?"

It was Mr. Wilson who asked the question. For several minutes he had been watching Fritz, who sat at the opposite side of the table with lexicon and grammar open before him, now and then drawing his forehead in knots as some passage puzzled him a little more than usual. Mr. Stuart had gone away from the Centre, having accepted a professorship in a Western collegiate school, and Fritz was studying alone, trying to go on with his Latin and Greek. He seemed to have become permanently established at the Wilsons. Not one ever seemed to think that he did not belong there, and he was considered quite as one of themselves. Ernest depended upon him and looked to him as an elder brother. At this question of Mr. Wilson's, he looked up from his work, seeming a trifle embarrassed, and said:

"One reason is because I am interested in it; another is, I may want to use it some day."

Mr. Wilson smiled, and he remarked, "Two very good reasons."

Presently Fritz put away his books and went to attend to some other duty. After he left the room, Ernest said:

"I think I know what Fritz is studying Latin for."

"Do you? What do you think it is for?"

"I think he means to be a minister," said Ernest.

"Ernest," said his mother, "I hope you are not betraying any confidence in saying that."

"O no! Fritz never told me so; I can say what I think, can't I, without betraying confidence? I can't tell why I think so, but I am most sure of it," said the boy.

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, "I do not know of any one who would be likely to do more good as a minister than Fritz."

"Papa, I wish you would adopt Fritz!" "He is a pretty large boy to adopt!" said Mr. Wilson, laughing, "though I must say it amounts to about the same thing. He lives here and is treated as one of us. Don't that satisfy you and him?"

"I don't know but he is satisfied," replied Ernest, "but I am not." Then, after a pause, "Papa, haven't you got a good deal of money?"

Mr. Wilson turned a surprised face towards his boy; what was the matter with the child?

"Why, yes, considerable; do you want some to spend?"

"No, sir; at least not at present. But I was thinking that if you were to adopt Fritz, you would of course educate your own boys, and that would give Fritz a chance to be a minister."

Mr. Wilson's only reply was a very tender smile, and Ernest said to himself, "There, papa didn't say he wouldn't do it; anyway, I've given him something to think of."

A little later he said:

"You see, papa, if only one of us could be educated, I think it should be Fritz, because he is older and stronger than I am. Perhaps I shall never be able to study very hard, and it would be nice to have one minister in the family."

It was perhaps a week later that Mr. Wilson said to Fritz one evening, as the latter sat poring over the Latin books:

"Fritz, how would you like to have more time for study?"

"Why, I have never allowed myself to think of such a possibility. But I suppose, sir, that I should like it very much."

"Well, I have been talking with Mr. Coles, and he has consented to take you as a pupil, for a few months at least, and if you choose you may take the mornings for study and recite to him twice a week."

"But the work, sir!" began Fritz; "if I do that we shall not be able to get on with the farm work."

"Never mind the work. I have hired Perkins for a year, so I reckon we shall pull up with the work."

Fritz's face was a study. Astonishment, incredulity and embarrassment were all blended in the look which met Mr. Wilson's smile, and the smile deepened into a hearty laugh. Then he said:

"I don't want to puzzle you, my boy; the fact is, I have been thinking of giving you a little better chance, if you will take it. You have been a faithful friend to this family, and a help to Ernest, and it is no more than right that I should do what I propose. We don't want to spare you to go away just yet, so if you will go over and see Mr. Coles and make your arrangements with him for a year's work, we will call it settled."

Fritz had risen, and now came round to where Mr. Wilson sat and tried to express his gratitude; but Mr. Wilson interrupted him by saying:

"There! there! boy, it's all right; never mind the rest."

Thus the matter rested. Mr. Coles, the pastor of the newly organized church, undertook to prepare Fritz for college, and the latter was more than ever like a son in the family of Mr. Wilson. When again the election of Sunday-school superintendent took place, Fritz was unanimously elected; thus in many ways he was preparing for his future life as a minister.

Mr. Stuart was greatly missed throughout the neighborhood. They missed him at Mr. Wilson's.

"I little thought," said that gentleman, "when I asked him in and Mary gave him a bowl of bread and milk that rainy November evening, that his stay would be lengthened out to nearly a year and a half, and that he would do such a wonderful work in this neighborhood, and that we should be so sorry to part with him."

They missed him in the literary society and in the temperance work, and in other homes besides that of his first friends at the Centre. Perhaps no one missed him more than Janet Fleming. And perhaps no one in the neighborhood had been helped by him more than this girl. A marvellous change had come over her; every one noticed it. I have spoken of the improvement observable during the first term of Mr. Stuart's teaching; then came the experiences of those long weary weeks of Bob's illness, afterwards the winter of teaching and pursuit of her studies in the evening class, all tending to her development in the direction of higher aims and better culture. The whole

current of her life was changed; sometimes she would say to herself, "Am I Janet Fleming, or somebody else?" One day she had written out an argument upon the question to come before the literary society for discussion.

Ernie Holmes said to her:

"Janet, did you think a year or so ago that you could do such things?"

"No, indeed. I never dreamed I could. You may laugh at me, but I will tell you how silly I was once. You remember that we all went to Milford to the exhibition at the academy. Well, do you know that I thought then that those girls who read essays that evening had reached the very pinnacle of glory! And I thought if I could do that, it would be happiness enough for a lifetime! I never dreamed that those academy girls were just common mortals."

Ernie laughed. "O, I knew all the time that they were flash and blood. But I didn't dream any more than you did that you had so much in you. I never expect to write essays or anything of that sort, but it is worth something to have found out what there is in books. I enjoy our books and magazines, and the newspapers are wonderfully interesting nowadays; and Jack, he never used to read anything but horrid novels, and now he reads all the time. I tell you, Janet, we hardly know ourselves, do we?"

"Ernie," said Janet, presently, "do you think Jack has taken up Mr. Stuart's ideas about the Bible and religion?"

"No; Jack was saying only the other day, what a pity that Mr. Stuart's grand character should lack just that."

"Yes, it is a great pity," said Janet, sadly. And later on Janet had occasion to say from an aching heart, "It is a pity!"

They were taking their last walk together, Mr. Stuart and Janet. The next day he was to leave. They were going home from the last of the evening classes, and he carried Janet's books, as he had often done of late. They were talking earnestly, and Janet said:

"No, Mr. Stuart, I cannot! Indeed I dare not!"

"But, Janet," remonstrated Mr. Stuart, "are you not over particular about some things? I think you are letting that come into this question which has no right there. It does not belong to it. You surely could trust to my honor, and here he drew himself up proudly, "never to influence you against your convictions, nor to oppose you in the following out of your ideas of right. A man cannot make himself believe a thing from which his reason revolts. But I should never interfere with your beliefs. You know that since I have been here I have never stood in the way of the church people. They have helped me often in what I have tried to do, and I have always done what I could to further their plans, have I not?"

"Yes, in one way. You have always been ready to do anything to make this neighborhood outwardly more respectable, and you have done wonders, Mr. Stuart; you have helped us all. I want to thank you for the help you have been to me; and you must not think me ungrateful because I cannot consent to become your wife. You have done me an honor for which I thank you, but I must not consent. As I said, you have done much for us all, but it seems to me that you do it to make things better, because you have a naturally refined taste. You want to elevate people intellectually and morally, principally because it is more comfortable for you to have a different sort of people about you; but you leave out the spiritual side of the development; you ignore the spiritual life."

"Why, no! you are mistaken. I make a great deal of that."

"Perhaps a sense; but not of real spiritual truth. You set up a sort of high intellectual and moral development, something that enters the realm of what you call esthetics, and call it spiritual life. But the life that is hid with Christ, the life that is of the Holy Spirit, you ignore."

"You have never refused me your companionship as a friend, and if I admit that your idea of my beliefs is true, why should that come between us? You admit that you care for me; why should we not enter into a closer union than that of friendship?"

"We could not; there would be no union. Though we were to bind ourselves by solemn pledges, how could there be union of life or harmony of thought where the source of action is so opposite? You profess not to

believe in the divinity of my Saviour; you do not acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible, you deny the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, you disbelieve in the potency of prayer, you even doubt if there is a future life for the soul!"

He interrupted: "How do you know so much of my beliefs and disbeliefs?"

"I am only quoting from your own words; I have heard you make every one of these statements at one time or another."

"You must have studied me carefully!" he said, somewhat bitterly.

Her cheeks flushed, but she said quietly: "Yes, you were my teacher, and my model, until I found Jesus, and made him my pattern."

"Then, you will not promise?"

"I can only say what I have said before, 'I cannot!' So long as you slight my best friend, I cannot give you the next place."

"But Janet, you would not have me act the part of a hypocrite, and pretend I am interested in you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Stuart! But I would have you do just this. I would have you go over the ground once more carefully and prayerfully, with much study of the Bible."

"Why should I pray, when, as you say, I do not believe in prayer?"

"Mr. Stuart, it is an impossibility that you may be mistaken!"

"I do not claim to be infallible, but I do not think it probable that I have adopted false views."

"Still, you may be mistaken!"

"Why, of course, I may be; but—"

"Never mind the but now," she interrupted. "Now, if you were perfectly sure you had made a mistake, you could see the use in asking God to show you the right, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so; but—"

"Wait—now go to him with the degree of faith which corresponds with the possibility of a mistake which you admit; even such a faith as a grain of mustard seed, he will honor."

Mr. Stuart shook his head.

"You do not want God to show you the truth," she said.

He turned upon her half angrily, and she continued, quietly:

"It is so. You once said you were sufficient for yourself; and all I have to say is, I hope you will not let your conceit shipwreck you. Mr. Stuart, forgive me if I have said anything to wound you; it is not easy to say no, and you must not go away angry."

"Angry! no, little girl! I shall not be angry. And now, good-by; I shall never forget my little Janet!" And he stopped and touched his lips lightly to her cheek, and turned away from the gate to which they had come, in the course of their talk.

Ah! Janet Fleming missed Philip Stuart as did no one else, and thought of him always with a sharp pain tugging at her heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

Flavius St. John passed a brilliant examination and entered college with bright prospects. Prepossessing in person, easy in manner, dressing with taste, and with a good student, what could a young man need further to make him popular? To these qualifications I might add unquestionable morals. Bob Fleming was his schoolmate and constant companion. It had been thought at home that on various accounts they should room together. Once Mr. Fleming had expressed a little doubt on the subject, and asked Bob if he dared place himself under the influence of one holding such infidel views as Flavius was known to have adopted; to which Bob replied:

"I have not had chosen it, but it may be that some good will come out of it. I cannot believe that I could ever come to think as he does. You see, father, my experience has proved to me the falsity of his notions."

And so they began life together. How were they fortified for the conflict; how would they overcome difficulties, how meet temptation, how with their difference of views arrange their daily life together? The first few days at college settled several of these questions; indeed, the first evening settled one at least. It was late when they reached their room, and both were weary with the journey and various matters attendant upon getting settled.

"Now for rest!" said Flavius, making hurried preparations for retiring. But Bob, or Robert, as I suppose I should call him