

Don't You See?

BY JOHN M. MORSE.

The boy who on the corner stands,
With open mouth and listless air,
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care;
Who idly dreams—who rarely works—
Who needless tasks of duty shirks;
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For game of chance, or bat and ball,
For gun and dog, or rod and hook,
Or for a dance—for one or all—
Will find he's made a great mistake.
In games the place of knowledge take?
When on the top round he would be
He'll find he's lacking—don't you see?

The boy who smokes a cigarette,
Or drinks with friends a social glass,
Is forming habits to regret
Whose ills all other ills surpass.
Though solid rock is near at hand,
That boy is building on the sand;
With scolding mates and boisterous glee
His course is downward—don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
With idle hands and dreamy look;
Who, by her actions, says she hates
The household work of maid or cook;
Who lets her mother work away
While she indulges in a play;
Howe'er refined that girl may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The girl whose recitations show
No earnest work, no careful thought;
Who fails in what she ought to know
When skilful test of work is brought;
That girl will fail to win the prize—
Will fail, while earnest workers rise—
A grand success she'll never be,
There's too much lacking—don't you see?

When one would build a house to stand,
He builds upon the solid rock.
He takes the best at his command;
He piles the granite, block on block.
No soft shale rock shall have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tested rock shall polished be,
For lasting structure—don't you see?

Build thou for time—on solid rock.
Give thought and care; build broad and deep.
Then tempest wild, with rudest shock,
Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.
With knowledge gained, and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command.
From all their power thou shalt be free;
Thy pow'r the greater—don't you see?
—Boston Courier.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY E. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"A dragon and a spy!" thought Andrew, while he raised his cudgel, the only weapon he carried, and frowned. But Andrew was a merciful man, and would not bring himself to strike a sleeping man, though waking him might entail a doubtful conflict, for he saw that the trooper's hand grasped the hilt of his naked sword. For a few moments he surveyed the sleeper, as if calculating his chances, then he quietly dropped his plaid, took off his coat, and untying his neckcloth, laid it carefully on one side over a bush. Having made these preparations, he knelt beside Will Wallace—for it was he—and grasped him firmly by the throat with both hands.

As might have been expected, the young trooper attempted to spring up, and tried to use his weapon; but finding this to be impossible at such close quarters, he dropped it, and grappled the farmer with all his might; but Andrew, holding on to him like a vice, placed his knee upon his chest and held him firmly down.

"It's o' nae manner o' use to strive, ye see," said Andrew relaxing his grip a little; "I've gotten ye, an' if ye like to do my biddin' I'll no be hard on ye."

"If you will let me rise and stand before me in fair fight, I'll do your business if not your bidding," returned Wallace, in a tone of what may be termed sulkiness.

"Div ye think it's likely I'll stand before you in fair fecht, as ye ca'd—you wi' a sword, and me wi' a bit stick, my lad? Na, na, ye'll hae to submit, little though you like it."

"Give the stick, then, and take you the sword, I shall be content," said the indignant

trooper, making another violent but unsuccessful effort to free himself.

"It's a fair offer," said Andrew, when he had subdued the poor youth a second time, "an' reflect's favourably on yer courage, but I'm a man o' peace, an' have no thirst for bloodshed—whilk is more than ye can say, young man, but if ye'll let tie yer hands thegither, an' gang peaceably hame wi' me, I'so promise that nae mischief'll befa' ye."

No man shall ever tie my hands together as long as there is life in my body," replied the youth.

"Stop, stop, callant!" exclaimed Andrew, as Will was about to renew the struggle. "The pride of youth is awfu'! Hear what I've got to say to ye, man, or I'll hae to throtle ye outright. It'll come to the same thing if ye'll allow me to tie ano' o' my hands to ano' o' yours. Ye canna object to that, surely, for I'll be your prisoner as muckle as as ye'll be mine—and that'll be fair play, for we'll leave the sword lyin' on the brae to keep the bit stick company."

"Well, I'll agree to that," said Wallace, in a tone that indicated surprise with a dash of amusement.

"An' ye promise no' to try to get away when ye're tied to—when I'm tied to you?" "I promise."

Hereupon the farmer, reaching out his hand, picked up the black silk neckcloth which he had laid aside, and with it firmly bound his own left wrist to the right wrist of his captive, talking in a grave, subdued tone as he did so.

"Nae doot the promise o' a spy is hardly to be lippened to, but if I find that ye're a dishonourable man, ye'll find that I'm an uncomfortable prisoner to be tied to. Noo, git up, lad, an' we'll gang hame thegither."

On rising, the first thing the trooper did was to turn and take a steady look at the man who had captured him in this singular manner.

"Weel, what d'ye think o' me?" asked Andrew, with what may be termed a grave smile.

"If you want to know my true opinion," returned Wallace, "I should say that I would not have thought, from the look of you, that you could have taken a mean advantage of a sleeping foe."

"Ay—an' I would not have thought, from the look o' you," retorted Andrew, "that ye could hae sell't yourself to gan skulkin' about the hills as a spy upon the puir craters that are only seekin' to worship their Maker in peace."

Without further remark Andrew Black, leaving his coat and plaid to keep company with the sword and stick, led his prisoner down the hill.

Andrew's cottage occupied a slight hollow on the hill-side, which concealed it from every point of the compass save the high ground above it. Leading the trooper up to the door, he tapped gently, and was promptly admitted by someone whom Wallace could not discern, as the interior was dark.

"Oh, Uncle Andrew! I'm glad ye've come, for Peter hasna come back yet, an' I'm feared somethin' has come ower him."

"Strike a light, lassie. I've gotten haud o' a spy here, an' canna weel do't myself."

When a light was procured and held up, it revealed the pretty face of Jean Black, which underwent a wondrous change when she beheld the face of the prisoner.

"Uncle Andrew!" she exclaimed, "this is nae spy. He's the man that cam' to the help o' Aggie an' me against the dragoon."

"Is that sae?" said Black, turning a look of surprise on his prisoner.

"It is true, indeed, that I had the good fortune to protect Jean and her friend from an insolent comrade," answered Wallace; "and it is also true that that act has been partly the cause of my deserting to the hills, being starved for a day and a night, and taken prisoner now as a spy."

"Sir," said Andrew, hastily untying the kerchief that bound them together, "I humbly ask your pardon. Moreover, it's my opinion that if ye hadna been starvin' ye wadna have been here 'e noo, for ye're uncommon teuch. Rin, lassie, an' fetch some bread an' cheese. Whar's Marion an' Is'b'l'?"

"They went out to seek for Peter?" said Jean, as she hastened to obey her uncle's mandate.

At that moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the voice of Marion, one of the maid-servants, was heard outside. On the door being opened, she and her companion, Isabel, burst in with excited looks and the information, pantingly given, that the "sodgers were comin'."

"Haud yer noise, lassie, an' licht the fire—pit on the parritch pat. Come, Peter, let's hear a' about it."

Ramblin' Peter, who had been thus named because of his inveterate tendency to range over the neighbouring hills was a quiet, undersized, said-to-be weak-minded boy of

sixteen years, though he looked little more than fourteen. No excitement whatever ruffled his placid countenance as he gave his report—to the effect that a party of dragoons had been seen by him not half an hour before, searching evidently for his master's cottage.

"They'll soon find it," said the farmer, turning quickly to his domestics,—"Awy wi' ye, lassie, and hide."

The two servant girls, with Jean and her cousin Aggie Wilson, ran at once into the inner room and shut the door. Ramblin' Peter sat stolidly down beside the fire and calmly stirred the porridge-pot, which was nearly full of the substantial Scottish fare.

"Noo, sir," said Black, turning to Will Wallace, who had stood quietly watching the various actors in the scene just described, "yer comrades'll be here in a wee while. May I ask what ye expect?"

"I expect to be imprisoned at the least, more probably shot."

"Hm! pleasant expectations for a young man, nae doot. I'm sorry that it's oot o' my power to stop and see the fun, for the sodgers hae strange suspicions about me, so I'm forced to mak' myself scarce an' leave Ramblin' Peter to do the hospitalities o' the hoose. But before I gang awa' I wad fain repay ye for the good turn ye did to my barns. If ye are willin' to shut yer eyes and do what I tellye, I'll put you in a place o' safety."

"Thank you, Mr. Black," returned Wallace; "of course I shall only be too glad to escape from the consequences of my unfortunate position; but do not misunderstand me; although neither a spy nor a Covenanter I am a loyal subject, and would not now be a deserter if that character had not been forced upon me, first by the brutality of the soldiers with whom I was bandied, and then by the insolence of my comrade-in-arms to your daughter—"

"Nicee; nicee," interrupted Black; "I wish she was my daughter, bless her bonny face! Niver fear, sir, I've nae doot o' yer loyalty, though you an' yer freends misdoot mine. I claim to be as loyal as the best o' ye, but there's nae dictionary in this world that defines loyalty to be slavish submission o' body an' soul to a tyrant that fears naether God nor man. The question noo is, Div ye want to escape and will ye trust me?"

The sound of horses' feet galloping in the distance tended to quicken the young trooper's decision. He submitted to be blindfolded by his captor.

"Noo, Peter," said Andrew, as he was about to lead Wallace away, "ye ken what to dae. Gie them plenty to eat; show them the rum bottle, let them hae the rin o' the hoose, an' say that I bade ye treat them weel."

"Ay," was Ramblin' Peter's laconic reply.

Leading his captive out at the door, round the house, and re-entering by a back door, apparently with no other end in view than to bewilder him, Andrew went into a dark room, opened some sort of door—to enter which the trooper had to stoop low—and conducted him down a steep, narrow staircase.

The horsemen meanwhile had found the cottage and were heard at that moment tramping about in front, and thundering on the door for admittance.

Wallace fancied that the door which closed behind him must be of amazing thickness, for it shut out almost completely the sounds referred to.

On reaching the foot of the staircase, and having the napkin removed from his eyes, he found himself in a long, low, vaulted chamber. There was no one in it save his guide and a venerable man who sat beside a deal table, reading a document by the light of a tallow candle stuck in the mouth of a black bottle.

The soldiers, meanwhile, having been admitted by Ramblin' Peter, proceeded to question that worthy as to Andrew Black and his household. Not being satisfied of the truth of his replies they proceeded to apply torture in order to extract confession. It was the first time that this mode of obtaining information had been used in Black's cottage, and it failed entirely, for Ramblin' Peter was staunch, and although inhumanly thrashed and probed with sword-points, the poor lad remained dumb, inasmuch that the soldiers at length set him down as an idiot, for he did not even cry out in his agonies—excepting in a curious, half-stifled manner—because he knew well that if his master were made aware by his cries of what was going on he would be sure to hasten to the rescue at the risk of his life.

Having devoured the porridge, drunk the rum and destroyed a considerable amount of the farmer's produce, the lawless troopers, who seemed to be hurried in their proceedings at that time, finally left the place.

About the time that these events were taking place in and around Black's cottage, bands of armed men, with women and even children, were hastening towards the same locality to attend the great "conventicle," for which the

preparations already described were being made.

The immediate occasion of the meeting was the desire of the parishioners of the Rev. John Welsh, a great-grandson of John Knox, to make public avowal, at the Communion Table, of their fidelity to Christ and their attachment to the minister who had been expelled from the church of Irongray; but strong sympathy induced many others to attend, not only from all parts of Galloway and Nithsdale, but from the distant Clyde, the shores of the Forth, and elsewhere; so that the roads were crowded with people making for the rendezvous—some on foot, others on horseback. Many of the latter were gentlemen of means and position, who as well as their retainers, were more or less well armed and mounted. The Rev. John Blackadder, the "auld" minister of Troqueer—a noted hero of the Covenant, who afterwards died a prisoner on the Bass Rock—travelled with his party all the way from Edinburgh, and a company of eighty horse proceeded to the meeting from Clydesdale.

Preliminary services, conducted by Mr. Blackadder and Mr. Welsh, were held near Dumfries on the Saturday, but the place of meeting on the Sabbath was only vaguely announced as "a hillside in Irongray," so anxious were they to escape being disturbed by their enemies, and the secret was kept so well that when the Sabbath arrived a congregation of above three thousand had assembled round the Communion stones in the hollow of Skeoch Hill.

Sentinels were posted on all the surrounding heights. One of these sentinels was the farmer, Andrew Black, with a cavalry sword belted to his waist, and a rusty musket on his shoulder. Beside him stood a stalwart youth in shepherd's costume.

"Ye'r an' mother wadna ken ye," remarked Andrew with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I doubt that," replied the youth; "a mother's eyes are keen. I should not like to encounter even Glandinning in my present guise."

As he spoke the rich melody of the opening psalm burst from the great congregation and rolled in softened cadence towards the sentinels.

(To be continued.)

Two Pictures.

AN old farm-house, with meadow wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:
Oh, that I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy I should be!

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been;
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking—thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the old farm door,
The green old meadow could I see,
How happy I should be!"

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A PERSIAN pupil of the Able Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers.

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a hope in leaf, hope is the tree in flower, and enjoyment is the tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."

"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends, a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the merchant of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he doubts, he deliberates, he decides. God is omniscient: he never doubts; he, therefore, never reasons."

Workman "Is the boss at home?"
New Father "No, the nurse has her own for an airing."