

built with hands up there, whose foundations 'll never be destroyed."

Since Libbie left her, Aunt Polly turned to Joe her youngest born for that return of affection, which mothers seem to demand of their children. As she looked out in the field that afternoon, shading her eyes with her hand, she said anxiously to Becky, her maid-of-all-work, "I'm afraid Joe 'll be sick with the heat."

"Oh, I guess not, Miss Butler," Becky answered, carelessly, "he's used to it, but I'll take a fresh pail of water to the men if you like."

"I wish you would," her mistress said, "and tell Joe to wet his handkerchief and put it inside his hat."

The rugged Sam and Hank had no sympathy with Joe's frequent headaches when overworked. They called him "Mother's baby," and chaffed him on his habit of going home to his mother early in the evening, instead of hanging round the village store. They were looking forward in the near future to homes of their own and had already selected the girls whom they were desirous of placing at the head of their respective establishments as Mrs. Sam and Mrs. Henry.

Joe was only fifteen years old, and though not robust gave promise of mental strength. His evenings were spent, not with his mother, but poring over books of every description. He had devoured every novel and history he could borrow or beg, but he was not satisfied. His mind was growing and needed stronger food, he wanted to go to college, to know more, to be a leader among men.

He pictured himself as a lawyer, pleading the cause of his client, and working upon the mind and heart of the jury, until he wrought conviction and won his case. His heart burned within him and he longed to leave the monotonous round of planting and digging, sowing and reaping, and in not less difficult but more congenial mental fields make himself a name. He did not put his thoughts into these words. He was only a boy, but he hoped and waited.

That evening as they sat on the veranda his father and mother talked of the future of their two sons.

"Well, no one can say that I haven't done well by my boys, one hundred acres of as good land as there is in Ontario to each of 'em, what do you say to that?" he said to Joe.

"Father," he answered, coming up to him and putting his hand on his shoulder, "I've been wanting to speak to you for a good while; I'd rather take my portion in money, I want to educate myself."

"What?" exclaimed his father sharply jerking Joe's hand away, "You want to educate yourself? Haven't you been to the Grammar School a hull winter? What more do you want?"

"I don't want to be a farmer," Joe answered bravely, "I want to be a lawyer."

"A lawyer!" exclaimed his father, "you mean a liar. O ho! so you want to be an unprincipled cheat, a drinkin', lyin' rascal, instead of an honest, God-fearin' farmer?"

"But, father, a lawyer can be a good man as well as any one else. I have read of judges and lawyers who were noted for their integrity."

"Shut up, sir," his father answered, "look at James M'Auley's son, he must study law to be stylish, and where is he now? In a drunkard's grave, sir."

"Look at the widow Morrison's son, as fine a boy as there was in the country, until he went to study law. Used to be a member o' the church and took sacrament regular.

Now, sir, he is too stuck up with his town wife to speak to his old friends, and I've heard he is turning infidel."

"But, father," persisted Joe, "One can be a lawyer without sinking into drunkenness, or turning infidel; besides I am not strong enough to be a good farmer."

"Whew!" exclaimed the old man, "what is the matter wi' you? Have ye pain or ache? Your mother coddles ye up so, its no wonder ye think you're a baby. No, sir," he said, bringing his fist down on the arm of the chair, "you'll take what your brothers get or nothing. Do you think that hundred acres I bought only last year, is to be sold again just to suit your whim?"

"Sell the land is it?" he ran on excitedly, "and for



JOE, . . . FOLLOWED, BINDING THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.