

## "DO IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Never put off till tomorrow  
The thing you can do to-day.

Never let pleasure hinder  
An hour that pain must pay.

Though a storm on your pathway seems  
brewing,

And clouds may obscure the light,  
Whatever you deem worth doing  
is worth doing with all your might.

Would you win Dame Fortune's favors?  
Then woo her with heart and soul,  
Though the cup she offers savor  
At the cost of the gall touched bowl.

Press on when the glow you're driving,  
Look not to the left or right,  
Though hard be your task, keep striving,  
And do it with all your might.

If ever you turn from the labor  
Appointed for you to do,  
Let it be to assist a neighbor  
Less stalwart and strong than you.

Stand not as a cold beholder  
Of those that may meet your sight;  
Believe them, and work on a soldier,  
And do it with all your might.

Ah, this is life's lesson, and learning  
His wisdom and truth you will gain  
Such treasures that even his earning  
Will take all the sting out of pain.

When the dark shadows round you have  
Vanished,  
And nature is smiling and bright,  
Be sure they were scattered and banished.

When you struck them with all your might,  
Apin let the maxim be spoken,  
"Once saved by the use and the true,  
And lay it to heart as a token."

Of what patience and courage can do,  
When life's tumult is raging around you,  
If you give your loins for the fight,  
Battle on until conquest has crowned you.

And battle with all your might!  
—Independent.

"That Boy."

There is a certain age of that playful,  
mischievous animal, the boy, when a  
house is thought to be made pleasant  
for its absence.

Deacon Ezekiel Croft and his wife,  
"Aunt Mary," as everybody called her,  
were about to enjoy the felicity of a  
house, minus "that boy," for Tom, their  
only nephew, had gone to spend a  
whole fortnight at Sandwich among the  
daisies and sandpiper.

"What a rest it will be!" sighed Aunt  
Mary, remembering Tom's hot-headed  
and dreadful appetite; and the  
young professor, who was boarding with  
them, "thanked his stars" by their  
Latin names—that last he could "have  
a little peace."

It was just supper-time and the three  
sat down to a bountiful country table.  
Aunt Mary, by force of habit, had placed  
four chairs; but one was vacant, and the  
pause which followed the blessing was  
somewhat awkward.

As a general thing, Aunt Mary looked  
over at Tom immediately, and said,  
"Tom, take your elbow off the table," or  
"Tom, where is your napkin?" or "I wish  
that I could ever teach you manners at  
the table!"

"Uncle Ezekiel" was apt to ask as soon  
as there was a pause, "Tom, did you  
come right home from school and the  
chore?" And if, as sometimes hap-  
pened—Tom could answer in his off-  
hand way, "Yes, sir, all done," then  
Uncle Ezekiel would ponder darkly for a  
few minutes, finally coming out with,  
"Tom, how many boys did you take  
down to the shore all a week ago last  
Saturday?" or something similar.

Then, while Uncle Ezekiel was sum-  
ming up the evil deeds of departed  
Saturdays, the professor found his op-  
portunity.

"Hein't ought," as I have often told  
you, Master Tom, is entirely contrary to  
the genius of the English language.  
'Ought not' is the correct expression,"  
he would add, with a schoolmaster's  
discretary air.

By this time, in spite of his various  
sins, Tom, going on with undiminished  
appetite, had worked his way to about  
the sixth biscuit.

"I agree!" Aunt Mary would say as  
he took it. "You'll certainly have the  
dyspepsia, Tom."

"No, Aunt Mary, Tom would answer,  
his good humor as irrepressible as his  
appetite. "I'm used to ten; ten's my  
limit; never go over."

So, at this first supper, it is not  
strange that there was a sudden silence,  
since the unfailing subject—and object—  
of conversation was absent.

Finally, Uncle Ezekiel spoke, looking  
over at the vacant place again.

"Seems kinder lonesome an' lonesome  
without Tom, after all."

"Now, I guess it will be a happy 'lone-  
some' for the next two weeks," replied  
Aunt Mary. "I should like to have a  
chance to 'hear myself think' once in a  
while."

Aunt Mary had an opportunity to  
"hear herself think" all that evening.  
There was no one to upset her nerves by  
sudden hand-springs, popping corn,  
chattering out, or munching apples while  
he pretended to study. But somehow,  
her quiet thinking seemed a fatiguing  
operation; for, weary and little dispirited  
in appearance, at half-past eight she  
rolled up her knitting-work and retired  
for the night.

Neither thoughts nor dreams disturbed  
her until in the early twilight the next  
morning, a voice penetrated the mist of  
slumber-land, calling: "Tom! Tom! Come  
Tom!" Aunt Mary, looking out, saw  
her husband standing at the foot of the  
back stairs, calling with all his might:  
"Get up, Tom! Time to make the  
kitchen fire, Tom! Come! Come!  
Don't! Don't! Be a sluggard!"

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a boy healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Why, Ezekiel Croft," called out Aunt  
Mary, in astonishment, "do you clean  
go off your mind this morning? Don't  
you remember that that boy's gone to  
Sandwich?"

"Well, I declare," said Uncle Ezekiel,  
sinking down in a comfortable kitchen  
chair, and laughing until his fat  
side shook, "I never thought a word  
about it! I'm used to gettin' that boy  
up in the mornin' that I don't know how  
to begin the day without it. I'll make  
the fire right away."

"No, Ezekiel," said Aunt Mary, "I'll

make the fire, and you go out to the  
barn and do Tom's chores."

She dressed herself rather hastily, and  
not quite so neatly as was her habit, and  
hurried out into the kitchen. There was  
no kindling-wood ready, as was usual,  
no one had thought of that,—and taking  
a basket, she went out to the great wood-  
pile, and gathered a few chips so damp  
from the morning dew that it was some  
time before the feeble fire could be  
coaxed into a blaze hot enough for cook-  
ing the morning meal.

But breakfast had been ready a good  
half-hour, and, after blowing the horn  
vigorously twice, she was just on the  
point of going down to the barn to see  
what had happened, when Deacon Croft,  
appeared in a most woeful plight.

Little rivulets of milk were running  
down his hair, off the end of his nose,  
and meandering slowly along his sleeves  
and trousers. He was dripping wet from  
head to foot, and the pail was empty.

"Zekiel Croft," cried Aunt Mary,  
with uplifted hands, "what has your  
boy done?"

"Well, Mary," said he, looking at her  
with a moist and milky smile. "I bain't  
drunk much milk, but I bain't had no  
com'f'ible milk. And he laughed heartily.

"You see, Mary, he ain't used to me,  
and he kinder objected to my milkin'  
her; and I had to smooth her down con-  
siderable before she'd let me begin. An-  
dible I took Tom's milkin' stool, an' I  
ain't quite so sure as I was once."

"I felt it kinder tetterin' under me  
two or three times, but I thought I'd set  
ruther light on it an' get through; but,  
jest as I was goin' to move the pail one  
side, I brought my heft down pretty  
solid, an' the three legs set softly spread  
out, and away went Deacon Ezekiel Croft  
flat on his back, with his feet flyin' in  
the air! The cow was so smart at my  
antics that she kicked up her heels, too,  
an' over went the brimmin' pail o' milk;  
an' here I be perfectly soaked. Well,  
Mary, they say a milk bath's good for  
the complexion, so you're likely to hev  
a pretty fair skin some time after this."

"Han' some or not," Zekiel Croft, do  
you go an' change your wet clothes this  
minute, or you'll hev your death-cold.  
Seems as if everything goes wrong this  
mornin', somehow."

"So it does," said Uncle Ezekiel, giv-  
ing a backward glance as he walked off,  
and then turning to his young nephew.

"Mary," said he, "I've made a dis-  
covery. Tom's a pretty handy fellow to  
have round mornin'."

"I guess you'd thought so if you'd seen  
me pickin' up wet chips for kindlin'!"  
wood, sighed Aunt Mary.

"There I did forget after all," said  
Uncle Ezekiel, regretfully. "Tom told  
me the very last thing to be sure 'an' not  
forget Aunt Mary's kindlin'-wood. That  
boy must step round pretty lively morn-  
in' to get through before school, an' his  
feet ain't thought of anything, either I  
don't seem to, somehow."

At last they gathered around the  
breakfast table, an hour late. It was  
silent, like the supper of the night be-  
fore; and other silent meals succeeded it.

"I don't know what in the world I'm  
goin' to do about the pieces," said Aunt  
Mary, complainingly. Tom had been  
gone six days. "There's pieces of pie  
we've had lettin' all down one of the  
pantry shelves, and that jar of  
cookies!" It's full yet, and it don't last  
so long when Tom's home. He's worth  
a right to eat up the pieces, anyway.  
Beats all how that boy enjoys eatin'."

"Seems as though we don't eat any-  
thing," she said again that evening, as  
she looked around the supper table dis-  
contentedly.

The professor had already folded his  
napkin, and was looking through his  
glasses straight before him with a serious  
air.

"Isn't there anything more that you  
would like?" she asked, turning to him.

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I was  
just thinking," he added, rather primly,  
"as I looked at the empty place, that  
nature abhors a vacuum, and it would  
be rather pleasant to have Tom's merry  
face opposite me."

"Would be a great thing for the  
cookies and pies, anyway," remarked  
Zekiel. "They're just spilin' for him, to  
say nothin' of the evenin' chores." And  
he walked out heavily to stable the  
horse, lock up the barn, and split the  
kindling.

About eight o'clock that evening they  
all gathered in the old-fashioned sitting-  
room, around the cheerful open fire, for  
the evening was cool. The professor  
sat at his own little table, writing a ver-  
sified article on "The Higher Educa-  
tion." Aunt Mary was knitting on a  
warm and cozy-looking red mitten—not  
a very large one; and Uncle Ezekiel was  
busy trying to find out from the columns  
of the village paper which party was  
going to save the country in the coming  
elections.

It was perfectly "quiet," and they  
were enjoying "peace." Not a sound  
broke the silence until a cricket, think-  
ing itself alone, came out on the hearth  
and chirped a little.

"There," said Aunt Mary, "I'm  
thankful to hear something. Seems as  
if we're havin' a funeral here nowadays."

Uncle Ezekiel looked over the top of  
the paper and caught her furtively win-  
ning away a tear.

"Now, now, Mary, that'll never do,"  
said he, soothingly. "What's gone wrong  
to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know what is the matter,"  
she replied. "Perhaps I'm nervous. But  
it's dreadful lonesome."

Uncle Ezekiel arose, and, laying aside  
the paper, walked up and down the  
room with his hands clasped behind him  
as he was in the habit of doing when  
meditating any serious project, such as  
going into town or running down to the  
beach for a day or two.

"Mary," said he, after a few turns,  
"I'm going into Boston to-morrow on  
some business, an' I guess I'd better run  
down to Sandwich an' bring that boy  
home with me next day."

Aunt Mary's face went through a  
kaleidoscope change, and came out  
beaming like a full moon.

"That's the very best thing you can do,  
Zekiel," said she. "Bring him right  
home to-morrow afternoon, and I'll have  
just the best supper for him. Seems as  
if I'd been living for the last week in a  
kind of deaf and dumb asylum."

The professor looked up from his  
learned theme with a gratified air.

"Yes," said he, with his characteristic  
primness of expression, "it would indeed  
be exceedingly agreeable to see Master

Tom's beaming countenance once more  
at our evening repast."

But, Tom! What a delightful time he  
was to have! Nobody said "Nobody said  
"Don't" to him from morning until  
"Don't." He had often thought that, had  
he been the author of that famous little  
volume "Don't," and founded it on his  
own experience, it would have been as  
large as the "Unabridged Dictionary." He  
took such deep full breaths of freedom,  
with no one to criticize every movement.

Mr. Saunders, whose son Tom was  
visiting, was a glass-blowing philosopher,  
perfectly devoted to his calling, a de-  
partment which gave him frequent op-  
portunities for that meditation which all  
philosophers love. He believed that  
children had altogether too much prun-  
ing and nagging, and used to say to  
Alek, you do what you think is about  
right to-day; and, if you make any mis-  
takes, come to me and we will see what  
we can do about it.

The plan seemed to have worked well  
so far; but then, Alek Saunders was a  
remarkably good boy naturally, and  
needed little pruning.

On the Friday of Uncle Ezekiel's un-  
expected advent, the two boys had been  
all over the glass-works. It was one of  
Mr. Saunders's leisure days; and, instead  
of "philosophizing," he went over the  
works with them, explaining every pro-  
cess, and Tom had even been allowed to  
blow something that came out looking  
like the "missing link" between a cow  
and an elephant.

He had just come out, with his brown curls  
all blown about by the salt sea breeze,  
and was proudly displaying this nonde-  
script animal to Mrs. Saunders and the  
children, when Uncle Ezekiel opened the  
gate.

Down dropped the glass memento,  
shivering into fragments, while Tom flew  
down the walk to meet his uncle.

"O Uncle Ezekiel," he cried, catching  
hold of his brown hand, "is anything the  
matter with Aunt Mary?"

Tom had no mother; and he loved  
Aunt Mary dearly, in spite of her fault-  
finding.

"Yes," replied Uncle Ezekiel, with a  
cheerful air, "she's pretty bad."

"What is it?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Well," replied Uncle Ezekiel, "I  
don't exactly know the name of the dis-  
ease, but the symptoms is that she's  
dreadful lonesome" without the com-  
pany of a certain boy called Thomas  
Jefferson Croft."

"Tom," said he, "I don't mean it, Uncle," cried  
Tom, with an air of indignity.

"Mean it?" She says the house is  
like a deaf an' dumb asylum, an' she  
can't stand it now, so I had to come  
down after you."

"Tom's lip quivered, and two great  
tears gathered in his eyes and glistened  
on his cheeks like shining diamonds. He  
threw his arms around Uncle Ezekiel's  
neck, and gave him a good hug.

"Uncle," said he, "I never was so  
happy in my life! I thought I was noth-  
ing but a bother to her," and then  
went off behind the house, not to re-  
peat, but to sit down upon a stone, wiped  
his eyes, and gave up his dark schemes  
of going West just as soon as he was old  
enough.

They went home the next afternoon;  
and, with a supper Aunt Mary had for  
them, Fried chicken and hot biscuits,  
—double the usual quantity,—Tom's  
favorite strawberry preserves, cookies,  
jelly-cake, and a crisp apple "turnover,"  
laid right by Tom's plate.

They were all very gay and happy  
together as Tom sat at with undiminished  
appetite and related the adventures of  
the week.

Aunt Mary looked around with a  
beaming face.

"Well," said she, as they sat back  
from the table, "this is something like  
livin' again. I ain't had no such good  
dyspepsia myself in another week."

"Yes," said the young professor,  
"while there is often a serious incom-  
patibility between youth and maturity,  
yet it must be confessed that the pres-  
ence of the young at the festal board  
is extremely exhilarating."

But "that boy" Tom jumped up so  
heavily that his chair fell back with a  
loud crack,—nobody said, "Don't Tom,"  
—and then he went around to Aunt  
Mary's chair, leaned over and softly  
kissed her faded cheek. "I'm so glad  
to be at home again," he said.—Kate  
Virginia Darling, in Youth's Companion.

## In Due Season.

There was no use in denying it, Miss  
Dorcas Compton was discouraged. As  
she sat in the twilight, with her hands  
folded before her, looking back over the  
four years of whole-hearted, enthusiastic  
labor which she had given to those boys,  
she certainly felt very much discouraged.

"What good has it all done?" she  
asked herself, wearily. "I cannot see  
that a single one of them was profited  
by it. Tom and Isaac Hart are as care-  
less and flippant as ever, and they rarely  
come to class now. Will I permit it  
to fall following in his father's footsteps,  
and says he's done with religion, it can't  
help a fellow that's got the taste of drink  
born in him. Bob Simms is perhaps the  
worst off of any, for he feels so sure of  
himself, when he is, as far as I can judge,  
so hard and selfish. Mark Taylor makes  
no pretence at anything good. And as  
for Bert Evans, it breaks my heart to  
think of him. He seemed to me so  
truly and soberly in earnest, when sud-  
denly he broke out into that wild spree,  
and went off nobody can tell where. And  
yet, oh, surely God knows how  
hard I have tried for these boys' souls!"

There was a little girl singing a Sun-  
day-school hymn over the way. Miss  
Dorcas had been dimly conscious of it  
all along, but now in the pause of her  
thought, which followed, the words  
floated across through the still air, and  
came very distinctly to her ear:

So thy seed and never fear,  
Never fear.

Though the prospect may be drear,  
Never, never fear.

Life is brief, the field is wide,  
Rest will come at eventide,

Jesus watcheth at thy side,  
Labor, labor on.

"That hymn is certainly very much to  
the point," thought Miss Dorcas, as some  
of the wrinkles in her forehead smoothed  
themselves away. "And I believe it is  
true. But how can I feel that the four  
years' work has accomplished anything,  
when every one of my poor, dear  
scholars is so far, so very far, out of the  
way?"

More shrilly and energetically than  
ever the little maid across the road was  
singing:

Faith not through unbelief  
First the little and then the leaf.

After that the ripened sheaf;  
Never, never fear.

Did she sing by chance? And was it  
by chance that when, after awhile, Miss  
Dorcas picked up her Bible, she fell up-  
on the verses "Your words have been  
stout against me, saith the Lord. Yet  
yet say, What have we spoken so much  
against Thee? Ye have said, It is vain  
to serve God."

There she stopped.

Far away from Miss Dorcas' quiet  
home, in a rough little mining village of  
the West, two young men were sitting in  
that same summer twilight, with their  
chairs tilted back against the wall of the  
cabin which they called their home.

"I say, Bert," said one of them, "what's  
wrong with you? You've been down on  
your luck now for the last two or three  
days, and as long as that lasts you're  
much for company, you know. What's  
the matter?"

"I've been thinking about a woman I  
knewed once," said Bert, slowly.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said his friend,  
with a prodigious wink of his small keen  
eyes. "Well, when a fellow's ever think-  
gits to workin' on his mind, I suppose  
you have to put up with him wanderin'  
a little in his notions."

"There ain't no sweet-heart about it,"  
said Bert, hastily. "This woman was a  
fine lady, and old enough to be my mo-  
ther. She was awfully good, though; she  
had the sure thing that way, for certain.  
And she was hard set on us boys bein'  
good, too; nuthin' else would satisfy her.  
For quite awhile there I thought I was  
for in them things myself, but I  
fell away."

"And you fell pretty far away, I  
guess; didn't you?" asked the other,  
with a loud, but not ill-humored, laugh.

Bert nodded gravely.

"Very far. She used to be always  
tellin' us to git started right ourselves,  
so as we could bring in other folks. She  
kept pickin' that out, like it was the  
very heart o' the whole business, and  
holdin' it off clear before us. I ain't  
helped nobody up since, and I've helped  
considerable down. It's a poor life we're  
leadin' here."

Bob looked at him curiously.

"You're feelin' rather low, ain't you?"  
Do you know, you remind me of the par-  
son that used to come up here from Four  
Mile Bend, and tried to git up a meetin'.

He had a lively time of it, I tell you,  
and he showed pretty good spunk, too; but  
he was too many for him, and at last we  
run him out."

"Do you mean he wanted to set up a  
regular church, and do preachin' for it?"

"He offered to come every Sunday  
afternoon for the start; then, if we swal-  
lowed that, I suppose he laid out to  
give us a bigger dose, mobber. But as  
I tell you, he didn't git no kind of en-  
couragement."

"I wish't he had," said Bert, wistfully.  
"I'm homesick for something of the sort.  
The reckless way we're puttin' things  
through here day after day, in this wild  
place, ain't the stuff 'a'll ever make  
us up into anything good to look at—not  
for us, nor yet for the God that's above  
us, who sees all."

"To hear God's name spoken in this  
way embarrassed Bob, though in the  
thoughtless way of a fellow who has  
heard said it passed his own unheeded.  
So he fumbled now with a rough piece  
of leather on the sole of his boot, in  
silence.

"If I was to come to die to-morrow  
how'd it be for me, I'd like to know?"  
Bert went on, musingly.

"Come to die is lookin' most too far  
ahead," said Bob, with a careless move-  
ment of his hand. "I ain't calculatin'  
now on that, for awhile yet, anyway."

A long pause followed. Suddenly Bert  
brought his chair forward with a jerk,  
and, laying his brown fist on Bob's knee,  
said, earnestly: "I don't know why it  
is, Bob, but somehow I can't get out of  
good woman wot I was speakin' of 'at  
my thoughts. She follows me round  
like the picture o' the time when I was  
a little child, and hadn't heard nuthin'  
of all the evil and sickness o' heart that  
folks can bring on themselves out in this  
world. I know as plain as if she stood  
there tellin' it to me that she hasn't for-  
got me; that she's holdin' fast on to me  
still. She ain't o' the kind to leave off  
carin' for a fellow just because he's out  
of her sight. She believes in one of those  
sight he can't get away from, who is always  
lookin' out most especial for them poor  
souls as goes all astray; and I tell you,  
she's trustin' me to Him, and askin' Him  
for a blessing on me yet. I ain't going to  
let her prayers go for nuthin'; I'm goin'  
in for a change."

When it got abroad, as it soon did,  
among his comrades, that Bert Evans  
was "turnin' religions," it brought a  
storm of curses and ridicule about his  
ears. But Bert was strong-willed and  
tenacious, and popular besides, so that  
he came off more easily than might have  
been expected. But when he tried to  
persuade them to join him, to go with  
him on his long Sunday tramp to church  
—often too long even for his enthusiasm  
—to send by him some word of encour-  
agement to the young preacher whose  
pluck hearing in former days a good  
many of them remembered with a secret  
feeling of admiration, he met only abuse  
and threats.

"Just let that white-faced young par-  
son try it," they said, "that's all. We'll  
fire him out again, sure as you're standin'  
there!"

So the months passed. One morning  
there was an explosion at the mine. I  
do not know enough of mines to tell you  
just how it was. I never got the details  
very plainly before me. I only know that  
Bob Finley and two others were missing,  
and that the mine, which had been  
valued in these below, and that what  
was needed was that one man should  
go in after them, to meet, for himself  
and them, perhaps life, perhaps death,  
with the odds heavily for the latter. A  
horror-stricken crowd assembled. Sud-  
denly Bert Evans clef his way through  
them, and stood on the edge of the  
shaft.

"Mate," he said briefly, with a motion  
of his hand downward toward the awful  
gulf at his feet, "I'm goin' in. We can't  
leave the men that's down there, as yes-  
terday right along beside us yester-  
day, to die, and nuthin' done for 'em.  
And I'm the best one to go. If I don't  
see you no more, you'd better say,  
'God bless you, before I start.'"

He turned his face for a moment up to

the tranquil sky, and then began the  
descent. The long minutes crept by  
They seemed hours to those who watched  
and waited overhead in a hushed and  
absolute stillness. At last a faint jostling  
reached them. There was a slight jostling  
about the mouth of the shaft, a slight  
rustle as the crowd pressed closer, but  
not a word was spoken. In a few mo-  
ments the about was repeated, this time  
very distinctly.

"Hello, there! Pull her in steady!  
We're all here!"

"Still the silence was unbroken as stout,  
willing arms pulled at the ropes, which  
strained and creaked under their bur-  
den. But when at last the four men  
stood again unharmed out under the  
open day, a mighty shout broke forth  
and rent the air, the women fell to  
weeping, and even some of the men  
brushed the sleeves of their blouses over  
their eyes as they crowded around to  
shake hands with them.

"It was a brave deed, and these rough  
miners dearly loved a brave deed," said  
burly Tom Stryker, who knew very well  
what force his "vote" was apt to carry  
with it. "I say let's buy a chap as can  
reel himself like that for his chums. I  
say let's let the pascen come along, and  
we'll give him a hearin'." A little of that  
we don't do no hurt anyway, of a fellow's  
like to be whisked off to the world any  
time, and no warnin' given."

"Inly grave," "Facin' death with the sort  
of record we've got is a mighty unpleasant  
job."

The tears of the thankfulness stood  
thick in Miss Dorcas Compton's eyes, as  
she read in Bert's great, swelling writ-  
ing all that I have been telling you. She  
could scarcely have been happier had  
she looked into the quiet room where  
Bert and most of his friends were gath-  
ered for the service, and listened to  
them as they sang lustily—yes, and re-  
verently—in their deep base voices:

He will guide thee with