

In Memory of "Don."

Our Don—only a dog!  
 Yes, only a dog, you say;  
 With a large, warm heart,  
 And a bright, brown eye,  
 With an earnest bark,  
 And a warm caress,  
 For you and me and  
 The friends he loved best.  
 O how we shall  
 Miss him, you and I,  
 His noisy welcome and  
 Rough good-bye!

Some time, somewhere,  
 Some day, I trust,  
 We shall meet again;  
 O yes, we must!  
 And the joy of that meeting  
 I dare not say.

Aye, mock, ye sceptics,  
 And laugh to scorn  
 The faith I hold  
 Of all life that's born;  
 It cannot be wasted,  
 Nor can it be lost.

And O for the faith,  
 And the Indian's trust,  
 That Don and his mistress  
 Will meet some day—  
 Just over the river,  
 Not far away!

—Our Dumb Animals.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

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CHAPTER XV.

LIVING—AS A PROFESSION.

"Schoolmaster," said Heman, "you're going to have a new scholar next term, Robert Corrie, from up where we used to live. He's got through all they teach out there, and his father's been trying to make a farmer out of him, and he can't. Bob don't know anything at all."

"Oh," said the schoolmaster, but there was something in that little syllable that seemed to put Heman upon the defensive.

"I mean he's just the kind you'll like; he don't know anything but books, hasn't any common-sense, you see."

"Oh," said the schoolmaster again, and Heman felt still more at a loss, and roused into further explanations.

"Rob don't know any useful things, nothing that's worth knowing. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," said the schoolmaster severely, "but I was taught early that there is no balder proof of our own ignorance than to decry the knowledge which we do not possess."

Heman looked so mortified at this unusually sharp rebuke that he hung his head and his face reddened.

The schoolmaster laughed. "Mr. Corrie stopped to see me to-day about Robert; he seems to be really disappointed that the boy wants to go through college and study a profession. I told him he had no more right to quarrel with Providence about the turn of the lad's mind, than he had to quarrel about the colour of his eyes or hair, or that he was a boy and not a girl. The Lord knows what kind of people he wants in the world, and what he wants them to do in it."

"The Corries haven't much property," said Uncle Rias, "an' maybe they feel it'll be a heavy strain to send a boy through college. It costs a mint of money, I hear tell."

"That depends largely upon the boy, and whether he has wasteful habits. A lad can help himself by teaching, or by work in vacation, or taking years off for work. It makes him slower in getting through a course, but it is no real injury, for he values what he learns in proportion to the effort to attain it; and what we study in severer branches, when we are past the first years of early youth, may perhaps be better assimilated. I earned much of the money that was spent on my education. I believe the earning was good discipline for me."

"Elder Corrie's father was to'ble rich," said Urias. "When I was a little shaver terrible poor, I thought old Si Corrie was about as rich as folks need to be. He lost most of his money, one way or another, before he died. D'rexy's uncle, the deacon, allowed that Si Corrie hadn't gone partners with the Lord, had never given to the Lord's work, hadn't any salt of givin' on his gettings; and it stood to reason they wouldn't keep."

"I've made a long call," said the schoolmaster. "I only stopped to tell you, Heman, that I have another book for you, it is on your list 'Tales of the Covenanters.' Remember, every word of it is true, and it is a record of the sufferings and courage of men who were trying to act according to conscience. Read some of it aloud to your family. They'll enjoy it, I am sure."

Having that list, and marking from it each book he secured, made Heman more eager for the books and more interested in them. Aesop's Fables had been read through, and now the family were much more delighted with these tales of wild heath and craggy glen, of the mountain and the flood, and the hardy sons of the soil, who toiled and bled and died for their faith. Uncle Rias became much enraptured with stories of conventicles wrapped in thick mist as in a mantle, while the Claverhouse dragoons swept by; of caves where good men lay, secretly fed by the hands of little children; of hours when God's people prayed, and the hunted wanderers were, by blown branches, or soft falling snow, or marvellous murkiness of some night, 'Jen as if in God's pavilion, or under the blessed shadow of his outstretching wings.

"Don't it make one wish that he had lived in those days," cried Heman to Mr. Renfrew, when he was sitting with them as he often did, for Master Renfrew looked after his boys closely, and not by halves. "It would have been worth while to have lived then, one could have really been a hero!"

"Why not be a hero in any age one is born in?"

"Cause you can't," said Heman promptly. "There's nothing to be a hero about. What's going on now, schoolmaster, to make heroes?"

"Just the same that has always gone on, Heman; the constant strife between good and evil, the battle with temptation. You think the only hero is he who bravely affronts death. But the greatest heroes may be those who dare bravely to affront life. Perhaps you think also that only the young and strong are heroes, only men; some of the noblest heroes have been the aged, or children, or women. The living sacrifice is often more precious to God than the sacrifice lying dead on the altar; the heroism of daily holy living is a nobler sacrifice and perhaps a costlier martyrdom than the sacrifice by fire. We can lay ourselves as a sacrifice on the altar of self-surrender, and then we have fellowship with our Lord, indeed, for this is what he did."

Heman was too young and inexperienced to fully grasp this discourse, but Uncle Rias and Aunts D'rexy and Espey had learned its weight in many life lessons. Uncle Rias said, "Schoolmaster, it's always surprised me that you are not a preacher. You'd be very powerful in the pulpit. 'Pears to me you ought to take that callin'. Why don't you?"

"I think I have certain real gifts for teaching, and for helping the young," said George Renfrew; "and, besides that, my throat is not fit for the sustained labour of the pulpit. My voice becomes rough and loses itself, and I lose control over it, if I say more than a few sentences at a time in a tone above conversational."

"That's a pity," said Aunt D'rexy, "terrible pity; nat'rally weak?"

"Oh, no; my voice was remarkably strong, but I overstrained it singing. I was quite a famous little choir singer, and my voice broke down entirely." He spoke cheerfully, and did not add that the destruction of a remarkable voice, the renunciation of a longing desire to be a preacher, was a sacrifice laid on the altar of self-surrender. If he had, Heman might have seen before him a hero. George Renfrew did not consider himself in that light. He had knowingly sacrificed his voice, because so doing he procured the comforts of life for a sick mother, and made it possible for her to die in her own home, and not among strangers. He was now sacrificing farther opportunities of study for himself, in order to complete the school education of two young sisters, and enable them to support themselves. He did not consider this at all heroic; he loved these sisters, they were his mother's legacy to him; this was doing with his might the work that his hand found to do, as his Master had commanded.

The remarks of the master did not bring Heman to think that the heroism that is apart from swords and pistols or vigorously used fists, is the finest heroism. To him a battle of any kind had a charm, though as he remarked, "He wanted to be on the right side."

One noon, the schoolmaster, returning from his dinner, found Heman planing with all his might. He sat down on a

bundle of shingles and asked, "Is it well for you to work your noon hour, Heman?"

"Not as a general thing, and I don't do it except when I have time to make up. I was ten minutes late beginning this morning. Uncle Rias always has us count our time, and if we lose five or ten minutes beginning, 'o have to make it up somewhere. Jem Dako proposed to make lost time up by hurrying after we began, but Uncle Rias said, 'No; for we were bound to work as fast as we could work well, any time.' I stopped to polish off Peter Forbes, as I came along to-day, and so I got here late. But I thrashed him, though."

"Oh!" said the schoolmaster. That "Oh!" always disturbed Heman, it had a singular potency in bringing up both sides of a question. Invariably Heman was by it collared, dragged to the bar of his own judgment, and made to plead his case.

"You see, I and Peter Forbes have had tiffs all along; we never could get along together well; and when he began on me again this morning, I thought I might as well have it out with him then and there."

"Oh!" said the schoolmaster. "He's one of the kind I never could abide, and it seemed it would be time well spent to give him a lesson about what I'd stand. He's done me more'n one mean turn, with his tongue and other ways. He's played right mean tricks on me."

"Francis Quarles says," quoth the schoolmaster, "that he is below himself who is not above an injury."

Heman meditated on this sentence until he ended the fifteen minutes' work he had assigned himself.

"Why fifteen?" asked the master, as Heman looked toward the town clock.

"Uncle Rias says we ought to give good measure when we work over time—because we are not so fresh, and don't do as hearty work as when we begin the day."

"I see. You are a boy that can take advice when you see sense in it. How about Peter Forbes? He's a bright fellow. I account that he'll be one of our future politicians and public speakers."

"He can't get me to vote for him if he is," said Heman with marked animosity.

"I see that you are not as entirely right in the difficulty as you wish to think yourself, and that you did not thrash him as completely as you would like to have done."

"How do you know that?" asked Heman, with a sidelong grin.

"If you had been entirely free from blame, you would find it easier to forgive, and would not carry your rancour through life. If you had really thrashed Peter, you would also have felt ready to forgive; generosity is easy to victors."

"Well," said Heman, "I was getting the best of him; could have thrashed him handsomely, I know; but town marshal Perry came along, and says, 'You boys, stop that; if I see any more of that, I'll have you both before the mayor.'"

"As for thrashing him handsomely, if he don't look any handsomer than you do after the encounter," said the master, "I don't see where the handsome comes in; that blue mark on your cheek, that torn sleeve, I don't consider really handsome. Is it lawful to tell me what opened the battle this morning?"

"Why, schoolmaster, just as you said, Peter can speak; he's got the gift of gab, and I haven't, and don't pretend to have. As far as I can see it isn't his praise nor my blame; but Peter is so proud of his speaking that he's always running the rest of us that can't speak, and make blunders in club and break down. This morning he was guying me for not being able to do anything worth while at club last night. I didn't need to have him tell me I made a fizzle, and I don't lay out to stay at home from club because I can't speak fluently and can't take prizes."

"It is true," said the master, "as Lavater said, 'that not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.' You are quite right about the club work, although speaking is not your forte; to learn in the main thing, not to take prizes or get admiration."

"Fred told me Peter made fun of me to the boys."

"Fred should never have told that; the Bible says, 'A whisperer separateth chief friends,' and also, 'Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.' The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds. After all, is Peter's offence so great? Turn it around; you are as proud of your strength as he of his speech. You laugh at boys who cannot do feats of strength, as he laughs at those who can't speak well. You beat him in the gymnasium, he beats you on the platform. If you're

going to be bad friends with a boy, sit it up, and see what there is after all to quarrel over."

Heman began to smile a little, then with that winning ingenuousness which was his shining natural trait, and endeared him to people he said, "Mr. Renfrew, last Sunday afternoon we were talking at our house, and Aunt D'rexy said she didn't see how people got on who begun the day without having prayers. She said prayers to begin with helped folks over hard places, and started them on the day right. So I spoke up, I didn't see as prayers 'd do much good if a fellow's mind was wandering away from them till he never knew what was read about or prayed for. Aunt Espey allowed our minds were our own, and we were bound to keep them in proper order, and not let our thoughts go wandering like fools' eyes to the ends of the earth. Well, this very morning, all the time Uncle Rias was reading and praying, my mind was off contriving about making me a nice little book-case next fall, like one I saw in Mr. Paull's shop window. Well, sir, just as soon as ever I was off from the house, I got my eyes on Peter Forbes; my dander rose right up, and it didn't take us two minutes to square off at each other, dropping our things wherever they'd lie, and then we sailed into each other—like a pair of 'dits, I suppose."

"Yes, I reckon you looked like a pair of half-grown Shanghai chicks, trying a battle. Your aunt is right about the value of prayers, we are much more likely to pursue our profession honourably if we have for our manners and morals a solid foundation of religion."

The schoolmaster rose and walked away, leaving Heman to his reflection.

Simon Fletcher came back with the men.

"Can I have five or six of those board ends, to make a dog kennel?" asked Heman.

"Certainly; you can have any from that pile of pieces. Didn't know you kept a dog."

"I don't," said Heman; but later in the afternoon he might have been heard hailing from the roof of an 1—that he was shingling.

"Oh, ho! Peter Forbes, hold on; I've got some boards for you to make a kennel for your dog. Carry 'em down to my shop and I'll show you how after tea, if you will come round."

(To be continued.)

LIGHTS IN POLAR REGIONS.

People living in the more favoured parts of the earth where day and night are so nearly equally divided and where they enjoy the many modern improvements in the way of lights have little idea of the dismal existenceoked out by the inhabitants of the far-away North during the long winter nights. In a country where nothing can be produced from the soil, food, clothing, fuel, and lights are principally obtained from the animals and birds which inhabit and frequent the waters. After the hunting and fishing season is over little remains to be done save the simple indoor occupations for amusement and the struggle to keep from suffering in the intense cold. Necessarily much artificial light is used, and a very interesting practice has been brought to the notice of recent travellers.

There is a kind of fish found in great numbers in the Northern seas which is so fat as to be serviceable in the place of candles. It is caught and dried whole and stored away in quantities for the time of darkness. With a long needle they are pierced from tail to head and a wick of cotton, bark, or rushes is drawn through from end to end. When the stiff tail is stuck into a crack or hole made for the purpose, and the end of the wick lighted at the fish's mouth, standing upright about eighteen inches tall, it makes no bad substitute for a lamp. It continues to burn and sputter to the whole length of the body, and will last for hours.

Your Gifts.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

- If you have the gift of seeing, ever look for beauty; Noting faults in all your friends is plainly not your duty
- If you have the gift of hearing, list to what is best; Shut your ears to everything that is not good and sweet.
- If you have the gift of talking, use but pleasant words; Let your speech be glad and cheery as the songs of birds.