

built your boy up so high. You have worked long enough for me; and if they take this land, as I know they will do, I am determined you shall leave business this coming spring. I will have you harassed no more, but will show the world I can fight for myself, and though not twenty, can keep my mother as she ought to be kept, and like a lady. My ambition soars high, and I mean to show every one what a boy can do if he has the brains and the will. I will not rest till I am possessed of a large sum of money, for that is the key-stone of this world. People may say as they choose, but a bitter and hard experience has taught me the truth of it. When a man is poor the world will keep him poor, and will kick him like a dog; but if he is rich they will cringe and fawn upon him, and everything is at his command, save health and the world to come. You may think this rather curious talk for a boy of my age, but mother, since I left your side, I have gained a vast deal of experience, and now know full well what a cold and cruel world we live in. I have met lots I would not designate by the name of "man," and often wonder how the Lord in all his goodness could permit such reptiles to pollute the face of this lovely world. Go into the back woods where the hand of man has never been, and there all is beauty, harmony, and peace, and you feel the presence of your Maker in all around you; enter the city, and what a different scene do we behold: there is selfishness, cruelty, hard-heartedness, and all the works of the devil brought fully before the senses, and you say to yourself, "surely there is no Lord here."

My poor old dog "Jerry" is now settled down quietly to end his days in peace. The children all play with him,