

Back at School.

All in the sweet September morn, the little feet are trooping,
Through city street and country lane,
Along the pleasant ways;
And in the schoolrooms, far and near,
Are sturdy figures grouping,
In eager haste for happy work,
These bright autumnal days.

From frolics on the pebbly beach,
From dreaming on the shingle,
From scrambles up and down the hills,
From gathering wildwood flowers,
The children like an army come,
And merry voices mingle
In greeting, as they answer swift
The call to study hours.

Dear little sunburnt hands that turn
The grammar's sober pages,
Sweet lips that on the lesson o'er,
To get it all by heart,
Afar from your soft peace, to-day,
The great world's battle rages,
But by and by 'twill need your aid
To take the better part.

There's always in the thinning ranks,
And in the vanward column,
A place for brave and buoyant souls,
For truth without a flaw;
And, somehow, as I look at you,
The hour grows grave and solemn,
And prayer ascends that God will give
You strength to keep his law.

You ask a motto for the days,
A motto bright and cheery;
Look at me straight and fearlessly,
Sweet eyes of brown and blue.
For not a motto have I found,
But just an earnest query,
In every trying place you meet,
"What would Jesus do?"

And follow Jesus, every day,
In all the loving labour
The hardest tasks will give you joy,
The tangles cease to vex;
Be honest, open as the day,
Be gentle to your neighbour,
And Christ will always give you aid,
Whatever may perplex.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JUDGE'S SON.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

—Milton.

Quite late in life, Judge Seabury had married Lucy Felton, the only sister of the Rev. Phineas Felton. She was a gentle, loveable creature, whose one thought was how she might please her husband. The Judge loved her as much as he loved any human being, but his mind was engrossed in his business, and he paid very little attention to the woman who shared his home. Not that he neglected to provide for her comfort in every possible way. She was surrounded by servants who obeyed her slightest wish. No luxury within the bounds of reason was denied her. The Judge was a bountiful provider.

But he starved the heart of his patient wife, literally starved it. She longed for a word of love or appreciation; for the confidence of a husband's heart, but she craved these in vain. Her friends thought her perfectly well and happy, because it was not her way to complain. Slowly but surely the iron entered into her soul. She was a being who could thrive only in an atmosphere of love. For six short years she was mistress of the Seabury mansion. Her death occurred soon after the birth of their son Ralph.

Mrs. Seabury's death made but little change in the home.

The only thing about which the Judge manifested interest was the accumulation of gold. True, for a moment he exhibited a touch of paternal pride when the old nurse brought his boy to him, and said, "Your son is a Seabury, sir."

Five years Judge Seabury remained a widower, then he accidentally met the charming daughter of Judge Archer, of Salem, and his fate was sealed. Blindly infatuated with the proud, imperious creature, he pressed his suit with the ardour of youth. His advances were met graciously, and before many months he wedded the haughty Clara Archer, and took her to his home.

After his mother's death Ralph Seabury had been left largely to the care of servants. He was a smart, active child, possessing many excellent traits of character, but with a fiery temper

which had gathered strength during five years of unrestraint. These injudicious servants had filled the child's head with stories concerning the step-mother who was coming, stories not at all complimentary to the new mistress. Ralph had never known a mother's loving care, but Nurse Dennis had taken pains to make him acquainted with the large picture in the sitting-room, which the boy was taught to call "mamma." The child felt in a vague way that some one was coming into his home who intended to usurp his mother's place, hence he prepared to resent the now arrival with all the strength of his impetuous nature.

"They shall not bring me a new mamma," he cried. "My mamma is there," pointing to Mrs. Seabury's picture. "I won't have another one," and Ralph stamped his foot in childish rage.

The day Judge Seabury brought his new wife to Fairport, he left orders that his son should be dressed in his best clothes and await his father's return in the library. Nurse Dennis was also instructed to tell Master Ralph that papa was going to bring a nice lady home with him whom master Ralph was expected to kiss. The little fellow understood what all this meant, and when he was left by his nurse in the library, dressed like a young prince in his velvet suit, he ran to the cupboard where he kept his playthings, brought his riding whip, and hid it behind him.

"I won't kiss her, no, I won't," he cried. "If she tries to make me, I'll hit her with my whip."

He heard the carriage drive into the yard, but he would not go to the window to look out. Footsteps came up the stairs. The door opened, but the little fellow did not stir or lift his eyes from the floor.

"Ralph," said the Judge in a pleasant tone, "look at your pretty mamma!"

The boy raised his eyes and saw an elegant looking lady, more beautiful than any one he had ever seen, clad in the richest of furs. But there was a gold glitter in the handsome black eyes, and a repellent air, which the child unconsciously felt.

"This is your mamma," repeated the Judge, putting out his hand to draw the boy to him. "Come and kiss your beautiful mamma."

"I won't," was the unexpected reply. "Why not, my son?" said the Judge, in an expostulating tone.

"Cause I don't like her, and she ain't my mamma. Nurse is my mamma since my own went to heaven."

"Tut, tut, Ralph," said the Judge, looking irritated. "The child isn't much to blame, Clara," he whispered to his wife. "I have left him too much to the care of foolish servants. He has the Seabury spirit in him, but it is high time it was subdued."

"Ralph," with great sternness, "come here this instant and kiss this lady." Mrs. Seabury put out her hand graciously.

In the twinkling of an eye the riding whip came out from its hiding-place, and was flourished triumphantly over the little fellow's head.

"I'll strike her if she kisses me!" he shouted, stamping his foot in anger.

"Mercy, what a disagreeable child!" said Mrs. Seabury, turning away. "I am not over fond of children any way, and your son, husband, is not a very lovable looking specimen of childhood just at this moment."

Judge Seabury's anger got the better of him, and seizing Ralph, he carried him screaming and kicking, to the nursery.

"Young man, you stay here till you can learn manners. Not one bit of the wedding dinner shall you have, for your disgraceful conduct to-day. I am ashamed of you for your rudeness."

After dark a little figure might have been seen stealing into the dining-room, purloining pieces of cake and drinking the sweetened dregs from the bottom of the wine-glasses with evident relish. It was Ralph Seabury. Already the child was an adept in the art of deception. Worse than this even, he had formed an appetite for liquor.

The next day the Judge formed a plan by which his wife would be relieved of the care of Ralph. Mr. Felton had just resigned the pastorate, and he was invited to come and live at the Seabury mansion and take the entire charge of Ralph. "I want you to instruct and govern the boy," said the Judge, "and teach him above all things to make a good appearance in society. He is as rough and wild as a young Hottentot."

Mr. Felton was not loth to assume this charge. He loved Ralph for the sake of his dead sister, and he pitied the boy. He at once commenced upon his task as private tutor to his nephew. No one supposed that the ex-minister would prove an agreeable teacher to the

boy, but strange to say, Ralph evinced great affection for his Uncle Phineas. The latter put aside his "keep at your distance, sir," and never appeared so much like a human being as when with his nephew. His influence over his charge was great. Ralph regarded his uncle as a paragon of excellence, and was desirous of imitating him in all things.

One day as Mr. Felton sat sipping his after-dinner glass of wine, Ralph came bounding into the room and stood by his uncle's side, eagerly watching the contents of the tumbler, which was fast disappearing.

"What is it, my son?" asked the minister.

"Please can't I have a glass of wine, as you do, uncle?"

"Oh, no, Ralph. Wine is for grown people, not for children. When you are a man you may have one glass a day. Just one glass, Ralph. That is the gentleman's allowance."

"No, it ain't," cried the boy. "Papa drinks two glasses a day, and sometimes more."

"I guess not," answered Mr. Felton, moving uneasily in his chair.

"But I see him do it," persisted the child, "and I wish I was grown up so I could have a glass too. It smells awful good, uncle."

"Look! there's Don chasing Dick across the lawn," said the minister, anxious to divert Ralph's attention from the subject in hand.

The boy was always ready for a frolic with his dogs, and away he ran, leaving Uncle Phineas feeling strangely uncomfortable, although he could hardly tell why.

(To be continued.)

GRANDFATHER'S JUNIOR PARTNER.

Grandfather had a large garden, which he took care of every summer, although he was getting to be almost eighty years old. He raised potatoes and corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, onions, and melons, too—great big, juicy watermelons, and delicious brown muskmelons, and all the people round there liked to buy grandfather's vegetables, because they were so fresh and nice.

"You aren't going to be able to take care of a garden this year, are you, grandfather?" one of his neighbours had asked him early in the spring.

"Oh, yes," grandfather answered. "If I keep as well as I am now, I don't see any reason why I can't have just as good a garden and just as big a one as I had last year."

"Well, I am glad you are so well," the neighbour answered; "but I don't see how a man of your age can do so much work."

"Roy will soon be quite a help," grandfather answered, fondly patting the head of his little grandson, who was standing beside him.

Roy felt very happy over grandfather's speech, and when the neighbour had gone he climbed up on the wood-pile and sat down to think over what he could do that would really help grandfather. He didn't come to any conclusion about it that afternoon, but he kept thinking about it every day, and at last he thought of a fine plan.

He had been playing grocery that morning, and going to mother and grandmother for orders, and then delivering the groceries, which were clean chips and stones and empty boxes, in his express cart that father had given him the Christmas before. The cart was of iron, and was very light and strong, and large enough for Roy himself to ride in. When he took orders he had to let mother and grandmother write out the list of things they wanted on a slip of paper. Roy could write his own name, and boy and dog and cat and several other words besides, but he hadn't the least idea how to spell molasses or cucumbers, or even soap. Of course soap is a short word, but it has an a in it that Roy would never think of putting there if somebody had not told him about it.

Roy was watching mother write out the list of groceries that she wanted from his store when his new idea came to him. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "why can't I take orders for grandfather's vegetables? I can let the folks write what they want on paper, and then I can take the vegetables to them in my cart. Grandfather says he wouldn't mind the work in the garden so much if he didn't have to deliver the vegetables afterwards." And Roy's flushed cheeks showed how much in earnest he was.

As they lived in a village, and all the neighbours knew Roy, mother told him that he might try it. So, as soon as the first radishes and lettuce were ready, Roy started out. Grandfather wrote at the top of his paper the kinds of vege-

tables he was ready to sell, and the customers wrote their own names and the vegetables that they wanted. Then, every morning during the summer, Roy's express cart was to be seen upon the streets, and he was the busiest and happiest boy to be found.

Grandfather called him his junior partner, and said he believed the lettuce looked crisper and the tomatoes redder in order to make a better showing in the gay little express cart. Every time grandfather found time during the hot summer days for an afternoon nap, Roy felt gladder than ever that he had found a real way to help him.—Morning Star

AN EASTERN INN.

(See next page.)

Sojourners and travellers in the East, who happen to be so fortunate as to stop over night, on their journey, at one of the "khans" or lodging-places for man and beast which are to be found in many parts of Syria find them very interesting objects of study. Totally different from the inns established for the accommodation of wayfarers in any other part of the globe, their characteristics have changed but little, if at all, in the last two thousand years. They afford lodging, but rarely food, as the traveller is supposed to carry his own supplies. The smaller "khans" are found in the open country along routes frequented by travellers, while the larger "caravanserais" are usually located near towns. Each "khan" has a courtyard, enclosed by substantially built walls, within whose protection the animals and baggage are safely housed, while a spacious dwelling at the main entrance affords ample accommodation for the guests.

A "khan" which is well remembered by every reader of the Gospels is the one to which the "Good Samaritan" conveyed the stranger who had fallen among thieves and was grievously wounded. Luke tells of this Samaritan's great kindness and hospitality. "And he brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: Take care of him, and whatever thou spendest more when I come again I will repay thee." (Luke 10, 34, 35.) Local tradition, preserved through all the centuries, indicates the scene of this beautiful episode (which may have been no mere parable, but an actual occurrence drawn upon for the purpose of illustrating a divine truth), at the inn of the Good Samaritan on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho.

It is in a wild and sterile part of Palestine. The white Jericho road winds in and out at the foot of the low hills like a ribbon, and passes by its hospitable door. Jesus himself in his journeyings may have lodged there. There are many rocky defiles and ravines bordering on the highway. It is a locality which will continue to hold a peculiar interest for travellers, and especially for students of the Bible, who love to wander among the scenes that were familiar to the Saviour while here on earth.

The Little Brown Dog.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.

Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?

Or a cosy rug by a blazing fire?

Or a sudden race with a truant cat?

Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?

Is the worn-out ball you have always near?

The dearest of all the things held dear?

Or is the home you left behind?

The dream of bliss to your doggy mind?

But the little brown dog just shook his head

As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,

There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,

And the little brown dog did not even say,

"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away.

But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy

Is just to trot behind that boy.

—Wide Awake.

Simply Hadn't Learned Yet.—The Rev. Dr. Queen, observing the janitor wobbling about uncertainly on his new wheel in front of the church, called out, "George, do you ever take a header?" "No, Doctah Queen," replied George, with visible indignation. "I never take nothin' stronger 'n cawfee!"