## God Save the Boys. BY-MRS.-FRANK A BECK.

God save the dear boys-they are pre-

clous—
Mny right:ev'ry victory win—
th, list to the prayers now ascending,
And save the dear boys from all sin.

The death-traps of Satan are many, And fain would he lure them within And fain would no lure them within, hey need—oh I they need thy sure safeguard—
God, save the dear boys from their sin. They nec

Remember the love of fond fathers Remember the love of fond fathers, Remember the mothers who pray Their hopes in their darlings centred—

God. save the dear children to-day.

And pity-the boys worse than orphaned, For and has their heritage been; The offspring of parents besotted— Oh i Saviour, save these from their sin.

Oh I broad is the path some are going, Unheeding the dangers therein. And wild are the oats some are sowing God, save the dear boys from all sin!

Help them to remember the reaping, Save all from the "wages of sin", Let good seeds be found in their keeping, And harvests of good gathered in.

save the dear boys !-God, save the dear-boys!

Thou knowest the strongest may fail,

From peril, from snare and temptation, We pray thee, O Lord, save them all.

## A BOY OF TO-DAY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author, of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"Hello! said Heman, you here, Happer? I didn't know but you had skipped. Come, sit down on the steps. How are you?"

skipped. Come, sit down on the steps. How are you may are you may be a self-state of the steps. How are you asked me to come of thing. I found a place for my dinner and supper, but as you asked me to come and steep in the shop again, I came. "That's right," said Aunt Drexy. "Our way's poor; we can't-do for folks as we did when we had our farm and the nice house, but we like to entertain strangers all the same; it's only common Christianty. You'll stay to breakfast. You ought to have come in to tea." "Thankee! You're very kind, mistress, but I didn't want to intrude. I wish what you call common Christianty was a deal more common. It would help keep many a poor fellow up." "If you paid for dinner and tea," said Heman, "it took your last cent. "Inwill you get on now?" "I found a boarding-place, and I'll be paid Saturday. I didn't mind laying out my last cent." "Likely it saved you a 'last chance." "Said Heman dryly. "Mebbe it did. But I don't have such thresty spells as I had last night every day. It may not come on me again. For three or four weeks." "I see," said Heman, "you'll have board and washing to pay, and some shoes and clother or while. Then, when how the week's wages to the fore, it will begin to sing, in your pocket, 'last chance! I at chance! and when you take out a dollar it will wink and glean illic that whiskey-bottle last night and you're a goner! It would be a good thing if you had some one to keep your money for you. Aunt Drexy takes eare "Oh, but Heman," cried Aunt Espey, caslous that no reflection should be cast of all ours.

or all ours. "Oh, but Heman," cried Aunt Expey, casious that no reflection should be cast upon her boy, "or the rere had longings to go to saloo you the your money." I have been should be cast upon her boy, "but it! 'Id kept money rattling in my pocket, and hadry the that I wanted to save it all to but the dear old farm back, there's no telling what I might have fallen into. I'm

only my sister, poor girl, and I felt too big and man-like to let her hold me inmore fool I! She might have done me good. She's better than I am. Some times as I look at It, it seems no use for me to try to make a fight with so manyodds against me."

odds against me,"
Oh, come now, young man," said
Uncle 'Rins, "there's been fights won
against the biggest kind of odds. I
could tell you a ditty-about that, and if
you show as much pluck as the fellow
in the ditty, you'll come out ahead and
be your own man yet. This ditty my
grandfather told me, and he had it from
a coustin of the court of a cousin of his who went ever so far West, clear to the Mistouri River, in the twentes. There was a little village called Cote Sans Dessein, on the river hank, and it was mostly French. I don't care for French people myself, they speak such a heathenish language without any meaning to it; but there were nice folds:

without any meaning to it; but there were nice folks in that place. The vilwithout any meaning to it; but there were nice folks in that place. The village had a stout fort on account of the Indians, and one time all the men folks were off on an expedition cept a very old man, Rod, and his son Louis, also a man with a broken leg, lying in bed, and the son the son the son a man with a broken leg, lying in bed, and the son the son the son that a broken leg is to be some and children. Louis Rol found that a borde of Indians were on the way to capture the fort, so he burrled all his people into the fort, carrying all the water, milk and bread-they could take. Then he set the women to loading all the muskets, and when the Indians came up and called them to surrender, Louis Rol said Nover! in his silly French way—and I don't see how the Indians come and I don't see how the Indians could understand. "Outside there were three hun

"Outside there were three hundred braves, whooping, yelling, and shooting, and one man for an army inside with a crowd of women folks to load his guns i For three days, sir, that brave manbrave. If he was French—kept up that fight. He ate what the woman came and put into his mouth. What winks of sleep he got, he took standing in an angle of the wall between loopholes, his wife propping him up while he napped it, sun in hand. Don't you call them odds? He ran from loophole to loophole, shooting, and whenever the lands the woman pour on water or brine. One biaze they put out with two charms.

hold in a man become the The Indians thouland and the tree fire, behalf the woman pour on water of brine. Indians the the you can't that unless it was against heavy odds? Woll, sir, at the old of the days, the old man came along. Sald he, 'Louis, my son,'speaking French, which I can't, and am glad of it—the powder is all gone from the fort. Then Louis Roi held up his hands and sald, 'Oh, Godl look at these women and children, and pily us,'which was a good prayer, if he was a French man, for in the Bible it tells us how that Lord's pily was moved to Ninevel where there were crowds of little children that didn't know one hand from tother. Well, bors, if the fort powder had give out, so had, food for those will reliable the the was a fire out, so had, food for those will reliable from the fire of the court, and the short of the court of the court, and the short went plus to the first of the court of

"No, I can't," said Happer. "I don't

"No, I can't," said Happer. "I don't know either of them."
"Well, you're dreadt.! bad off, for-certain, said Aunt Rapey. "I wouldn't stand-in your shoes for a good bit. It is awful to waik in darkness and have... li was several weeks before Happer... who came with considerable regularity to call on the Sinnets, threatened an outbreak. Aunt Drewy oiling the semi-

It was several weeks before Happer, who came with considerable regularity to call on the Sinnets, threatened an outbreak. Aunt D'rexy pitted the man and wanted to give him all the help she could, yet a man of his fashion seemed to her a terrible companion for her He-

could, yet a man of his fashion seemed to her a terrible companion for her lieman.

"Why, Drexy," haid Uncle Risa, there's a crowd of such men in the world, and Heman can theen out of the way of 'em. He won't seek 'em or prefer 'em, but he may be a little help to 'em. Besides, woman, we needn't think our boy a so weak he'll be contaminated by every rascal that passes on the sais of the street. That was progressed to us of one briefly and that had mud fung on him be detired and find and find grant out of the said of the street. That had not seen the said of the said of the street. That fell off and his grantess remarks arose because, while Aunt Drexy was getting supper and the fired Urias was watching her operations, they had seen Happer pass around to the hop door. The chat in the kitchen subsided befure raised voices in the bop, then, as the counds of a lively scuffin ensued, Uncle Risa rose slowly on his "patent leg" and opened the door into the shop from the kitchen for, red and foaming, lay Hisper. Jooy sat peacefully—on Happer's feet with a bit of rope, was making ready to bind his hands. Uncle 'Risa stared.

"Why, boys, that's goln' it pretty

stared.
"Why, boys, that's goin' it pretty steep, ain't it.?" steep, ain't it. ?"
"Now, Joey, pick up his legs and we'll
"Now, Joey, pick up his legs and we'll
run him out," said Heman, paying attention to nothing but the business in hand,
tinel Rins and the two women, standing at the kitchen door, saw Happer
held, face downward, under the pump
and vigorously soused. Then, scatting steep. held, face downward, under the pump and vigorously soused. Then, seating him on the platform, Heman offered blin a quart-cup of water. Happer used some vary evil language, and made violent threats. "Will you drink that, or shall pour it down through a funnel into your throat?" stormed Heman. There was danger in his eyes, and Happer drank. The amazed Aunt Drexy saw Happer under dures drink three quarts of water, and that not so very cold. The draught occupied half anhour, it was awallowed so slowly and with so many protestations.

"Run him in," said Heman, and hand Jooy ran their victim into the shop to a bed of shavings and quilts. "Ill sive you. strong coffee and beef at nine o'clock," said Heman coolly to his enforced guest, "and to-morrow you'll like me again."

"You've saved me again." said Head.

me again."
"You've saved me again." said Happer to him next day, "but you make me terrible mad while you're doing it."
Before another outbreak on Happer's part the "Last Chance" was over-Before another outbreak on Happer's part the "Last Chance" was over-thrown, the county went prohibition, and those new-fledged voters, Heman, Joer, Peter, and many of their club-mates, had much to do with it, they had made a regular campaign through the country, going in great hay-wagons, from village to village, taking with them singers and speech-makers. Peter Forbes crowned himself with glory in his speeches, and bad on more-hearty admirer of his eloquence than Heman.

admirer of his eloquence tean iteman. Het.ma. was now a full-grown man and a well-skilled carjonier and builder. At Mr. Renfrew's suggestion he had taken lessons in mechanical drawing, and now he could make very beautiful architectural designs. He had fulthrilly stucked his business in its theory and practice, his business in its theory and practice, he had read works on architecture and subscribed to magazines and papers bearing on the line of his work, he read of house-building in other lands, and hought and studied works on trees and various kinds of woods. This had been of Heman the hardest part of his business, he did not like study, heavy reading of any kind made him desperately steepy, but the rule he had taken for himself as a boy. "Be the very best you can in the business you choose," had carried him safely through considerable hard work, and he respect the benefit of it in a growing reputation. Uncle Rias had regarded Heman's book studies with some suspicion, he had "never learned carpentry out.of books," he said. Hywere, as Mr. Renfrew and Simon Fietcher seemed to think Heman was doing weil, Uncle Rias remarked that the world changed and took on new notions, and he supposed it. he had read works on architecture and subscribed to magazines and naner

renchman's enemies were outside his carried him safely through considerable hard work, and he respect the benefit of that I wanted to save it all to buy the dear old farm back, there's no telling what I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have begun on been smoke, and I might have begun on been some can dell me. The pretty sure I might have begun on been some conditions, and the habit of staying out-nights to all kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fin sil kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fin sil kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fin sil kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fin sil kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fin sil kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will horses wouldn't hold me when the fins alled when was some one to lay it up for "All right. I'll cail and let you know its all in good, and I'm down and silved. When he supposed the farm had gone far to make her Hemain the fins fellow he was she could be a will be a will

Windle still grew, and new buildings and more aubstantial stores were con-stantly crected. One day Heman was at work rebuilding the front of a store putting in great windows and an arched putting in great windows and an arched doorway, and arranging various little brackets and revolving atasis to exhibit the small wares, for this was a "Notion Storn," the first one in. that county A drummer, in haste to get the first orders, came in with a huge bag of samples and several catalogues, which he laid on acounter before the proprietor. After long chaffering and some fairly large sales, the drubmer asked, as he closed up his bags, "Are there some Binates living out here in the country now " I was at their house once, twenty years ago, just about."

"They're-alive. They live in town now. There is one of them at work un

sgo, just about." They live in town now. There is one of them at work un now. There is one of them at work un the front, Heman Lesile, he's a silnnet." What, that lesile, he's a silnnet. "What, that lesile, he's a silnnet is with the siln of the silnnet is with the

cypress,

"Can't\_call, but you give her my compliments, and tell her I'm glad I did her
the good turn to bring her such a

pilments, and tell nor Im gine a such a nephew."

When Heman told his aunt, ahe helt up her hands with many exclamations among the rest. "Why, Heman, how the man getting to be I Twenty or and you'll be twenty four next, birthday. Dear me, boy, we ought to celebrate your birthday. Dear me, boy, we ought to celebrate your birthdays, we neve do, not even when you were twenty one. "Well, we had a big blo on hand that time, and couldn't stop. We'll celebrate some time," said Heman.

I we read," said Jooy, "that when princes come of age, whole countries celebrate themselves wild over it, they have bands, processions, feasts, fire

celebrate themselves wild over it; they have bands, processions, feasts, fireworks, belis. And when lords and such men come of age, they make big diners, and have balls and fireworks. Even people here make some kind of a fuss over it. Lawyer Brace gave his son a splendid-watch. "Yes; he said in didn't begrudge-it; since he'd learned to use his time propriy, which once he feared he never would," said Uncle Rias. "Well, Home, I dumn but your silver watch is as good as a gold one. I never had any."

I'll buy you one some time," laughed man. "I needed one in my bust Heman.

Heman, "I necord one in "reases"
"Yea, young fellows nowdays pear to need more than old fellows did." Uncle Rina still clung ardently to money, and white he did not begrudge giving to the church work, he looked with suspicious cyes on Heman's silver watch and on the bookease built by Heman and Joey, and where now all that famous 'list of books stood in verilable builk, and shi beside. Some of them were nice books, Uncle 'Rina admitted, and he liked to hear them read. hear them read

(To be continued)

The Serpent Among the Books.

The tropic Indian day was almost gone And evening with its cooling breeze came

meanwhile,
Among his books an hour to beguite
And from his cares to find a respite
brief.
The while beguite

The while he turned the pages leaf by leaf.

icaf,
ileaf, ileaf, ileaf, upon his florer-tip
And saw a serpent from the pages slip—
A finy serpent with a booded-head
That darted thither like a shining thread
Then suddenly be fell a singing-pain
Shoot swiftly up from floger-tip to brain
No drug could antidote that fatal power,
Nor say to death, "Thou shar vot come
sha be bett" this hour'

Thus evil turks in every hidden nook And serpent's place even in a book, Yes even in our land—so then, beware, And choose your books with watchful care

One atheistic doubt, one evil thought.

May penetrate the soul, with venom
fraught.