

Right Here at Home.

Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,
For me and you and plain old happiness:
We hear the world's lots grander—likely so,
We'll take the world's word for it and not go.
We know it's ways ain't our ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do
Man's plenty rich enough—and knows it, too,
And's got a'extr' dollar any time,
To boost a feller up 'at wants to climb
And's got the git-up in him to go in
And git there, like he purt' nigh allus kin!

Right here at home, boys, is the place for us—
Where folks' hearts' bigger 'n their money-pu's;
And where a common fellow jes as good
As any other in the neighborhood.
The world at large won't worry you and me
Right here at home, boys, where we ort to be.

Right here at home, boys—jes right where we air!—
Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere:
Grass don't grow any greener'n she grows
Across the pasture where the old path goes,
All things in ear-shot's purty, or in sight,
Right here at home, boys, ef we size 'em right.

Right here at home, boys, where the old home-place
Is sacred to us as our mother's face,
Jes as we rickollect her, last she smiled
And kissed us—dyin'—and so reconifed,
Seen' us all at home here—none astray—
Right here at home, boys, where she sleeps to-day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Scrub's Victory.

A PRIZE STORY.

"So the preacher's kid says he'll join and hand over his five dollars, does he? Well, so far so good, but we will have to keep pretty mum or he'll find out; then where's our fun?"

The speaker was Dick Simkins, a ragged boy about fourteen years old, but with the look of one five more years, sitting on a pretty good "Safety" while he steadied himself with one hand on a low fence.

Another boy, a little smaller, but with a more intellectual look, was standing near, leaning on an old-fashioned "Regular."

"No," said Scrub Hayworth, the smaller of the two. "We won't get his coin if he finds it out."

"He won't find it out though!" shouted Dick as he sped down the dusty road to catch another of the "club" as the few boys called themselves whose fathers could afford to buy them bicycles, or who by months of odd jobs could buy one on the instalment plan.

Scrub Hayworth's name was not "Scrub" at home; it was Edward. His mother had always called him that, but it had been nearly three years since she died and his father was too busy to say much, if anything, to him. The housekeeper did not care what he was called, as long as Mr. Hayworth did not. He would not have been so ragged, either, if she had cared for anything except an old dirty novel which she was continually poring over.

Although the people in the village thought that Scrub was the worst of the boys, there was one thing which he did take care to do, and that was to always, keep everything that belonged to his wheel in good order.

"Scrub worked hard for Logan brothers, to get that machine, if he is bad," the village folk were wont to say when they saw him glide by with everything glittering. On this particular evening he put the bicycle away well cleaned and oiled and went into the house, well satisfied that the minister's oldest boy must be made to join in their race the next Saturday.

Each boy who entered this race was to give five dollars. Scrub, Dick Simkins, and one of the other members of the club had planned it all out. They were to get George Davis, and a few of the others who did not know about the scheme into it and tell them it would cost five dollars apiece to prepare the track. But instead of paying it for the track, which only cost two dollars and a half for a man to smooth it off, they would keep the money themselves and have a fine time after the race. They thought it could not make their reputation much lower, even if it was found out.

But Scrub was not as satisfied as he had thought. When he went to bed that night he was thinking hard of something about which he could not decide.

"What difference does it make to me?" he thought, "I don't care anything about him, and besides he won't even speak to a rag-bag like me."

So he mused till he went to sleep, thinking that that blue feeling would

be gone in the morning. But it was not; when he got up he could not shake it off. He kept wondering if it was just exactly right to deceive other boys even if they were bad themselves. His father, even, noticed that his usually laughing boy was a little more sober than usual that morning at the breakfast table. When he went to school he did not take his bicycle from the shed; he felt too mean to even look at it. The next day would be Saturday, and he thought he would decide before then, sure. The boys were bewildered at his looks, and none but Dick ventured to speak to him when he looked like that. All day long he did not get over that thievish feeling, and after school he went down to the mile track to walk it off.

The track was a pretty place by the river, in the centre of a large bottom on which could be seen here and there, worn circles. Here circuits had been held every year as long as the village had been in existence. On the edge of this circuit ground was a wood of native oaks, and in some places between the trees one could catch beautiful glimpses of the open country beyond. As Scrub walked along he did not think of the almighty God who made those large trees and fine woodland views; he thought only of how mean it was for them to deceive so good a boy as George Davis.

As he walked on he exclaimed, "I will go!" and then a little farther, "No, the fellows will call me preacher."

But as he came home he passed the parsonage, and he thought of what a good thing it would be to have the minister's son for a friend. He hurried home, ate his supper and went up stairs to his room. How shabby he looked before the glass. He went down again and washed and combed, and then went back and hunted up his best suit. Scrub's father worked hard all day in an office, and had to keep going to make himself and his boy comfortable. When Sunday came he slept or read all day in his room, and did not pay much attention to Edward. So when he thought Scrub was in Sabbath-school he was off to the river in his old clothes, or some other place, where he ought not to be. And so when Scrub took out that Sunday suit, it looked almost as good as new for want of wear. He dressed himself up in his best necktie and when he looked in the glass again he hardly knew himself. He wondered why he had not taken better care to appear well.

Scrub walked slowly to the parsonage, wondering what he should say, but before he could make up his mind he was in front of the house. He felt a great deal stronger now, and knocked bravely on the door. The call was answered by Mr. Davis, and as Scrub saw the expression on his face he wondered how he could have thought him dull and unfeeling.

"Come in," said the minister; and when Scrub was seated in the parlor he seemed to know what he had come for, because he called George and then went out.

Now came the time for Scrub's strength to be tried. George came in and looked rather surprised till Scrub spoke out, "I—I've come here to tell you something." A long silence ensued. "Don't go to the race to-morrow," said Scrub at last. The boys are going to make you do something you would not do if you knew." Then the poor boy burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said George, in a gentle tone, "but tell me all about it." Then after a while Scrub told him all about it, and concluded by saying, "I was going to help, too; then we was goin' to spoil your wheel so you couldn't win and make you feel just as bad as we could."

"I will never forget you for this," said George, as he held out his hand, "and we will be friends if you say so."

That moment Scrub will never forget, because it was the turning-point of his life.

"You go to the race to-morrow," said George, "but don't join till you see me, and we will see what we can do to help those boys."

"Good night," said Scrub, and then went home.

The next morning Scrub went whistling to clean and oil his wheel, and he was out to the track by nine o'clock. The race was to begin at ten. When he got there whom should he see but George seated on a bench, rubbing the spokes of his new "Columbia."

"Good morning," said he, just as if nothing unusual was going to happen.

The rest of the club soon arrived. When the crowd was all arranged, and just before the boys went to enter for the race, there was a dead silence, and every eye was turned toward the bench where Scrub had been sitting. He was standing erect now, with one hand held up for silence as he shouted, "Hold on, just a minute!" Every

one was silent. "You all know me," he said, "but you don't know what I've done or what I'm going to say." Here the crowd became more silent, if possible.

"I know you don't believe I could be anything but a tough, but I have decided to be a better boy now, and try to do a little more what is right." He could not go on. He stopped, stammered something, and then sat down.

Before the crowd could cheer, some one behind Scrub shouted, I would like to say something." It was George. "My friend here called on me last night, and opened to me a scheme to get money from me under false pretences." The boys all colored and looked at Scrub.

"Even if they had succeeded in getting my consent," George continued, "it would not have harmed any one except themselves, and Edward Hayworth, knowing this, came and told me. And," he continued, "it was not owing to his teaching, but God knows when he can make a good man of a boy and put it into his mind. As it stands I think he has done a very hard thing to do—one, that perhaps no other boy in Howard would have done in his place."

Some one gave a shout and jumped down off the seats; it was the minister. He grasped both boys by the hand, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He could not speak for joy. Every one was down by this time, giving "Three cheers for Scrub."

An old man in the back of the throng said, "I thought there was some good in that boy, by the determined way he did all his meanness."

The race was forgotten, but every one, except the other boys of the club, went home with happy hearts to think that the village torment had turned from wrong to right.

The next Sabbath Edward was in church, led there by his own free-will, and every Sabbath after, unless he was sick, he could be seen sitting in his mother's old pew, listening to the minister. He has become an earnest child of God.

Fifteen years have passed. Howard is now a town of over three thousand population, and a new church has been built in the place of the old one.

There is a new minister in this church and his name is Rev. Edward Hayworth. Let us listen to the low conversation between two old gentlemen in the vestibule of the church.

"Bro. Brown," says one, "Bro. Hayworth is going to baptize two young men today, and who do you think they are?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," is the reply.

"Why, they are no others than Richard Simkins and Ralph Graves, two of the members of a bicycle club. They once tried to lead our minister, when he was a boy, down to perdition; but instead he baptizes them."

Has not this man done some good in the world?—The Standard.

Don't Hurry.

The famous answer to the man who said he had too little time to do a certain thing, that he had all the time there was, has apparently never been laid to heart by many active and energetic people. These restless and rushing persons seem to be under the impression that they have only a small bit of time, and that all they are to do in life must be done at once if it is to be done at all. Instead of drawing on time as if it were a large deposit, subject to constant demands as needed, these people attempt to draw out the whole amount at once. They impress one as having no reserve of leisure or opportunity. They are under the harrow of the present moment, and they are driven when they ought to guide and control. There is time enough in life for all rational people to do what they ought to do; time enough, without impatience or restlessness, or the hurry which destroys the sense of repose and saps the reserve force. To take life breathlessly is to miss the deepest and richest part of it. To be always on the run is to lose all those sweet delights and resources which come through an open mind and quiet observation. The hurried man or woman never has time for anything, not even for the thing in hand. For the work done in a hurry, and done to the exclusion of many other things, always bears the mark of incompleteness and haste; it is never a complete and finished product. To do is one of the great human obligations, but it is secondary to the obligation to grow. By all means do your work with your whole heart and with all your strength; but do it with quietness of spirit, that you may not only accomplish the thing in hand, but make it expressive of your own nature, and receive back from it that strength and added power which constitute the rich reaction of activity.—Christian Union.

A MOTHER'S SANCTIFIED LOVE.—I do know a few mothers who exemplify divine love every day of their lives. In their patience with wayward sons, how they sanctify the name of love! The father grows tired of helping the bad boy. He is harsh and condemnatory and unkind. He turns the key in the door of his heart and the erring son is alien to his father's affections and to his home. But mother holds fast to him. She pets him and makes choice little dishes for him; she steals out of bed in the cold night and slips barefoot down the stairs to slide the bolt that he may evade the quarantine of an angry father's questioning; she prays for him and pleads with him and loves him, and finally, perhaps, breaks her heart and dies, with his love, like a flying pennon at the mast of her foundering life, and who knows but that in heaven the influence of her faithful love, never dying, may serve to save the wandering boy at the last? Such love was meant when the three little words were set down in holy writ, to find their way like music into the hearts of men—"God is love!" Not the self-seeking and corroding outcome of chance, selection, but love whose foundation is unselfishness and whose keystone is purity, absolute and undefined.

The highest of all possessions is that of self-help.—Carlyle.

Clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature.—Lord Bacon.

A look of vexation, or a word coldly spoken, or a little help thoughtlessly withheld, may produce long issues of regret.—Spurgeon.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME

Edited by C. E. BLACK, — ST. JOHN, N. B.

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OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 38.

N. B.—"The Mystery" of above number will not be solved until after Prize Contest closes, see "INTELLIGENCER" of Sept. 28th!

The Mystery.—No. 41.

No. 210.—DIAMOND.

A vowel; an animal; a fruit; a tree; a vowel.

No. 211.—DROP LETTER.

h-i-t-p-e C-l-m-u.

No. 212.—PI.

"Nchronchy ftheardmrthoe."

No. 213.—ANAGRAM.

Away, Ril.

No. 214.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behad a fruit, and leave an organ.

Behad an opening, and leave an animal.

No. 215.—CROSS-WORD.

In ash, and not in elm;

In anchor, and not in helm;

In thumb, and not in hand;

In rope, and not in band.

We may hunt the world o'er,

But there's naught like it on foreign shore.

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