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the prices have consequently gone up. Nevertheless

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ALEX. WALDIE.

Esquesing, Feb. 1, 1877. 31-3m

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the Battle of Life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with cheerful grace,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again,
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, adze, spindle and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful day of youth;
Put on the helmet, breastplate and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may yield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of Gospel shod,
And before the high heaven do the best you can—
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

LIVING TOO FAST,

OR THE

Confessions of a Bank Officer.

I left my uncle with the feeling that I had completely overwhelmed him, and made him blush for his conduct. I was satisfied that I could borrow five hundred dollars of him within a reasonable time, and with a reasonable explanation of the necessity. The affairs of the day had improved rather than injured my reputation. My integrity and honesty stood at the highest point. I had made a friend of the cashier, who had stupidly placed himself in my power when open conduct would have served him better in the end. I owed no more than before, but I had hampered myself with a promise to pay Tom Flynn four hundred dollars the next Monday. I had said Monday, because I had a faint hope that I might go down to Springhaven on Saturday and get the amount out of my aunt, who had at least another thousand dollars salted down in her bureau.

There was time enough to think of this matter before the day of payment; but, if the worst came, Tom could easily be cajoled, and even made to insist upon my retaining the money another week or another month. While all these events were transpiring, the unfortunate relations which I sustained to my beautiful wife were hardly out of my mind for a moment. It was nearly six o'clock when I started for home, and all my thoughts were then of Lilian and the new house.

I was tempted to recede from my hard and trying situation, and I probably should have done so if I had not been endowed with a certain obstinacy, sometimes called firmness. It seemed to me that my wife was not my wife while she remained in the home of "dear ma." Her mother had more influence over her than I had, and I could not be happy till I had redeemed her from this bondage. My mother-in-law was swindling me for the benefit of her unmarried daughters. I could not endure it any longer, and come what would come, I would not. I entered the house the saddest and most miserable man in the whole city.

The hour for final action had come, I had informed Lilian that I should move into the English basement house that day. I had ordered an express waggon to come for my luggage at seven o'clock. We had nothing to move but our trunks, in which, for the want of suitable closets, our clothing was still kept. I had seen Biddy in the morning, and told her to have supper for me at half-past seven. I went up to our room. Lilian was there. I saw that she had been crying, but whether from grief or from anger I could not tell. I put my arm around her neck and kissed her, as I always did, when I came into the house.

"You are late, Paley," said she, in forced tones of calmness.

"I was detained at the bank by the president," I replied. "But the waggon will be here at seven, Lilian."

"The waggon? What waggon?" she asked.

"The waggon to take our trunks to Needham street, Lillian."

"You do not mean that, Paley?" said she, looking up into my face, while her lips quivered and her chest heaved with emotion.

"Of course I mean it, Lilian."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to drag me to that house, whether I am willing to go or not?"

"Certainly not. I have never hinted at anything of the kind. I only say that I am going; and going at seven o'clock this evening."

"O, Paley! I did not think you would do such a thing!" sobbed she.

"I did not think, Lilian, after I had done all I could to please you; after I had carried out the arrangement we agreed upon when we came to board at your mother's; after I had nearly ruined myself in fitting up the house, that you would refuse to live in it," I pleaded. "I acknowledge that I have done wrong, but I cannot help it now. If you will go to the new house with me, I will promise to give it up in a reasonable time, if you are not happy there."

"I will not go, Paley! I have said it, and I mean it," said she, spitefully.

"Very well. I am going at seven o'clock," I replied, sadly enough.

I began to pack my trunk, while she sobbed in her chair.

CHAPTER IX.

A LONELY HOUSE.

"Do you mean to desert me, Paley?" asked Lilian, sobbing bitterly.

"Does it look as though I meant to desert you when I have nearly ruined myself to provide a house that would please you?" I replied, as gently as I could speak, for I was not angry.

"But you say you will go to that house without me?" she added, looking up as if she had a gleam of hope that I did not mean what I said.

"I did say so, Lilian. I am going at seven o'clock, when the express waggon comes."

"Don't you call that deserting me?"

"No, Lilian; it will not be that I desert you, but you desert me."

"But I never will go into that house," said she, sharply, as she dashed away the tears that filled her eyes.

"Very well; then we need say no more about it," I answered, placing the last of my wearing apparel in the trunk, and locking it.

"I did not think you would be so cruel, Paley."

"Cruel, Lilian! Do I ask anything unreasonable?"

"I think you do. You come home, and wish to pack me off at half an hour's notice into a strange house."

"I think I spoke of the matter last night, and told you I intended to go. If the time is too short, you may fix a day yourself to move. Name the time you will go, three days, a week, a month hence, and I will not object."

"I shall name no time. I will not live in that house!"

"Then we may as well settle the matter now as at any other time," I replied, with Spartan firmness.

"You will leave me, Paley?"

"I will."

"O, Paley! Have I lost all influence over you?"

"I do not believe in this sort of influence. I repeat that I have done everything to please you; and before I told you that the house was for you, were you not delighted with it?"

This was a sore subject to her. I knew very well that she liked the house herself. Her mother intended to keep us in our present quarters, for the sake of the income to be derived from us. She could board us for ten dollars a week, and make something even at that, for salt fish and round steak form a cheap diet. I estimated that it cost five hundred dollars a year apiece to clothe the two younger daughters, and the profits on my board more than paid the bills. This was the whole matter in a nutshell. I do not think that Lilian was a party directly to the conspiracy, but she knew that it would upset all her mother's plans if we left. Unfortunately for me, I had given the impression that I was made of money; that I not only had a large salary, but that I was the heir of Aunt Rachel, whose wealth was supposed to equal the capital of the bank of England.

My wife was too proud to acknowledge that she had any interest in her mother's scheme; it was safer to say that she did not like the house. I knew her family was reduced to the greatest straits; that Mr. Oliphant's income was utterly insufficient to keep up the style of former years. I knew that Mrs. Oliphant pinched herself in every possible way, that the prospects of her two unmarried daughters might not be injured. But I felt that I had done enough for the family, when I relieved them of one mouth to feed, and one form to clothe. It certainly was not fair that I should pay the extravagant expenses of making the world believe that my wife's two sisters were fine ladies.

I was fighting the battle for my own independence, and not less for that of my wife. I know that mothers-in-law are shamefully traduced, but only because such a one as Mrs. Oliphant is taken as a type of the whole class. I regard her as the exception, not the rule. Her plan required that she should hold my wife as a slave within the maternal home. In little things, I found that Lilian consulted the will of her strong-minded mother, rather than my feelings. For example, I once heard Mrs. Oliphant tell my wife to induce me to go to a certain concert, simply because Miss Bertha desired to go. Lilian did induce me to go, and I went. The came up to the point by regular approaches. Not a word was said about Miss Bertha till I was closing the door behind me, as I went to the bank, when it was—"By the way, Paley, don't you think we had better ask Bertha to go with us!" Of course I thought so, and she went with us. Lilian did not care a straw for the concert, neither did I.

This is only a specimen of the manner in which I was victimized. I not only dressed the two marriageable sisters, but I was to introduce them into society, by paying their bills at concerts, theatres, parties and balls. But this was not the most objectionable part of the arrangement. I could not endure the thought of having my wife made the cat's paw for the monkey to pull the chesnuts out of the fire. She was not my wife in the just and proper sense of the word. She did not think so much of my interests and my happiness as she did of her mothers will and wish. Neither of us was to live for each other, but both of us for the Oliphants' ambitious schemes. So thoroughly was I persuaded in my own mind of the justness of my position, that I was determined to stick to it, even if it resulted in a complete separation.

The door-bell rang, and we heard the sound of it in our room. I looked out the window. An express waggon stood before the door. The crisis had come, but I was as resolute as ever, and I expected to spend the night alone in the house in Needham street.

"A man at the door wants to see you, Paley," said Mrs. Oliphant who did not keep a servant.

I went down to the door, and brought the man up with me. Lilian and her mother stood aghast. They appeared to be utterly confounded, and neither of them spoke in the presence of the stranger.

"The trunk," I said to the expressman.

"Is that all?" asked he.

"That is all," I replied, giving him the number of the house in Needham street.

The man picked up the trunk and I followed him down stairs. I paid him and he went off with my baggage. I was not willing to leave my wife without saying good bye too her, for I had some hope that she would yet relent. When my hand was on the door which I intended to close, Lilian called me from the stairs above. She came down, followed by Mrs. Oliphant. I hoped that both of them would understand me by this time.

"What's the matter, Paley?" asked "dear ma" trying to look pleasant.

"Nothing is the matter," I replied, not caring to discuss the question with her.

"Lilian tells me you are going to your new house."

"Doubtless she told you that before."

"But I did not think you would go off and leave her."

"Such is my purpose, unless she decides to go with me."

"Of course it is not for me to say anything about it," she added in her magnanimous way. "But I must say I think you are a little unreasonable."

"Well, Mrs. Oliphant, I don't care about discussing the subject any more. If Lilian chooses to desert me I can't help myself."

"Desert you! Goodness gracious! I should think it was just the other way, and you are deserting her."

"I think not. If I provide a suitable home for my wife, it seems to me that she ought to occupy it with me," I answered, meekly. "I do not wish to be unreasonable, but I think that Lilian will admit that our plan, discussed and agreed to while we were on our bridal tour, was to go to housekeeping. I have provided a pleasant house near yours, and furnished it in a style much better than I can afford. I have told her that, after occupying the house six months or a year, if it does not suit her, I will conform to her wishes, whatever they may be. I think my view is a reasonable one, and I intend to adhere to it."

"Is she to go there whether she wants to or not?" demanded Mrs. Oliphant.

"Am I to stay here whether I want to or not?" I replied. In the matter of house keeping, I consulted her, and we were of the same mind."

"You will not leave me, Paley, will you?" pleaded Lilian, satisfied that her mother was making no headway in solving the problem.

"No; but you will leave me, Lilian. I am going now."

"Don't go, Paley!"

"Will you name a time when you will go with me, Lilian?"

"I cannot go, Paley! Indeed I cannot."

"Good-bye, then, Lilian," I replied, kissing her, while the tears gushed from my eyes.

I rushed from the house without stopping to close the door behind me. I wiped away my tears as I crossed the street at a furious pace. I walked till I had subdued the emotions which crowded upon me. It was half an hour before I dared to present myself before the Biddy I had engaged, lest she should fathom the secret that worried me. I rang the bell at my house, and the servant admitted me. She opened her eyes wide when she saw me alone.

"Where is the missus?" asked she.

"She has concluded not to come to-night," I replied, hanging up my hat in the hall.

"The pretty crayture! Sure I'm dyin' to have her in the house wid me!" exclaimed Bridget. "Is it sick she is?"

"She don't feel well this evening," I replied, evasively.

"Sure the supper is all ready for the two of ye's. The tay is drawn this half hour, and the crame toast is breakin' in fritters wid waitin' for ye's."

"Very well; I will have my supper immediately."

The tea and the toast were certainly good enough even for Lilian; but it was the most miserable supper to which I ever sat down. My heart seemed to be almost broken. I lighted the gas in the little sitting-room, and threw myself into the rocking-chair. I looked around the apartment. Everything was neat, tasty and pleasant. Was it possible that Lilian refused to share such a palace with me? No; it was not her fault. With her mother's permission how gladly she would have taken her place by my side. Mrs. Oliphant evidently had not given me credit for any considerable amount of resolution. She was "the better horse" in her own matrimonial relations, and she found it difficult to comprehend any other than a similar arrangement in her daughter's family.

I tried to read the newspaper I had brought home with me, but my thoughts were with Lilian. I turned over the leaves of the books I had laid on the centre-table. I went into the dining-room and smoked. I was almost worn out with fatigue and excitement. I was miserable beyond description. I went to bed at midnight, and I went to sleep, but it was only to dream of Lilian, goading and persecuting me, led on by a demon who was always at her side.

I rose in the morning, and found my breakfast ready at the time I had ordered it. It was such a breakfast as Lilian liked, but she was not there to enjoy it, and I groaned in spirit. I must go to the bank. I was not see my wife, but I decided to write her a line—it was only a line:

"DEAREST LILIAN:—I shall hope to find you at our new home when I come up from the bank." "PALEY."

I sent Biddy to deliver it, and told her not to wait for an answer.

I went to the bank. Everything was "lovely" there. Even Mr. Bristlebach was "lovely"; and that was a most unusual attitude for him. Captain Halliard dropped in to see me. He was "lovely." Tom Flynn was in excellent spirits; but he took occasion to tell me something about his business affairs, so that I could distinctly understand what a sad mishap it would be to him if I should fail to pay him the four hundred dollars I owed him on Monday. I felt that I must pay him, and I decided to visit Springhaven on Saturday, and cajole Aunt Rachel into lending me the amount.

I went through my duties mechanically, but that day I lived on hope. I had ordered my dinner at home at half-past three, which was the hour I usually dined. Lilian knew my habits, and I felt almost sure that I should find her in Needham street. I believed that she loved me, and I could not believe that she would desert me. How my heart beat when I went into the English basement house! How it sank when Biddy failed to tell me that the "missus" was there. I dared not ask her any questions, lest she should discover the anxiety under which I was laboring.

I looked into the sitting-room. It was as empty as the tomb of all I desired to see. I went into the dining-room. The table was set for two, but one of the plates seemed to mock me. Lilian was not there. She was not in the kitchen. I went up stairs but the same oppressive vacancy haunted every spot in the house. No Lilian was there, and without her the house was not home. The casket and all its appliances were there, but no jewel flashed upon my waiting, longing eyes.

There was no note in reply to mine. Biddy did not deliver any message to me. It was plain enough that she had not heard from the "missus." I was sure that Lilian loved me, and that if left to herself she would come to me even if I had been lodged in a prison instead of the palace I had provided for her. I ate my dinner alone and in silence. The dinner was a good one, but it would have been the same thing to me if the roast beef and mashed potatoes had been chips and shavings, so far as I had any interest in their flavor.

When the meal was finished I left the house and wandered about the streets till tea-time. I kept walking without going anywhere; I kept thinking without knowing what I was thinking about. After I had been to supper, and Biddy had finished her work, she came in to the sitting-room where I was looking at the blank sheets of the newspaper I held in my hand. She begged my pardon for coming. She wanted to know when the "missus" was to be at the house. I evaded an answer. She told me she could not stay in a house with no misus in it. She didn't "make to a sow) all day long" and she couldn't "stiton in a house wid only a man in it. She had a charracter, and people would be talking if she shtopped in a house wid only a man in it." Of course I was utterly confounded at this complication of the difficulty, but I told her that if the "misus" was not able to come by Monday she might go, and I would pay her wages for an additional week.

"God bless your honor! but is the missus sick?" she asked.

"She is not very well, and does not like to leave her mother yet."

She appeared to be satisfied, and I was permitted to spend another miserable night in the loneliness of my new home. I heard nothing from Lilian. I thought she might, at least, send me a note in reply to mine; but I knew she acted on the advice of "dear ma." That strong minded woman evidently intended to bring me to terms. If possible, I was more resolute than ever.

Before I went to the bank the next morning I decided to write one more note—one which could not fail to bring the unpleasant matter to an issue within twenty-four hours. It was in the form of an advertisement, as follows:

"Whereas, my wife, Lilian D. Glasswood, has left my bed and board, without justifiable cause, I hereby give notice that I shall pay no debts of her contracting, after this date.

Boston, Aug. PALEY GLASSWOOD.

"Shall I insert the above in to-morrow's papers?"

I sent this epistle to Mr. Oliphant's by Biddy. Though it was directed to Lilian it was intended for her mother.

(To be continued.)

DON'T TURN DOWN THE LAMP.—An incident similar to the following related by an exchange occurred the other night. In regard to the management of coal oil lamps it is worthy of notice: A merchant returned home about two o'clock at night and found his wife lying on the bed groaning heavily, and unconscious. She was waiting his return, and at last tired out, laid herself on the bed, after turning down the wick of lighted lamp as low as possible without extinguishing it. In this position of the wick, if the oil is bad, a vapor mixed with innumerable quantities of specks of soot diffuses itself through the apartment, and so covers the eyes, nose and respiratory organs, that on falling asleep one runs the risk of suffocation. It is always advisable therefore, in the use of coal oil lamps, to allow the wick to burn brightly, or to extinguish it entirely.

HOW TO PLEASE.—If you really want to be liked, keep your egotism in the background. You can think as much of yourself as you like, be just as vain as you please, but don't allow the fact to crop out.

Those three lines so still and solemn, just fill out this seventh column.

A Good Example.

On the occasion of a recent State Dinner in Washington, President Hayes at first refused to have wine used at all, but afterwards yielded the point in submission to the explanations made by Mr. Evarts as to the custom in such matters in other countries. In yielding to others, however, they excepted themselves, for no wine glasses were placed before either Mr. or Mrs. Hayes, and it is stated that hereafter wine will be altogether excluded from White House dinners.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes attend a church not far from the executive residence, to which they repair on foot, minus everything like shoddy or "style."

At the inauguration ceremonies, Mrs. Hayes avoided all extravagance and ostentation in the way of apparel, and wore a high-necked dress, declining to expose herself in what is satirically called "full dress."

These examples from the highest personages in the land cannot fail to have a widely beneficial effect. What is needed in the United States more than anything else is a revival of the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity, naturalness, and honesty. This example set by the Chief Magistrate of forty millions of people is worthy of being considered by the highest official circles in Canada.

How Far Will Ten Dollars Go?

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars toward the $20 I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays 10 dollars on board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife with the remark that that paid her 20 dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and dairy account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount, on his flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket book, exclaiming that he "never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten dollar bill was made to pay 90 dollars' indebtedness inside of five minutes.

Gradations of Guilt.

The wisdom of many peoples, and of all ages, ordains for the punishment of the same act various degrees of severity, according to the circumstances, or the guilt of the offenders. Thus homicide may be only killing by misadventure, or wilful murder or high treason, according as the case may be. It is, therefore, strictly in principle that the act of converting to one's own use the money of another exhibits, in the light of our lofty civilization, various gradations of guilt, which, after the manner of criminal statutes, are signified by appropriate names, the amount of the spoliation being in this case the principle criterion. Thus:—

Taking $1,000,000 is called a case of Genius.

Taking $100,000 is called a case of Shortage.

Taking $50,000 is called a case of Litigation.

Taking $10,000 is called a case of Irregularity.

Taking $5,000 is called a case of Defalcation.

Taking $1,000 is called a case of Corruption.

Taking $500 is called a case of Embezzlement.

Taking $100 is called a case of Dishonesty.

Taking $50 is called a case of Thievery.

Taking $25 is called a case of Total Depravity.

Taking one ham is called a case of War on Society.—N. Y. Graphic.

They had a tough subject in the inquiry room last week. Moody wrestled with him, and Sankey sang with him, but the man seemed to despair of forgiveness. Finally Moody asked him what heavy sin burdened his mind, and he confessed to having beat a newspaper publisher out of a three years' subscription. The evangelist informed him that they did not profess to perform miracles, but if he would settle up his dues, with compound interest, and pay for three years more in advance, although they could not open the doors of the church to him, perhaps he might be snaked in under the canvas.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Unfeline. It is proposed to tax cats. For the benefit of the public purrs, of course.