

for a minute. 'No, thank'ee, pardners,' he said, finally. 'I'm partic'lar in raisin' boys, and I don't 'low him nothin' of the kind.'

'That's holdin' a pretty tight rein,' said one of the men.

'Yes, pardner, it is,' admitted Rasmus, seating himself on the edge of the table, 'but you see if he don't begin he can't go on. I s'pose he might begin with the cards and the bottles, too, and come to no bad luck all his life. He might, but I ain't nowise sure—and I am sure of his luck if he lets 'em both alone. He might try 'em both, and not hurt hisself. I don't say not, but he might, you know, stumble over just such a bottle into a gutter, and he might handle the cards till he got drove to try a razor 'cross his pretty little neck. I put it to you, he might; mightn't he? Men do go that way, don't they, brothers all? And began by being very pretty boys, too, didn't they? I've seen it, and you've seen it, now haven't you?' He reached out his arm and pulled Rodney closer, eyed him with an investigating air, summed him up. 'So young and pretty and innocent as he is, to-day—his mammy needn't be ashamed to own him if she was a queen, or an angel with wings,—and yet, he might, you know, trip over a bottle, and get all this nice, yellow hair drenched in the slime of the gutter' (Rasmus tossed absently with his big hand the floating yellow hair of Rodney), 'or he might, you know, be so drove desperate over them cards as to draw a knife right along his pretty little throat,' (he drew his finger swiftly under Rod's chin, and the boy, with a shiver he never forgot, felt as if the cold steel of a razor was cutting into his flesh). Rasmus led his charge off to the state-room, and there continued his explanation. 'I made up my mind if ever I found my little chap, I wouldn't let him take to none of them doings, and I shan't let you. I've seen a plenty of fellows come to grief along of 'em, but I never see no one hurt by lettin' of 'em alone.'

Rodney was too sleepy to reply; he tumbled into the lower berth, and heard, as in a dream, the voice of Rasmus coming from the upper berth, in an effort to speak low, that made his words sound like the rumbling of distant thunder, 'Pardner, let's be mighty close-mouthed about ourselves; talking too lively don't do no manner of good, it often lets a fellow down.'

(To be continued.)

Nevers for Boys.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be, God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard, but beer, wine and whiskey will do you no good and may wreck your life. Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures, a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks, but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep rather than laugh.

Never tell or listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage, the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in, if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are con-

tinually doing and saying evil things. A boy as well as a man is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere. Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—Independent.

Love One Another.

(Marianne Farningham, in the 'Christian World'.)

One new commandment

Christ gave us for keeping:

That it is broken

Is reason for weeping:

If it were kept

All the world would be singing,

For Love is an angel

True happiness bringing.

'Love one another.'

A precept all golden!

But these times are modern

And that word is olden;

And business and pleasure

So zealous are proving

That only a few

Can find leisure for loving.

'Buy in the cheapest mart,

Sell in the dearest.'

'Each for himself alone.

Self is the nearest.'

'Life is a battle

Aye won by the strongest'—

These, says the world,

Are the things that live longest!

Nay! but the heart of man

Cares for his brother!

More than we think

Do we love one another.

Self is a tyrant

We sometimes cast down

And conquer, rejoicing

Another to crown.

Teach us, O Christ,

To be constant and loving;

Likeness to Thee

Through our faithfulness proving.

So to our life

Shall new rapture be given,

And love make the earth

The beginning of heaven.

A Good Word.

Harry went into the Greek room a few minutes before the hour for recitation. The professor sat at his desk looking over the copy of the college journal for the current month, and looked up to give his pupil a characteristic smile of welcome.

'I have just been reading the report of the "meet,"' said he. 'Very well written up indeed! I believe that is your department, my boy.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Harry, blushing a little at the implied compliment. It was really no light thing to have one's work praised by Professor Stuart.

'And I am glad to be assured that it was a clean, manly contest, with victories fairly won.'

'It certainly was, sir,' said Harry, adding, with a look of slight surprise, 'I don't remember, though, having put that into my report.'

'Fie on so poor a memory! See it there in black and white.'

Harry's eyes followed the professor's finger.

"The greatest enthusiasm prevailed."

'But I don't see—'

'One of my best scholars,' interrupted the professor, with mock severity, 'and you do not see how it is all covered by one word! What, pray, does "enthusiasm" mean?'

'"Enthusiasm?" Why, fervor, devotion—'

'No, no! Never mind the English synonyms. Go back to the Greek, my boy—back to the Greek! You must first dig up a word in order to be able to construct it, as the scientists do with their fossil birds and fishes. Not that this particular word is a fossil, however—far from it! It is one of the liveliest words in all the dictionary!'

'"En," in, and "theos," God,' replied Harry, promptly.

'Right, boy! Then there can be no such thing as enthusiasm without the divine element—"God in" it—and it follows as the day the sun, that one can never be enthusiastic over anything low or mean or base. There is plenty of excitement in the world that is not enthusiasm. A crowd may be excited to the point of frenzy over a prize fight, but it is never enthusiastic at such an exhibition. So, when I read your article here, I was sure that, if you had used your words sharply, there was nothing to be ashamed of in your athletics—no "slugging" or cheating or trickery, but all clean and above board.'

'I see, sir,' cried Harry. 'It is plain enough now, though I am afraid I did not fully comprehend just what I was writing at the time.'

'You felt the meaning of the word, Harry, even though you had not analyzed it. It is a good word. I trust you may have many more opportunities to use it in your play as well as your work.'

'Why, boy, without enthusiasm the world would stagnate and revert to savagery. It is the divine force—"God in" the soul—which has impelled in all the great movements in history. It has made reformers and martyrs, kept the Christian faith alive in persecutions, and inspired courage for all the holy wars waged since the world began.'

'Guard your enthusiasms! They are the birthright of youth. Woe to him who sells them for the pottage of expediency! The desolation of an uninhabited island is society compared with the loneliness of a soul which has lost the power to feel fervently and aspire divinely.'

The bell was on the stroke, and the professor, looking from under his shaggy eyebrows, caught the answering fire of the boy's kindling eyes.—'Young People's Weekly.'

Be Firm.

Some years ago a very young man, just entering upon life, attended a reception. This reception was given by a young married lady to introduce her step-daughter into society. A large bowl of punch was ready to be served and the hostess invited her young guest to have some. He declined, saying, 'Madam, I don't drink.' Then the lady said, 'If you don't drink this punch you're no friend of mine.' The brave young man replied, 'Then I am not your friend,' and immediately left the house.

This decision was the turning point in his life. He lived to be useful and respected in the church, filling an important office faithfully. He was successful and influential in business and was trusted by his associates. His influence was always for good.

The wealth of the lady's family led them into gaiety and dissipation, and among her sons and daughters there were deaths in the prime of life, insanity and divorce, all the result of intemperance. How different might have been the result if that woman had used her influence for good instead of for evil.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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