

however, there are few like Rasmus; there are many, very many, just as blankly ignorant, but few of them so innocent. Ignorance in most has begotten viciousness. But Rasmus, of a tender, genial nature, had been kept comparatively pure and decent by the memory and influence of the lost and beloved child. He had sought to keep his own action and thinking in the condition of simplicity and goodness in which he remembered Robin, and in which he fondly imagined him yet remaining. He had been momentarily shocked at being assured that Robin must have grown nearly to manhood. He had already shaken off the impression, and the lost brother was still to him a little, blameless lad. Brought into contact with Rodney and the naturalist, the mind of Rasmus was rousing from its primitive state.

When, in the truant pig-pen, he floated down the Ohio, asleep on the corn-stalks, Rasmus might be catalogued as 'a featherless biped.' Mr. Llewellyn was watching in him, and with intense interest, what he called the 'Evolution of a Man.'

'Rod!' cried Rasmus testily, 'don't you wish God would go away?'

'In that case, who would take care of me?' asked Rodney.

CHAPTER X.

Raw Material.

'Then, let us pray, that come what may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, or 'a the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.'

That Sabbath stood forth as a golden milestone in the life of Rasmus. It was a day forever remembered as enriched by rest, by wakened thought, by the serene beauty of the woods, by wonderful histories, and the voice of song. The thought suggested to him by Rodney, that his hapless mother had only begun a new life in going out of this world, and that a life of happiness and blessing, was as a star of hope risen over the horizon of his soul. He recurred to it, asking Rodney to 'sing a little something about where dead people go,' and Rodney sang 'Jerusalem, my happy home.'

That was very delightful, but was it true, Rasmus questioned.

'P'raps it's all make up! Folks makes up songs. I know a strollin' man once made right good ones.'

'This is true,' said Rodney, 'because it really means just what is in the Bible, and that's true, for God made it.'

He then read the last two chapters of Revelation. In these Rasmus could only discern a great and dazzling splendor, which produced in him no definite ideas, but only an impression of some immense good arrived at by his mother.

This beautiful Sabbath passed quickly away, and on Monday morning the three travellers packed their small luggage, and resumed their journey. The keen eyes of Rasmus soon espied a big bee on a dandelion.

(To be Continued.)

Many indeed think of being happy with God in Heaven; but the being happy with God on earth never enters their thoughts.—John Wesley.

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Comrades.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'Forward'.)

When Howard's father died, and he went to live with his Uncle Esbon's family, he found a social atmosphere, which was totally different from that to which he had been accustomed. For years his mother had been an invalid, and after her death his father had secluded himself more and more with his books and sermons, only going out as the necessary duties of his small country church demanded. Howard had grown up quiet and delicate, a natural student, and with his love for books shared by an almost equal love for carving blocks of wood into beautiful and quaint designs. When the home was broken, many of these were given away to friends, some were taken to Uncle Esbon's.

Here the delicate boy found himself in a strange world of robust activity and enjoyment. Tom, the oldest cousin, was an ardent golfer and angler; Will owned a shotgun, and was fond of making it the subject of his conversation, and Mary was equally enthusiastic about her bicycle. All three could row and sail a boat, could swim, dive, ride a horse, play tennis, golf, and could walk half a dozen miles without a sense of fatigue. Not one of these was among the attainments of the boy whose work had been confined to books and carving. Even his Aunt Ella could row and ride and play with as much interest and almost as much skill as the young people.

For a time Howard followed them about with kindling eyes, from the tennis court to the golf field, and into the woods with Will, and even ventured out upon the water. It was so delightful he thought, and represented the glorious things he had missed. Then, on their part, they encouraged him to go along. He was such a wistful, delicate little fellow that it was an easy charity to show him so much attention.

But as the days went by, and he found that he did not understand the games, and could not row or swim or ride, the excitement began to pall, and he withdrew more and more to the seclusion of his room, to his books and carving. His cousins accepted the withdrawal philosophically, for, after all, a non-participant was a drag.

Sometimes his Aunt Ella interposed and tried to induce him to join more in the pleasures, but he showed such reluctance, and his cousins such lack of enthusiasm, that she finally desisted, and he became almost as much of a recluse as he had been in his own home.

But somehow he could not find the same pleasure in his chosen pursuits that he had then. There was a thrill in the activity of this house that touched some responsive boyish chord, and he often left his books to watch their games from his window. If he could only play golf or tennis or row, they might be glad for him to join them as an equal. Perhaps they would even be willing to show him a little—but at this thought his sensitive nerves always took alarm. No, he would not be a bother to anybody; and he certainly must be one when intruding on his cousins at their games.

So, little by little, he came to regard himself as deficient in useful knowledge, and his cousins as knowing and doing everything that was worth knowing and doing. They were so strong, and he so weak; and very likely it was their knowledge that made them strong, and his ignorance of active games that kept him weak.

One evening there was an eager reading of the newspapers, followed by a spirited discussion on besieging and defending forts. A great battle had been fought and an important position taken, and now the newspapers were divided as to whether the siege had been conducted on scientific principles.

Presently, however, the discussion began to flag. The boys knew little of forts; and even their mother, the final authority, grew silent. Then they noticed Howard, his usually pale face flushed and his eyes dancing with animation.

'Hello, little one,' Tom called cheerfully; 'do you know anything about forts?'

Howard shrank back. He had never taken part in any of their discussions, and this sudden bringing into prominence abashed him.

'Why, I—I've been making a fort out of

wood and cork ever since the papers have been publishing war news. I've read all the books I could get on the subject, and studied fort principles. I—I think it is perfectly accurate. I've made a lot of soldiers and cannons and horses and things for besieging and being besieged. I—would you like to see it?'

'Of course,' chorused all of them, eagerly; 'bring it down.'

'But it's too large,' objected Howard. 'I've been at work on it three months. It's more than I can lift.'

'All right. Come along, Will,' and the two boys caught Howard by his shoulders and swung him from the room. In a few minutes Will returned.

'Clear off the centre table, folks!' he cried hurriedly. 'Tom and Howard are bringing it down, and it's a work of art—turrets and towers and parapets and—embrasures, and all sorts of things that Ivanhoe and Thaddeus of Warsaw tell about. He's made a regular horde of invaders to do the assault business. It's big! I don't see how ever he could do it.'

They all felt the same way when the beautifully carved fort and its defenders and besiegers were brought in and arranged upon the table. Howard listened to their exclamations of admiration with glowing face; and when his Aunt Ella turned to him with some questions, he answered diffidently at first but gained confidence as other questions began to pour in from the rest. Soon he had forgotten himself and his surroundings entirely, and was describing and explaining the fort with a fluency that brought a look of wonder into even the eyes of Aunt Ella. For twenty minutes or more they listened with almost breathless interest to his graphic description of siege and assault and defence, and only when he caught sight of Will's eyes fixed in quizzical wonder upon him, did he falter and stop in confused diffidence.

'Well,' Will ejaculated, with a long breath, 'you are a wonder, if I do say it. How ever did you pick up so much? It sounds just like a book.'

'I've read quite a good deal,' Howard stammered, 'and I remember things easily.'

'But I do like your games,' Howard confessed, becoming frank in his turn, 'only I don't know them.'

'Really?' It was Tom who spoke. 'I thought they bored you. Look here, if you say the word, I'll coach you on golf. It's prime fun, and just the sort of exercise that will do you good. Oh, it's no trouble at all,' as he saw the situation in Howard's eyes; 'you can tell us some more fort yarns, and that will make it all right. They're awfully interesting.'

'I'll show you about boating and gunning,' broke in Will eagerly; 'that is, if you'd like to know.'

'I will teach you about bicycling and tennis,' said Mary.

Howard looked from one to another, his eyes expressing the pleasure the proposition gave him.

'I—I would like it very much,' he said. 'It's nice of you to take so much trouble.'

'Oh, pshaw!' exclaimed Tom, gruffly, 'that's all right, shake.'

As their hands clasped, and the big boy and little boy looked each into the other's eyes, each saw something that promised good comradeship for the future; and when his hands clasped Will's and Mary's in turn, and he read the same promise in their eyes, Howard felt that his cup was not only full, but running over.

Things to be Kept Hid.

Five things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And what I said and did.

—Selected.

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