

him,' said Rasmus. 'I said I would, and I will, honor bright.'

Rasmus did not realize how different these thoughts were from those of a few months before, when he had planned an idle walk across country with Rodney, to end in getting a hundred dollars from a 'rich uncle' for the care of the lad. Rasmus had grown honestly fond of Rodney, and in the company of Rodney and the naturalist, a new life had risen in him; he had been a lazy, overgrown boy; now he was changing to a thoughtful, upright man.

'I say, Rod,' he demanded, soon; 'suppose you find your uncle is a liquor-dealer, and wants you to stay with him, and sell—what then?'

'I wouldn't do it,' responded Rodney, indignantly.

'Well, suppose he don't draw it quite so tight as that; suppose he is a liquor-seller, but is willing to be a father to you, and send you through college—what then?'

'I won't do it. I don't want to be supported on money that has been got in destroying people. It is a wicked way to make money, and I'd have nothing to do with that kind of a relation. If I began, I'd maybe go on, to selling the stuff.'

'Got lots of sand in him, hasn't he, for a little chap?' said Rasmus admiringly, to Mr. Llewellyn. 'Now, I'll lay you any odds you like, my Robin will be just like that.'

'Without stopping to bet,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'I dare say he is a very steadfast little man—his clinging to your name as he did, shows that.'

'Don't it?' said Rasmus immensely delighted. 'Now, I know it ain't in me to stick to a body like that! Robin was always worth ten of me, any day.'

'I think, to save time,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'Rodney had better at once write a letter to his uncle, to that old address, telling his story, and requesting a reply, directed to my care, at Allentown. And I will, to-night, send an advertisement to the 'Herald,' about Robin, and ask any answer to be sent as that other was.'

It was well Mr. Llewellyn took this step, tending to allay the impatience of Rodney and Rasmus, for the trip met a delay. They had made their next Saturday camp in a hilly region, beside a little river. When all was in order, Mr. Llewellyn began his usual explorations. He had gone up the bank overhanging the stream, and was reaching after a new variety of flower which he saw growing on the extreme edge, when the ground gave way under him, and he fell into the brook, a distance of twenty-five feet. He struck against a boulder, breaking his left arm above the elbow. They were but two miles from the village. Rasmus hastily changed Mr. Llewellyn's clothes, and told Rodney to walk slowly with him toward the village, to find a surgeon, while he broke up their encampment, and followed with the rest of the goods. The day was hot and dusty. The sudden chill of falling into the brook had been a severe shock, and before a doctor could be found, the broken arm had swollen badly, and Mr. Llewellyn was feverish. The doctor assured him that bones, at his age, did not mend as beautifully as for young folks. He must go to bed, and it would be at least two weeks before he could resume his rambling life. After the arm was set, Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney went to the little inn, the doctor taking them there in his buggy.

'My life!' cried the stout hostess, as they alighted, 'if it isn't Mr. Llewellyn, the Welsh gentleman, as is so daft on flowers and bugs! I always said, sir, gallivanting round as you do, you'd break your neck, and now you've gone and done it.'

'Not quite so bad as that,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

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### Wise Words.

Baron Rothschild has the following wise sayings framed and hung up in his banking house:—

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make a few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Venture not on the threshold of wrong.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Extend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragements.

Zealously labor for the right.

—Australian 'Spectator.'

### Memories of the Past.

(By Mary E. Q. Brush, in the 'American Messenger'.)

Grandma Marriner opened her bedroom door gently, and placed the tray containing her dinner dishes upon the little stand in the back hall. She hovered over it a minute or two, picking crumbs of toast into neat little brown piles and arranging the four prune-stones into a decorous heap; the dabs of squash and potato, together with the scrap of bone left from her broiled steak, she scraped into her teacup with the teagrounds, but the bit of butter was untouched.

'Polks can't say that I ever put a speck o' butter into the swill,' she said, complacently.

The nod of self-approval set all the bows on her lace cap fluttering like purple butterflies. The face beneath bore the tint and sharpness of a hickory nut; it surmounted a small, spare, agile figure clad in a skimpy, black satteen gown over which white palm leaves ran in riotous confusion of designs.

Very different in looks was Grandma Brewer, who, just across the hall, was peering out, her door opened just far enough to show her short little nose. Now that nose was a sample of grandma's whole figure—short and pudgy. A much-be-ruffled wrapper made her look like a perambulating pin-cushion.

Above the purple ruffles a pair of pale-blue eyes glittered in childish resentment.

'Yes, she can set her vittles out there, if she wants to,' muttered Grandma Brewer. 'I shan't foller her example. William's wife says to me, says she, "Leave your tray, ma, till Betty or I git it." So I'll do as William's wife told me to; not that I'm afraid to do different, fur I ain't, no, not in a house that pa an' I built years ago, an' that I've got a right to yet. William's wife treats me well, but as fur that mother o' hers—the sentence ended in a scornful sniff. Grandma Marriner heard the sniff and was also conscious of the furtive and disapproving scrutiny. Her wizen face grew hard with sudden grimness.

'Humph,' she muttered to herself, 'that old woman's peeking as usual! I s'pose she's thinking that they put some extr'y tidbit on my tray, or else, maybe, she's got some notion that somebody's plannin' to steal her ice cream agin'—here Grandma Marriner's sniff was louder than her neighbor's had been.

Meanwhile, in the room across the hall, Grandma Brewer continued to coddle her own particular grievance; she dropped into her rocking chair with a thud; the voluminous wrapper overflowed around her in purple billows; her head, with its fat, faded blonde face in front and its tiny knot of streaked yellow hair behind, was nodding in an imbecile fashion; her plump, white finger pointed with

trembling indignation toward the top drawer of her bureau.

'Twas in there that I hid my ice cream yisterday—a sasserful! William's wife, she brought it up for my dessert; I couldn't eat it then, bein' filled with dinner, so I thought I'd put it away where folks wouldn't meddle with it. But they did—here the pale-blue eyes flashed wrathfully—yes, they did. It wa'n't more'n two hours afterwards when I went to git it, an' there was only some melted stuff in the sasses an' a damp spot on the paper at the bottom o' the drawer.'

Poor foolish grandma! The bureau stood barely four feet away from the steam radiator in her room, and the temperature was not less than eighty in that bureau drawer, so was it any wonder that the ice cream, like the earth before the creation, 'was without form and void'?

However, in the opinion of the old lady, her neighbor across the hall had caused the disappearance of that saucerful of ice cream, and, as a consequence of this belief, whispered hints, muttered accusations, and injured and reproachful looks had, for the past twenty-four hours, filled the upper part of the house with the gloom of a thunderstorm.

Grandma Marriner had treated all charges with proper scorn. With as much stately dignity as her small stature could carry, she pattered in and out of her room, her whole air being that of indifference bordering on contempt. Down in her heart, nevertheless, the arrow rankled. Finally, screened by the tall back of her big rocking chair, she indulged herself in sundry tear showers. These cooled her hot indignation somewhat, and her perturbed spirits calmed down into a state of gentle melancholy and a brooding over things reminiscent.

With fingers that fluttered a little, she unfolded the yellow newspaper containing the long-ago notice of her husband's death; she peeped into a small tortoise-shell box, in which reposed a lock of his hair; she looked longingly at the somewhat ghastly crayon portrait hanging on the wall of her room. Then her sharp little features contracted with an expression of dissatisfaction.

'That ain't nigh so good as the daguerrotype it was taken from,' she muttered. Whereupon, she took from her tall chest of drawers a box containing pictures in old-fashioned cases. She unclasped one of these, holding it out at arm's length in order that the light might fall on it just the right direction.

From within the tarnished gilt margin, the face of a young man, with long hair, plastered sleek and smooth across his forehead and temples, and with high collar and wide stock around his neck, looked at her with smiling dark eyes, whose glances seemed to bridge over a great chasm of years.

Grandma Marriner's face softened as though some gentle, loving hand had passed over it, smoothing out its hard, vindictive lines with a magical touch; her voice lacked its customary sharpness as she murmured, 'Eben's eyes were the pleasantest I ever see! Never was any like 'em—'nles—'nless it was little Sarah's.'

Laying down the square black daguerrotype case, she took up a dark red oval one. This she opened slowly—reverently, as one opens the door of the darkened room in which lie the dear, sheeted dead. A lovely child-face smiled up into her own. After gazing at it lovingly for several minutes, she laid the case on her knee, leaned back in her chair, with half closed eyes, as she rocked gently to and fro.

The faintest ripple of a lullaby fell quivering from her lips. The years rolled away as a scroll; she beheld herself seated in the twilight; the evening breeze stirred the curtains at the windows of the far-away, old-fashioned house, the fragrance of blossoming honeysuckles crept in, the silver crescent of the new moon hung in the sky; a bird in the sweet briar bush just outside the door twittered sleepily in its nest, the baby in her arms made a soft, cooing answer.

There was a little rustling at the other end of the room.

'Maria,' came in a low, hesitating voice from the doorway.

Grandma Marriner turned; there stood the mother-in-law of the household, a puzzled, deprecatory expression on her face. But the