

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Lying Lips.

Lie not one to another.

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Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.

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Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.

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A righteous man hateth lying.

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The mouth of them that speaks lies shall be stopped.

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He that speaketh lies shall perish.

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All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

## Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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### CHAPTER IX.—Continued

Late in the evening, provided with pine-knot torches, they went out to look at the moth-traps, and found fast a number of very beautiful 'night butterflies,' as Rasmus named them. Then they returned to the hut, and the last thing Rodney heard was a monologue from Rasmus concerning the 'curious way things was made to fit into each other; and how there were birds, animals, bugs, and butterflies that liked day best; and other birds, bugs, butterflies, and animals that kept stirrin' all night; and then an enumeration of these several kinds from Rasmus, kept up in a lower and lower rumble, until sleep overtook him.

When they were eating breakfast, Rasmus announced that he meant to go out and catch a rabbit for dinner.

'No, you won't,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'you'll keep Sunday quietly.'

'Then I'll catch you a lot of beetles and hunt you some new flowers, and you'll have all day to paint them.'

'No. I mean to give the day to holy rest.'

'What's that agin?' asked Rasmus.

'You'll see by nightfall.'

'Here goes for rest,' said Rasmus, 'though I ain't tired, and no more I ain't holy.'

He dropped himself on the grass, all his muscles relaxed, his hands loosely placed under his head, and tried to yawn.

Rodney had taken out his two books, and Rasmus catching sight of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' remembered there were pictures in it. He seized it, and opened to Giant Despair.

'What's this all about, pardner?' he demanded.

'Well, you see, two men, Christian and Hopeful, were going on a long journey, and in a place where the road was rough they saw a good meadow, and a stile leading over the fence, and they thought they would walk there instead.'

'I've done that often,' said Rasmus. 'Read how they got on.'

Rasmus listened with great interest to the account of the storm, the fall of Vain Confidence, and the terror of the pilgrims.

'Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.'

'You better believe it is,' said Rasmus; 'lay that up in your headpiece.'

When the gray morning dawned and Giant Despair made his appearance on the scene, Rasmus was much excited.

'If he was so down on trespass,' he said, 'it was his duty to set up a board "No Trespass" nigh to that stile.'

The account of the terrible dungeon and its sufferings filled the heart of Rasmus with pity. He vowed if ever he met that old rascal, he'd let him have a taste of his muscle, and when he heard of the escape he shouted with joy. 'I know what his fits were,' he said, "'Irium

trembles" as plain as day—all the signs of it, shaking and raging and falling over. Hope he died with it. If that about that fight with Napoleon, or whoever it was, is in there, I wish you'd read it out.'

'Apollyon? Yes; it's here.' So Rodney began to read. Rasmus was so delighted that he gathered himself up, and sat listening with his arms about his knees.

'Wasn't he a dreadful-looking critter? the bad one himself, I guess; they say he does walk sometimes, though I never met him. That Christian did have pluck. I'd like to have helped him. I reckon I know just how he gave him that fall wrestlin'. I'll teach you the trick of it some day; it's all in the way you handle your knee. Goody! He's beat; Ain't I glad! That was as pretty a battle as ever I heard of. Did that Mr. Christian ever get to the end of his trip?'

'Yes,' said Rodney, turning over the leaves. 'They found the city at last, and got let in at the gate, "and they had raiment put upon them that shone like gold, and all the bells of the city rang for joy. . . . And when I had seen this, I wished myself among them."'

'I don't wonder you did, brother,' said Rasmus, cordially, 'for it was as handsome treatment as ever I heard tell of.'

Rodney was tired of reading aloud, and Rasmus turned to Mr. Llewellyn. 'Anything about tramping in your book?'

'Yes; here is the story of a whole nation that travelled for forty years in the wilderness.'

'Gypsies, I reckon.'

'No; Jews.'

'It's all the same,' said Rasmus. 'How did they get on?'

'Very well. There was not one sick or feeble all that time.'

'No one ever is tramping—air is healthy for folks.'

'And their clothes and shoes never wore out all the while.'

'That's a tougher story, boss.'

'And for food they had a white, sweet grain, that rained down with the dew every night; also, sometimes quails; and for drink, a brook that flowed full all along their way. For guide, a cloudy pillar went before by day, and at night it turned to a column of flame, and stood still, and lighted all the camp. It was the presence of God, who led them.'

'Then He made 'em stop Sundays, and He knowed if they didn't; but I'm blessed if I think He'd have knowed if we kept on travelin', or caught bugs and rabbits in these woods. Not that I'm kickin' about stoppin'. I'm having a very good time. But He wouldn't have knowed. He's got all them rapsallions in the city to look after.'

'Did you ever go into a telegraph office?' asked Mr. Llewellyn.

'Yes; once I did. I got kind of curious about it, and I see a very pleasant-faced chap sitting by a desk, so I went in, and he took me round and showed me all of it. He needn't been so close-mouthed over it, though. I didn't lay out to steal his trade.'

'How was he close-mouthed?'

'Why, I asked him what electricity, as he called it, was and the great fool wouldn't tell. I didn't want to steal the patent of it.'

'Perhaps he couldn't tell.'

'Land, dad, he was handlin' it every day. In course he knowed what it was.'

'Are you pretty strong Rasmus? Let me see some of your strength.'

Rasmus, glad to be active, leaped to his feet. He made a run, sprang, caught a tree-branch, and hung by one hand. Then he swung from branch to branch. Then he suddenly grasped Rodney by the waistband, and held him at arm's length. He made three prodigious leaps; he seized a large stone from the earth, held it out and threw it.

'Haven't I got muscle?' he demanded.

'Now lie down and be perfectly quiet.'

Rasmus dropped into his favorite attitude of intense repose.

'Are you tired? Are you sick? Are you weak?'

'Not a bit of it.'

'How then do you come to lie there so quiet?'

'Why, I want to, boss. I'm choosing to lie still. I'm willing to lie here.'

'And if you were willing, in a minute you could spring up, leap the brook, climb a tree, or jump over my head?'

'You know I could.'

'What was it in you that jumped and threw and ran?'

'My strength.'

'Exactly—strength or focce. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson. All your actions are an output of force, and you put out that force because you will or wish to do it. Your brain or mind in some way orders your legs to leap, your arms to throw; all your strength or force then can be counted back to your wish, to what we call your will.'

'I understand that, dad.'

'Now, Rasmus, if you take this stone and pound it up, what?'

'Grit, like coarse sand.'

'Yes. The stone, all stones and rocks, the world itself is made up of little particles, held tight together by a power or force, or strength, we call cohesion, or sticking power. You throw a stone up, you jump up, drop an apple or a nut, and all comes to the earth, it does not spin off in the air; that is because of a drawing force in the earth, which we call attraction or gravitation. It is a force—lightning is one form of electricity; electricity is a kind of force—you know it can tear things to pieces in short order if it gets loose; wind is a force; heat is a force; all things depend on force; the trees and plants grow by what we call vital or life force. Now you, Rasmus, have in your mind, your wish or will, to exert or direct your force; but rocks, stones, earth, plants—these other things have no wish or mind or will of their own, and yet some will or mind or force must keep them in action, or all would crumble and fall apart; the earth would fly to atoms. Now when we look for this will-force for things that have no will of their own, we come to God, God who made all and keeps all. By Him this brook runs to some greater river, and that out to the sea, and the sun drinks up the water of the sea, until it lies in the air as mist or cloud, and comes down in rain and fills the fountains of the brooks, and so the circle of the waters sweeps around the world. And from this God, Erasmus, you thought you could get away, here in the woods, where His power is lifting every tree up into the sunshine, and sending the sap up into every leaf, and causing the breeze to blow, and the sun of spring to shine! You cannot get away from Him, because He is here, present and strong. And so, Erasmus, we find Him around you. But more than that, He is in you. What keeps your blood running in your veins, your heart beating night and day, when if it stopped one minute you would die? and yet you never think to keep your heart moving; you could not move nor stop it, if you would. Who keeps up the thought, the mind in you, by the willing of which air your force is put in motion? Not you; behind your conscious power, or your possible power, stands God, and you thought He was busy in the city, looking after rascals, and would not notice what you did. If He stopped noticing you for one second, you would be gone, like a candle snuffed out.'

Mr. Llewellyn returned to his book, and left the strong native powers of Rasmus to work upon the problems presented to him. Rasmus looked about with a curious awe. The sky had grown higher, the world wider, the whole creation more majestic and awful, because suddenly felt to be pervaded by that great Being, to him, up to this time a truly 'unknown God.' After considering the enigma of the Unseen and Incomprehensible for some time, he burst out:

'I say, dad, I wish you hadn't told me that. It makes me beastly uncomf'able!'

'My not telling you would make no difference with the fact, so long as the thing is so.'

'I didn't mind it, so long as I didn't know it, boss.'

Mr. Llewellyn returned once more to his book, leaving Rasmus to wrestle with the statement in his own way.

Occupied entirely in the study of nature, and seeing and knowing comparatively little of people, Mr. Llewellyn had not suspected that a Christian country, such as the United States, was full of heathens like Rasmus. Possibly,