

very often, Ruth, when the other girls laugh at me for making mistakes. I think Norah just one of the nicest girls I know.'

Now I understood perfectly well that Effie never thought for one moment of making comparisons between her friends, that in reality she loved me a great deal better than Norah Manton or any other school-fellow, but I was unreasonably vexed that she should have any regard for one whom I chose to consider as a rival, and I answered, hotly,

'Oh, yes; I daresay this Norah is quite a saint. I'm sure I don't care whether you go to see her or not. If you like her better than me you'd better say so, and have done with it. I've no doubt she's a much more charming friend, and she can take you to her fine house and make a fuss with you.'

They were cruel, thoughtless words, and if I meant them to wound and hurt, they certainly answered their purpose. Effie's eyes filled with tears as she hurried to my side and slipped her arm within mine, caressingly, for I had haughtily quickened my pace as I spoke, as though to leave her behind.

'Oh, Ruth,' she said, 'please don't say so; You aren't really angry, are you? I don't love Norah half as I love you. You're my own dear Ruth always, but I can't help loving some of the girls just a little bit, and you know how I've always longed to see Miss Manton's pictures; but I won't go if you don't like, Ruth, or if you think mother would rather not.'

But I was not so utterly blinded by my own jealousy as to exact this sacrifice, and being a good deal mollified by Effie's loving manner and submissive words, I relented, and made myself somewhat more agreeable during the walk home. I thought no more of my nasty and passionate words, and very soon, I am sure, they were forgiven and forgotten by my little friend; but I lived bitterly to regret them, for they had served to stir up and foster evil passions in my heart, over which I soon found I had no control.

(To be continued.)

The Children at Bed-Time.

Every parent who has been in the habit of reading or talking to the little ones after they are safely tucked in bed will bear witness to the value of this mode of influence. With laying off the clothes, the angers, worries, and discontents of the day subside. With the brief season of prayer they fly still farther into the background. And when the little form rests in the bed they seem to vanish out of sight. The body is at rest. The heart is plastic to the touch of a loving father or mother.

Now is the time to exert a moulding power. At this hour the little ones listen with hushed attention to what is read to them. Hymns, the Scripture, Bible stories, are heard with close attention, until the reader's voice is stilled or the hearers sink into gentle sleep; or conversation may take the place of reading. The will that was in a state of resistance an hour ago is now relaxed. The anger that blinded moral discernment has passed away. With open heart the child utters its confessions and gladly receives the forgiving kiss.

Plans for the morrow can be discussed, and duty can be made to put on an attractive form. Irritations can be looked at quietly, and admonitions to watchfulness may be dropped with soothing efficacy into the listening ear. And then how delight-

ful the embrace with which the young arms clasp your neck, the intense 'dear mother' with which the 'good-night' is said. Parents, if you have not thus parted from your birdlings at the evening hour, you have something yet to learn of love's delights.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

Pure Reading.

The taste for pure reading cannot be too early cultivated. The careful selection of books for the young and a watchful supervision over their reading matter cannot be too strenuously impressed upon parents and teachers. Books are to the young either a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death; either contaminating or purifying, weakening or strengthening to the mind of the reader.

If the first aim of a public-school system is to make men better workers, the second should be to make them thinkers, and, to accomplish this young minds must be brought into correspondence with the thoughts and works of the great men of the past and of to-day.

Nine-tenths of what they have learned, as arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and geography, will pass away as the cares of life come upon them. But the taste for pure reading, when acquired, will never pass away. It will be of use every day and almost every hour. They will find it a refuge and a solace in the time of adversity, and be happy when others are sad. It will spread from the father to the third and fourth generation.—'The Mother's Magazine.'

The Boy Who Means to be a Man.

Only a little boy, my friends,
But I'll do the best I can;
For by and by, in the coming years,
I mean to be a man.

Not something that wears a coat and hat,
Kid gloves and curling hair,
Whose only ambition seem to be
To dress with the neatest care.

Not something that carries between his lips
A cigar or pipe of clay,
And keeps the article in full blast
A dozen times a day.

Not something that digs and delves so hard,
But is poor as poverty still;
While a goodly part of his hard-earned cash
Goes into the drink-seller's till.

But a man—an honest, whole-souled man—
Brave-hearted, kind, and true:
Who is always found in the foremost ranks
Whenever there's work to do.

Now, boys, be wise. Join hands with me.
There is work enough for us all;
And by and by in the strife we shall fill
The places of those who fall.

And let us resolve to childhood's years
To be faithful in all things, and then
We may each fill an honored station in life,
If we should live to be men.
—'Old Young Folks.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. I have read quite a few books, 'Black Beauty,' etc. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on Jan. 11. I live on a small farm. We get a pretty view of the country. I have two brothers and one sister. I go to school every day; I am in the fourth book. We have three cats, two dogs, two pigs, three horses, five cows, and some chickens.

E. S. E.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have a sister and brother. My birthday is on March 30. The Duke and Duchess visited Brantford for twenty minutes. The school children all turned out to welcome them. My friend Gertrude is also writing in the correspondence.

EDITH C.

Hemlock City, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am in the second reader. I have two brothers and one sister. I am a twin eight years old. Our birthday is on Jan. 9. We have two miles to go to school. We like our teacher.

ELLIOT AND MINNIE S.

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. I have one sister, Ethel, and two brothers, Clifford and Earl. I am ten years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth class. My birthday is on April 29. My brother Earl takes the 'Messenger.' I always read the correspondence. We have three horses, six head of cattle, and two dogs, named Minto and Darkie.

LAURA R. E.

Negley P. O., Penna.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I go to school every day, and am in the third grade. I live on a farm within twenty minutes' walk to school. We have six cows and six horses. I help to milk the cows every morning and evening. I have three sisters and three brothers.

G. W. M.

Runnimead, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm near the banks of the Restigouche river. This is a small place, with only seven houses. About two miles from here is another settlement named Moore's Settlement. We live six miles from shops and railway station. I am a little girl twelve years old.

EMILY M.

N. E. Margaree.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the noted Salmon river, and on the farm is a large pond. I have fine times fishing in the summer and skating in the winter. I have one brother and one sister. I have a calf that I harness in the sledge. I did not go to school this winter, but I go to Sunday school. My cousin, who has always lived with us, has taken the 'Messenger' for five years, and could not do without it.

H. C. H. (aged 12).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, nine years old. I have no sisters or brothers. I have a little kitty about half a year old, and I go to school. I go to Bethel Sunday school, and get the 'Pleasant Hours,' and I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger.'

ANGUS McI.

Clarkson, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas. I like to read it very much. I am nine years old, and my brother is twelve years old. I am in the second reader. I am going to try for the third book, and I hope I get through.

DELL O.

Big Port, L'Herbert, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger.' I live by a harbor on a small farm. I have eight sisters and three brothers. We have a school six months out of the year, and we have church every three weeks. We are hooking a mat now, and in summer we pick berries, and my father and my brothers go