

Charlie used their last names—Knox, Robinson, Clark, and so on—while they called him Mac-Arthur, or still better, 'Mac.' He was happy when he could be 'Mac' all day.

These dear little pygmies had a big football which some older brother had worn out, and they 'blew it up,' and patiently mended it day after day, and kicked it so vigorously that usually the kicker fell backward into the dust, but that was taken as part of the game.

Charlie's mother used to say, 'Charlie is a born leader. Oh, if I could only know he would be a good one!' I can tell you, boys, between ourselves, that ever so many mothers are thinking of that very thing.

Well, one day a little chap wandered into our street and began to play with Charlie and his 'regiment'—for that is what he called the boys who followed his lead. I do not know what sort of parents or home this bad boy had, but somewhere he had taken lessons in evil, and before he had been with them a half hour he began to swear, taking the name of the great God in vain. Charlie stopped playing, and drew a long breath.

'Did you do that a-purpose?' he asked.

'Yes, and I'll do it again,' replied the boy from outside, as he did so.

'Robinson!' cried Charlie, to his oldest follower.

'Here!' answered Willie, running to Charlie's side, while the rest of the boys followed.

'He swore,' said the little captain, standing very straight and pointing to the culprit, 'and we don't play with boys that swear, on this street.'

'No, we don't; no, no!' they responded.

'You can't do anything. I'll stay here if I'm a mind to,' said the boy, kicking dust toward them.

'Not if you swear when the commandments say not to,' answered Charlie.

'No, sir; not if you swear,' echoed the others.

'And we don't want you if you've got bad words inside,' added the leader.

'I don't care; men say 'em on

the street,' said the defiant Sullivan.

'But this regiment don't, and you can't play with us 'less you promise never to again.'

The boy took up a stone to throw, but as he looked at the six determined little figures he dropped it and turned sulkily away.

'Tell your mother to wash out your mouth with soap-suds,' said Willie Robinson.

'And don't you come again till—you's over it,' added the captain, as if the dreadful habit were a dreadful disease.

They waited until 'Sullivan' turned a corner, and then they went on with their play.

But Charlie's mother, who sat beside an open window, could not see to set another stitch until she had wiped the tears from her eyes. But they were not 'sorry' tears.

Whatsoever.

It is more than one twelve-month since the first day of one new year on which Anna went to her mother with an anxious face, saying, 'Mother, I want a text for a motto, and do not know which one to select. Please help me.'

'And what is the motto to be used for?' mother asked.

'My teacher wanted me to work or print a verse that was to be my aim to follow during the next year.'

'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' mother said.

'You are a darling; that is just the thing,' was Anna's impulsive answer. 'Let me think—whatsoever—what do you understand by that, dear mother?'

We will turn to the dictionary: 'Whatsoever, any thing that may be; all that.' You see that includes everything; every duty, every kindness, every self-denial, all that you can do for Jesus' sake.'

'That means a great deal, does it not?'

'Yes, dear, a very great deal; yet I would choose to do it if I were you, for it means so many beautiful things.'

'So I will.'

The motto was printed in a neat text, framed and hung up, and when Anna opened her eyes on the second day of January, she looked

up at it and determined that all her whatsoevers should be well done.

Not many days after, she was planning to go out, when her mother called to her: 'Anna, dear, please to dust the parlor for me; it needs to be cared for.'

Anna answered pleasantly, and saying to herself 'I'll hurry so fast that I will not be late,' she took a feather brush with the silk duster and went down to the parlor. A wipe with the one and a flirt with the other soon gave a look of neatness that pleased her.

As she was about to leave the room a thought came to her, 'That is one of my whatsoevers; have I done it with my might?'

The result of this appeal of conscience was that the work was all done over again.

One day she was hurrying to meet a school friend, and on the corner of one of the streets she saw a little child who was crying. A number of persons had stopped to look at her. The child was lost. Anna saw one of her whatsoevers, so she took the child to the nearest station-house, and it was returned to its home.

Another of the whatsoevers she found very unexpectedly when, in walking up one of the avenues of the city, she met at a crossing an old woman who was both poor and blind. One hand grasped a cane, the other was stretched forth for some one to lead her to the other side. And Anna helped her as gently as she could.

Year after year passed by, but Anna is still trying to see the whatsoevers, and to do them with her might.

Have not all boys and girls many whatsoevers to do? Try to find them with wide-open eyes and to do them with your might for Christ's sake. It may not always be easy to deny one's self, to be kind and loving, honest and true, but there was never a cross rightly carried that will not some day be surmounted by a crown. — N. Y. 'Observer.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.