

carriage, and took them all over to grandpa's, where there was a large gathering of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who were to be in the picture. Sandy was allowed to go along, and Kittie was delighted.

At last the artist came in a newly painted waggon with a big, long word on the outside, which Kittie, after a good deal of spelling, learned was 'photographs.' It was very interesting to watch the artist take out his camera, and set it up on a little frame, and peep through it with a black cloth over his head. When his machine was ready, he called the people together on the front porch, and, with grandma and grandpa in the centre, the tall ones in the back, and the short ones in the front, the people were arranged, and made ready for the picture. Kittie had a place in the very front of the picture with Sandy by her side, who was to sit up on his hind legs.

'Now, Kittie,' said mamma, 'you must keep perfectly still, and not move, or you will spoil the picture. When the artist says 'Ready,' you must not even wink till he's through.'

Kittie stood up very straight, and looked just where the artist had told her to look.

'All ready?' said the artist. 'Now.'

Kittie looked around awfully quick to see if Sandy was sitting up all right, and just then the artist took the picture.

'Why, mamma, is it over?' asked Kittie, as they all began to move around and talk.

'Yes, Kittie,' answered mamma, 'it's all over now, and you can run about and play.'

The next day the proof of the picture was brought to Mr. Lloyd, and he showed it to Kittie. There was grandma and grandpa sitting up in the centre, looking as calm and placid as ever. There was mamma and Baby Ruth as plain as could be, and Sandy sitting up as straight as a dog could; but in the place where Kittie's face ought to be, there was the back of a curly head and a blur.

'You moved,' said papa gravely, 'and you spoiled the picture.'

Kittie burst into tears.

'I only looked around to see if Sandy was quiet,' she sobbed, 'and then it was all over. I didn't think the man would be so quick.'

When the picture was shown to the other relatives, they decided

that it was so good of grandma and grandpa that it must be kept. So, a short time after, Mr. Lloyd brought home the picture all finished and framed, and hung it up in the parlor. Kittie cried bitterly, and begged him not to hang it up, but papa said he must. Then mamma took her little girl into the parlor, and talked to her.

'The picture is spoiled, dear, because you did not do as I told you at once. I told you to keep perfectly still when the man said "All ready," but you wanted to look around first and see what Sandy was doing. Now I want you to come and look at the spoiled picture very often, and always remember that it got spoiled because you did not obey promptly.'

Kittie tried hard to remember the lesson, and, when she forgot to mind promptly her mamma would often say:

'Take care, Kittie, you are spoiling your picture now,' and then Kittie would smile into her mother's face, and hasten to do as she was told.

Did He Tell a Lie?

This is the question, the 'Sunday Magazine' asks, and relates this story:

How could he have told a lie when he never spoke a word. But the teacher's back was turned. He reached over and stuck a neighbor with a pin. The teacher heard a shuffling noise and turned around. He was not out of order at all; but was studying the map of China very hard. Did he tell a lie?

Sister Susie lost her doll one day. She hunted for it high and low, but no doll could she find. He helped her to search for it in every nook and corner possible, and seemed sorry that it could not be found. He had hidden it in an old stove-pipe in the garret. Did he tell a lie?

Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary had come to take dinner at his home. All were ready to enjoy a good dinner, when to the surprise of his good mother, the vegetables had been sweetened and the coffee and pudding salted. Who was to blame but Bridget? He had carelessly that very morning, emptied the salt sack into the sugar crock and the sugar bag into the salt jar. He saw the look of disappointment

on his mother's face, but did not explain. Did he tell a lie?

One morning Bridget rushed breathlessly into the room saying, 'Sure, and Ned the arrant-boy has left the gate open, an' the cows have eat up all the gardent.' He was washing his face at the time, He heard the complaint, and knew that Ned was innocent, yet he did not speak a word. Did he tell a lie?

What do you think? Cannot both boys and girls tell lies without speaking a word? And do they not thus really break the ninth commandment, as given above?

Hurrahing for Others.

The back yard had taken on a highly military aspect. There were soldiers with broomsticks, an officer with a wooden sword, a proud boy with a flag too large for him, and a 'band,' with a gayly painted drum, which he was beating furiously. Only little Robbie sat forlornly on the steps and looked on. A treacherous bit of glass had disabled his foot, and he could not keep up with the army.

'I can't do nothin',' he said, disconsolately.

'Yes, you can,' answered Captain Fred. 'You can hurrah when the rest go by.'

So the little fellow kept his post, watching through all the marching and counter-marching, often left quite alone while the troop travelled in another direction, but he never failed to swing his small cap and raise his shrill cheer when they appeared.

The others were playing here, but he was much nearer being a real one. It is not easy to feel like hurrahing for those who can go forward, when we must stop, to forget our own disappointment in cheering those who are doing what we long to do and cannot, and to rejoice in the success of those who are filling the place we wanted for ourselves. To bewail our helplessness, to grow bitter and serious because of it, is natural, but it takes high courage and sweetness to stand aside and 'cheer while the rest go by.' — 'Forward.'

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