STAR PIOTURES AND STAR LESSONS.
From Child's Companion.
Our two next groups will be what I shall Call the Cross and the Crown ; but the real name of the first is Cygnus or the Swan. You will soon see clearly the shape of a cross in the stars which form the swan, and
that will help you to find this group more that wil
easily.
easily.
The diagram here forms almost a perfect cross, and yet not quite a stwight one ; and
 havingrplaced the five counters, you can fancy it represens a
flying bird-w hich this outline will give clearly. Five counters, you see, are necdedforthisfigure.
And now for its place in the heavens. We must mike it easy to ourselves by going back to the
first figure of the Plough. Then show the place of Vega by drawing the triangle as before.
Having found Vega, you must place a counter to the left and lower clown for the brightest star and the beam of the cross itself will then form a triangle with the star Vegra.
$\therefore$ Now with regard to Cassiopeia.
I want you at this lesson to remember one grand fuct ibout the stars which we just mentioned before. They are all suns -brilliant burning suns-sume smaller, some larger. By suns I mean that they shine by their own light, and are of then-
selves, trowing, burniug bodies like selves, glowing, burning bodies like our own sun which gives out its light and its heat to us. One of these is called double, because when carefully examined there are seen to be two stars so ipparently near that their light shines almost as one. Some of
these can only be seen by the aid of the telescope, but many you could see for your own
 self on iny
clear star clear star-
jight night. If you look closely the middle Plough handle, you will probibly be able to see another
small star small star
very near to very near to
it. Therefore $t h$ is
middle star.
Mizar, is Fig. 9 called $n$ double star. The Pole star illso is termed a double star; but in this case only a powerful telescope can
show you the second star. The star in the show you the second star. The
neek of Cygnus is also double.
Look now at this beautiful set of stars called Corona or the Crown. It is a striking group, and very easy to find at night from the brilliancy of the semicircle of
stars. A line from the last star in the stars. A line from the last star in the handio of the Plough taken across to Vega will form the base of a triangle, at the apex
of which lies the crown, one star being of which lies the crown, one star being much brighter than the rest.


Fig. 10.

Long yoars ago an old man was called out from his tent at evening time, and told to look up at tho stars. You know who that old man was? It was Abraham, and
God asked him if he could count the stars.


Fip. 11:
Now, when we too look up into that bright Now, when we too look up into that bright
starlit sky and see those same shining staritit sly and see these same shining
lights, we must remember that the very lights, we must remenber that the very
same God who could be heard speaking as he said those words, "Look now toward hoaven, and tell the stars if thou beable to number them," that very snme God is our Friend too. He lieeps thoso shining lights up there and gives us these eyes to see
then with and is still the same as in those them with and is still the snme as in those
by-gone ages "the same yesterday, and today, and forever."


Fig. 12.
And I think he likes us to lenrn about his works and his beetutiful things.

## DON'T SMOKE.

Be not rash with thy month."-Eccl. $5: 2$.
My boy, if my nose hath not forgot her cunning-aud I think she still carries it on her person-I have a cactinct impression as I catch tho faint, yot not too faint, perfume of your good strong breath, that al though you have cast away the cigarette at
my unexpected approach, the scent of the my unexpected approach, the scent of the rice paper hangs round you still. Now, supposo we sit down and talk this thing over for, say, five minutes or an hour. What? This preaching about sunoking makes you tired? Son, it docsn't make you haif so tired as your first cigarette did. If you can truthfully deny that statement I'li agree to buy all the tobacco you can use during your natural life. Another thing ; it doesn't make you half so tired to herr me preach, as it makes me to see you try to smoke when you can only spit.
Now. I am not going to tell you how you can get rich. I am not going to tell you that if you will not smoke, but will put your cigar money into the bank every day, and get compound interest on it, and loin it out at exhorbitant rates on cut-thront mortgages, and shut down on a man like a bear-trap every time you get him into a comer, in twenty-five years you will be worth a million dollars. Bectuse, if it would make you that sort of $\Omega$ man to quit smoking and save money, I had rather,
thousand times told, that you would lieen thousand times told, that you would keep
on smoking, and smoke like a tar-kiln till on smoking, and smoke like a tar-kiln till
you puffed yourself nway. I think the "money argument" is almost nlways weak I don't want to hire you to "swear off;" I don't want you to reform because there's money in it. Unless your motives are purc and honest and manly, your reformation will be a poor sort of thing. I don't want your resolutions stamped on their faco with the dollar mark.
But, I'd rather you wouldn't smoke. It I am mistaken about the odor of rice paper and you don't smoke I ann glad of that. And if you do smoke, aṇd will quit, I will
bo just as glad. Be sensible, now. Can't you see, don'tyou know-of course you do -that you are going through a great deal of misery to do something you don't like to do? You are enduring with a patience worthy of a much better couse, the sufferings of a martyr, in order to acquire a habit that is distasteful to you ; trying to cultivate $a$ taste thit makes you sick. Why, if the teacher should forcibly put into your mouth, for $a$ panishment, something one half so nasty ind repugnant to your palite
and stomach as troncoo, he would be fined ind stomach as tobacoo, he would be fined in the police court for nssault, and would be dissmissedfrom the school by the board of education. If your father, to punish you for some impertinence or bad language, had given you some dose that would have yourself aith a you deliberturdy you would be justified in rumning awny to sea and turning pirite. You aro a boy of spirit, and you wouldn't stand such cruelty from anybody.
Well, now; why should you trent your self so meanly, when you wouldn'tstind it a minute from other people? Why should you try to be a fool, when God endowed you with a fair share of common sense a your birth? When you were only three weeks old, you wouldn't swallow mythin youdidn'tlike, after you tasted it. Haven you as much sense now as you had when you were a billy? Sometimes, in some matters, my boy, I am afraid you haven't Come, let us bo frank with each other, and tell tho honest, manly truth-there is no other kind-about this thing. You hate to smoke. I've watched you at it when you didn't know what I was thinking. You spit a sreat deal, but you don't smoke very much. And you don't do what little smoking you do because you enjoy it. I never ing you do because you enjoy
saw yout light cigar or cigarette unless you saw you light cigar or cigareette unless you
thought somebody was looking at you. thought somebody was looking at you.
Yon always do this with an air of intense self-consciousness. Everybody, including self-consciousness. Liat yerybody, exnilition.
yourself, knows that ane on exhibita And it's such , cheap show, too. All the plensure you get out of smoking is the burn ing of a little loud-smeling incense to your own vanity, thinking that people are ad miring you, which they are not. Sinoking is a spectacle all too common to occupy the minds of people who have any; we can see somebody smoking any time we look out of $a$ window or go upon the street.
You think that as people look at you they You think that as people look at you are "nimpressed with the idea they are not The "rounder" is, thank heaven, quite is different sort of a bird from yourself, my boy; even when you are smoking, you resemble him merely as a tortoise-shel kitten resembles the tiger of the jungle. I were you and felt that I had to imitate somebody, I wouldn't think of building myself upon the "rounder" model until all the other men in the world were dead Then I would go away to some place where he wouldn't even find my corpse, and die by myself in decent society.
Why, so far from exciting admiration in the minds of the beholders, if you could hear the remurks which people make when they see you smoking, if you could hen the comments even of men who are themselves smokers, you would never again per form upon the cigarette where human oye could. perceive you. And I know you don't smoke nnywhere else. Not now. 1 know you, my son, a great deal better than you do.
Moreover, it makes you disagreeable company. When you bring into society the molodorous taint of stale tobacco-smoke in your hair and clothes, your presence you stay aray. You are pleasinter when you stay anny. Yonine plath ontside of sit, by an open wis it, to carry about who $a$ you have to disimfect betore it is safe for your mother to kiss you? I sometimes wonder what some men would do, if every time they kissed their wives they had to endure what thepoor, long-suffering women
do. One or another thing would hanpen do. One or another thing would happen my son. Kissing would go out of fashon, or else the tobacco crop would be abon-
doned as unprofitable in less than a yonr So, don't smoke, ny boy. It mnkes you stupid, so it does not help you in your studies. It is bad for the heart, so it does not advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it doos not make
you a better shot. It makes you smell like a tap-room, so it does not mako you plensint company. It does not do you one particle of good ; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreenble and offensive to yourself as it is to any body else ; you don't get $a$ bit of comfort out of it. and you know it; so don't smoke!Robert J. Burdette, in Golden Rule.

## HAVE YOU A RIGHT

One of our P.S. members wrote a private letter asking why some people thought it wrong to play cards. Just after having imswered tho letter privately, I found a thought nbout it, from Dr. Holland, the author. He said there seemed still to ring in his ears a sentence which a dying man once sloke to his father: "'Kcep your son from cards. Over them I-have murdered time and lost heaven." If card playing has been the cause of one lost soul, it becomes every one who is pledyed to do right, "for Jesus' sake," to stop and think whether he or she lais a right to such an anusement.-The Pausy.

A Sexsible Distaste for deep mourning, henvy crape, and other accepted tokens of bereavement, appears to be on the increase. To more than one obituary announcement lately there has been attached the intimation "No mourning, that the survivi

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