STAR PICTURES 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

The diagram here forms almost a perfect cross, and yet not quite a straight one; and



Fig. 8.

having placed the five counters, you can fancy it represents a flying bird—which this outline will give clearly. Five counters. vou sec. are needed for this figure.

And now for its place in the heavens. We must make 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 down for the brightest star and the beam of the cross itself will then form a triangle with the star

Now place Cygnus in its proper position with regard to Cassiopeia.

I want you at this lesson to remember one grand fact about the stars which we just mentioned before. They are all suns -brilliant burning suns-some smaller, some larger. By suns I mean that they shine by their own light, and are of themselves, 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 apparently 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 any



Fig. 9.

light night. If you look closely at the middle star of the Plough handle, you will probably be able to see another small star very near to Theremiddle star.

clear star-

Mizar, is called a double star. The Pole star also is termed a double star; but in this case only a powerful telescope can show you the second star. The star in the neck 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 handle 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 much brighter than the rest.

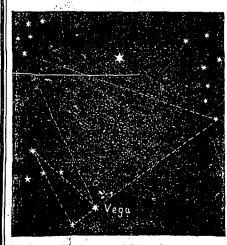


Fig. 10.

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

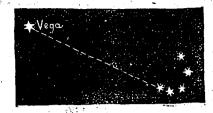


Fig. 11.

Now, when we too look up into that bright starlit sky and see these same shining lights, we must remember that the very same God who could be heard speaking as he said those words, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them," that very same God is our Friend too. He keeps those shining lights up there and gives us these eyes to see them with and is still the same as in those by-gone ages "the same yesterday, and to day, and forever."

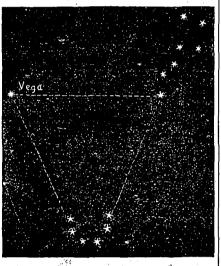


Fig. 12.

And I think he likes us to learn about his works and his beautiful things.

DON'T SMOKE.

Be not rash with thy mouth."-Eccl. 6: 2.

My boy, if my nose hath not forgot her cunning—and I think she still carries it on her person-I have a dictinct impression as I catch the faint, yet not too faint, per-fume of your good strong breath, that although you have cast away the cigarette at my unexpected approach, the scent of the rice paper hangs round you still. Now, suppose we sit down and talk this thing over for, say, five minutes or an hour. What? This preaching about smoking makes you tired? Son, it doesn't make you half so tired as your first cigarette did. If you can truthfully deny that statement I'll agree to buy all the tobacco you can use during your natural life. Another thing; it doesn't make you half so tired to hear 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 loan it out at exhorbitant rates on cut-throat mortgages, and shut down on a man like a bear-trap every time you get him into a corner, in twenty-five years you will be worth a million dollars. Because, if it would make you that sort of a man to quit smoking and save money, I had rather, a thousand times told, that you would keep to carry about with you a breath which on smoking, and smoke like a tar-kiln till you have to disinfect before it is safe for you puffed yourself away. I think the your mother to kiss you? I sometimes u puffed yourself "money argument" is almost always 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 pure and honest and manly, your reforma-tion will be a poor sort of thing. I don't want your resolutions stamped on their face with the dollar mark.

But, I'd rather you wouldn't smoke. If

Long years ago an old man was called be just as glad. Be sensible, now. Can't | you a better shot. It makes you smell you see, don't you 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 cause, the sufferings of a martyr, in order to acquire a habit that is distasteful to you; trying to cultivate a taste that makes you sick. Why, if the teacher should forcibly put into your mouth, for a punishment, something one half so nasty and repugnant to your palate and stomach as tobacco, he would be fined in the police court for assault, and would be dissmissed from 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 made you as sick as you deliberately made yourself with a cigar last Saturday, you would be justified in running away to sea and turning pirate. You are a boy of spirit, and you wouldn't stand such cruelty from anybody.

Well, now; why should you treat yourself so meanly, when you wouldn't stand 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 at your birth? When you were only three weeks old, you wouldn't swallow anything you didn't like, after you tasted it. Haven't you as much sense now as you had when you were a baby? Sometimes, in some matters, my boy, I am afraid you haven't. Come, let us be frank with each other, and tell the 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 great deal, but you don't smoke very much. And you don't do what little smoking you do because you enjoy it. I never saw you light eigar or eigarette unless you thought somebody was looking at you. You always do this with an air of intense self-consciousness. Everybody, including yourself, knows that you are on exhibition. And it's such a cheap show, too. All the pleasure you get out of smoking is the burning of a little loud-smelling incense to your own vanity, thinking that people are admiring you, which they are not. Smoking 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 are impressed with the idea that you are a "man about town;" which they are not. The "rounder" is, thank heaven, quite a different sort of a bird from yourself, my boy; even when you are smoking, you resemble him merely as a tortoise-shell kitten resembles the tiger of the jungle. And he isn't worth imitating, anyhow. If 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 remarks which people make when they see you smoking, if you could hear the comments even of men who are themselves smokers, you would never again perform upon the cigarette where human eye could perceive you. And I know you don't smoke anywhere else. Not now. I know you, my son, a great deal better than

Moreover, it makes you disagreeable ompany. When you bring into society the company. malodorous taint of stale tobacco-smoke in your hair and clothes, your presence is always more gratefully welcome when you stay away. You are pleasanter when you sit by an open window. On the outside of it, at that. Aren't you a little ashamed wonder what some men would do, if every time they kissed their wives they had to endure what the poor, long-suffering women do. One or another thing would happen my son. Kissing would go out of fashion, or else the tobacco crop would be abandoned as unprofitable in less than a year.

So, don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it does not help you in your I am mistaken about the odor of rice paper studies. It is bad for the heart, so it does and you don't smoke I am glad of that, not advance you in athletic sports. It had if you do smoke, and will quit, I will makes you nervous, so it does not make

like a tap-room, so it does not make you pleasant company. It does not do you one particle of good; it makes you appear silly and ridiculous; it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody 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 answered the letter privately, I found a thought about it, from Dr. Holland, the author. He said there seemed still to ring in his ears a sentence which a dying man once spoke to his father: "Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven." If card playing has been the cause of one lost soul, becomes every one who is pledged to do right, "for Jesus' sake," to stop and think whether he or she has a right to such an amusement.—The Pansy.

A SENSIBLE DISTASTE for deep mourning, heavy 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 surviving relatives do not intend to wear

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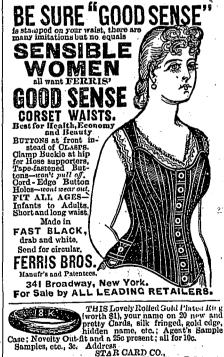
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