

coming down the street, and as it came opposite the house, Nix suddenly bounded into the street and raced round the waggon, wild with joy. Then the man took him up beside him, looking fully as happy as the dog.

Mama exclaimed softly to herself, 'He has found his owner!' and she felt sorrowful to see him go, and dismayed when she thought of Trix and his grief.

'Well, I guess he did not care much for us, and we must try not to regret him too much,' she said.

But the waggon only went a few rods when Nix bounded down and came up the walk again, stood a minute, first looking at the house, then at the waggon; but there was a clear whistle from the man, and he rushed off again.

So mamma was able to tell Trix that the doggy certainly did love them, and was sorry to go.

Then another Friday morning came round, and as mama opened the outside dining-room door, there lay on the floor a little paper bag. 'I wonder what this is,' she said, and when she peeped in there was a beautiful peach, and a scrap of paper with this written on it in a scrawling hand:

'From a grateful dog.'

After that, throughout all the summer market season, there was on Friday mornings a little paper bag at the dining-room door, with a peach or pear, grapes, tomatoes or something, and you may be sure Trix never forgot to look for it.

One morning mama had him up at five o'clock and out in front ready to see Nix when he came, and there was the happiest meeting you ever saw, which the marketman enjoyed, too, and finally Trix was taken upon the waggon with them, and rode two squares down the street and back.

I think Nix actually thought Trix was going with them for good, and when the marketman put the little boy down at his own door, he did stand for a minute and look first at the waggon, then at the house; but mama said, 'Come, my son,' and he came at that dear call, just as he should, back into the house, which certainly could not do without him.

### Wanted, A Twin.

(By Hannah G. Fernald, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

If any little boy who reads is five years old to-day,  
And likes to look at picture-books,  
and dearly loves to play,  
And doesn't care to sit on chairs,  
but much prefers the floor,  
And measures just as high as me  
upon our kitchen door,  
And isn't frightened in the dark,  
but feels a little queer—  
As if he'd like to cuddle up to some  
one very near—  
And means to be a soldier just the  
minute he's a man,  
To fight with bears and Indians—  
and pirates, if he can—  
If there's a boy like that I wish  
that he would please begin  
Right now to pack his toys, and  
come to be my little twin!

### Canned Flowers.

Ethel's aunt was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her, and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when the snow was on the ground. She looked out of the window at the flowers, and said: 'I wish we could can some of the flowers, auntie, and have them next winter.'

Auntie laughed, and said: 'Go outdoors and watch the bees a while, and then come back and tell me what you think about it.'

When Ethel came back she said: 'I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey.'—Primary Plans.

### An Indian Legend.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind

told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could, so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his 'birds.' From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—'Kansas City Journal.'

### Making Brightness.

Just a drop of water—

Not too much you know—

Now the brush wet lightly,

Then to paints we go.

Now the fun is coming—

Steady, little hand!

Here we have the yellow;

Put that on the sand.

Now the blue for water;

Yes, and for the sky;

Then the green for woodland,

Now the grass we try.

Who cares if it's rainy?

What if winds do blow,

When we have a paint box,

And can make things grow!

Bright and gay with color,

Changing gray to blue,

I think making brightness

Is lovely work; don't you?

—'Minneapolis Children's Tribune.'

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