

eyes.

'O, goody!' were her first words, 'I'm a little girl again, and I'm so glad, mamma.'

Poor mamma looked very tired and Flo put her arms around her neck and kissed her. 'I never want to be a fairy any more,' she said.

Mamma smiled. 'I thought you would learn your lesson, dear, and be my own sensible little girl again. I wanted you to learn how sweet it is to be satisfied with one's own life and with doing every little duty willingly that comes to one. And I want you to remember, my little Flo, that the greatest happiness does not come merely by pleasing one's self.'

And Flo did not forget her lesson. She kept the wings as a reminder of the day she was a fairy.

What a Little Girl Can do.

A Mother's Story to her Daughter.

Many years ago—I was a little girl then, not over eleven years of age—a great and good man, a missionary, came where your grandparents lived. In those days no children's magazines were published; children did not hear much about the distant heathen lands; and the visit of a real missionary was an event which, long before it happened, became the general topic of conversation. At last he came; a gray-headed athletic sunburnt man. Never shall I forget my impression when on pushing my way through the dense crowd that filled the large hall to overflowing I at last arrived near to the platform upon which the missionary was standing. Upon his noble and earnest face seemed to rest the visible benediction of him in whose service his whole life had been spent. I felt awed and thrilled. Then and there I think I understood a little of the feeling which must run through the heart of him or her who hears the words: 'Well done, thou faithful servant.'

But I have promised to tell you what a little girl can do; and I will not say any more about what I felt. On that evening my sister, your aunt, was with me; she was nearly nine years old then. Her whole heart was full when listening to the missionary telling of the poor, ignorant heathen, amongst whom he had been more than thirty years at work. Your grandfather was a classmate of that missionary; they were very old friends, and after the

meeting was over, and whilst the crowd was slowly dispersing, taking us both by the hand, he walked on the platform and asked the missionary if he would come and stay at our house. He accepted the invitation, and half-an-hour later we were all seated round the tea-table at home.

When we were about to retire, the missionary kissed us good-night, and looking earnestly at my sister, who had scarcely said a word since he came home, he laid his hand upon her head, and solemnly said: 'May the God of your father bless you, Mary!' The child seemed deeply moved by his words; she caught hold of his hand, and exclaimed: 'O sir! tell me if there is anything a little girl can do?'

The missionary smiled, 'Yes my child,' he answered, 'a little girl can pray.'

The missionary went; but the serious impression of his visit remained with us. Mary could not be satisfied with praying only. Her heart had been warmed by what she had heard, and though but a little girl she longed to be up and doing too. With your grandmother's consent she began by going round to all her friends, asking them to put their names on her subscription list of a penny a week—the money to be sent to our missionary friend. She met with some rebukes and disappointments, but she kept on; and after many weeks' efforts she found that her list of subscribers had become quite long.

Still the dear child wanted more. She thought what else she could do; and soon, every moment she could spare from her lessons she spent in working little fancy things—dolls' clothes, pincushions, book-marks, etc., all neatly and prettily made, for she wanted them to sell well.

When she had made a great many of those little articles, she went to some of her friends and asked if they would help her in that work. It was very near Christmas; the children went to work with great zeal, and on Christmas eve a large table was covered with the results of their industry. Your grandmother had asked many of her friends to spend the evening, and had told them of her little girl's hope—that the mission-table would be emptied that night. The dear child was not disappointed; she saw the purse get full as one after another

the pretty trifles disappeared; and I do not think there ever was anywhere a happier little girl than she was on that night.

Mary wrote a few lines to the missionary. The letter took many, many months to reach him. No steamers nor railways then shortened the distances, and it was just a year after, on the following Christmas, that the answer came. Judge of Mary's delight when she read that 'the little girl's money' had been used for another little girl, a poor little heathen child who had been abandoned by her cruel mother to be devoured by the crocodiles of the Ganges, who had been rescued by the missionary, taken into his family, and who, after the receipt of the little girl's letter, had been called 'Mary.'

What a little girl could do years ago can still be done now. Little Mary persevered in her good undertaking, and God blessed the work of her hands. Has he not asked: 'Who hath despised the day of small things?'—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Going Off.

(Westminster.)

'Oh, firecracker, round and red,
Come play with me,' the hop-toad said.

The cracker, no reply made he,
But simply spluttered spitefully.

'Why won't you stop and play, my dear?'

Inquired the hop-toad, drawing near.

The cracker gave a crackling cough,
'I can't because I'm going off!'

The hop-toad asked 'You're going where?'

And shall you like it when you're there?'

'And do you go a pleasant road?'

The cracker's eyes with anger glowed.

Then into an awful rage he flew
And into a thousand pieces, too!

And that was the end of the cracker red;

And the poor hop-toad was dead,
Dead, dead!

The moral is, 'Don't talk too much,
Or you may need a sling and crutch!'

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