

A Way to Help Mother.

Herbert Taylor was a little boy who often told his mother how much he meant to do for her when he grew to be a man.

'You won't have to work so hard then, mamma,' he said one evening as he watched her mending stockings, while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot.

'My little boy could help me in a great many ways now, if he tried,' answered Mrs. Taylor.

'How?' asked Herbert eagerly.

'By minding Maggie when she wants you to pick up your playthings so she can sweep, and by keeping very good and quiet when the baby is taking his nap.'

'Well, I will try to, but I mean to buy you a big house with thirty rooms, like Mrs. Canfield's, and have as many girls as she does, to take care of it, and horses and carriages besides.'

'I hope some day you may be able to get me some things that I need, my dear, but remember to do what you can while you are small.'

The next morning, Maggie had just finished scrubbing the kitchen floor when Herbert came up the back steps, his boots covered with mud. He was in a hurry and was all out of sorts.

'Fetch me a cooky right away,' he shouted.

But the cookies were in the dining-room, and Maggie was tired, so she told him to wait until luncheon time.

Herbert started to walk across the floor, leaving prints of his feet wherever they touched it, and Maggie caught him by the arm.

'I'll not be cleaning this kitchen again, and I'll not stay in this place another week!' she exclaimed, as he pulled away from her and tramped on into the dining-room.

The voice awoke the baby, and Mrs. Taylor came out of the bedroom with the little one in her arms.

'Oh, Herbert, how could you be so naughty?' she said. 'Now I shall be obliged to help Maggie, when I need the time for sewing.'

Herbert looked very much ashamed as he saw his mother get things ready for the noon meal, while the baby cried and Maggie

washed up the dirt he had brought into the room.

'Oh, mamma, I never will again!' he said.

And I don't think he ever has, for Maggie told a friend of hers, the other day, that he was growing to be 'a perfect little gentleman.'—
'The Round Table.'

The Child with the Loving Heart.

She was not a pretty little girl, for she had a freckled nose, and large teeth, and stiff hair that no amount of brushing could make smooth and soft. I am afraid too, that you would have laughed at her clothes; for her dresses were always too long and too big, and



she generally wore a queer little apron, with wings that were pinned up on her shoulders. Once, when the teacher asked the children what their shoulders were for, Clara stood up and shook her hand hard, and when the teacher nodded, she almost shouted, 'Why, teacher, shoulders are made to pin aprons to!' Yes, indeed, you would have smiled at Clara very often; but she would have smiled with you, for she was always ready to laugh at her own mistakes.

Clara had been very sick when she was a little child, and her body was all drawn out of shape because of it, so that one poor little leg was shorter than the other, causing her

to limp badly; but she could play as merrily as the other children, for all that, when her back wasn't hurting her. Her home was a bare, uncomfortable little frame house away out on the prairie; but to Clara it was enough that it was 'home,' and she never even thought of finding fault with it. Then she had no nice toys to play with; indeed, I am quite sure that she never had a doll of her own, nor a new picture book, in all her life. But she had little Annie, who was a great deal better than dolls or picture books.

Little Annie wasn't Clara's 'sure enough' sister, but she and her mamma had come to live in the little frame house on the prairie because Clara's own mother was dead. And Clara loved the little girl as if she had been her very own sister.

When Clara wasn't in school, she and little Annie played together. In the summer time they picked wild flowers and chased butterflies and grasshoppers; and they liked to go down to the pond, and watch the tadpoles, and the baby toads, and the little water snakes. Clara loved all these things, and she wasn't a bit afraid of them. Then there were the chickens and the little pigs to feed, and the pretty soft-eyed calves to pet. And in the winter time the two little girls never tired of playing 'house' and 'school,' when their home duties were done.

But there were dark days, now and then, when the old pain came back, and then Clara had to lie all day upon the lounge; but little Annie played by her side, and her new mother taught her to knit and to sew patchwork, and told her stories; so she was happy even then, for she had not forgotten the lonely days when she had no mother or little sister to love. And so, you see, it was because she had a loving heart that Clara was such a happy little girl.—'The Christian Advocate.'

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