

to yourself, to your home, to your village or town. If you had the ordering of things, what would you like to see accomplished in the next ten years?

If you would earnestly think this out you would find yourself strongly incited to see what you could do to bring these changes about. First you would wish for them, then you would try for them, that is, if you were a girl of any force and character, and then you would see what you could do to insure their accomplishment.

Suppose you care for books and are not able to buy them, what a blessing a lending library would be to your neighborhood and town. How easy to set the thing in motion by getting together a few volumes—ten would make a fair beginning—which a little energy could procure by co-operation. The circulating of ten good second-hand books, through ten families, is with steadiness and perseverance bound to be the germ of a good lending library in a short time. Try it! That would be a germ for the future historian to write: 'By the sensible and intelligent efforts of the young women, circulating libraries were started in almost every town.'

Perhaps you live in a village where nothing is done to beautify the streets? Let it be your aim to cultivate a love of flowers and trees in your neighbors. Plant a lovely vine at your door and make a bed of flowers in your front yard. I know a place in which not a flower was seen two years ago, where seeing the beauty of one small border, planted with bright blossoms against a fence green with ivy, has created an absolute enthusiasm for flowers, and the whole neighborhood is aglow with color all the summer through. Try what a bed of geraniums will do, where no one plants flowers. You will do something for the new century if you take care of them and make them blossom.

If some of the warm-hearted young women who come back after a year or two of enjoyment and enlightenment abroad would economize on themselves and their luxuries in order to enlarge the centres of cultivation in their own land, it would be a marvel to the world how public taste and true education advanced in America in the next twenty years. Would not such a result be a glorious end toward which to look ahead?

To such of us as cannot give pictures or add any form of beauty to our vicinities, there are many easy and practicable opportunities of lifting the tired thoughts of weary people into pleasant channels of information and improvement. The establishment of lending portfolios of photographs, managed just as circulating libraries are carried on, has been a source of great delight and improvement.

Each of you, from young women with the power intrusted to Miss Gould to the little cash-girl whose tired feet run so briskly on such simple errands, has an influence, and holds it easily in her own grasp, to contribute to the character of her generation and the advance and civilization of her country.

Your maidenly modesty, your personal dress, manner and conversation; your aid in purifying and beautifying your homes; your relations to young men; your behaviour in society or in your places of business; your reverence for God and your faithfulness to the divine precepts of your Saviour—all will tell to an enormous degree in determining whether the twentieth century makes us a greater, nobler nation.

Dear girls, lend your hands and hearts and minds to the upward growth of your generation.

Fishing for Birds.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'The Morning Star'.)

Fred Archer was not a cruel boy, but like many others he was apt to regard birds and animals as legitimate prey, and rarely paused to consider the amount of suffering his amusement might mean to them.

His father was skipper and half-owner of one of those quaint fishing boats which pass most of their time off the banks and along the shoals of the New England and Newfoundland coasts, only going into port at rare intervals to discharge cargo and refit with supplies for another voyage.

Fred was only twelve, but he was strong and daring for his age, and nothing pleased him better than to accompany his father on these long trips. Sometimes they saw huge icebergs in the distance; and often their vessel, the 'Flying Scud,' bounded merrily through great schools of porpoises, causing the strange-looking creatures to paddle

fastened the line to a stay and the hook was now hanging below him, swayed to and fro by the wind, and around it were circling and darting the hungry birds that were attracted by the piece of pork with which it was baited. Suddenly a bird swept toward the pork, struggled frantically with the hook for a moment, and then tore itself away, dropping the pork into the sea as it flew. But evidently it had suffered in the encounter, for presently it began to sag toward the water, then rose desperately, only to sag again.

Fred watched it with increasing interest, and perhaps with a feeling of regret in his heart.

Then he saw two other birds leave the circling flock and fly swiftly to their wounded companion, one on each side, and after a moment of apparent earnest consultation, all three rose slowly into the air and moved away toward a faintly visible point of land. Fred watched them until they were out of



WITH A WARNING SHOUT HE DESCENDED THE SHROUDS.

hurriedly to the right and left. Fred liked to lean over the stern of the vessel and watch them, and to gaze deep down into the water at the schools of cod and mackerel or menhaden, which they occasionally entered. But better than all, he liked to climb high up into the rigging and gaze out across the ocean at passing vessels and lighthouses and distant points of land, and to watch the sea-gulls and other birds, which were nearly always flying about or following the vessel.

A favorite amusement was to bait a hook and allow it to swing from the shrouds at the end of a long line. When one of the hungry birds was caught he would let it struggle awhile and then release it, and bait the hook for another. Generally the bird would not be so hurt but it could fly away, but sometimes one of them would only go a short distance and then would fall heavily into the sea to be devoured by hungry fish.

One day Fred was clinging to the shrouds engaged in his favorite amusement. He had

sight, wondering if the two birds were merely encouraging their friend, or if they were really buoying him up with their own wings.

A sudden rush below caused him to look down. Encouraged by his preoccupation several of the birds were closing in toward the pork. With a warning shout, he descended the shroud, swinging one of his arms as he did so to drive off the birds. Then he caught the line and wound it about the hook, and placed both of them in his pocket. And from that time on there were no more ambushed hooks allowed to hang from the shrouds to entice hungry birds.

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