

things. You see, it's like de true, but it can't be true—it jes' can't. I'm mos' waked up now.'

But when they were really at play the Christmas child almost forgot the sorrow of her own home.

'Such a big, long dream!' she said when they were at dinner. 'I 'spect it's mos' froo!'

This last little speech touched Annie's heart. She no longer wanted to keep the dollie.

That evening she showed the little Christmas girl how to hang up her stocking—think of a little girl of six years who had never hung up her stocking, and sometimes had not even a stocking to hang up! Then, while she was curled up on the rug in the library, smoothing lazy old Tabby's glossy coat, Annie filled the stockings herself and set the dollie at the top.

Annie didn't hang up her own stocking, for, you remember, she was to give all of her Christmas to the little girl who had never had one before; but—what do you think? Why, when morning came there was another stocking hanging there, filled with exactly the same things as the one Annie had worked so carefully over—even to the dollie that sat smiling at the top!

And upon this second stocking was a card bearing Annie's name.

'O it's too good to be true!' Annie cried.

And, 'I'm so 'fraid I's goin' to— to wake up!' almost sobbed the little Christmas child.—'Christian Advocate.'

My Bible.

I'm a simple little child,
Very easily beguiled;
Yet I have the Bible light,
Showing me the path of right;
And if that I duly prize
God will make me truly wise.
—Selected.

A Thorn in the Pillow.

How pleasant it is when night comes, and we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pillow, and go sweetly to sleep. But it sometimes happens that our pillow contains a thorn. I have just been reading a paper about a little girl who found a thorn in her pillow. She had come on a visit to her grandmother,

who lived at some distance from her mother's and father's home. She seemed very happy all day, for she had everything to make her so; but when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear-drops on her eyelashes.

'Ah,' said the old lady the next morning, 'you were a little home sick last night, my dear.'

'Oh, no, grandmother!' Mabel replied, 'I could never be home-sick here.'

It was the same the next night, and the next. At length grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, that she would sit in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt and shake her pillow, and her grandmother heard a little sob, so she went to her and said, 'Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow; what is it?'

Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was much affected. At length Mabel answered, 'O grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot forget how I said, 'I won't, mother,' and I cannot unsay it; and mother is good and loves me so much, and—I—was—so naughty!'

And the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. And this, then, was the thorn in her pillow, and she could not withdraw it. And so it will be by and by with the boy who is selfish, and disobedient, and unkind at home. When he is away among strangers the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night.
—The Temp. Leader.

Waldo's Calculation.

Said little Waldo, 'I am eight
And weigh just fifty pounds to date.'

'If I should live to be sixteen,
I'd no doubt weigh a hundred e'en!'

'But I could not get in the door
If I should e'er be sixty-four!'

'For 'cordin' to these figures—
zounds!—

I'll then weigh just four hundred
pounds!'

—Arthur E. Locke.

Ruth and Naomi.

'Edith,' said grandma, as a lonely little girl went up the road, 'why don't you play with Amy now?'

Grandmothers have time to think, although their fingers are the busiest; and this grandma had seen Amy dropped from the little circle of playmates. She knew, too, what trouble had come to Amy's home.

'I don't know,' said Edith.

'You used to go to Amy's often, and no one enjoyed her carriage more than Edith.'

'She always asked me, grandma, and her mother was glad.'

'Wouldn't she be glad to have you now?'

'Perhaps,' said Edith, 'but things seemed so different after their home was sold. I felt queer and Amy felt queer. So I stayed away.'

'If I were Edith,' said grandma, speaking slowly to some one far away, 'I'd go to Amy and give back some of the pleasure she gave me long ago.'

Grandma went on sewing, and Edith read her book. Suddenly she sprang up, dropped the book on the table, and not long after, another little girl went up the road.

'Amy,' said Edith, going into the tiny parlor, 'I've brought you some of the apples you like from our orchard. Didn't we have fun bobbing for them in your kitchen?'

'Oh!' said Amy. Then what do you think she did? Sat down and cried.

'Why, Amy, aren't you glad I came?'

'So glad. I'm just finding out how sorry I was!'

'I'll never stay away again,' said Edith, putting her arms around Amy.

'Did you play Ruth to Naomi?' asked grandma, when Edith told her about it, with flushed cheeks.

'I don't know what you mean, grandma.'

'Ruth stayed with Naomi when she needed her badly—when she had lost everything else.'

'Amy hasn't lost everything else, but she won't lose me either, grandma, darling.'—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.