

nutshells and a few crumbs of bread and cake. As he sat mournfully fanning himself with his tail, a robin came and perched in one of the newly planted trees.

'What's the matter?' she chirped.

'I hid a nut in the ground somewhere about here,' said Bunny. 'Then I had to run because of those great boys and dogs. They couldn't catch me, of course, for all they're forty times bigger than I. But I can't find my nut.'

'O, never mind that,' said Mrs. Robin. 'It'll grow and make a tree. This is Arbor Day. Everybody is planting trees, and now you've planted one.'

'Have I?' said Bunny.

'Of course. Plenty of things are planted very much that way. I've seen Madame Blue Jay plant beech and hazel nuts that ways.'

Bunny waved his tail, feeling very proud.

'But,' he said, 'I did want that nut.'

'Why, your great-great-grandchildren will have thousands of nuts off the tree you have planted,' said Mrs. Robin. 'Won't that be a great deal better?'

'I—s'pose so,' said Bunny, as with a—'chip, chip, chip,' Mrs. Robin flew away.—Sidney Dayre, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Why Pop Stayed Behind.

There was a little girl whose name was Silvia. Would you like to know why she was called Silvia? It was because the house where she was born was in a wood; and the Latin word 'silva' means wood.

If we had tried to make a name for her in English, we should have called her Woody, but Silvia is a much prettier name than Woody, I think.

Well, you must know that Silvia had a present of a little dog. She called him Pop, because his little sharp bark sounded to her like the popping noise made by corn when it is parched over the fire.

He was a funny little animal. One day Silvia took her doll and a small basket and went out to pick berries. Pop followed her, of course. They went more than a mile from home. But, on her way back, Silvia lost sight of Pop. She called him, but he did not come.

When she got home with her berries she found that she had parted company not only with Pop, but with her doll Rose. But she did not sit down and cry over her loss. She put on her plaid shawl and started to hunt for Rose and Pop.

The birds flew around her as she walked, for she had been used to feed them with crumbs. One little sparrow seemed to think it was a hard case that she would not give him anything, for he had followed her a long way.

She said to him: 'You dear little bird! I haven't a single crumb in my pocket for you now, but I am in such a hurry that I can not go back to the house for bread. You wait till I come back, and then you shall have plenty.'

Then the sparrow flew upon a tree, and Silvia walked on and called, 'Pop! Pop! where are you, Pop! Where have you strayed to, sir? Come here, Pop.'

But for a long time no Pop made himself heard. At last, as Silvia went into a thick part of the wood, and saw the trees and bushes she had passed a short time before, she heard a little sharp voice say, 'Bow-wow-wow.'

'There he is! That's Pop!' cried she with a laugh, and, sure enough, there he was keeping guard over something in the grass. And what do you think it was? Guess once, twice, and if you do not guess right I will tell you; it was Silvia's doll, Rose.

She had dropped it there out of her basket, and Pop, like a good dog, had kept guard over it. He was too small to take it in his mouth and run home, but he did his best.

Silvia took him in her arms and praised him, then she picked up Rose and went home. She did not forget her promise to the little sparrow. She got some crumbs and fed all the birds, and they were not afraid, though Pop barked at them in a very savage manner.—'The Nursery.'

Jesus Shines In.

A poor lame girl was kept all the time in her room. It was a poor, dark room, where the sun never shone in.

A visitor once said; 'You never have any sun here, do you?'

'Oh,' she said, 'my Sun comes in

at every window, and even through the cracks.'

The visitor looked surprised. Then the lame girl added, 'I mean the Sun of Righteousness. He shines here, and makes everything shine so bright.'

Does Jesus shine in your heart and home? If He does, I am sure there are love and peace there.—Olive Plants.

Thy Child.

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thyne own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst
save;

Keep me safe by Thy dear side:
Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

May I see the good and bright;
When they pass before my sight
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.
—'Child's Companion.'

The Blind Mouse.

One day while sitting under a shady maple tree by the roadside reading a book, the soft rustling sound made by the wind blowing through a field of tasseled wheat caused me to look up. To my great surprise, I saw two large field mice slowly crossing the road to the wheat field.

One mouse had his eyes tightly closed and seemed totally blind, while the other mouse was cautiously leading him along by a small stick which they both held in their mouths.—Selected.

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