

run forward, for it was her own name, in her mother's voice, but oh, such a voice of pain, and there, lying on pillows on the floor, was Mrs. Bray, but she smiled up at her little lassie quite cheerfully.

'Dinna greet, dear,' she said, 'but I slipped outside the cottage an hour ago, and I have been so faint with the pain of a sprained ankle. Bob dared not leave me, but oh, it's thankful I am to see you, that he may fetch help, for the foot is sadly swollen, and I couldna have borne it much longer.'

Can you imagine Maggie's feelings—first of regret for not answering Bob, and then for joy that God had made her turn back? Bob said not a word, but just smiled, and hastened off to the village, whence he soon returned with old Dr. Gregg in his gig. Mrs. Bryer, too, quickly followed.

The poor ankle was badly sprained, and the invalid had to be carried up to bed, where she remained some days, and Maggie had plenty of time to become fast friends with Bob, who laughed heartily at her idea of his fright.

'Though,' he added, 'it was sweet of you to come back—for I can tell you, Meg, when I saw you run off, just as your mother was fainting, I was sorry enough to feel it was my own fault for vexing you, and scared I was for Mrs. Bray's sake, not to be free to fetch the doctor. What ever made you alter your mind, Meg, and forget your dignity by returning?'

She flushed brightly.

'Why, Bob dear, I think I remembered my dignity when I forgot my temper. As to what made me—well—I needna say it was Jesus Himself, for He kept telling me how wicked it is to be revenged on anyone.'

'I've learnt a lesson too,' owned Bob, 'and I shan't forget it either.'

*Remember how the careless words

That we so often lightly speak,

May deeply sink into a heart

And sorely hurt the young and weak.'

—Maud Maddick, in 'Child's Companion.'

Sample Copies.

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At School and at Home.

My teacher doesn't think I read

So very special well,

She's always saying, 'what was that

Last word?' and makes me spell

And then pronounce it after her,

As slow as slow can be.

'You'd better take a little care'—

That's what she says to me—

'Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,

Some one of these bright days,

You're way behind the primer class.'

That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,

He hands me out a book,

And lets me choose a place to read,

And then he'll sit and look

At me, and listen, just as pleased!

I know it from his face.

And when I read a great long word.

He'll say: 'Why little Grace,

You'll have to teach our district school

Some one of these bright days;

Mother, you come and hear this child.'

That's what my grandpa's says.

—Selected.

A Game of Football.

It was such a pretty game of football! You have seen your big brother, perhaps, or some other big fellow, running and kicking a great rubber ball, and all the other big fellows running and trying to get it away—you know what a scramble and tangle and pile of boys it was pretty soon!

The game I saw was played by fluffy white and yellow chickens, and it was a Spring-time game instead of November football.

This is the way it was. Little Isabel's mother had taken her down into the sunny chicken yard to see the chickens, and on the way Isabel had picked some blue violets in the grass. Well, these little chickens had no kind, careful, anxious biddy-mothers to keep them out of trouble. They had been born all together in a great box that has a particular kind of name—an incubator—not at all like a nice, old-fashioned straw nest. But all little chickens are very sociable, very friendly; and these seemed to think that everybody

who came into the chicken yard had come to help take care of them; and so, when Isabel sat down on the warm earth in the spring sunshine, they ran up to her and then on to her and all over her little lap and stood on her shoulders.

At first Isabel held up her hands to keep them off; but her mother said little chickens could not hurt her, and perhaps they wanted some of her violets.

So Isabel drew a violet out of the bunch and held it up to a little speckled puff-ball that had just jumped upon her arm. Quickly he took it in his bill and ran with it, and after him ran every one of the rest. Up and down the yard they chased, running and flying with their tiny yellow legs and little wings.

Which one finally got the violet Isabel could not see. It was such a scramble and tangle, such a pile of feathers and bright eyes!

Whenever some of the chicks gave up they came over to Isabel for another violet, and then another game began.

There never was a better football. Nobody got hurt! And how excited and happy the chickens were, their little, small chirpy voices sounding like some sort of sweet music.

Seven, eight, nine footballs the little chickens ran and scrambled for, running back every time to Isabel for another violet as soon as the one they had had was captured and eaten.

All that Spring little Isabel called every violet she found a 'chicky football.'—'Little Folks.'

Our Best Friend.

Many of us have friends whom we love very dearly, and they love us too. But we cannot always be with them; we can only see them and talk to them sometimes.

There is one Friend who is always with us, and we can talk to Him at any time. His name is Jesus Christ, and He is the Son of God. He loves us more than any of our friends do; so much that He died that we might go to heaven with Him. Let us love Him too, and try to please Him.—'Our Little Dots.'