

Sumner's married daughter, but she has gone into town for the day. There seems to be no one but myself to meet the emergency, and I can't leave the baby.'

Ellen's heart seemed to jump up in her throat. She couldn't, oh! she couldn't, give up all her delightful plans for the afternoon! Why did the nurse go out on that day when any other might have answered as well? And why did their neighbor have one of her bad turns at such an inconvenient time? And why did her mother tell her about it? Couldn't she have waited until after supper?

Ellen rushed into her own room, shut the door with a bang, threw herself on the bed, and cried and cried and cried. After a while the first shock of her disappointment was over, and she became quiet. Then there came into her mind a bible verse which she had read that very morning: 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'

Ellen was trying to follow Christ. She called him her Saviour, her Master. Must she not do the thing that he would have her do?

'But, then,' whispered the voice of temptation, 'isn't it a kind, a Christian thing to send flowers to the children in the hospital?'

'Yes,' said her conscience, 'but the other girls will do that without you and there is no one but you to relieve your mother. Mrs. Sumner may die if she is not properly attended to. Isn't it a clear case that it is your duty to stay at home?'

Ellen knelt by the side of her bed and prayed. Then she washed the tears from her eyes and went into her mother's room. 'Come, baby,' she said, 'will you stay with me this afternoon? See! I'll show you lovely pictures!' So saying, she picked up one of baby's toy books from the floor and displayed a page bristling with dogs and cats. Baby May ran to her at once, for Ellen was always kind to her tiny sister, and kindness is a thing that babies appreciate.

Mrs. Monroe threw her arms around her daughter's neck and gave her a very loving kiss. She knew how much that little speech to May had cost. 'You're a very good girl, Ellen. You shall not lose by your self-denial. I'll give

you a treat some other day to make up for it.' Saying this she ran across the street to her sick neighbor's.

The hours seemed long to Ellen, those two hours that she had hoped to spend so pleasantly. It was a bit wearisome, too, to go through over and over again with baby the same diversions that she had used many times before. Once she saw the doctor's carriage at Mr. Sumner's. Then she saw him drive away hurriedly, and after awhile return, bringing with him a woman, whom Ellen recognized as a nurse. Then just at supper-time Mrs. Monroe returned.

'Mrs. Sumner is very ill, indeed,' she replied in answer to Ellen's look of inquiry. The doctor thinks that if I had not reached there just when I did she would have died. So my little girl's self-denial saved our neighbor's life. She is feeling somewhat better. Fortunately the doctor knew that Mrs. Plum was disengaged, and went after her. So now I am free.'

After supper came all the girls of Ellen's class to ask what had occasioned her absence from the meeting. Ellen explained to them with her mother's help. 'Well, anyway,' said Maggie Pritchard, who was Ellen's most devoted friend and admirer, 'anyway, we've made you president, and Miss Yates sent you all these candies, and this piece of cake and these roses. She said she knew there was some good reason for your staying at home.'

So Ellen went to bed that night happy in the thought that she had the affection of her teacher and classmates, and that she had tried to do her duty, even though it was a very hard thing to do.

I Know a Thing or Two.

'My dear boy,' said a father to his only son, 'you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society.'

'You needn't be afraid of me, father,' replied the boy, laughing; 'I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop.'

The lad left his father's house,

twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury who had just brought in a verdict of crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said, among other things: 'My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on his home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to my ruin.'

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin! — 'Morning Star.'

Kate Lee.

(*'Trained Motherhood.'*)

Just the tiniest girl, with the speck of a curl

On the daintiest forehead that ever could be;

Just the sunniest eyes, like the blue in the skies,

Has my wee little maiden, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just a month and a day, from the first peep of May,

When the sweet summer blossoms were gay on the tree;

Just the time when the roses were proudest of posies,

'Twas then came my elfkin, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just the winsomest 'coo' that the world ever knew

Comes forth from the canopied crib up to me:

Just the cunniest smile on the lips all the while,

Of my dear little fairy, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just a baby so bright—she must needs be a sprite

From the land where they scatter all happiness free;

Just a bundle of love from the heavens above,

Is my wee little darling, my bonnie Kate Lee.

—Beth McClannin Kerley.

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