

### Benny's Diary.

(By E. H. Thomas, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

Little Ben likes to write, and so he was very much pleased when mamma gave him a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

'You had better keep your diary on the table in your room,' said mamma. 'Then you will always know where to find it.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Benny. 'What shall I write?'

'This is New Year's day,' said mamma, 'so you might write some good resolutions.'

'What are they?' asked little Ben.

'Why, you might resolve not to lose your mittens and books and toys,' said mamma, smiling.

'Oh, yes!' said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it in his pocket. He started to carry it upstairs, but he met Rover in the hall, and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Benny saw that it was snowing, so he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snowballing a few days before and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day when Tom was shoveling a path he saw something red in the snow. What do you think? It was Benny's diary. He had dropped it in a snow-bank when he was turning somersaults.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing:

'Jan. 1. I am gowin to make a reserlution not to be so careluss bout losin my things.'

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh!

Benny looked sober a minute, and then he began to laugh, too.

'Well,' he said, 'I am goin' to make a new reserlution not to lose anything more, never again.'

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow.

### Which Was the Hero?

'What's a hero?' asked little Bob.

'A hero?' said his brother Frank.

'Why, it is one who does something very brave and great. I'm going to be a hero when I'm grown up.'

'Are you really?'

'Yes,' said Frank, nodding, 'I shall be a soldier, and go out to the wars and fight. You'll see me coming home some day, Bob, wearing, oh, such a lot of medals!'

'Well, I s'pose I can't be a hero then,' said Bob, sadly, 'Cause I don't want to be a soldier. I shouldn't like to kill people.'

Frank laughed. 'You're a regular little coward, Bob, that's what you are.'

That afternoon they had a visit from cousin Jack, and when they were out in the orchard, he pulled out a box of cigarettes, and wanted them to smoke. Frank took one and smoked it, too. It was horrid, but Jack would have laughed at him if he had refused. Bob said no, and although both Jack and Frank tried to make him take a whiff, he wouldn't.

That evening Frank was ill; his mother thought it was a bad bilious attack, until Frank, who was feeling very miserable, told her the truth.

'And did Bobbie smoke?' she asked.

'No, mother,' said Bobbie promptly.

'How was that?'

'Why, you and dad said we must not.'

'That's my brave boy,' replied his mother. 'Before you go for a soldier, Frank, you will have to learn obedience,' she added, for she had overheard their talk in the morning. 'But tell me which you think behaved most like a hero today?'

And Frank was obliged to admit that Bobbie had. — 'Temperance Record.'

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### New Year Bells.

Over the snowy meadows ringing  
Come the chimings, sweet and clear;

Hark, the message they are bringing,

'Unto all a glad New Year!'

List how softly they are stealing,

Louder now, oh, joyful bells!

Then again so faintly pealing—

Thus the music dies and swells.

How I love to hear them ringing,

Like a tuneful hymn of praise!

With the bells my heart is singing,

'Joyful be the dawning days!'

New Year! New Year! thou hast roses,

Summer light and all things fair,

Every hour new joy discloses,

Blessings crown us everywhere.

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

### A Gentle Hint.

All over the country on New Year's day

Good resolutions are given away.  
There are more than enough for every one,

You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton.

Take a dozen, my laddie and lass,  
But handle them gently, they're brittle as glass.

If you care for them daily it will not be long

Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong;

And when they are older they'll take care of you,

For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too,

—Anna M. Pratt.

### Xmas Feelings.

Holly red and mistletoe,

Waving Prince's feather,

Twine we in our Christmas wreaths,

Joys and greens together.

Holly hides a happy wish

'Neath each scarlet berry,

Prince's feather nods to say:

'Let us all be merry!'

While upon the mistletoe

Kisses sweet are growing

That may bloom on Christmas day,

In a goodly showing.

Thus, good friends we weave for you

Garlands of gay greeting;

With each one may blessing bright

Crown a Christmas greeting.