

been loyal to you, you have made them suffer that you might enjoy yourself. The crops were poor and the people in distress, but instead of helping them, you made them hate you, and wish that it had been you instead of your parents who had been killed. No one loves you for yourself except me. These suitors of yours, if you were plain, would turn from you instantly; but you are beautiful, so they love you for that. Now I know that you are not as bad as the people think, so you shall marry me, and I will help you to rule your kingdom so that the people shall prosper, and love instead of hate you. You shall not leave me until you have promised to marry me."

"At first the princess was very angry and asked who dared to say she should marry him.

"Who are you in your ragged clothes, that live in a woodsman's hut, that you speak to me so? When my people find me I will have you hung for your impertinence."

"The man looked at her, and his kind eyes were so sad that the heartless princess at last began to cry. Then he said softly and soothingly, "Poor little princess; you are very silly and very unkind. I am going away for an hour, so you may think."

"The princess had never been alone before, and the forest was so big and black, and she was so lonesome, that she kept on crying until she was tired and fell asleep. Then she had a wonderful dream—a dream that showed her what she was and what she might have been, how her heart was cruel and empty of the pleasure of loving and helping other people.

"When she woke up, the man had come back, and the princess went to him meekly and said;

"I am sorry I have been so bad, but you have showed me my faults, so you shall come and help me to be good, for I will marry you."

"Then they went back to the castle together, and the next day were married.

"It was not easy for the princess at first, but soon the poor people all through the land were blessing her, for she came to them in their sickness, and taught them how to cook their food well and how to

sew; she sang to them also, and gave them presents.

"One day her husband said to her, "You are really beautiful now. You never were perfectly so before, because your face was too cruel; but now that the love in it has been awakened, you are really a beautiful woman."

"And the princess was satisfied."

The Bear and the Boy.

(By Cora H. Carver.)

About two hundred years ago a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopold was duke of the province of Lorraine. The duke was very fond of animals.

Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big iron chain, and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

Marco was fierce; and, when he swung his shaggy head out of the door of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco, having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled back into the farthest corner of his hut, and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the 'falling-off' point, when he heard a sound at the house door. He started up; and what should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold!

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this newcomer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl.

Then a strange thing happened,—so strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into the shaggy face, cried joyfully: "Why, you are the duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Won't you be my friend? I need one so much!"

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That hand meant, 'I love you.' Marco had never been loved in all of his rough, bearish life,—at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forest, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little lad to lie down beside him, warmed by his furry coat; and together they slept through the night.

In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper untouched; and instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, he stayed to watch the bear.

Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food; but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again, and hid behind a tree to see what would happen next. In a moment, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch him out of harm's way; but the boy had already thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the hut to see this wonderful pair, and soon the story of the boy and the bear had spread throughout the land.

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in his beautiful new home, but I think that he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco.—'Little Men and Women.'

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