

on the sore foot—tied it as tightly as she could. 'There,' she said, 'dear doggie, you'll be well right away.'

But suddenly something very strange happened. Carlo ran off the porch, tore around and around the yard as if he were crazy. He jumped about, hopped up and down, laid down and rolled over; then up he got and ran like a wild thing, only to jump, tumble, and roll over and over again.

Patty watched him for a moment; then she began to laugh, jump up and down, and call for mamma and sister.

Mamma and sister ran to see what was the matter; and they, too, laughed—laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. 'Why?' said mamma, 'he has something white on his foot.'

'Yes,' said Patty, 'I put on an'ky 'cause his foot is bleeding.'

'Arnica?' cried mamma, 'why, dearie, arnica is making his foot smart awfully—that's what's the matter with him. Poor doggie, come here'; but by that time Carlo was tearing the rag off; then he laid down as if he were tired.

Little Patty was surprised. 'Why,' she said, 'I thought he was playing because he liked it.'—'Band of Hope.'

Her Signature.

Yes, I'm glad my name is May;
It's short and sweet, as you might say,
So I think it's just as well
It's not Cathlean or Isabell;
For if it had been, there's no telling
What might have happened to the
spelling.

—Selected.

Fairy Dot.

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily could tell—stories of 'fairies and goblins and of little flaxen haired princesses! And how Dottie Dudley did love to hear them!

'I think, Aunt Emily,' said Dot, 'that I like best of all the story of the wish fairy. I wish I were a fairy, and that I could just grant wishes, wishes, all day long.'

And what do you suppose Aunt Emily did? Made the loveliest crown of shining gold paper, and put little blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes and a sash round her waist and a wand of glistening paper stars in her hand; and little Dottie Dudley was transformed into a sweet little hazel-eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her and sent her off to 'Fairy Dell.'

'O, dear,' said grandma, 'I wish I could find my glasses!'

And away Fairy Dot flew, upstairs and downstairs, and back came grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish came true.

'O,' said little brother John, 'I wish someone would help me put my soldiers away.'

And there on the spot
Was Fairy Dot.

Mother wished her flowers were watered, and father wished for his newspaper; Aunt Emily wished for someone to help her stir the cake and

seed the raisins, and Bridget wished she knew what the clock said; Towser looked as though he wanted a drink, and the kitten begged for some milk; and there were wishes, wishes, everywhere in 'Fairy Dell.' Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there!—Bessie C. Clymer, in the 'Kindergarten Review.'

A Sudden Change.

Not very long ago, there was a little girl whose name was Annie.

She lived in the Sunny South, where the oranges and lemons grow, and the roses bloom in the winter.

It is always warm there, and Annie had never seen any snow in her life.

But one day, when she was about eight years old, her father came home



looking **very pleased** indeed, and he and her mother had a long talk after dinner. Next morning mother told Annie that they were all going to Canada to live.

At first she was very sad at leaving their pretty home, but when everything was packed away, and they had started on their journey, Annie could hardly sit still, it was such fun to run up and down the cars and look out of the windows.

After three days and nights on the train they arrived at their new home.

It was very pretty, but Annie had never seen anything like it before. Everything was white, as far as she could see,—there were no fences, and the road which should have passed the house, went down the middle of the river.

The waggons were funny, too, they had no wheels, but just slid along, and the people were walking on queer big flat things that looked like tennis rackets without handles. Annie was very cold at first, but it wasn't very long before she was walking on show-shoes and skating, too, and now her mother says that when she is all bundled up in a thick coat, and furry mittens and leggings, Annie looks like a real little Canadian girl.

H. K.

To the Little People.

(By Allison Gardner Deering, in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

Dear little people I love so well,
Wherever your place may be;
There's a beautiful secret I long to tell,
So come and listen to me.

When I was a child, in a little town,
Oh, ever so far away,
A beautiful spirit came floating down,
And whispered to me one day:

'There's a secret,' the beautiful spirit said,
'That even a child may know,
And they who know it are gladly led
Wherever their feet may go.

'So sweet and simple the secret is,
Yet people are slow to learn,
And away from the pathway that leads to bliss
Their lingering faces turn.

'So the little children must show them how
The happier way to choose,
For the hearts that are tender and loving now
Will never the lesson lose.

'And this is the wonderful secret:
Live
For nothing but love each day—
Not for love to keep, but for love to give—
Forever to give away.

'There is no life upon earth so poor,
But love it may give full well,
And the joy of giving is deep and sure,
And richer than tongue can tell.

'To sweeten life as we meet and part,
We need but remember this:
To carry always a tender heart
For the tiniest thing that is.

'The wider the circle of love we make,
The happier life we live,
And the more we give for another's sake,
The more we shall have to give.

'So let us widen it day by day,
By loving a little more,
Till nothing living be shut away
From a share in the heavenly store.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.