

came to forget about the sweet and beautiful comradeship that exists between the humans and the birds. Some day I am sure that we shall remember.—The 'New Century Path.'

Davy's Battles.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. 'Oh, dear!' he said, 'a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin.'

'You are mistaken, Davy,' said his sister Ella; 'there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women.'

'How?' asked Davy.

'You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey.'

'I believe that I will try,' said Davy.

'Here is a verse that will help,' said Ella: 'He that ruleth his spirit is, better than he that taketh a city.'—Sunbeam.'

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and all hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, or bundle. Every five minutes a stream of people flowed through the door, near which a young man stood and called, 'Rapid Transit for East New York!'

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place by the door, so many pushed against her she could not get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate. 'See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!'

'No; you don't say so. I thought he went for peanuts.'

'No, not for peanuts nor popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle.'

'Yes; what business had she to be right in the way with her budgets?'

'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?' And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

'Come along, Fred; come along. You'll be left again.'

'Never mind, boys; off with you. I'm going to see her through.'

And they went. And Harry repeated to to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, 'Isn't he a goose?'

'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's I; and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

'Pooh, you didn't mean anything, you only gave it a push.'

'I know it, but I feel as mean as if Fred caught me picking her pocket.'

The train whirled away. The next one came. 'Rapid Transit for East New York; all aboard!' shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman; by her side was Fred Monroe. He

carried the heavy burden. He put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his mother, he 'saw her through.' And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—'Silver Cross.'

'You're Wanted.'

'You're wanted!' exclaims the policeman as he taps the suspect or criminal on the shoulder and proceeds to slap the handcuffs on his wrists. 'You're wanted!' cries the messenger, herald of some calamity, who rings the door-bell of the physician, summoning his skilled assistance. 'You're wanted!' telegraphs the managing editor of a great daily, demanding the services of an expert war correspondent, whom he would send to Asia or Africa. 'You're wanted!' telephones the mayor or governor, who thinks he has found in this or that individ-

ual just the man to fill an important State position. So it runs. Life is a long series of wants. Somewhere there is a man to fill every post and discharge every duty. Success consists in finding that man and bringing the appointment and the deserving candidate together.

If you would rise in life, make yourself wanted—wanted not like the thief, for a bad reason; but like the professional or business man, for a good purpose. A young clerk in a store once asked for an increase of salary. The proprietor gave it to him. Shortly afterward the clerk asked for another raise, whereupon the merchant said to him, 'Young man, what you need is not more money, but more usefulness.' Be useful, and you will become indispensable. Put method into your work, and others will put money into your pocket. Plan your work thoroughly, and thoroughly work your plan. Mix brains with your paint, as did the famous artist, and, above all, put character into all you do. Then you will be wanted, and, best of all, you will be worthy of being wanted.—'Classmate.'

Dear friend—

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Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer. We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its contents.

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Yours Sincerely,
John Douglass
publishing manager

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the balance of this year free of charge.