

when they opened it. There was only one little piece in it that she had put in, for there were not many ways a little Hindu girl could earn money. But that particular piece she had slipped into the precious kalam, oh! so carefully and slowly, because she was so glad that the teacher had come to her village and her father had let her go to school. She didn't very much mind being a girl now, for she was so much happier than on the day Sukair brought her the news.

It was not only Anandi who was eager for the time to come when the kalam would be gathered together and the money counted. Not that it was easy for the poor villagers to spare the pice, but they wanted to show how glad they were to have a church and a teacher.

The day for opening the kalam came at last. Every one in the village, whether they had a kalam or not, dressed in their clean sarees, and went to the service. The kalam were laid in a great pile beside the teacher, who sat up in front beside a table where there lay a hammer. After prayer and singing the teacher explained why they had used the kalam, and then took one up, laid it on the table, and held the hammer up in the air ready to strike. How still the room was! Every boy craned his neck to see, and those on the edge of the crowd stood on tiptoe. Anandi, crouched down in front, held her breath. Crash! went the hammer, with such a sharp report that Anandi jumped. The kalam was broken to bits, while here and there in the dust and broken bits of crockery were gleaming copper and silver coins. Quickly the teacher picked them out, laid them aside, and brushed the earth from the table, with a bright joke that made every one laugh. Then he laid the next kalam on the table, raised his hammer, and bang! the frail jar was in a thousand pieces. So the next went, and the next. The little pile of coins grew. When the last kalam was broken and its treasure collected, some one started a ringing hymn, which was taken up by many voices. Then the teacher prayed over the money, and asked God to use it for his work.

The people went home laughing, talking, and happy, saying: 'Wait till next year! We'll have more then!' And Anandi ran all the way home, hugging a new kalam.—'Mission Dayspring?'

### A Traveller's Guide.

(By John B. Tabb.)

This is the way to Lullaby Town,  
To Lullaby Town, to Lullaby  
Town,—

First go up, and then go down;  
This is the way to Lullaby Town.

Folks that go to Lullaby Town,  
To Lullaby Town, to Lullaby  
Town,—

Travel each in a snow-white gown;  
This is the dress for Lullaby Town.

Dreams have homes in Lullaby  
Town,  
In Lullaby Town, in Lullaby  
Town—

Dreams that smile, for never a  
frown

Enters the gate of Lullaby Town.  
—Selected.

### Two Little Brothers.

Aunt Mamie was staying with Jack, and every evening, when she tucked him into his little bed, gave him what she called a nightcap story. He would laugh, and say: 'The lights are out. Please give me the nightcap'; and when it was finished there was a tender kiss before auntie would creep softly away, and the little eyelids would droop as he travelled to slumberland.

One of the nightcaps was called 'Two Little Brothers,' and I've asked Aunt Mamie, who is a great friend of mine, to let me have it for some other little Jacks. Indeed, I do not believe I shall ever know how many children will read about 'Now' and 'By-and-by,' for these were the names of the two brothers.

'Now' was the younger, and he never put off doing anything. His mamma would say, 'Now, study your lessons'; 'Now, run and play'; 'Now, post my letters'; 'Now, go to bed'; and he always did, that very minute, whatever she said.

'By-and-by' was older and bigger, but he was not as wise. He said to his brother one day, 'I'm going to be a good boy, but I don't mean

to begin just yet. It's no fun to study lessons; there's plenty of time.' And once mamma went to New York all alone, and lost her way there, because there was no one to meet her. 'By-and-by' did not mail the letter to grandma when she asked him, but found it, two days later, in the pocket of his trousers.

'Now' had a very smiling face; he was so busy all the time that he never thought when he should begin to be good; but his big brother had a little pucker in his forehead, a discontented look, and would say with a pout: 'What's the use of everybody being in such a hurry!'

One day, when 'By-and-by' was curled up on the sofa with a book, he overheard mamma say to grandpa: 'Yes, you are right, I believe. I have one good boy, 'Now,' but my other boy is always going to be 'By-and-by.'

Which little brother would you rather be like?—'Zion's Herald.'

### A Little Girl's Request.

Dear Rain, without your help,  
I know,  
The trees and flowers could not  
grow;  
My roses all would fade and die,  
If you stayed up behind the sky.

But lonely little girls like me  
Don't like to stay indoors, you see,  
All through the long and lonesome  
day—  
I'm tired of books, I'm tired of play.

I'm tired of listening to the sound  
Of pattering drops upon the ground,  
And watching through the misty  
pane  
The clouded skies, O dreary Rain!

And so I wish you'd tell me why,  
Just to please me, you couldn't try  
To let the bright Sun shine all day,  
And in the night when he's away,

And all the world is dark and still,  
And I'm asleep—then, if you will,  
Come down and make my flowers  
grow,

Dear Rain, and I will love you so.  
—'Canadian Churchman.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.