

LITTLE FOLKS

The Twins' Party.

The twins were to have a party next week; mother was busy writing little notes of invitation, which they were going to carry around to their friends to-morrow. To-morrow would be Saturday.

Puss came running in; her face was red, and she did not seem like mother's Puss. 'Mother,' she began in an aggrieved voice, as soon as she could get her breath, 'I s'posed it was mine as much as Phil's, and he'—

'What was yours as much as Phil's dear?' mother stopped her torrent of words to enquire.

'Why, the party; an' now he says he shall invite more'n I do. I just wish he wasn't my twin.'

Usually they were very happy twins, and loved each other dearly; but sometimes—well, sometimes they did not just agree. Perhaps Puss had been playing too hard. When you play too hard—anyway, it did Puss.

'I think Phil is willing you should choose half the guests,' mother said quietly.

'No, he isn't; he's mean,' declared the rebellious Puss with a pout. 'I want a party alone.'

'You know you can't have two parties, Catherine. I think it is very nice to have your little friends together. Why, I never had a party, even with some one,' said mother.

She tried to reason Puss into a better state of mind, but finally she led Puss to the closet. 'Now, Catherine,' mother said (mother always said 'Catherine' when she was sorry)—'now, Catherine, you must stay in here until you can come out and tell me you are sorry for being naughty. You may sit on the ragbag, and I will leave the door open a crack.' If mothers just wouldn't talk in a sad, wabby voice when you are naughty! 'It hurts me more than it does you to have to do this,' mother said as she walked away.

Puss sat and drummed her heels. Probably Phil had only been fooling. She almost knew he had been. It was awfully still in the closet! Mother had never had a party!



Ida Spied a Spider.

Ida spied a spider,

And she was sore dismayed;
She did not want to kill the thing,
For that might rainy morrow bring,
Alive, she was afraid.

And while she stood considering,
The spider guessed her plan;
He thought it wiser not to wait,
And so away he ran.

—'Australasian.'

Goodness! Phil and she had had lots of them. 'I wonder how it feels to never have a party?' mused Puss. And then she had an idea! She must tell Phil. Of course Phil had been fooling. Puss was good that minute, and came out of the closet and told mother she was sorry, and then ran out to find Phil. She met him coming to search for her. 'O, Phil, just you think! mother never had one party, an' we've had lots'—Puss paused for breath.

'What, not a single party? But prob'ly when you are old you don't care about parties.' Phil tried to look as if he believed it.

'But mother isn't old, Phil Dayton; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I guess she would like a party just as well as we would, and we must give her one.'

'Why, how can we give mother a party? It takes lots of work to make a party.' Phil was doubtful.

'I thought all about it. I had to; I went in the closet a little while, and I planned it. We can take our invitations to mamma's friends 'stead of ours to-morrow, and they will come and s'prise her.'

Phil sat down on the steps to

consider the plan. He drummed his heels loudly. You can think better when you drum—at least the twins can. Of course if mother had the party they could not have one, and parties are nice. Mother had never had a single party. It must seem dreadful never to have had one. Mother should have their party.

The next day each of the mother's friends received an invitation, and were told to come and surprise her. It took a great deal of determination to keep the secret, but it was kept.

O how surprised mother was! And when Aunt Edith explained why they were invited, instead of the troop of little folks mother expected to see, what do you suppose mother did? She sat right down and put her arms around Puss and Phil and—cried. The twins did not like that—the crying part—very well, but Aunt Edith exclaimed that grown folks sometimes cried for joy.

After they had settled down to enjoy the evening, Uncle Will gave Puss and Phil, on behalf of the company, a pretty gold ring for a birthday present.

The twins were as surprised as mother had been, but they did not cry. 'It's lovely, an' you're good,' Phil said. 'Yes, good,' Puss echoed, trying on her ring.

Mother let them sit up as late as any one stayed, and they did not get one bit sleepy. The twins always said that that was the best party they ever had.—Constance Prince, in the 'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

'You can be a little helper,

Child so fair!

And your kindly deeds can make
For your heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love and happiness

Everywhere!'

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