

Willie! Here are some children, I do believe, playing 'tennis.'"

Willie was deeply interested in a minute, and so in a minute more were Rob and Alice, Rob thinking that an elephant's trunk would be about as entertaining to cut out as a giraffe's neck. And for some time nothing was heard but the rain beating on the window-pane without, the fire crackling on the hearth within, and the scissors clipping the paper.

"Cut as near the picture as possible," said mamma. "The true secret in all scrap-book work is to have the pictures prettily cut out."

"Oh, Rob!" cried Willie, "just look at your elephant! You've gone and cut the trunk all off!"

The children looked at it ruefully, and then they began to laugh, for an elephant without a trunk is as pitiable an animal as a chicken without a head.

"Now that is just what I knew would happen," said Alice, not very politely; "that is the reason I wanted to cut out all these animals myself. Don't you know—"

"Alice, Alice," said mamma, reproachfully, and the little girl stopped. Then mamma took the poor elephant in hand, and found that, after all, very little harm was done, for she was able to paste the trunk in its proper place, so that on the card the cut was never noticed.

"Now," said mamma, seeing that the children were tired of cutting, "suppose we paste a little; we have quite a pile of pictures."

"Just wait till I finish this," said Alice, clipping away in good earnest.

Mamma and the three children were spreading out the pictures upon the table, and they made really quite a tempting array.

"I think," said mamma, looking the pictures over very earnestly, "I think we can make several very interesting stories out of these."

"How do you mean?" said May.

"A story! Oh, do make up a story!" said little Willie.

"Why, mamma almost always does," said Alice. "That is what makes her scrap-books so much nicer than other people's—isn't it, mamma?"

But mamma was intently looking at the pictures.

"Come," said she, "let us see how many stories we can make out of them. We will each take a card and arrange the pictures on it without pasting them, and see who can make the prettiest story."

"I don't see how you mean," said Willie.

"Oh you come on my knee," said mamma, "and we will make ours together."

So Willie climbed up on her knee and watched her earnestly, for anything in the story line touched a very warm corner in the heart. Indeed, all the children looked at her for some little time, for they were quite new at the business, and did not know how to commence.

"We will begin with this boy that you cut out, Willie, playing tennis. Suppose we put him here. Now, where is his ball? He is looking up in the air evidently expecting to see it. Oh, here is the ball; where will we put it? Up in the air, following the direction of his eyes? No, there is hardly room enough on the card for that. If you can find a cat or a dog, we can manage it nicely."

So there was a hunt among the pictures, until Willie's bright eyes spied a little Skye terrier that had slipped behind the giraffe, as if he were bashful.

"That is just the thing I want," said mamma. "Now, you see, we will put the ball here on the ground between our little dog's paws; he is having a fine frolic with it, while Johnny-look-up-in-the-air is waiting, waiting waiting for it to fall down!"

"Oh, that is splendid!" cried the children.

"Doesn't he look silly, though, gazing up in the air after nothing!" said Rob, striking an attitude just like the boy, and looking expectantly toward the white ceiling.

"Oh, here is a funny man, holding his sides with laughter," said Alice, making a dive for a picture that caught her eye; "let's put him in too."

"Just up here," said Rob, "where he can see the boy and the dog, and take in the whole scene."

"But he's so little," said Willie—"he's littler than the dog, and his head is just about the size of the ball. He looks so funny."

"Oh, never mind that," said Rob.

"No, it's all the funnier," said Alice, bound to be pleased.

"I think it just spoils it," said May.

"I tell you how we will manage," said mamma, who always found a way out of a difficulty. "We will put some of these flowers and grasses here where the ground ought to be, and at this side we will put these pretty primroses. Now, we can place the little man on one of these petals, and he will look like a little fairy, who lives in the flower, and has just come out for a good laugh."

The children clapped their hands with delight, and said it would "just do." So they pasted the pictures, and then held up the card to view their handiwork.

"So far so good," said mamma. "Now, what will we put on this lower half of it?"

Then there was a great discussion. Rob wanted to have a menagerie, Alice wanted a tea-party, and May said she had an idea for her own card.

"Very well," said mamma, "all go to work upon your own cards; you understand what we mean by 'making stories,' and now, Willie boy, we will finish ours."

"Here's a red house; it's awfully pretty," said Willie.

"It looks to me like a school-house," said mamma. "We can put it over in the corner; and now we must send the scholars to school. Here is a boy. I think he looks lazy enough to be on his way to school. And see, here is a little girl with a lunch-basket in her hand; she can follow him."

"And here's her little lamb," said Willie, stealing one of the animals from Rob's menagerie. "You know

"Mary had a little lamb,
And his fleece was as white as—wool;
And it followed her to school one day,
And it made the children laugh and play,
And it was against the rule."

Every one laughed at the way that Willie had twisted the old song. But in the midst of the laughter the door-bell rang, and there stood nurse; she had come to take the children home. Great was the sorrow expressed, for they were all deeply interested in their stories; and as they went downstairs Rob called out cheerfully, "If it rains to-morrow we will all come back again to spend the day. Good-by!"—*Churchman.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

BY THE REV. W. LEE SPOTTSWOOD.

"He will beautify the meek with salvation."—PSALM cxlix., 4.

To be religious is just to be like Jesus, and salvation, in the text, means religion; the meek there spoken of are persons who are gentle and sweet and kind.

Now, there is something beautiful about the gentle and sweet and kind, although they may not be religious. How much greater, then, must be the beauty of such persons when they have, with their good qualities, religion also, with all its heavenly sweetness!

Religion is not equally beautiful in all who profess to have it; a disagreeable temper may mar that beauty. The chief beauty of religion is found in the gentle and sweet and kind. And this beauty is seen in all their kind acts.

Bad tempers and unkind dispositions make the faces of people ugly, while sweet tempers and kind dispositions make them pretty.

It is very hard to beautify some people even with religion. Some are sweet in temper and some are sour. It is a difficult thing for an artist out of a piece of wood that is tough and crooked and knotted to carve a beautiful image. And so it is not an easy task out of some one in disposition very much like that piece of wood to make a religious person, beautiful in face and in action.

But this can be done. Once a wise man, who was known and loved for his gentleness and sweetness and kindness, was examined publicly by a phrenologist, who said that he could tell all about a person by only looking at him. On the face of the wise man, perhaps were left some marks of a former bad disposition, long indulged, and he was described as harsh and stern and cruel. There was a laugh all around, because everybody knew that the wise man was such a good, kind man. But he said: "Friends, do not laugh at this man, for he has told you truly what I used to be before I learned to be what I am."

Children, I am sure that you all want to be beautiful. How can you become so! Some people think that any one can be made beautiful by wearing rich clothes and nice

ornaments; but this is not what the Bible teaches us.

It says: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting of the hair and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Every child can have such adorning by getting and keeping a sweet religious disposition, and by doing kindly religious acts. We have seen such beauty as this. At first, maybe, we thought that some one had not a bit of beauty, but we found in that one a lovely soul, and saw a lovely life; and then the plain face changed at once, and, in our sight, it became, like the soul and life, lovely too.

Children, let this be your prayer: "Our Father, which art in heaven, make us, for Christ's sake, just like Jesus, gentle and sweet and kind"; and then you will be beautiful in every way.—*Christian Union.*

MY FIRST PENNY.

Early one morning a little boy, about five years old, on awakening from sleep, looked up, and on seeing his father said, "Papa, I am going to put my own penny in the missionary box." Papa said to his little son, "Who told you to put your penny in the missionary box?" "Nobody but myself," was the ready reply of the juvenile subscriber to the mission fund.

But what penny was this that he called his own penny? I will tell you. It was the first penny that this little boy ever gained by his industry. You would like to know what he worked at to get a penny for his wages? Well, here is a copy of a bill given him by his teacher: "Master E. has merited the sum of one penny. Payment on demand." he had worked hard at his lessons, and so kept at the top of his class for a certain time, for which he obtained a penny; and this penny he gave to God, to help to make Him known to the poor heathen, who know Him not, and are dying in their sins. It was but a small sum, but, like the widow's two mites, it was all he had in the world that he could call his own, and he gave it of his own free will, and with evident pleasure, and you know "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

You may be sure that his papa and mamma were delighted with what their little boy did. And so will every Christian little boy or girl make his or her parents' heart glad by giving their pence to the cause of Christ, instead of spending them in their own pleasures.—*Word and Work.*

HOW DAME TROT BALKED.

It was not the Dame Trot that

"Went to the fair,
With her cat on her shoulder, to see the folks there;"

but a fat, sleek, chestnut horse that was owned by a physician.

Before Trot came into the possession of jovial Dr. B., two boys were in the habit of driving her. One very cold night she was taken from her warm stable to go a long distance, and as she showed much unwillingness to go, one of the boys gave her a hard whipping. Then she refused to move.

After that, Dr. B. was told he could have her if he liked. The good Doctor having confidence in his persuasive powers over man and beast, had no doubt of his being successful with a balky horse. So the first time Dame Trot stood motionless, notwithstanding the necessity of using her utmost speed, the doctor was equal to the occasion.

He got out of his carriage and patting the horse's head said to her: "Now Trot! you're a fool! you needn't think you can play that game on me!" In this way he talked some time, stroking the horse's head, patting her and seeming to be in no hurry.

Then taking some wintergreen lozenges from his pocket, he held them on his open hand before Trot's nose and said: "See here, old lady! if you'll be good you can have some candy!"

Trot smelt the candy, then turned her head away as if she were not to be bought off in that manner. Then she took another smell of the lozenges and of the hand that held them, then she slowly licked the candy and finding that it tasted good she ate it all, the Doctor meanwhile waiting patiently until the last crunching and smacking were over. Then he patted the horse's head again, and said: "Now we are going on, old lady, as

fast as we can go;" and jumping into the carriage he took the reins and Trot proceeded on her way with perfect willingness.

Ever since that day she has served the Doctor with the most devoted affection, proving the truth of the theory that something done to divert a balky horse's attention will accomplish much more than scoldings, jerkings or whippings.—*Abby G. Shaw, in Our Dumb Animals.*

MISSIONS may be entitled to more credit than they get for the good they work in the hearts of those even who do not become open believers, as is illustrated in the following incident related by Mr. Vaughan: "A woman who had received instruction was dying. She had long been a secret believer, but none had known it. In her dying hour she asked her husband to bring water. He knew not wherefore; all stood round her in awe. The dying woman then took the vessel of water in her hand, then looking to heaven asked a blessing on the act, and craved forgiveness if she were doing wrong. She then poured the water on her head, repeating the names of the blessed Trinity as she did so."

THE GOLDEN RULE OF PLAY IS, "no fun unless it is fun on both sides." Do not play anything you would be ashamed to describe to others. Do not throw stones at birds; nor torment animals, or human beings. Do not "hoax" or play tricks. We have no right to amuse ourselves at the expense of others.—*Unity.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

169. What was the last of the ten plagues of Egypt?
170. What Old Testament example have we of miraculous darkness?
171. When in New testament times, was darkness over all the land?
172. Where is the counsel, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it"?
173. How many idolatrous worshippers of the golden calf were slain by order of Moses?
174. What relic divinely appointed, and by which miracles were worked, was destroyed by a good king years afterwards. Who was the king?
175. What plant grew up in a single night and died the following day?
176. For what purpose was this plant created?
177. Who is mentioned as coming to Jesus by night?
178. Who was compelled to bear the cross of Christ to the place of crucifixion?
179. The name of what heathen god was applied to Paul, by whom was it applied, and why?
180. Who was with Paul at this time?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

145. Paul. Acts. xxiii. 21.
146. At the stoning of Stephen. Acts vii. 58.
147. Peter. John xviii. 10.
148. When Judas came with his band of men to take Jesus. The man was Malchus a servant of the high priest. John xviii. 10.
149. John. John xxi. 25.
150. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. xxviii. 20.
151. Gamaliel. Acts. xxii. 3.
152. Jethro. Ex. iii. 1.
153. Elisha. 1 Kings xix. 19.
154. Nehemiah. Neh. ii. 5, 18.
155. Four hundred and fifty years. Ex. xii. 40.
156. Seven days and seven nights. Job ii. 13

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Comforter—John 15: 26; Athens—Acts 17: 16; Rhoda—Acts 12: 13; Philistines—1 Sam. 17: 49; Ephraim—Gen. 48: 17; Noah—Gen. 7: 23; Tabitha—Acts 9: 36; Elias—James 5: 17; Rechabites—Jer. 35: 2. Carpenter.—Mark 6: 3.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—Helen Nicholson, 10 ac.
To No. 12.—Annie M. Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11; Hattie Lemon, 11; Herbert Davidson, 11; Helen Nicholson, 10.