

Loving or Doing.

(By M. Louise Ford, in 'Mayflower')

It was a bright silver dime that Jessie Lane tucked away in her little red mitten that February morning, and there was a bright little plan tucked away under her little red hat as she skipped along toward the square where the store windows were gay with valentines.

"Hullo, Ada! you going to Brown's too?" she called as a schoolmate came out of a house across the street.

"Yes; you going to buy your valentines? I've got ten cents, how much have you?" was the reply.

"I've got ten too," said Jessie with a merry laugh; "we'll go together, won't we?"

"I tell you what I'm going to do," she continued as they walked along. "I love my mamma best, and so I'm going to get her the very prettiest valentine I can for five cents, 'cause then she'll know I love her best; and then I shall get five with the rest of the money for the girls I like best."

Ada looked thoughtfully down for a moment, and then said quietly:—

"Well, my mamma'n' I were talking about it, and we thought it would be nice to send some this year to the girls that never get any. I don't b'lieve it shows you love your mamma any better to send her the prettiest valentine. Mamma says she can tell how much I love her by the way I do her errands."

"Well, you see I like to give mamma the prettiest 'cause she always gives it back to me afterwards," was the reply.

That had a selfish sound to it, so Jessie added quickly:—

"And I do love my mamma'so much!"

"I'm going to send one to Maggie Kelly; she never got one last year, and felt so bad; and one to Lettie Ray. She won't have any money to spend, 'cause her father drinks it all up, 'n' then I'm going to think of some others, not in our school, p'raps," said Ada. "Oh, I've got to stop here, Mamma told me to go to Wentworth's first."

"Well, I guess I can't wait," said Jessie, for that silver dime was in a hurry to get out of her mitten, and she ran along and had spent

every bit of it before Ada reached the store.

Then she watched her little friend make her selections, a little selfishly glad that she had had the first chance, and then they set off towards home together.

They had nearly reached Ada's house when Jessie stopped suddenly, saying, "Oh, dear! I've gone and forgotten mamma's postage stamps. Well, I can't go 'way back now. Guess she can wait till she goes to the post-office herself. I just hate to do errands. I'm always forgetting."

Ada said nothing, but soon bade her good-by at the gate, and was thinking very busily as she went into the house.

"H'm! Guess my mamma would think I loved her LOTS, to give her the best valentine so I could have it myself, and then forget her errand. I rather guess she'd say I was s-e-l-f-i-s-h to think of myself first, and that's the worst thing in the world, she always says."

Molly's Reading.

(By Sybil Penrith, in 'Intelligencer.')

When Molly was a very tiny girl she learned to read, and by the time she was five years old reading was her chief delight. She also had a parrot-like memory, and after going over a story two or three times, she could read it quite as well without the book as with it. One day Mrs. Martin and some visitors came to see Molly's mother, and after they had talked awhile, mother said to Molly:

"Get your book, dear, and read a story for Mrs. Martin."

Molly's mother never said, 'Show her how nice you can read.' She always made it appear that the small girl was doing a kindness, and although she thought it a very wonderful thing for her little daughter to read so well, no one was ever allowed to say so.

So Molly, in a perfectly modest way, asked 'What story would she like to hear?'

'I think "Little Miss Muslin" would be very interesting,' said mother.

Molly got the book and came and sat down in her little chair, and began to read, but, alas she left the book closed. She knew the story,

which was quite a long one, word for word, and she went through it perfectly, giving a fine dramatic expression.

The visitors looked amused; one of the young ladies giggled, which caused Molly to look at her with mild astonishment, for it was just at the place of Miss Muslin's awful mishap.

No one said anything, and Molly finished her story in triumph.

Mrs. Martin kissed her when it was finished, and said, 'My dear, I enjoyed your reading very much.'

How to Behave.

('Our Little Dots.')

Banging the Door.

'Tis not polite to bang the door
When from a room you go;
It should be closed quite quietly,
As most of you well know.

Sitting Still.

Now, chairs were meant for use as
seats,
And not for exercise
In twists and twirls and wriggles
round;
So sit still, I advise.

When Others Talk.

'Tis very rude to interrupt
When others talk or read,
Unless there's great necessity—
So this rule mind you heed.

At Table.

It is not nice to see a child
Eat in an ugly way—
Take great big bites and scatter
crumbs,
Or with his food to play;
Nor should he grease his hands at
all,
Nor spill his milk or tea,
Nor smear the jam across his face—
Such things should never be.

'I beg your pardon.'

When children do not hear what's
said
They never should shout
'WHAT?'
'I beg your pardon,' they must say,
'And listen on the spot.'

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