

friends, for I shall always consider others' pleasures before my own.'—'Brooklyn Eagle.'

The Rubber Cat's Story.

It seems to me long years ago

Since I, a kitten gay,
Was bought for two and sixpence
that

I saw a mother pay.

She gave me to the Baby, oh!

Alas, alas, for me!

It sucked and bit me all the day,

Till I have holes, you see.

One ear is fairly 'chumped' away,

My tail is eaten thin;

But baby doesn't seem to mind,

Or think it any sin.

I hear them talk of teething, and

They say, 'Poor Baby Pet!'

But as to all I suffer—well,

They seem to just forget!

—'Our Little Dots.'

The Little Four Marys.

The little four Marys, who always live in the same body, and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer-meeting, and as she went out she said, 'I want you to go to bed at half-past seven to-night, Mary; you were up late last evening.'

'Now, that's too bad,' said Mary Wilful, 'I'm not tired.' 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said; but at first she was quiet. She had meant to crochet a little, after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear—'He pleased not himself, and you said you wanted to be like him.'

'Let's go to bed; it's half-past seven now. We ought to mind mamma,' she said.

'Now, I just won't,' said Mary Wilful.

'Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home,' said Mary Selfish.

'She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't!' said Mary Lazy; but as she spoke her eyes drooped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice still whispered, 'Shall I take up my cross

daily?' 'I haven't had many crosses to-day,' she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart; 'Let's mind mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her, anyway. I do begin to feel tired.'

'Well, so do I, a little,' said Mary Lazy.

Mary Wilful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up; but something was drawing veils over their eyes and their thoughts, too; so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep Mary Loving said: 'Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself, and help her—help her—' She was too sleepy for the rest, but he knew.—'Wellspring.'

It is Well To Think.

Mother was working in the flower garden. 'Harold,' she said, 'will you bring mother the big flower-pot that is in the shed?'

Harold ran to the shed, but soon came back without the flower-pot.

'It is so big, I was afraid I would break it, mother,' he said.

'I can get it,' cried Jennie, who was a whole year younger. And she ran out and soon came back, wheeling the big flower-pot in Harold's express waggon.

'I could have done that if I had thought of that way,' said Harold.

'Any one could do it after the way had been thought of,' said mother, 'but Jennie thought of the way.'—Little Workers.

Little Jeanette.

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeanette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeanette was seated in the stand she saw an old, feeble woman trying very hard to get where she could see.

The little German girl said to herself, 'It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old.' Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood up in the crowd.

But while Jeanette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side and said, 'Little girl, her majesty would be pleased to see you in the royal box.'

When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said, 'Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side.'

So God honors those who honor his servants. God especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.—Selected.

"Don't!"

'Don't pull my tail!' said Kittie Black to Baby.

'You think it's fun—perhaps for you it may be;

For me it's most unpleasant,

And you're tugging hard at present—

Don't pull my tail!' said Kitten Black to Baby.

'Don't pinch my ears!' said Kitten Gray to Baby.

'You'd find it hurt, if you could Kitten Gray be.

It stings me through and through—it

Isn't nice of you to do it—

Don't pinch my ears!' said Kitten Gray to Baby.

'Don't squeeze my ribs!' said Kitten White to Baby.

'What fun can there in jamming me all day be?

I don't think you'd be pleased so

If your little sides were squeezed

so—

Don't squeeze my ribs!' said Kitten White to Baby.

'Don't tease us!' said the kittens all to Baby.

'But kind and mild and gentle in your play be;

For any pleasure that is

Pain for a little cat is

A pleasure which is bad for little Baby.'

—Parlin Page, in 'Youth's Companion.'

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