

careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it.'

'That is right, George; and I just want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it all now?'

'Oh, yes, sir; and I never shall forget it while I live.'

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his angels charge.—*The Temperance Leader & League Journal.*

In all I think, or speak, or do,
Whatever way my steps are bent,
God shape and keep me strong
and true;
Courageous, cheerful and content.

The First Tangle.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocked around her, almost
grieving.

'How is it, little one,' they said,
'You always work so cheer'ly?'
You never seem to break your
thread,

Or snarl and tangle it instead
Of working smooth and clearly.
'Our weaving gets so torn and
soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we've fretted, wept and
toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's
spoiled

Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own as sometimes
flies.

The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly,

"You know He said in every-
thing"—

"Why, so do we," they cried, "we
bring.

Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;

A moment let them wrangle;

"Ah, but," she softly then replied,

"I go and get the knot untied

At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!

Our 'broidery we spangle

With many a tear that need not
fall,

If on our King we would but call

At the first little tangle!

—Waif.

Magical Neatness.

(By Alva Deane, in 'Kindergarten
Review'.)

Tommy Tinker's little feet

Had been trained to be so neat

(Strange the story is to tell)

That they wiped themselves off
well

When they came in from the street!

Tommy Tinker's big straw hat,

With its brim so broad and flat,

Quickly jumped upon the shelf,—

Yes, it put away itself!

Now, what do you think of that?

Next, his overcoat so spry

Off this little boy did fly;

And a glance around it took

Till it found a handy hook,—

Then, it hung itself up high!

Could you teach your coat and hat
To be orderly, like that?

Could you train your little feet,

Like this Tommy's, to be neat—

Never to forget the mat?

A Boy in Blossom.

'Oh, grandpa,' said Charlie, 'what
lots of apples there are going to be
this year! See how white the trees
are with blossoms.'

'Yes,' said grandpa, 'if the trees
keep their promises, there will be
plenty of apples. But if they are
like some boys I know, there may
not be any.'

'What do you mean by keeping
their promises?' asked Charlie.

'Why,' said grandpa, 'blossoms
are only a tree's promises, just as
the promises little boys make some-
times are only the blossoms. And
sometimes the frost nips these blos-
soms and they bear no fruit.'

'I see,' said Charlie, 'that you

think when I promise to be a better
boy I am only in blossom. But I'll
show you, grandpa, that the frost
can't nip my blossoms. I'm going
to bear fruit.'

'I Rubbed it Out.'

The mother, who is always the
best theologian for a child, said to
the boy: 'Didn't I see you yesterday
writing on your slate?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Well, show it to me.'

He brought his slate to his mo-
ther, who, holding it in front of
him, said:

'Where is what you wrote?'

'Oh,' he said, 'I rubbed it out.'

'Well, where is it?'

'Why, mother, I don't know.'

'But how could you put it away if
it was really there?'

'Oh, mother; I don't know. I
know it was there, and it is gone.'

'Well,' she said, 'that is what God
meant when he said, "I will blot out
thy transgressions."—G. Campbell
Morgan.

A Conundrum.

(By Annie H. Donnell, in 'Youth's
Companion').

Every morning at seven o'clock,
Rain or sunshine or snow,
Into a long black tunnel
Five little travellers go.
'All in a row like soldiers,
Stooping a bit to enter,
The fat one at this end, the baby
at that,
The tallest one in the centre.

Into the dark they travel,
Without a fret or a pout.
But once they made a window,
And Baby Traveller peeped out
Gay little travellers, dancing
Into the tunnel at morn.
Tired little travellers, coming out
When the day's work is done.

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