

Rivals.

The sun went down one summer eve

In a glory of golden and crimson light,

And a cloud sailing by in the rosy west

Said, 'Why so happy and gay to-night?'

'Because,' said the sun as he sank to rest,

'I have done nothing else this beautiful day

But travel across yon bright blue dome

And watch the children play.'

But the stars had heard, as one by one

Overhead they came out to peep,

And they said to each other, 'We're happy, too,

For we watch the children sleep.'

—'Child's Hour.'

Tip, Top and Toe.

(By Emma F. Bush, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Alice lives in a white house with green blinds. Marion lives in a brown house. Helen lives in a house painted red and brown. The three houses are side by side. Alice's house has a garden. Alice, Marion, and Helen play together in the garden.

Alice has a little kitten. The kitten is white. The tip of his tail is black. Alice calls him Tip.

Marion has a black kitten. He has one white spot on the top of his head. Marion calls him Top.

Helen has a gray kitten. He has one white foot. Helen calls him Toe.

Tip, Top, and Toe play together, too. Sometimes they play in the garden.

One day Alice said, 'Mamma, I wish I could have a party.'

'You may have Marion and Helen to tea in the garden,' said mamma.

'Oh! you dear Mamma,' cried Alice, hugging her.

Tip was sitting on the floor. He was watching Alice. 'Meow—meow,' he said.

'Do you want a party, too, Tip?' asked Alice.

'Purr—purr,' said Tip.

'He may have Top and Toe come to tea,' said mamma. 'They may come with Marion and Helen.'

Alice ran to invite Marion and Helen. Tip ran away, too. Did he go to tell Top and Toe? At four o'clock Marion and Helen came to the party. They brought 'Top and Toe. Top had a red ribbon around his neck. Toe had a blue ribbon. Tip's ribbon was pink.

Alice, Marion, and Helen ran races in the garden. Tip, Top, and Toe ran races, too.

Mamma called them to tea. The table was in the garden. It was Alice's little table. On the table were hot rolls. Mamma put a big dish of strawberries on the table. They ate the strawberries with sugar and cream.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe each a saucer of milk. Top lapped his up first. Then he put his paws in Toe's dish. Toe growled and spit. 'You are a naughty kitty, Top,' said Marion. 'You should not touch Toe's milk.'

After the strawberries were eaten they had ice-cream and cake.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe some ice-cream. Toe liked it very much. He wanted some more. He jumped onto the table. He put his nose in the dish of ice-cream. 'You must not do that, Toe,' said Helen. 'I think it is time you went home.'

'He does not know any better,' said mamma. 'Little girls and boys know they must be polite at the table. Little kittens do not know they must not touch the food. Toe did not know any other way to ask for more. We will give Toe some more ice-cream.'

'I am glad Tip knew how to behave,' said Alice.

Rover's Dog.

(Alice Turner Curtis, in 'N. C. Advocate.')

Rover is a red setter, and he usually lies on the front porch. He does not like other dogs, and if they stop at the gate or poke their noses through the fence Rover runs down and barks fiercely at them.

One day Philip was looking out of the window, and he saw a very small black dog crawl under the gate. Rover was on the porch, and lifted his head, but did not even

growl as the little dog trotted up the path. The little dog went directly past Rover, and came up to the window where Philip stood, and put his little paws up against the glass and whined.

'O mamma!' called Philip, 'come and see this little black dog!'

Mamma came and looked out, 'We must send it right away,' she said, and shooed the little dog off the porch and out of the yard. Rover did not growl. He looked quite indifferent, and as if it were no concern of his.

When Philip went into the back yard to play that afternoon he found the little black dog was there, and sharing Rover's dinner. Rover did not seem to take any notice of the strange little dog. Philip drove the little dog out of the back yard, and Rover went back to the front porch.

When papa came home at night the little black dog was sitting beside Rover. Papa drove him away, but he would not go farther than the gate.

The next morning he was back again, and shared Rover's breakfast, and when Rover went to the porch for his morning's nap the little black dog stationed himself at the gate, looking very smart and alert. He barked at every dog which ventured near, and barked at peddlers, looking over his shoulder at Rover now and then, as if to say, 'See what a help I am, doing all your barking for you!' and Rover 'whoofed' approvingly, and took his ease, while the new friend whisked busily about full of importance, and so in a few days the family decided that the little black dog had come to stay, and mamma named him 'Blackie.' He followed Rover everywhere, and papa said he believed Rover had decided to keep a dog himself, as an assistant, and after that the little fellow was known by the whole family as 'Rover's dog.'

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