

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Ben's Bank.

(By Barbara Griffiths.)

It isn't on the mantelpiece,  
Nor made of painted tin;  
It hasn't any fancy slot  
To drop the pennies in—  
Oh, no! Ben's bank is different;  
It holds a richer store  
That grows in value every year,  
And yields its owner more.

Benny began to fill his bank  
When he was very small;  
He never cried at knocks or bumps  
Or whimpered at a fall,  
And so he laid up, every day,  
Some coins of courage there,  
Till now, if he has need of it,  
There's plenty and to spare.

Then Benny learned to store up truth,  
Obedience, justice, too.  
And generosity—dear me,  
How his deposits grew!  
Year after year, the sums enlarged,  
A bank account indeed,  
Which Benny draws upon at will  
Whenever he has need.

So, when our Benny is a man,  
He will be good and true,  
Generous and just to every one,  
Courageous through and through.  
His bank will never break, but still  
With wealth his life endow.  
Have you a bank like Benny's? No?  
Well, why not start one now?

## Knew What She Wanted.

I once owned a black cat, which I called Nigg. She did a good many smart things, and this is one of them. I was sitting with my sewing-machine before me, and a chair stood at my left with a basketful of stockings standing on it. I had four spools of thread on the machine at my right, and I was using thread from one of them.

Nigg climbed over the chair where the basket stood and from there onto the machine. She walked to the right end of the machine where the four spools of thread were, singled out the one I was using, took it, jumped down, and played with it.

I went after the thread and set it on another part of the machine so that it was hidden. She came back, hunted until she found the same spool of thread, and took it the second time.

I offered her one of the other spools and rolled it on the floor for her, and she would not touch it. I took the thread from her the second time, and hid it in the basket of stockings underneath. She came the third time, looked all over the machine, and then went to the basket of stockings and hunted. She began to paw the stockings as a dog will do, and worked until she found that spool of thread and took it away to play with. How did she know which spool I was using?—C. E. World.

## Elizabeth's Awakening.

(Blanche McNeal, in the 'Home Herald'.)

Elizabeth had been attending the January revival meetings, and they had set her to realizing that there really was something more in the world than just going to school and having a good time—there was work to do. Mr. Hunter had said, to be sure, that it was necessary for us to have some fun—yes, plenty of fun—but we must work, too.

Somehow the word 'work' went vibrating to Elizabeth's very soul and she began to quizz herself. She confessed she knew very little. 'Everything at home is always in order; Sarah attends to that; my clothes and fixings mother buys when I need them, and, as for doing anything for father, he is most always away from home and too busy to be bothered.' She remembered the minister's text, 'Not to be ministered unto but to minister,' and it was repeating itself over and over, each time making more plain to her the selfishness of her own life.

'O, I do want to do something, but where

shall I go to begin, and what shall I do? If I go to Mr. Hunter, he will tell me about the missionaries, and mother would never listen to my going, for she is planning a very different career for me—I am to be a society belle, and my coming-out party is being talked about already.' It made her shiver to think of it, now that life promised other things. Several days had passed since Elizabeth had resolved to do something, and she was like a tiny boat tossing on the open sea.

'Good-bye, girls,' she called to a merry group of companions; 'I'm going cross-lots today; will see you in the morning.'

'What on earth!' exclaimed Janet. 'Who would go through Brown street when they could walk down the avenue all the way? Elizabeth, you're crazy!'

Elizabeth tossed them a laugh, swung her books over her shoulder and took the short-cut in spite of the girls. She wasn't anxious to get home sooner and she loved those happy school companions, but for once she wanted to be by herself.

She turned into Brown street, a poor neighborhood the like of which is often found in our cities under the very wing of wealth. She had gone there several times before to get a woman to help with some extra cleaning, but she was not thinking of the street, the poor, nor the woman; she was thinking of the meetings. She longed for something to do, some means of expression to satisfy the ringing of that text, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' She was startled by a baby's cry—long, loud.

'Dear me, I wonder what is the matter?'

Near the window of a small unpainted cottage sat a woman, a tired, anxious mother who had been rocking a sick baby for hours. She was faint and almost ready to cry herself, but she rocked on. Elizabeth stopped, and, scarcely before she realized, her hand was on the knob and she stood in the doorway.

'Is your baby sick?' Then she recognized the woman who had helped clean. 'Why, Mrs. Owen, what is the matter?'

'Oh, Jamie is sick. I've been up all night and I guess I'm tired some.'

'Yes, yes; you need to rest. Won't you let me hold Jamie for awhile—just to see if I really can, you know? Never did hold a real baby in my life—just dolls.' Elizabeth dropped her books and held out her arms for Jamie.

'Well' now, would you 'think!' Miss Elizabeth wantin' to hold the baby. Sure you can take him, for I 'am' tired.' And Mrs. Owen threw herself on the bed as Elizabeth began rocking.

She looked about the bare, almost comfortless room, and thought about her own home. She never knew or realized before how many beautiful things some people have and how very few others possess. Everything was quiet—Mrs. Owen asleep, Jamie drowsing off and the clock ticking, ticking. Now and then she hummed softly and thought of the girls—would they laugh if they could see her? Indeed, I think she laughed a little at herself, for it seemed funny to think of Elizabeth Ellison's doing a thing like this.

Jamie's weary little eyes closed and, yes, he was asleep after hours of tossing and fretting, his flushed, tear-stained cheek on Elizabeth's arm. She wondered what to do with him. If she got up she might waken the mother and Jamie, too, so she held him till her arms ached. The room darkened and the shabby furniture disappeared in the shadows.

'It must be nearly supper time,' she thought, for the street lights were burning and the people hurrying by. There was a step outside and a quick turn of the knob. Someone was in the room. 'Mother, mother! Sh-sh!' but Mrs. Owen was up with a jump.

'Well, bless me, if I haven't 'a' been sleepin'! And Jamie? Why, Miss Elizabeth, you've been holdin' him all this time? You poor child!' Mrs. Owen gently lifted sleeping Jamie from Elizabeth's arms and laid him on the bed, and then she sat down in the shadowy corner, threw her apron over her head and cried like a child.

'Just to think—I went to sleep and left you a holdin' him!'

'Now, that's all right,' said Elizabeth; 'I could have laid him down, but I didn't know exactly how or where, for, you see, I never

held a real baby before, and I liked to, so don't cry.'

'Well, you are a dear, for the doctor says, "Get him to sleep; that's what he needs," and to think you did it!'

'I am very glad I did. Now I must hurry home, for mother will be anxious.' And as Elizabeth closed that weather-beaten door behind her she felt happier than ever before in her life.

All the way home Mr. Hunter's text rang in her heart, 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and now she knew the sweetness of its message. She did not have to wait to become a missionary; there was work to do right on Brown street, on other streets and, perhaps—yes, perhaps, in her own home.

And Elizabeth did find work to do, and it was not very long before the other girls were wanting to do as she did. Their carriages took the little ones for rides in the park, and sometimes the mothers, too, would go.

Flowers, books, fruits and clothing from these girls found their way into Brown street and mothers' burdens were made lighter, because it is better and sweeter to 'minister' than to be ministered 'unto.'

## The Two Apple Trees.

(Clara J. Denton, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

'I have been looking at these two trees, boys,' said Mr. Moore one bright Saturday morning, 'and as there seems to be about the same amount of apples on each one, I have decided that if you want to gather and market them for yourselves you may do so.'

'And have the money for ourselves?' they asked eagerly, and in unison.

'Yes, and you may also take old Billy and the light waggon to draw them to town this afternoon.'

Before he had ceased speaking John, the elder boy, had begun to climb one of the trees, and Mr. Moore without further comment walked away.

The other boy also walked away, but in a different direction.

John meanwhile secured a good foothold in the center of the tree, was giving it a vigorous shaking, which sent the apples to the ground in showers.

Presently the brother returned carrying a ladder and a basket.

'O, ho,' cried John, 'you don't mean to say that you intend to pick those apples off the tree? This is the way to do it,' and he gave his tree another energetic shaking. 'Why, don't you know?' he went on, 'if you stop to pick those apples off it will take you all day long.'

'Can't help it,' was the answer; that is

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