

I do not ask from vanity,  
But only I make 'minutes' of  
what passes.  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

I err or stop but rarely;  
In wilful fault I never speed  
along:

Does man use time as fairly?  
And is he not to blame when he  
goes wrong?  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My Maker's law I follow;  
I make the most of time, how-  
ever ample:  
Man of religion hollow,  
Might'st thou not benefit by my  
example?  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Man is my guide and master,  
I'm one of his most wonderful  
creations;  
Yet he wears out much faster,  
And dies; while I throb on for  
generations,  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Despite man's best endeavor,  
Time's withering touch upon his  
face appears;  
While mine is fresh as ever  
Through the long tick of all these  
many years.  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Nothing I know of sorrow,  
No change, no pain, no care, dis-  
turb my lot:  
If I break down to-morrow  
My spring can be renewed; which  
man's cannot,  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

\* \* \* \*

But man has compensations;  
No joys, no hopes, can earth to  
me impart;  
Though full of fine pulsations,  
There is no feel within my little  
heart.  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Man has immortal treasure  
To cheer him as he journeys here  
below.  
Worlds with no time to measure,  
Are not the worlds where I can  
ever go.  
Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

**A Little Digger of Weeds.**  
(Carroll Watson Rankin, in 'Little Folks.')

'Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven,' counted Marian, with a long sigh. 'Three more to make a hundred!'

Little Marian in her gingham-slip gown, armed with a strong kitchen knife, was digging out dandelions for two cents a hundred. It was in the little green plot between the walk and the curbing. She had it free from weeds now and she was to dig nowhere else. She had dug out some with the knife and some with her sturdy little fingers, lying flat on the ground. The little strip had been kept so well mowed that the dandelions grew very low and close in among the short grass and were not easy to take out. She would have liked to go over and dig in the schoolyard across the way, for there the dandelions were big and strong, each one crowned with fluffy blossoms, but she had been told to do her digging in that small green plot, so there she stayed.

'Oh, ninety-eight,' cried Marian, spying out a stunted bit of a plant that fairly hugged the ground. 'But, dear me! I don't believe there's another one.'

Still, after a little search, she did discover another tiny mite growing almost under the edge of the sidewalk.

'Ninety-nine! Now, if I could get just one more!' sighed Marian, examining the grass with an anxious eye. 'Who'd ever s'pose that dandelions would go and sow just ninety-nine of themselves, and then stop short?'

'Hello!' said Johnny Briggs, stopping short at sight of the little figure lying on the ground. 'What's the matter with you?'

Johnny Briggs was a new boy just moved into their block.

Marian told him. 'And I don't s'pose I'll ever get that two cents,' she said, 'though I lack only one; but there isn't a single one more!'

'Does your mother always count things?' asked Johnny.

'No,' said the little girl. 'She just asks how many, and I tell her.'

'Then it's easy enough,' said Johnny. 'She'd be sure, just look-

ing at them, that there must be as many as a hundred!'

'Johnny Briggs!'

'Anyway,' suggested Johnny, red spots coming into his cheeks, 'how do you know you didn't make a mistake when you counted?'

'I know I didn't,' said Marian. 'I counted 'em nine times.'

'See here, wait a minute!' said Johnny; and away he darted across the street.

'There!' cried he, returning with a dandelion plant and tossing it into Marian's basket. 'Now you are all right.'

'No, I'm not,' said Marian, shaking her curly head. 'Johnny Briggs, I think you're a kind boy; but I guess you're not honest. If you're going to live in our block, I hope you'll be honest. You see we're trying to make our block the nicest block in this street. That's why mamma and I are digging out our weeds.'

'I'm pretty honest,' said Johnny, who was also pretty red. 'And say,' he called back at the gate, 'I s'pose, maybe, every time I see a dandelion I'll think about keeping the block nice!'

Little Marian sat on the ground a few minutes longer, thinking about Johnny Briggs. 'I guess he'll be a nice boy to have in the block,' she thought. She liked very much what he had said at the gate.

When Marian carried her pan of weeds to her mother, she said: 'Mamma, there's only ninety-nine in this hundred; but there isn't one left to dig. Couldn't I do something else to make up for that other dandelion?'

'Yes,' said her mother, smiling. 'You may run and wash my only little girl's hands for me and then bring me my purse.'

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