

A Boy's Work.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

There's a work in the world for every boy,
Be that boy old or young,
A work for his feet, a work for his hands,
For his eyes, his ears, and his tongue.

His eyes must look for the work for his hands,
His feet run swift to meet it;
His ears must listen for the command,
His tongue correctly repeat it.

Those eyes may see what should not be seen;
Those hands to evil may stray;
Those ears may listen to the tempter's voice;
Those feet walk in sin's dark way.

But not if the boy is strong in the strength
That is promised to every one;
Not if he gird his armor on
And, trusting in God, go on.

His life, then, shall not be lived in vain;
His light for the Lord will shine;
His work shall be done from day to day,
And finished in God's good time.

The Butterfly Girl.

(Max Bennett Thrasher, in the 'C. E. World.')

'Help! Help! Oh! Oh! Oh——!' 'What is the matter?' cried the first of the three women who rushed into the room where a young woman lay propped up in the corner of a big, old-fashioned sofa. Her face was as white as the leaves of the book which had fallen from her hand.

The woman on the sofa made no answer except to point to a huge green worm, fully three inches long, crawling briskly up the front of her gown.

'Agnes!' said one of the women, 'take that creature away, and keep him away. Don't be frightened, Miss Blake,' she said to the young woman who had been screaming, 'though I don't wonder you were. It's only one of Agnes's pets. I'm so sorry.'

'O King Solomon! You bad creature!' exclaimed the girl who had been called Agnes, springing forward and capturing the great green worm gently in one hand. 'Why didn't you stay in your box? Don't mind him, Miss Blake. Why, mother,' she said, 'she's fainted away.'

'I don't wonder,' replied the older woman grimly. 'It's not everybody has got your tastes. Take that worm out of here, and bring me some water. Fan her, Miss Pierson, won't you?'

Mrs. Bignall was a widow, the owner of a small farm and a comfortable farmhouse near Franconia village. The house stood on a hill, and from its windows could be seen all the beautiful range of Franconia Mountains, and then, rising high beyond them, Mt. Washington, Mt. Adams, Mt. Madison, and the other presidential summits of the White Mountain range. Mrs. Bignall had found taking summer boarders a convenient way to increase the small income which the farm afforded. Usually the house had been well filled, but this year the season had been late and so far Miss Blake and Miss Pierson had been the only boarders.

Agnes was Mrs. Bignall's only child. 'She's odd,' the neighbors said of her. 'Always puttering round with bugs and butterflies and caterpillars and such things. Not but what she's smart enough, they would add. 'She's been the best scholar in the school here for ever so long. But she's odd. She keeps worms in the house, in a box, to watch them turn to butterflies.'

Agnes, when she had brought a glass of water, and had waited until she saw the color coming back into Miss Blake's face, picked up a small wooden box from the window-sill in the room and carried it away with her. When she reached her own room, she gently placed King Solomon down upon some fresh willow twigs in the bottom of the box.

His majesty, however, paid no heed to the tender leaves which ordinarily would have been so tempting to him; but arching his gorgeous back, proceeded to crawl out of the box again as fast as he could.

'Poor old fellow!' said the girl. 'You want to get away to somewhere, you don't know

where. I feel just like that myself, sometimes. I know what's the matter with you, though! and you'll have to be shut up.'

She brought a pane of window-glass, and, placing the worm in the box once more, covered it with the glass so that the box became a royal prison. Then she went downstairs, to hear Miss Blake, recovered, saying: 'I shall leave the house to-day. I could not think of staying here and running the risk of another such a fright. And I shall write the Aikens, and tell them not to come.'

And she did. She went to one of the hotels; and when the Aikens, a family of six who had taken all of the remaining rooms in the farmhouse for the rest of the season, came, they went with her.

Oh, marmee! sobbed Agnes, that night, her face in her mother's lap. 'How could she be so cruel?'

'She is ill and nervous,' Mrs. Bignall said, 'and she really was frightened. Some people have an inborn fear of creeping things which you cannot understand. I do not think she has treated us kindly or right, but perhaps we ought not to judge her too harshly. I'm afraid, though, it means your not going to the Normal School this fall. We hardly shall get anybody else now, it is so late.'

'I know,' Agnes cried in a new access of misery; 'but I don't care for that, or, rather, I mean that I ought to bear it, because I ought to have shut him up. I knew it was time for him to begin to spin. It means more than that. It means your new dress and bonnet, and your journey down to Springfield to see Aunt Ann.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'I suppose it does.'

So it happened that Miss Pierson was the Bignall's only boarder that summer. One day she invited Agnes to go with her to the Tip-top House on the summit of Mt. Washington. It was a great treat to the girl, the event of the whole summer. A stage ride to Littleton, then by train to the Fabyan House and the Base Station at the bottom of the mountain, and then the wonderful ride in those queer tilted little cars which an uncouth engine pushed before it up the strong cog railway. When the engine stopped at the last water tank, a mile below the summit, the conductor let the passengers come out upon the platform.

Miss Pierson stood on the edge of the platform, tracing out, far below and miles away, a silvery line of water which was the Ammonoosuc River, when Agnes clutched her arm.

'Look!' she cried. 'See that butterfly! That's a rare Alpine species, I feel sure. I've seen a picture of one like that in a colored plate.' She pointed down below them to where, on the moss which grew between the rocks, something which looked like a blue pansy rested and softly moved its dainty wings.

'I'm going to catch it,' she said, and then, before her companion could restrain her, had leaped lightly down to the rocks.

'All aboard!' shouted the conductor.

The passengers were all in the car except Miss Pierson. 'Come back, Agnes!' she cried.

'O, I can't!' the girl shouted back. 'I've got to get him. He's going right up the mountain. I'll meet you up to the Summit House.'

(To be continued.)

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And next the Crab the Lion shines,
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The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea Goat,
The Man that bears the Water-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

An Object Lesson.

The story is told in an article in 'The Anecdotal Side of Mr. Beecher,' in the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' of a member of Plymouth Church who had lost heavily in Wall Street speculation and failed in business and who went to the great preacher one day and voluntarily promised that he would not speculate for one year. At the end of six months, however, he went to his pastor and asked to be released from his promise. 'I can make more in one week than I am now making in a year,' he said. Mr. Beecher refused to release him. 'Do your speculating on paper,' he said, 'and at the end of the year tell me how you would have come out had I let you go.' At the end of the year the would be speculator reported to Mr. Beecher: 'If I had actually made those deals I would have failed three times in the six months.'

How to Defend Yourself.

'Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?' said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered: 'Yes; I have both studied and practised it.'

'Ah!' said the other, eagerly, 'whose system did you adopt?'

'Solomon's,' was the reply; 'and as I have been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system.'

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: 'Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?'

'Briefly this,' replied the other. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'

Wisdom in Brief.

The hand that holds the rod should always be controlled by love.

Every great gift has a germ of responsibility hidden within itself.

It is doing that which costs something that strengthens the moral backbone.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

Happiness consists in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.

Only God can tell how much wrong-doing is prevented by one man doing right.

The ambitious man has little happiness, but is subject to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction.—'Temperance Journal.'

Find the Man.

By counting the words in the following references you will find the age of a certain man in the Bible.

Matt. xxvi., 67; Gen. viii., 15; Mark v., 8; John xiii., 6; John x., 30; Rev. xiii., 9; John xi., 35; Esther ix., 5; Matt. v., 4.

This man's father's age was 147. Who was this man and what was his age?—'Ram's Horn.'

One Tenth or Tenth-Tenth.

A cheap religion wins a cheap return. It is right for a man to give a tenth of his income directly to the Lord's work, yet a man who thinks he has thereby done his whole duty is but a tenth of a man and a tenth of a Christian. Only the man who dedicates himself and all that he has to the service of his Master will get all that the Master has to give.—'Sunday School Times.'