

Cousin Hannah about it, and she said she liked her name. I did think of Marjorie, but Ruth calls her black doll that, and Mamie calls her nasty little dog Beatrice, and there's something wrong with all the names. I think—yes, I know I'll just stick to my own. You may mark them Hannah, and I'll like them just as much as if they said Emily or Elizabeth or anything else.

And what do you think happened that very day? Aunt Hannah came for a surprise, and she had the most beautiful little locket with 'Hannah' on it, and her picture and grandma's inside, for the little girl who was named for both of them. 'Mamma, I'm so glad I decided before auntie got here,' said Hannah, hugging her treasure. 'Wouldn't it have been dreadful if Marjorie or Emily or Beatrice would have missed this locket?'

The Mouse That Nibbled the Cheese.

(The Rev. S. B. Dunn, in the New York Observer.)

A tragical tale I tell,
That never before was told;
So listen and mark it well—
A lesson for young and old.
The briefest words of mine
Will cover the case with ease;
The tale I tell
Is what befell
The mouse that nibbled the cheese.

A cunning mite of a mouse,
Too cute for pussy cat,
In darkness roamed the house,
Feeling as big as a rat.
When lo! An innocent trap
With bait the mouse would seize;
And now 'tis dead,
Its spirit fled,
Because it nibbled the cheese.

Poor mouse! How sad thy fate!
Thy life the forfeit paid.
All for a tempting bait
Thou prostrate art laid!
The terrible risk was run
Thy dainty palate to please.
I cannot laugh
At thy epitaph;
'The Mouse that Nibbled the Cheese.'

But art thou all alone?
Nay, two-legged mice abound;
And many who bleed and groan,
In human traps are found.
Whenever a fatal taste
Becomes a dire disease,
They die forlorn,
A brother's scorn,
Like mice that nibble the cheese.

Then what is my advice
To stop the sad mishap?
Why, warn the silly mice,
And smash the wicked trap.
Spare not the subtle foe,
But smite him to his knees.
To shun the fate,
Avoid the bait,
And nibble no more the cheese.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, 'Thank you,' when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say 'Thank you' when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

'Where are my gloves?' cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. 'Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!'

'Here they are, Jack,' mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. 'I put them away for you when you left them lying about.'

And perhaps Jack says, 'Oh!' and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says 'Thank you.' We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying, 'Thank you,' for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say 'Thank you' whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—'Great Thoughts.'

Different Opinions.

Four blind men happened to be at a fair where there was an elephant, and each touched it as it passed. When they compared notes, one, who had touched its side, said an elephant is like a wall; another, who had felt its trunk, said an elephant was like a rope; another, who had touched its leg, said an elephant is like a tree; and the man who had handled its ear, said an elephant was like a big leather bag. Each thought the other wrong. Are we not all apt to see things only from our own point of view?—Selected.

How a Dog Saved a Horse.

When I was a boy our folks owned a dog called Rover. No dog-fancier would have taken a second look at him on account of his pedigree, for he had none. But this deficiency was well supplied by brave, intelligent doghood.

There wound through our farm a spring stream with high, precipitous banks on one side, while the ground sloped gradually on the opposite side to banks as high or higher. Not far from the house and by this stream we staked out one of the horses, so that it could reach the tender, juicy grass close to the edge of the water. The high-water mark and flood probabilities were not understood, so disregarded.

One night in early spring there came one of those sudden, flooding rains so characteristic of central Kansas twenty years ago. Some time in the night Rover came to the doorway of our partially built house where we were camping out, and barked fiercely. As marauders of various kinds were not uncommon, we were suspicious. After barking a few times in a way indicating that something unusual had happened, he ran rapidly toward the stream. In a few minutes we heard his pattering feet again as he bounded up to the doorway, barking more fiercely than ever.

Following him this time, he led us to the horse which stood in the still rising deep water, with its nose drawn down, pulling vigorously. As near as he could get to the horse stood Rover, making his only effort, by barking and tail-wagging, to release the horse. We waded in, severed the rope, and saved the horse, much to the delight of Rover.—'C. E. World.'

A Motherly Gobbler.

Mr. Morris once owned a gobbler that possessed the maternal instinct in the superlative degree.

Mr. Gobbler was determined to set. Sometimes it was on apples, sometimes on potatoes, and at last, all else being taken from him, he pushed some corn-cobs into one corner of a manger and tried again.

Mr. Morris decided that if the old fellow 'would' set, he might as well do it to some purpose, and accordingly gave him a 'setting' of hen's eggs. He was faithful to the task imposed upon him, and at the end of three weeks 'came off' very proudly with his family of chicks.

For the first few days he was very proud of his chicks, and strutted around the yard taking the best of care of them. One day Mr. Morris took some friends to the chicken-yard to see the funny sight, and they laughed considerably, for the brood and their foster-mother certainly presented a comical appear-

ance. Mr. Gobbler seemed to realize that they were making fun of him, and from that time on, whenever he saw a stranger approaching he would walk away and pay no attention to his charges until the people were out of sight.

Notwithstanding his difficulties with visitors, he successfully raised his little brood until they left him of their own free will and went to roost with the older chickens.—'C. E. World.'

A Lamb That Loved Olive.

A few years ago my little six-year-old Olive was presented with a young lamb, which was brought up by hand, and which soon became a great pet. He quickly grew to love Olive and her little brother, and was often let out of the pen where the sheep were kept, to become an interested participant in all their romping games.

As the warm days of May came on, it became necessary to drive the sheep to a distant pasture, but Olive pleaded so earnestly for her pet that she was finally allowed to keep him at home. At about the same time Olive and her brother began to attend the district school. The lamb, missing both his four-legged and two-legged friends, immediately became very lonesome and inclined to stray from home, so that it was thought best to tie him to an apple-tree not far distant. But poor Dickany rebelled at this indignity, and bleated incessantly.

One day he broke his rope, and we found him in the back room chewing his cud and peacefully standing by Olive's old familiar dress, which hung low down upon a nail.

This gave us an idea, and when Dickany went back to the apple-tree, the dress went too, and was hung on a branch where he could reach it.

After this the lamb stopped bleating and led a very quiet and happy life, wearing his rope with patience in school hours, and bounding and jumping with joy when the children returned at night.—'C. E. World.'

A New Year's Greeting.

The New Year number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is a mid-winter souvenir. It depicts many of the phases of that out-door life of the opening months of the year that are so typically, as well as exclusively Canadian. Out-door sports and out-door labor are illustrated and give a crisp snappy atmosphere to the whole issue. The man of the month is the newly-installed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. W. Gibson. The new fiction department has a remarkable feature in a story which secured the first prize of \$1,500 in a New York competition this month. It will well repay reading, and it is published by special arrangement. The doings of the world are represented by striking scenes in distant parts of the British Empire, as well as under the flags of other nations. In the department devoted to feminine interests will be found an article on New Year gifts of 'ye olden tyme' that will surprise almost everybody. The musical offering of the month is one of those English rollicking songs that everybody can learn.

If you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday-school, but would like to take the 'Pictorial,' why not try the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' one year each for ONLY \$1.35, our regular club offer for these two splendid publications?

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