

over night again. Phil told him the tale of the shipwreck in a very hoarse voice, for he had caught a bad cold wading in the lake.

'If I make you another boat,' said Uncle Harry, 'I guess it would be better to name it 'The Cake of Soap.'

'Why?' asked Phil, wondering.

'Because it belongs in the tub,' said Uncle Harry, and laughed at his own joke.

So the 'Cake of Soap' was made, and had many a successful voyage in charge of the remaining marines. But Phil never tried it on the lake, for he had learned better.

A Lesson from My Thimble.

(By Aunt Julia, in an old
'S.S. Advocate'.)

(Reprinted by Request).

When I was a little girl five years old, my mother brought me home the prettiest little thimble that I had ever seen. It was white and bright, with a round top, and on the rim were some letters. I began to spell them out, and my mother helped me, for it was a long word—P-e-r, per, s-e, se, per-se, v-e-r-e, vere, per-se-vere. And then she told me what it meant—to go through with what you begin, to keep at it no matter what might hinder, to stick to it till you finish it.

I was very eager to learn to sew, and I thought with my new thimble it would be very easy. But all did not go smoothly. Many and many a time I made long stitches, and had to pull them out, or I could not thread my needle, or I pricked my fingers, or I wanted, O, ever so bad! to go out doors and play. Then my mother would tell me to read what my thimble said. It went hard at times, but on the whole I minded it, and I soon learned to sew very nicely; so my friends said. Before I was seven years old I had pieced a whole bed-quilt, and done many little jobs besides.

I came across that thimble the other day among my things. It was old and dingy and bent, but the word was there still—Persevere. 'Ah! old thimble,' said I, 'your work is done, but I am yet practicing the lesson you taught me so well. When things have come before me a great deal harder than

piecing bed-quilts I have said "Persevere," and gone on to success.'

And now, my little folks, I want you to learn a lesson from my little thimble. If you have what you think a very hard task, stick to it, go right through it, for that is the easiest way to get rid of it. If you leave it till some other time it will still have to be done, and you will then find it much harder to do it. For every time you give up will make it harder to persevere the next time; but every time you persevere will make it easier for you to go on and do what is to be done the next time. Success to you, my little folks! And if you have not a thimble with 'Persevere' on it, write the word in your copy book, and in your head, and in your heart. Remember it, practice it. Persevere.

Little Lights.

Just where Jesus puts them
Little lights should shine—
'You in your small corner,
And I in mine.'

Far across this country,
Far across the sea,
What we do for Jesus
Like a light shall be.

While the world of darkness
Needs our little light,
We must keep on shining,
Ever clear and bright.
—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

[For the 'Messenger'.]

A Little Heroine.

(By Marguerite).

'Mamma what is a heroine,' asked Tottie, looking up from the story book which she was reading. 'One very good definition which I remember reading,' answered mamma, 'defines a hero or heroine, as "One who can and does control tongue, hands and heart, in the face of great provocation." 'My little girl can be one if she likes,' she added smiling. 'How mamma? how could I?' enquired Tottie in great surprise. 'I thought it was only grown up ladies like you and auntie who could be heroines. I'm too little.'

'Too little to control your tongue so that it won't say naughty things

to mamma? Surely not.' Tottie blushed rosy red to the tips of her little ears, but did not answer, so mamma went on. 'Are you too little to control your hands so that they won't slap little brother Freddy when he takes your play things.' Tottie blushed redder still, and twisted her fingers nervously, but still she did not speak. 'Is my little daughter too small to try to keep bad thoughts out of her heart? Surely not,' said mamma, taking the little hot flushed face between her hands and kissing it tenderly. 'But mamma,' said Tottie, hesitatingly, 'In books the heroes always kill a great many men in battle, or shoot a lion all alone, or something like that, and the heroines go out in the sea when it is stormy, like Grace Darling did, or nurse sick soldiers like Florence Nightingale. They never write about little girls who try to be good, at least, they don't call them heroines.' 'I know they don't dear, but they are heroines all the same, don't you remember your text last Sunday? He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'

That evening mamma and papa were going out to a concert, and Tottie begged very hard to be allowed to go too. Papa, who indulged his little daughter rather more than was good for her, was inclined to let her go, but mamma said, 'No,' it would be after ten o'clock before they got home, and that was too late for Tottie, for she would be tired and sleepy long before the concert was over. Tottie was just about to cry and say naughty things to her mamma, when she remembered that was not the way to be a heroine; so she said: 'All right, mamma,' and went away to play. Mamma was so pleased with her little girl that she called her back, and told her she might invite her little playmate from next door in for the evening, and that cook would give them some bread and jam, so they could have a tea-party. 'Tell nurse that I said you might remain up until eight o'clock,' she added, as they drove off.

(To be continued.)

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