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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

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Love Your Little Brother.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

I had a little friend,
And every day he crept
In sadness to his brother's tomb,
And laid him down and wept.

'And when I ask'd him why
He mourn'd so long and ore,
He answer'd through his tears, 'Because
I did not love him more.

'Sometimes I was not kind,
Or cross or coldly spake;
And then he turn'd away, and sobb'd
As though his heart would break.

Brothers and sisters are a gift
Of mercy from the skies;
And may I always think of this
Whene'er they meet my eyes.

Be tender, good, and kind,
And love them in my heart,
Lest I should sigh with bitter grief
When we are call'd to part.