

gave joy and gladness to many people.

'What do you think Mr. Thorne called my garden, mamma?' asked Betty, coming home from a visit to the sick minister, to whom she had carried a bouquet.

'I'm sure I can not guess, dear, but it must have been something very nice, for your eyes are smiling even if you are trying to keep your face sober.'

'He says he always thinks of it when the daisies are on the altar-rail, and says to himself, "I see Betty's beauty-spot has given something to the services to-day."'

'I think that is a very pretty name, and it just suits your garden,' said mamma. 'It is a beauty-spot for us and all who pass. When summer comes we will have a big flower-bed on the lawn, so you can have larger bouquets, but it will never be nicer than the dear, little beauty-spot.'

### What Are They For?

What are your hands for—little hands?

'To do each day the Lord's commands.'

What are your feet for—busy feet?

'To run on errands true and fleet.'

What are your lips for—rosy sweet?

'To speak kind words to all I meet.'

What are your eyes for—starry bright?

'To be the mirrors of God's light.'

—Mary F. Butts.

### One Kind of a Hero.

'Dear me! If only I could get up and be like some of these men, if I could be a real hero!' Felix said it often to himself, as he read of great and good men, until his heart glowed with admiration. He was lying on a couch, this poor little boy, to whom had come very early in life a sad, sad injury. He lay there week after week and month after month; and soon it would be year after year, for there was no hope of his ever getting up from it in the health and strength which blesses other boys. As he watched their play he felt it keenly, but without quite the pain which might have come with the thought that

he never could do anything to be like the heroes he loved; for Felix had a brave little soul, and was more anxious to do something which he felt to be great than to seek for amusement.

He talked it out with his mother one day—all his admiration and his longing to follow the example of his favorite heroes. 'I would do anything,' he said, clasping his thin hands. 'I would not care how I had to suffer or what I had to give up. O mamma, it's ten times harder to lie still.'

'Then, dear, if you have the harder thing to bear, and you bear it well, why are you not as great a hero as any one of your great men?'

The idea was so new, so great, and so astonishing that Felix could not take it all in at once. He did not reply, but lay gazing at his mother with large, thoughtful eyes.

'I mean it,' she said. 'If you have more to suffer, more to give up, why are you not, if you bear it patiently and give up without murmuring, more of a hero than those you read of?'

She went quietly away leaving Felix to think out the wonderful thought by himself.—Selected.

### The Adventures of a Grey Cat

Did you ever hear of a cat playing scarecrow? And a stuffed pussy, too, at that? Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies and picked up all the little grass and flower seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy little fellows, not easily frightened away, and the lady was in despair.

'Why not have a cat?' some kind friend suggested; but no, a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind, and, to her family's amusement, a sleek-looking, grey flannel pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained, but not one of them dare brave that fierce-looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden, but late in the afternoon she mysteriously dis-

appeared, and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence; so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home, there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring porch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, when a door opened, and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile upon her face.

'I must tell you how completely I have been deceived,' she exclaimed. 'You know how very much afraid of cats I am? Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying "Shoo!" "Scat!" to that very life-like animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!'

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another funny story came to the Garden Lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past, carrying by the neck a large grey cat, and shaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby and started in pursuit, crying, 'You shall not kill that cat! You shall not!'

Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of grey flannel and stuffed with cotton?

She could not guess its rightful home, so she left it on the step where the dog had dropped it, whence it came once more into the hands of its owner, and at last accounts was sitting in quiet dignity under the watchful eyes of the disappointed sparrows.—'Great Thoughts.'

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