

Jennie answered: 'It's v'lets—a lady gave me some once. They ain't anything like 'em, velvet nor nothin' else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dulin!'

'But I see somethin' else,' Maggie went on. 'It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers, yellow, and white, and all colors, and there ain't no sign to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet.'

Round the ward sped quickly, 'Maggie's seein' things!' Children who could walk went over to her corner; wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. 'She's as good medicine as the sunshine,' he said.

'Poor little thing!' the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. 'It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!' he said.—Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Woman's Journal.'

## A Message From the Woods.

(Marion Brier, in the American Messenger.)

Aunt Eleanor eagerly scanned the group of merry faces waiting to welcome her, as she stepped from the train. It was ten years since she last visited her sister, and ever since she began planning this visit she had looked forward to making the acquaintance of her nieces, who had been only small children the last time she saw them.

That was the group, she was sure; there were Carol and Evelyn, the two high-school girls, and Eleanor, Auntie's namesake, who was just finishing the eighth grade. They were a trio of bright, happy faces, and Aunt Eleanor's face lighted up with a glad, fond smile, and her hands were quickly outstretched to meet the three pairs of eager, welcoming hands.

From that moment they were friends. The three girls always found Aunt Eleanor an interested and sympathetic listener, and the three eager tongues ran on with stories of school, of Sunday School, of the young people's society, of their friends and chums, and of many other subjects. Aunt Eleanor was always interested, but her face was often troubled as she listened. No matter what was the subject of discussion, or which one of the three girls was talking, there was always some criticism made, some fault found; they criticised their teachers, they criticised their classmates, they criticised their minister, they criticised their neighbors, their friends, and even their chums. There was nothing in which they did not find some fault.

Aunt Eleanor's kindly heart was troubled. 'It does seem too bad,' she thought again and again. 'They are such lovable girls; but the beauty of their lives will surely be spoiled if they do not overcome this fault-finding habit. I have seen it so many times, and each time it has made the fault-finder unlovely and unhappy in a few years. I cannot bear to see the girls give way to the habit.'

The days slipped by swiftly and all too soon the time came for Aunt Eleanor to return to her country home in a neighboring State. 'Oh, I wish I could go with you,' Carol said longingly. 'I've heard mamma tell so much about the old place and the wild flowers down in the woods by the river, that it seems as if I could almost see them, though!'

'Perhaps I wouldn't, too!' Evelyn broke in emphatically.

'I tell you, Auntie, just as soon as our

ship comes in, you may expect all of us to pay you a visit and we'll pick bushels of flowers. Don't you think it's a shame? I never picked a wild flower in my life!' Eleanor declared somewhat tragically.

'Well,' Aunt Eleanor said, 'you can pick all you want to when you come to see me, and in the meantime I'll send you a box of flowers from those woods as soon as I have had time to take a walk through them.'

So it happened that the next week when a box came addressed in Aunt Eleanor's handwriting the girls welcomed it eagerly. Eleanor and Evelyn rushed around and gathered together all the vases in the house and filled them with water, while Carol was untying the string from the box.

'We'll take the flowers over to the church on Sunday,' Carol said, as she untied the last hard knot. 'I know our city congregation will enjoy some wild flowers.' She took the cover off the box, carefully raised the tissue paper, then dropped it quickly with an exclamation of wondering dismay her expression of anticipation changing quickly into one of disappointment.

'What is it? Let me see!' Evelyn exclaimed impatiently, hastily lifting the tissue paper again. She too looked in surprise: the box was filled with withered and worm-eaten flowers, not one perfect one among them. The girls looked at each other blankly.

'Well, of all the things!' Carol exclaimed at last. 'What in the world could Aunt Eleanor have meant by sending such a box as that? You don't suppose she is out of her mind, do you?'

No one had any explanation to offer. They puzzled and puzzled over the strange occurrence all the morning. When the afternoon mail was delivered, Eleanor came flying in with it, exclaiming, 'Here's a letter from Aunt Eleanor! Perhaps it will explain why she sent that queer box of flowers.'

Carol took the letter, opened and silently read it while the others watched curiously the changing expression on her face. When she had finished, she handed it to Evelyn without a word, but with an odd look. Evelyn then read aloud the following:

'DEAREST GIRLS: Will you forgive your Auntie for sending you an object-lesson? I have sent you the things that I saw to criticise during my walk in the woods to-day and left everything that was beautiful there. I have sent you these few unlovely flowers that I found, when I might have sent you a great mass of beautiful, fragrant blossoms!

'Do you read the meaning of my parable, my darling girls? Perhaps you thought I must be out of my mind when you got the ugly box. But, girls, now listen to me a minute. Do you realize that you do often just what I did this time? You bring the unpleasant things, the faults, the things to be criticised that you have seen and heard home to your friends, instead of bringing the most beautiful, noble and helpful thoughts and acts. Don't do it any more, girls. Learn to see the best that is in every one. Don't hunt for the faults and don't entertain your friends with them any more than you would pick the one withered rose on a bush to show them instead of choosing the most beautiful blossom there.

'Your loving  
'AUNT ELEANOR.'

There were three sober faces when the letter was finished, and all that evening the girls were very quiet.

The next day another box came by express, and when it was opened the girls exclaimed in delight. There were great bunches of violets, hiding among their green leaves, dainty wind-flowers, waxy-white trilliums, star-like anemones, and graceful blubells.

'Oh, the beauties!' Evelyn exclaimed, burying her face among the violets. 'Don't you love them, Carol?'

But Carol was studying the note that came with the flowers. It contained simply these words:

'DEAREST GIRLS: I send you the best that I saw this time.

'AUNTIE.'

The girls never forget this message from

the woods. Whenever they began to speak of a fault they had seen in some one else that box of withered flowers came to their minds and they felt as if they were offering their friends one of the ugly blossoms. So more and more each day they grew into the habit of watching for beautiful things to tell, bits of unselfishness, kindness, helpful deeds, charming traits of character. And all unconsciously as they learned to see the best in others, as they looked for the beautiful in other lives, their own lives grew more beautiful.

## You Owe it to Your Mother.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different, or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Not to forget that, though she is old and wrinkled, she still loves pretty things.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart as far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her your full confidence, and never to do anything which you think she would disapprove.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders which have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

To bear patiently with her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To consult her and ask her advice in regard to whatever you are about to do, even though you have no doubt as to what your course should be.

To be on the lookout for every occasion to make whatever return you can for her years of sacrifice and planning for your happiness and well-being.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by taking pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices, if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To introduce all your young friends to her, and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry her own youth into old age.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated, or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family. To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a little trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

The girl who endeavors to pay back what she owes her mother is the one who will be most sought after by the people who are worth while, and be apt to make the most successful life.—'Success Magazine.'

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