

so much harm. Of course he did not mean to kill another little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth. It is just as wrong and as dangerous to tell a lie by pointing the finger in the wrong way, by nodding the head when we should shake it, by keeping silent when we should confess a fault, as to speak out with the lips an open antruth,—‘Michigan Christian Advocate.’

The Onion Baby.

‘Here, little man, I think you are ready now,’ and off the little fellow trotted, with a shovel in one hand and drawing his sled with the other.

Out in the snow in front of the house he played a long time; but he became tired, and called to come in. His mother began to take off his clothing—there were so many little garments that kept him protected from the cold.

In the midst of the proceedings grandmother came into the room and said: ‘Why, he is just like an onion, isn’t he? You peel off one layer after another, don’t you?’

The little boy played with his blocks for a short time, then as he looked up and rubbed his eyes, his mother carried him upstairs for his nap, saying, ‘Well, here goes the onion baby to dreamland.’—‘The Sunbeam.’

The Bird’s Breakfast.

‘O mother, come and see all the birds on our fence!’ cried five-year-old Edna, as she turned her bright little face from the kitchen window. ‘What do you s’pose they want?’

‘Why, Edna, the birds are hungry. They cannot find anything to eat this morning on account of the snow, and are asking you to help them. Gather those crumbs from the bread board and scatter them outside, and see what will happen.’

As the door opened, the birds flew into the next yard. ‘O mother!’ cried Edna, ‘I’ve frightened them all away.’

‘Wait a minute, dearie; they will be back,’ mother said comfortingly; and sure enough, by the time Edna’s chubby nose had flattened itself against the pane, one little fellow, braver than the rest, was back on the fence. Seeing nothing but some tempting brown crumbs on the snow, he flew down, and in an instant was joined by his comrades.

What a merry time they had, and how they chirped their thanks to the bright eyes in the window when the last crumb had disappeared!

‘Please let me feed them every day!’ cried Edna.

‘Yes, dear; after each meal, you may brush the table and so help mother and the birds at the same time.’—Selected.

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named ‘By-and-by.’

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter ‘Right Away.’

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox ‘I can’t.’

Then fast as ever hunter ran
Chase him with bold and brave
‘I Can.’

‘No Use in Trying!’ lags and whines

This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high

With this good hunter named ‘I’ll Try.’

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox ‘I Forgot.’

Then hunt him out and to his den
With ‘I Will Not Forget Again.’

A little fox is hidden there

Among my vines named ‘I don’t Care.’

Then let ‘I’m Sorry,’ hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

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A New William the Conqueror.

‘I hate this old grammar!’ The book was really quite new and respectable. The Latin language of which it treated was old enough to be called one of the ‘dead languages’ perhaps, but the very newest methods of study were in the book that the young student called ‘old.’ I wonder why young folks call things ‘old’ when they wish to be particularly spiteful? I never could imagine or find out.

The boy who hated the ‘old grammar’ had so little regard for the new book that he threw it down in a sort of rage because the lesson was so hard, and he did not feel like studying.

Presently a young brother came in with a ball that did not belong to him, but which he had taken quite innocently, feeling that he was surely welcome to it. The young student in the library pounced at once upon his property, snatching it rudely with unkind words from his little brother, who was angry in turn, and struck out with his fist in a savage manner. Father, in a hidden alcove, thought it time to interfere now, and said some grave words which made the older boy feel sorry and ashamed. He did not mean to allow his fiery temper to get the better of him, but he was so ‘quick’ he said. What he meant was ‘quick’ to be angry—to let go all control.

In the evening the study was history. The student liked that. He never spoke about ‘that old history.’ The topic for the coming lesson had to do with William the Conqueror. ‘I tell you he was grand,’ exclaimed the young student. ‘I like him no end.’

‘It is a pity not to have a successor of that name here and now,’ said the father significantly. ‘I know a William not far away who has about as much to conquer, according to his position, as the old king, if he only chooses to “rule his own spirit.”’

‘It would be harder for this William,’ said the boy, coloring.

‘Hard things are not impossible, if they are right. It is a pity to have all the conquerors belong to past history when we need them now.’

‘Well, there ought to be one right here,’ said William after a little silence, and he resolutely took up the Latin grammar. Presently he said to Fred, with a little effort, ‘You may play with my ball tomorrow.’—‘Boys and Girls.’