

will breathe by means of a wonderful apparatus called gills, so that really a baby frog is a fish."

"Oh, I know what a fish's gills are! They are made to draw oxygen from the water, so the fish can breathe, papa said; but I don't know what oxygen is," interrupted Daisy.

Nell continued her lesson, well pleased that Daisy was interested.

"After awhile you will discover a pair of hind legs forming, then a pair of front ones. The creature will soon cease to be a tadpole. You won't see the long tail drop off, but will observe it grow less and less as it is absorbed into the animal system. The mouth will grow wider, until it reaches the size you see in a fully-developed frog.

"But, as you know, gills are an apparatus for obtaining oxygen from water, and as our frog intends to spend the greater part of his time upon land, he will need a pair of lungs. Accordingly lungs are gradually formed, and then our froggie can 'a-woooing go,' if he chooses."

"How queer! I didn't know there were so many funny things about a frog," observed Daisy.

"Yes, a frog is a wonderful little fellow, and I like to study him. Come, and I will show you a splendid green croaker we captured this morning. I put him in this glass-jar and supplied him with food, so I could watch him. I will let him out by-and-by."

"Oh, Nell, he is choking! See how he opens his mouth and gasps!"

"He is only swallowing air. See how firmly he shuts his mouth now. That is to keep the air from escaping and force it into his lungs. He has no ribs, as we have, to keep his lungs distended, and so has to work very hard in keeping them filled with air. Should anything hold his mouth open very long, he would suffocate.

"A frog absorbs some air through his skin, however, and he has the faculty of imbibing a quantity of water through his skin, equal in amount to his whole weight. Sometimes, if suddenly frightened, he will eject a large quantity of water from his body. It is clear and pure, though people used to think it poisonous."

"I saw him catch an ant then, Nell. He darted out his tongue quick as a flash."

"Yes; his tongue is a wonderful instrument. He sits perfectly quiet and the poor ants never suspect anything until they are struggling on the tip of his tongue. When he is through his meal, his tongue is doubled over so the tip is at the back.

"You would never guess, Daisy, that a frog has teeth, but he has eighty of them; but no one knows what they are for, as the frog does not chew his food, and the teeth are in an undeveloped state.

"One of the most singular things about a frog is his gymnastic performances. He has a short, thick-set spine, and is possessed of great muscular strength. I have read that a frog is capable of leaping fifty times its length at one jump, and that if a man had equal muscular power he could clear three hundred feet at a bound, or leap over a wall one hundred feet high."

"I guess Jack would like to change into a frog a little while, he loves to jump so well," said Daisy, looking upon the croaker with a sudden respect.

"You are mistaken, Daisy, in thinking that frogs and toads can live for a long period without food or air. It has been proven by very thorough experiments, that when all supplies were cut off they would die.

"Toads, and frogs also, have been found in very curious places, but there must have been some small way for air, and moisture, and tiny insects to reach them, or they could not possibly have existed for the length of time they are said to have done.

"Under favorable circumstances, frogs have been known to reach the comfortable age of fifty years, which I think is quite long enough for a frog to live. I must tell you what a funny thing used to be done in some parts of Great Britain.

"The people in those places had great faith in the healing properties of the frog, and when a baby had a sore mouth, its mother would procure a live frog, and holding it by its hind legs, thrust it, struggling and squirming, into the baby's mouth."

"Oh, dear! how thankful I am that we have a sensible mamma!" observed Daisy. "I'll try and remember everything you have told me, Nell," she said, as she returned to her doll.—*Golden Days.*

WAS HE IN HIS RIGHT MIND?

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

A wise old man had two sons who loved to be idle and were yet very anxious to be rich.

On his deathbed he called them to him and, with many pauses for breath, he feebly said:

"My boys, I have worked all my life, and now that I have come to die, it is pleasant to be able to leave to my sons a treasure. It is buried in yonder vineyard which you will now own. Dig and you will find the hidden treasure. Take it, divide it equally between you and be happy."

The young men listened closely to his words, but the oldest said: "Dear father, you have not told us in what spot of the vineyard we shall find the treasure."

It was too late. The father seemed unable to speak. He looked earnestly into the faces of his sons, and soon his painful breathing ceased forever.

When the funeral was over, the two young men started for the vineyard. It was winter and the ground quite stiff with frost. They could only search carefully the entire field to see if any mark would show the spot which held the treasure. In order to do this they were frequently obliged to cut back the neglected vines, that they might clearly see the ground. The vineyard was quite large, and in former years had flourished. But since the old man had become too feeble for its care, his idle sons had left it to itself, not thinking it "worth the trouble."

Soon spring came, and the eager sons were quickly on the ground with spade and shovel.

They began work in a neglected corner strewn with stones. Every stone was upturned, tossed over the fence in fact, that they might not fail to know under which of the whole they had still to look for the hidden treasure.

"Whew! but isn't this work? But we must dig deep; for our father was too careful to hide money where a foot might kick it up," said Harry, as they worked.

But the corner was cleared of every stone and weed without revealing the object of their search.

"Where shall we try next, John?" said the younger son, as between hope and discouragement he leaned upon his spade.

"Don't you know how often father used to be in the south side of the field? I believe the treasure is there."

And so they went to work again throwing up and breaking in pieces every clod in this part of the vineyard. But it was in vain.

It was now twilight, and they were ready enough to pause in the work, to begin the next morning in a spot where John now remembered to have seen his father only a week before he took to his bed.

They worked here with new zeal; but it soon gave way to discouragement. But they could not make up their minds to give up the search as hopeless. Much as they disliked to work to earn money, it was quite another thing to work to find it. And work they did; but when every clod in the vineyard had been beaten to pieces, and they had searched about the roots of every vine, they could clearly search no more.

"Who would have thought our father was out of his head, when he spoke so like himself?" said John.

"Of course he was," said Harry, "and we may as well give up this business."

Neither son entered the vineyard again for months. It had borne so little in previous years that they thought nothing of the crop until they passed that way at nearly harvest time. Then they saw that the vines which they had accidentally pruned and dug about so faithfully, were fairly loaded with fine grapes. They did not realize the abundance of the crop until it was sold.

On their way home from market, both John and Harry seemed to have more thinking to do than talking.

But when they reached the vineyard and sat down to count the gold once more, John said:

"Do you know I wondered at the first why father should have buried a treasure in the field, when he never seemed afraid of thieves. I wonder if he meant the money we got for the grapes."

"I suppose he knew we were so contemptibly lazy, that we should never dig the field unless he set some trap," Harry answered.

"Dear old man, I guess his mind was sound enough when he said there was a treasure buried in the field. Say, Harry, it will pay us to dig for it again next year."

So they did, and the fertile, well-tilled field furnished its diligent young owners a treasure every year, which, as their father had bade them, they divided equally, and were prosperous and happy.—*Church and Home.*

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a plantation not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming up-stairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and listening, his heart, too, chimed in with the tune pit, pat, rather faster than it was wont to do. He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang; something went down-stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard! This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches. Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat. When the noise was close to his ambush, he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant. And what did he see? Only a rabbit, which stood on his hind legs as much astonished as was the sentry! Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, which disappeared downstairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind feet hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.—*Buckland.*

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green, And the pale weaver, through his window seen

In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited; I met a preacher there I knew, and said: "Ill and o'er-worked, how fare you in this scene?"

"Bravely!" said he, "for I of late have been Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."

O human soul! so long as thou canst so Set up a mark of everlasting light, Above the howling senses' ebb and flow, To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam, Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!

Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WATCH DOG.—A thief, who had broke into the shop of Cellini, the Florentine artist, and was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at some jewels, was arrested in his progress by a dog, against whom he found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling them alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before; but the men would not follow him, and at last locked their door. The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs; he could not find the villain in the shop, but immediately rushing into the street, came up with him,

and tearing off his cloak, would have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighborhood, and begged they would assist him against a mad dog; the tailors believing him, came to his assistance, and compelled the poor animal to retire.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Fire from heaven fell and consumed two companies of soldiers. Who were these soldiers and who called down the fire?
14. At whose command did iron float on water?
15. What man was supplied with his daily food by birds of prey?
16. Why was he fed in this way?
17. Bitter waters were made sweet by the branch of a tree. What waters were these?
18. Prison doors opened of themselves, and chained prisoners were set free. Who were these prisoners?
19. A boy, sent with some bread and parched corn to his brothers, was the means of deciding a battle in favor of his country. Who was the boy and what did he do?
20. What three young men walked in the midst of a fire without having even their clothes singed?
21. Deep darkness overspread a land for three days, but in some dwellings there was light. Where was this?
22. Who said, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food?"
23. To whom did Jesus relate the parable of the Good Samaritan?
24. Who says "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love?"

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A twin son of one of the patriarchs.
2. The youngest son of his twin brother.
3. The most ancient of the prophets, whose prophecy, though not included in Scripture canon, is recorded in one of the epistles of the New Testament.
4. A town in Galilee where Jesus spent the days of His youth.
5. A village where He revealed Himself to two of His disciples on the evening after His resurrection.
- 6-7. The father and mother of John the Baptist.
8. The ancient name of the place where dwelt Joseph, in whose tomb our Lord was buried.

These initials form the name of a memorial stone raised by Samuel in commemoration of a signal victory over the enemy at Mizpah.—*E. S. J., in Franconia, N. H.*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 24.

277. Joshua and Judges; they give the account of the entrance and establishment of the Children of Israel in the promised land.
278. Acts of the Apostles supposed to have been written by Luke; and first, second and third Epistles and the Revelation by John.
279. Fire from the Lord devoured them, Lev. x. 1, 2.
280. He held his peace, Lev. x. 3.
281. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.
282. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, Job i. 21.
283. Sixteen.
284. The Book of the prophet Jeremiah, and The Lamentations of Jeremiah.
285. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel.
286. Samuel, 1 Sam. ix. 27.
287. Nathan, 2 Sam. xii, and Gad, 2 Sam. xxiv.
288. Malachi; concerning John the Baptist, Mal. iv. 5, 6.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Bethany, Emmaus, Tiberias, Hermon, Lebanon, Ebal, Hebrew, Ephesus, Melita.—*Bethlehem.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 21.—Helen Cranston, 12 ac; Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 9 ac; Emerson Bull, ac.
To No. 23.—Edward B. Craig, 12; Edward Phoenix, 12; Helen Cranston, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12; Isabella S. Barr, 12; Mary Jane Brown, 12; R. Douglas, 12.