

tail and lick your hand in the most neighborly sort of a way. Then, too didn't Lion and Lamb always lie down together, and didn't a little child lead them? So, of course they were appropriately named.

Dorothy had come to love her little pets, and her attachment was so great that to give them up would amount to an act of real sacrifice on her part.

But the minister had said in his sermon that the Missionary Board needed money, and that if the people had the true missionary spirit they would make real sacrifices to support the need.

Now Dorothy had the true missionary spirit, but no money, and therefore was unable to give.

What could she do? She thought over the matter as she sat on the veranda after Sunday-school. Just then Lion and Lamb came running up the steps.

Both doggies were delighted to see their young mistress. Suddenly as Dorothy patted their heads and stroked their fleecy coats the impulse came to her—why not donate Lion and Lamb to the missionary cause? She had heard her papa say that the doggies were valuable and that Elder Brown had offered to give forty dollars for them. But could she part with them?—and Dorothy paused at the thought of separation, for it gave her pain to think of giving up her pets. But then that would be a real sacrifice, and if she helped at all, it must be through giving up something.

The next morning a little girl might have been seen sallying forth from a shed door with a comical looking little puppy under each arm.

Fifteen minutes later the same little girl stood in Elder Brown's parlor telling the story of her desire to get money to help the missionary cause by selling her little pets to him. As the good man listened his eyes filled with a suspicious looking moisture.

'Bless the little dear,' said he, as he took the little girl, dogs and all into his arms and kissed her.

Then he sat her down, and taking out his pocket-book he counted out the money, and then the little girl

and the bankbills disappeared, but the dogs remained.

Not long after this, Dorothy, with the bankbills, appeared in the home of the faithful minister and recited to the astonished servant of God her efforts and result in behalf of the missionary cause. The good man had scarcely recovered from the amazement before the story had been told, the money left on his table, and the little girl had disappeared.

That night, just as Dorothy was about to go to bed, a man came to the street door and handed in a large basket, and when the cover was removed it revealed Lion and Lamb nestling up close to each other.

On the basket was a card, and written thereon Dorothy's papa read:

'Little Miss Dorothy: The dogs are lonesome and want to visit you.

'Please keep them until I call for them. J. Brown.'

He never called.

Frowny-Face.

When Mr. Work comes by our place,
Then you may look for Frowny-Face.

Says Frowny-Face with a look of woe;

'Do I ha'tter, Mamma? Please, ma'am, say 'no.'

I wanted to shake the walnut tree,
An' get persimmons; don't make me!

I was goin' to eat goobers in the swing—

An' Bill ain't doin' a single thing!

At dinner he says: 'Just rice an' cheese,

An' chicken, an' pie; I don't want these.

Ain't you got sumthin' nice an' sweet?

When Frowny-Face comes I always say:

'Where is our sunshiny Rob to-day?
His mouth turns up, this boy's goes down,

And he looks as if he could only frown.

Oh, Rob, with your smiles, come back, I say,

And frighten this lad with his scowls away!

—Selected.

Sunshine Girl.

One Sunday Miss Lee told the primary class how to belong to the Sunshine Society. To keep on being a sunshine boy or girl, man or woman, one has to keep on doing kind things. That is all. Isn't it easy?

Among those who promised to make sunshine for somebody that week was Betty. She thought she was pretty small, and had not much chance, but she meant to try.

What do you suppose she found to do? They were just wee bits of things but then a sunbeam is not very big. That is the reason it can get through a crack and make a bright spot, where something bigger than a sunbeam could not get in at all.

One day she found a little boy who had tumbled down in the dust, and picked him up. She comforted him and sent him home with a sunshiny smile on his face instead of a shower of tears.

Another time she just smiled up into the face of a lady she knew, who was looking sorry as she passed. The lady smiled, too. The sunshine went through a crack, you see.

Another time Betty picked up baby's playthings, without mother's asking her, and made the room all neat. When mother came in tired, her face lighted up as if the sun had come out. It made her so happy to see that Betty thought of doing this herself.

Saturday, Betty went to ask a little girl to come to Sunday-school, and the next day she went and took her to the class.

That spread sunshine all round, for teacher was glad, the class was happy, and Mary and Betty were both glad.

One day all Betty could find to do was to put her arms about father's neck when he looked tired, and whisper: 'I love you!' Dear me! How the sun came out then! —'Sunbeam.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.