

reach some wild flowers on the bank of the stream, had fallen into the deep water, and but for Frisky's timely alarm she must have perished. She was just sinking a second time when Jack the gypsy plunged in to her rescue, and brought her in safety to the bank.

Needless to say that the gypsy boy was amply rewarded for his courage. And as for little Flossie, she had learnt a lesson in obedience she would not easily forget.

A Long Tongue.

Wouldn't you think that yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your whole body? asks Olive Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds, and tells the things she knows in the way all children want to hear them. Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them and might starve to death, only he can dart out his tongue quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches.

The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all round him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Don't Be Cross.

Bishop Brooks was much attached to children, and had many familiar acquaintances among them. In one family whom he sometimes visited there were four children, and they loved to gather around him, the younger two sitting one on each knee, and the older two leaning one on each shoulder. He would talk with them in this position for a long time, entering into all their childish affairs apparently

with no less interest than was shown by the children. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling him of some childish grievance, and concluded her story with the words: 'It made me real cross.'

'Cross,' exclaimed the bishop; 'why, C—, I didn't suppose you were ever cross.'

'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?'

'I don't know whether I would or not,' said the bishop; 'perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?'

'No,' said the girl.

'Did it make anybody feel any better?'

A WINTER SONG



Who cares for the winter?
Who cares for the snow?
We'll wrap ourselves warmly,
And off we will go.

Jack Frost may pursue us,
And give us a chase.
We'll run all the faster
And laugh in his face.

Let those shake and shiver,
Who fear his sharp sting.
We'll both sing his praises,
And make the air ring.

So mount on my shoulder;
My bonnie wee lass,
And wave a gay greeting
To all whom we pass.

L.B.C.

'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly.

'Then,' said the bishop, 'I don't see any sense at all in being cross, and wouldn't be again if I were you.'—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

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