

dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter what. I want it.'

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble was afterward. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. 'Oh, I must hurry!' he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him, he had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it until it was a speck like a black pin head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

'Oh, Dillydally!' cried his mother, 'where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!'

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

'Oh, Dilly! Dilly!' said his mother sorrowfully, 'why won't you earn a better name?'

Dillydally says that he is going to. How do you suppose that he will do it?—'Child's Hour.'

As the Apple of His Eye.

Have you noticed how God has surrounded your eye and mine with wonderful defences? For any danger to reach the 'apple of the eye'—that is, the beautiful colored part, which is so soft and so sensitive—it has to get past quite a number of defences.

First of all, God has set the eye in a little hollow. It lies sheltered, as it were, like a house in a valley.

Just above it is a strong, bony ridge, which arches over it and gets many a knock which would endanger the eye. When, the other

day, you struck your face against something hard it was the bony part, not the eye, which got the bruise.

And that narrow furry strip we call the eyebrow, have you ever thought what use it serves?

It is not put there merely for ornament. When you have been running fast on a hot day, great drops of moisture stand out on your



forehead, and if there was no eyebrow they would roll down into the eye and make it smart; but the eyebrow hairs catch the trickle and it goes no farther.

That is defence number two.

Then God has hung over the eye a delicate shutter. It is not hard and clumsy, like the shutters of a shop window, nor does it take so long to put up and take down. It moves so fast that there is a saying, 'In the twinkling of an eye,' which means very fast indeed. We call this shutter the eyelid. When we want to forget the outside world and go to sleep, the shutter drops down.

And have you noticed that the eyelid is like a shutter and a watchman all in one? When anything comes towards the eye and would hurt it, the shutter closes of its own accord. It is so sensitive.

But the air is often full of dust and tiny things which would hurt the eye if they got on the soft, beautiful 'apple.' So God has put a silky fringe all along the edge of the eyelid, to keep out as many as possible of those stinging grains of dust.

Now, think of all these defences and then think of the text (Deuteronomy 32, 10): 'He kept him as the apple of His eye.'

Could anything be a truer picture of God's loving care of His children? —'Friendly Greetings.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Fox and the Chick.

(Clara J. Denton, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

(A True Tale in Short Words.)

Once there was a hen who lived in a coop. She had ten wee chicks, five were white, and five were black. Though the old hen had to stay shut up in the coop, the chicks could run far and wide. When they ran too far off the old hen would call, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck!' Then they would all run back to her warm, soft wings, and hide where no one could see them.

Not far from this coop a pet fox was chained to his nice, warm house. He had to be made fast to his house, for he was fond of young chicks, and that you know was a bad trick. The old hen said to her chicks each day, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck, stay far from that sly fox, for he would just love to eat you.'

He would run out the full length of his chain, and try to grab one of the chicks, but they were too smart for him; they kept back too far for his chain to reach.

But one day he thought of a sharp trick, for a fox, you must know, is a smart beast.

He left his nice food, just where the maid had put it near his house, then he scraped up a lot of sticks and leaves in a heap just back of the food. The next thing he did was to crawl into his house and lie down. The pile of leaves and sticks hid his sharp nose and keen eyes, but he could see through it, and so would know if a chick should come near. By and by one came.

'The fox has gone to sleep,' he thought, 'and I can eat all I want of his nice food.'

O, what a fine time for him, and he ate, and ate, the food was so good.

Then, pounce! went the fox, and the poor chick was in his paws.

But the maid had seen him; she ran out and took the chick from him, it ran home with a 'Yip! yip!'

Then what do you think that bad fox did? He piled up the stuff once more, and crawled back into his house. But the maid came out and swept the leaves and sticks far off where the fox could not reach them, so he did not get a nice fat chick to eat.

Aren't you glad of that?

This is a true tale, for I knew that fox well, and I saw his smart trick with my own two eyes.