

'Why, Frank, I am sure it does. You have no idea how I dragged mother round to get this ribbon and these gloves. I am afraid she was very tired. The milliner had the straw dyed specially for my hat, and look, my sunshade is a splendid match.'

Frank looked very solemn, but his eyes twinkled as he answered—

'All the same, you do not match, Amy, and if you can't discover why, you are not as quick as I thought you were.'

Amy did not like that.

'I do not know what you mean,' she said pettishly, 'Let us go and look at some more pictures.'

'All right,' agreed Frank, and away they went. Amy discovered a most lovely landscape, and her brother praised her for admiring it, but she did not feel quite satisfied. She wondered all the way home what Frank could mean, until she felt tired and cross, and thus became more of a discord every moment. When they arrived Frank went off to his room to write letters. Amy followed him.

'Frank,' she said, 'I do wish you would tell me what you mean. You have puzzled me.'

'All right, little girl,' said Frank. 'Come here,' and he led her to a mirror. 'Can't you see something there besides your clothes?'

'Why, of course, my face,' said Amy.

'Exactly, and that is the thing that did not harmonize. The dress is very pretty, but the face should be pretty, too.'

Amy flushed rosy red.

'But, Frank, you know, people always say I'm plain. I heard Ethel say so one day when she did not know I was there.'

'Nonsense,' said Frank, 'your features may not be perfection, but why should you give your lips a scornful twist, and your eyes a cold, hard stare, instead of looking pleasant?'

'But I didn't know I looked hard, and scornful and horrid.'

'No, but you felt those things, and if you feel like that be sure it will show in your face.'

Frank dragged Amy down into an arm-chair in his own kind, brotherly fashion, as he said—

'Don't be a little goose any longer, and think more about the outside than the inside. If you

only think kind thoughts, and do kind deeds, and are more anxious to see nice things in other people than those you do not like, everyone will like you whether your gloves match your dress or not. It is very well to be stylish, but it is better to be kind.'

A Touching Incident.

God's protecting power has been wonderfully manifested recently at Gordon Rest.

The town of Hanson abounds in beautiful lakes, and the children of the Gordon Rest household have found delight in bathing in the beautiful waters.

In these, as in many other lakes, dangerous places may be found, and all who bathe are cautioned not to venture beyond a certain limit. Last week, however, one young lad, more venturesome than the rest, waded out into deeper waters than the others. Soon the screams of the little fellow attracted those on shore, and an older boy rushed to his rescue, only to find as he grasped his playmate that both were sinking. Boldly striking out, a girl of fifteen soon reached the boys. Quick as thought, seeing she could not rescue both, she took strong hold of the smaller lad, hoping to save at least one, leaving her only brother she feared to perish, and safely brought the younger boy to shore.

Meanwhile terror-stricken, those on land had called to their aid men who were working near by, and with almost superhuman effort they rescued the drowning boy as he was sinking for the last time. 'I asked God to save me from drowning,' said the youngest boy, 'and I knew he would, and he did.' One dear young girl, finding she could not help, knelt on the shore and offered a fervent prayer. Life was almost extinct when the drowning boy was rescued, but helps were at hand that resuscitated him quickly.

After the evening meal, which was partaken of almost in silence, the household gathered, and held a praise service, thanking God that he had so wonderfully saved the little family from harm.

The brave girl, who endangered her own life to save another, was Edna Monday, of Cambridge.—'The Woman's Voice.'

The Chicken's Mistake.

A little chicken one day,
Asked leave to go in the water,
Where she saw a duck with her
brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about
her.

'Indeed,' she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let
her;

'If the ducks can swim there, why
can't I?

Are they any bigger or better?'

Then the old hen answered: 'Listen
to me,

And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will
see

They were only made for walk-
ing.'

But Chicky wistfully eyed the
brook,

And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a know-
ing look,

Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And, as her mother was scratching
the ground,

She muttered lower and lower:

'I know I can go there, and not be
drowned,

And so I think I'll show her.'

Then she made a plunge where the
stream was deep,

And saw too late her blunder,

For she hadn't hardly time to peep,
When her foolish head went
under.

And now I hope her fate will show,
The child my story reading,

That those who are older some-
times know,

What you will do well for heed-
ing:

That each content in his place
should dwell,

And envy not his brother;

And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere
below,

And this is a truth worth know-
ing;

You will come to grief if you try to
go,

Where you never were made for
going.

—Phoebe Cary.

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