



THE GINGERBREAD DOG.

He was not made of gingerbread. He was a live Newfoundland dog, with large brown eyes, and a loud but not savage bark. His name was Typhon.

The children called him Typhoe; and little Mary used to sing around the house, at the top of her voice, "Old Typh-ee is the *goodest* dog that ever ran a race."

Typhoe grew up with the children, and loved fun and frolic as well as the merriest of them. He would eat any thing from their hands, and expected a share of whatever they had. Molasses gingerbread sometimes formed part of their luncheon, and Typhoe would often tease, in dog-fashion, for a bite.

His taste for the sweet morsel increased as he grew older; and at last it came to be a regular thing for the great dog to find his way into the dining-room after supper, and beg for a piece of gingerbread.

Gently wagging his graceful tail, he would march close up to his mistress, and look at her with a smile (so Susie said). Then he would scratch the closet-door, and, as a last resort, he would give a short, loud bark, which Joe called "speaking."

The family were so much amused at Typhoe's devices to get gingerbread, that the poor fellow often had to go through with them all, before he got what he asked for.

Like Mary's little lamb, Typhoe often followed the children to school. One day they called him into the schoolroom, and got him up on a bench. Then, while Joe kept him quiet with gingerbread, Lucy tied a sun-bonnet on his head, and Susie pinned

a shawl about him, and completed his costume with a bright necktie, which was very becoming.

There he sat, patient and good-natured, while all the children were having a good laugh at his expense. Joe said that Typhoe was laughing too, for, although he made no noise, he opened his mouth, and showed his teeth, and seemed greatly pleased.

THE BETTER WAY

"Well, well! that kitten's run into the pantry," said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner. "Children, one of you get her out, won't you?"

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry. "Here! 'scat' clear out!"

Poor kitty, frightened with the noise, ran wildly in every direction but that of the door, and finally crept behind a barrel. Frank, of course, could not move it, and as little could

he get the kitten out. When he found that she would certainly stay where she was as long as he scolded, he tried coaxing, but it was too late for that; kit would not trust him.

"Here, kitty, kitty, come, little kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry. Kitty knew that pleasant voice, and she put her head out, but hesitated.

"Come, kitty, dear little kitty," said Susie again, and she came. Mrs. Lee had heard it all.

"Which do you think the better way, my boy?" she asked laying her hand on Frank's shoulder—"Susie's or yours?"

"Susie's," Frank replied.

"Remember, then, little ones, always, that gentleness and kindness are better than roughness, and the rule of love better than that of fear."

HOW FARMER ROSYFACE KEEPS HIS APPLES.

"How is it I keep my apples so long, did you ask?" says old Farmer Rosyface. "How do I keep my Baldwins, my Fishers, my greenings, russets, snow-apples and—?" How he rubs his hands and chuckles over the long list! "How do I keep 'em? Well, I keep 'em in a cool place and I keep 'em in a dry place, and then I don't keep eatin' 'em all the time."

There is a good deal in that. There is such a thing as having through saving. Some scholars never have any money for the Sunday-school offering because they keep spending all the time. Begin to save, then you will have.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

LITTLE flowers again are peeping,
Just above the cold damp earth,
Where for months they've all been sleeping,
Till the spring showers called them forth,

All around us now they're springing,
Peeping just above the ground,
With them sweetest perfumes bringing,
Shedding fragrance all around.

Fragrant little gems of beauty,
Scattered all along our way,
Like God's smiles to sweeten duty,
While we through the desert stray.

Thankful we accept these treasures,
Sent by him who reigns above,
Giving us unnumbered pleasures,
Tokens of our Father's love.

May they ever, then, remind us,
Of the blessings freely given,
Glad to do the work assigned us,
May we live for God and heaven.

CARRIE'S HYMN.

"I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak."

So sang little Carrie as she ran lightly down the steps and along the garden-path. Over and over she sang it in her sweet, childish voice, and while she sang she felt very good and happy. But Carrie was not thinking the words down in her heart; they were only on her lips. If they had been in her heart she would not have done what she did just after she had skipped down the garden singing.

At the gate stood a poor ragged little boy. He was peeping through the railings and thinking how pretty the flowers looked and what a nice little girl Carrie was. He could not hear the words she sang, but the tune pleased him, and when the little girl came near he looked at her and smiled, to show that he liked her. But how grieved he was when Carrie said to him roughly, "Go away, you naughty boy, and don't stand looking in at our gate!"

At first he thought she was in play, and he said, "Mayn't I look at the flowers?"

"No, you mayn't; so go away," said Carrie angrily. "I don't like little beggars."

Then the boy went away very sadly, and Carrie's papa, who had followed her, said, "Oh, Carrie, who was singing 'I want to be like Jesus' just now? My little girl did not think what she was saying."

Carrie hung down her head, and wished that she had not been proud and angry, and after that day she always tried to think what the words meant that she was singing.

Will you remember Carrie, and try to live your hymns as well as sing them?