



THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Guarding His Master.

Of the many admirable traits of a good dog none is more praiseworthy and perhaps none has resulted in more good to the human race than the absolute fidelity of the dog to his recognized master. Stories are told in history and fable of how the monks of old were often able to rescue perishing travellers through the guidance of their faithful dogs. The illustration herewith shows to some slight degree what discomfort and pain a dog will endure to find and rescue a lost friend.

While crossing a mountain in a severe snowstorm the master fell and broke his leg and was thus rendered unable to proceed further. There was no assistance nearer than five miles and no messenger but the dog. He commanded the dog to bring help, and seeming to understand, the dog reluctantly left his master and darted away through the thick falling snow. Arriving at the nearest settlement, he set up a howl which brought several men out to learn the cause of his noise. The intelligent creature started away in the direction he had come, and as they did not follow, came back, howled again and again started away. By this time the men, knowing to whom the dog belonged, guessed his master was in

trouble and prepared to follow him. As soon as the dog saw this he bounded back over the trail and when the men arrived they found the faithful animal crouching over the prostrate form of the man, now already covered with snow, striving with the protection and heat of his body to save the life of his beloved master. Not until they began to lift up the now insensible body could the nearly frozen dog be induced to leave his place as protector. Careful and tender hands finally carried the man to shelter and care, but there is no doubt that but for the intelligence and faithfulness of this canine friend his master would have perished of pain and cold.—'The Humane Journal.'

When Miss Helen Got Well.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

The young lady in the big stone house on Elm street was very ill and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood were very sorry indeed. None of them knew the sick girl, but they wished with all their might that she would soon be well. It was rather hard on the little people for everybody said, 'Now, don't make a noise or play on the street a single bit because it makes Miss Chester worse.'

For the first week they hurried

quietly past the house without a whisper, but as the weeks passed on and the pavement in front of the big house was still covered with carpet, their restless natures rebelled at the unnatural quiet of the street. The parents tried various plans to amuse them and the time went more rapidly. Mrs. Gregg took them all to a concert one Saturday, and in the evenings after school Miss Chester's friends amused them with walks and music and expeditions to games down town in the big hall.

But one day, as they went to school, the carpet was gone and at the window was a lady with a pale face and very bright eyes. She tapped on the pane with her thin hand and all the children stopped. Mrs. Chester came out on the porch and said: 'Children, Helen wants me to tell you how glad she is to be well, or almost so, again. If you had not been so quiet and kind while she was so ill, I am afraid she would not be with us to-day. She wants you to make as much noise as you please, for she likes to hear it now.'

How proud the children were to think they had given up their pleasure for the sick girl! Mr. and Mrs. Chester had just moved from another part of town before Helen took sick and did not know the people on Elm street, but they felt sure they must be very nice to have good, quiet children, and they were.

When Helen Chester was able to walk around in the sweet spring days, every boy and girl who lived near her home got a beautiful little note of invitation to come to her house the next Thursday at four o'clock. By special arrangement with the teachers the children were dismissed an hour earlier to be in time for the party, and at the appointed time they were all at the big house.

There were games and songs and music and fun of all sorts for the happy little folks. Then the girls went into one room, where Mrs. Chester pinned flowers on them while another lady gave each boy a button-hole bouquet. Such a jolly time as they had hunting for partners when the girls came back!