

Children's Corner.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Viola's are wee, modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful bloom we love
As they blossom round our feet.

So do little acts we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

JUDY'S PUPPY: FOR WHAT HE WAS SAVED.

"Carl, what is the matter with Judy? She's been whining and begging us to go to the shore for the last half hour," said Marion Chase to her brother, who was stretched full-length on the floor, reading.

Carl looked up, listened a moment to the big dog's pleading, then closed his book and said with an evident effort to give up his own pleasure to gratify his dumb friend:—

"Poor old girl, she's in some trouble, that's plain! Come, Marion, put on your hat and we'll humour her."

Marion, who never refused a walk on the sands, no matter in fair or stormy weather, was soon equipped, and the children followed their dog, who tried to hasten their steps, running far ahead and then coming back.

"What a high tide! 'Haven't seen the likes in ten years!' as old Sim would say," said Carl, "Hurry, Marion, Judy has got her nose in those rocks—there's some animal she wants to get at in there! Whatever it is it'll be drowned unless it can swim, and anyway unless it can squeeze out."

Bounding over the rocks and sand, Carl reached the crevice first, and with a short exclamation pulled out—a little puppy. His

sister was by his side, and Judy with short, happy barks let them talk as they pleased.

"So that is where she hid her little one! Poor old Jude! she thought father would take this one as he took two of 'em. And you see, Marion, she couldn't get the little thing out—it got wedged in and this high tide frightened her—she knew her baby would be drowned."

The children and dog stood on the rocks, the poor mother nursing and fondling her little one, the boy and girl watching her contentment with great pleasure, for Judy had been their constant playmate and companion ever since Marion's second year.

"Wouldn't it have been just dreadful if she had lost her little doggie!" said Marion. "I do believe she would have stayed by it till she herself was drowned. You see the tide was never so high—O Carl, Carl, we are lost!"

It seemed true at first, for while the children and dog had lingered on the rocks the treacherous waves had crept round them till water surrounded them on every side and the heavy surf threatened to roll even over their feet.

Carl started up, and seizing his sister's hand, said, "Not a moment, Marion, you must not mind the surf—even if it knocks you down—it is our only chance. Judy will save you at any rate, and I can swim."

"But Judy has her puppy," said Marion with white lips, for she was always a coward in the surf. Carl seized the puppy, and Judy, seeming to understand, kept near Marion. After all, there was not so much danger, though Marion fell twice and was dragged back by a receding wave. In fifteen minutes the children stood, panting and wet, but safe and beyond any possible tide.

"Carl, what did you think of as we ran?" asked Marion in an awed voice.

"Oh, of you and the puppy and—well, I did think how mother'd feel," this last was added in a shame-faced way.