

son to be thankful for the instructions received by their son at the ragged school?

### A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS:

**HOW TO BE LOVED.**—Who is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, nor contends, never teazes her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around

you sun-shine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be loved.

### THE MAGIC OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

What a good thing is a Sunday-School in a bad neighbourhood! It is like a gas light in some dangerous corner; it makes darkness visible. It is a "Washing and Ironing Society." It makes the people clean and tidy. It is a "Mechanics' Institute." It draws out the mind of the people. It is a society for "the reformation of manners," producing a more thorough change than could be effected by a thousand laws. It is a Society for "keeping holy the Sabbath day"—which, by a certain indefinable charm draws men from the abodes of sin to the house of the Lord. It is a society for "securing the salvation of souls," the great usefulness of which will never be known till the final reckoning day. Think of this, dear reader, and try to place a good Sunday-school in every bad neighbourhood.—*Baptist Reg.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

A writer in the New York evening Post, relates the following almost incredible instance of the intelligence and affection of a dog:—

"I passed a day and a night, last week in a friend's house, under the Palisades, opposite Spitendevil's Creek, about nine miles from this city. A fine hound-like dog came into the room where we were sitting, of whom the family related the following instance of sagacity and canine affection, which had occur-

red a few days before. He and another dog were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. His companion, in pursuit of game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself. He remained in this situation *eight days*—during this time, his associate, Watch, fed him daily. Watch was observed to whine and show great uneasiness: he would seize upon every bone and piece of meat he could find, and hasten up to the