

fathers again, or worse still, do not know what has become of them. It is almost to sad to think of.

Think. It may be a bright and sunny day in a little village, where the gardens are full of flowers, and children are playing in the street. A short time later what had been happy homes are blackened ruins. The children and their parents may perhaps not be hurt, but they have lost everything. Such things happened in this country once; such things happen in other countries now. But the story that I am going to tell you is of more than three hundred years ago.

You know that there are two countries called Holland and Belgium, which are not far from England. Holland is also called the Netherlands, which means the "low lands," and they used both to have that name, because they are very low. The sea is only kept out of some parts of Holland by dykes or great walls built of earth.

These countries belonged to Spain, but the people who lived there were not Spanish, and did not like the Spaniards. The king of Spain at that time was Philip II., the same who married Queen Mary of England. He was a very cold, hard, cruel man. We must remember that in those days really good people thought it right to do things that every one would think very cruel now. So you may imagine how far any one would go who had a cruel nature.

Philip had a great general, who was fully as cruel as himself; and he was governor of the Netherlands at one time. The people were oppressed in every possible way, and at last they could bear it no longer. They revolted; and then there was war in the country.

You might think that they would not make things any better. They were poor and few in number compared to the Spaniards. Philip was very rich and had plenty of money to hire foreign help; and the Spaniards themselves were the most famous soldiers of the time. Then, too, as the people of the Netherlands were supposed to be Philip's subjects, they were not treated as prisoners of war when they were taken captives, but were executed as traitors.

It was all very terrible, and we may imagine how dreadful their condition was before, if they thought it better to fight than to submit any longer. It was a long struggle and a hard one; but at length they were victorious. You may read all about it some day; I am only going to tell you of something that happened when the war was at its height.

William of Orange was the leader of the people. William the Silent he was called, because he said little, but if he had not done much they would not have gained their freedom. One dark night in September, he and his army were encamped, and a Spanish army was encamped not very far from them. The Spanish general sent some of his men to make an attack in the darkness. All soldiers wore armor, then, and in these night attacks they put on shirts outside their armor, so that they might know which were their own party. They killed the sentries, and went straight towards the prince's tent. If they could only take him they felt sure that the revolt would be at an end. All went well with them, and when they came near the tent they found that the prince's own guards were asleep. This seems most strange, because, of course, the first duty of a sentinel is to be on the alert. Perhaps

they were very tired and thought that they would be sure to awake at the slightest noise. Perhaps each trusted to the others, and all to the men on guard at the outside of the camp. Whatever they may have thought, they paid for their error with their lives; they were all killed.

How triumphant the Spaniards must have felt then. Another minute, and the Prince would be in their hands. They would not kill him, they would keep him to be executed, perhaps to be tortured first. With his death the revolt would die; there would be only left to punish the rebels with fire and sword, to grind them down worse than they had ever been ground before.

If the people could only have known his danger. The men struggling on in hope, yet fearing even more than they hoped. The poor patient women; the little children who had prayed for their "country's father" before they went to bed. That was another name that was given to him, and well it was deserved.

It did seem as if those prayers were not to be granted; as if the country were to be orphaned before the morning light.

All were asleep. But there was one faithful friend, who awoke at the first sound of footsteps drawing near, who knew that they were no friends who came in such a manner and at such a time. And this friend was—a little dog—a tiny spaniel that always slept on its master's bed.

Burdened with care and anxiety as William was, he was kind to every living thing, and the dog loved him. It jumped up and barked furiously. Still the prince slept on, exhausted with all he had to do and think about. It almost seemed as if the dog knew whom the danger threatened, for instead of rushing out to meet the coming strangers, it turned back again to its master and scratched his face with its paws.

Then the prince awoke, and started up. The enemy were so close now that he knew at once what was the matter. He had just time to get upon a horse that was kept ready saddled, before the Spaniards were in his tent. But that the night was so dark, they would have taken him even then.

He was saved, and the country that was so much dearer to him than life was saved, by means of a little dog.

I wish I could tell you what became of that friend in need. The prince could not have taken it with him, for its barking would have told where he was. Perhaps it never saw its dear master again, but if it only knew that it had saved him, how happy it must have been. One cannot help thinking that it must have understood something about it.

The people who wrote the history of those times had much to tell of battles and of sieges, of weary waiting and of success at last. We may be glad that they thought it worth while to tell us the story of the little spaniel, even though they do not say what became of it. Perhaps no one knew. But this they do tell us, that as long as he lived, wherever he was, the prince always had a dog of the same kind in his bedroom. He did not forget what it had done for him, that is very clear.

Nor was his remembrance shown in that way only, for in many of his statues a little dog was represented at his feet.

Very likely people may have wondered before why he should care for such a useless thing. If the dog could

think, it might have thought it would never be able to do anything really worth doing to show its love for its dear master. Yet was it useless; could it do nothing? Do not you think that we may learn from its story not to despise anything? And also that there are none of us, however weak and poor and small we may be, but may make ourselves useful; or rather let us say, may be used by God?

**A Feathered Songster.**

He does not do as we often do—wait till everything is pleasant and comfortable before we begin to sing, and then grumble directly after if all things are not to our liking. No; he begins to sing as soon as the snow is off the ground, and there is some prospect of finer days. The weather may be damp and cold, and the fields still bare and brown, but he sings a happy song of hope.

Some children, and grown-up people too, are not thankful for little things, and consequently they miss much happiness. Learn a lesson from the birds,—they sing directly they get a gleam of sunshine; and if it is clouded over five minutes after, they patiently wait till it shines out again, and then begin singing again. A tree all in blossom, even if there is not a leaf on it, sets them off singing at once.

Have you ever noticed how small a thing will cause the lark to sing? If he finds a nice fat worm, he eats it, and sings a song of thanksgiving. To be sure it may be a long time before he finds another, but what of that! He will give thanks for each separate mercy and joy, and he always finds something to sing about.

Try it, children. Thank God for each joy He sends, for the summer days, for the sunshine, for love and kindness, for the flowers, and oh, so many things! If you begin to count up your mercies, you will find so many that, like the skylark, you will "feel like singing all the time."

**Moses' Well.**

The well called the Well of Moses is situated in the Desert of Sinai, not far from the spot where the children of Israel began their wilderness journey, just on the other side of the Red Sea. All around is waste barren sand and rock; not smooth and bare, as you might think. The sand is often piled up in huge mounds, and the rocks are tossed about in great confusion, as if they had been thrown up by a volcano; while in the distance are seen wild, brown, dismal-looking mountains.

In such a district as this, you may imagine how thankful the people are to find water. Here and there they find a little oasis, a group of palm trees and a well. What a treat it is to those who have been travelling across the desert! This well of Moses has been dug in the sand, but not regularly built. The water is brackish, and not very clear; but it seems most sweet and refreshing to the thirsty Arabs who group around and rest awhile under the palm-trees' shade.

**Interesting Relics.**

The German Emperor uses as a paper-weight on his writing-desk the summit of one of the highest mountains in Africa. Dr. Buchner, an African traveler of some fame, broke the piece of rock from the highest point of Mount Kilimandjaro, which is on German-African ground, and presented it to the Emperor.

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