A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

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BY CELIA THAXTER.

The shower had ceased, but the city street
    Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Though men and horses with hurrying
      feet
    Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
    By the clean-washed pavement fast it
      rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a
      leap
    The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue
    Crossed over the way to the gutter's
      brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
    She seemed at the edge to shudder and
      shrink.

And there she stood, while her piteous
      cries
    Were all unheard by the heedless
      throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
    But the torrent was all too swift and
      strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
    Wandered our prince from Newfound-
      land,
Stately, and careless, and dignified,
    Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
    And his beautiful eyes, so soft and
      brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
    Of all that was passing him, up and
      down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and
      mewed,
    Stopped to look and investigate.
The whole situation understood,
    And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
    Up to the poor little trembling waif,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
    And carried her over the water safe,

And set her down on the longed for
      shore.
    Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
    The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?
    Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
    Than this fine old Prince of Newfound-
      land?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet;
    If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
    All creatures with kindness and
      courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
    Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
    By a princely dog from Newfound-
      land?

BABY GRACE AND BABY VIOLET.

When Mother Brown came home she
brought a rag doll for Baby Grace, such
a chubby rag baby, and as large as Baby
Grace herself. She had soft golden hair,
and her face was painted in a very rosy,
natural way. Mother thought the new
doll much too cunning to be dressed in
calico and a sunbonnet, so she made dainty
clothes, just like Baby Grace's own, and
named the rag doll Violet, because her
eyes were blue. Baby Grace loved Violet
dearly, and they were seen together every
day.

The rag baby looked so real in her
pretty clothes that the neighbours were
often puzzled to know which baby was
alive. When grandfather saw them com-
ing in the carriage he hurried to put on
his spectacles to see which was Grace;
and one day Uncle Jack actually waved
his hat and kissed his hand to the rag
baby, who was sitting in the window, as he
went by. Father and mother laughed over
these funny things. They wondered how
any rag doll could be mistaken for their
bright little daughter.

One day as father entered the hall he
caught sight of a white dress and baby
shoes just at the top of the stairs. "My
baby!" he cried, and rushed upstairs two
steps at a time to save his darling child,
who at any moment might turn and fall.
Mother, who had heard father's cry of
distress, hurried after him. They met
at the head of the stairs and saved—the
rag baby.—*Babyland.*

YOU PROMISED.

A little boy, after having performed
his allotted task, comes to his father for
his promised reward. His father is busy,
and puts him off first with this excuse,
and then with that, and finally speaks in
a way that almost silences his loved child.
The little fellow, looking up to his father,
the tears starting in his eyes, replies,
"But, father, you promised."

The father cannot refuse that plea.

So our heavenly Father will hear his
children if they will do his work and
plead his promises.

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He
keeps a sharp lookout for the boys. There
is nothing too mean for him to do with
them, and then, when he gets them into
trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves
them. "What did you do it for?" he
whispers; "you might have known
better."