



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;
Sately, and careless, and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes 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 Newfoundland?

YOU may become a little missionary by
bringing some child into the Sunday-
school. See if you can find some children
who do not now go to any Sunday-school,
and bring them in.

AT THE ZOO.

THE three boys were wild with delight
for they were going to the Zoo for the first
time. They lived in the country, and
their uncle who lived in the city had in-
vited them to spend a week with him,
and the first place he promised to take
them was to the Zoological Gardens to see
the animals.

Now Tommy never did like to mind,
and his uncle had to speak to him ever so
many times to keep him from creeping
under the bars and going too close to the
cages.

When they went into the monkey
house, their uncle called their attention to
the notices that were posted all about
the building. "Do not tease the monkeys."

By-and-bye the boys came to the cage
where the big ape was kept by himself.
He was lying down, and Benjie remarked
"I wish he'd get up, so we could see him
better."

"I'll make him," said Tommy.

"No, don't, Tommy. You know you
mustn't," urged both his brothers, but
disobedient Tommy only laughed.

"Ho! monkeys aren't dangerous."
Here, get up, you lazy fellow. Shoo!" he
said, dashing against the bars, flinging up
his arms, and spitting into the cage.

Like a flash, the great ape bounded
across the cage, thrust one powerful hand
through the bars, and seized Tommy's
arm. Tommy screamed, and tore himself
away, but he left a piece of his sleeve with
the ape, and his arm was badly scratched
and bleeding.

The keeper and Tommy's uncle came
hurrying up.

"Can't the boy read?" asked the
keeper.

"Yes," said Tommy's uncle, "but he
hasn't learned to mind." "Tommy," he
added, "I am going to send you home. I
am afraid to take you anywhere because
you will not obey me. Your brothers may
remain, as they seem to have learned to
mind when first spoken to."

Poor disgraced Tommy went home to
his parents with a torn sleeve, a smarting
arm, and an aching heart; but he had
learned his lesson at last.

SHE PLAYS LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

"I HEARD of two little children," said an
American speaker, "a boy and a girl, who
used to play a great deal together. They
were both converted. One day the boy
came to his mother and said:

"Mother, I know that Emma is a
Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"
"Because, mother, she plays like a
Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the
mother; the expression seemed a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child, "if you take
everything she's got, she don't get angry.
Before she was so selfish; and if she didn't
have everything her own way, she would
say: 'I won't play with you! you are an
ugly little boy.'"