



RIP—TRY TO DRAW THIS.

RIP.

"You remember Rip, don't you? Jack's old dog, you know," said my nephew Tom, as he showed me a capital photograph of his favorite. "Yes, sir, that's his likeness; and if ever a dog deserved to have his picture taken, Rip did. Not so much because of his doing anything so wonderful, for he never did; but because he was a dog you could trust. Rip understood every word you said to him; and if you told him to do a thing, or not to do it—no matter which—nothing would hinder him from minding."

"Not a bad example to follow, I should say," I remarked significantly; for my nephew was not always perfect in obedience.

Tom colored up a little, then laughed, and answered coolly:

"I should say so, too. But Rip had to learn, you know, like the rest of us. When Jack first got him, he was like any other dog—he minded when he felt like it. If Jack called him when he was going out,

he always felt like minding then; for there was nothing he liked as well as to trot around after him. It was a kind of a nuisance sometimes, you know—Jack didn't always want him. And, one day, when he was going to town, and Rip trotted after him as usual, Jack faced about suddenly, and ordered him home.

"Rip hated to go, awfully. He whimpered, and pawed, and hung around Jack, and wagged his tail, and did everything but talk; but it was all no use. 'I don't want you,' says Jack. 'Go home, sir.' And Rip had to go.

"But there's a board fence that runs a good bit along the way between our house and town. It used to have some loose boards, and by and by Jack passed one that made quite a gap, and he happened to look through. And, would you believe it, there was Rip stealing along on the other side of that fence, just as sly as a fox! He had gone home, and then turned about, and tried to cheat that way.

"Well, Jack didn't say a word. He

stopped in the middle of the road, and looked at Rip; and Rip stopped and looked at him. But his tail went between his legs, and his ears lay flat on his head. He felt awfully mean, I tell you! Jack never spoke, he only kept looking at him; and Rip got so ashamed of himself that he couldn't stand it. He just turned about and made tracks for home. And from that time till he died he never followed Jack again without permission. More than that, if Jack told him to stay in any one place, he'd do it, if it was all day. Talk about sense. That dog had more than some boys I know. And I'm glad we've got his picture, poor old Rip! It's worth having."

And I thought the little lesson of his life was worth telling.

WHAT A LITTLE BROOK DID.

One spring day Ruth and Rex went for a run in the fields. They went to the meadow spring, from which a brook ran down a little hill across the meadow.

"Let's run a race with the brook!" said Rex, and so, taking hold of hands, they started. It was so narrow that Rex ran on one side of the brook and Ruth on the other. By and by the brook grew wider, and they had to stretch their arms, and Ruth slipped into the water once or twice, and then they parted hands and ran by themselves. After a while Ruth stopped and looked troubled.

"I cannot get to you now," she said. "But I can get to you," said Rex, and he gave a great leap and—fell in the brook!

Mamma did not scold her wet children, but she said, "Children, the brook that parted you is like a little unloving feeling that comes between your hearts sometimes. You must keep on the same side, and never let each other go, or there will be trouble."

THE LITTLE ONE'S OFFERING.

(To be sung by little girls who will volunteer to truly send one of their dollies.)

My dolly is going to leave me,

And then I shall be all alone,
She's going to where the poor children
Have idols of wood and of stone.

CHORUS—Precious dolly,

I'm going to send you for Jesus'
sake?

Precious dolly,

This sacrifice gladly I make.

I guess mamma thinks she can't spare me,

And says I'm too little, you know,
So now, don't you think my Belinda
The very right person to go?

My baby, you know I'm not jealous,

But I've such a big lump in my throat,
Will your new mamma love you, as I do?
You're the onliest dolly I've got.