



RIP.

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"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 favourite. "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 coloured 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. 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.

BROKEN FOR EVER.

"Hallo!" cried Charley Lawrence, stopping short in his walk, with a look of dismay in his face. "The dam is broken, and if it is not patched at once it will be washed away before morning."

He began mechanically stamping his feet to keep them warm, while he watched the water of the creek slowly trickling through a rift in the dam, which he and his companions had built on the day before.

The weather was not yet cold enough to freeze running water, and the boys had dammed the creek at this point, determined that when it did freeze the creek should be broad enough for a skating pond; and now the water had found a weak point in their work, and before morning it would be destroyed.

"Half an hour's work would put it in good shape again," said Charley to himself, biting the end of his glove, "but—"

He hesitated over something for perhaps ten minutes, and then, jerking off his gloves, he set to work with might and main repairing the breach. While he was at work he did not notice his uncle coming towards him; when the work was done he saw him looking on. Charley's face suddenly grew as red as the morning sky.

"You have mended it, I see," his uncle said slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"But you have broken something else which can never be mended."

The serious tone in which this was spoken made Charley understand pretty clearly what was meant; but he asked:

"What is that, uncle?"

"What day is this, Charley?"

"Sunday."

"And a broken Sabbath is broken for ever."

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps its course; and so constantly will God's own light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—*John Howe.*