

A stranger dog, half mastiff was,
And large, and strong, with massive
jaws.
And stayed, because he loved to stay.

The night came on, and still he stayed,
His look was kind, of gentle mien,
For well brought up was he, I ween,
He stayed and wooed the collie maid.

Hence came my Prince of noble birth,
So strong and brave, so kind and true,
As good a dog as ever grew
Of mastiff and of collie worth.

Of average weight, and medium size,
Of colour black, with brown beneath,
With strong set jaws, and well set teeth;
Well formed head, and hazel eyes.

Of handsome dog withal was he,
With glossy fur, and honest face,
And general bearing full of grace,
And proud as any dog could be.

With other dogs he'd never play,
Their company he never sought,
And always looked as though he thought
They all are made of coarser clay.

On human sports himself employed,
Played hide-and-seek with girls and
boys,
And balls, lacrosse, and other toys
That people used, he most enjoyed,

Stood by the cradle, drew the sled,
And taught my little girl to walk,
And seemed to understand her talk
When others knew not what she said.

"Tum, P'ince," she'd say, and he would
come,
And wait till she would gain her feet,
And lead her out into the street,
And wait and bring her safely home.

My children's friend, and guard, and pet,
Delighted best when doing most,
He seemed to make his only boast,
"I've served them all, and serve them
yet."

And while he was my children's guard,
He served with me in field and wood;
He watched, and always understood,
My movements for a walk abroad.

Was fond of sport, and danced with glee
To see me reach and take my gun;
He loved the hunt, and loved the fun
Of wandering through the woods with
me.

One day we roamed with jaunty air,
With flattering thought of larger game,
Of something that might bring us fame,
As silver fox, or wolf, or bear.

And Prince and I, that autumn day,
That autumn day at early morn,
Set out with pomp, and pride, and scorn,
For something big, some bold affray.

But pomp and pride of dogs and men
Must always have its fall, you know;
And so we had not far to go
To learn that lesson once again.

It was a thick-set hemlock bush;
The leaves and twigs around were dry;
And suddenly we heard a cry,
A scream, and then a solemn hush.

That death-like hush made dense the air,
I looked at Prince, he looked at me;
His look was pitiful to see,
A look of dread, of blank despair.

He saw the wild-cat in the tree,
With fiery eyes that searched us through;
And Prince and I both sadly knew
Our danger was of large degree.

Prince crept behind, he could not bear
The searching of those fiery eyes;
And I confess, not otherwise
Was I, that hour, while standing there.

To flee was vain; my gun was true;
Could I not fell him with one shot,
And bag our game upon the spot;
This seemed at once the wisest view.

With look intense, Prince watched my
move,
His courage rose; he knew my skill;
He knew I always fired to kill;
And once again would surely prove.

I fired, he fell; but rose aglow;
His look was fierce, his eyes aflame;
My aim had missed! I lost my game;
And worse than all, I faced my foe.

I fired again; my rifle snapped;
The brute still crouched, and creeping
near,
My Prince behind me crouched with fear,
No help! no hope! O God, we're trapped.

At bay I stood, all fired with hate,
Hoping to strike a fatal blow.

And yet I wish the brute would go,
And leave us to another fate.

The crisis came, he screamed and sprang
To seize my throat; he knew how well
To take his prey, this beast of hell,
And yet I escaped his deadly fang.

For, as he sprang, my faithful Prince,
Crouched for his prey, and met his face,
And clasped him in that dread embrace,
Willing to die in my defence.

That scene no human tongue can tell,
That horrid look, those dreadful teeth;
Prince sprang into those jaws of death,
He plunged into that "mouth of hell."

I drew my pocket-knife with will,
Jumped to the fray to do my part,
And pushed the blade into his heart,
The awful brute I joyed to kill.

That awful conflict, fierce and fell;
The gnashing teeth, the tearing claws;
The growls, the screams, the groans, the
pause
Of dread suspense, the silent knell.

I looked at Prince, and still he held
In vice-like grip his prostrate foe,
Nor would consent to let him go,
Till thrice assured the brute was killed.

And then he swooned, and lay as dead,
My royal Prince, his task was done;
His battle fought, his victory won;
I raised him up and held his head.

Poor Prince, I looked and felt him o'er,
One eye was gone, a broken limb,
His head was open to the brim,
His body covered all with gore.

And I, too, shared a bloody fate,
My pants were gone, my limbs were torn,
My coat was rags, a sight forlorn
Was I, indeed, in such a state.

And yet I thought not of my strife,
But of my brave, devoted mate,
Whose love and courage changed my
fate,
And gave me a new lease of life.

For dogs are dogs, and men are men,
And dogs for men lay down their lives,
I hailed with joy his sacrifice,
But thought it more than duty done.

I bandaged Prince as best I could,
And bound my limbs in tattered rags,
So much, so large, they looked like bags,
And then we started from the wood.

I helped poor Prince upon the way,
And dragged the lynx along the road,
He was indeed a heavy load,
A heavy load for me that day.

A passing waggon came in view,
I hailed, and hired it on the way,
And made a bed for Prince to lay,
And laid the lynx beside him too.

At every mile he'd raise his head,
Look at the lynx, as though to say,
Though I have suffered much this day,
I'm satisfied: that brute is dead.

We reached our home, my wife came out;
Of course her first thought was of me;
"I'm not much hurt," I said, "but see,
Poor Prince is sadly put about."

The doctor came and set his limb,
And dressed his wounds, and then
dressed mine;
He bore it all without a whine,
I suffered less and thought of him.

For many days he shared my room,
He on his rug, I on my bed;
Of every dish I ate he fed,
And was content with me at home.

Five years have passed, and still he lives,
A one-eyed dog, and stiff, and lame;
I look at him, and call his name,
And, oh, the look of pride he gives.

A look of honest pride that says,
"I've lived and suffered good and true,
I've lived and loved the best I knew,
And served my master faithful days,

Companion still where'er I rove,
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
His scars, and his one eye, remind
Me ever of his loyal love.

One of the home, he makes his claim
Of right, and rank, and proper place;
And never thinks it is by grace
He lives, and wears a royal name.

Thus love, and right, and dignity,
These triple virtues intertwined,
In dogs, and men, we sometimes find,
And always honour where we see.

At meals he lies before the grate,
And waits for prayers, and bows his
head,

And yet I wished the brute would go,
And worship in a proper state.

Then after meals he brings his dish,
And waits with it in proper mood,
Till he is served with proper food,
And only "draws the line" at fish.

His mat is set upon the floor,
A lynx-skin rug, both soft and warm,
He never feels the midnight storm,
And sleeps close by my chamber door.

To church with me, it is his rule,
And waits inside the sanctuary door,
He knows my step upon the floor,
And greets me in the vestibule.

Now ten years old he is and more,
And soon must "gather up his feet,"
Surrender to the winding sheet,
And have it said, "His days are o'er."

A grave, a coffin, and a stone,
To tell how true and brave he was,
But will eternity his cause
Expound, his grief and love atone?

All dogs are dogs, and men are men,
And men have souls, and dogs have none,
And dogs have loved, and nobly done,
And no reward on earth, what then?

And why should dogs not live again?
I may be weak, I may be wrong,
But love is sweet, and love is strong,
And love is life with dogs and men.

A lingering hope to me is given,
That when God calls the sons of light,
And plants them where there is no night,
My dog shall be with me in heaven.
Campbellford.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMON THINGS OF LIFE.

Heman was one of the boys who are very fond of their friends, very loyal and faithful to them, yet having foes as well as friends, and with hostilities as deeply rooted as his friendships. Boys that liked Heman liked him very devotedly; boys that did not like him regularly quarrelled with him on principle, and he met them in the quarrel half way. Aunt D'rexy had often said with regret that "Heman doesn't know how to get on real well with boys!" "S'pose you don't love 'em all, you needn't fight 'em," she would say to the lad, in mild reproof. This call to Peter Forbes about the boards was the first real effort Heman had ever made to settle a misunderstanding with a comrade. When he called from the roof, Peter had it on the tip of his tongue to shout back, "No, I don't want your old boards, nor your carpentry either!" Heman looked and sounded so thoroughly honest and cheery, and Peter did really want the boards greatly; his dog was his treasure and he had longed to have a nice little house for him, with his name painted on the front. Moved by these considerations he shouted, "All right," and went off with his arms filled with new boards. When Heman went home to supper he took some waste scraps of moulding, to give the dog-house a finished appearance. Two evenings of hammering, sawing, discussing, made Heman and Peter very good friends. The doghouse was finished. "It only needs paint to make it perfect!" cried Peter. "I'm no end obliged to you, Heman; you've been real kind."

"They'll lend you a pot of paint and a brush at the paint shop, and let you paint it yourself for a dime," said Heman. "Or you can whitewash it. Get a lump of lime and pour boiling water on it, and cover it up till it slacks. You can get enough lime for a cent, and colouring enough for two cents."

"How did you come to know so many things like that?"

"Because I've always been working. Aunt D'rexy had me whitewash the fences and smoke-house and so on, at our farm, from the summer I was ten, and I helped her fix the stuff always. I always worked with her and Uncle 'Rias."

"Well, my work out of school has always been at the store, weighing and measuring; but I'm going to add to that as I go on. I'm going into politics; a store gives you a good place to start that. I talked to Mr. Renfrew about it, and he told me what magazines and papers I ought to get to study up questions in, and see how much is to be

said on both sides of most any question. I'm going to learn to take large views of things," added Peter, quoting the master.

"Going to read and study evenings?" asked Heman.

"Yes, uncle gives me my evenings, if I don't waste them on the streets; he's kind of cross, but he's honourable. I'd have to read the things I need at the club, for we don't have them at our home, only one New York paper. What do you do evenings?"

"I'm so sleepy I usually go to bed at nine, but before that I often read to the folks. Master Renfrew has helped me to some nice books," replied Heman, "and I mean to get more."

At this time Heman had begun reading that very marvellous book, "Robinson Crusoe." The "Fables" and the "Tales of the Covenanters" had reconciled even Uncle 'Rias to reading matter.

Mr. Sloane came one day to ask Uncle 'Rias and Heman to rebuild the smoke-house and fences, and repair various small damages of the fire; the big stables and barn had been rebuilt by other workmen long before.

"Don't know how you and the boy get on in work, Uncle 'Rias," said Mr. Sloane, "probably you're not up to your old mark; but you'll do your best, and likely it'll do for these things."

"I reckon," said Uncle 'Rias. "I've been working on good jobs all summer."

"Yes, yes, I know it, but you had Simon Fletcher over you, and two or three grown men working with you."

Uncle 'Rias felt hurt, but endured it courageously; the work for Fletcher was at stay for two or three weeks, in all parts that Uncle 'Rias and Heman could do, so he cheerfully took the not very courteous offer of work from Mr. Sloane. That obtuse individual went on. "It's a mighty good thing, 'Rias, that you're able to work some just now. By the time you get where you can't do anything, maybe the boy'll be where he can maintain the family of you. I do hate to see a man of your standing, who has been as industrious as you have, come to be brought down to live on the town."

Then Heman's wrath rose, as Uncle 'Rias flushed purple. They both knew that Mr. Sloane had intended no insult, but they were terribly hurt. Heman spoke up roundly:

"My people will never come on the town, Mr. Sloane. We don't mean to stay in this house forever, either, it does for now, but we mean to have back the farm. We are laying up money for it, and when the money is in hand we look for you to sell us back the place. You said once, when I saved your horses, you'd do any favour I asked you. All the favour I expect to ask is that you'll let me have the farm when I can pay for it, and that you'll not sell it meanwhile."

"Whew-w-w! You've taken a big contract with yourself, boy!"

"Not so big but what we'll fill it. We are all working together for it," said Heman sturdily. "We'll do our part fairly."

Mrs. Sloane had come with her husband to visit Aunt D'rexy while the men talked business. Now she entered into the business herself.

"Heman, I like your grit. I am sure you'll get back that farm. The Lord helps those that turn in to help themselves the way you do; it is a true word of Scripture that the righteous are never forsaken. Husband, you promise the lad what he wants, that you won't sell the Sinner Farm over his head, but when he's able to take it, he can have it at a fair bargain. That's only right. Yes, Heman, he will promise that, and I'll see that we both stand to it."

Now Mistress Sloane's word was family law.

Mr. Sloane laughed. "All right, Mandy. Yes, of course I'll not stand in the way of their getting back their farm. I'd enjoy seeing them do it, so long as I don't lose by it. Say, Heman, what for a start have you made at it, so far?"

Heman shook his head. "That's what we don't tell, and I don't know as we could if we wanted to. Aunt D'rexy keeps hold of the money. We earn it, and she earns some too."

"I should say she did!" cried Mrs. Sloane. "If it isn't earning to make one dollar to the work of two, I don't know what is coming, for my part. Yet men, mostly, don't count that any earning at all."

(To be continued.)

It is well to keep a correct list and postoffice address of all of your officers and teachers in a small book, which you always carry with you. You will need it often.