

one sees the snarling, quarreling specimens that roam the streets of Eastern cities.

No good Jew would touch a dog if he could help it, and as for having one in his house or anywhere within reach of his house, that was a thing not to be thought of. In appearance this dog, which was held in such contempt, was not unlike our shepherd dogs, only with shorter hair and a less bushy tail. Nor was it as strong or as courageous as the dog that guards our sheep and cattle, it was usually a very cowardly animal, snapping and snarling at any one whom it thought weaker than itself, and slinking away from those who were stronger and more courageous.

It was this sort of dog that was referred to in the well known little story of how the Jews, seeking to find something that was not all kindness and gentleness in Jesus, once saw Him stop and look pityingly upon a dead dog lying on the street through which He passed. "Surely He can find nothing whatever good to say about this dog," they said to themselves, but Jesus, full of kind thoughts for even such a miserable creature, said gently: "What beautiful teeth he had!" So, even the poor, homeless Palestine dog, despised by all, had a friend in the one who looked only for the good in all He saw.

A Lesson in Courtesy

A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said: "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

He looked up and said: "What made you ask me that, mother?"

"Because, dear," she answered, "it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F., the minister, and surely I would not be ruder to my own boy."

The boy thought a moment, and then asked: "Mother, what ought I to say back?"

"What do you think would be nice?"

He studied over it awhile, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said: "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure, you can?'"

This was his mother's time to say: "That

would be nice; but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly?' It means the same thing, you know."

The little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day: "It's the second nature of W. to be polite."

The mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace which helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.

A Lullaby

By-by, tall tree-tops,
Rocking to rest
Dear little birdies
Safe in the nest:
By-by, stars shining
Softly on high,
Fairy lamps lighted,
Up in the sky!
Hush! Sing a lullaby!
Hush-a-by! Rock-a-by!

By-by, dear daisies,
Petals so white,
Tenderly folded
Up for the night;
By-by, green grasses,
Swayed to and fro,
On the soft breezes
Whispering low!
Hark! 'tis a lullaby!
Hush-a-by! Rock-a-by!

By-by, dear baby,
Slumberland seek,
Long lashes lying
On the soft cheek:
By-by, my darling,
Sleep without fear;
God guard and keep thee
Safe, baby dear!
Hush-a-by! lullaby!
Lullaby! Rock-a-by!
—Constance M. Lowe

Violet's Beautiful Garden

It wasn't a garden at all till late in June, but just a tiny spot of bare earth between the brick walk and the house right beside Violet's, but the little crippled girl hoped to see it full of blossoms. As she sat in her old