



THE YOUNG CAPTAIN AND HIS QUEER CREW.

## DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up, then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp, wolf-like teeth, and eats them up.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell for seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country.

They will draw two hundred pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.

## LESS HASTE, MORE SPEED.

An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations: "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

The people who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people. Those who are nervous and excited may be always busy; but in the end they do far less work than if they wrought calmly.

"Oh, what pretty chickens!" exclaimed Mabel, looking at some whose fluffy feathers had been dyed different colours. "Yes," explained seven-year-old Midge; "they were hatched out of Easter eggs."

## WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria. Up to twenty years ago, there had not been a Bible or a missionary teacher among them.

At Beirut there was a little Syrian girl, going to a mission school. She had learned of Jesus and how to read the Bible, the precious book that told of Him. Oh, how she loved her Bible! and the more she learned to love it, the more she wanted others to know about it, to love it too. Are you that way, little reader?

When vacation came, she went to her home, which was one of those villages of Tyre, of which I have told you. She sat under the trees, reading her precious book. The people came to her and asked her what she was reading. "Oh such a beautiful, beautiful book!" she replied, "do you not want to hear it?" They told her they did. She began to read. Soon the crowd increased.

Every time she sat under the trees, reading, the people would come flocking about her, hungry to hear the messages in the precious book. So many hungry ones, and only one little girl to give them the words of eternal life! But how patiently and faithfully she did her part, all that one little child could do!

When she went back to the mission school, the hungry people sent a message by her, begging for a teacher who could come and stay with them. O how piteously they begged! but there was no teacher to go. There were really not enough for the mission school itself.

The next year the people begged again, and again the next and the next year.

At the end of five years what do you think happened? A missionary teacher was sent to them. And whom do think it

was? No less a person than the little girl who had first read to them the precious words of truth, sitting under the shade of the village trees, the little girl now grown to be a woman. What a glad day that was!

There are now in that city where the little girl first taught and read the Bible, twenty-nine Christian schools and over three thousand children who know Jesus, and it has all come about through that one little girl's patient and earnest seed-sowing.

## MY LITTLE GIRL.

She's only a baby of three,  
But she's all the big world to me!  
Her loving blue eyes  
Make my beautiful skies!  
Her face is a flower  
In bloom every hour:  
Her kisses are sweet  
As the honey you eat.  
And she's, oh! such a comfort to me,  
My bonny wee baby of three!  
God help me to keep her all spotless and pure  
As he spares her to me day by day  
That her feet may be steady, while life shall endure,  
To walk in life's true and best way;  
And so shall I thank him for giving to me,  
The wonderful gift of my girlie of three.

A girl's heart is a little garden, and there are good seeds planted in it; but she must watch every word and thought and act, for the naughty ones are like weeds, and will smother the good ones. She does not want to raise briars and nettles where sweet flowers can grow.