

Children's Department

THE RECTOR'S DOG.

The children across the street from the rectory had a smooth, clean looking dog, that they considered much nicer in every way than Mac, the beloved Scotch terrier that belonged to the rector's children. Mac's hair was rough, and you would not think him pretty, until you saw through the tangle of curls over his face, a pair of exceedingly bright eyes, when you would at once begin to change your mind.

But the children across the street had a particularly disagreeable way of pointedly calling attention to one of Mac's weaknesses; that of rolling in the dustiest part of the road that lay between the two houses. Their dog had no such bad habit, they often said, but was much cleaner and prettier. At such times the rector's children would, much offended, go home and try to call Mac home too; but Mac did not care, he was not vain, and he loved baby Ruth who lived across the street, and paid her much more anxious attention, as she toddled around the yard, than did the more respectable looking dog belonging there.

The rector's children were all across the street one Saturday afternoon, building a cave in the clay bank which terminated the back yard. This was so interesting that they all forgot to look out for baby Ruth, all but Mac, that is; although the children had all promised to look after her, and Mac had not.

Baby Ruth meantime had found the front gate open, and she slowly took her way across the street, toward the rector's yard, for that front gate was open too. Mac followed closely; the rector's cistern was being fixed, and the man who was doing it had gone down-town, leaving that black hole, where the pump usually stood, uncovered. The baby feet were walking straight toward this dreadful place, when Mac flying ahead of her dashed into the kitchen. Sally, the maid, a great friend of his, was washing the dishes, and singing as she worked, when Mac charged in and around her in a frantic circle, barking distractedly. Sally stopped singing:

"Is it crazy you are, thin?" she said reprovingly. "You've had your dinner an' a foine wan, an' is it more you'd be atin'? No? What thin?"

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if any one afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him, at 804-62 Winthrop Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give; only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

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But Mac ran to the door and then looked back eagerly. So Sally followed him wiping a teacup as she went; down it went with a crash when she saw the child's danger, and she ran and caught the baby up, just in time.

Then Sally, with baby Ruth in her arms, went across the street shutting both gates behind her as she went. She met all the children, who had just missed Ruth and were going in search of her. But the fat, clean dog remained in the new cave to take a nap.

After Sally had scolded them sharply, she went back to her cold dish-water, and the children across the street did tribute to Mac by hugging and making much of him—though he

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did not like it.

Then one of them said: "I tell you, after all, your dog has lots of sense—and—and he's kind of pretty, too, when you look at his eyes."

"Pretty is that pretty does," grandmother says," replied one of the rector's children; then not to be outdone in politeness, she added: "He isn't a clean dog like yours, but I'm glad he doesn't like to sleep day times so much."—L. E. Chittenden,

The Young Churchman.

A BOY'S POEM.

William Cullen Bryant, the famous American poet, began writing verses at the early age of eight. His father was a doctor, and being also very fond of botany, had accumulated quite a library devoted to these two subjects. Young William was a great reader, devouring everything that came in his way, and very early explored the contents of this library. Thus he was introduced to the study of nature; but it was the subject of death to which his mind was turned by the medical works, which made the most profound impression upon him. So deeply was he stirred by its consideration that he composed a poem, for which he coined a name, calling it "Thanatopsis, or a View of Death."

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After he had completed it, why, he do not know, he did not show it to anyone, not even any member of his family, but hid it in his father's desk. Doubtless he soon after forgot its whereabouts, for some two years afterwards he left home to study law, and then to practise his profession in a neighboring town. Meantime his father had discovered the poem stowed away in his desk, and being struck with its quality, submitted it for publication. Its worth was at once recognized, and its author searched out. So this inimitable poem, the equal of which it is claimed has never been written by a person of so young an age, was composed by a boy less than nineteen years of age.

FISHING ON HORSEBACK.

All along the edge of the North Sea in Flanders, shrimp-fishing is one of the chief industries of the inhabitants. The Wide-World magazine describes the occupation of "shrimping."

The ordinary method is to wade out or drift in small boats and rake the bottom of the sea with nets, but the best results are obtained by the man who goes fishing on horseback. When you see the fisherman careering along the beach, with his great, wing-like net stretching out on either side of the crupper, you are disposed to hail him as a veritable Don Quixote.

The process of saddling his horse for the fray is a lengthy one. First, he adjusts a thick pack padded out with straw. On either side of this are large panniers destined to receive the

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