

THE TWO SLEDS

BY E. H. HILL.

THE snow comes down so white,
The flakes light as a feather;
It must have snowed all night;
How fine! What splendid weather

'Come, brother, up, get dressed
Thou out we'll all go coasting;
We'll see which sled is best;
Till then we'll have no boasting

"Come, Susie, have a ride,
The nicest kind of sleighing."
Far down the steep hillside
Their pretty sleds go swaying.

She tries them both, to test
Which one she thinks the better.
Each boy thinks his the best;
"She shall decide—we'll let her."

Now their two sleds they've tied
Securely both together.
"We'll have the grandest ride!
What fun in snowy weather!"

Swift, swifter still they go,
They bound right o'er a jumper.
Soft in the drift of snow
The careless brothers dump her

"O Susie! don't you cry;
We did not mean to strike it."
"Who's crying? No, not I;
I am not hurt; I like it."

"Tell now which sled is best,
Tell us, dear little sister."
"Why, both!" "I know! I guessed—"
The brothers laughing kissed her.

TRIP, JACK, AND PET.

I THINK our little friends would like to hear about these three nice dogs, who have passed the summer together in a beautiful home in the West; and perhaps they can learn from them.

Trip is about fifteen years old, and has passed many of these years at this beautiful home, where he has been treated always with great kindness and respect; and although the "only dog" for so long, yet he has not become selfish, like many an "only child," as you will see.

Two years ago, Trip's master came home with a large, handsome shepherd dog. His beautiful coat was in the height of style, being the two shades of brown, like the ladies' dresses. Jack (for that was the name they gave him) had large, expressive eyes, and his gentle, affectionate ways, won the hearts of all. Trip looked at the new comer, and listened to all these expressions of admiration: "How beautiful he is!" "What bright eyes he has!" "What a handsome form!"

Now Trip might have been made very jealous by all this, for he is a small, homely black dog, with weak eyes, but he wagged at Jack, and ruffled around him as if he

wished to do his part to give him a welcome

Last June, a lady from London took her little, frisky Skye terrier, that she calls "Pet," and went to the West to pass the summer at the home of Trip and Jack. The first thing Pet did, when he entered, was to rush through the house, chasing the nice cat out into the yard. Now pussy couldn't understand this, for Trip and Jack never molest her, and she lives in peace. Pet at once made friends with the dogs, for they gave him a kind welcome, and when he saw how kind they both were to Kitty, he followed their example, and never troubled her again. It was really a pretty sight to see the four eat together, and appear so friendly and happy.

Poor Trip has become blind in one eye, and a few weeks ago he met with a sad accident. While running to make acquaintance with a stranger dog, a carriage ran over him, and broke his leg. Trip's cry brought his faithful friends to his side. A kind lady took him in her arms, and carried him to a comfortable lounge, while Jack and Pet followed, watching every movement.

Poor Trip suffered intensely, and soon fainted away, but as water was thrown in his face he revived, and his young master came in with a kind doctor, who examined his leg, and putting the bones in place, he put the leg in splints, and soon a long white bandage was bound around it, and securely fastened. Trip moaned and cried while the doctor performed this painful operation, but he submitted to it, as he knew it was all for his good, and behaved like a wise man; but Jack and Pet thought the doctor was very unkind to make poor old Trip suffer; so they resolved to prevent it, and rushed up to him, barking furiously, when the mistress was obliged to drive them from the room, lest they should hurt the kind doctor. Trip's young master carried him three or four times each day, from his bed to the yard, where he could inhale the fresh air, and there he ate his tender little pieces of beef, while Jack and Pet would watch him. Then they followed close by his side, as he hobbled about the yard, as if they would like to lend him one of their well legs, if possible.

Trip is now nearly well. The splints are taken off, and his leg has become nearly as strong as ever. Pet has returned to his city home, more patient and quiet than ever before, having learned a lesson from Trip and Jack which he will never forget. I hope the little readers will always be very kind to the dumb animals, and try to make them comfortable and happy.

MAUDIE'S CART.

MAUDIE had a cart. It was red, and it had two wheels and a handle.

Maudie took her cart out with her everywhere she went except to church, and once she took it there.

The Sunday before the good pastor had asked his people to give money to send to some poor little children whose fathers

and mothers had been drowned, and whose homes had been swept away by a great flood. He asked them to bring anything they could spare, for, he said, those little folks had nothing at all left. The cruel waters had taken away everything.

Maudie heard every word he said, and she felt very sorry for those little children.

The next day the church was open for folks to bring their things to send to the poor children.

Maudie filled her little cart with toys, and drew it down to the church.

"Here are some things for the children," she said.

"They don't want such rubbish," crossly said a woman.

"I thought they'd like something to play with," said Maudie, with tears in her soft, brown eyes.

"So they do, darling," said the pastor, "and your toys shall go."

"The child is giving her dearest treasure," said he, holding up the cart. "How many of you can say the same?"

Maudie did not know it, but the people of that church gave more things than they had meant to give, after Maudie had given her red cart.

WRITING LETTERS.

"I WISH mamma would not go away," said Ethel. "I want to ask her what I had better have for my doll's sash."

"I've got a headache," sighed Bessie, "and I want mamma."

"When will she come back, nurse?—to night?" asked Willie.

"Not yet," said nurse, "why she only went this morning. Suppose you all write letters to her, and we will send them by the post."

The children were delighted, and when they were provided with pencils and paper, they set to work.

Ethel wrote: "My dear mamma, I hope you are quite well. It is a wet day. I hope you will come home soon.—Your loving Ethel."

Bessie wrote. "My darling mamma, I send my love.—Bessie."

Willie and Kate could only make strokes and o's; and the twins scribbled all over the paper, but when mamma got the six letters next morning, there was one word she could read quite plainly in them all, and that word was—LOVE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MAY 27.

LESSON TOPIC.—Moses sent as a Deliverer.—Exod. 3. 10-20.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 8. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

JUNE 3.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Passover Instituted.—Exod. 12. 1-14.

MEMORY VERSES, Exod. 12. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5. 7.