

CLEVER PRINCE.

"Shake hands, Prince!"
 So black and white, and curly too,
 Is the dog I introduce to you;

He gives at once his
 right-hand paw,
 None a softer one ever
 saw.

"Speak, Prince!"
 You'd think from that
 first growling
 note,
 He'd a bumblebee in-
 side his throat.
 'Tis not a bee but only
 a bark;
 For answer, shrill and
 eager, hark!

"Roll over, Prince!"
 He'll do all other
 things you ask;
 But this is a task, a
 dreadful task.
 He hates the dust on
 his silky hide,
 And in the fringe of
 his ears beside.



Jug. H. Plinke.

"Ah, Prince! ah, Prince!
 Do you call that minding? Yet I find
 Yours is a common way to mind:
 Willing to do what you like to best;
 And only halfway doing the rest."

Sometimes children think that Christians are only grown-up people. No, little one, if you are old enough to understand that a Saviour died to save you, and you want to follow him, you too can be a little Christian.