

Tray pawed, and whined, and on Fred's knee  
 Poised his cold nose the *Mere* to see.  
 "Good dog!" she said, "good dog, nice dog!  
 Did you help them to get the log?  
 My fair-haired boy has gone to-day  
 To get me chips, he would not play;  
 Ah, if he'd come how glad I'd be,  
 For he is all the world to me."  
 "Come Tray!" said Fred, "let's hunt for Bob!"  
 And off they went, the boys and dog;  
 Tray barked and ran, they reached the hill,  
 And rushed pell mell down to the mill.  
 The men at work said they had seen  
 A fair-haired boy just at the green.  
 Not on the hill, not on the lea,—  
 With a fierce bark Tray sought the sea.  
 A shriek, a splash, help! was the cry,  
 And two small hands were tossed on high;  
 The hair looked on the wave like gold,  
 But the young heart beat stout and bold;  
 For quick as thought, Tray reached the pier,  
 And wild and loud the boys did cheer,  
 "Good Tray! good Tray! nice dog! nice dog!  
 Cling to the chips, we'll save you, Bob!"  
 "Help off my boots! toss me a limb!  
 I'll save poor Bob, for I can swim."  
 And kind young Fred and nice dog Tray  
 Saved fair-haired Bob from death that day.

## WHY.

Dost thou ask the reason why,  
 Wondering that there's no reply?  
 Standest thou in shadow deep,  
 Longing for death's dreamless sleep?  
 Walking silently and sad,  
 Vainly hoping to be glad,  
 Art thou seeking through the gloom  
 To discern love's flowers in bloom?  
 Tears of anguish hotly fall;  
 Bitter words of grief recall  
 Plighted faiths of long ago  
 In the restless ebb and flow  
 Of youth's wild, impulsive sea,  
 Gliding now so peacefully.  
 Troubled soul, with pain oppressed,  
 Struggling for thy freedom blessed;  
 Hush thy plaint, for God is nigh,  
 He will tell the reason why;  
 Patient wait and trust His grace  
 Till you meet Him face to face,  
 Till His voice in accents sweet  
 Fill thy soul with joy complete;  
 And thou learn'st above the sky—  
 Joyful thought!—*the reason why.*

CROLL.