



THE SAGACIOUS HORSE.

OLD DOBBIN was quietly grazing in the meadow, when he heard a scream and a splash in the neighbouring pond. Raising his head, he saw his little playmate, Walter, who had often ridden, safely held in his father's arms, on Dobbin's back, sinking in the water. Now, what do you suppose the old horse did? He didn't get a bit flustered nor "lose his head," as people say. He coolly waded out into the deep water, and catching the child's clothes in his teeth, brought him safely ashore, as you see in the picture, just as the child's mother ran up, screaming as if she were crazy, for fear her little boy would be drowned. Don't you think Old Dobbin got an extra mess of oats that day? I do.

ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—ah! ah, me!
'Tis hard to tell;
Yet we love him well.

"BE PATIENT, MY DEAR."

"MOTHER," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he will not let me tell him how to put the figures," said Mary, very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, sup-

pose you try to teach him one in patience; and perhaps, when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both."

Mary hung her head; for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, and she began to think that perhaps she deserved to be blamed as well as Henry.

WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

THERE is no little child too small
To work for God;
There is a mission for us all,
On each bestowed.

'Tis not enough for us to give
Our wealth alone;
We must entirely for him live,
And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,
Christ will not slight
The lowliest little one, so he
With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,
Are round us still;
God does not always ask our gold,
But heart and will.