



SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

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A young gentleman bought a hunting-mare from a farmer at Malton, in England, and took her with him to Whitby, a distance of nearly sixty miles. One Wednesday morning the mare was missing from the field where her owner had placed her. A search was made for her, but with no success.

The next day the search was renewed. The owner and his groom went some ten miles, and were told that the mare had crossed the railway the morning before. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high-road to her old home at Malton.

Six men had tried, but in vain, to stop her. At a place called Pickering, she jumped the railway gates, and then, finding herself in her old hunting country, made a bee-line for home. In doing this, she had to swim two rivers, and cross a railway.

She was found at her old home, rather lame, and with one shoe off, but otherwise no worse for her gallop of nearly sixty miles across the country—all done in one day, for her old owner found her on Wednesday night, standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for two previous years. Was she not a pretty clever horse?

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Ralph could hardly put his mind on his lessons, he was thinking so much of the new suit of clothes that would be his after school.

New suits did not fall to Ralph's lot very often. His father had been dead several years, and his mother had to support her boy and herself by taking in sewing.

Sometimes the brave boy felt as though things were not quite right when he saw the good clothing of the other boys, and looked at his own shabby clothes, or watched his playmates' mothers as they read or entertained, and remembered his own mother sewing hard at home.

Ralph was such a merry, good-hearted boy that the wealthier boys preferred his company to others of their own rank.

Miss Dale, the teacher, looked uneasily at the corner where Ralph and his friends sat. They were all such mischievous boys, and yet they generally recited their lessons fairly well.

"I forbid any whispering or communication whatever this afternoon," she said, as they took out their books.

The boys looked disappointed. Ralph put his head down and prepared to study.

"Say, Ralph, can you come up after tea to-night?" whispered one boy, after a silence of a few minutes.

Ralph had forgotten the teacher's injunction. "I guess so. What are you going to do?" he whispered back.

"Oh, it's a kind of surprise; mother won't tell us anything about it."

"I'll be on hand, if mother doesn't need me," Ralph said, as he turned back to his lesson.

Miss Dale had been watching that particular corner all the afternoon. She had seen who whispered and who did not. The school bell rang out clearly at half after three o'clock.

Every boy and girl sat in readiness to rise at the three taps of the bell on Miss Dale's desk. Miss Dale rose and stood before them. "All who have communicated with their classmates this afternoon may stand," she said.

That meant a whole hour after school of sitting quietly with one's arms folded. To

Ralph it meant waiting two or three weeks longer for his suit, for his mother could not leave her work again very soon; but it also meant a falsehood if he did not stand.

"I'd rather wait a year for it than do that," Ralph thought bravely, although it was hard work to keep the tears back.

"Keep your seat, Ralph; she'll never know the difference. We are not going to stand," the boys whispered as he half rose in his seat.

But Ralph stood erect. Not another boy or girl was standing.

"I am sorry if you made all that disturbance, Ralph," Miss Dale said, gravely; but Ralph never flinched.

"Tom Bailey, Ed. Sampson, Taylor Horton, and Sam Finch may remain after the rest have passed out. The school is dismissed;" and Miss Dale tapped her bell and smiled at Ralph.

Ralph hurried home. "I'd never tell a lie, mother, for such a little thing. I hope I'll never tell one," he said, after telling the incident to his mother.

"I hope you will not, my boy. Even if one is not rewarded here as you have been, one will surely gain a better reward above," his mother said.

Ralph quite agreed with her.

A PET COW.

We have all heard of pet dogs and pet cats and pet birds, but I read of a cow, not long ago, that was really a pet. She looked just like an ordinary black cow, it is said. She followed her owner's children around but she behaved in the strangest way, for like a dog, and would not be separated from them if she could possibly help it. When the children were at home, the cow would stay quietly in the pasture. But when the children went out, she would leave the pasture and follow behind them, even jumping over fences so that she might be with them.

THE RAINBOW.

Look up to the sky, little sister!
Do you see the rainbow, set
With orange and blue and yellow,
With green and with violet?

Do you think when the dear, dear Father
Put the shining bow up there,
He made it in beautiful colors
To show us how heaven is fair?

The streets of the city are yellow,
And the tree of life is green,
And the light is as clear as crystal
That shines through a golden sheen.

And in purple and blue and crimson
The wonderful walls uprising,
While through pearly gates like the clouds
are,
We shall enter into the skies.