

## HE MAKES HIS MOTHER SAD.

He makes his mother sad,  
The proud, unruly child,  
Who will not brook  
Her warning look,  
Nor bear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,  
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,  
Can e'er forget  
His mighty debt  
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,  
Who turns from wisdom's way ;  
Whose stubborn will,  
Rebelling still,  
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,  
And sad his lot must prove ;  
A mother's fear,  
A mother's tears,  
Are marked by God above.

Oh ! who so sad as he  
Who, o'er a parent's grave,  
Too late repents,  
Too late laments,  
The bitter pain he gave ?

May we ne'er know such grief,  
Nor cause one feeling sad ;  
Let our delight  
Be to requite,  
And make our parents glad

## THE DUMB HERO.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full. The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie belonging to one of the emigrant groups went from one to another, wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling.

While all this was going on a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the

Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe ; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted toward the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crushing noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed, dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West, passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men and frolicsome boys, had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

## GIVE THE BEST OF THYSELF TO THY CHILDREN.

A lady gave us a rule, by which she had succeeded in interesting her lively fun-loving boys, so they preferred to remain at home evenings instead of seeking amusement elsewhere.

She said, "I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children ; sometimes we play one game, and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that anyone could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening and to arrange something entertaining."

"When there is a good concert, lecture, or