



KIND ROVER.

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Rover is not one of those snarling little curs that "delight to bark and bite." He has a good strong voice and a sound set of teeth of his own, but he does not seem to think they were given him for the purpose of annoying or injuring his neighbours, so he keeps his bark for burglars and his bite for beef bones. When an impudent puppy yelps at him as he goes along he makes no reply; he just raises his nose a little higher in the air and passes on. When an evil-disposed dog is on the point of attacking one that is smaller and weaker than himself he first looks up the street and down the street to make sure that Rover is not in sight, for he knows that Rover will not willingly allow the weak to be oppressed. When any one falls into the water, his scream is very likely to be speedily followed by Rover's plunge, for it does not take him very long to get to any particular spot if he should not happen to be there just at the moment. Once and again he has dragged a drowning boy ashore or kept him afloat till further help arrived. This time it is one of his own species that he is bringing to land. Even dogs can be drowned, especially when they are young and inexperienced and undertake a long swim. It was good for this one that a better swimmer than himself got sight of his sinking

head, plunged in to his rescue, dived beneath him, bore him to the surface, and with wonderful adroitness and skill, supported him to the bank. Kind, noble Rover! it is no wonder that all the dogs respect him, and that all the boys are fond of him.

WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

BY ELIZABETH TILLEY.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbour of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house, she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey; and while he was away, some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was, for that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball; but Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came (it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out), Snowball ran to him at once and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his, and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him down stairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say: "This puppy has got in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh, and how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy; and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house.

NEVER.

Children are sometimes tired of being told what to do. An exchange offers this brief list of things not to do:

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness, the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help. —*Sunday-school Messenger.*

WORDS OF TRUTH.

A young man once wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking three questions. The reply was:

"1. The three best books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary.

"2. To attain 'real success?' Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

"3. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed." —*The Young Disciple.*