



DON HERO.

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YOU need not be 'fraid of him, Mr. Policeman,
I won't let him hurt you. He's kind as can be.
He knows he must walk like a real noble guards-
man
When out with his mistress, and that, sir, is me.

His name is Don Hero, because he's so brave, sir.
When I was a baby, oh, long, long ago,
He carried me out of a house that was burning :
He's the bravest old dog in the city, I know.

My mamma just trusts me with Hero all day, sir,
He's better than nurses, he always stays by ;
He lies on the grass, and you'd think him asleep, sir :
But, oh, it's so funny ! he just sleeps with one eye.

You just ought to see when a dog comes to plague me,
Or if naughty boys tease me, my patience to try,
One look at his teeth, and the dogs take their heels, sir,
And the boys keep their distance, I guess you know why.

He's the finest old dog that a child ever had, sir,
He begs for his meals, and he always says, "Thanks."
My ma says he thinks life a serious thing, sir,
For he will not put up with nonsensical pranks.

You needn't be 'fraid of him, Mr. Policeman,
As long as you're gentle and kind on your bout ;
But if you should ever be cross to his mistress,
Why, all that I say is, You'd better look out !

—Fannie Bolton.

LILLY'S ENEMY.

MOTHER, there is such a disagreeable
girl at school ; she pulled my hair
this morning and called me a cry-
baby," said Lilly, looking up with
tearful eyes into her mother's face.

"Oh, you cannot think what a horrid girl she is ;

nobody likes her. I wish Mrs. Marshland would send her away from our school"; and Lilly's iron came to a standstill.

"What is the name of the dreadful girl, and where does she live?" asked Mrs. Rushton ; putting her arm around her little daughter in token of sympathy.

"She is called Dora Hilton, and lives in Grangeroad with her grandmother. I think her father and mother are dead."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Rushton.

"Mother, why do you call her 'poor child'?" cried Nellie, excitedly ; "she is my enemy."

"Isn't she a poor child if she has no parents? Now, suppose you were to try to turn this enemy into a friend?"

"Oh, mother, I couldn't!"

"I think you could. What did Jesus tell us to do to our enemies?"

"He told us to love them," answered Lilly, hanging her head ; "but really I could never love Dora Hilton."

"Have you tried?" asked Mrs. Rushton, gravely. "When Dora pulled your hair and said rude things, what did you do?"

"I—I made faces at her," stammered Lilly, ashamed at the recollection.

"That was not very kind. Well, now, to-morrow try a different plan. Watch for an opportunity to help Dora in some way, and if she speaks rudely answer pleasantly."

Lilly thought this advice very hard to follow, but resolved to try.

The very next day came an opportunity. Dora had forgotten her spelling-book, and tried to borrow one, in order to look over her lesson before the class.

But none of the girls would lend her a book, for they all disliked Dora.

Lilly hesitated a moment, and then went quietly to her. "You may have my book," she said, pleasantly. "I know my lesson."

Dora looked very much surprised, but took the book, without even saying "Thank you," and Lilly felt just a little mortified.

That night Lilly added to her usual evening prayer these words : "Oh, dear Lord Jesus, help me to love my enemy?" and somehow she felt very happy as she crept into bed.

For several days Lilly continued to do little kindnesses for her disagreeable schoolfellow whenever she found an opportunity, but without much apparent result.

One afternoon as she was walking home from school, she heard a voice calling : "Lilly—Lilly Rushton, wait for me ; I want to speak to you."

It was Dora, who came up breathless with the haste she had made.

"Tell me why you have been so pleasant to me this week?" she began abruptly.

"Because I want to make you my friend instead of my enemy," answered Lilly, quaintly ; then