

*FAITHFULNESS.*

In these days when so many people are false to the trusts committed to them, an incident like the following is worth remembering:—

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day when he was watching his flock, a hunter came out of the woods, and asked:—

“How far is it to the nearest village?”

“Six miles, sir,” answered the boy; “but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed.”

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said: “My lad, if you will leave your sheep and show me the road, I will pay you well.”

“I cannot leave my sheep, sir,” rejoined Gerhardt. “They will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers.”

“Well, what of that?” queried the hunter. “They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn’t be much to your master, but if you think necessary, I myself will stay and take care of them while you go and mark my path.”

The boy shook his head. “The sheep,” said he, “do not know your voice, and”—

“And what? Can’t you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?” asked the hunter angrily.

“Sir,” said the boy, “you tried to make me false to my trust; how do I know that you would keep your word?”

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly conquered him. He said: “I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy.

I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself.”

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly.

Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke who owned all the country around. The Duke was so pleased with the boy’s honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years, Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day, and to these qualities he attributed his success.

*KATIE’S DROLLERIES.*

OUR little Katie’s droll speeches have amused us so often that I have written them down from time to time, for the benefit of some children.

She was told by a young man, when she was three years old, as she sat on his lap, that if she was good she might one day be an angel have wings, and fly up to heaven. She was quiet for a moment, then looking up, said, “I don’t want to have wings, for papa might think I was a bird and shoot me when he goes hunting.”

On being asked by her father, at the table one day, which part of the fowl she would have, she said, “I would like a piece of his bosom.”

After a sleepless night her mother said she had been suffering with neuralgia, Katie, leaning on her lap, said, “Mamma, did you suffer under Pontius Pilate?”