

## Wise Dogs.

A gentleman tells the following anecdote about one of his dogs, which was evidently able in some mysterious fashion to tell the days of the week:—

'I had reared from a pup a shepherd's dog who, like many of this particular breed, showed remarkable intelligence, combined with the sweetest temper. She was a great favorite in the family, but looked upon me especially as her master. I had occasion to leave home at that time, returning regularly at the end of three weeks, sometimes longer, but always on a Saturday.

No one saw the dog leave the

door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and after having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. — 'Child's Companion.'

## The Sorrowful Caterpillar.

Once there was a little brown caterpillar, who had a beautiful mother whom he had never seen. This mother was a butterfly with lovely wings, who flew about all day long. It was not her fault that the little caterpillar had never seen her, for she hovered about him from sunrise to sunset. But his eyes could only

he is really going to be a butterfly.'

At last he awoke to life—a new life. The first thing he felt was a strange cramped sensation. With great effort he thrust his head out of his prison, and then dragged his body out, and sat limp and wet on the edge of the cocoon.

The kind sun shone gently over him, and warmed and dried him. The sweet air and the blue sky filled him with joy.

Looking about him he saw crowds of winged creatures flitting to and fro. It was the first time the idea of wings had ever come to him.

'I believe I could fly, too, if I had wings like that,' he said to himself.

The most beautiful butterfly of all moved softly toward him.

'Try and see,' said a voice that sounded strange and sweet.

He did not stop to question or think, but made an effort to obey.

Beautiful shining wings spread themselves upon his back and bore him up and up. He had found a power that he had never even dreamed of.

'Now,' he said, 'I will go and look for my mother.'

But when he turned to seek her, he found her at his side.

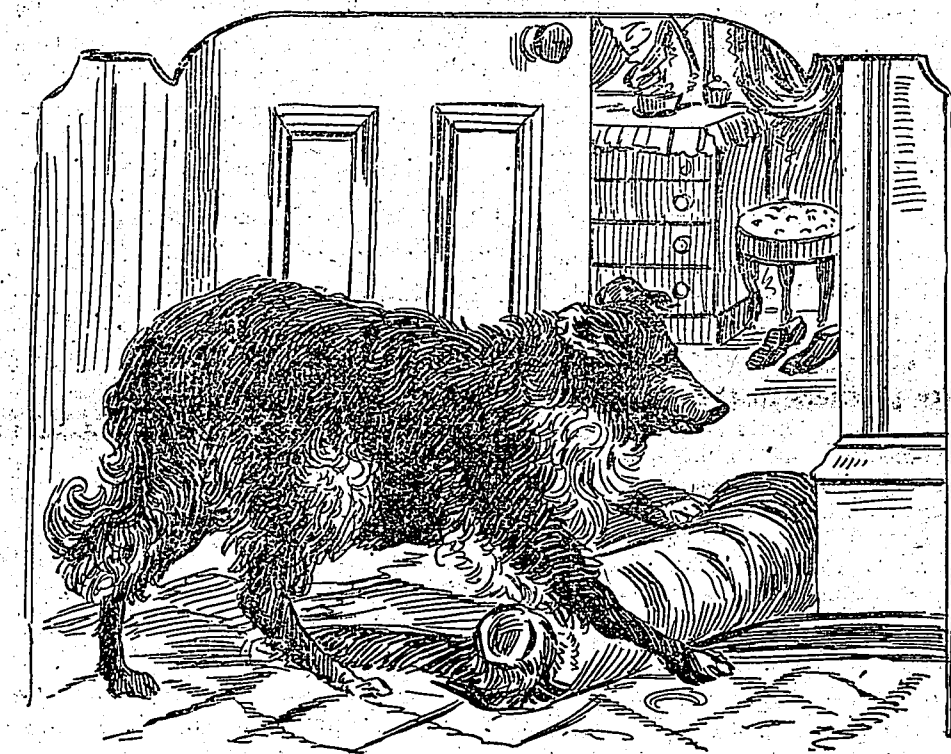
'I have been with you all the time,' she said softly, 'but you could not see.'

Sometimes we wish and wish and long to see our dear Lord. And some time we shall leave our bodies here and shall find him and be like him, and learn that he has been ever near us. It was only that our earthly eyes could not see him. Let us pray that we may feel God's presence, if we may not see him. — 'Mayflower.'

## Little Brothers.

Some boys and girls are always saying, 'What's the harm?' If you tell them not to go to this or that place, not to look or speak or act so and so, their ready answer is always waiting on the tongue-tip, 'Why, what's the harm?' And sometimes it is hard to make them see that a thing which is not quite black, hateful, wicked, wrong, may be wrong and hurtful to do in certain times and places.

Stories are such helps and lights in understanding things that I shall have to tell you one. Harold was a little fellow who had never been to school in all his little life. He did



house except on such days as I returned. But as certainly as I came home did I find my friend waiting for me, sitting bolt upright at a turn of the road, half a mile from the house. When I appeared in sight she scampered with the speed of a steam-engine to meet me, loud in her rejoicings, and greeted me very boisterously.

A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room, slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bed-room had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner.

Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the

see a little way, and he could not look up to where she was.

So he stayed down on the ground, always grieving and sorrowful. He wanted his mother so! He could not see that she was near, but he got an idea that if he could only put off his fur coat, he could go and find her.

So he pulled and tugged and strained, but he could not get it off. He bruised himself all over in his efforts, but they were in vain.

At last he was so tired he felt ready to die. He lay down too weary to care what did become of him. He had just enough strength left to spin a soft cocoon and creep into it, and there he lay stark and stiff and seemingly dead.

His beautiful mother looked down pityingly upon him as he lay deaf to every sound, blind and motionless, and she said tenderly, 'Now