

new face much prettier than the old one, and gave him a flaxen wig, which he had never before possessed.

He looked so beautiful that the baby cried to have him back. But nurse said: 'No; he is going where he will be better appreciated.'

She sent him down to the house of the little Grays, which was near the corner, and little Polly Gray admired the donkey-man so much that he was put upon the mantel shelf as too handsome to be played with. There he stands to-day, and if you look at him you can plainly see that he possesses more spirit than any one in the house!

Fortunate donkey-man. Everything that happened to him, you see, turned out for the best.

### Rover in Church.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,

A beautiful, quiet, sunny day,  
And all the village, old and young,  
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.

The windows were open, and breezes sweet  
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.

Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch,  
Sang as softly as if in church.

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer,

There came a knock at the door,  
'Who's there,

I wonder?' the gray-haired sexton thought,

As his careful ear the tapping caught,

Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,  
The boys on the back seat turned around.

What could it mean? For never before

Had any one knocked at the old church door.

'Again the tapping, and now so loud,

The minister paused, (though his head was bowed).

Rappety-rap! This will never do;  
The girls were peeping, and laughing, too!

So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,

Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,  
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog

Right up the centre aisle he pattered.

People might stare; it little mattered,

Straight he went to a little maid,  
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,

And there sat down, as if to say:  
'I'm sorry that I was late to-day;  
But better late than never, you know;

Besides, I waited an hour or so,  
And couldn't get them to open the door

Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.

Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,

And hear what the minister has to say!

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!

But the big dog nestled close to her side,

And kissed her dog-fashion, tenderly,

Wondering what the matter could be.

The dog being large (and the sexton small),

He sat through the sermon and heard it all,

As solemn and wise as any one there,

With a very dignified, scholarly air!

And instead of scolding, the minister said,

After the service, 'I never knew  
Two better listeners, than Rover and you!'

—James Buckham, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

### Charlie's Prayer.

Charlie's grandmother went often to the Old Ladies' Home to visit the inmates and cheer their hearts with little gifts of flowers or fruits, a sympathetic word or a whispered prayer.

Charlie had fallen into the way of going with her, until at last every week saw him helping grandma up the front steps of the Home. To be sure, the top of his head only came to grandma's elbow, but he felt very large and strong.

The dear old ladies in the Home grew very fond of their little visitor, and watched for his coming

eagerly. His bright face was like sunshine to them in their quiet, uneventful lives.

One day old Mrs. Adkins fell sick, and she lay in her little room a long time. Because she suffered very much and grew no better, she found it hard to be patient, so grandma went often to see her.

One week grandma wasn't well, so Charlie went alone to see their friends. He went about from room to room, making a little call in each till he came to No. 19, where Mrs. Adkins lay. His heart ached with sympathy as he stood beside her and saw the tears in her eyes.

'Could I hold your head?' he asked anxiously. 'Mamma likes to have me when her head aches.'

'No, thank you, deary. Your soft little hand couldn't reach my pain. No one but God can cure it.'

Charlie felt that he must do something, so, remembering grandma's habit, he asked quaintly, 'Shall we have a little word of prayer?' just as he had heard her say it.

Even in her pain the old lady smiled, but she only said, 'I should be very glad, dear.'

Down went Charlie on his knees; his chubby hands were clasped and his blue eyes reverently closed as he said: 'Dear Jesus, she is very sick, and she's suffering worse than if she had a bad headache. If she's too sick to be cured, please let her go to sleep and wake up in heaven. Amen.'

Much relieved, he stood up and reached for his cap. Mrs. Adkins put her arm about him as she said, tenderly, 'I think Jesus has helped me already, and I just want to tell you I'd rather God would answer that prayer than any other you could have thought of. I have so many dear ones waiting for me in heaven, and no one here any more. Good-bye, little comfort.'

The next time Charlie and grandma visited the Home the little room was empty, for Mrs. Adkins had gone to sleep a few days before, and wakened in heaven.—'Christian Work.'

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