



BRUNO AND THE GIRL BOY.

Bruno.

ALLY and her pet dog Tip were standing in the yard by the side of Bruno, waiting for Henry to join them on their way to school. And who is Bruno? Bruno is Henry's dog, and a right fine fellow he is. Would you not like to make his acquaintance?

"That is Henry's pony," said our friend as we drove into the yard. What do you suppose we were looking at? Why, a great, shaggy Newfoundland dog. The huge fellow was hurrying to meet us, and seemed almost ready to leap into the sled. How comically he tossed his head, as he barked out a mild welcome, and how his great black eyes glistened! He was glad to see us, and no wonder, for his young master was sitting in the front seat of the large sled with the reins in his hand. Did you ever see a Newfoundland dog greet his best friends among the girls and boys? Yes, of course you may, and you know better than to let him have it all his own rough way, don't you, however kind he means to be?

But I must tell you about Henry. Then you will understand what his father meant by eating the dog a pony. Henry is one of those grown-up boys who is not able to walk. Along while ago, while he was yet a baby, a very severe disease came to him, and his mother was much afraid that he would not live. But God

did not allow the illness to take Henry's life. It was so violent, though, that when the little boy was able to leave his bed again it was found that the use of his limbs. His hands and arms were strong enough, but he could not run about and play, as you and I have done.

It was very sad for poor Henry, and yet it did not make him so unhappy as some might suppose. It was still a pleasure to live. He could see, and feel, and hear, and everything looked and sounded so beautifully all around him. He was not so unfortunate as those who, while they live, cannot see the pretty flowers nor hear the merry birds in the trees. All nature was open to him, and he looked upon it with joy. His father used to carry him along sometimes when he went abroad. Often the great wagon would be drawn up before the door, and then Henry would enjoy the ride as well as any one. Once in a while he was taken out in a neighbor's carriage with the other children, and very much pleased was he with such trips.

After a while Henry became old enough to go to school. But how was he to get there? He liked his books, and he was pleased with his school-fellows, but he was not able to hurry along to the school-house, as the others did. Still he became a pupil at the school. For a while he was carried to and from the place in the family conveyance. But that took so much of his father's valuable time that it seemed as if they ought to find some better way.

It was just at this point that Henry's father brought Bruno home. He was nothing but a little fat and shaggy pup then, but as he became older he grew to be a very large dog, and he and Henry were often together.

What was Henry's delight one day to find that his four-footed friend was ready to be put to service. He actually drew his young master in his little express cart about the yard, and as the owner of the cart directed him. It was not long before Henry had taught him to take the vehicle with its not very heavy burden anywhere upon the place or in the vicinity. That was good fortune for Henry.

And now you should see the two on their travels. Bruno has on a set of harness especially made for a pony-dog, or a dog-pony, whichever you choose to call him. Henry sits behind in his little wagon, line in hand. When everything is ready for the start, the signal is given, and away they go. Bruno keeps up a steady trot, and on smooth ground he makes very good speed.

It was a happy day when Henry drove to school for the first time. The children, no doubt, thought it was a jolly sight to see a dog hitched to a cart and pulling the part of a horse. I remember how I used to wish I had such a dog myself. Perhaps you would like one. But it was something more than sport for Henry. It was his only means of getting to school and home again, and he was pleased with it better than I can tell you.

Bruno soon learned what was expected of him. He accepted of the trot to school as a part of his daily duties and indeed the sole service that was required of him. He has made the journey every pleasant school-day since, and good dog that he is, he seems to like it. He knows that he has a charge to see to and that is a return trip to be made, and so he stays in the yard in the front of the school-house all day till his master is ready to go home again. In this he may remind you of Mary's lamb. But Bruno is a more useful animal about a school-house than Mary's woolly pet, for they

believe that he is very watchful all day long to keep everything out of the school-yard that has no right to be there. You should hear him bark when a stray cow looks over the fence.

I must tell you two incidents which I heard related about Bruno and his young master, and then I must cease talking.

One day, shortly after Henry and Bruno had begun their travels, our young friend went to spend the day at a neighbor's house. Bruno carried him there, and then stretched himself out on the porch to wait. Well, either he became tired with his long resting spell, or he began to feel hungry, at any rate he surprised the good people back at Henry's home by coming up to the door without the cart and its usual occupants. Henry's sister stood on the door-step looking very serious. But she simply said to him, in a quiet way:

"Oh, Bruno! naughty Bruno! He put his head down as if he were ashamed of himself, and started straight back to the neighbor's house. Presently he came trotting along with Henry and the cart behind him, and this time he seemed better pleased with himself. He has never forgotten to wait for his young master since.

Another time Bruno disappeared from the house without leaving any clue as to where he had gone. It was Saturday. Now, you know, Saturday is a day when we have no school, and the teachers and the scholars all stay at home or go somewhere else than to school. But Bruno did not seem to know that. Some time during the day Henry was riding with someone past the school-house when what should he see but his own lushy-haired friend out in front of the school-house door! The faithful dog was there waiting patiently for four o'clock to come and school to be dismissed. Poor Bruno! He had gotten things, both see, a little mixed. I don't know whether Henry was more pleased to see Bruno than Bruno was to see him or not, at any rate, they rode home together in high spirits.

Perhaps I shall tell you more about Bruno some time. This will do, I think, for the present.

Burning Out a Wasp's Nest.

Some time ago, while walking in an American city, we asked a colored man, in one of the parks, the names of the several churches in view. Giving us what information was in him, he said:

"An' dat church I don't know de name of, but dat is de one dat burned down."

"Who burned it?" we asked.

"The sexton," he said.

"Why, how could it be that a sexton would burn down his own church?"



WE ARE SO, SO HAPPY!

"Yin see, sar, dare was a wasp-nest dare, an' de sexton he tried to burn out de wasps."

"Well, did he burn out the wasps?" we asked.

"Yes, sar; he burned out de wasps, an' he burned down de church, too."

We meditated on this story as we walked. Wasps have their uses; but so far as we are able to discern, not in churches. Their utilities are decidedly non-ecclesiastical. But sometimes wasps will come into churches. It is very undesirable to have them there. One thing may be said of these insects, the less you trouble them the less harmful they are. Another thing is obvious that a greater evil may be brought to pass by an attempt to be rid of a smaller evil. It was bad to have the wasps; it was worse to be compelled to rebuild the church.

And yet, perhaps, the apparent disaster was providential, and the moral which Christianity may learn may be worth the money spent in rebuilding the church.

Into a church membership wasps may come. If, when they are in their nest, the nest can be quietly lifted, and it and its inhabitants set in the open field, so much the better; but don't let us destroy a church to destroy a wasp's nest. Let the evil be borne awhile. By-and-by the time will come when the wasps will depart, or be in such a condition that they can be removed with impunity. But whenever any Christian society shall determine to free itself

of the wasps, let it be careful as to its modes of extermination; above all, let it heed the counsel to avoid burning wasps out.



AMUSEMENTS.

Conundrums.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? Safe robbery, of course.

Why is a proud person like a show-bill? Because they are both stuck up.

Why is a hen like the British Possessions? Because her son (son) never sets.

Where is a man most likely to find continually, peace, prosperity and happiness? In the dictionary.

Why are seeds when planted like gate-posts? Because they are planted in the earth to prop-a-gate.

Who of Shakespeare's characters was fondest of chicken? Macbeth, for he murdered "most foul" (fowl).

THE HARE AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

My lady lay out on the floor.

Her big blue eyes were full of wonder.

For he had never seen before.

That hare in the corner door.

What kept the hare so near a snouter?

He leaned toward it, it glisten'd.

The mirror-halter brand within.

Until two clocks, like rose-red.

Lay side by side, then softly said.

"I can't get out, can you, come in!"

—DANIEL M. CHANNING.

Seeming Failure. Oftentimes our failures have been the beginnings of our best success. Many a man has risen up glad that the thing he loved most was taken away from him. In the incompleteness of his knowledge he said: "This is failure; this is disappointment; this is ruin; this is very much like cruelty in the rule of God over human life." But in one year, or in ten, that man came to say, "Thank God it was all for the best!"

"And above the rest this note will swell, My Jesus hath done all things well."

The Lord's Prayer from A. D. 1200 to 1881.

It is quite interesting to note the changes in the English language during the past six hundred years, as shown in the following forms of the Lord's Prayer:

A. D. 1258.

Fader ure in heave halowwe beoth thi meime, cunen thi kunerliche, thi will beoth ioh in huene and in the euerich. Dawe bried gif us thiik dawe. And wozif ure dettes as vi vorafen ure dettouras. And lede us noug into temptatioun, but deliuevof uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.

Fadir ure in hevene, Halowed be thi name, thi kingdom come. Thi will be done as in hevene as in erthe. Ourc urche daves bried give us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive oure dettouras. And lede us noug into temptatioun, but deliuev us of

svel. Amen.

A. D. 1611.

Our father which art in heaven, sanctified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven in earth also. Give us to-day our super-substantial bread. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1652.

Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1688.

(Old Version.)
Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

A. D. 1881.

(New Version.)
Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we have also forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

A MARRIAGE POWER.

Spenser tharish thar off a child.
The str strength of the string.

When many hearts are loved with grief
By earth's wild fever'd blast—
Know'st thou that then a word from thee
Will light the sad, dark past?

When desolation and distress
Obscure Hope's flick'ring light—
Know'st thou that then a look from thee
Will nerve one for the fight?

Well, then, this power, O matchless tar,
Which God to thee has given;
A gentle word from thee may wait
Some weary soul to Heaven!

But, Oh, take care! for if this power
Be wrongly used by thee—
What wouldst thou say before thy God,
And what would be the plea?

"This talent of such priceless worth
To thee I gave for aye;
Why hast thou then in fickle mood
Made such a sad abuse?"

The Voyage of the Bluebell.

ONE rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. They had little white sails and tiny flags floating from the tops of the masts. They were gayly painted.

Sixton put his nose into the paint pan, so he was painted too. But it soon wore off.

Mabel's ship was decorated with blue, so she called it "The Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright with scarlet trimmings. A fine-sounding name would be best, she thought. She named hers "The Bride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, they had fine times sailing them. As they were always careful, they were allowed to go down to the lake. There was a little cove, with a bright sandy beach where they played. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other. Back and forth they went, in safety for a while.

There is sometimes danger for ships, however. This the children soon realized. One day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell." She did not sail across to the other side as she had done before, but out by the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong; the blue streamers fluttered bravely in the sunshine. She sailed far away, and at last was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly, as they stood watching her.

"She will come back some time with a load of gold," added Mabel.

"The Bride of the Seas" stuck fast on a mud bank. John, the hired man, with a long pair of rubber boots on, rescued her. And she sailed many a pleasant summer day.

The little girls used often to make little boats from pieces of shingles, with paper dolls for sailors. These they sent out to find the missing ship. "I is many years now since the "Bluebell" started on her long voyage, but she has never returned.

Adelson's Opinion of Wine.

Wine lightens indifference into love, love into jealousy and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.