A YELLOW DOG

Only a common yellow dog; But oh, the heart within! He pulled wee Charlie from the lake— Wee Charlie couldn't swim.

The world was rough; he didn't complain, Or display any spleen, Though he'd no bed, or roof o'erhead, And oh, his sides were lean.

Grateful for a bare bone or crust; For a kind word so glad; The trusting look in his big eyes Somehow made one feel sad.

Some boys a can tied to his tail, With fire-crackers inside; It broke his heart, and from that day He pined away and died.

RAIN SPLASHES

"Aunty, what makes big drops of rain?" " 'Tis, so the story goes, The Moon-Man's wife, as some maintain, On wash day sprinkling clothes.

"She picks up the starry dipper, And dips it in the sea; Then sprinkles big drops of water; Some splash to earth, you see."