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FAITHFUL FIDO.

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LOS ANGELES



FAITHFUL FIDO.

FRANK and his little dog Fido were the admiration of all the neighbours. Wherever Frank was seen, Fido was sure to be found by his side; and wherever Fido went, Frank was certain to follow.

They took long walks together, over plain and mountain, through

woods and lanes; and each was considered the guardian of the other.

Now, Frank was a very little fellow; delicate and tender, but brave, and fond of rambling. When he was absent from home, his parents never feared for his safety, if Fido was known to be with him.

One fine day, the two friends had wandered farther than usual—they had chosen the fine sands on the sea-shore, and went on, and on, and on—Frank picking up shells and weeds, or flinging pebbles into the foamy waves.

At last Frank was tired; and, no doubt, Fido was tired too; so they both sat down amid the rocks, and both fell asleep. They

slept long, forgetful of times and tides, till the waves began rapidly to close around them.

It must have been pretty to see these young slumberers: Frank with his red cheek on Fido's head, and his little arm round Fido's neck,—and no one was near—no noise was heard but that of the approaching waves.

They came nearer and nearer, threatening to overflow the sleepers; and all help far distant! Frank's mother was making dumplings for his dinner; and his sister Fanny was watching the hour of his return!

Alas! will either of them see him again? The water is close upon them!—It was already deep

between them and the shore; for they were up among the rocks. It comes up to the feet of the dog as they lie stretched out. The cold water awakens him—he starts up—barks—and his little master is at once on his feet.

I said Frank was a brave boy—his heart did not fail him. He shouted aloud, and sent his voice up the sides of the cliff. His feeble voice was drowned by the noise of the swelling tide; but Fido, imitating his master, or understanding his danger, barked at the utmost pitch of his voice. Shrill, and prolonged, and repeated—the bark was heard—men saw them from the cliffs—hastened to their aid—and little Frank

was saved, and saved by Fido's call for help.

The dog is a faithful creature, and though he has no reason to direct him, as men have, and no conscience to tell him when he does right or wrong, he is in some things an example to his men-masters. A whole volume might be made up of true incidents, showing the sagacity, fidelity, and courage of dogs.

One of the most remarkable is that mentioned by a traveller in Europe, who owned a fine spaniel. One day, before he left his lodgings in the morning, with the expectation of being absent until evening, he took out his purse in his room, for the purpose of as-

certaining whether he had taken sufficient money for the day's expenses, and then went his way, leaving the dog behind.

Having dined at a coffee-house, he took out his purse, and missing a piece of money, searched for it diligently, but to no purpose. Returning home late in the evening, his servant let him in with a face of sorrow, and told him that the poor dog was very ill, as he had not eaten any thing all the day; and what appeared very strange, he would not suffer his food to be taken away from before him, but had been lying with his nose close to the vessel without attempting to touch it.

On his entering the room the

dog instantly jumped upon him, then laid the lost piece of money at his feet, and immediately began to devour his food with great eagerness.

The truth was now apparent; the man had dropped the money in the morning when leaving the room, and the faithful creature, finding it, had held it in his mouth until the return of his master enabled him to restore it to his own hands; even refusing to eat for a whole day, lest it should be out of his custody!

NOAH'S ARK.

WHILE wicked men, in ancient times,
By daily, unrepented crimes,
Were adding to their guilt;
Warn'd and directed by the Lord,
NOAH, obedient to his word,
An ark of safety built:
There he and his a refuge found,
Preserved, while all the world was
drown'd!

While sinners break the Saviour's
laws,
May I espouse his holy cause,
His gracious message hear;
Then at the last and awful day,
When fire shall melt this earth away,
I shall with joy appear:
Then, in a better world than this,
Arise to everlasting bliss.



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