

led hard at his coat, and whined piteously, but all in vain. At last Tom stopped, from mere exhaustion.

"There now!" he cried, "which is right, you or I?"

"I am," sobbed Dick, "and you tell a lie."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push. Alas! he was too near the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment was gone! Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there, but he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard sidewalk.

"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall out?"

"He didn't fall," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a lie, "I pushed him out."

"You pushed him, you wicked boy," cried a rough voice. "Do you know you ought to be sent to jail, and if he dies, may-be you'll be hung."

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had passed into the store, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him. He caught hold of the rope and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn—he has fainted from pain."

Just then Tom's father came in, and soon understood the case. The look he gave his unhappy son so full of sorrow, not unmingled with pity, was too much for Tom, and he stole out, followed by the faithful Tiger. He wandered to the woods and threw himself upon the ground. One hour ago he was a happy boy, and now what a terrible change! What had made the difference? Nothing, but the indulgence of this wicked, violent temper. His mother had often warned him of the fearful consequences. She had told him that little boys who would not learn to govern themselves, grew up to be very wicked men, and often became murderers in some moment of passion. And now, Tom shuddered to think he was almost a murderer! Nothing but God's great mercy in putting that rope in Dick's way, had saved him from carrying the load of sorrow and guilt all the rest of his life. But poor Dick he might die yet—how pale he looked—how strange! Tom fell upon his knees, and prayed God to "spare Dick's life, and from that time forth, with God's help, he promised that he would strive to conquer this wicked passion."

Then, as he could no longer bear his terrible suspense, he started for Widow Casey's cottage. As he appeared at the humble

door, Mrs Casey angrily ordered him away, saying: "You have made a poor woman trouble enough for one day." But Dick's feeble voice entreated. "Oh, mother, let him come in, I was just as bad as he."

Tom gave a cry of joy at hearing those welcome tones, and sprang hastily in. There sat poor Dick with his hands bound up, looking very pale, but Tom thanked God that he was alive.

"I should like to know how I am to live now," sighed Mrs Casey. "Who will weed the garden, and carry my vegetables to market? I am afraid we shall suffer for bread before the Summer is over," and she put her apron on her eyes.

"Mrs Casey," cried Tom, eagerly, "I will do everything that Dick did. I will sell the potatoes and beans, and will even drive Mr Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs Casey shook her head incredulously, but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market place with their baskets, and never gave up, no matter how warm the day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed faithfully in Mrs Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market, and gave his little son an encouraging smile, but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty, for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he would never forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient, that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentance and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands, but they had been unskillfully treated, and were drawn up in very strange shapes. Mrs Casey would not conceal her grief. "He will never be the help he was before," she said to Tom, "he will never be like other boys, and he wrote such a fine hand, now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If he only had a great city doctor," said a neighbour, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you took him to New York."

"Oh, I am too poor, too poor," said she, and Dick burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done, for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress.

"No, no, anything but that, I can't do that!"

Tiger gently licked his hands, and watched him with great concern. Now came a