

had jumped in at the window, and was standing beside her, eagerly listening.

“You know, dear grandmamma,” he said, “this is my birthday, and I have come to spend half of it with you and aunt; and, first, we are to have a walk, then to take tea together, and, to finish up, you will tell me all about Newfoundland and what you have seen there, ending with the history of the wonderful dog.”

“Stay, stay, my love,” said Mrs. Ward; “it is impossible that I should tell you all I have seen in Newfoundland. I can, however, give you an account of some of your dear grandfather’s missionary journeys, in which he met with many adventures, and, at the close of one trip, fell in with the good man to whom the wonderful dog Box belonged.”

“That’s just what I should like,” said George; and immediately he hastened to find his grandmother’s bonnet and shawl, in which she was quickly arrayed for the walk.