

"Not a word more!" interrupted Jack. "You leave me this night! Now, do you understand?"

When Jack spoke in that tone, Bunny knew he was in earnest. Tears rushed to the lad's eyes, and the red sunlight, falling upon them, made streaks of radiance that almost blinded him. He lost control of his rudder-rope, and the boat swerved around broadside to the waves. Jack spoke angrily to him again, and the boy wished they were in, so that he might run away, away, away, where he would never hear wicked words and see dark looks again. Poor Bunny! Little did he know what a strange life was before him, or that this night's proceedings were to launch him into a career such as had never fallen to another beside himself.

When the boat touched the shore, and was drawn up on the beach, Jack strode off into the cabin. Bunny dared not go. He sat down beside the old boat, which seemed almost like a friend, laid his head upon it, and shivered with the chill wind. Tears came again to his eyes, but he fought them back bravely. Night was fast falling. The stars began to come out. He looked up at them, and wondered if God, who, he thought, was away up above them, could look down through those tiny, bright spots and see the small boy shivering beside the boat on the dark, lonely shore.

"I haven't any folks anywhere," he thought. "There isn't one who cares for me!" and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He almost wished that he could die. Then a patter, patter, sounded on the stony beach behind him. A glad throb shot through Bunny's heart, for he knew that light step. Before he could turn his head, a warm nose was poked in beside his face, and a bushy tail was waving about in the air.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried the boy, clasping his dog-friend to his breast, and burying his face in the black, curly fur. "You care for me, doggie, don't you? I wonder if God sent you to me?"

Bunny did not know very much about God. He had been, a few times, to Sunday-school in the little town whose lights were now twinkling a short distance down the shore. He had picked up some ideas there, but these had set him thinking, and, with the pure heart of an innocent child, he seized upon the fact that there was some bond between him and God. Now, in his loneliness, the boy's heart turned to him as naturally as does the frightened babe to its mother.

"Yes, doggie," he went on, "I guess God sent you to keep me company, didn't he? and to let me know I have one real friend, anyway. Because you love me, doggie, don't you?" And the dog flourished his great tail vigorously, and licked the boy's cheek in assent.

"What will I do now, old boy?" asked the lad, as he nestled his cold fingers against the warm neck of his friend.

Carlo sat down, raised his ears inquiringly, and looked into Bunny's face as though he did not fully understand.

"You see," explained the boy, "Jack will not let me go home any more, so where will I go?"

Carlo gave a short bark, started up, and looked at Bunny again with ears erect, as though he were quite ready to start off at once on a pilgrimage around the world with his young friend.

"If I could only take you, old boy, it wouldn't be so lonely," went on Bunny. "We could sleep together in the green woods, and you would keep me warm at nights, and you could hunt chipmunks in the daytime. But then," he added, "what would I give you to eat? Besides, you belong to Jack."

Again he let his cheek drop down on the glossy coat. It was quite dark now, but the boy was not afraid, with Carlo by him. His eyes grew very thoughtful for those of a ten-year-old lad. He fixed them upon a bright streak on the horizon, across the water, and resolutely attempted to look into