

His grammar wasn't quite the thing, his words were very wild,  
But still I took a liking to that humble, starving child,  
And from my pocket's dim recess I took a sovereign bright—  
Betwixt my finger and my thumb I held it to the light—

"I am not rich, my little man, except in ruddy health,  
This coin I hold within my hand is all I have of wealth,  
Now if I give you this to change you will not use me ill,  
But bring me back the same again?" He said, "You bet I will."

He took the coin and vanished, and I waited on and on,  
Until at last the day began a dusky garb to don,  
And bitterly did I regret the being "done so brown,"  
Deceived through simple cunning by a nomad of the town.

When lo! from out the gath'ring gloom a form upon me broke,  
And then a voice, a weakly voice, "Oh sir, be you the bloke  
As give that 'skid' to brother John?"—the youth was very slim  
And very young,—“for if you be, why, I'm his brother Jim.”

"I've brought you back the money sir," so said the little elf,  
"For brother John he's badly hurt and couldn't come hisself,  
A waggon run'd him over sir," he here began to cry,  
"A waggon run'd him over and—the—doctor—says—he'll die!"

You see an honest heart may beat beneath a ragged coat.  
It follows not that he who hath the Scriptures all by rote,  
Or he who drones the longest prayers or uses grammar right  
Will show the clearest manifest in God Almighty's sight.

For he who spite of deadly hurt or spite of temptings dire  
Still holds to sterling honesty through want's afflicting fire,  
Though poor and barren be his lot, though lowly be his name,  
Is still the God-made gentleman who puts the knave to shame.

F.M.D.

### MY AMERICAN BULL-DOG.

THERE was just one thing which troubled our minds in our quiet suburban home, and that was—burglars. For a long time we refused to believe that our moral atmosphere, in which even gossip languished, could be breathed by feloniously disposed people. We thought we had escaped the vices of the city as well as its taxes. But these dreams of an ideal innocence were to be dispelled. Through our maid, who was a very fair substitute for the morning paper, sinister rumours began to reach us of depredations in the neighbourhood. Now it was a hen-roost which had been relieved of some valuable fowls; and, next, a well-bred but too confiding fox-terrier had been lured from home. The usual offers of a "suitable reward" failed to bring the perpetrators of these acts to justice. One morning we were greeted with the breathless information that a neighbour, a very worthy man who dug wells, had been burglarized, and left to bewail the loss of seventeen dollars.

Then my wife said, "Fitz Eustace, we must get a revolver!"

I was glad that this proposition came from my wife. I had for some time in secret nursed the idea of a revolver, but had feared to announce it. But now, if I shattered a mirror, or perforated the drawing room ceiling, or blew off my own fingers, I could say: "My dear, it was *your* suggestion."

The revolver I purchased was said to be suitable for use on burglars. It was called "The American Bull-dog." I presumed that it could both bark and bite on occasion; but from the great facility with which the hammer fell at unexpected moments, it seemed as though it might also have the bull-dog characteristic of turning on its master. With the "bull-dog" I procured a box of cartridges sufficient in number, if employed with precision, to cause the withdrawal from business of fifty burglars.

Besides the defensive material above mentioned we pos-

sessed a dog of uncertain origin but great barking qualities. Indeed he barked so much that we found it necessary to confine him in the stable at night, and frequently also by day. If let out at the right time he could be relied on to assist in alarming a burglar. I was quite sure he could awake the neighbourhood. Friends had more than once borne cordial testimony to his capacity in this respect.

Then we had a nice steady young man, who looked after our garden and slept over the carriage-house. His name was Ebenezer. He had come to us almost direct from Scotland, unrecommended save by his own frank and guileless countenance. He was one of those people who carry their character in their face. You knew at once that he was to be trusted. You felt ashamed to press him on the subject of recommendations after he had told you, with that slight hesitancy which indicated a manly self-respect, that he had been obliged to sell his overcoat in the winter, and had unfortunately left a large bundle of "characters" in the breast pocket. The proximity of Ebenezer gave us an additional sense of security. An alarm bell in his room was connected with the house. Ebenezer was a good sleeper, but by ringing the bell incessantly we had more than once succeeded in arousing him in the morning.

We now felt prepared for burglars, and listened with new interest for the indications of their presence. I and the bull-dog occasionally attempted to track some of these mysterious sounds which fall upon the ear at night, but we did not find anything material enough to stop a bullet. I was thankful for this. I did not want to shoot a burglar. I did not even want a burglar to shoot me. I always hoped that if it was a burglar he would have the good sense to retire as soon as he heard me moving. With this in view I made a point of banging things about a good deal before I commenced my tour round the house.

At last a night arrived when something more than sound invaded our premises. My wife said, "Is it the burglar?" I said I thought it was—at last. We distinctly heard some one fumbling at one of the windows below, and uttering occasional muffled ejaculations, as if he was annoyed at finding it fastened.

"Fitz Eustace," said my wife, "get up at once, and load the revolver."

"Certainly," I said, proceeding to obey.

"You will not give him any quarter, will you Fitz Eustace?"

"Not a cent," I replied. This was humorous, but with a touch of bitterness. I thought my wife was unnecessarily blood-thirsty, which was less to my liking, as it was not her usual character. She was more like herself when she said, "Perhaps you had better not hurt him very much at first." "That was just my own idea," I answered, "in fact I think I shall fire the first shot into the air." My wife thought that firing into the air would disturb all the neighbours, but I pointed out that firing into the burglar would probably have the same effect. Besides, why shouldn't I disturb all the neighbours? The burglar was a public enemy, and as much their affair as mine. I claimed no exclusive rights as to this burglar.

My wife then asked me if I intended to leave her all alone. This was again unlike her, for she is usually quite logical—for a woman—and could easily see that I could not go downstairs, discover and shoot a burglar, and remain upstairs with her at the same time. I concluded that she was under the influence of panic. It is a curious fact that women—but I digress.

The burglar was singularly accommodating in one respect. He continued his muffled utterances at intervals, thereby enabling me to track his movements around the exterior of the house. I could thus avoid the locality where he was,