

upon him, and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, perceived that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within the reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog did not bring him help. He held up his leg, and it hung at a right angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off toward the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay.

Now observe that this dog was pursuing this boy as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to piety, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he *reasoned* in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right hand of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all mankind for their imitation.—*Cor. Phil. Presbyterian.*

A N E C D O T E S.

THE PEASANT'S QUERY.

An elector of Cologne (who was also an archbishop), one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was surprised at. 'To hear an archbishop swear,' answered the peasant. 'I swear,' replied the elector, 'not as an archbishop, but as a prince.' 'But, my lord,' said the peasant, 'when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?'

HOWARD'S OPINION.

As he was standing one day near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house opposite; and buttoning his pocket up before

he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, 'I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do anything else that is bad.'

ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN

Once when I was returning from Ireland (says Rowland Hill) I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the Captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair-play. 'Stop! Stop!' said I, 'If you please, gentlemen