

A Worthy Member of the Humane Society.

HIS name is 'Old Joe,' and he has saved two lives, so he deserves to have his story told, though he is only an old canal horse, tramping day by day, with treadmill steps, along the narrow path by the water side. Some folks might fancy that he has no ideas beyond the food in his own nosebag, or the stable in which he will rest after the day's work is over; but then they aren't as wise as they think themselves, and they don't know Old Joe as we do, nor what a brave and tender old heart he has, though he looks rather rough to a stranger.

The first life that Joe saved was little Kate's. She was playing on her father's boat and fell overboard just as the barge was passing. There were people about, but the first to see her was the old horse, and he dashed into the water in a moment, caught the child's frock in his teeth and swam to the opposite side of the canal where the bank was low and he could drag her out easily.

It was quite characteristic of Joe to decline after this to swim back. He could make extra exertions when necessary, but he

had no intention of taking another cold bath needlessly when there was no good to be got by so doing, so he was led round by a bridge about a mile from the spot where the accident had happened.

Joe's second exploit was the rescue of the lad who daily drove him on the tow-path. The boy was wrestling with a companion, and in the struggle managed to fall into the water. He could not swim, but Joe could, and while the boatman was searching for a long pole, there was a plunge and a splash and the brave old horse was seen dragging the lad to land. Joe's master is proud of him, but most people, not knowing his history, would hardly glance at the rough-coated old fellow. Ah! it does not do to judge from the outside, and it is not horses only, but men also who get misunderstood at times. It seems to me the best plan not to try and judge other people at all, for no one of us would like to find out one day that we had been looking down upon a neighbour who was a hero all the while, though we had not managed to find it out.

Not Ready.

GEORGE. A black-edged letter, Jem, and a funeral card! I never knew there had been a death in your family?

Jem. No, thank God! no more there has. But all the same, I feel as if some one had struck me a blow when I look at this here card. 'Lewis Adams, aged 28.'

George. Adams! Why, I knew him. That wild young fellow, who came here with the railway lot three years back. Is he dead?

Jem. Aye. A tunnel up on the Yorkshire line fell in and crushed him badly, so the letter says. He only lived two hours. Here's the card.

George (reads). 'Lewis Adams, aged 28. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' That's what the penitent thief said on the Cross.

Jem. Yes.

George. Jem, you know his people. Had he turned less wild since he was here?

Jem. I'm afraid not. Last time I heard of him he was going on in the old way.

George. What! scoffing at religion? Drinking and fighting? He used to say no man should be his master; he'd do just what he chose in spite of magistrate and parson. Some of the lads were carried away