

water was very clear and deep. They played here for some time very happily together, until one of Walter's little vessels seemed to be getting the advantage of all his brother's who, rather provoked at this, stooped down with a long stick in his hand, intending to upset the ship that was beating all his, but leaping too far over the bank, he lost his balance and fell into the water. When Walter saw Robert struggling to keep himself afloat, he rushed immediately towards him, and reached out his hand, which the latter in his terror grasped so violently, that he pulled his brother in after him. Rover, on seeing Robert fall into the water, had started to his feet, but had made no other movement to assist him; hardly, however, had Walter touched the surface of the water, when he felt his arm grasped gently by the faithful animal, and in an instant he was drawn safe on shore; but when he turned to look for his brother he was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, he is drowned! he is drowned!" he exclaimed, as he uttered screams of terror.

"Oh, go, Rover, go and seek for Robert," he added, laying one hand on the dog's head, and with the other pointing towards the water. The animal sprang in immediately, and disappeared. He soon, however, rose to the surface, bearing the body of the child. Walter's screams had now drawn all the family to his assistance, and when the animal dragged the boy from the water, he was immediately carried to the house, and every means used to recover him. In about an hour he regained his consciousness, and found himself in bed, his brother rubbing his hands between his own, and Rover lying on his feet. When

the animal saw him open his eyes, he rose, crouched down by his side and licked his face.

"We will always be friends now, Rover," said Robert, the tears rolling down his cheeks, as he patted the dog on the head; and from that day forth they became the best of friends.

May this little story teach my young readers that it is better and wiser to treat even brute beasts with kindness, for they often have it in their power to requite us, and like reasoning Christian beings they know not that it is right to return good for evil.—*People's Organ.*

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.



DID you ever see a drunkard's child? He knows no comforts, home has no claims for him, for there is no one to care for him there,

no one to sympathise with him, no heart to beat in harmony with his; nothing but curses, quarrels and discords; bereft of every thing that could stimulate morality, or elevate the youthful aspirations of the child.

Can he be good? Can he glorify his Maker by an upright and consistent life? Can he possibly be any thing but a drunkard's child? With him the present is dark and comfortless, the world has no claims for him, and the future is still more dreary. No! there is no hope; he is, and must be a drunkard's child. His parent's example is either stamped on his mind as right, or his mind is so biassed by constant intercourse with intem-