

and pronounced him a useless bit of lumber, when he was telling me about his loss the following day.

"If Lion had done his duty," he said, "the burglars would not have succeeded in getting in," and he gave the dog an angry push away with his foot as he came confidently up to him.

"Lion is growing old," I said. "He has been a good servant to you for a long time; now he is almost past service."

"He's only fit to be drowned," replied he. "Nay," I remarked; "the poor fellow may have a good deal of enjoyment of life yet if he be, as it were, turned out to grass, and you can get a younger one as a watch-dog."

Two days afterwards, as I was sitting in a favorite spot of mine, in a little copse by the side of the noble river that runs through that part of our neighborhood, I saw a boat approaching, in which sat a man and a large dog. As they came nearer I recognized John Whitworth and Lion.

The river was very deep and wide in this part, and the current rang strong. Suddenly Whitworth stopped rowing, and seizing Lion, threw him into the river. He had tied a stone around his neck in order to sink him, and doubtless it would have done so quickly had not the string by which it was tied broken and consequently he rose again to the surface. Whitworth leaned over the side of the boat, and tried to keep him down with his oar. The poor animal saw his intention, and howled piteously, as if crying for mercy. But his master did not intend to show mercy. I ran from my retreat toward the spot to beg for his life, but before I reached it I saw Whitworth overbalance himself in his effort to hold Lion down, and fall into the river.

He was no swimmer, and a cry of horror broke from him as he went over into the water. He sank directly, then rose again. Instantly Lion seized him by the coat, and battling with the strong current, began to try and swim with him to the bank. It was a violent struggle of strength against the stream, but the noble beast triumphed, and brought his burden within reach of my arm. The man was almost senseless when I drew him out, but he soon began to recover. Lion lay completely exhausted, watching his master with eyes of affection, and giving an occasional wag with his tail in token of satisfaction at the result of the affair. Truly he had returned good for evil. He had saved the life of the master who had intended to put an end to his!

There was no need for me to remind Whitworth of this fact as I was inclined to do, for his first words when he spoke were addressed to Lion.

"Poor fellow, good fellow," he said, "you have saved my life when I was trying to drown you; it was all over with me but for you." He was glad of the assistance of my arm to walk toward his home. Lion kept close beside him. I thought it was a moment to speak a word in season.

"Although Lion is but a dog," I remarked "he has exemplified our Saviour's injunction to return good for evil. I think, Whitworth, both you and I may learn a lesson from him. If I were ever henceforth to feel unforgetting to any one, I hope I should resolve that I would not be outdone by a dog in generosity of feeling and conduct."

"I know what you are thinking of, sir," he said; "you are comparing Lion's forgiving me to my not forgiving Mary."

"I certainly was hoping, and do hope, Whitworth, that since you have been so close to death, you may see how sad a thing it would have been for you to have gone into eternity with the sin of anger on your soul toward one who never really gave you just cause for offence. It seems to me that God has this day not only spared your life in a remarkable manner, but that He has done so under circumstances intended to set your besetting sin of unforgiveness strongly before your eyes."

We were close to his home by this time; and as he was quite able to walk the few yards from the gate to the house alone, I shook hands and bade him good-bye. There was a softened look in his countenance, which made me add: "I need scarcely remind you to go and give thanks to God for sparing your life, Whitworth. But will you not also ask Him to show you how you can serve and please Him between this day and the day of the death that must come at last, you know?"

He did not reply but I felt satisfied from his manner that he would think of what I had said. I looked back in a minute or

two and saw him caressing Lion as the dripping pair reached the door of the house.

I was called from home to a sick relative the next day, and it was more than a fortnight before I returned. I had had much to engross my thoughts during my absence, and Whitworth had for the time quite passed from my mind; but as I was passing by his farm the day after I came back, I called to see if he had been any the worse for his adventure. Great was my surprise to find Mary Symonds completely domesticated in the house.

She told me that her uncle had fetched her a week ago, and having quite "made it up with her," as she called it, he had said he wished her to make his house her home in future. She spoke of him with affection, saying how great his kindness was to her and her child.

Whitworth was out, but I met him as I was returning home, and told him how glad I was to have found his niece at the farm, and that I trusted they would have many happy days together.

"You see, sir," he said, "I did not forget what you said to me. I've had a deal of thought over it all since that day, and I felt as if Lion were reproaching me every time I looked at him with being so much better-natured than myself. Yes, sir, the dog taught me a lesson, and I hope I shan't soon forget it."

I have every reason to believe that he never did forget it. John Whitworth was an entirely altered man from that time. He became a regular church-goer and a most devout communicant. Poor Lion lived for nearly two years longer, petted and cared for by his master who owed him so much. I have left that part of the country for some years, but now and then I pay a passing visit to my old parish and friends. The last time I saw John Whitworth, he was still living happily with his niece. Her son is fast growing up to manhood, and will be a great help soon to his uncle on the farm. Whitworth had not forgotten Lion. Taking down a well-cleaned brass collar from a nail in the kitchen, he showed it me, saying—

"It was poor Lion's. Mary kept it bright for his sake. Ah! sir, often when I look at it as it hangs up there, I think to myself, if man's pride would only let him, he may learn many a lesson from brute beasts, though few men get such a one as my poor old dog taught me."—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE HISTORY OF TOMMY.

The following poem is written on the picture of the cat, the subject of the picture story for which prizes were offered in the MESSENGER of January 2nd., but was not sent in competition.

Old Tommy and Tabby once lived in a loft,  
Had a bed in the hay most deliciously soft;  
And 'twas there, on a beautiful sunny morn,  
That the last of a series of kittens was born.  
Both parents, of course, were exceedingly glad;  
And said Tabby, "we'll name the child after his dad;"  
So they christened him Tommy without more ado,  
And by that name I now introduce him to you.

Of Tom's family connection, I need only remark  
That two of his ancestors sailed in the Ark,  
That his dad was Canadian, his ma a Maltee,  
And leave others to trace out his long pedigree.  
Now Tom's dad was a hunter, as were all of his race,  
And like Nimrod of old, he was fond of the chase;  
While Tabby disdained not his labors to share,  
When her kits could dispense with her motherly care.

Strange to say, Tom was born, like the rest of his kind,  
In conditions that rendered him totally blind,  
Till about the ninth day, when to his surprise,  
In some way or other he opened his eyes,  
And saw in existence, so lately begun,  
A world, as he thought, of unlimited fun.  
At Tabby he glanced with his round sparkling eye;  
And she thought she'd seen nothing so cunning and sly;  
So around his soft body her fore paw did steal,  
While she purred out the love that all mother-cats feel.

On his early career though we must not now dwell,

Nor delay our dear readers in order to tell  
How, when scarce had he found out the use of his paws,  
He would scamper and chase after feathers and straws,  
How he'd spring upon Tabby with comical glare,  
Then roll on his back with his paws in the air,

How he'd run in a circle as swift as the gale  
In most earnest endeavors to capture his tail,  
And how he could climb with such infinite ease,  
To the very top branch of the neighboring trees,  
How, in short, it was said that, from first to the last,  
Tom's feats of gymnastics were never surpassed.

You'll observe that Tom sprang of illustrious race,  
Was, in person, possessed of most exquisite grace,  
So you'll pardon poor Tabby as judging therefrom,  
She predicted a future most brilliant for Tom.

As time swiftly passed, Tom as rapidly grew  
In wisdom and stature as other cats do;  
But acquiring bad habits, I'm sorry to say,  
From the pathway of virtue, he wandered away,

With a kind of companions, it must be confessed,  
Whose morals were certainly not of the best;  
And the praises of Tabby, too, added his brain,  
And rendered poor Tommy conceited and vain.

Now Tom was brought up, I may mention to you,  
To have all that he wanted and nothing to do;

And the habit of idleness rapidly grows,  
With but slight cultivation as all the world knows—  
Like the mould that so often is found upon cheese  
Or the fungi that cling to the branches of trees.

As a victim of idleness, Tom would maintain,  
While he looked on all labor with lofty disdain,  
That the chasing of mice and the hunting of rats,  
Was a business degrading to gentlemen-cats.

But a cat that wants mice and that will not pursue 'em  
Will cease to distinguish 'twixt *meum* and *tuum*,

For when he sensations of hunger does feel,  
We'll find him by no means too honest to steal.

And our hero was not an exception to rule,  
For, like all other cats of the same idle school,  
When, at length, he was forced his own living to seek,  
He became, in due time, a contemptible sneak,

Who'd watch for his chance at a half open door,  
To slip in and plunder the house-keeper's store;  
And if no one was near, Tommy found himself able,  
To spring with great ease upon sideboard or table.

And often in quest of his ill-gotten pelf,  
He would climb to the top of the loftiest shelf.  
At length 'twas determined, in seeking relief,  
From the daily inroads of this four-footed thief,

When he'd baffled all other schemes they could contrive,  
To offer reward for him dead or alive.  
When Tom was thus forced for his safety to roam,  
Deprived of all sympathy, shelter, and home,

A target at which to throw stone or brick-bat,  
He learned what it was to be nobody's cat.  
His coat that had once been as smooth as a seal,  
Soon passed through the stage of the "shabby genteel."

And was now such a coat—all matted and torn—  
As an honest-going cat would never have worn.  
His eye that had once been so bright and so cheery,  
Had now, by debauch, become sunken and bleary;

And his face and his ears were so covered with scars,  
As at once to proclaim him a pupil of Mars.  
Tommy's voice, though now harsh, was exceedingly loud;  
Of its volume and compass he'd always been proud;  
And to pour forth his strains on a still, cloudy night,  
Always seemed to afford him some special delight.

So one night Tom requested his comrades to aid  
In giving the neighbors a grand serenade:  
With this object in view, all together they ran,  
'Neath a window where slumbered a nervous young man.

At a point in the music that Tom thought was glorious,  
When discordant notes arose loud and uproarious,  
This nervous young man was waked out of his dreams  
By a rapid succession of horrible screams.  
In less time than I tell it he slipped out of bed,  
Raised softly the window and popped out his head,  
Then threw a swift missile, as straight as a line,  
Which nearly quite fractured the curve of Tom's spine.

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In less time than I tell it he slipped out of bed,  
Raised softly the window and popped out his head,  
Then threw a swift missile, as straight as a line,  
Which nearly quite fractured the curve of Tom's spine.

By this sad event Tom thought he had found,  
That a man might be "moved with sweet concord of sound"  
And yet might be classed with a good show of reason  
With those whom the poet thought "fitted for treason."

But our hero at length convalescence regained  
And he thought that his hardships most fully explained,  
Why the number of "lives of a cat should be nine,"  
And he noted the fact as a "mark of design."

Not long after this and while still slightly lame,  
Tom was wandering about without object or aim  
Till he came to a door where he thought that he heard,  
In adjoining apartments, the chirp of a bird.

This door, 'twas observed, was without bolt or bar—  
In fact, Tommy found it just slightly ajar;  
So at once he determined an entrance to win,  
And by dint of hard squeezing he forced himself in.

His entrance now gained, Tom observed in the room,  
A cupboard, a bench, some plants all in bloom,  
And a number of birds all alarmed by the din—  
Apt emblems of virtue as Tom was of sin.

Now the cupboard was tilted right back to the wall,  
And the slightest disturbance might cause it to fall;  
So when Tom was just crouching to spring on his prey,  
And was lashing his sides in the most approved way,

All at once he gave vent to a terrible wail,  
As the cupboard came down with a crash on his tail.  
With squirms and contortions, Tom pleaded in vain  
For the birds to come down and release him from pain,

But they eyed him with pleasure, as much as to say  
"He who came here to scoff, is remaining to pray."  
As the birds all refused their assistance to lend,  
Tommy came as you see to a most painful end.

And from his sad experience this lesson we gain  
That in work there is honor, in idleness pain.  
*Saintfield, Ont. Feb. 6, 1882.* F. B.

HOW TO BE SAFE.

"Doctor," said a patient, a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult.—

"Doctor do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, sir," answered the doctor deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."