

and shall we not receive evil?" If in the shape of death, "The Lord give, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I had been reading some sweet passages in Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, and was just wrapping up some little reward books for the use of the Sunday-school, when a shout reached my ears which made me start. It was about ten o'clock in the morning; and when I went to the door of my cottage, the village was all in confusion, from one end of it to the other. There was Hollins the butcher, with a cleaver in his hand; Richard Willis carried a hay-fork; while Jack and Humphrey, without shoes or stockings, brandished their sticks in the air. They were all running in the same direction, and the two Tilers were crying, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" as loud as they could bawl: you may be sure that I felt some alarm. Just at the moment, too, the dog which had been knocked down with a great stone, rolled over and over, and then once more took the road down the village. Twenty persons, at least, were at the doors of the different cottages: for the dog had passed up the village before. There was no stopping within doors under such circumstances; so, snatching up my hat, I left the reward books, and Baxter's *Saint's Rest* on the table, and set off down the village. The mad dog, in turning round the corner of the butcher's shop, was seized by Hollin's bull-dog, which, being a powerful animal, shook him violently; but the mad dog got away before the people came up with him. I suppose there were, by this time, more than a score persons at his heels. Some said he had bitten the bull-dog, and others said that he had not; however this might be, Hollins quickened his pace until he overtook the mad dog, and with one stroke of his cleaver he laid him writhing at his feet. When the dog was dead they all returned in a posse, and Hollins examined his bull-dog, to see if he had been bitten. Now Hollin's bull-dog had long been a great nuisance, for, not only had he worried many a dog in the village, but also attacked several persons without the least provocation. Hollins was a cruel hearted man, but he was fond of his dog, nor would he allow any one to hurt a hair of his head: Hollins and his bull-dog was both hated and feared. Perhaps this might lead some, who knew but little about the matter, to say that the bull-dog had been bitten by the mad-dog; for the general opinion was that the bull-dog had been bitten. If there ever was an ugly dog in creation, surely, it was Hollin's bull-dog. A brindled, black-lipped, bandy-legged animal, with a nose which turned up so savagely that he always appeared ready to run at you. Ugly and savage as he was, he had a friend in his master; and I do think that Hollins loved his bull-dog as well as he did his children. I suppose nothing would have induced him to think seriously of parting

with this animal, had it not been for a report which just then had reached the village, that a man who had been bitten by a mad-dog, some ten miles off, had gone raving mad, and had been smothered between two feather beds. Though the latter part of this report was untrue, it made a deep impression on the mind of Hollins.

After the confusion was somewhat abated I walked down to the river-side, thinking on the manifold dangers to which we are liable in this life, and on the necessity of always being in a state of preparation to meet calamity. Danger and death are ever around us; and a moment may call us from time to eternity. "Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

While I was musing to myself, Hollins came by, with his son Bill on one side, and his bull-dog on the other. He was looking hard at his bull-dog, and paid no attention to me. I was a little surprised at this, as he always makes me a bow as he passes, and speaks civilly. "Do you think your dog is hurt, Hollins?" said I; but he made no reply to what I said, and walked on, seemingly lost in thought, looking on his brindled bull-dog. All this appeared very odd to me, and I slowly followed him. When he came to the bend of the river, he stopped, and took something out of his pocket. I walked on till there was nothing between us but an oak-tree and a few bushes, and through the bushes I saw Hollins tying a cord round the dog's neck. I observed that his hand shook as he fastened a large stone to the other end of the cord. The hardest hearts are sometimes melted; and I felt sure that Hollin's heart at that moment was ready to burst. When he had fastened the stone, he looked for a while at his bull-dog, as though he half repented the determination he had formed, and then in a hurried manner, took the dog and the big stone in his arms, and at one plunge threw them into the river. The water was deep and still in that part, for the current ran on the other side, and the round rings formed on its surface spread wider and wider. I suppose the stone slipped from the cord; for, after a little space, the bull-dog rose to the surface of the water, and paddled towards his master. Hollins hastily took up another stone from the river-side, and struck the dog on the head with it so forcibly, that the poor animal turned himself round and sank directly to the bottom. Hollins stood gazing on the river till the last bubble which rose over the dog had burst, and the surface was smooth, and then, drawing the back of his hand once, and no more, across his eyes, he walked away from the spot.

Bill Hollins lingered behind his father, so I joined him. "You have lost your dog, then, at last," said I. "Yes," replied he, "and father has not taken the collar off his neck; but if I can get at it, I will have it,

though, for all that." "And why did he not take off the collar?" Because he said that he should hate to see the collar when Fury lay dead at the bottom of the river; but I'll manage it some how or other." There was such a selfish, unfeeling, and undutiful spirit manifested in these expressions that I could not but think that Bill Hollins would, in time, far surpass his father in hard-heartedness and cruelty. "Bill," said I to him, in a mild way, "as you know it will displease your father if he should hear of your taking the collar from Fury's neck, I think you had better let it alone; it will only vex him." "And what care I for that?" replied Bill; "he vexes me often enough." "That may be Bill; but he is your father; and you should remember the care he has had in bringing you up, and the duty you owe to him." "I don't see," said Bill, "that he has any trouble in bringing me up: he makes me work hard enough, if that is what you mean." "I dare say, Bill, that you have been taught, or have heard often, the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' This is a command of God, and he can punish all who disobey it." While I was speaking thus, Bill Hollins sneaked away, as though he was ashamed of himself; and I thought, Well! at any rate I have prevented him from vexing his father by taking the collar from the drowned dog. In thinking thus I was hasty in my judgment, for about an hour after this, just as I entered the village, I saw at a distance, Bill Hollins with a long rake on his shoulder, and a dog collar in his hand. What I had said had not prevented him from disobeying his father.

We may have more to say about this dog collar a future number.

#### ENGLISH COTTAGES.

The English cottages which fell under my observation may be divided into two classes—the cottages of *poetry* and the cottages of *poverty*. Many of the former are quite enchanting; especially when the hawthorn, the horse-chestnut, the pear-tree, the honeysuckle, the woodbine, and the ivy, together with all the varieties of roses and other bright flowers, are in their glory. Many of the more wealthy of education and taste, seem to vie with each other in beautifying these rural spots, for their own amusement and to variegate the charms of their parks and pleasure grounds. Persons of very small income, too, often display a great deal of taste, in the cultivation of their little cottage gardens, and in training the vines, and flowers, and fruits, which, under their care, spring up so joyously around their humble dwellings. The English peasant, seems to be a gardener by a sort of instinct. If he has a shelter which, under other circumstances, would look, like a mere gloomy retreat from the rude elements, he contrives