

but the animal, who seemed to know the one that had flung the stone, now growled and showed his teeth. "The snappish rascal!" he added, "let him be."

"I am going to carry' him home," replied Walter gently, "and get Peter to take care of him. We may, perhaps, find his master; and if not, then I claim him as my own."

"You are welcome to him, for aught I care," answered Robert, "though I am sorry that I hurt him. I will carry your books for you," he continued; "but hurry, and do not be late. Take care, however," he added laughing, "that your new friend does not bite you, for then I should be sorry that the stone did not hit him harder."

"I think there is no danger of that," murmured Walter, as he glanced down at the little black, curly-wooled animal that lay so quietly in his arms, licking one of his hands, as if to express his gratitude.

I do not wish my little readers to think that Robert was a cruel child, for he was generally very kind-hearted, though not as thoughtful as his brother; but he had acquired what becomes with many boys a very bad habit, though with some it is more than a habit—that of throwing stones at any animal that happens to come in their way, without thinking of the consequences.

The long summer afternoons came, and were spent mostly by the two brothers on the banks of the river, which flowed in the front of the house, where they either fished or sailed their miniature ships. The companion of their sports was always Rover, as Walter had named the young dog, whose leg was long since healed; but as they had never been able

to find an owner for him, he was now considered the rightful property of the younger brother. The animal would never play with Robert, but would even, if he attempted to pat him, growl and look very savage; it was plain that he had not forgotten the injury he had received, and it was often surprising to observe the instinct of the creature. If Walter told him to go to the house and fetch his cap, he would hasten as if with the greatest pleasure, but the other brother might order him to fetch his, again and again, but he would not move; when, if his young master said gravely, "Go, Rover, go and bring Robert's cap," he would turn slowly away, his tail hanging between his legs, as if he was ashamed of his conduct, and fetch the cap and lay it at his master's feet; but he would not, until ordered by Walter, carry it to its owner.

It was Saturday. The two boys employed themselves during the morning in getting all their ships well rigged and under full sail, for they were going to have a regular racing-match in the afternoon, and repeated were the interruptions their mother received. Now they wanted a few more pins, or some more thread; now their needles were either bent or broken, and they could do nothing with them. "I never saw such miserable tools," exclaimed Robert impatiently.

His mother smiled, and as she supplied their wants, quietly replied, "I fear, my son, that the fault is with the workman."

At last all their vessels being in good trim, and the afternoon being clear and pleasant, with a light breeze blowing, "just wind enough," they said, "to fill their sails," they started joyfully down the green lawn, followed by Rover, towards a little cove, where the