

as sadly as he did, and there was no one to give it—no one to bring the drop of cold water for which, faint and parched with agony, they longed. So six hours dragged out their weary length. No living thing moved except 'Beel,' who now and then licked his master's face and whined, and then returned to his watch.

At last 'Beel' gave up his watch. Once more he licked his master's hands and face, as if in farewell, picked up the *képi*, and trotted away.

Then the brave soldier felt forsaken indeed! His faithful dog had deserted him! The faint gleam of daylight faded, and dense darkness fell, hiding indeed the ghastly sights and sounds around, but perhaps these now seemed almost more terrible in imagination. The ghastly company of dead and dying men—comrades and enemies, helpless and hopeless alike. Intense cold added to the agony of the poor fellow's wounds; his limbs grew stiff; he had not strength to move even a finger. The night wind moaned around, a sickly feeling of faintness overcame him, and feeling that his last hour was indeed come he commended himself to God.

Meanwhile 'Beel' wandered for miles in the darkness, through a strange country, until he saw a light, which proceeded from a *cabaret* by the roadside. He entered and attracted the observation of those within. They noticed that he carried a soldier's *képi* in his mouth, and that he was stained with blood. Having heard cannonading all day, the men guessed he had come from the field of battle. They offered him food and water, and tried to induce him to lie down quietly. He drank eagerly; but, though lame and evidently nearly spent with fatigue, he would not rest, but wandered restlessly to the door and back, till at last he induced one of the men to get up and see what he wanted. This was plainly just the thing 'Beel' was trying for. He barked and set off at a run, looking back to see that he was followed, and returning with downcast air when he saw his new-found friend

did not come on. The man explained to his companions an idea that had suddenly struck him—the dog's master was wounded and in need of help, which the faithful little creature must be seeking. He persuaded them to accompany him, and to bring a small cart. So when 'Beel' once more started off he had the satisfaction of finding that he was followed at last. 'Beel' led his followers straight across country, over fields and hedges, so that the party had to divide, some keeping to the nearest lanes with the cart. At length they reached the field of battle. 'Beel' still ran on, past many a still form without pausing, till with joyful barks he jumped round his beloved master, who, alas! lay as still and stiff as the forms around.

The poor soldier had become quite unconscious after his effort to pray, and when the sound of voices first broke on his ear thought he must be dreaming. A rough tongue frantically licking his face roused him, hope renewed his fast-ebbing life, and with an effort he opened his eyes to see by the flickering lights around the cheering sight of friendly faces.

Thank God! he is not to die alone and forsaken. Help came only just in time. With rough kindness his deliverers bound up his wounds, and poured some reviving spirit down his throat, then carried him as gently as they could to the little cart which was waiting in the road hard by—'Beel' following closely—drove him to shelter, and gave the best tendance they could that night. Faint and weak as he was next morning, his first thought was for his faithful 'Beel,' who was limping about on three legs, and was discovered to have been wounded in one leg by a ball, in the same battle which had so nearly proved fatal to his master. They both recovered sufficiently to return to Paris with the convalescent soldiers, where 'Beel' limped about proudly after his master, who was never weary of recounting how his faithful little friend had saved his life on that lonely battlefield near Ham.